THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

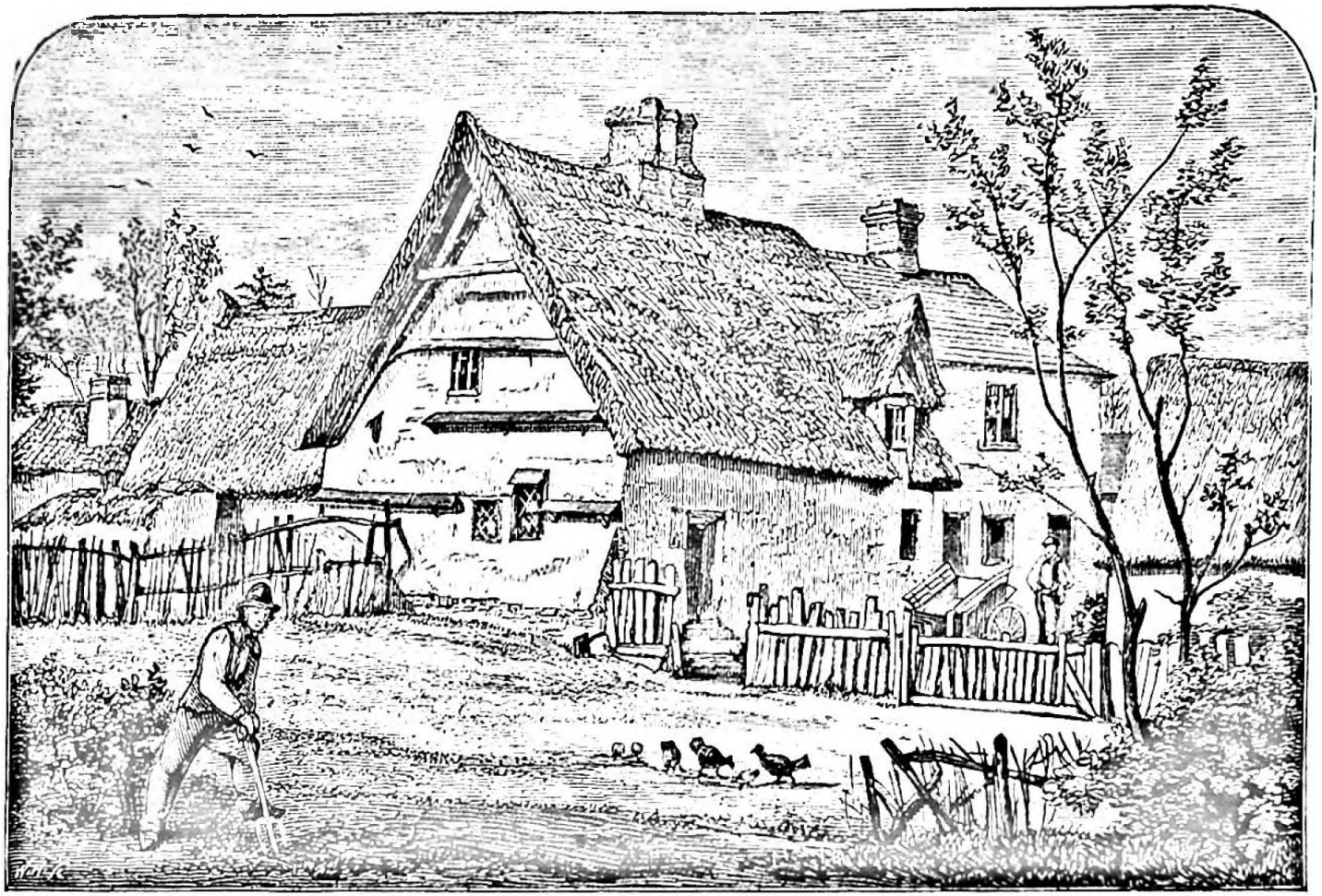
EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1880.

"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.

OUR preface is written after the volume is finished, and therefore it must be rather a summary than a programme. We cannot come forward like the Chancellor of the Exchequer with his budget for the forthcoming year, but we put in an appearance as a steward who renders in his account for the year which is just past. Our one feeling in doing so is gratitude,—gratitude both to God and men.

First of all, we bless and adore the great Father of all good that he has continued to employ so feeble an instrument for the accomplishment of his gracious purposes, and has removed difficulties out of our way, and continually supplied the necessities of the work. Truly we serve a faithful God, who never tries his servants above what they are able to bear, and who makes it his delight to deliver them out of all emergencies in a manner least expected by them. To his sacred name be all the honour of work done and success achieved.

But the law of gratitude has two tables, and it is not enough to render that which is due to God; we must do justice to man also. Happy are we to comply with this requirement, for if ever a man owed much to his fellow Christians it is the editor of this magazine.

Breaking away from all modes of speech which are usual in such circumstances, I must upon this point speak in the first person singular. Beloved readers, I am under deep obligations to many of you. Some of you are my *hearers*, and I thank you for bearing with my "often infirmities," and remaining content with a crippled minister, who has been away from his pulpit more than three months out of the twelve. Dear helpers at the Tabernacle, you are kindness itself; the Lord reward you. Many more *Sword and Trowel* subscribers are *readers* of the weekly sermon. I am grateful to all who help me to preach to an immense congregation of persons whose faces I have never seen. I am glad to have my discourses widely circulated: if a truth is worth preaching it is worth hearing, and if worthy to be heard by six thousand why not by six hundred thousand?

My gratitude breaks forth at the remembrance of a cloud of prayers which have ascended on my behalf from all parts of the earth. Of this fact I have abundant personal assurances, and the comfort which these have yielded me no tongue can tell. Nor is this all. I am bound to express personal thanks of the most fervent kind for the generous help rendered to all the institutions under my care. Whenever there has been a need some one has hastened to supply it: hence the usual efforts have been carried on during the year 1880 without flagging, and fresh work has been joyfully attempted and accomplished. Kind friends evidently watch the whole enterprise, and consider what they can do to keep it all in healthy operation. God bless them one and all, and give a thousandfold return. How much certain donors have relieved my care, and cheered my heart, I will not attempt to write.

The College has steadily proceeded on its way, educating suitable men

and sending them forth. In this department there has been no lack either of new men or of spheres for them when their terms of study have ended. Our brethren all over the world are doing good service for the Master, and in some instances singular blessing has rested upon their endeavours. In these days of laxity in doctrine, it is of the utmost importance to keep up those Colleges which hold by the old orthodox faith, and give forth no uncertain sound.

The Evangelists have had an eminently successful year, and have aroused in my heart the desire to see many more such agents occupied in this admirable service. Hundreds, and even thousands, profess to have found the Saviour through the testimony of our three brethren.

The Colporteurs have had a hard year, but a better one than 1879. Their number has somewhat diminished, for we cannot get friends to take up this branch of service with enthusiasm, though it is one of the cheapest and most efficient means of scattering gospel light in the darkest places. It is no small thing to have kept more than seventy men hard at work selling good books and instructing the poor.

The Orphanage has had sufficient supplies for current expenses, and besides this, the Girls' Orphanage has been in process of erection. All the money for the first contract has been provided by a grand burst of generosity, some few having surpassingly distinguished themselves by noble gifts. We shall need several other buildings to render the whole of the girls' houses available as dwellings and schools. Infirmary and dining hall must be built, and a large building is needed to serve us on our great days of public meetings, and to be on ordinary occasions the chapel for the whole of the children, their teachers, and other friends. It may be that some one friend will give this or that building, and if not, a bazaar at the end of 1881 will go far towards it. *Then there will be five hundred children to keep:* an anxious look out if faith in God did not perceive infinite supplies.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund has sent into poor ministers' libraries hundreds of parcels of books. The gratitude expressed is abounding. Congregations must be the better for their ministers having a fresh store of mental food. I am very grateful to all who have aided my invaluable wife in this specially useful work, and I hope that others will be found who will see how this agency waters the very roots of the tree, for if preachers are supplied with sound literature, which they value, their ministry must be influenced for good.

I cannot mention all the other agencies, all of which have received liberal help from my many friends, but for all such aid I feel myself a debtor—a debtor who has nothing to pay with but good wishes, prayers, and thanks.

"Oh that we could do more for Jesus." This was the sigh of last year, and it is my inward groaning now. Perhaps the Lord may entrust me with more means, and if not, if he is pleased to send a larger blessing I shall be equally content.

Dear readers,

I am yours to serve for Christ's sake,

C. H. SPURGEON.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1880.

Our first Sermon.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE remember well the first place in which we addressed a congregation of adults, and the wood-block which illustrates this number of the magazine sets it clearly before our mind's eye. It was not our first public address by a great many, for both at Newmarket, and Cambridge, and elsewhere, the Sabbath-school had afforded us ample scope for speaking the gospel. At Newmarket especially we had a considerable admixture of grown-up folks in the audience, for many came to hear "the boy" give addresses to the school. But no regular set discourse to a congregation met for regular worship had we delivered till one eventful Sabbath evening, which found us in a cottage at Teversham, holding forth before a little assembly of humble villagers.

The tale is not a new one, but as the engraving has not before been seen by the public eye we must shed a little light upon it. There is a Preachers' Association in Cambridge connected with St. Andrew's-street Chapel, once the scene of the ministry of Robert Robinson and Robert Hall, and now of our beloved friend Mr. Tarn. A number of worthy brethren preach the gospel in the various villages surrounding Cambridge, taking each one his turn according to plan. In our day the presiding genius was the venerable Mr. James Vinter, whom we were wont to address as Bishop Vinter. His genial soul, warm heart, and kindly manner were enough to keep a whole fraternity stocked with love, and accordingly a goodly company of true workers belonged to the Association, and laboured as true yoke-fellows. Our suspicion is that he not only preached himself, and helped his brethren, but that he was a sort of recruiting sergeant, and drew in young men to keep up the number of the host; at least, we speak from personal experience as to one case.

We had one Saturday finished morning school, and the boys were all going home for the half-holiday, when in came the aforesaid "Bishop" to ask us to go over to Teversham next Sunday evening, for a young

man was to preach there who was not much used to services, and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly devised sentence, if we remember it rightly, and we think we do; for at the time, in the light of that Sunday evening's revelation, we turned it over, and vastly admired its ingenuity. A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative, but merely to act as company to a good brother who did not like to be lonely, and perhaps might ask us to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter, and the request, understood in that fashion, was cheerfully complied with. Little did the lad know what Jonathan and David were doing when he was made to run for the arrow, and as little knew we when we were cajoled into accompanying a young man to Teversham.

Our Sunday-school work was over, and tea had been taken, and we set off through Barnwell, and away along the Newmarket-road, with a gentleman some few years our senior. We talked of good things, and at last we expressed our hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured us that he had never preached in his life, and could not attempt such a thing: he was looking to his young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply that I was no minister, and that even if I had been I was quite unprepared. My companion only repeated that *he*, even in a more emphatic sense, was not a preacher, that he would help *me* in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I gave them one. He told me that if I repeated one of my Sunday-school addresses it would just suit the poor people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for divine help, I resolved to make an attempt. My text should be, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious," and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honour of his dear Son. It seemed a great risk and a serious trial, but, depending upon the power of the Holy Ghost, I would at least tell out the story of the cross, and not allow the people to go home without a word. We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm-labourers and their wives were gathered together; we sang and prayed and read the Scriptures, and then came our first sermon. How long or how short it was we cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as we had feared it would be, but we were glad to see our way to a fair conclusion, and to the giving out of the last hymn. To our own delight we had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. We made a finish, and took up the book, but to our astonishment an aged voice cried out, "Bless your dear heart, how old are you?" Our very solemn reply was, "You must wait till the service is over before making any such enquiries. Let us now sing." We did sing, and the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. "How old

are you?" was the leading question. "I am under sixty," was the reply. "Yes, and under sixteen," was the old lady's rejoinder. "Never mind my age, think of the Lord Jesus and his preciousness," was all that I could say, after promising to come again, if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was our awe of those "gentlemen at Cambridge" in those days.

Are there not other young men who might begin to speak for Jesus in some such lowly fashion—young men who hitherto have been mute as fishes? Our villages and hamlets offer fine opportunities for youthful speakers. Let them not wait till they are invited to a chapel, or have prepared a fine essay, or have secured an intelligent audience. If they will go and tell out from their hearts what the Lord Jesus has done for them, they will find ready listeners.

Many of our young folks want to do great things, and therefore do nothing at all; let none of our readers become the victims of such an unreasonable ambition. He who is willing to teach infants, or to give away tracts, and so to begin at the beginning, is far more likely to be useful than the youth who is full of affectations and sleeps in a white necktie, who is studying for the ministry, and is touching up certain superior manuscripts which he hopes ere long to read from the pastor's pulpit. He who talks upon plain gospel themes in a farmer's kitchen, and is able to interest the carter's boy and the dairymaid, has more of the minister in him than the prim little man who talks for ever about being cultured, and means by that—being taught to use words which nobody can understand. To make the very poorest listen with pleasure and profit is in itself an achievement, and beyond this it is the best possible promise and preparation for an influential ministry. Let our younger brethren go in for cottage preaching, and plenty of it. If there is no Lay Preachers' Association, let them work by themselves. The expense is not very great for rent, candles, and a few forms: many a young man's own pocket-money would cover it all. No isolated group of houses should be left without its preaching-room, no hamlet without its evening service. This is the lesson of the thatched cottage at Teversham.

Crooked Palm Trees.

"UPRIGHT as the palm tree" is an accurate proverbial expression, yet we have seen many palms which have been crooked and twisted as if they suffered from spinal curvature. Did these disprove the general statement? Far from it. "Upright as a palm-tree" is a perfectly correct expression. In the same way it is true that Christians are the excellent of the earth, though there are some among them who are far from being worthy examples. The exceptions cannot justly be made to disprove the rule. It is only prejudice which would quote one or two failures against a whole community. Candour does not permit us to condemn a class because of a remnant who dishonour it. No one says that the palm is a crooked tree because here and there one may be contorted, and only those who are unjust will say that Christians are cants and hypocrites because occasionally some professors are found to be so.

A Motto for the New Year.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, BRADFORD.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—PROVERBS XI. 30.

THIS assertion might not pass current with some of the shrewd men on 'Change, or the pleasure-seekers in the hunting-field; it might be challenged in the gaming-house and on the race-course, or at the council of war; but none will disprove it at God's bar in the day of judgment. It will be amply vindicated in heaven, and I trust it is accepted without question in the church; for however men may be engrossed in the winning of fortunes, or games, or bets, or battles, there is (after the winning of Christ) no winning so lastingly remunerative as soul-winning. When all temporal gain, even that which is innocent and needful, shall have passed away, the wealth of the winner of souls will be still his own. My first object should ever be, "that I may win Christ." That being attained, I cannot adopt a better motto for my life than this one: "He that winneth souls is wise."

He is a wise man, that is to say, who sets this before him as the object for which to live. No pursuit is more worthy of our energies. The desire to engage in it drew the Prince of glory out of heaven, and allured him to the endurance of toil and mortal agony. Jesus died for souls; let us win them. No pursuit yields a better return. The joy of a soul-winner is a golden joy pure and unalloyed; his life on earth is gladdened with the generous delight of beholding the happiness of those to whom he is made useful, and his heaven will have its peculiar glory, he will shine "as the stars for ever and ever." He shall have a double heaven, and a double welcome into it. Christ will hail him with his glorious greeting, and those whom he won to Christ will be eagerly waiting to second it, while the spectacle of their eternal happiness will be to him an added heaven beyond his own personal bliss.

"He that winneth souls is wise," that is to say, *he who would be successful in this work must go about it wisely.* First and foremost, he must himself be "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." No success can be expected without this primary qualification. How can he lead another along a way he has never trodden himself? Even were he willing to engage in an employment distasteful to himself, and practically self-condemnatory, how could he expect success in a work for which he has no divine warrant? "Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, and that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?" It is within the range of possibility and even of fact for an unconverted man to be used by God as a means of conveying spiritual blessing to another; but it is a rare occurrence, and in no true sense can such an one be a soul-winner. (If my reader is unconverted I should be thankful to win him now.) But, being first saved himself, the winner of souls must also have the tact which will enable him to discern his opportunities, and rightly direct his appeals. He should know something of the way of the Spirit of God with a sinner, for along the line of the Holy Spirit's operations he has to run; and he should know something of human nature, for it is this he has to win. He should be a keen observer of times and circumstances, quick to seize his advantage; for a lost opportunity, an

ill-timed argument, an awkward appeal may thwart his object. Here, then, is room for the exercise of consummate wisdom.

The word "winneth" carries in it a graphic picture; in the margin it is rendered "taketh"; it is an allusion to the hunter's craft. It reminds us of the wariness and skill with which the hunter sets his traps and conceals his pitfalls, watching meanwhile that he may "take" the animal when snared. Our friendships and the wider circles of our acquaintanceships should form our sacred hunting-grounds wherein we are ever on the alert to "take" souls for Christ.

An angler will carefully select and adjust his bait, and sit for hours by the stream watching his float: he has many an unsuccessful bite; he would grow impatient but for his love of the sport; but when a fish takes the bait in earnest, see how skilfully and deftly he lands the struggling silvery prey, and with what satisfaction he places it in his basket. The same patient persistency and skilful tact must distinguish thee, brother, and by God's blessing "thou shalt catch men."

We have heard of late more than enough of the "winning" of battles and the "taking" of fortresses. In war, men must exercise all their resources if they would succeed. There must be no lack of battalions, of ammunition, of courage, vigilance, and promptitude; the attack must be renewed again and again; if the fortress cannot be carried by storm it must be hemmed in with lines of circumvallation, and starved into surrender. Even so we must try all methods till we succeed. If we cannot storm the citadel of Mansoul by hot, glowing, fervid, loving appeals, we must encircle it with holy influences, and heaven-compelling prayers, and never desist till the flag of Emmanuel floats triumphantly above it. We do not covet the reputation of battle-winners and takers of cities, but we will rejoice beyond measure if God will make us winners of souls.

A wise adaptation to the circumstances and temperaments of those we seek to bless is needed in this work; it will not answer to deal with all alike; men are not to be taken in the lump and treated after some patent method of moral mechanics. The common expression "the masses" betokens a radical mistake in those church agencies which are always asking how to deal with them. Will it never be fully understood that every human being is an individual, and must be so reckoned and laboured for? To some we must speak only when alone, others are better approached in the company of those they love; nay, sometimes we had better not speak at all, silence will work the most result. Various truths will be found to have their special fitness for different persons. The love of Jesus will best lay hold of this man, but that hardened one will not be aroused except by the sound of coming wrath; he is like those spoken of by Jude—"others save with *fear, pulling them out of the fire.*" Paul describes the way in which he accommodated himself to men that he might win them. "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might win the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law . . . to them that are without law, as without law . . . to the weak became I as weak . . . I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." He strove to discover the points in which he could agree with them, that upon these as a fulcrum he might rest his lever to turn them to Christ. By whatever path they

were accessible he made his approach to win them. And we in like manner are to win men by any method short of the suppression of principle, adopting the readiest measures, "using our intelligence," flinging away stiff set rules, and aiming at a lissom adaptation to the case in hand. By the exercise of tact and good sense, transfigured by love, and all directed by the Holy Spirit, we shall assuredly be successful.

Nor must our exertions cease when we have secured one prize. A young officer rode up to Sir Charles Napier at the battle of Meanee, and said, "General, I have taken a standard." "Then, take another," was the reply. It was curt and sensible. If we pause at every success for approbation, we show that not soul-winning, but self-glorification, is our aim, and we may lose a further chance while we are congratulating ourselves on our last success.

I have prayed that some good may arise out of this paper. Every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* moves in a circle of his own, and if all these constituencies were well worked for Jesus, a heavenward influence would spread far and wide. Run the risk, reader, of losing the complacent regard of your friends if it is to be retained at the expense of loyalty to Christ. As Christians, we must be aggressive, not concluding an alliance with the spirit of the world as the manner of some is; but in the power of Christ living in continual hostility to it; always watching to rescue those who breathe its enchanted air. Have you a dear friend unsaved, a son, a parent, a husband, a wife? Have you an unconverted one in your class in the Sunday-school? Will you not send up this prayer to him *who will hear it?*

"Make use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.

"All things do serve thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all!"

No labour or self-denial will be misspent in this holy cause. The approval of conscience, the salvation of those you win, the smile of the Master, and the unspeakable sweetness of the fellowship with him to which this labour will lead, will be an abundant reward.

"Go, labour on, though not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

"Go labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won."

We know not how many of us who have entered this new year will see its close; but let us spend our time, be it long or brief, in the spirit of this motto, "He that winneth souls is wise;" and let the prophet's inspiring declaration cheer us on to the work. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"The Hornless Deacon."

WE notice in an American newspaper a letter signed "THE HORNLESS DEACON." There is no accounting for our Transatlantic cousins, but what can the good man mean by such a title? A hornless buffalo or a hornless cow we could understand, but what is the reason for applying that adjective to a deacon? We have been lying back in our most serious arm-chair, and have been revolving in our meditative soul the various senses which can be drawn out of this expression, or imputed to it, but we cannot make head or tail of it, and without a head there may well be no horns. The owner of the signature is evidently a deacon, and therefore he must be fully aware that deacons do not possess horns and hoofs. Some pastors, when hardly driven, have thought they did, but this was a clerical error. We believe that all evil reports about deacons arise from nightmare, and are slanderous and absurd; but still they do arise, and therefore this good deacon may have felt it necessary in his own case to assert that he had no horns, and was not related to any individual whose head is thus adorned. Had not deacons been a much-abused order of men the foul insinuation as to horns would never have cropped up, and none of the race would have found it needful to claim to be hornless. Our own opinion is that when deacons have horns it will generally be found that the minister has a tail. There is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other in most cases of disagreement between the two classes of church-officers.

We would earnestly hope, however, that our friend, "The hornless deacon," had no thought of the evil one, but simply meant to say that he was not a fighting man, but was of necessity peaceful because he had no provision in his nature for making an attack.

A horn is an offensive weapon, and a hornless deacon is one who cannot give offence, resent an injury, or inflict a wound. What a splendid acquisition to a quarrelsome church! He would be sure to rule well, and reduce chaos to order by the mere force of Christian patience. Few men believe in the power of non-resistance, but our faith in it is unbounded: he who can yield will conquer, and he who will suffer most for the sake of love will wield the greatest power if he will but bide his time. The longest horns that were ever borne aloft will yet be broken by the submission of "the hornless." To be utterly unable to give offence to anybody would be a sublime incapacity, most useful in these ticklish days when nine people out of ten are ready to take offence where none is intended. We hope "the hornless deacon" is not such a gentle, inoffensive body that he would let people forget quarter-day, and their subscriptions, or would allow the minister to draw twice the amount of his salary. This would be carrying a virtue to an extreme, and would be a grave fault, especially in the latter case. We are bound to add that we have never met with such a want of principle as would be implied in this instance: the former error is far more common. The kind, gentle, but earnest deacon is invaluable. He is as an angel in the church, and does more than angel's service. Excellent man! We cannot say, "May his horn be exalted!" for he has none; but we trust that the place where it ought to be will never ache through the ingratitude of those whom he serves.

Feeling that we had not translated this signature satisfactorily, and not liking to give it up, we consulted a learned friend, who gave us the following elucidation of the mysterious title of "The hornless deacon." We are not quite sure that we believe in it. He says that it is the minister's place to carry the horn and blow it, and that "the hornless deacon" was evidently a non-preacher, one who minded his own business, and left his minister to blow the ram's horn. We do not think any the better of him for this, for we like a man all the more if, like Stephen, he can both care for the widows and preach the gospel. It would be well for our country churches if more of the deacons would exercise their gifts, and keep the village stations supplied with sound doctrine. Our learned friend suggests that there may be in the term "hornless deacon" a covert allusion to the modesty of the individual who never blew his own trumpet, who in fact had not so much as a horn of his own to blow. This may be, and it may not be. We had excogitated that idea before, and did not feel very proud of it, but there may be something in it. Certainly we know of deacons who from year to year plod away at the pastor's side, glad to perform services of any kind so long as God is glorified, and the church is prospered. Seldom are their names mentioned in public, and yet they are the mainstay of the church, the regulators of her order, and the guardians of her interests. Some of them have held the fort in troublous times: they have seen a dozen pastors come and go, but they abide at their posts, faithful under discouragement, hopeful under difficulty. They deserve great praise, and as they are "hornless" we would for once sound the horn for them.

This guess hardly satisfied us, and so our friend gave us another. We sometimes drink out of a horn; and a deacon, according to the apostle, is not to be "given to much wine." Is it, therefore, claimed by our friend that if he erred at all he erred on the right side, for he had no horn at all, and was a pledged teetotaller? Very good, Mr. Deacon. The more of your brethren who will copy you in this the better, so long as they do not make the water-jug the symbol of their lives, and pour cold water over everything and everybody, in season and out of season.

This interpretation we feel also to be a failure, and therefore we will try once more on our own account. Can it mean that the good deacon did not sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, when he was distributing his alms? Was he so quiet in his generosity that not even a penny whistle or child's horn proclaimed his deed of liberality? Let him be blessed in secret if this was his true character, but surely the very taking of the name of "hornless" is a little like blowing a horn. He who denies a fault claims a virtue; did you forget this, my unhorned friend?

The above expository observations, so far as they come from our learned friend, are exceedingly clever, tolerably far-fetched, and in all respects worthy of his breadth of forehead; but they do not quite enable us to see through the expression, and we abandon it for the present with the consoling reflection that our Yankee brethren have a vivacious style of speech which needs one of themselves to interpret it.

C. H. S.

Pastor John Bost and the Asylums of Laforce.

THE mention of Pastor Bost will be sure to recall to the minds of the "constant readers" of the magazine a delightful article from the pen—from the heart is, perhaps, the correct reading—of the beloved Editor, descriptive of his "*Interview with three of the King's Captains*" while staying at his usual health-resort in the early part of the past year. The hope therein expressed of giving his readers an account of the various institutions at Laforce his abounding labours have prevented him from realizing hitherto. If one of "the King's Captains" will not think us too daring in attempting to follow him, we will try to gather such particulars as we may be able to do of the Christ-like work of the French pastor and philanthropist, leaving it to the "master of sentences" to improve it into "an article"—horridly suggestive word—or "improve it off the face of the editorial table" into the limbo of the waste-paper basket.

If we are not greatly mistaken, the association of the word "French" with any special Christian work in modern times, the prominent feature of which is simple faith in a covenant-keeping God, appears an anomaly, at least to the untravelled. We can understand the fatherland of Luther being a field fruitful in works of faith; but the sword-bearer of the Papacy, the land of the Bourbons, bigotry, and Black Bartholomew, she who knew not the day of her visitation—"can any good thing come out of" France? Blessed be God, who never revokes his edicts, even there he has always had witnesses to the power of living faith, and not the least of these are the founder, helpers, and many of the inmates of the asylums for orphans, widows, epileptics, and incurables at Laforce.

Of the personal history of John Bost prior to the initiation of the charities which bear his name, we have not been able to glean any information, and this is matter of regret, for we are sure that there must have been many incidents in the history of such a man's experience which would have tended to strengthen the faith and inflame the zeal of other Christian workers.

RISE OF THE ASYLUMS.

Laforce is a small village situated at the top of a hill, at about three miles from Bergerac, in the Department of Dordogne. The Protestants of that place, who form by far the minority of the population, seceded from the Protestant *National* church about the year 1845, on account of some controversies with the Consistory concerning the election of a pastor. Mr. Goy, a neighbouring Protestant pastor of the *National* church, thus wrote to the author of "The Charities of Europe":—"This circumstance might have proved fatal to those people by throwing them into a movement of opposition which could not be very favourable to the development of their Christian life. Happily, it had not this effect upon them. They were so fortunate as to find in Mr. John Bost a pastor who was perfectly qualified for his delicate mission. Being a man full of faith and zeal, and, notwithstanding the very peculiar and very stereotyped form of his doctrinal convictions, animated by a truly Christian and large-hearted spirit, he took the position of the

congregation as *un fait accompli*, though he was not at all, from principle, opposed to the *National* church. In this spirit he constantly exerted himself to raise his flock above ecclesiastical prejudices, to extinguish party spirit, and to turn their minds towards a devout, active, Christian life. Even before he was a minister, and while yet preparing himself for the pulpit, Mr. Bost had conceived a plan which gained in clearness every day. He had observed that there was a sad defect in the Protestant charitable establishments of France; that they were too much bound by rules and regulations. The orphan houses, for instance, were not at liberty to take a child under six or above twelve, nor were they permitted to open their doors for illegitimate or abandoned children. . . . He resolved to found a house of refuge for such children. It should at the same time be a place of training for such poor Protestant children as were living too far from any Protestant school, and consequently were in danger of becoming the prey of Popish proselytism at the Roman Catholic schools."

Of this period Mr. Bost himself writes in his *Notice Historique*—"Peculiar circumstances led me to exercise my ministry at Laforce. No sooner was I installed than I sought to carry into effect my cherished plan. The remembrance of my visits to the hospitals of Paris when I was an artist; the cry which a very young mother uttered in my ears, 'If you but knew what it is to be left an orphan at fifteen in the streets of Paris!' the yet more agonising cry of a young girl who threw herself at my feet, exclaiming, 'Save me!' a friend who forwarded to me from Pisa a little orphan of five years old:—these and many other facts determined me to found '*La Famille*.'"

Be it remembered that this was the project of one who had just accepted the oversight of a village congregation, whose members had dared to dissent and cut themselves off from the prestige, influence, and sympathy of their Protestant fellow-Christians, and that, as far as we can discover, alone and unaided they had as a further trial of their faith to engage in the arduous work of chapel-building. Notwithstanding this, having counted the cost and laid the matter before the Lord, Mr. Bost next proceeded to lay it before the Lord's people. He calculated that about £1600 would be required. He accordingly submitted his plan to M. Adolphe Monod, M. de Felice, and M. Bonifas, of the Protestant College, Pastor Marzials, and two other friends. They heartily approved and recommended the project, and the servant of God set forth upon his first collecting tour through France and England. "I will not recount the trials through which I passed," writes the good man; "all my troubles were forgotten. I returned to Laforce carrying with me the sum I had wished for, and two years after, *La Famille* was established to receive forty young girls." The building was erected beside the newly-built chapel, for the pastor looked upon his enterprise as the work of the church of God, and right heartily did his people help in the labour of love.

La Famille has grown year by year, and at the present time there are about ninety inmates, mostly from the same class of society. These young girls are, for the most part, orphans, but some of them have been received because they were exposed to the contamination of evil and vicious surroundings, and some few are the children of scattered

Protestants, thus removed from Popish influence. The aim of their benefactor and his fellow-helpers is to make them good and efficient servants.

Bethesda comes next in order, and was the outcome of the preceding work, and its origin and objects are described by Pastor Bost somewhat in the following manner:—The friends of the work lost sight of the real object of the institution, and on all hands the director was importuned to receive orphan girls of weak intellect, the idiotic, crippled, incurable, or blind. To have received such would have been to convert an orphanage into a hospital. So numerous were the demands that Mr. Bost felt that the work of starting a second asylum must sooner or later be undertaken; but he shrank from a second begging expedition, and, moreover, the needs of *La Famille* pressed heavily upon him.

While the mind of the Lord's servant was thus daily exercised, a circumstance occurred which left him no choice in the matter. One day he received a letter from Paris to the following effect:—"I implore you to receive a poor little creature who is in the most deplorable condition; she has been picked off a dung-heap; her mother is in prison. It is impossible for you to refuse her admission into your family." . . . "The child," added the writer, "has every mark of an imbecile." Mr. Bost felt that he dared not hesitate for a moment, and he immediately replied, "It is impossible; *La Famille* cannot receive idiots. Do not send her." "My letter had hardly been posted when a vehicle drove up to my parsonage, and my servant handed me a letter. I read: 'We could not wait for your reply: we send you the idiot. We beg your pardon, but we could not act otherwise.'" "I rushed into the hall," says Mr. Bost, "and lo, in a corner, on the floor, was a shapeless heap; it was the idiot. In the opposite corner stood my poor servant-maid. The carriage and its occupant had disappeared. Behold, in my delicious parsonage, the poor pastor, his faithful servant, and a little idiot; three persons, two of whom thought they were in a dream, and were mentally asking, 'Where am I? What's going on?' A broom was just at hand—do you understand?" Ah, yes; we can understand, man of God, the revulsion of feeling at the sickening sight of the loathsome mass which you picture so graphically foaming at your feet, and the almost irresistible impulse to seize that broom; but we scarcely needed you to tell us that, instead of this, your little maid and Christian matrons spent hours of self-denying care upon the piteous creature, and that the lovely parsonage of which you speak so admiringly thus became *an idiot asylum*. Of the servant, as of his Lord, it was true—"He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill."

Revenons à nos moutons, as the folk at Laforce would say, or rather—to our idiots. The little creature described above was with another idiot installed in the parsonage, and after months of toil Pastor Bost was at last overjoyed to hear them on one memorable day try to sing a little hymn which he was singing, while playing to them on his harmonium. We have not space for the touching description he gives. He had solved a great problem: the education of idiots was possible! He must set himself to the work of founding an asylum for such. He hired a small house, and removed to it his idiot children, and also such orphans

of *La Famille* as were blind and incurable. The work grew, and the place became too strait. A desirable property of about twenty-four acres of land, with meadows, vines, and orchards, exactly suited to the wants of the institution, was to be had for 45,000 francs. "But where was the money to come from?" says Pastor Bost. He set out for Paris, thence to England, and found generous helpers, and returning to Laforce with the necessary funds, purchased the property; and in November, 1855, *Bethesda* "was consecrated to the Lord in the presence of an immense concourse of friends." Since then it has been considerably enlarged, and very many poor sufferers from diseases the most diverse and painful have been sheltered and blessed beneath its roof. At the commencement of the year 1879 there were seventy-five inmates.

Siloam, an asylum for *boys* of the following classes—cripples or incurably afflicted, blind or threatened with blindness, idiots or imbeciles—appears to have been the next institution in order of time.

The pastor's house being no longer "haunted with evil spirits, awful creatures, and dangerous demons," for such he says were the epithets applied to his poor idiots, calm and quietude had been restored to his home, which had undergone thorough repair. It must have "a second baptism," however. "Aren't boys as much worth as girls?" exclaimed a young man, a cripple in every limb, when told that Bethesda was for girls only. "This cry of despair decided me to found Siloam, and I opened my house to this poor cripple, and another little deformed creature, a consumptive orphan, and an amiable little fellow covered with sores." The new asylum soon became known to the churches, and it was not long before the parsonage was filled with afflicted boys. Mr. Bost then purchased two small, dilapidated houses, not far from the parsonage, to which, after they had been repaired, he removed his poor boys. After a time a much more suitable property was secured about two miles from Laforce, in the valley through which a rivulet rolls its pure and fertilizing waters. Here two houses, a large and a small one, were founded, separated from each other by a yard, into which an iron gate gives access from the public road. A spacious kitchen-garden was laid out, and fruit trees were planted. The family of *Siloam* was then transplanted to the larger house, which then received that name; while the house which was before called *Siloam* received the name of *Ebenezer*. The smaller house was named *Bethel*, and was appropriated for the reception of *epileptic boys*; whereas *Ebenezer*, now vacated by the boys, was destined for epileptic girls.

From the report for 1879 we learn that there were then ninety boys at *Siloam*, all incurable, infirm, idiot, or blind. The misery sheltered there is very great. "It is its mission," says one, "to receive the remains of life; and though most painful for the directors to tend invalids who have no hope of recovery, it is a noble task to mitigate their sufferings, to surround them with kindness, and to place before their eyes the glorious hopes of eternity."

Ebenezer has already been mentioned. Concerning its history Pastor Bost says: "There were sent to us at *Bethesda* two young girls subject to peculiarly distressing attacks. We had entreated the medical men furnishing the certificates to state precisely the nature of the disorder. This they had evaded. Alas! we had under our eyes two epileptics,

who spread terror among their companions, the cripples; made the idiots shrink away with fear; even the blind inmates felt the recoil of the terror, and a dread apprehension of its recurrence. By the counsel of our medical men I had been absolutely prohibited from admitting epileptics, and upon the office table was a large packet of applications labelled, 'Refused on account of Epilepsy.' But there were the two poor sufferers. They must not be kept at Bethesda. The very matrons trembled with fear at the sight of their paroxysms."

Such is but the beginning of the story of the fresh burden that it seemed inevitable he should take up, but which we must pass over.

One day he was summoned to Bethesda in great haste to find the entire establishment in a state of confusion and alarm owing to the dreadful state of one of the two sufferers. . . . "My cup was full. I decided to found another asylum, and, looking up, I cried, 'Ebenezer!' (hitherto hath the Lord helped us.) I went among my poor girls and announced to them the creation of *Ebenezer*."

Mr. Bost thereupon started for Paris, where a meeting was called, at which before most of the pastors and a large audience of Christians, he told the story of his institutions and of his *new project*. He says that when he approached that part of his address a cold shiver froze his limbs, and the building seemed to swim round; but the late scene at Bethesda flashed before his eyes, and whereas a few moments before the gentlemen were taking up their hats, and ladies rising to leave, as if they feared the coming demands; such was the tone, sympathetic sorrow, and deep emotion with which he exclaimed, "It's for epileptic orphans!" that not a soul dared to leave. In short, the audience resumed their seats. He read a few of the letters beseeching him to receive epileptics, and related the scene at Bethesda. "The cause was gained without a speech, without words." A dedication festival was held in April, 1862, at which more than two thousand persons were present.

Ebenezer has been considerably enlarged since then; rooms have been added in which specially difficult cases can be dealt with according to their varied exigencies, and curative appliances of all kinds have been introduced. Best of all, cases of restoration have rewarded the patience and Christian care of the beneficent director and his self-denying helpers.

Bethel is the asylum for epileptic *boys*, and is thus described in one of the recent reports:—

"The exterior aspect of this asylum has been transformed since our last alterations. The eye reposes with pleasure on this simple house, so suitable to the needs of the work. In the interior, dormitories of different sizes allow us to classify our invalids according to age, or to the nature of their fits. All our dormitories and infirmaries have a southern aspect, as well as openings towards the north. Ventilation is accomplished by means of great windows. Alas! they all have gratings, to prevent our boys throwing themselves out in the excitement which follows their fits. These gratings, painted green, and surrounded by climbing plants, do not give the house the aspect of a prison. Air and light pour into all our apartments in abundance. From the dormitories we look down on beautiful gardens, and on a field bordered with great poplar trees. In proportion to the intensity of physical or moral

suffering contained in our asylums we seek to give to the exterior an appearance of life and gaiety. After sympathy, nothing is more precious to those who suffer than to watch the life of nature."

Le Repos is for invalided governesses, infirm schoolmistresses, widows, or spinsters, who are ill, or without resources. "In this Institution all is calm and peaceful. The world with its sufferings seems to have disappeared. Though within sight of several of the other asylums, it is so far removed that its sensitive and delicate inmates are in no way disturbed by the noise and bustle of the little world at Laforce, the aim of its founder being thus stated,—to make it a peaceful resting-place for wearied souls who, after the storms and struggles of life, seek a little repose before the long rest of the saints." The establishment has apartments for forty persons, but we are not told how many are at present beneath its hospitable roof.

The *Repose* was scarcely opened when Mr. Bost received numerous applications from sick or infirm domestic servants, and others, whose social position, education, or bodily infirmities were scarcely eligible either for the last mentioned asylum or *Bethesda*. "Must we," writes Mr. Bost, "close our doors, our heart, the most difficult door to open, to those poor women who in humbler spheres of duty have rendered so much faithful service?" The answer is found in *La Retraite*, the house formerly occupied by the class previously mentioned, whose larger numbers have long ago necessitated a more roomy building. The house has twelve neatly-furnished rooms, and in the infancy of the work served first as the cradle of *Siloam* and then of the *Repose*. "It will shelter hearts who have known grief, and who will come to the end of their days in peace."

La Miséricorde, though the last in order of time, is one of the largest and most interesting of the works undertaken by "one of the King's Captains." It is for the reception of the most deplorable of human beings—idiots who are utterly destitute of intelligence, and idiots who are epileptic or infirm. The presence of such unfortunate beings in the asylums of *Bethesda* and *Ebenezer* has always caused immense difficulties in the conduct of those institutions, and hindrances to the progress and comfort of the other sufferers; and isolation, or separate and peculiar treatment, was long felt to be an imperative necessity. Mr. Bost felt that, for several reasons, he ought not to undertake another expedition. He had made known his needs to God, and to many who had helped him before. He waited in faith. Gradually, enough money was forthcoming for the purchase of the ground. Two friends, ladies, asked for information as to the requirements of the proposed House of Mercy, and after seeing the plans, and without delay, gave Pastor Bost a hundred thousand francs to found *La Miséricorde*. The work was immediately begun, and on May 16, 1878, this *House of Mercy* was dedicated to God in the presence of a vast concourse of sympathising friends. For the touching account of that day's proceedings, when thirty-six of the most pitiable of our kind were received into the noble building, and placed in charge of gentle Christian women whose service their pastor, director, and fellow-servant well designates "a holy ministry," we must refer our readers to the report itself, as we have already overstepped all allowable bounds of space.

J. L. K.

Visiting the Poor.

JOSEPH Cook says, "In every great town there are six or ten strata of society; and it is, one would think, a hundred miles from the fashionable to the unfashionable side of a single brick in a wall. Superfluity and squalor know absolutely nothing of each other, such is the utter negligence of the duty of visiting the poor in any other way than by agents. I do not undervalue these, nor any part of the great charities of our times; but there is no complete theory for the permanent relief of the poor without personal visitation. Go from street to street with the city missionary or the best of the police; but sometimes go all alone, and with your own eyes see the poor in their attics, and study the absolutely unspeakable conditions of their daily lives. Live one day where the children of the perishing poor live, and ask what it is to live there always. I know a scholar of heroic temper and of exquisite culture who recently resolved to live with the poor in a stifling part of this city (Boston), and who, after repeated and desperate illness, was obliged to move his home off the ground in order to avoid the necessity of putting his body underground. You cannot understand the poor by newspapers, nor even by novels."

Rather a sly poke, Mr. Cook, at those who fancy they can see mankind through the spectacles of novels. The world which is depicted in fiction is strangely different from the realm of fact in which men and women starve and die, or end their days in the workhouse, of which they have felt from their childhood a mortal dread. Novel-readers know a great deal which it will cost them vast pains to unlearn. True knowledge of the poor will not come even out of "Jessica's first Prayer," and the like, it must grow out of actual contact with them.

There is much truth in what Mr. Cook has said; indeed, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. Wealthy Christians are to be educated in the most Christ-like of graces by coming in contact with the poor, and it is a great pity that they should refuse to enter the appointed school; poor saints are to be consoled and cheered by the presence of their richer brethren, and it is cruel for the ordained comforters to refuse their task. More would be given in charity if it were given personally, and it would be more wisely distributed and more gratefully received. The kindly word and sympathetic look would be worth more than the silver or even the gold expended upon the needy, and would often prevent the recipient from becoming a pauper, or rouse the pauper to a desire for independence. Personal visitation is good all round; like mercy, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Our churches have visiting societies connected with them, but we fear they are not quite so flourishing as they ought to be. A few ladies manage the whole business, and do all the work. We wish that all the members of the churches who have anything to spare would become visitors of the sick and the poor, either in connection with the societies or on their own account. Of course, those whose time belongs to their employers, and those whose home duties occupy every minute, are to be excused, but we have hundreds of ladies without occupation who ought to spend their time in being true sisters of mercy And why not the

gentlemen too? Men of leisure could not do better than hunt out needy merit in the back slums. It would afford more excitement and pleasure than shooting over the moors, or watching the fly on the rivers. Gentlemen could safely pioneer the way for ladies, and there are rooms which they might enter more safely than the gentler sex. When we speak of ladies and gentlemen we mean men and women of gentle hearts and generous hands, who would go really to pity and help the poor; we mean working-men's wives who would sit up at night with a sick neighbour, and artisans themselves who would not mind white-washing a sick man's room, if needed, to make it sweet and healthy. Anyhow, the salt wants to be rubbed in, and not to be kept by itself in the salt-box. There is the city with its sorrows, and here is the church with its heaven-born love; the question is, how shall these be brought into contact so that the evil shall find its remedy and the medicine shall reach the disease?

It is of no use waiting till one universal Charity Organization scheme shall be carried out; we might as well tarry till an organized providence drops quartern loaves and pats of butter at every householder's door. Schemes and plans are all very well, but he who waits till a scheme has put a chicken into his pot will go without a pullet for a life-time. The better way is for those who visit to go on with their work, and for those who do not visit to begin at once, and make one call a day if possible. Just take a walk down Paradise Place, as a commencement. Look up Jinks's Rents and down Sheridan's Alley, and pick up an acquaintance with the woman who goes out charing when she can get it, and the widow who has four children, one born since the husband's death—the consumptive widow, we mean, who cannot earn a penny for herself because three of the little ones need nursing, and the eldest can barely run alone. To give up an evening party in order to make a call in the slums may seem to be insane advice, but we venture to back it up by the assertion that it would afford more sensible entertainment than the most of the stuck-up assemblies where twaddle and ceremony sicken thoughtful minds. Life is never slow to those who live to do good. True romance comes in the way of those whose hearts love the sorrowful. Nobody ever complains of *ennui* who spends his strength in relieving human need for Jesus' sake. Gratitude for our own favoured lot is excited by the inspection of a hospital, a workhouse, or the squalid dens where poverty herds with vice.

Society wants to be made into a stir-about. We must mingle for mutual advantage. The walls are getting higher and the ditches deeper, let us each one try to scale the ramparts and bridge the moats. We are one family, and we refuse to be divided. We cannot be content to be pampered while our brethren pine in want. Down with the barriers, and let the rich and poor meet together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all.

C. H. S.

Further Evangelical Work.

BY PASTOR G. W. TOOLEY, OF DUMFRIES.

MR. DARWIN has startled us by his brilliant theory of natural development. It is probable that this will remain a theory, and never develope into a science. There is, however, a law of development in all true Christian work. God's method of creation is generally, and indeed nearly always, to begin with the small and insignificant, and to give it sufficient vital power to expand and grow to full dimensions. Nothing is born into immediate maturity.

Such is the law which should rule all Christian work and ideas; they should have expanding power in them. If the life within is so weak that it is content with its first limits, and, unlike the seed, does not force the shell and demand a larger, freer sphere of growth and expansion, it will be an evil day for it. When the legislature of a nation ceases to reform, it is a sign of lifelessness within the heart of the people: they have no ideal to lure them on to a nobler national life. Switzerland was greater, probably, while fretting under the yoke of Austria, than when, by the tremendous force of her patriotic life, she broke from her tyrants and established her liberty. She has made no advance upon that, and in some of her cantons has gone back. Italy is a far brighter illustration. The Italian nation was great when its people were plotting and sacrificing life and substance to achieve the overthrow of the Austrian dominion. It was great when, under Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, her serried ranks of noblest men marched against the foes of their liberty, the invaders of their domestic life, and the desecrators of their most sacred ties of relationship. The life that manifested itself in that great revolution is not expended yet, but expands, and is lifting the Italians, by no means slowly, to the first rank of European nations. The church of Christ obeys the same law. When its ideal has vanished, or been dimmed, its life has gone in like proportion. When the last command of Christ, with its splendid ideal of world-wide dominion by the cross, echoed in the souls of the disciples, nation after nation fell before the advance of those poverty-stricken delegates of the Most High. When heavenly truth glowed in the minds of believers in Christ, it lifted them above earthliness and filled them with a restless ambition to win all for Christ. Before the life created and sustained by that ideal the idols of Corinth, Ephesus, Athens, and Rome, fled away and heathen sanctuaries strewed the earth with their fallen stones.

We are glad to see that the true ideal of Christian life and enterprise is being restored in the church, and we trust that it will shine with the same radiance as when it was seen and felt by the apostolic church. The very antagonism which the church meets with is a proof of its power and life. Christianity has never found its opponents in the ranks of the mean and ignorant alone; the most learned, the most acute, and the most soaring of human minds have thought Christianity a foe worthy to contend with, and never was there so brilliant a battle array of scepticism against the gospel of Christ as in our own day. The splendour of intellect, the daring of genius, the comprehensiveness of

learning, and the subtlety of attack employed against the church are a most inspiriting proof that the Christian church is rising to a higher ideal of enterprise, and is manifesting a more vehement life than heretofore. From the force arrayed against her we infer her might.

Not least among the sections of Christendom which display this renewed vigour of life is the Baptist community. It is rising in power and numbers, and, above all, in life, and enterprise, and ideal. Our county associations are vigorously evangelizing. Our Union is organizing what will, we trust, prove a wide scheme of evangelistic effort. Our Colleges are devising better plans, and our Home and Foreign Missions show signs of a loftier ideal than they have known before. There are defects in attainment here and there, of course; but let us be thankful that things are visibly improving. Baptists are evidently resolved to do their share in the evangelizing of the nations, and who shall say that this is not their right and their duty? Let other portions of the church labour zealously, but this will not release us from our own personal obligations as members of an ancient and honourable church.

If there be this life and ideal, it is a wise question—Into what channel shall this life be guided, and into what visible form shall this ideal be moulded? Much is being done to supply material for this energy to expend itself on, but all is not done yet. Weak points are calls to the besieged to repair, and to the besiegers to attack. Where we see a need or defect in the organization of the church there we have a call to arise and be doing as imperative as that to Paul, "Come over and help us." It is God's way of saying to his church, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

There is one plan that I venture to suggest because it seems to be made necessary by a very obvious need. It might be attached as a branch of the Evangelists' Society in connection with the Pastors' College.

As one looks over the "Handbook," not a little surprise must be awakened by the lists of places without Baptist churches at the end of each county list. To leave Scotland alone, where we are notoriously behind, let us take a few facts that meet us in England. Not twenty-five miles from me is Carlisle, without any Baptist church. Indeed, it is surprising to notice the cathedral cities that are not represented by Baptist communities—Carlisle, Durham, Rochester, and Lichfield. Carlisle has a population of 31,000, and is a fine and influential city. I know that there are a few Baptists there worshipping in other churches; but there is no centre round which they can rally. To take a few other cases, we find—Dunkinfield, population 14,000; Middlewich, population 8,000 (in Cheshire); Penrith, population 8,000; Workington, 8,000 (in Cumberland); Glossop, 17,000 (in Derbyshire); Durham, 14,000; Rochester, 8,000; Tynemouth, 20,000; Worksop, 10,000; Reigate, 16,000; Doncaster, 19,000; and Nether Hallam, 27,000. These by no means exhaust the list, but are only mentioned to illustrate the fact that there is virgin territory yet to be invaded by the Baptists.

But this by no means sets forth the whole state of affairs. We are poorly represented in most of our large towns. In Birmingham there is

far from an adequate representation of Baptist churches, though it is to be hoped that a vigorous enterprise is being carried out there, and new churches are being established by the fund of money provided by the recent sale of the Cannon-street property. With a population of 344,000 we have only in the aggregate twenty-one churches. Newcastle is worse off still. With a population of 128,000 we have only three churches, and from all accounts no present prospect of an extension. Manchester, population 628,000, has only eighteen churches. Liverpool is better: with 493,000 people it is the possessor of nineteen churches, and is to be commended for the expanding spirit it manifests. But what shall we say of places like Ashton-under-Lyne—population 37,000, and only one church; Bolton—population 92,000, two churches; Blackburn—83,000, two churches; Walsall—population 50,000, and three churches, one of which has only just been opened Wednesbury—117,000, one church, and that by no means strong in numbers; West Bromwich—population 48,000, one church; Wolverhampton—70,000 people, two churches?

Such facts as these are suggestive. They do not necessarily impute blame either to churches or private Christians. We cannot suppose that they are due to a lack of life-power, or to a low ideal of Christian enterprise on the part of the nearest churches. We would draw our conclusions in charity, and believe that in nearly all these cases the deficiency arises, not from lack of aggressive spirit, but from lack or faultiness of organization.

Our Associations probably are the best centres from which such a work should proceed; but somehow they do not achieve much in this direction. It is lamentable how few new causes have been established by our county associations. Since the London Baptist Association has resolutely set itself to this work the denomination has advanced at a rapid pace in the metropolis: but many, and I think insuperable, difficulties are in the way of our associations doing this work vigorously.

Our College Evangelistic Society is a noble one. The brethren do a fine work in reviving the churches they visit, and often their visits are an impetus to new enterprise on the part of the churches: but they visit only churches already formed. There is no organization to break up entirely new ground. Our students have done noble work in founding new causes; but it is a question whether more would not have been done had these new causes been under the care of matured men of acknowledged power. It requires a great deal of wisdom to guard the new life of the human babe; when it is able to walk and direct its own movements it may be more safely left alone. Churches require wisdom to sustain them after they have been firmly established, but they need it still more when they are emerging from nonentity to consciousness of being. Besides, a man of experience in the ministry, and with some degree of prestige, is far more likely to gather good people around him, and to firmly establish the church on sound and workable principles than one who has yet to spell out his way in the first principles of ministerial life. A new church requires not only fervour of life but weight of character, and the guidance of a wise and matured understanding. Our distinctive principles at first awaken a burst of hostile feeling, which must be met by sound argument and discreet

demeanour. The after-life of a tree or plant depends upon the quality of the conditions in which it has been placed at first; and so the whole future of a church will be decided by the quality of the people who are gathered to it at the beginning. Mr. Plimsoll showed us vessels sinking in mid-ocean, known from the very starting-port to have been unsound. Instance after instance might be quoted of churches which from the beginning of their life have been doomed, by inherent weakness, to an early wreckage.

Then, again, there is a want of system in the establishment of new churches. A few earnest Christians go to reside at some place, and, having a good deal of Baptist backbone in them, refuse to be merged into other denominations. Such men are to be lauded. But why wait for such pioneering? Let there be system in our denominational advance, and let our skirmishers be supported by the great army behind, which can advance to their rescue, or upon which they can fall back at the hour of peril. There can be little doubt that many a cause would make a quicker, and more impressive, and more victorious advance were it supported at the first in a proper way and by adequate means. Many a fine little band of Baptist Christians has reluctantly had to abandon its position, and oftentimes ignominiously to retreat, not from lack of spirit, or of godliness, but from want of pecuniary means.

Why not create some organization or branch of the Evangelists' Society to work out this project? The Committee would see what places could be invaded with the means at their disposal. They would engage one of the most promising of our ministers who had already been disciplined in church oversight and work. They would remunerate him with a good salary sufficient to make him feel at ease as to his financial prospects, and prevent his keeping his eyes open for a sphere that would better feed and clothe and house himself and his wife and children. He would command respect by his experience, his prestige, and his mature preaching. He would carry on a vigorous pastoral and evangelistic work. He would be supported at intervals by campaigning visits of the itinerant evangelists. It would mean the expenditure on the average of about £300 per year for a few years, more or less, on such an enterprise. A total income of £1,000 for this purpose would mean three or four churches being established in regular succession.

Let us thank God for the energetic life in the church of Christ, which is eager to advance towards the prize of its high calling; let us thank God that it has an ideal full of glory before it; and let us do all we can to cut the roads and devise the means of transit that the ideal may be attained and the longing spiritual life may be abundantly satisfied.

[Mr. Tooley's idea has been often present with us, and if the Lord shall be pleased to open the door we will endeavour to carry it out. The two essentials, men and means, are at the Lord's disposal, and we only wait his bidding.—ED.]

Ann and Jane Taylor.*

THE Taylors are certainly an interesting family; and perhaps "Ann and Jane" are the best known names of that honourable line. As sisters they were ardently attached; and for years had interests so much in common that they were almost like two sides of one character. Jane died prematurely in 1824; Ann arrived at a full and green old age, and died in 1866.

To recall the time when these girls first entered on the scene of life we must needs go back to days when Dr. Johnson still ruled as the lion of London society, and when the clouds were gathering for the storm of revolution and general unrest, which characterized the latter years of the last century. It was in the spring of 1781 that an accomplished engraver, aged twenty-two, married a young wife of about his own age and station, and with a scant and uncertain income commenced life in a humble lodging hard by Islington church, the windows of which overlooked the pleasant open country of the northern suburbs. Their stay at Islington was brief, however; the Islingtonians were then regarded as country people, and business considerations might oblige a man who had the bread of a family to win to live in the midst of the town. What London was like in those eighteenth century days may be inferred from the fact that Red Lion-street, Holborn, now a murky, densely-peopled region, was then "a sufficiently quiet place."

Isaac Taylor, the father of "Ann and Jane," is described as having been a methodical man, and perhaps his ways in this respect were a little eccentric: anyway, he never took a leap in the dark, nor without carefully surveying the spot on which he would fall. He was also a many-sided genius, not only in his profession, but in taking advantage of opportunities which were calculated to bring gain to his family in the way of comfort and health. When his children multiplied at the usual rate, he began to feel dissatisfied with the narrow accommodation and smoke-charged atmosphere of London, and he set about looking for a suitable home quite in his own way, as well as in a way that no one else would have invented. He wanted a cheap house, and a spacious old-fashioned garden well stocked with fruitful trees, the homestead not to exceed in distance some fifty or sixty miles from London; but as an evangelical Nonconformist his necessity went a little further—a meeting-house with a gospel minister was indispensable. To quiet people of the last century whose homes were cast in the metropolis, England was about as much an unknown land as the rural districts of the United States are at the present day to a Lancashire operative. When Isaac Taylor first thought of removing into the country he had scarcely ever over-stepped the boundary of Middlesex; he knew nothing of Suffolk, and probably had never heard of Lavenham, his future home. His preliminary enquiries at once marked the ingenious man. Homerton College seems to have been an institution after his own heart; and it occurred to him that where Homerton men were

* The Life of Jane Taylor. By Isaac Taylor, in "The Family Pen." London. 1867.

The Autobiography, and other Memorials, of Mrs. Gilbert. Third Edition. London. 1878.

settled in the ministry he should also like to settle with his family. He therefore applied for information to a number of pastors, most of whom would, of course, lay the letters aside as too eccentric to need further notice. There was, however, at least one exception; and that proved to be quite sufficient for the purpose. Mr. Hickman, the pastor at Lavenham, received one of the singular missives in question; and thinking there was something more than mere oddity underlying the quaint construction of the letter, he sent a reply pointing out that there was an unoccupied establishment at Lavenham, which would likely enough be found suitable. Remarkable times those, in which a large house, with a spacious and fruitful garden, might be hired for £6 a year! In June, 1786, the rising artist, unable to turn away from these timely advantages, took his family into their new home.

With ample work in hand for some years Mr. Taylor settled in this out-of-the-way domain, which could already boast of having been the scene of the pastorate of William Gurnall, the author of "The Christian in Complete Armour." A more quiet, earnestly pious, and thoroughly industrious man could not have been found than Mr. Taylor, so that good Mr. Hickman, the pastor, was more than rewarded for his courtesy in answering a letter by the accession of such a man to his congregation. The times were not favourable to Nonconformity; but the cause was not altogether a loser on that account, for the people who have to surrender something on account of their principles, and still hold fast those principles in spite of all, are the very salt of the earth. After the Revolution in 1688 there succeeded a long, dead season of retrogression, the dawn of something better having been heralded by the preaching of Wesley, Whitefield, and the Methodists. Dissenting meeting-houses were then conventicles indeed; and Mrs. Gilbert remarks, that "the spirit of 'Church and King' was the demon of the neighbourhood, or rather of the times." It is terrible to think of what the State Church was in this country less than a century ago. If a family like the Taylors could live unmolested they thought themselves fortunate, for people in their position ran considerable risk from attack. If they did not convert the people, whose brutal ignorance could alone have sustained their partiality for the slavery of priestcraft, the clergy could inspire enthusiasm for "Church and King"; and the poor peasantry supposed they were showing their loyalty and devotion to squire and parson by rioting in the streets. Even such inoffensive people as the Taylors were in danger on one occasion of having their house and effects destroyed by one of these patriotic mobs.

The picture of life at Lavenham as drawn by Mrs. Gilbert gives a very pleasant insight into Nonconformist society in a country station more than eighty years ago. The characters rise before us; we see them in the school, the shop, the parlour; or in wigs, pattens, and buckle shoes, they go along the village High-street to turn down Water-lane to meeting; and though they belong to a world different from ours they bear a family likeness which we are proud to recognise. Mr. Branwhite, the "quaint, upright, stiff" schoolmaster, was a very suggestive character one would be glad to have known; while Mr. Stribbling, the deaf blacksmith, who, without being able to hear a word, could still pounce upon a "legal preacher" by the texts preached from, was no less shrewd than

ugly. Mr. Meekings, with his liberal hand whenever children were in the way, and his blue eyes, round red face, and curled wig, must have been the *beau ideal* of an eighteenth century baker. Then there were Mr. Watkinson, a wealthy wool-comber; Mr. Lungley, an honest shopkeeper; Mr. Buck, a linen-draper, with the fashions of Queen Anne still clinging to him; and Mr. Snelling the pew-opener, to say nothing of the poor ranged according to sex in opposite galleries. These all lived and died, constituting a world in themselves, before we were born, and now nothing besides their graves remains with us.

Mr. Taylor was in every way qualified to assume the responsibilities of the pastoral office, and in 1795 he accepted a call from a church at Colchester, a very providential circumstance, as it shortly proved, both for the family and the church. The times had grown hard, they were becoming harder, and the difficulties and the burdens of the period weighed with exceptional severity on engravers. The outlook at Colchester for a man in middle life, and first entering on the untried path of the pastorate, was anything but inviting. Religion in the Establishment was at a low ebb, for the most part beginning and ending with going to church, while the ministry of the Dissenters was not to edification. "Indeed, so sad was the state of things when we entered Colchester," says Mrs. Gilbert, "that no young person of good education, position, and intelligence was associated with the membership of any Nonconformist church in the town." She goes on to say, "In those early days my father in such an atmosphere had certainly much to struggle with, and the decay of religious sentiment in the place that had chosen him for its minister might afford ground for suspicion that he could scarcely be quite sound himself. At his ordination, however, which took place April 21st, 1796, his orthodoxy was sufficiently attested by the presence and assistance of many known ministers, and thenceforward no apprehensions of the sort could be honestly entertained."

The accession of Isaac Taylor to the pastorate was an event on account of which the town might have been congratulated as well as the church he undertook to build up in the faith. It needed little perceptive sagacity to see that he was no ordinary man, and that his children were the sons and daughters of genius. His Christian earnestness was not at all diminished by the fact that during the week, his profession, on which he depended for the maintenance of a large family, incessantly taxed his energies. He may have studied as he worked, and if so he laboured to good purpose, for his pulpit at once became an attraction, and people who had hitherto been unaccustomed to anything interesting in sermons were abundantly edified by his evangelical preaching. The man was indeed a public benefactor who in 1796 could enter a town so spiritually dead as Colchester to teach the people that the gospel was something more than a name, by being himself a living witness of its power.

Highly intelligent and cultured as they were, and dependent on their own exertions for home comfort as well as for a livelihood in general, the Taylors made their home a pattern household, every member exemplifying an industry which continued from youth to the end of life. Educated at home, the girls were saved from the snares of youth to which others are exposed abroad; and when they commenced to learn

engraving as the business of life, their time was so arranged that rest and recreation were provided in change of employment.

The friends at Colchester were necessarily of a different kind from those at Lavenham, and their friendship was of that practical character which sought to lighten the everyday burdens of pastoral life. The wife of a poor minister occupies a very trying position; and it is no wonder if, between having to be a lady and a servant-of-all-work, she sometimes falls between the two stools. The family at Colchester were exceptionally fortunate, the pastor as well as Mrs. Taylor being able to count on that help and sympathy which best suited their individual cases. One youthful friend would gladden the heart of the industrious, anxious mother by taking in hand a roll of needlework, and others were not behind in other capacities. One kind-hearted lady, who lived "with two servants of truly primitive style and character," was even more considerate: she took care that the good man did not want a tempting Sunday supper, "and, whenever a party had been entertained at the house, some of the remaining delicacies were sure to find their way in the same direction under the modest care of Polly," says Mrs. Gilbert. "But the greater kindness, referred to above, was when these willing and assiduous sisters would come with their 'mistress's kind respects'—to fetch the linen of the family to be 'got up'—and how beautifully!—in their ample leisure. Pleasant is the memory of such a friend and of servants such as these. I may say, to the credit of our small congregation at Colchester, that they were not forgetful in this matter of their minister. He claimed no tithe, but in many a shape it came, freewill offerings whenever the opportunity occurred. Ah, I have felt a little, and seen more, of the difficulties under which many an excellent man has to labour, and appear cheerful. Do not fail, I beseech you, to the best of your ability, to think kindly for him who thinks, how responsibly, for you!"

The home of the Taylors, while the young people were growing up, was one of the happiest imaginable. Enough of work was exacted from the youthful members to make recreation delightful; while the Christian and mental culture of the household was never neglected. The father and mother were ashamed neither of their religion nor of their Nonconformity, although in those days the penalties of worshipping without the pale of the Established Church were sometimes hard to bear. Without undue strictness, the line of separation between the church and the world was well defined; and in after life not one of the children risked their own security nor occasioned their parents pain by conformity to the follies of fashion or to actual evil. Take the theatre question as an example. Such is the "liberalism" of these days that a popular preacher has recommended Charles Dickens's novels from the pulpit, and a bishop has extolled the drama. Stage plays had no place in the Taylors' code, and Ann's account of her first and last visit to the theatre is worthy of being pondered by all young people in this compromising age.

"I hesitated, but consented. Under the novel attractions of the scene, my scruples soon vanished, and I would have readily sacrificed many an evening to its fascination. Happily, as I think, I never went

again. Not long afterwards the question of such amusements was brought before the Christian public. A sermon, preached as one of a monthly series in London by the Rev. George Burder, was published under the title of 'Unlawful Amusements.' The question was extensively discussed; Mrs. Hannah More threw her influence into the scale, and Christian parents felt it more a duty to withdraw their children from indulgences of this kind. In my belief, excitements of this kind are not needed to the due circulation of youthful blood. The mind is inebriated, and for a time unfitted for either religious or intellectual occupation, the hours, the intercourse, the various allurements of such scenes impair the healthful condition alike of mind and body; I speak of my own sex; whether evils still more formidable may not result to the other, I do not say. There is, besides, as I think, a beauty and safety in preserving a well-defined boundary between the church and the world. It should be visible to which you wish to belong. It is a fruitless attempt to blend the one with the other, hoping yet to remain uninjured by the amalgamation."

There is still extant, we believe, a painting representing Ann and Jane amusing themselves in their father's garden, at Lavenham, while linked hand-in-hand. That picture represents something more than literal truth; the two sisters were always one in heart, and they were united in their work. The responsibilities, the sorrows, and the rewards of authorship stole upon them unawares, without their directly aiming at what they subsequently secured. In those days an annual, called "The Minor's Pocket Book," was published by a couple of worthy Quakers—Darton and Hervey—at 55, Gracechurch-street; and it was through sending answers to certain enigmas in this publication that a connection was formed of eminent profit to all concerned—authors, publishers, and readers. It fell out in those days, as in our own, the publishers reaped the lion's share; but as "Ann and Jane" at first made writing a pastime merely, they attained their end, and people were satisfied all round. In a very humble spirit did they enter the tempting field of literature, aiming no higher than the edification and instruction of children; but they correctly measured their strength, and by not going out of their depth became more surpassingly useful than could possibly have been the case had they been more ambitious. The conduct of their parents was all through judicious. The young people were not looked up to as rising stars; as artists in training, a life of writing was not thought to be desirable, although, if good could be effected by it, the head of the household was willing to excuse what he could not altogether control. From small beginnings the thing went on until the publishers solicited manuscript in terms sufficiently urgent, and until "The Associate Minstrels" were recognised throughout England as daughters of genius. Certain it is that no efforts of their later years eclipsed the bright productions of their youth. Their more pretentious poems, essays, and tales are hardly remembered; but Jane's "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" is not likely soon to be forgotten.

The thoroughness, as well as the comprehensiveness, of the training in the Taylors' home was quite extraordinary; we might almost say, unique. While their taste was refined, and their thirst for knowledge perfectly quenchless, the girls received a complete domestic education.

The object was to train them up as beings who should be useful in a matter-of-fact world, wherein a many-sided character, rendered stable by Christianity, is most likely to succeed. Pedants were not wanted, and even authorship as a profession was deprecated; this may account for the fact that until the end of his days Isaac Taylor never liked to be regarded as a mere literary man. Of the character of the home life in his youth Isaac himself has spoken:—"I have never been a visitor in any family in which the occupation of *every moment* of the day, by every member of it, was carried to so high a pitch as it was under my father's roof. I have nowhere else seen the merest fragments of time so sedulously employed; and yet this incessantness of labour did not bring upon the family any feeling of bondage or restraint,—sedulous, energetic industry was the pervading spirit of the family; none were urged or driven onward, each one seemed to move forward as from an individual impulse, an internal spring."

Though one in heart as devoutly-attached sisters, the characters of Ann and Jane were not cast in the same mould. The younger was more of a philosopher than her sister; she could more readily draw materials from the heavenly bodies and the mountains, from field and flood, while Ann was more apt to utilize the popular associations of daily life. Like her brother Isaac, Jane was constitutionally pensive, although this was never allowed to degenerate into melancholy. She loved the rural retirement in which she had been nurtured as much as she disliked the busy commotion of the capital. The solitude of her attic study was always congenial; and amid that quiet seclusion she first found Christ. Once when alone in the evening, "I saw an instantaneous light," she says, "that God would, for Christ's sake, forgive my sins; the effect was so powerful that I was almost dissolved by it. I was unspeakably happy." From that hour to her death, in 1824, or about seven years afterwards, Jane was securely founded on the Rock of Ages; and died with the triumphant utterances of the twenty-third psalm on her lips.

Ann, the elder sister, better known in our time as Mrs. Gilbert, lingered on earth till her eighty-fifth year, and died in 1866. To the last she remained an evangelical Nonconformist; and as such favourably contrasted with her brother Isaac, who appears to have pored over patristic theology until his notions in regard to Church and State were quite unworthy of his family prestige. In one of her letters, Mrs. Gilbert declares that her faith in sect and party has grown with her years. "While at Colchester I had no faith of the sort at all, but a kind of mongrel namby-pamby *charitarianism*, much to poor father's discomfiture, who seemed to us to go sadly too far in being a dissenter on principle, and in wishing that we were too. The '*great truths*,' you know, and *Christian love*—they were the things—not to *contend* for, of course, but just to lie down in a nice green place somewhere, and let them fall on us like dew!—that was Christianity." She lived to discover that even Christian charity must be founded on principle.

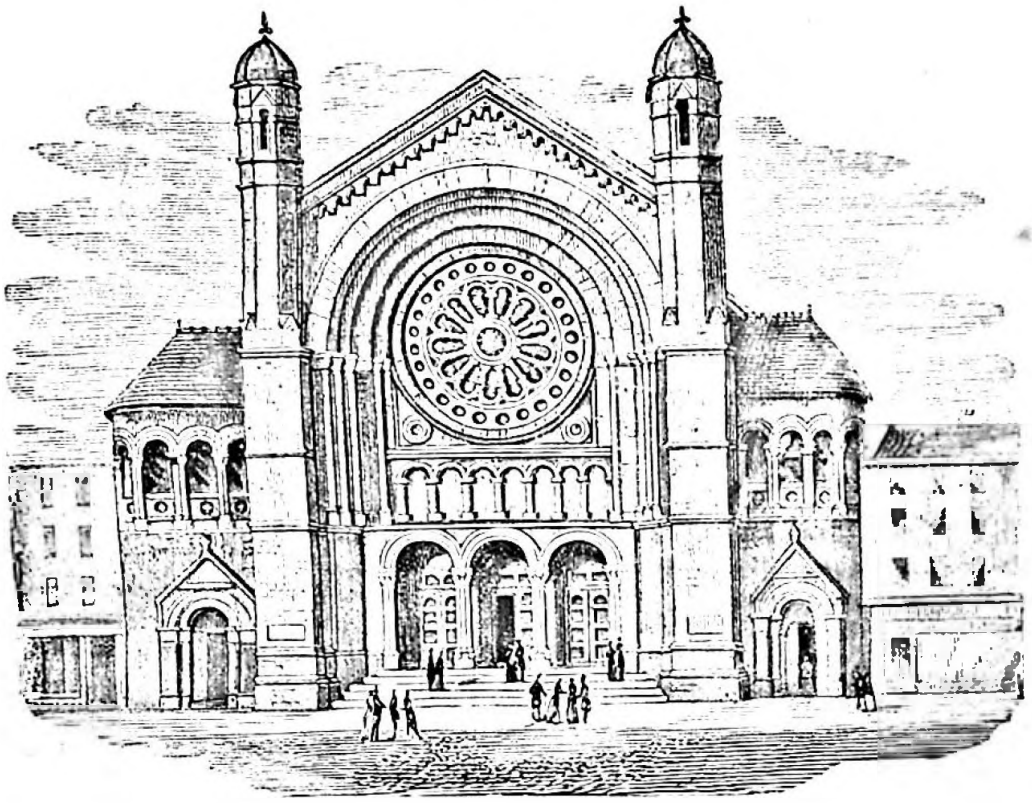
Her opinions on "Women's Rights" were equally enlightened: "I believe that if half every family—observe, not half the *community*, (and there, perhaps, lies the practical mistake,) for that might be a class only; but that if *half of every family* is honestly represented, the rights

of the whole will be, in fact, as well secured as by any other arrangement. . . . Nature seems to have settled the question *à priori*. We have not lungs; we have not courage; we have not time for it (to say nothing of interruptions which might happen inconveniently during the sittings of Parliament). And modern science says further, that the *division of labour* is the great secret of order and progress. So long as houses have insides as well as outsides, I think that the female head will have enough to do, even, I might almost say, irrespective of the numerous demands now making upon her by benevolent and religious societies."

As a couple of sprightly Christian girls, who, in their day, supplied the nurseries of England with delightful rhymes, "Ann and Jane" won their well-deserved renown; and the life-work of the former was so intimately associated with those times of youthful freshness that she felt young to the last, finding it hard to realise the truth that she was old even when more than eighty years were upon her shoulders. Their lot in the world was as useful as it was happy; and now they have renewed their youth in the heavenly Canaan.

A Message from God.

THE following incident occurred in 1794, in the town of Trowbridge, and was reported by a minister who was present at the time. The house and the rooms are well known to our informant. A young man was called to the work of the ministry in Trowbridge, and was the first pastor in a chapel just built. Being extremely diffident, and preaching several years seemingly to little purpose, he came to the resolution to preach no more. Being much straitened on a Sabbath afternoon he drank tea with several friends, and stated to them his resolve to preach no more. He even declared that he could not preach that evening. They begged him to alter his resolution, and represented what a disappointment it would be to the congregation, as they could not possibly now get a supply for the service. They begged him to try once more, but he replied, it was in vain to argue with him, he was determined to preach no more. Just then a person knocked at the door,—an old Christian woman who lived at a distance desired to speak to Mr. Clark, the preacher. She told him that she could not account for it, but she could not be happy without coming to ask him to preach from a particular text that evening. She could not tell where it was, but the words were these—"Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones." This extraordinary circumstance so struck the preacher that he consented to preach from it that evening, and experienced so much comfort and liberty that he continued in the work till his death with wonderful success and comfort. The poor old woman knew nothing of the conversation or of his resolution, for she lived at a considerable distance from the place. This was the Rev. John Clark, so long minister of the Tabernacle at Trowbridge, Wilts.



The Shoreditch Tabernacle.

MR. CUFF and his energetic band of helpers have at length accomplished their great and noble task of providing a tabernacle worthy of the crowded district in which the pastor has ministered for several years. The series of opening services has proved most successful, over £2,000 having been collected for the building fund. There is thus a fair prospect of the chapel being cleared of debt within a reasonable time; and then there is plenty of work still to be done before everything in Mr. Cuff's design is completed. In the rear of the tabernacle there will ultimately arise Day and Sunday schools, and a thoroughly-equipped Institute, with refreshment and reading-rooms, for working men. The work carried on from week to week is full of interest; but at present we shall not attempt a general description, which, however, may be given at some future time. Suffice it to say that a colporteur is employed, whose success has exceeded our expectations; and a neat little mission-station, with a preaching-room below and a refreshment and reading-room above, has been opened in Brick-lane. A prosperous church is sure thus to multiply its works.

In proceeding to describe the building, we may remark that the architect has aimed at securing several objects. The minister is seen and heard by all without difficulty, and he himself can quite as easily see all the audience without turning to the right or left. The seats are so arranged that the most distant are not too much isolated. The place generally is favourable to good hearing. There are several entrances; the straight aisles increase in width as they near the doors, and the ground-floor is a gentle slope, the extreme length being 115 feet and the width 80 feet. The galleries, which accommodate nearly half the congregation, are approached by six staircases. The style of architecture is Lombardic, and the materials used for the front are red brick and Portland stone dressings. The great wheel-window overlooking the Hackney-road is very handsome; and the three arches beneath, of blue pennant stone, constitute the chief entrance to the building. A pleasing effect is produced by five

concentric rings spanning the whole of the front, each receding behind the other. There are seats for 2,000 worshippers; and in addition to the pulpit there is a hot-air warming apparatus. The architect is Mr. T. Lewis Banks, and the builder is Mr. W. S. Joselyne, both of whom have admirably executed their allotted task.

We understand that a bazaar is to be held in March, and the proceeds of this and other gifts will, it is hoped, clear off the remainder of the debt. Hitherto Mr. Cuff and his friends have been greatly encouraged by the liberal aid which has come from all directions, far and near. The pastor's work in Shoreditch has attracted very general interest, and well it may, for if a strong and efficient Baptist church can be sustained amid the poverty of Shoreditch, it will be an encouragement to all who work for Christ in our great city. Our beloved brother, Mr. Archibald Brown, proved what could be done in Stepney, but this unbelieving generation needs sign after sign, and proof after proof. See what earnest preaching of the simple gospel will do! They do see it, and yet shut their eyes. May it please the Lord to raise up others from the loins of the College to work out the same demonstration again and again to his glory.

We were personally unable to be present at the joyful inaugural services, but our heart was there. Amid the pains of our severe sickness, many a draught of comfort comes to us from the holy service of our dear brethren who were once in the College. If the leader grows old and worn-out, yet the young men, "who are strong and have overcome the wicked one," are coming forward, not young and inexperienced *now*, but fitted to lead on the hosts of the Lord to the battle, when we are laid up in hospital, or, as it soon may be, laid aside altogether in the grave. God bless you, brother Cuff, and God bless all those who help you. May you all go from strength to strength; and may the new Tabernacle be as a city of refuge to Shoreditch, and Bethnal Green, and all those swarming regions of poverty and sin. God bless also the College from which you sprang, and raise up friends who will see that the mother hive never lacks for honey, and that as God sends new men there are all the supplies for their education and maintenance.

Notices of Books.

The Sunday School Union is not at all behind in the variety and beauty of its cards for Christmas and the New Year, and for enclosing in letters. Surely those must be hard to please who would not be satisfied with the "Rose" and the "Lily" packets, or those for Summer and Autumn.

The *New Year's Addresses* to parents, teachers, and scholars are timely and earnest.

A Real Christmas BOX.—The Sunday School Union issues twelve very elegant little books in highly ornamented covers, and puts them all in a handsome fancy box, thus producing an actual Christmas Box. It will be exceedingly attractive to many in its complete state, and its price is 3s. 6d. The very elegant little books can be purchased separately at threepence each: they are all good.

The annual volume of *Kind Words* makes a splendid present for boys. *Excelsior*, *Child's Own Magazine*, and *The Sunday School Teacher* are all excellent in their own line. We are sorry that the parcel came too late for us to say more. The publications of the Sunday School Union improve each year, and deserve the practical patronage of all who are interested in the religious education of the young. *The Pocket-books* and *Almanacks* are such as teachers and scholars need; and *the new story books*, of which we have received quite a number, ought all to be added to every Sunday school library in the kingdom.

In the Woods. A Book for the Young. By M. K. M. With 34 Illustrations by GIACOMELLI. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

WE have never before seen wood-engraving carried to such perfection; the illustrations alone should sell the book. If one cannot actually get into the woods, the next best thing is to have their beauties poured at one's feet after the manner of Giacomelli.

The Boy's Own Annual, an illustrated volume of pure and entertaining reading. Religious Tract Society.

THE *Boy's Own Paper* is a great success. The volume before us is a year's issue of the paper, and it contains a wealth of interesting stories, tales, incidents, pictures, riddles, jokes, and all else which can delight the soul of a boy. If our young Englanders do not prefer this paper to the penny dreadfuls they are downright dolts, and deserve to be trounced. Peter Parley is here outparleyed, and all the other "Boys' Own Books" are thrown into the cold shade. What a wonderful book for six shillings!

Alice Brookfield's Trial. By Mrs. H. PAULL. Hodder and Stoughton.

A TOUCHING story. A five-pound note is blown out of the window, and gets used up by little boys in the tail of their kite, and "hereby hangs a tale."

Gough's Portrait. Morgan and Scott.

A FINE lithographed portrait of John B. Gough for one shilling. Seldom have we seen so striking a likeness; you can almost hear him say, "Water for me!"

Analytical Concordance to the Bible, on an entirely New Plan. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D. Edinburgh: George Adam Young and Co. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is indeed a noble work. So far as we can judge, the intention of the author is carried out with great thoroughness and accuracy. He thus states his own aim in preparing so vast a volume. "Its great object, as Tyndale says of his New Testament, is to enable every 'PLOUGH-BOY' to know more of the Scriptures than the 'ancients,' by enabling him at a glance to find out THREE DISTINCT POINTS—*First*, What is the *original* Hebrew or Greek of any ordinary word in his English Bible: *Second*, What is the *literal* and primitive meaning of every such original word: and *Third*, What are thoroughly true and reliable parallel passages."

Dr. Robert Young is, if we mistake not, a gentleman who has assailed us with great rudeness of manner and virulence of temper; and we feel, therefore, the greater pleasure in saying that, as far as our slender knowledge allows us to form a judgment of the works of so great a scholar, we bear witness that he has done noble service to all students of the Scriptures, and deserves their deepest gratitude. Cruden's Concordance is child's play compared with this gigantic production, which is as learned and as useful as it is comprehensive. The work is costly, and yet it is cheap. The labour of a lifetime is here condensed into a quarto, which can be bought for 36s. or 42s. Professors of universities and ministers of the gospel unite their recommendations, and all sections of the church offer equally unqualified praise, but the volume well deserves all that can be said in its honour. Nothing remains but that our brethren in the ministry should be supplied with money to purchase this most useful of concordances.

Pictures from Bible Lands drawn with Pen and Pencil. Edited by SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THE Tract Society produces annually a sumptuous volume fitted for the table of a prince's drawing-room. We have thus been shown the beauties of Switzerland, France, Spain, and Italy, and the striking features of America and our own country; while we have also been led over "Those Holy Fields," and "The Land of the Pharaohs." We wondered where we could go this year, and fancied that perhaps Canada or Russia would be visited; we are gratified to find that instead thereof we are conducted to Damascus, Palmyra, Petra, Babylon, Ephesus, and such like eastern cities, which are connected with the story of Immanuel's land. As usual, the volume is all that could be desired, and almost all that could be imagined as the *beau ideal* of a book of luxury and elegance. As a gift-book for the season, it stands among the very first.

Edie's Letter; or Talks with the Little Folks. By Rev. G. Everard, M.A. London: W. Hunt and Co.

These are admirable addresses to the little ones. Simple without being silly; good but not goody; pleasantly illustrated by anecdote and picture, but not illustrated to death. Mr. Everard is far too evangelical and spiritual to continue in the Ritualistic and Erastian Establishment. He must be a good man not to be spoiled by his Ecclesiasticism,—what would he be if he would only break his fetters?

The Path of the Just: a Memoir of Daniel Bayliss. By Rev. G. Poole, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Daniel Bayliss was a representative of the hundreds of quiet, unknown Christian men whose biographies are seldom written, but who are nevertheless some of the earth's excellent ones. This memoir, though very meagre in material, is discreetly and fondly written; and the subject is allowed, very largely, to speak for himself. This memoir cannot fail to stimulate to faithfulness in ordinary life, and therefore we trust it will be largely read. It has refreshed and stimulated our spirit.

The Psalmist. The tune-book, with supplemental tunes. J. Haddon and Co.

This selection contains many excellent pieces adapted for organ and choir, but not so many good *congregational* tunes as we expected. It is not in our judgment at all suitable to be used with "Our Own Hymn Book," for that book has but 35 different metres, and this selection has 168; most of the special tunes must therefore be mere waste-paper. Out of 80 tunes from "The Union," which are to be found in "The Psalmist," the greater part are never used in our worship at the Tabernacle, while several of our great favourites are conspicuous by their absence. We object also to the needless alteration of established tunes. What confusion we should have if we were to sing Spohr, Moscow, York, Stella, Wareham, Montgomery, or Huddersfield, as they are altered in "The Psalmist"! Part of the people would run one way and the rest another. Moreover, we do not like the new naming of old tunes: this may give a book the air of novelty; but when the composition newly labelled is as old as the hills, the impression is a false one. It leads to confusion to give the old tunes new-fangled titles. A respectable melody does not need an alias. "The Psalmist," as a tune book, has its excellences, but they are not such as commend it to our preference.

The Pedlar of Copthorne Common: and other stories. By Mrs. Frederick Locker. Religious Tract Society.

Esther Ray, the Hop-picker. By the Author of "Josey, the Runaway." Religious Tract Society.

These excellent books are of that painfully fascinating order of which "Jessica's First Prayer" is a model. We have no fault to find except that we do not see the particular good of so many harrowing stories. Really, the most of us are sorrowful enough, and need something to cheer rather than to sadden us. Is it morally right to make us needlessly wretched?

Doubts and Certainties. A story of to-day. Religious Tract Society.

We should hesitate before we gave this clever, well-written book to a lad who had been brought up in a godly family, for he would learn from it many sceptical insinuations which otherwise would never enter his head. On the other hand, if we knew a young man in perplexity as to the vital doctrines of the gospel we would offer him this story, in the hope that it would lead him aright. "My bane and antidote are both before me." He who knows not the bane needs not the antidote.

Sunnyside School. A Tale for the Young. By Lettice Lee. Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant and Co.

A story with a healthy moral tone. We think it likely to be a favourite with many. Its exterior is very pleasing.

Little Hinges. By Madeline Bonavia Hunt. Illustrated by M. E. Edwards. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

The prettiest of pretty stories. Altogether a delight. Get it for the little folks at once: it is attractive without and charming within.

Home Workers for Foreign Missions. By E. Jane Whately. Religious Tract Society.

This contains a great deal of sound wisdom, which must have been gained by actual experience. Some of the stories of meanness on the part of donors to charities seem at first sight to be improbable, but we could confirm them by narrating parallel cases. Small subscriptions are very sweet, for they often show the heart of the giver; but in some cases they may be very laughable when bestowed by wealthy people with an air of condescension. Miss Whately hits off such in the following instance:—"Mrs. Weston opened a letter which seemed rather thick, and read as follows: 'A lady who desires that her left hand may not know what her right hand doeth, encloses a donation for the Missionary Auxiliary, which she requests may be acknowledged in next week's *Journal*.'

"'Good!' said Mr. Weston; 'this must be something considerable.'

"'It is not a bank note,' said his wife; 'it is money wrapped in paper; so I am afraid it is only a sovereign.'

"'Or ten shillings, perhaps,' said Rose; 'well, that is better than "My Mite," at least!'

"'No, it is larger than that,' rejoined Mrs. Weston, opening the paper. 'It is—*one shilling!*'

"Disappointed as all were, we could not help laughing heartily at this specimen of bathos. 'A mouse coming from a mountain, certainly,' Mr. Weston said. 'Of course, I shall not advertise this in the *Journal*. It would probably cost as much as the munificent gift. There, you may put it with John Marks' shilling which he brought me this morning without any flourish of trumpets.'"

A Handbook of English Literature for the Use of Candidates for Examinations, Public Schools, etc. By H. A. Dobson. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

Well condensed, accurate, and clear. For practical purposes this is as good as any handbook of the kind, and in some respects it is the best we know of. Young men who mean to be students of English literature will find this a capital guide to begin with.

The Child's Companion. Volume for 1879. Religious Tract Society.

Gorgeous to the uttermost degree. How little eyes will sparkle when they see the superb binding! How much more when they look within! Here we have a hive of delights. Oh to be a child again and have such a Companion!

The Voice, and Public Speaking. A book for all who read and speak in public. By J. P. Sandlands. Hodder and Stoughton.

Our author is correct when he says "there is room for this little book." It will be very useful to clergymen who read their discourses, and to preachers who are afraid to be natural. Other and larger works contain most of the hints here given; yet this has its own points of novelty, for the vicar evidently writes from experience, and has his own way of viewing things. So far as our commendation can have weight with the clergy, we would promote the circulation of this very sensible and practical treatise.

Fables of Æsop, and other eminent Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections. By Sir Roger L'Estrange. Reprinted and published by John Gray and Co., 5, East Harding-street, E.C.

This is a fac-simile of the edition of 1669, and is being republished in parts at sixpence each. As a mere curiosity the work is well worth purchasing. It is something to have so fine an edition reproduced, and such reprints should be encouraged. The morals without fables which the publisher has placed upon the cover are worth all the money. We borrow a handful:—

"There are few men so free from *faults* as to be in a position to condemn others. Said a *lazy* man to an *untruthful* one: 'Sirrah! No sooner do you *rise*, than you commence *lying*.' 'And you, sir,' returned the other, 'lie in bed.'"

"Said a foolish young man to a sage, 'I will never believe what I cannot understand.' 'Then, young man,' said the senior, 'your *creed* will be a short one, for what you can understand is very little.'"

"It does not take long to say *Nay*, but what a struggle many have to get it out."

Insect Lights and Insect Sounds. By J. R. S. Clifford. Wesleyan Conference Office.

Natural history made easy. This is the kind of literature which has our warmest admiration. Here is no imaginary narrative or heart-rending story but a true and particular account of the wisdom of God as seen in flies, bees, crickets, and their insect friends. Such popular treatises as this foster a love to living things, and excite an interest in the handiwork of God, and therefore they are worthy to be praised.

Brave Geordie. The story of an English boy. By Grace Stebbing. John F. Shaw and Co.

Brave Geordie's career shows how "God helps those who help themselves." Though of obscure parentage, he was in youth full of ambition, and did not, as too many do, huddle a heap of wishes up together and wait for them to become facts, but with brave perseverance he determined to realize them. Whether at work or play he put his whole energy into it, and thus obtained a noble character and an honourable position. Young hearts burning to be *something* will find fuel here.

Things which must shortly come to pass; for the time is at hand. As seen by Nathaniel Starkey, Minister of Union Chapel, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The contents of this little book are about as grotesque as its title. Such dreams are not worth telling. The *rapture* of those saints who are looking for such a climax to their present earthly career is a favourite theme with our author. By culling fragments from three different passages of Scripture he has supplied us with his perspective. "In a moment" (1 Cor. xv. 52) "the one shall be taken and the other left" (Matt. xxiv. 40), "and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 17). "Concerning them that are taken," he tells us, "little can be said"; but of those who are left behind he draws several fantastic sketches. When a father is caught up, he will take the children of tender age with him, and the poor wife will be bereaved of both husband and children. Four texts are referred to in proof of this; one from Genesis, another from Jeremiah, and two from the Acts of the Apostles. "Of two men in one bed, possibly brothers in one family and fellow-Christians," of course the one who is *riding his favourite hobby* joyfully mounts above, while the other remains here below to die and be buried. We give these as samples. Funnier things yet are to be found in these discursive reveries. The political as well as the social outlook is surveyed with some fine touches of fancy. *Whether or not Napoleon Bonaparte was the one head, as it were, wounded unto death, whose deadly wound became healed,* our author neither presumes to say or think conclusively. This was when he was writing page 31. But by the time we reach page 63, "*Things, as seen by Nathaniel Sarkey,*" are far more distinct,—"The antichrist has become personified in some 'Napoleon' of the time." As for the consequence, it is traced with a masterly hand. "Then in all probability Poland will be wrested from Russia, Hungary from Austria, Nice and Savoy from France, Alsace and Lorraine (and who shall say how much more?) from the newly constituted empire of Germany, and lastly or perhaps before all other, Palestine from the Turk, and given to the Jew." Fourteen years ago Mr. Baxter proved to his own satisfaction that the late Emperor of the French, Louis Bonaparte, was the destined monarch of the world and the future personal antichrist: but the course of events has since proved to our satisfaction that he was not. The anticipation of earlier times that *Nero* would rise from the dead and become antichrist, referred to by St. Augustine and St. Jerome, is well known to scholars. We have, however, said enough to indicate the strange mingle-mangle of serious things and comical thoughts that Mr. Starkey has thrown together: there is some pure gospel, but it is overshadowed with paltry gossip; and a few good poetical extracts, yet they are mixed up with stilted talk about political economy, commercial short-comings, music parties, field sports, and other matters of doubtful relevancy to the coming of the Lord, for which his saints patiently though eagerly wait.

The Approaching End of the Age, viewed in the light of History, Prophecy, and Science. By H. Grattan Guinness. Second Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This interesting treatise has reached a second edition, two thousand copies having been sold in less than three-quarters of a year. So large a proportion of the sacred volume is devoted to prophecy that we cannot be surprised at the enthusiasm of devout students who inquire diligently into the oracles and symbols which foreshadow the future of Israel, of the church, and of the world. Yet we are worried with so many ephemeral pamphlets which make a disagreeable buzz for a little while and then drop out of notice, that we are positively refreshed by the sight of a substantial volume with some claim to attention and some promise of its becoming an acceptable contribution to this branch of sacred literature. Mr. Guinness has mainly concentrated his researches upon *chronology*, with a view of interpreting the signs and seasons by a system capable of harmonizing natural and inspired calculation—the language of science, and that of Scripture. There are, however, three preliminary parts, in which he first reviews the divine method of *progressive revelation;* and then argues with considerable acumen that the *interpretation of prophecy* is in a corresponding manner *progressive*, insomuch that the visions will become clearer as the time of their fulfilment draws nearer; after which in a third part he vigorously pleads for the *historic* method of interpreting the symbolic visions of Daniel and the Apocalypse as opposed to what are known as *futurist* views. It is not until he launches into the fourth part that his investigations essay to break up fresh ground and assume a modest title to new discoveries. Here he avowedly aims to deal, not with theories, but with facts; and discountenancing speculations, to give us accredited truths, so clearly demonstrated that no sane man can doubt them as a foundation for inferences so transparent that any well-educated Christian would at once bow his assent and his acknowledgments. Well-educated, we say! This is indispensable. Our painstaking author has not spared himself. He has consulted over two hundred standard works, many of them very recondite. History, astronomy, and physical science have not merely fallen in his way; he has gone out to greet them. With the *savans* of our day he has consulted and corresponded. His reckonings of the equinoxes and solstices they have verified. Plans and charts give an air of completeness to the volume. There is a presumption in favour of these views which will strike the less learned reader. The soli-lunar character of Levitical chronology gives countenance to the explanation of dates here propounded. With all the pressing demands for faithful preaching and vigorous efforts to save souls, there is a surplus energy in the Christian Church which must find some outlet. The British Association waits annually for a manifesto from its chairman. We suppose there is in like manner a scientific division in our ecclesiastical circles, among whom a fresh utterance will be hailed with delight. Nor would we repress any devout inquiry into celestial phenomena or terrestrial revolutions which may possibly elucidate some large tracts of revelation hitherto unexplored by the majority of Christian people. To us it is clear as daylight that the essential gospel of the grace of God is hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed to babes. But there is a department of wisdom, and there is a vein of knowledge not quite so transparent to babes. It is reserved for men of higher culture. This wisdom is *heavenly*, so it must be prayed for: "If thou criest after knowledge and liftest up thy voice for understanding," and it is *earthly* likewise, so they must dig deep who would get at it. "If thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her as hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God." Of much that passes under the name of "*modern science*" we have a wholesome dread, for it is false at the very core; but to the pious director of the East London Institute we can never say with our poet—

> "Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
> Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
> Frozen at heart, while speculation shines,"

"Moses, Daniel, and Paul were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians

Chaldeans, and Greeks, which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts. Paul especially thought it no defilement to insert into the Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian." So says Milton in his "Areopagitica." Surely the scholarship that would translate their language into our own may well do its best to unveil the intelligence which their language sought to express. We should like to know a little more of that Egyptian literature with which the prophet of Horeb was familiar; and we should like to be better acquainted with those constellations that the Hebrew ruler of a hundred and twenty Medo-Persian provinces understood better than all the Chaldean astrologers. The words they used convey to us no sense, unless we comprehend the meaning they attached to them. Mr. Guinness exultingly exclaims, "Inveni, Inveni;"—I have found it, I have found it. Will his comrades endorse his conclusions?

That secular studies should shed a shadow of light on spiritual subjects will seem to some of our friends a strange anomaly. Thereby hangs a curious story. A famine of the word of God is the most terrible calamity we can imagine: but fancy a dearth of common books coming on the church of Christ as a disaster. So it was in the days of Julian the apostate. He made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning. The danger-signal was forthwith raised; the dread of ignorance developed into a panic. Thereupon the two Apollonarii, that is to say, Apollonarius and his son, coined all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible (as the author of "Paradise Lost" tells the tale), reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, and dialogues, even to the construction of a new Christian grammar. "The providence of God," says a historian of the times, "provided better than the Apollonarii by taking away the illiterate law with the life of him who framed it."

Links in Life's Chain. A Birthday Book. William Hunt and Co.

Another Birthday Book, nicely got up. We see no speciality or novelty about it.

Christ our Example. Sermons by the Rev. H. E. Stone. London: George Pike, 295, Caledonian-road, Islington, N.

Mr. Stone carries on an extremely useful ministry in Arthur-street Chapel, King's Cross-road, where he is almost hidden from observation. It is a pity that some one does not move church, chapel, and minister to some more open space where their light might shine before men. We would whirl them through the air at once if we knew the magic art. Mr. Stone himself takes frequent turns with other earnest spirits in carrying on the evangelistic work of the Baptist Union, and if he preaches sermons like these at home and abroad he is a workman of no mean order. There is a force and freshness in these discourses which make us proud that their author is a Pastors' College man, and a much beloved brother in the Lord. The book is badly got up, but it is well worth the two shillings asked for it. "Christ our Example" is a full subject, and it is well handled in fifteen sermons.

Adventures in Western Africa: a Tale. By Rev. H. S. B. Yates. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

Tales told for the tales' sake. We fail to see the particular use of such writing. The reverend author sprinkles upon his pages a few religious words, but his drift is mere entertainment, and he is not very great at that.

The Cross: Heathen and Christian. A Fragmentary Notice of its early Pagan existence, and subsequent Christian adoption. With Illustrations. By Mourant Brock, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

What would the Ritualists do with our friend Brock if they could have him delivered over to them? He actually proves the cross to be an ancient heathen symbol, and shows that the early Christians shrank from directly depicting the instrument of our Lord's passion. The superstitious rage for crosses deserves the rebuke which this small but learned work most forcibly administers. It ought to have all the greater weight with cross-wearers since it is written by a clergyman.

The New Testament Idea of Hell. By S. M. Merrill, D.D. London: R. D. Dickinson.

This little volume is an essentially popular book on a critical subject, and yet it is tolerably successful. So many attacks have of late been made upon the long-established views of the future state that the author deems it necessary to defend the orthodox view from this standpoint. Men who know anything of their Greek Testament will not find much that is new in this book; but they will have put into a handy form the facts about Hades and Gehenna. We think the statement clear and powerful, and the total result is the proof that Hades is the abode of spirits in a separate state, both evil and good according to their character in life; while Gehenna is the final and irreversible condition of the lost. It is a distasteful study, but we are driven to it by the insane speculations of "modern culture."

The Indo-British Opium Trade. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D. Translated by David B. Croom, M.A. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

The opium trade, by almost universal consent, is one of the most iniquitous, most deadly, and most accursed evils of the nineteenth century. If war is slaying its thousands, the opium trade is slaying its ten thousands. The mournful tale of its immoral and destructive effects is faithfully and fearlessly told in the volume before us. The responsibility for its origin, its extension, and its enforcement, in spite of remonstrances and prohibitions, is clearly shown to rest with the British Government of India, and consequently with England and the British Crown. "The very country," it is here said, "which in the first half of the present century did her part in putting an end to the wholesale destruction of human life by heroically abolishing in her colonies the curse, not only of the slave trade, but of slavery itself, and which at this very day is endeavouring to work a like deliverance for Africa, this same country it is which, in spite of the earnest entreaty of China, and the cry of the Christian conscience from her own midst, by her opium trade sacrifices ever increasing multitudes of Chinese to her greed of gain—or, in other words, to the fear of a deficit in her Indian budget! and she, too, a Christian, a Protestant nation! Such to-day is England in her commercial and colonial policy. The proud flag of Albion is marked with one broad, black stain." This witness is true. Well would it have been if the virtuous and tender-hearted Queen of these realms had refused the title of Empress of the Indian empire so long as this self-inflicted curse upon itself and other nations remained. Had it been conferred by India itself in commemoration of the abolition of this gigantic evil it would have been accepted as a reality rather than a romance. We must not look, however, to the British Government for the remedy, either here or in India. Like all great measures for the public welfare, it must work upwards from the people; general sympathy must be awakened, and agitation upon the subject must be continued and increased until some Wilberforce or Clarkson shall force it upon the attention of the Government, and compel it to employ the same authority and vigilance for its suppression which are now employed for its encouragement and defence. An Anti-Opium Society already exists, and has been endeavouring for five years to arouse the national conscience upon the subject. This should be more widely extended, and the friends of Christian missions in both India and China should take special interest in the removal of this great hindrance to the reception of missionaries and the success of their work. The only plea for its continuance is acknowledged to be the addition of some five or six millions to the revenue of the Indian Government; but the greater the revenue the greater the injury and injustice of the traffic, and the greater the drain upon the other resources of the empire. The emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, at the cost of twenty millions, has been more than ten times repaid, and the abolition of the opium traffic would soon be equally rewarded. Even were it not so, the moral gain to the honour of the English nation would extend to all its interests, both at home and in other lands, and might tend in no small degree to avert the judgments which seem already to have begun.

The National Birthday Book. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THIS handsome birthday book records the names and births of celebrities of all kinds. It was not possible to place on every page the name of a man in the first rank, and therefore some rather commonplace persons are mentioned, and it would have been well had these places been supplied by names dear to the Christian church: perhaps, however, the *national* plan was not thought to allow this. There ought to have been an index to the names, and then the book would have been useful in other ways: we wonder this did not strike the compiler.

A popular Life of Christ. By FERGUS FERGUSON, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison.

So grand a theme as the "Life of Christ" may well be approached from many sides, and surveyed by many different students. The valuable works of Farrar and Geikie need not detract from the interest we feel in a fresh volume on the same subject with nearly the same title; nor do they. Dr. Ferguson's comely tome is an acceptable contribution to the literature already current among us. Learning and liveliness blend in its pages. He entitles it "popular" presumably because it is intended for a promiscuous public, like sermons by the wayside rather than like lectures in the classroom. The various incidents are admirably grouped and graphically depicted by one who has pondered the stories in the localities where they happened, acquainted himself with the researches of recent explorers, and listened to the reasonings of modern critics, while he firmly maintains the old faith, and esteems the doctrine of Christ with the heart of an evangelist. Such a treatise as this deserves to be "popular" in another sense; it ought to be much in demand. We fear, however, that Dr. Ferguson has inadvertently narrowed the sphere of his "popularity" by addressing himself throughout to a local constituency on the north of the Tweed. His Scotch idioms may seem a small blemish, though we must demur to the introduction of provincial idioms in a "popular" work: as, for example, we are told that at the wedding in Cana "a serious deficiency began to be felt; *the wine had gone done*"; and in a chapter on "the cleansing of the temple" we read that the priests had actually converted the square in front of the temple into what we would call "the trysting-ground of a public market." But it is chiefly in the topographical references that we get bewildered. A preaching excursion throughout Galilee is explained by supposing "Lanarkshire and Ayrshire to be put together, and to contain as many people as the whole of Scotland in our day." In another place, after quoting what our author calls "the Dean of Westminster's felicitous idea," —thus, "The Galilean lake-shore held to Judea and Jerusalem the same relation as that which the manufacturing districts bear to the south of England and London,"—he presently gives us an idea of his own, much after the same type, but obviously less within the grasp of "popular" intelligence. Here it is. "It would appear that Simon Peter, although originally of Bethsaida, had removed to Capernaum: unless indeed we prefer the opinion that a Galilean might live in Bethsaida and yet be said to live in Capernaum too, even as a Scotchman (to quote a similar case in our own country) might live in Pathhead and yet be said to live in Kirkcaldy, or live in Fisherrow and yet be said to live in Musselburgh—the larger towns including the lesser in common conversation: and the writer can testify, from having visited the spot, that these Galilean towns must have been almost as closely connected in Palestine's palmy days as the different parts of the Scottish burghs just named." If, as we would fain conjecture, much of the volume has been first preached and then published, we cannot doubt that a homely audience would have been charmed with such familiar illustrations, while in London and New York, Pathhead and Kirkcaldy are further afield from the "popular" imagination than Bethsaida and Capernaum. With a little general revision and a few passages re-written in a second edition, which is sure to be called for, this "Popular History of Christ" may well secure the wide acceptance it deserves.

The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. By the Rev. Joseph Kieller, B.D., Curate of Christ Church, Salford. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This is not what from the title we should have judged it to be. Its subject is not the churchism but the Christianity of the present age. It is a second volume, and is limited to the sixth Article of the Church of England, which affirms all things necessary to salvation to be contained in Holy Scripture. This gives occasion for very learned and elaborate strictures upon the numerous deviations, both in mediæval and in modern times, from the Scripture standard of theology. It is, in fact, a clear and vigorous defence of the faith once committed to the saints. The position, firmly held and courageously defended, may be best judged by these few words: "The matter of the Christian religion is the love or grace of God as realized in the consciousness of the individual by the act of free justification through Christ, and the consequent perception of the saving word in the heart, the inner assurances of the Spirit, and the self-manifesting energy of the other Christian doctrines as subjective realities and vital truths." From this standpoint the writer takes an extensive survey of the theological literature of the present age, and directs his artillery well-aimed and destructive against all that true lovers of the gospel would rejoice to see driven from the field. He shows himself to be well acquainted with the most distinguished religious authors both in this and other countries, and especially of the German school. The style is too technical for ordinary readers; for their taste, perhaps, more than for their understanding.

The Inca's Treasure. Adapted from the German of Franz Hoffmann. By Jessie Young. E. Marlborough and Co.

A far-fetched and highly improbable story as it stands, though based upon a legend which is currently believed concerning a Spanish priest. As illustrating the folly of greed and the deceitfulness of riches, the tale is not an idle one, though we fail to see much in it.

Notes.

Our Sickness.—The way appointed of the Lord is surely right, but sorely sorrowful, to many of his chosen. We fled from the land of cold to escape from our annual assault, and in this we acted upon the best judgment of human foresight, and yet we missed our aim. A wandering blast swept round the Mediterranean and found out our retreat, and we fell before it like the sere leaves, which still were lingering on the trees. Doubtless the attack was less in force and duration than it might have been at home, but even in its mitigated form it has brought us very low, depressed a spirit far too often given to be sad, and left us so weak that every word we write costs a pang, and every thought is a labour. This is our portion, and the Lord's will be done in it. We value greatly the prayers of our readers and friends, and believe that restoration will the more freely be given to us if they will seek it in prayer on our behalf. It is to us a great sorrow to be thus annually laid aside by severe pain; what can the end of it be? Either we shall have to count upon a certain period of retirement every year, or we may look for the close of a life whose wheels go round with a motion clogged and painful. If the last, we should at least hope to see all our enterprises kept in good order even to the final hour. The Lord send it may be so. One thing seems pretty certain, we cannot be at our post at the expected time, but must take time to recover strength. This is no matter of choice, but of sheer necessity: these heavy blows take a great deal out of a man, and he cannot soon shake off their effects.

Mr. Gladstone's Speeches.—The grand blasts from Mr. Gladstone's war-horn should arouse our nation. Their one note is a call to make righteousness and peace the guides of the nation instead of selfishness and blustering. Will men hear the call? Alas, it is to be feared that self and pride have greater charms. "British interests" are regarded as solid matters of consideration, while humanity and justice are treated as mere sentimental superfluities.

"The Times," which is ever the faithful mirror of the national mind, says about Afghanistan, which we have been so wantonly trampling under foot,—"whatever is done must be done with a sole view to the future safety of India. No notion of what may be best for the Afghans ought to come in the way. It is their business, and not ours to pay attention to this." It is our business to destroy all settled government in their country, and after we have ravaged the land to leave the poor wretches to make such arrangements as they can. Under such tutors we shall soon become a nation of demons. Time was when high principle ruled British hearts, and all parties in the State paid homage to liberty, to justice, and even to humanity; but now we are another people, ruled by other lords. Can there be too much speaking against this? Can Christians be too excited and too eager to save their country from the evil which now sits dominant upon it? We think not. He who shall be backward when the time comes to deliver his land, let this great sin cleave unto him. If he will not rise to rescue his people from the huge crimes into which her present rulers are plunging her, he will be himself a partaker in their sins, and on his own head must the curse descend.

School Board.—The results of the School Board elections in London are worthy of study. There were no great party questions to arouse controversial zeal, and consequently, the affair was left to drift. Never did results more fully illustrate the blind way in which the public rushes hither and thither, unless led and guided. Our fellow-electors are willing enough to vote aright, but they do not know who is who, and consequently, the man who will spend a few pounds in advertising himself can secure his own election. It would not be impossible in the present condition of things for an organization of Papists, or Atheists, to secure places for all their candidates. As it is, some of the best men were not elected, and we mean by *best*, the most popular and most valued men, who would have headed the poll for certain if there had been a real contest, and the mass of the electors had voted. Many such men are elected, but they do not occupy leading positions on the list. This is a serious business. The education of our youth has been by Providence entrusted in part to us as Christian men. Are we going to leave such a charge as if it were of no consequence? Is it, after all, a trifle how the rising generation shall be trained? Are Christian people so oblivious of their duties to their fellow-men that when asked to train the children, they reply, the work is beneath our notice, let the rowdies and the sectaries settle such worldly matters? It seems to us to be the bounden duty of each Christian man to vote for the best men for the School Board, and that it is equally the duty of some men among us of wealth and education to undertake the useful and philanthropic work of the Board. Ought not each district to have its own committee of Christian men, who shall meet before an election, consider the candidates, and advise the general public? Would not a good proportion of upright, God-fearing men, of generous sympathies and expanded views, be thus placed upon the Board? It is not for the Christian to descend into the dirt and trickery of politics, but in this case, as in others, to draw up politics into the light and power of the gospel of Christ. We advise that the Christian men of a district should form a Christian Consultation Committee, to watch for the public good upon such points. The United States has shown us what horrible corruption is engendered by Christian men refusing to be the salt of the world; let it not be so among us. Let us salt the meat before its corruptness utterly conquers us.

Very Personal.—As we must be absent through the Lord's afflicting hand, we are compelled to make the following observations. For some reason or other subscriptions slacken and almost stop as soon as we leave home, nor do they rally till we return. If this continues we must come back at all hazards, for otherwise we shall have our ships aground. The Colportage is always the most in need, though one of the most deserving of our enterprises. The payment for the ground for the Girls' Orphanage has made, we fear, but slow progress. For the other works little has come, but there are funds in hand which place us beyond absolute need. We are sure that the Lord will provide; but when one is very ill and weary, it is pleasant not to have your faith much tried. At such a time it is a double comfort to be remembered by friends, and to see that they will not allow the holy cause to suffer because the chief worker is laid aside. Satan loses one of his fiery darts when he can no longer whisper, "God forsakes you, and your friends forget you." This weapon is forged out of lies, but he is none the less ready to use it in the dark and dreary hour.

College.—Each Friday afternoon after our departure, until the Christmas vacation commenced, Dr. Sinclair Paterson delivered a lecture to the students on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society. We have received most glowing accounts from many of the men of their appreciation of the Doctor's discourses on "Theism and Science," "Cause and Purpose in Nature," "Evolution and Design," and "Man and Conscience." The high ability and intense earnestness manifested in the lectures will make the Doctor a great favourite with the Pastors' College.

Mr. F. G. Marchant, pastor of the Baptist Church, Hitchin, will, after Christmas, become the Junior Mathematical and Classical Master of the Pastors' College. Our friend has no intention of ceasing his ministry, but comes to work with us with the full consent of his church. Up till this date the vacancy has been most happily filled by the joint labours of Dr. Davies (York Road), and Mr. Wrench (Parish Street), from whom we part with most respectful regret.

During the past month Mr. J. S. Geale has accepted the pastorate of the church at Queen Square, Brighton.

Mr. C. H. Thomas, of Warwick, has come to London to help us in the secretarial work of the church, college, &c.

Mr. G. Stanley, of Whitetable, has removed to Eythorne, Kent; Mr. T. H. Smith, of Shefford, has gone to Haddenham, Cambridgeshire; and Mr. G. Dunnett, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, is going to Darkhouse Chapel, Coseley, Staffordshire. Mr. H. Marsden, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, has been compelled, through ill-health, to resign his pastoral charge. Under medical advice he has sailed for Australia, where we hope, with renewed vigour, he will be able to get into harness again. He left on the 13th ult., in the *Melanope*, which is bound for Melbourne, but he thinks of going on to Brisbane. Friends in the colonies will please note that Mr. Marsden is a first-rate man, worthy of the utmost confidence, a man to be seized upon for a pastor by any church in need of a live minister.

The news has reached us that Mr. T. Cannon, late of Torquay, is dead. He was one of our earliest students, but inclined somewhat to the Plymouth Brethren.

India.—Mr. Maplesden reports his safe arrival at Madras, after a very trying voyage. The members of the church, and ministers of other denominations, gave him a most hearty welcome. He writes that he considers the prospects of work are exceedingly encouraging.

Mr. Blackie has resigned the pastorate of the Lal Bazar church, Calcutta, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Bombay. As the result of his two years' work in Calcutta, the church has prospered numerically, financially, and spiritually. The church writes to us for a pastor. May guidance from on high be given us in making the choice.

Africa.—Mr. Hamilton, of Cape Town, reports the opening of the "converted" wine-store at Rondebosch, five miles from the city where he lives. This is the first Baptist Chapel at Cape Town, and also in the western province of South Africa. Mr. Hamilton hopes soon to begin building his own chapel. Now that Mr. Batts has gone he greatly needs a co-pastor, as he has frequently three services on Sunday, and one every evening during the week, either in Cape Town or the surrounding villages. We are looking out for the man, and two of the Lord's stewards promise the means to send him out.

Mr. Batts sends us good news from Port Elizabeth, where he seems to be filling Mr. Stokes's place very satisfactorily. He thinks there is a fine field for the right sort of men in South Africa. "The climate is almost perfect, we have in reality perpetual summer; fruits are plentiful, so is money, and above all, the fields are white unto the harvest. . . . . I could mention several places in which a work would at once open up if men could only get their passage expenses provided for them." Now is the time for Baptists in South Africa, and as the Lord enables us we will not let the tide pass by us.

Our beloved friend, Mr. Johnson, sends us a very touching account of the illness and death of his dear wife, a few extracts from which will, we feel sure, evoke the heartiest sympathy and prayers of those of our readers who made their acquaintance while they were with us. It appears that the journey from Victoria to Bakundu occupied nearly three weeks, in consequence of the opposition raised by the king of Mungo to the passage of the missionaries through his dominions. They were within six hours' march of their destination when they were stopped by a large band of armed natives, who compelled them to return to Mungo, where they were heavily fleeced, and sent back to Victoria. The exposure to the hot sun by day, and the heavy dews by night, together with the threatening attitude of the natives, seriously injured the health of the whole party. After a week's rest they started again, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs.

Richardson being carried in hammocks. The men who were carrying Mrs. Johnson stumbled over a stone or stump of a tree, which hurt her back very much ; and, to crown all, poor Mr. Johnson was seized with fever, so that he also had to ride in a hammock. After they reached Bakundu Mrs. Johnson took the fever ; and, although she rallied for awhile, she was never really well. Much of the time both husband and wife were ill together, and so unable to help each other. Of the later weeks of Mrs. Johnson's life her sorrowing yet rejoicing partner thus writes: "The blessed Bible, which gives comfort and consolation such as nothing else can do, was her constant companion. Day after day and night after night she would seek to know more of its contents. The rest which remains for the people of God was a theme she much delighted to dwell upon. The 'Morning by Morning ; or, Daily Bible Readings,' was indeed a source of great comfort to her. The 'Sermons,' which are sent to me every month by Mr. Wigney's class, were read and re-read by her. About six weeks before her death she was much better, and the fevers all left her. Her favourite text was, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' On Sunday morning, June 29, while Brother Richardson and his wife were at the service, I was not well, and she came and sat by my bed and talked over our married life of over fifteen years. The following Friday she was taken with a chill, followed by a severe fever. On the Monday she slept all day, and complained at night that it had been lost time, as she had been unable to read the daily portion. As she had previously read the one for that day I selected another passage, 'I will never leave thee,' which she enjoyed very much. During the night she was delirious, but in the morning she said, 'Although my mind leaves me at times I have not lost sight of that rest. He whom the Son sets free is free indeed.' Just before noon her speech failed her, and she never spoke again. On Wednesday afternoon I said, 'Henrietta, do you love Jesus ?' Her lips moved, but she was too helpless to lift her hands. Just before candlelight I asked her if I should read the Bible. Her lips again moved, so I read part of John xiv. At eight o'clock she commenced to breathe hard, and looked at me as though she wanted to speak. This lasted just a minute or two, and then she went home to live with my blessed Jesus. She is indeed now at rest and free. Little did I think when she sang with us, 'Wait a little while, and then we'll sing the new song,' that she would leave us to sing it so soon. But so it seemed good in the sight of our Father to call her home from the land of her fathers to be crowned. Since the death of my dear wife I thought at one time that I should soon follow her. My heart seemed to be affected in some way, and I suffered also from fever and neuralgia ; but God has seen fit to raise me up again. I am much better, but far from being well. I wish sometimes I could come home and stay five or six months. I sometimes fear that I shall not be able to do the good I had hoped to do in Africa, but my Father knows all about it. If he wants me to serve him in this way, Amen. God's way is always the best way. . . . Please ask the friends at the prayer-meeting to pray for the success of our work at Bakundu. I am now praying for the conversion of the young king.

"Yours truly for Africa,

"THOMAS L. JOHNSON."

EVANGELISTS.—After we had completed our "Notes" for the December magazine we received from *Scarborough* even more cheering news than that already published. The success of the services was so great that the evangelists were entreated to remain a week beyond the time allotted. To this they gladly consented, and the result proved the wisdom of the arrangement. As the circus was not available for the week-night services, the two next largest buildings in the town were simultaneously occupied each evening, and even then hundreds were unable to gain admission. The attendance at the noon prayer-meetings increased to seven hundred, Mr. Fullerton's afternoon Bible readings attracted full congregations, while the closing meetings were of a very remarkable character. Nearly two thousand people attended the early morning prayer-meeting, and at least as many had to be shut out of the circus at the evening service. During their visit Messrs. Smith and Fullerton had their usual special gatherings for children, and for working men; and, in addition, they held a meeting for Band of Hope children, to which the little ones from the workhouse were invited. Some of the spiritual results of the mission may be gathered from the fact that the invitations to tea were given to about two hundred persons who were believed to have been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of the evangelists. At one of the services they collected over £14 for

the local Dispensary, and we are to receive as a thankoffering to our Evangelistic Fund the noble contribution of one hundred guineas. We might fill many pages with interesting accounts of the work in Scarborough, but we must insert an extract from a report of services sent to a local paper by Mr. Adey:—"Of the character of the preaching we can only say that both brethren have been trained in Mr. Spurgeon's school, and that they have imbibed the steady faith and indomitable perseverance of their tutor and director. Conscious that they have following them the prayers of three thousand Christian people at the Metropolitan Tabernacle itself, who frequently send telegrams to them from their London meetings; conscious of the fact that their beloved pastor at Mentone, laid aside as he is by exhausting labours and painful sickness, is ever watching their work with interest; and, above all things, sustained by their own firm belief in the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' these brethren, whether singing or preaching the gospel, are not plagued with doubts as other men are, and God is clearly blessing alike their faith and their works. Their theology is that of the old Puritans. They preach ruin by the Fall; redemption, regeneration, and justification by faith, in the old style and with the old results. Mr. Fullerton, who is young, a circumstance which his critics cannot forget, and which his friends thankfully remember, has a grasp of the great primary truths of Christianity which is simply wonderful, and a power of adapting himself to the varying needs of each audience, that can only be appreciated fully by those who have followed him from place to place as we have done.

"They have left behind them in Scarborough work for the churches of the town in gathering up the fruit of their labours, which will occupy the ministers and helpers of the Scarborough churches for a long time to come. . . . . Whilst Christian people must rejoice as they see the old gospel winning its way victoriously, there are many people not professing Christianity who acknowledge that a work has been wrought in the town which demands record, which promises well for its true prosperity, and which shows that steady, unselfish, and well-directed efforts to reach the masses of the people meet with a rich reward."

Mr. Fullerton mentions one very interesting instance out of many answers to prayer received at Scarborough. Special subjects were selected for each day's petitions, and on the morning assigned to "seamen" prayer was asked for the crews of some boats long overdue, and almost given up in despair. At the last meeting a man came to give thanks that in answer to prayer he had been rescued by the lifeboat, and it turned out that all the men prayed for had been brought into port in a most remarkable manner.

From Nov. 30 to Dec. 14, the evangelists were engaged at *Cambridge*, where they held daily noon prayer-meetings in the Congregational, Wesleyan, and Baptist chapels; and services every evening, and twice each Sunday, in the Barnwell Theatre. This month they will be hard at work on the home farm, where we trust they will reap greater results from their sowing of the good seed of the kingdom than in any place they have visited before.

Mr. Burnham was at *Thetford*, Norfolk, from Nov. 10 to 16. Pastor G. Monk writes,—"At our meetings for prayer for several weeks before he came the burden of our petitions had been that much good might result from his coming. Our largest hopes have been more than realized. At no time during my pastorate have I seen so much interest awakened and sustained as during our brother's stay with us; the chapel was well filled every evening except Saturday; several enquirers remained to speak with us, and best of all' souls were saved and enabled to rejoice in Christ."

From Nov. 17 to 30 Mr. Burnham was at *Burton-on-Trent*. The special feature of the services there was a daily open-air meeting in front of the chapel, which faces a large factory. Every day during the dinner hour, from three to four hundred working men were thus induced to listen to the gospel in song or story, the result of which cannot be known at present, but it must be productive of good. The indoor services were also well attended, and an earnest spirit prevailed, although but few actual cases of conversion were met with at the time.

Mr. Burnham has since visited Naunton and Ginting, near Cheltenham, and Melford, Suffolk; and for this month he is fully engaged at Eye, Suffolk; Diss, Norfolk, and Driffield and Cranswick, Yorks.

Orphanage.—It was a golden hour for the Orphanage when Mr. Charlesworth proposed to train a choir of boys who should hold services of song for the Institution. The project has succeeded

delightfully. We accord to Mr. Charlesworth and his helpers, and the orphans, all the credit which is due to them, and then it remains to be said that the main cause of success lies in the love of our many friends. During our illness we have had deep draughts of refreshment through the tours made by the boys in Kent and Hampshire. The boys have been treated like little princes, and the cause has been helped as by princes and queens. We had a long account prepared of the success of the meetings at Folkestone, Dover, Deal, and Chatham, but after reading it over, and feeling very moist about the eyes at the remembrance of many dear names in those places, whose kindness never fails, we thought it would not be well to print it. It seemed as if we should be sure to forget somebody if we entered into details, and as high-constable and mayors, churchmen and dissenters, all united with our special friends, we think we had better bow our sincere acknowledgments all round, and say, "God bless you all." £82 4s. 6d. appears to be the net results of this week's tour.

At South Street, Greenwich, the choir sang £20 into the treasury; at the same time aiding our dear son. May our children after the flesh and after the Spirit partake in one common blessing. At Dacre Park, Lee, our brother Usher entertained the choir, but the weather was unutterable. Proceeds unknown as yet.

The Hampshire tour commenced *December 2nd.* Mr. Medhurst's friends, ever among our foremost helpers, received the lads right gladly. The collection came to £22 10s. The members of Mr. Medhurst's Bible Class have during the year collected £50 16s., thus bringing up their help in one year to the noble amount of £73 6s. The *first* student is not to be excelled in his love to his old friend. How sweet, how uplifting to our heart is such true brotherly love! We invoke a thousand blessings on our brother and on the many who deal to us according to the same spirit.

When the lads moved on to Southampton, Mr. Mackey and his friends were equally alive and enthusiastic. Our dear old friend, Trestrail, with his glorious warm heart welcomed the lads at Newport, and with the aid of many friends made the matter a great success. The same may be said of Mr. Craig at Cowes, and Mr. Sparkes at West Cowes. In each case the institution was taken up either by the mayor or by some other leading gentlemen, while not only our own ministers, but those of other denominations joined in the effort of love. One who writes to us says, "You ought to be a very happy man." Right, good friend, right. Undeserved affection to us personally has been our happy portion, for the Lord's sake, and we know that his love to us for Christ's sake has produced much fruit for the orphans, and we are happy. We feel utterly unworthy of a thousandth part of the kind things which have been said and done, and we are glad that the friends make such a generous error in esteeming us far too highly, since it leads them to help the fatherless. Thank you, dear friends, thank you from the deeps of my heart.

During the present month Mr. Charlesworth has arranged meetings, commencing on the 12th, at Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Hereford; and he is negociating a series in Liverpool through the kindness of the executive of the Local Baptist Union.

The first troop of girls has been received at the new Orphanage. We may therefore say that "The Hawthorns" have put forth their first blossoms in midwinter. Behold a miracle of grace!

Friends, please remember that the next *Collectors' meeting* will be held at the Orphanage on *Friday, January* 9. Make it a good meeting to give the girls a hearty welcome.

Most generous was the impulse which led Dr. Parker on a sudden to make a collection for the Orphanage. May God bless him in return. Our intercourse with him has been but slender, hence the utter spontaneousness of his kindly deed was the more striking and refreshing to our heart. The cause deserves everybody's help, but presented as a personal token of sympathy the Doctor's unexpected aid is most grateful to our heart. This is the warm brotherly letter which came to us when in our lowest plight. It was not meant for the press, but we hope we do no wrong in printing it:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Last Thursday morning I asked my hearers to make a collection on behalf of the Orphanage, and they gave about £15 in the boxes. The matter was gone into without the slightest notice or preparation, or the result would have been larger. We do not like to send a cheque for anything under £20, hence the difference between the collection and the enclosed. Use it for the boys or girls just as you like, and always remember that the City Temple pulpit is open when you care to occupy it in the interests of your Orphanage. I want you to be young for ever, and strong

to do the work you love. God bless you with rest and hope.

"Ever sincerely yours,
JOSEPH PARKER."

COLPORTAGE.—This work is being carried on by the agents and Committee and Secretary with all their might, but nothing which we write about it seems to elicit sympathy or to bring help. There is great present need for this agency, God has greatly blessed it in former years, it is a work which deserves the earnest help of all Christian men:—but if others do not think so we must leave it. We will carry it on as we have means; but we confess that we are greatly disheartened. No other enterprise of ours has ever dragged along like this work, and yet there is not one which exceeds it in value.

PERSONAL NOTES.—In recent numbers of *The Sword and the Trowel* several instances have been given of the good effects of "Spurgeon's Sermons," will you allow the writer to add one more? In one of our resorts for invalids in the Midland Counties is a man of almost world-wide distinction, but who was better known thirty or forty years ago than he is to-day. His history is brimful of interesting incidents, and, when written, will be one of the most remarkable in modern times. He has seen eighty-eight summers, and though his natural force is abated, and his eyes somewhat dimmed, he can, with the aid of a lens, see to read the daily papers, and is conversant with all the current events in national and social life. He is as sensitive as a barometer to any change in the diplomacy of the courts of Europe, and especially is this the case with anything connected with the tribes of Israel, and their restoration to their own land. He has crossed the desert to visit Palestine, and on his first visit was accompanied by Dr. Black (who spoke nineteen languages), McCheyne, and Bonar. He has been the contemporary of some of the most distinguished divines, physicians, and writers that Scotland has ever known. He is now confined to his bed, from which he knows he will never be lifted until he is carried to the place of sepulchre. Not a murmur, however, escapes his lips. He has the piety of a saint and the simplicity of a child; but you can see the old fire burn when the foundation truths are assailed by men of modern thought. His chief joy on the Sabbath, dear Mr. Editor, is to hear one of your sermons. The reader is a little maid; and he avows that he has the *best preacher* and hears the *best sermon* in the town. Need I say that our aged friend is Dr Alexander Keith, the author of "The Evidence of Prophecy" and other valuable works. I am not commissioned by the seer to send you the above, but I am commissioned to give you his grateful thanks for the rich feast you give him. He, moreover, wished me to say that, while spending the winter at the Bridge of Allan, two or three years ago, your sermons were read by invalids in five separate rooms of the same establishment every Sunday. Many prayers go up daily to heaven for the continuance of your health and life, but not the least fervent come from the lips of this dear old man.

W. B.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 23rd, fifteen; 24th, two; 27th, seventeen; 30th, thirteen; November 27th, fifteen; December 4th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Lizzie, per Mr. Murrell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Grubum	1	0	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	2	0
"Aylsham"	0	5	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Y. Z.	0	10	0
"A.," Jersey	0	2	0
"A. B. C.," Aberdeen	1	0	0
Unregistered letter	0	9	4
Mr. D. S. Pirrie	1	0	0
William Ewin, Esq.	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
"T. E. Q."	2	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. G. Wells	0	2	6
Mr. G. Scivwright	1	7	6
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	0	10	0
Mr. Townshead	0	10	0
A Friend in Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. William Smith	2	0	0
Miss M. Lillebourne	2	0	0
"A poor Member"	0	0	6
From the Highlands of Scotland ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Johnstone	2	0	0
Mrs. Dixon	3	0	0
S. S., Absolum	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
November 16	30	6	1
,, 23	40	0	3
,, 30	35	6	6
December 7	28	0	9
,, 14	72	15	2
	206	8	9
	£259	0	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Chips	0	5	0
A Widow indeed	0	2	6
Alfred Walker	0	2	6
Mrs. F. Pool	1	1	0
Mrs. Carter	2	0	0
North Sea Fishermen	2	15	0
Collected by Etty Hilgindorf, New Zealand	2	10	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. French	0	5	6
Mr. Hardy	1	0	0
Mr A. Fowler	0	5	0
Miss Varley	0	3	0
Executors of the late Emma Green, of Cambridge	100	0	0
M. Shaw (Swiss Order)	1	0	0
G. H. B., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	0	0
A thankoffering, S. H., Chelmsford	2	10	0
Gresham Sunday School	1	7	0
Sidney Wallis, Esq.	10	0	0
Box at Orphanage Gates	0	9	9
Mr. W. P. Stone, per V. J. C.	0	5	0
Mr. E. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. S. Jerry	0	5	0
Proceeds of Services of Song by Orphanage Choir:—			
South Street, Greenwich, per Mr. C. Spurgeon	18	9	8
Dover, in connection with Salem and Wellington Hall congregations	23	11	0
Folkestone, per Rev. W. Sampson	20	11	4
Deal, per Rev. N. Dobson	25	1	0
Chatham, per Rev. J. Smith	13	13	6
Lake Road, Portsmouth, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	22	17	9
Sandown, per Rev. W. J. Craig	5	15	4
	120	19	7
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
"T. E. Q."	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at City Temple, per Dr. Parker	20	0	0
Mrs Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. A. Lamont	0	2	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. G. Stewyright	1	0	0
Mrs. Philip Thirrell	4	4	0
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	0	15	0
W. Paine, Esq.	1	1	0
"A. J. W.," Scotland	0	5	0
James Eldridge, Esq.	1	1	0
"Cab-driver's Threepenny Pieces"	0	16	6
"H. and V. C."	0	0	6
Mr. Thomas Bury	0	5	0
From the Highlands of Scotland	0	5	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
M. C.	0	15	0
Mrs. Lang	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Barrat	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Sunday School, Willington Hall	1	0	0
Myrtle Street Juvenile Missionary Society	5	0	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	7
Collected by the Members of the Lake Road Chapel Bible Class, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	40	16	1
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.	0	10	0
William Ewin, Esq.	1	0	0
For Christmas Dinner:—			
The Misses Pledge	0	10	0
"S. H.," Weston	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	1	0	0
"A Steward's Mite"	0	10	0
Mrs. Barlow	1	0	0
Mr. John Wood	0	5	0
"J."	0	1	0
A Member of Church of England	0	2	6
	3	18	6
	£352	4	0

List of Presents per Mr Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—A Barrel of Potatoes, Mr. Cocks; 4 Barrels of Apples, from a Friend in Canada; 3 ditto, Mr. John Hill; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

CLOTHING.—50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 30 Shirts and 26 Pocket Handkerchiefs, Downs Sunday School; 72 pairs of Boots, Mr. J. Leeson; 12 pairs of Socks, the Misses Thompson.

GENERAL.—10 Sacks of Firewood. Mr. C. Peacock; 14 copies each of "Band of Hope Review" and "British Workman," monthly, Mr. J. B. Mead; and 2 copies of the "Animal World," per month, a Friend.

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. H. Cocks	0	10	0
Miss A. Aldred	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Kitchen	0	15	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
J. A. M. Nairn	1	0	0
E. B. K.	0	2	6
Part proceeds of "Evening of Song" by Orphan Boys, at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Mr. C. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Etty Hilgindorf, of New Zealand	2	10	0
Mr. A. Sutherland	0	10	6
A Loaf of Bread	0	0	4
J.	6	1	0
A Sermon Reader, for mercies received	0	10	0
Miss Rawson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mace, Bow	5	0	0
Elizabeth Greatheart	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Lungley	1	0	0
H., a Friend, per W. C. Murrell	5	0	0
Mr Storer, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
A Friend, Nottingham, per Rev. W. C. Jones	0	2	0
Mrs. H. Graham	1	0	0
"Old Boy's Collecting Card," T. H. Williams, Haverfordwest	0	10	0
"T. E. Q."	2	0	0
"D. P."	0	3	0
Mr. James Frame	1	0	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mrs. Lawson	0	10	0
"A Friend," per Miss Wright	1	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. James Howston	5	0	0
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	0	11	6
Wm. Paine, Esq.	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
"Fanny and Rebecca"	0	2	0
Mr. G. Osborn	1	1	0
"In Memoriam H.E.S."	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	1	0	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
Miss E. A. Gilbert	1	1	0
A. J. Bartlett, Esq. ...	0	10	0
J. C.	0	5	0
R. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. John Barnett ...	0	2	6
Miss M. Duncan	0	10	0
A Spinster's Mite	0	1	1
J. H. B.	0	5	0
H. B.	0	2	6
J. B.	1	1	0
C. B.	1	1	0
H. Dowding	0	10	0
Marion Dowding	0	5	0
Emily Dowding	0	5	0
Harry Dowding, jun. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Fitter	2	0	0
A. W.	0	5	0
M. W.	0	5	0
T. T.	0	5	0
J. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. M.	1	0	0
Mr. M.	1	0	0
A. S. and M. C.	0	10	0
			11 16 7
A Friend			0 2 6
"J." monthly subscription			0 1 0
W. P., Chicago			1 0 7
H. E. P., Chicago			1 0 7
			£73 16 7

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth :—CLOTHING.—101 articles of Clothing, Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 1 Dress, 1 Jacket, Miss Higgs; 6 Flannel Petticoats, M. G.; 12 Worsted Neckties, M. A. F.; a parcel of Clothing, Torquay; a parcel of Clothing, 12 Chemises, Mrs. Moss; 8 Knitted Vests, the Misses Thompson.

GENERAL.—A Scrap Book and sundry Papers, Mrs. Hems; a packet of Books and ditto Sweets, Mrs. Moss.

ERROR LAST MONTH.—30 Hats, Miss Crumpton, should be the Misses Crumpton.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1879.

Subscriptions for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Kingsteignton District, per S. Pinsent, Esq.	22	10	0
Ludlow District, per James Evans, Esq.	15	8	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow District	10	0	0
" " Witney "	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne ...	20	0	0
High Wycombe District	2	10	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, for Ross District...	7	10	0
	£95	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Llewellyn	1	1	0
W. Higgs, Esq.	5	0	0
B. W. Carr, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
"E. M." Berkhampstead	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Jones	2	0	0
M. W. S.	0	2	6
Eliza Redshaw	0	10	0
Charlotte Waterfield	0	2	0
Thankoffering for Colporteur's visit ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Colston	5	0	0
"T. E. Q."	2	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
X. Y. Z., Mite No. 4, plus unpaid registration fee of No. 3	0	10	8
Mr. G. Osborn	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	9	0	0
M. C.	0	5	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	7
	£32	10	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Burnham :—			
Balance of Collection at Bedford	1	10	0
Balance of Collection at Thetford	0	11	0
Balance of Collection at Burton-on-Trent ...	1	17	0
Balance of Collection at Naunton and Gurting ...	0	15	0
	4	13	0
"T. E. Q."	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	1	0	0
Stafford Baptists	10	13	3
	£19	6	3

"A. B., Hitchin," will see that his £5 "For India," was acknowledged in the November magazine in the College list, as it was used in meeting part of Mr. Maplesden's expenses in going to Madras.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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, 1880.

The Pearl of Patience.

A SERMON PREACHED IN HIS OWN ROOM AT MENTONE, TO AN AUDIENCE OF FOURTEEN FRIENDS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."—James v. 11.

WE need to be reminded of what we have *heard*, for we are far too ready to forget. We are also so slow to consider and meditate upon what we have heard that it is profitable to have our memories refreshed. At this time we are called upon to recollect that we have heard of the patience of Job. We have, however, I trust, gone beyond mere hearing, for we have also *seen* in the story of Job that which it was intended to set vividly before our mind's eye. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord." The Romish priest professes to make men hear the voice of the gospel by seeing, but the scriptural way is to make men see the truth by hearing. Faith, which is the soul's sight, comes by hearing. The design of the preaching of the gospel to the ear is to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ. Inward sight is the result of all fruitful hearing.

Now, that which is to be *seen* in the Scriptures is somewhat deeper, and calls for more thought than that which is merely heard. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job"—an interesting history, which a child may understand; but it needs divine teaching to see to the bottom of that narrative, to discover the pearl which lies in the depths of it. It

can only be said of enlightened disciples, "Ye have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." At the same time, that which is seen is also more precious to the heart, and more bountifully enriches the soul than anything which is only heard. I count it no small enrichment of our mind to have heard of the patience of Job, it comforts and strengthens us in our endurance; but it is an infinitely better thing to have seen the end of the Lord, and to have perceived the undeviating tenderness and pity which are displayed even in his sorest chastisements. This is indeed a choice vein of silver, and he that hath digged in it is far richer than the more superficial person, who has only heard of the patience of Job, and so has only gathered surface-truth. "The patience of Job," as we hear of it, is like the shell of some rare nut from the Spice Islands, full of fragrance; but "the end of the Lord," when we come to see it, is as the kernel, which is rich beyond expression with a fulness of aromatic essence.

Note well the reason why the text reminds us of what we have heard and seen. When we are called to the exercise of any great virtue, we need to call in all the helps which the Holy Spirit has bestowed upon us. All our wealth of hearing and seeing we shall have need to spend in our heavenly warfare. We shall be forced full often to gird up the loins of our mind by the recollection of examples of which we have heard, such as that of Job, and then to buckle up that girdle, and brace it fast with what we have seen. The patience of Job shall gird us, and that "end of the Lord" which we have seen shall be the fastening of the band. We shall need all ere our work is done. In the present case, the virtue we are called to exercise is that of *patience*, and therefore to help us to do it we are reminded of the things that we have heard and seen, because it is a grace as difficult as it is necessary, and as hard to come at as it is precious when it is gained.

The text is preceded by a triple exhortation to patience. In the seventh verse we read, "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord"; and again, "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Further on, in the tenth verse, we read, "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience." Are we thrice exhorted to patience? Is it not clear that we have even now much need of it? We are most of us deficient in this excellent grace, and because of it we have missed many privileges, and have wasted many opportunities in which we might have honoured God, might have commended religion, and might have been exceedingly profited in our own souls. Affliction has been the fire which would have removed our dross, but impatience has robbed the mental metal of the flux of submission which would have secured its proper purification. It is unprofitable, dishonourable, weakening; it has never brought us gain, and never will.

I suppose we are three times exhorted to patience because we shall need it much in the future. Between here and heaven we have no guarantee that the road will be easy, or that the sea will be glassy. We have no promise that we shall be kept like flowers in a conservatory

from the breath of frost, or that, like fair queens, we shall be veiled from the heat of the sun.

The voice of wisdom saith, "be patient, be patient, be patient; you may need a three-fold measure of it; be ready for the trial." I suppose, also, that we are over and over again exhorted to be patient, because it is so high an attainment. It is no child's play to be dumb as the sheep before her shearers, and to lie still while the shears are taking away all that warmed and comforted us. The mute Christian under the afflicting rod is no every-day personage. We kick out like oxen which feel the goad for the first time; we are most of us for years as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. "Be patient, be patient, be patient," is the lesson to be repeated to our hearts many times, even as we have to teach children over and over again the selfsame words, till they know them by heart. It is the Holy Ghost, ever patient with our provocations, who calls us to "be patient." It is Jesus, the unmurmuring sacrifice, who charges us to "be patient." It is the long-suffering Father who bids us "be patient." Oh! you who are soon to be in heaven, be patient for yet a little while, and your reward shall be revealed.

So you see that it is not without reason that we are by the text called to strengthen ourselves by what we have heard of things encouraging and stimulating. We shall need ere we become adepts in the science of patience to learn from what we have heard of the patience of Job, and we shall need to fortify ourselves with the clearest perception of the exceeding pitifulness of the chastening Father.

Upon these two things we will indulge a brief meditation. Firstly, we are bidden to be patient, and *it is not an unheard of virtue*—"Ye have heard of the patience of Job"; and, secondly, we are bidden to be patient, and *it is not an unreasonable virtue*—for ye "have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

I. IT IS NOT AN UNHEARD OF VIRTUE TO BE PATIENT: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Observe well that the patience of Job was the patience of *a man like ourselves*, imperfect and full of infirmity; for, as one has well remarked, we have heard of the impatience of Job as well as of his patience. I am glad the divine biographer was so impartial, for had not Job been somewhat impatient we might have thought his patience to be altogether inimitable, and above the reach of ordinary men. The traces of imperfection which we see in Job prove all the more powerfully that grace can make grand examples out of common constitutions, and that keen feelings of indignation under injustice need not prevent a man's becoming a model of patience. I am thankful that I know that Job did speak somewhat bitterly, and proved himself a man, for now I know that it was a man like myself who said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord." It was a man of flesh and blood, such as mine, who said, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Yea, it was a man of like passions with myself who said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Ye have heard of the patience of your Lord and Master, and tried to copy it, and half despaired; but now ye have heard of the patience of his servant Job, and knowing as Job did that your Redeemer liveth, ye should be

encouraged to emulate him in obedient submission to the will of the Lord.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job," that is, the patience of *a greatly tried man.* That is a very trite yet needful remark: Job could not have exhibited patience if he had not endured trial; and he could not have displayed a patience whose fame rings down the ages, till we have heard of it, if he had not known extraordinary affliction. Reflect, then, that it was the patience of a man who was *tried in his estate.* All his wealth was taken! Two or three servants were left,—left only to bring him evil tidings, each one saying, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee." His flocks and his herds were gone, the house in which his children had met was a wreck, and the princely man of Uz sat upon a dunghill, and there were none so mean as to do him reverence. Ye have heard of the patience of Job in loss and poverty; have ye not seen that if all estates should fail God is your portion still? Job was caused to suffer sharp *relative troubles.* All his children were snatched away without a warning, dying at a festival, where, without being culpably wrong, men are usually unguarded, and in a sense unready, for the spirit is in *deshabille.* His children died suddenly, and there was a grievous mystery about it, for a strange wind from the wilderness smote the four corners of the house, and overthrew it in an instant; and such an occurrence must have connected itself in Job's mind either with the judgment of God, or with satanic influence,—a connection full of the most painful thoughts and surmises. The death of his dear ones was not a common or a desirable one, and yet all had so been taken. Not a son or daughter was left him. All gone! All gone! He sits among the ashes a childless man. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Oh, to have patience under bereavements, patience even when the insatiate archer multiplies his arrows! Then, and I here speak most to myself, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job" under *personal affliction.* It is well said by one who knew mankind cruelly well, that "we bear the afflictions of other people very easily"; but when it touches our bone and our flesh trial assumes an earnest form, and we have need of unusual patience. Such bitter pain as Job must have suffered, we have probably none of us known to anything like the same degree: and yet we have had weary nights and dreary days. Each limb has claimed a prominence in anguish, and each nerve has become a road for armies of pains to march over. We know what it is to feel thankful tears in our eyes merely for having been turned over in bed. Job, however, far excels us; "Ye have heard of the patience of Job," and ye know how he sinned not when from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he was covered with irritating boils.

In addition to all this, Job bore what is perhaps the worst form of trial—namely, *mental distress.* The conduct of his wife must have much grieved him when she tempted him to "Curse God, and die." However she meant it, or however her words may be translated, she evidently spoke like a foolish woman when her husband needed wise consolation. And then those "miserable comforters," how they crowned the edifice of his misery! Cold-blooded mortals sneer at sentimental grievances, but I speak from my heart when I affirm that griefs which break no bones and take not a groat from our store may yet be among

the sharpest whips of sorrow. When the iron enters into the soul we know the very soul of suffering. See how Job's friends fretted him with arguments, and worried him with accusations. They rubbed salt into his wounds, they cast dust into his eyes, their tender mercies were cruel, though well-intentioned. Woe to the man who in his midnight hour is hooted at by such owls; yet the hero of patience sinned not: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job."

Job's was in all respects a most real trouble, he was no mere dyspeptic, no hysterical inventor of imaginary evil; his were no fancied losses nor minor calamities. He had not lost one child out of a numerous family, nor a few thousands out of a vast fortune, but he was brought to sad bereavement, abject poverty, and terrible torment of body and mind; but, despite it all, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job"; heard more of his patience than of his afflictions. What a mercy to have heard of such a man, and to know that one of our own race passed through the seven-times heated furnace, and yet was not consumed!

The patience of Job was the patience of *a man who endured up to the very end.* No break-down occurred; at every stage he triumphed, and to the utmost point he was victorious. Traces of weakness are manifest, but they are grandly overlaid by evidences of gracious power. What a marvellous man was he with all those aches and pains, still bearing witness to his God, "But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He reasons well even in the heat of his passionate zeal for his character, he reasons bravely too, and catches up the points of his adversaries like a trained logician. He holds fast his integrity, and will not let it go, and best of all, he cries, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Oh, glorious challenge of a dying man to his immortal Kinsman!

The enemy could not triumph over Job, he threw him on a dunghill, and it became his throne, more glorious than the ivory throne of Solomon. The boils and blains with which the adversary covered the patriarch were more honour to him than a warrior's gilded corslet. Never was the arch-fiend more thoroughly worsted than by the afflicted patriarch, and, instead of pitying the sufferer, my pity curdles into contempt for that fallen spirit who must there have gnawed his own heart, and drank deep draughts of gall and wormwood as he saw himself foiled at all points by one who had been put into his power, and one too of the feeble race of man. Surely, in this he experienced a foretaste of the bruising threatened at Eden's gate as to be given him by the woman's seed. Yes, Job endured unto the end, and hence he stands as a pillar in the house of the Lord. Cannot we endure unto the end too? What doth hinder grace from glorifying itself in us?

We may once more say that the patience of Job is the virtue of *one who thereby has become a great power for good.* "*Ye* have heard of the patience of Job," yes, and all the ages have heard of the patience of Job, and heaven has heard of the patience of Job, and hell has heard of it too; and not without results in each of the three worlds. Among men, the patience of Job is a great moral and spiritual force. This morning,

when musing upon it, I felt ashamed and humbled, as thousands have done before me. I asked myself, "What do I know of patience when I compare myself with Job?" and I felt that I was as unlike the great patriarch as I well could be. I recollect a minister who had been somewhat angered by certain of his people, and therefore preached from the text, "And Aaron held his peace." It was remarked that the preacher's likeness to Aaron reached no further than the fact that Aaron held his peace, and the preacher did not. May we not penitently confess that our likeness to Job is much of the same order: he was patient, and we are not? Yet, as I thought of the patience of Job, it caused me to hope. If Job was patient under trial and affliction, why should not I be patient too? He was but a man; what was wrought in one man may be done in another. He had God to help him, and so have I; he could fall back upon the living Redeemer, so can I; and why should I not? Why should not I attain to patience as well as the man of Uz? It made me feel happy to believe in human capacity to endure the will of God, the Holy Spirit instructing and upholding. Play the man, beloved friend! Be not cast down! What God hath done for one he can do for another. If the man be the same, and if the great God be the same, and be sure he is, we too may attain to patience in our limited circle; our patience may be heard of among those who prize the fruits of the Spirit.

II. I will not detain you, lest I weary you, except just to say, in the second place, IT IS NOT AN UNREASONABLE VIRTUE TO BE PATIENT, for according to our text there is great love and tenderness in it, "Ye have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." We must have seen in Job's story, if we have regarded it aright, that *the Lord was in it all.* It is not a narrative in which the devil is the sole actor—the great Lord of all is evidently present. He it was who challenged Satan to consider Job, and then questioned him as to the result. Less seen than the evil one, the Lord was nevertheless present at every act of the drama. God was not away while his servant suffered; in fact, if there was any place where the thoughts of God were centred more than anywhere else in providence at that time, it was where the perfect and upright man was bearing the brunt of the storm. *The Lord was ruling too.* He was not present as a mere spectator but as still master of the situation. He had not handed over the reins to Satan; far from it, for every step that the enemy took was only by express permission from the throne. He allowed him to strip his servant, but he set the limit, "Only upon himself put not forth thine hand." When to complete the test the enemy was permitted to plague his body, the Lord added, "But save his life." The ruling hand is always on the curb. The dog of hell is allowed to snap and snarl, but his chain is not removed, and the collar of omnipotent restraint is on him. Come, dear friends, you that are in trouble, remember that God is in your sorrow, ruling it to a desired end, and checking it that it should go no further than according to his will; and you neither have suffered, nor in the future will suffer, any more than he in infinite love permits.

Moreover, *the Lord was blessing Job by all his tribulation.* Untold blessings were coming to the grand old man while he seemed to be losing

all. It was not simply that he obtained a double portion at the end, but all along, every part of the testing process wrought out his highest good. Now have we seen the end of the Lord, and that end is unmingled goodness. The Lord was standing by every moment to stop the refining process when it had come to the proper point, so that no more of it should happen than was really beneficial, and at the same time no less than should secure his gracious purpose. True mercy is bound at times to seem untender, for it might be a great and life-long evil for the surgeon to stop the knife before its work was done: the Lord was wisely tender and tenderly wise with Job, and even in his case the sore affliction was not allowed to proceed a single degree beyond the needful point of intensity.

And when we come to look all Job's life through, we see that *the Lord in mercy brought him out of it all with unspeakable advantage.* He who tested with one hand supported with the other. Whatever Satan's end might be in tempting the patriarch, God had an end which covered and compassed that of the destroyer, and that end was answered all along the line, from the first loss which happened among the oxen to the last taunt of his three accusers. There was never a question in the heights of heaven as to the ultimate issue. Eternal mercy was putting forth its irresistible energy, and Job was made to bear up through the trial, and to rise from it a wiser and a better man.

Such is the case with all afflicted saints. We may well be patient under our trials, for the Lord sends them; he is ruling in all their circumstances, he is blessing us by them, he is waiting to end them, and he is pledged to bring us through. Shall we not gladly submit to the Father of our spirits? Is not this our deepest wish—"Thy will be done"? Shall we quarrel with that which blesses us? Shall we repine when the end of the trouble is so near and so blessed? No, we see that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy, and therefore we will be patient.

Beloved, let us accept future sorrow with joy, for it is love divine which will add to our years whatever sorrowful seasons may yet come to us. Job's life might have ended in the first period without the trial, but if the patriarch, with perfect knowledge of all things, could have had his choice, would he not have chosen to endure the trial for the sake of all the blessing which came of it? We should never have heard of the patience of Job if he had continued in his prosperity; and that first part of his life would have made a very poor commonplace history as compared with what we now find in the pages of Scripture. Camels, sheep, servants, and children make up a picture of wealth, but we can see this any day; the rare sight is the patience, this it is which raises Job to his true glory. God was dealing well with his faithful servant, and even rewarding his uprightness, when he counted him worthy to be tried. The Lord was taking the surest and kindest way to bless and honour one who was a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil.

It was pitiful of the Lord to permit sharp trial to come upon Job for his good; there was more tender mercy in subjecting him to it than there would have been in screening him from it. False pity would have permitted the good man to die in his nest, but true pity put a thorn into

it, and made him mount aloft as the eagle. It was great mercy after all which took him out of the state in which he washed his steps with butter, and cast him into the mire, for thus he was weaned from the world, and made to look the more eagerly for a better portion.

No doubt in Job's character the Lord saw certain failings which we cannot see, which he desired to remove, and perhaps he also marked some touches of grace which needed to be supplied; and divine love undertook to complete his perfect character. Perhaps his prosperity had sunned him till he had grown somewhat hard in tone and sharp in judgment, and therefore the Lord would soften down and mellow his gracious spirit. The things lacking were no common virtues, for in these he was perfect, but certain rich and rare tints of the higher life; and these could not be imparted by any other means than severe suffering. Nothing more could really be done for Job but by this special agency, for doubling the number of his camels and sheep would only enlarge his cares, since he had enough already; of children, too, he had a sufficient family, and of all earthly things abundance; but to give him twice the grace, twice the experience, twice the knowledge of God, perhaps twice the tenderness of character he had ever possessed before, was a mode of enrichment which the tender and pitiful Lord adopted out of the greatness of his wisdom and favour. Job could only thus be made doubly rich in the rarest of all treasures, and the All-merciful adopted that method.

Examining the matter from another point of view, it may appear that Job was tried in order that he might be better able to bear the extraordinary prosperity which the Lord had resolved to pour in upon him. That double portion might have been too much for the patriarch, if he had not been lifted into a higher state. If abundance be hard to bear, superfluity is even worse; and, therefore, to those he loves the Lord giveth more grace.

Job by his trials and patience received not only double grace, and double wealth, but double honour from God. He had stood very high in the peerage of the excellent as a perfect and an upright man before his trial, but now he is advanced to the very highest rank of spiritual nobility. Even our children call him "the most patient man under pains and sufferings." He rose from the knighthood of sincere goodness to the peerage of heroic endurance. At first, he had the honour of behaving admirably amid wealth and ease, but he was in the end elevated to sit among those who glorify God in the fires. Benevolence, justice, and truth shone as bright stars in the sky of his heavenly character, but now the moon of patience silvers all, and lights up the scene with a superior beauty. Perhaps the Lord may love some of us so specially that he means to put upon us the dignity of endurance, he will make us knights, not of the golden fleece, but of the iron cross. What but great pitifulness and tender mercy could plan such a lot for our unworthy selves?

Once more, Job by his trials and the grace of God was lifted up into the highest position of usefulness. He was useful before his trial as few men of wealth and influence have been, but now his life possesses an enduring fruitfulness which blesses multitudes every day. Even we who are here this afternoon "have heard of the patience of Job." All the ages have

this man for their teacher. Brothers and sisters, we do not know who will be blessed by our pains, by our bereavements, by our crosses, if we have patience under them. Specially is this the case with God's ministers, if he means to make much of them: their path to usefulness is up the craggy mountain's side. If we are to comfort God's afflicted people, we must first be afflicted ourselves. Tribulation will make our wheat fit to be bread for saints. Adversity is the choicest book in our library, printed in black letter, but grandly illuminated. Job makes a glorious comforter and preacher of patience, but no one turns either to Bildad, Zophar, or Eliphaz, who were "miserable comforters," because they had never been miserable. You, dear sisters, whom God will make daughters of consolation to your families, must in your measure pass through a scholarship of suffering too; a sword must pass through your own hearts if you are to be highly favoured and blessed among women. Yet, let us all remember that affliction will not bless us if it be impatiently borne; if we kick at the goad it will hurt us, but it will not act as a fitting stimulus. If we rebel against God's dispensations we may turn his medicines into poisons, and increase our griefs by refusing to endure them. Be patient, be patient, be patient, and the dark cloud shall drop a sparkling shower. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job": imitate it. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord": rejoice in it. "He is very pitiful, and of tender mercy": yield yourselves to him. Divine Spirit, plant in us the sweet flower of patience, for our patient Saviour's sake. Amen.

The jibbing Horse.

THE carriage would have ascended the hill very pleasantly, but one horse of the pair refused to pull. The other was a first-rate creature, but what could it do alone? Everything was kept waiting by the one jibbing animal. While our patience was having its perfect work we thought upon families where happiness and prosperity would be enjoyed were it not for the wilfulness of one individual. In most cases it is the husband whose drunken habits pull down with both hands what his frugal wife endeavours to build up. Were we cruel when we wished a horse-whip could have been brought to bear upon a brutal fellow who sold the furniture which his wife had earned, and drank up the money which he thus procured? A little touch of the cat might not be too severe a medicine for such a rascal. Very rarely, we have known the wife to be the hindrance to success. A slovenly house and an extravagant expenditure have wasted the substance of an industrious man, and made his labour of no avail. Great pity is needed by a team which has a jibbing horse in it, but we have no pity for the jibber. Surely, if either man or woman could see how the case appears to an onlooker, for very shame jibbing would be given over, the neck would press the collar, and the family coach would climb the hill.

The Pulpit as a Warming Apparatus.

"IN *addition to the pulpit there is a hot-air warming apparatus.*" This sentence occurred in the description of Mr. Cuff's Tabernacle at Shoreditch, which we inserted in last month's magazine, and a gentle critic at once pounced upon it as a singular combination. So indeed it looks, and we may perhaps confess that it was a slip of the pen, but at the same time it is a highly suggestive one: the pulpit and the hot-air apparatus may be fitly put together. We remember once preaching in a small chapel, and after the sermon was over, and the collection was about to be made, we enquired of the pastor to what object the contributions were to be allotted. He replied that they were to purchase a stove for warming the chapel. Knowing that the congregation was exceedingly slender, and the minister remarkably dull, it occurred to us that the best place in which to put the stove would be the pulpit, for if the minister could be warmed, the people would not long be cold in so small a place.

Full many a discourse is enough to chill a man in the heat of summer, but on the other hand we know of places where the crowded congregations suffice to warm themselves, and a thoroughly red-hot sermon makes the hearers almost forget the weather. A pulpit may be a refrigerator, but it ought to be a furnace, or rather it should be the fire-place in the house to which all the family turn for warmth. What can be done to stoke the pulpits? The fire in many instances burns very low in that quarter, how can the expiring hearths be turned into more useful sources of heat?

The first thing needed is a live coal from off the altar. One will do to begin with if a seraph will but bring it. This coal will have a wonderful effect. Sermons set on fire in this fashion are glorious flambeaux burning up all that chills and freezes. Without this fire what a dreary thing preaching may become! Who can stand before its cold? Many discourses are comparable to salmon packed in ice, with the one exception that there is no salmon when you come to unpack the parcel. When his words are cast forth as morsels of ice, and his sentences hang like icicles around his lips, the preacher is not likely to create fervour in the audience. A very *proper* style, a drawling utterance, a lifeless spirit, and common-place matter make up a fine freezing mixture. Under such influences the spiritual temperature falls far below zero, and abides there. Fire is wanted, and fire from heaven is at once the purest and the fiercest flame. Oh, for an Elijah to bring it down!

As *we* cannot give the preacher this, it may be more practical to remark that some of our Lord's servants are doubtless chilled in their hearts by a want of love on the part of their churches. They see prayer-meetings deserted, all good work left to them alone, and an utter indifference to them and to their office, and they are depressed. A few kind words of approbation fitly and seasonably spoken would set many a preacher on a glow, and the knowledge that he lived in the hearts of his friends would stimulate him, set him in the sunshine, and melt his frost. Let those who have been quick at blaming try the effect of a

little love, and see what wonders it will work. If it does not benefit him who receives it, it will bless him who gives it, and so there will be no loss.

A larger measure of generosity on the part of those who support the man of God would also be well spent in many instances. The farmer who saw his neighbour using the whip very lavishly was as wise as he was merciful when he cried out, "Put the whip in the manger, neighbour. Give the poor creature fewer cracks and more corn." Instead of finding fault with your minister find the good man more provender A burdened mind cannot exhibit the fertility and vivacity for which hearers are craving. In many a case it may be said of the preacher—

> "Chill penury repressed his noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of his soul."

The knowledge that one's children are badly clad and scarcely shod, that the cupboard is bare and the purse is empty, is enough to kill the enthusiasm of an otherwise burning spirit, especially when it is coupled with the fact that in the pews there are those who can indulge themselves in luxuries, and who could remove the pressure of their pastor's want without suffering a self-denial. Thoughtlessness about this matter is one of the crying sins of the age, and tends greatly to withhold the blessing from the hand of God. If men care so little about the servant that they half starve him, the Master is not likely to pour out a blessing so large that there shall not be room enough to receive it. When the priests fainted at the altar for want of bread, the Lord frowned on Israel, and when his ministering servants are exposed to needless poverty he will not smile upon his church. If those who are able to do so would make our poor pastors the objects of their guardian care and constant liberality, it would be one of the surest and swiftest modes of securing a genuine revival.

A few well-chosen books, sent as a present to the pastor, would in many cases, by the divine blessing, kindle quite a beacon flame in the pulpit, and, without knowing why, the whole church would perceive with astonishment that cold platitudes had fled, and that holy freshness had taken their place. They must be good standard books, mind, and not a litter of old magazines, not worth the carriage. The best are the cheapest. Better one real book than a score of the sham volumes with which the press teems every day of the week. Send in a few pounds' worth, or even less, of solid literature, and watch the result. If any doubt the success of this method, we would urge them to try it once, and if it does not succeed to try it again, and if still there is no beneficial result, to use in addition more frequently the bellows of prayer, and see if the holy breath does not excite the flame. Paul bade Timothy stir up the gift that was in him, and we would add to the apostolic advice that our brethren in the churches should stir up the gift which is in their pastors, not by cold words of criticism and fault-finding, but by such kindly methods as we have here suggested, and as many others as affection and wisdom can devise. You cannot get a good fire without fuel. Heap on abundance of glowing coals, and while you are hoping and praying, cheering and refreshing, the fire will burn.

C. H. S.

Colportage.—A holiday effort.

IN connection with nearly every well-organized Christian effort there are always to be found some irregulars who do all sorts of odd work. I think I am one of these characters. Possibly, owing to my up-bringing and habits of life, I have been led to do what some have been pleased to term "spiritual vagabondage work." The following account may possibly be useful or encouraging to those who are engaged in the laborious work of colportage, and on that account I do not hesitate to record it.

Some years ago, I arranged to go to the sea-side for a couple of weeks' holiday. I decided to return to the same locality I had visited in the previous summer, which was near a large and busy seaport town of some little importance. I had it much impressed upon my mind that I should utilize my stay there by trying to do something that would benefit the people. "What could I do?" was the question that then occurred to me. "God has given me a good voice, why not use it in the open air? The very thing! I'll have a try at colportage" I said to myself. "I've done it in London, and why not in this small town?"

I soon settled that I should give the thing a fair trial and then packed up a couple of gross of those miscellaneous penny and half-penny illustrated papers which are published at No. 9, Paternoster Row. I had wall papers, such as "Jack and the yellow-boys;" "No swearing allowed!" "Brave Jack Maynard," and others of a character suited to the class of people I expected to have to deal with. "John Hampden's home," "Buy your own cherries," and the like, formed the staple of my goods. I also took a large quantity of gospel leaflets and placed one inside every paper I intended to sell. Having arrived at my destination, I secured a lodging, and got my family comfortably settled. Thinking over my plans, I felt that I would be glad of a companion to start with. However, not knowing any suitable person, I encouraged myself with such scripture promises as "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "Certainly I will be with thee," and the like. I intended going forth in the company of the best of all helpers. The Lord, however, sent an old friend unexpectedly in my way, and so for the first attempt I had a companion.

After prayer, we started off with about a gross of our publications. It was about seven in the evening when we reached the little town. The lamps were lit and the people seemed to have finished the day's work. We took up our position at the head of the pier where there was a good light, and where a number of fishermen and others were lounging about. I immediately took out "The coming home of Darby Brill." It was just the thing for our seafaring audience. I began to read it, and every now and then stopped, when my friend shouted out the name of the paper and its price, as well as that of others. He sold them off at a rapid rate. I read on, and he kept disposing of our stock. The sailors began to troop out of the public houses opposite and purchase our picture books. The publicans couldn't understand it at first, but when they found out the cause of the slackness of their business, they

sent out a brass band, which, playing close to us, completely silenced my voice. Remembering the Lord's commands to his disciples that if they were persecuted in one place, they were to flee to another, we quietly walked off, and soon came to a much better spot, more in the heart of the town, and yet not far from the pier. It was the market place, and under the lamp that hung over the narrow street we very soon had a crowd of attentive listeners. Before an hour had passed from the time we began our work at the pier head, our stock was sold out. I finished reading the last paper I had, and then promised to return the next evening with some more.

On the following morning my friend had to leave for London, and I carried on the work alone. Foreseeing a large sale for these little booklets, I wrote up to London for a good supply of them and one or two others besides. My friend promised to send me more tracts and this was of great advantage to me. His packet arrived next day as well as my heavy consignment. In the evening I went to the town again to fulfil my promise and took with me the remaining gross of papers. In less time than on the former occasion they were all gone. As I read "Buy your own cherries" it was quite a treat to watch the faces of the audience. A large number of these papers went off very rapidly. Taking up "John Hampden's home," I managed to read but a very short portion when all my stock was gone. I distributed some tracts that remained, and promised to return again soon. For the remainder of the fortnight I would spend great part of the day in going to the villages around; and in the evening return to the market place in the town. The afternoons were glorious times. The good seed was scattered all about the country. I visited farm-houses and cottages, and many enquiries were made as to whether I wouldn't come round regularly. It seemed as if many of the people had seldom seen such cheap and charming literature before. How they enjoyed the wall papers with the large illustrations! Yes, and how the big roughs bought them up in the town! Hardly a night passed but some Christian brother would come up and shake me warmly by the hand and cheer me on. They were glad some one was doing such a work, and they told me that the biggest blasphemers in the place were buying up "No swearing allowed!" which I kept calling out every now and then in a startling fashion so as to attract attention.

"Nothing succeeds like success," they say, and so as the work progressed I got right into it as if I had been at it all my life. Every night saw a fresh lot of purchasers, and every day I had the delight of quiet converse by the wayside or at the cottage door with some who had never been spoken to about their souls so plainly before. Offering the papers for sale made a wonderful opening, and it did not seem so much like intruding upon people when one had something to sell. As I would see a village school was about to close, I would go to the children and give them some picture tracts. Away they would run home and tell about the man who was selling such beautiful picture papers, and in some cases children ran after me for nearly a mile to buy a copy.

All this showed me the great need for such a work as that carried on by the Colportage Associations. There are thousands of people in our land who would be glad to have a visit from the Colporteur, and would be easily induced to take some monthly or weekly periodical that

would be a blessing in their homes. Bibles and Testaments could be sold in large numbers, and the Colporteur would have many an opportunity of speaking a word for the Master. This want is being met to some little extent by the associations now at work, as also by a few independent labourers here and there. But there might be a great deal more done if friends were led to see the blessing they have it in their power to confer by supporting such work, and thus helping to brighten dark and sinful homes.

It is right that, in concluding, I should mention the sudden termination of my work at that town. On the last evening on which I intended to be at it by the market place, and when I had nearly sold out my books, a policeman stepped up and said he wished to speak to me. Drawing me aside, he asked me to show my licence. I had none, and was surprised at his demand, as before commencing I had asked the police authorities if there was any objection to my carrying on such work. They had told me that so long as I did not block up the pathway, it was all right. However, public houses had been emptied and interested parties made complaints. Then the police discovered that a hawker's licence was necessary for the sale of books in the streets, and that any one selling without one was liable to a fine of £5. As soon as I was made acquainted with the law on the subject I stopped selling, and gave away what I still had on hand, and so finished my campaign in that place. Any one wishing to do a similar work can be protected by purchasing a licence for the district to be worked; the usual cost is 5s. This does not apply to the agents of regularly organized associations, I believe, but only to such vagabonds as myself,

Subscribing myself, for the present, AMICUS.

The Sunday School Union and Literature for Youth.

DURING three-quarters of a century The Sunday School Union of London has done eminent service in connection with the Protestant press, the association itself being a band of earnest men and women whose watchword might well be *De Propaganda Fide*. During the last years of the old century and the early ones of the new, many important agencies were organized for the spread of pure religion in the world, and this was one of the number. Like the Tract and Bible Societies, as well as many foreign missions, it knows nothing of the weakness of age; on the contrary, its power for good has increased with years. In the British Isles the Union numbers its members by tens of thousands, while in our vast colonial empire the thrill of its beneficent influence is constantly felt. As everybody is not perfectly acquainted with the constitution and working of the Union, we will venture on giving a few words of explanation.

Not within living memory has the Old Bailey been an attractive street in any sense; for the long black wall of Newgate on one side,

and the commonplace business houses on the other, have never either pleased the eye or inspired cheery thoughts. Through many a night in bygone times has the old thoroughfare been a scene of riot, ribaldry, and drunkenness, when as many of the scum of the population as could press themselves into the confined area, were awaiting the wretched spectacle of a public execution. Times have changed for the better of late, however; executions take place in private, and the street has been improved. While Newgate is still becomingly dismal, new buildings have arisen; and very noticeable is the change which has taken place in the premises of the Sunday School Union. The main portion of the large and convenient house is entirely new, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. In walking through the premises, from the lower regions where publishing and packing go briskly forward, to the rooms above, where we find a well-selected library, a lecture room and a museum, we are struck with the tact and common sense which characterize the architect's plans. All is designed with an eye to business and not for mere show, the show rooms not excepted. The trade at present even includes a large traffic in American organs, the prices ranging from a moderate sum to over £180.

In answering the question, What is the Sunday School Union? we note that it is a thoroughly evangelical institution. Ministers and teachers whose names are on its roll of membership are required to "hold the doctrine of the deity and atonement of Jesus Christ, the divine influence of the Holy Spirit, and that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Holding these definite views, the object kept in view is fourfold—"To stimulate and encourage Sunday-school teachers, at home and abroad, to greater exertion in the promotion of religious education. By mutual communication to improve the methods of instruction. To ascertain those situations where Sunday-schools are most wanted, and promote their establishment. To supply the books and stationery suited for Sunday-schools at reduced prices." The Union throughout the country includes between four and five thousand schools, a hundred thousand teachers, and nearly a million scholars.

Besides being a large publishing society on its own account, the Union has given something like twelve thousand library grants to schools needing such assistance. Those who receive these books reap a double advantage, for besides the books themselves they have the guarantee of quality. No book is allowed to be sold at the depository until three members of the committee have judged of its merits.

Although the Union exercises an influence in many ways, direct and indirect, its power is chiefly exerted through the press. The issues for one year show a very extensive business, a trade quite sufficient of itself to maintain a respectable publishing house. Thus between April 1st, 1877, and March 31st, 1878, there were forty-three publications issued, including books for the young, for parents, and for teachers. It will be noticed that reward books figure largely in the list; and among these "Women Worth Emulating" appears to have been one of the last productions of the busy pen of Mrs. C. L. Balfour. But the periodicals are the most important items; and in these several alterations, all for the better, have been made. *The Sunday School Teacher*, *The Child's Own*

Magazine, and *Kind Words* keep up as before ;* but *The Morning of Life* has developed into *Excelsior*—an excellent treasury of knowledge which young people will be sure to value—at two-pence ; while *The Sunday School Chronicle*, with a greatly enlarged page, has very largely increased in circulation. These publications very fairly represent the progress that has been made in Sunday-school teaching. At the outset there were very few helps for those who attempted the difficult task of training classes of rough little scholars in Biblical knowledge. In these times how different is the case. Even children read, and the elder scholars of this generation probably know more than the majority of the teachers who laboured in the early days of the century. Hence the demand for fresh material week by week, and month by month. In these days of prodigious activity a want in any department will not exist long without a supply; and to our mind one of the most promising signs of the last quarter of the century is the magnificent Sunday-school literature which the institution in the Old Bailey has created and fostered during so many years. The ample sheet of *The Sunday School Chronicle* is as large as a sixpenny newspaper of a generation ago; so that those who invest a penny weekly in such a companion are well equipped for their work, even if their library be limited.

The work represented by the Sunday School Union is of vital importance to the church and to the nation; and we have only to look at other countries, such as Prussia and Austria, to see how incalculable have been the gains of England from such an agency. The Sunday-school is a potent antidote to many evils which are now troubling less favoured lands. The socialism of Germany—only another name for the wildest atheism—could never have taken the hold it has of the common people had the Sabbath-school been worthily sustained. If the children are not trained in the truths of Christianity they will certainly be revenged on those who neglect them. If society forgets its duty it will have to pay the penalties. Neglected children will grow up into men and women dangerous to the State. At this moment Germany is suffering terribly from this moral pestilence. Prevention is better than cure, and, alas, cure is sometimes impossible.

In the literature they have provided for the young the Union and the Religious Tract Society have done distinguished service; but in connection with boys' papers especially it is remarkable to see how evil literature endeavours, not only to hold its own against what is genuine, but if possible to make capital out of other people's great and deserved success. It is well known that the committee of the Religious Tract Society made a grand hit during the past year when they started *The Boy's Own Paper*, and consequently we have since been more or less afflicted by an inundation of trash which the country would gain by burning, but all of which, in the judgment of its producers, is instructive and elevating. *The Boy's Own Paper* has its quality guaranteed, and on that account we advise sensible youths and careful

* Since writing this article the Committee of the Sunday School Union have changed *Kind Words* from a monthly to a weekly publication. The new title is *Young England*, and the price is one penny. The new periodical will aim at a high standard of excellence, and will be an admirable companion to *The Boy's Own Paper*.

parents to be cautious in the matter of admitting into their houses *the boy's* anything else. It is one thing to have a royal pennyworth for your penny, it is another thing to have a broadsheet filled with American sensationalism and home-spun twaddle. The market for boys' literature is in an extraordinary condition at the present time, and advertisements in the public journals may sometimes deceive the most wary. The genuine article may happily be obtained with a little care; but never before was the supply so abundant of the counterfeit which would pass for sterling gold.

A number of ignorant adventurers appear to have entered the literary market; and while their business knowledge may enable them to buy and sell, their performances with the pen are oftentimes extremely ludicrous. Long ago a high authority told us that the people were writing for themselves; but, to judge by some of the things we see, there must be numbers who have adopted literature as a profession because they are fit for nothing else. This applies even to one section of the religious press—papers which chiefly live on American sensationalism and what can be had for nothing in England. The capacity of the writers can best be judged by looking over the crudities and absurdities which occur in "lives" of living persons, and in the notices of books. Ignorance of ordinary theological terms is sufficiently common, and so also is blundering over common words. People are not only writing for themselves; in some instances men who know woefully little about the English language are occupying editorial chairs. We know where we are when we read "stateman" for "statesman"; "somewere" for "somewhere." Other terms assume equally fantastic forms when they get into the kaleidoscope of the illiterate *litterateur*.

Times were when the young were neglected, few books being prepared for their special enlightenment and edification. We have now rushed to the other extreme, and there is more danger in too much than in too little. It was time that the vicious trash which had held possession of the market for years should be superseded; but we have to take heed that the remedy be not worse than the disease. In the first number of a new venture professedly on the side of morality and religion, we notice a set of flaming pictures which appear to be wonderfully near relations of others we have seen in *The Police News* and other papers. Besides these there are "Four exciting Stories." Where shall we find our men in the next generation if this kind of sensationalism is to be the literary aliment of our boys week by week? That can never be elevating which enervates the mind and renders youth incapable of enjoying what is solidly instructive. So much depends on our reading in early life that boys should beware of what is unmistakably bad, and next they should shun those who would regale them with trifles while they ought to be storing important knowledge for future use. The Sunday School Union and the Religious Tract Society deserve the gratitude of all young persons, of all parents, and of the nation at large, for what they have done in the way of supplying a great want. May their efforts be more widely recognized, and meet with still greater success!

G. H. P.

John Fletcher, of Madeley.

BY J. L. KEYS.

"WITHIN fourscore years I have known many excellent men, holy in heart and life; but one equal to him I have not known; one so uniformly and deeply devoted to God. So unblamable a man in every respect I have not found, either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side eternity." Wont as he was to weigh the words and works of himself and his fellow-labourers in the balances of the sanctuary, such was the estimate formed by John Wesley of his long-loved friend and fellow-servant in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ, John Fletcher, the Vicar of Madeley. To this day, those who have but slight acquaintance with the details of his life and work pronounce his name in softened tones, linking thereto the thought of quiet, holy contemplation, far removed from the ideal of a man whose life was one of unceasing and exhaustive labour for the spiritual and temporal well-being of every individual with whom he was brought, or rather, with whom he brought himself, into contact. Yet that such was John Fletcher the following particulars of his life and labours will abundantly prove.

JEAN GUILLAUME DE LA FLECHÈRE, or, as he was generally called in this his adopted country, John William Fletcher, was born at Nyon, in Switzerland, September 12, 1729. His father was an officer in the French Service, but retired from the army in order to marry. His love for the profession of arms, however, induced him after a time to accept a colonelcy in the militia of his own country. He was a descendant of a noble house in Savoy. The subject of our narrative was his youngest son.

As a child, John Fletcher manifested unusual intelligence and vivacity of character, yet always appeared possessed by a deep sense of the majesty of God, and a fear of offending him. One day, when quite a child, having offended his father, he ran away, and tried to hide himself in the garden, in order to avoid correction. But the thoughts of his conduct filled him with remorse. He said to himself, "What! do I run away from my father? Perhaps I shall live to have a son who will run away from *me!*" The impression then made upon his mind was not obliterated for many years.

Upon another occasion, when he was about seven years old, having quarrelled with one of his brothers, the maidservant, while undressing him at night, reproved him for his fault, telling him of the punishment that awaited the wicked in the next world. He was greatly affected by the thought, "I am a wicked boy, and how do I know that God will not call me to account this night?" He rose from bed, fell on his knees before God, confessing his sin, and with contrite cries sought forgiveness. "And I think," said he, when relating the circumstance, "that God did hear me that night, and that I felt a little of the peace which I have since been better acquainted with."

After young Fletcher had made considerable progress in the necessary preparatory studies he was sent with his two brothers to the

celebrated college at Geneva, and there they resided with an elder sister. He was early remarkable for the superiority of his talents, and his great love of learning. "So intense was his application to his studies that he scarcely allowed himself time for recreation or rest; not unfrequently did he spend the greater part of the night in digesting the studies of the preceding day. It was here that he acquired that classical taste which gave both dignity and refinement to his simple manners in after life, as well as laid the foundation of that philosophical and theological knowledge for which he was so justly distinguished."

Nevertheless, the ardent student was far from being an ascetic at this period; he devoted some time at least to athletic exercises, for he was skilled in fencing, and was an expert and adventurous swimmer.

Having gone through the usual curriculum at Geneva, he went to Lentzbourg, where he acquired the German language. Upon his return to his father's house he devoted himself especially to the study of Hebrew, and the higher branches of mathematics.

Seeing that at this period of his history there is no evidence that his parents were really converted persons, we were quite prepared to learn that a younger son, so "religious," and naturally gifted, was by his friends "intended for the Church," especially as he himself had a predilection in that direction. Contrary, however, to all expectation, before he arrived at the age of twenty he manifested views of a very different nature. The following is the account given by himself of this remarkable change in his intentions:—"From the time I first began to feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart (I think at seven years of age), I resolved to give myself up to God, and to the service of his church, if ever I should be fit for it; but the corruption which is in the world, and that which was in my heart, soon weakened, if not erased, those first characters which grace had written upon it. However, I went through my studies with the design of going into orders; but afterwards, feeling I was unequal to so great a burthen, disgusted by the necessity I should be under to subscribe to the high Calvinism of the Geneva articles, and disapproving of entering upon so sacred an office from any secular motives, I yielded to the desire of those of my friends who advised me to enter into the army." He now entered upon such studies as were necessary to qualify him for the profession of arms, and theology was relinquished for the arts of fortification and engineering, for, though contrary to the wishes of his parents, he resolved to seek preferment as a soldier of fortune. In order to this he went to Lisbon, where he obtained a captain's commission in the Portuguese service, and was ordered to be in readiness to sail for Brazil in a vessel then fitting out. But what the biographer, who is no Calvinist, as may well be supposed, is pleased to call "an opportune accident" occurred, occasioned by a servant's overturning a kettle of boiling water on his leg, and this confined him to his bed until the ship had sailed. The ship and all her crew were lost. This remarkable providence did not cool his military ardour, for soon after he hastened to Flanders, where his uncle held a colonelcy, and he obtained a commission, but the ratification of peace, and the death of his uncle, put an abrupt end to his prospects of military glory.

Having now no very definite plans, he resolved to come to England that he might learn the language, and possibly obtain some situation for his support in life. He therefore took up his abode in the family of a Mr. Burchell, who kept a boarding-school at South Mimms, where he diligently pursued his English and other studies, leaving at the end of eighteen months to become tutor in the family of Mr. Hill, M.P. for Shrewsbury, who resided at Fern Hall. This was in the year 1752. His biographer says that at this period "he still feared God, but had not yet an experimental sense of his love. Nor was he convinced of his own fallen state till one Sunday evening a servant came in to make up his fire, while he was writing some music, who, looking at him with serious concern, said, 'Sir, I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's-day.' At first his pride was alarmed, and his resentment moved at being reproved by a servant; but upon reflection he felt the reproof was just. He immediately put away his music, and from that very hour became a strict observer of the Lord's-day."

"When Mr. Hill went to London to attend Parliament he took his family and Mr. Fletcher with him. While they stopped at St. Alban's he walked out into the town, and did not return till they were set out for London. A horse being left for him, he rode after, and overtook them in the evening. Mr. Hill asked him why he stayed behind. He said, 'As I was walking I met with a poor old woman, who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ that I knew not how the time passed away.' 'I shall wonder,' said Mrs. Hill, 'if our tutor does not turn Methodist by-and-by.' 'Methodist, madam,' said he, 'pray what is that?' She replied, 'Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night.' 'Are they?' said he; 'then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they be above ground.' He did find them out not long after, and was admitted into the Society; and from that time, whenever he was in town, he met in Mr. Richard Edwards's class. This he found so profitable to his soul that he lost no opportunity of attending the meeting."

Pages might be filled with the recital of the severe soul-conflict of which he was the subject. He strove by diligent attendance upon all available outward means, together with the study of the word and the lives of such Christians as he could meet with, to find the secret of that peace to which he was a stranger. All the while he was filled with self-righteousness, thoughts and murmurings against God, wondering how it could be, that, with such theological knowledge as he had acquired, such agonizing prayer and devout participation of the Lord's supper, his heart was still hard, and his conscience burdened with guilt. While in this state of mind a sermon to which he listened from the words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," led him, after a further season of soul-conflict, to clearer views of the scheme of redemption; hope dawned in his soul, and as he expressed it, he was helped to cast his burden upon the Lord, and to plead several precious promises which his eye lighted upon in the word. He says, "My hope was now greatly increased; I thought I saw myself conqueror over sin, hell, and all manner of affliction." Soon after, he had a faith's view of our Saviour hanging and bleeding on the cross;—"All his bonds were broken, his soul was freed, and sin was

put under his feet. Knowing in whom he had believed, he could triumph in the Lord, and praise the God of his salvation."

Having manifested some tendency to consumption, Mr. Fletcher now lived upon a vegetable diet; and indeed, for some time, on milk and water and bread. This excessive abstemiousness, which he appears at first to have adopted for the preservation of his health, was for some years after continued from choice. He also sat up two whole nights in the week for the purpose of reading, prayer, and meditation, and on other nights never allowed himself to sleep so long as he could keep up his attention to the book before him. These imprudent excesses are supposed to have given the first shock to his constitution, and to have laid the foundation of infirmities which accompanied him to the grave. But to return. Mr. Fletcher now became greatly concerned about the work of the ministry, consulting among others Mr. Wesley, to whom, as he expressed himself in his letter, he looked as his spiritual guide. We are not told what answer he received from Mr. Wesley, but there is little doubt he encouraged his young friend to enter his Master's service. His patron, Mr. Hill, had frequently offered to help him to obtain church preferment, but hitherto he had refused consent, alleging that he was not fit, and fearing lest impure motives should influence his choice. Now his reluctance was overcome, and "he offered himself as a candidate for holy orders, and was ordained deacon at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on March 6th, 1757, and priest on the following Sunday, by the Bishop of Bangor."

As he had no charge, he preached while in London to the French refugees, and occasionally in West-street and Spitalfields Chapels, belonging to Mr. Wesley. When he returned with his pupils to Shropshire he availed himself of any opportunity of preaching in the neighbouring churches, but these occasions were but few, for it would seem that his sermons, delivered in somewhat imperfect English, were far from popular. We should think so, indeed, judging from the following account of his *first* discourse, given by one of his Christian friends who was present:—"His text was James iv. 4 (a very bold beginning), 'Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of this world is enmity against God?' The congregation stood amazed, and gazed upon him as if he had been a monster. But to *me* he appeared as a messenger sent from heaven. It was not soon that he was invited again to preach in Atcham Church."

Although neither the reverend gentleman who held "the cure of souls" at Atcham nor his patients were disposed to "ask for more" of the young practitioner's potions we fear it was owing to their want of taste for good things; for others, and, our readers will think, as good judges as the Atchamites', had already formed a different judgment of the young clergyman's abilities, in witness whereof see the following anecdote of

John Berridge and John Fletcher.

"Having occasion during the following spring to accompany his pupils to London, Mr. Fletcher availed himself of that opportunity to call upon the Rev. John Berridge. He introduced himself as a raw convert, who had taken the liberty to wait upon him for

the benefit of his instruction and advice. From his accent and manners Mr. Berridge perceived that he was a foreigner, and asked him what countryman he was. 'A Swiss, from the canton of Berne,' was the reply. 'From Berne! then, probably, you can give me some account of a young countryman of yours, one John Fletcher, who has lately preached a few times for the Wesleys, and of whose talents, learning, and piety they both speak in terms of high eulogy. Do you know him?' 'Yes, sir, I know him intimately; and did these gentlemen know him as well, they would not speak of him in such terms, for which he is more obliged to their partial friendship than to his own merits.' 'You surprise me,' said Mr. Berridge, 'in speaking so coldly of a countryman, in whose praise they are so warm.' 'I have the best reason,' he replied, 'for speaking of him as I do—I am John Fletcher.' 'If you are John Fletcher,' replied his host, 'you must do me the favour to take my pulpit to-morrow; and when we are better acquainted, without implicitly receiving your statement, or that of your friends, I shall be able to judge for myself.' Thus commenced an intimacy with Mr. Berridge, which controversy could not afterwards destroy."

Madeley.

While during his periodical visits to London he was constantly and acceptably employed in preaching, in the country fresh churches opened for his reception; among others that of Madeley, where he frequently ministered and became attached to the place and people. "One day, in the year 1760, his patron, Mr. Hill, informed him with joyful countenance that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. 'The parish,' he continued, 'is small, the duty light, the income good, (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine, healthy, sporting country.' After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, 'Alas! sir, Dunham will not suit me; there is too much money and too little labour.' 'Few clergymen make such objections,' said Mr. Hill; 'it is a pity to decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madeley?' 'That, sir, would be the very place for me.' 'My object, Mr. Fletcher, is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley I shall find no difficulty in persuading Chambers, the present vicar, to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as much.' In this way he was appointed to the living of Madeley, with which he was so perfectly satisfied that he never afterwards would accept of any other preferment."

Madeley, a populous and picturesque village, opposite Broseley, on the Severn, had long been celebrated for its extensive collieries and iron works, and more recently for its excellent china manufactory. At the time of which we write its inhabitants were, with some honourable exceptions, notorious for their ignorance, godlessness, and disregard of the restraints of decency. They ridiculed the very name of religion. Yet this was the sphere of labour deliberately and prayerfully chosen by John Fletcher, where for twenty-five years he stood forth as a preacher of righteousness, a burning and shining light in a dark place. At first he was accustomed to carefully prepare, write,

and read his sermons; but with a soul all aglow with love to Christ and his hearers, he very soon broke asunder the bonds that held in check his powers of pleading and persuasion, and then "there was an energy in his preaching," says Mr. Gilpin, "that was irresistible."

Mr. Fletcher's desire to make known the blessings of the gospel impelled him not only to go from hamlet to hamlet within the bounds of his own parish, but to break through ecclesiastical boundaries, and preach regularly at places eight, ten, and even sixteen miles off, though on these occasions he could rarely reach his home till after midnight.

Not only as a preacher and evangelist was he "in labours abundant," but as a pastor he was continually "going about doing good." Hardly any individual in his large parish escaped his notice. He visited the people in their homes, and diligently taught them from house to house; and often during these pastoral visits would whole households burst into tears, and with one accord express their desire to turn unto God. The more immoral and profane he made the special objects of his anxiety, and adopted many devices to gain their ear and affect their heart. An illustration or two only can here be given. A poor collier of profligate habits had long evaded all attempts of Mr. Fletcher to speak to him about eternal things, for the sight of the good man was enough; he would run home at the top of his speed, and bolt himself in. Mr. Fletcher still persevered, and on one occasion got possession of the house, and so pleaded with the hardened sinner that his enmity broke down, and the impressions then made resulted in a saving change.

Another of his parishioners was wont to relate how Mr. Fletcher "improved the occasion" of his marriage to his soul's profit, by addressing him as he was about to sign the register in the vestry: "Well, William," said Mr. Fletcher, "you have had your name entered into our registry once before this." "Yes, sir, at my baptism." "And now your name will be entered a second time: you have no doubt thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in a great many different ways." "Yes, sir." "Recollect, however, that a third entry of your name—the register of your burial—will sooner or later take place. Think, then, about death, and make preparation for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night." After this sort was the man of God "instant in season, out of season."

Thus, despite the rage of publicans and colliers, whose favourite amusements were bull-baiting and cock-fighting; and, notwithstanding the opposition of some of the neighbouring clergy and magistrates, he gradually won upon the people by the holiness and earnestness of his life, and his abounding benevolence. "The church, which at first was so thinly attended that he was discouraged at the smallness of the congregation, began to overflow; he saw an effectual change take place in many, and put a restraint upon open sin throughout the parish."

His Self-denying Benevolence.

His self-denial for the sake of the poor was another of the remarkable features of his character; "It is," said one, "scarcely credible. He devoted the whole of the rents of his patrimonial estates to charitable purposes, and drew so liberally from his other

funds as at times almost to deprive himself of the necessaries of life. He would sit during the winter for days together in his study without a fire, with something wrapped round his legs to defend himself against the inclemency of the weather. It is also said that the tears have sometimes come into his eyes on account of his having to pay the postage for letters upon immaterial subjects at a time when he had only a few shillings in the house, which he was going to distribute among his poor neighbours."

On one occasion when a godly man, who had been plunged into circumstances of great distress, sought relief at the hands of the good vicar, his funds were at so low an ebb that he was quite unable to render the pecuniary help the poor man needed. All at once it came into his mind that there was upon the shelves of his kitchen a pewter service. Like one who had found great spoil, he hastened to collect it together, and brought it to the poor man, saying, "This will be of service to *you*, and *I* can do without it; a wooden trencher will serve me quite as well."

(*To be continued.*)

A sermon and a pudding must have something in them.

THE Berkshire proverb says, "There be more ways of killing a cat than by choking of him with cream," and surely some preachers appear to know that there are more ways of wearying a hearer than by surfeiting him with good, sound, creamy doctrine. Oh for a sermon with something in it! Never mind the finicking with the cooking, and the carving; do give us a cut of gospel truth! Alas! we too often get "Grantham gruel,—nine grits and a gallon of water," and we are expected to praise the stuff because the basin is of rare china. There is not enough in it to make soup for a grasshopper, and yet we are called upon to go into raptures because what there is of it is soundly evangelical.

At other times the teaching is rather queer and very muddy, and then they tell us that the parson gives us little doctrine because he is thinking it out, and has not yet made up his mind. Verily, "while the grass grows the steed starves," and we should be far better off if the Lord would send us some of the old sort of experienced men of God, who knew what they did know, and fed our fathers with knowledge and understanding. Our modern collegians boast of being independent thinkers, and if that means that they are not to be depended on they are pretty near the mark. They pare down the gospel till, as the Yankees say, "it is shaved off finer than the small end of nothing." It is time this nonsense was exploded. Lord Byron said, "A book's a book, although there's nothing in't!" but country people do not say so of a sermon, and if they did, we are not all bumpkins, and cannot be quite so easily satisfied.

Holy Arithmetic.

SERMON BY C. SPURGEON, PREACHED AT SOUTH-STREET, GREENWICH.

(Abridged from short-hand notes.)

"Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied."—Jude 2.

A TRINITY of blessings is often to be met with in God's word. Here we have three choice gems—mercy, peace, and love—which seem to sparkle as we gaze upon them, and happy is the man who, while looking on them can say, "They are mine." It is God's happiness to crown all his people with goodness. For awhile, indeed, we may have to wear a crown of thorns, as our Master did; but even this shall be a glory to us. What is it you have on your brow now? Is it not a golden diadem wrought by a gracious Lord? It is as if God would weave a wreath for our heads out of his mercy, and intertwine it with the lily of peace, and adorn it with the rose of love. May this trio of blessings be given to each one of us, and be multiplied. God's gifts always come in company. He is God, and gives as a God. Man, indeed, has limited means, and so must be limited in his gifts; but God's blessings are unbounded, and they come in triplets to us. Mercy is accompanied with peace and love, and since God blesses his children thus, when we come to him in prayer let us ask for a full supply of his favours. Jude would crave for a three-fold benediction to abide upon the saints of God. Do you say, "If we have mercy, that is enough"? No, there is more to be enjoyed, for peace and love are to follow. When we are speaking for others let us be very bold. We may be somewhat backward when we seek blessings for ourselves, we are so sinful, and we know it; but when we ask for others "large petitions let us bring"—for them let us seek mercy, peace, and love.

I want now to indulge in a little holy arithmetic. First, there is a SUM IN ADDITION—"Mercy, *and* peace, *and* love." Add these together. Then there is a SUM IN MULTIPLICATION—"Mercy, and peace, and love, be *multiplied*; and then, by way of application, a SUM IN PRACTICE.

I. In the first place, we have a SUM IN ADDITION. As Christians we must never be content with the measure of our grace. Do not be satisfied to remain dwarf trees, but seek to be growing higher and higher, and at the same time sending your roots deeper and deeper. Like giant palms let our heads be lifted up to heaven, where the warm sunshine of divine love shall cherish growth, while our roots derive nourishment from the deep springs of secret grace. A sacred thirsting and hungering after celestial delicacies is what the Christian should at all times possess. We have sipped of the precious liquid only; let us take the cup salvation which overflows and drink it dry if we can: a crumb will not feed a famished soul; let us partake to the full of this heavenly bread. The first figure in this sum is "*mercy*," and it is a very high number indeed. It stands foremost, for it is the chief of God's dealings with us, whereby he pities us in our helplessness. We have already received much, but we are to add to it: for "He hath not dealt with us after our sins," but favour has been shown to the undeserving, mercy to those who are full

of sin. He has shown not only clemency in bestowing pardon, but his bountiful mercy whereby he supplies sufficiently our wants, "even the sure mercies of David." So that whatever we need let us seek the stream bearing on its tide blessings for our souls to-day. Pray for this to God, who is rich in mercy, and he will add mercy to mercy. The best way to complete this sum is by coming to the mercy seat. Therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that you may obtain *mercy*. The Father of all mercies will hear and bless. We cry, "Have mercy upon us according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies."

Then add to mercy "*peace*." What a glorious numeral is this! As soon as we gain pardon there must come peace. For what soul shall dwell ill at ease that feels its sins forgiven? It is iniquity that causes pain; when this is removed there is a holy health of soul. The peace of God rules in our hearts, and keeps them too. Now are we reconciled to God through the death of his dear Son—we are at peace with him. The enmity of our hearts has been slain, and it is our delight to be in his company. We want to have more of this peace; how shall we gain it? Only by seeking to hold more communion with our God. If this fair flower is to grow within our hearts the dew of heaven must fall upon it during the hours of calm fellowship with God. We must dwell in him and he in us. Then there will come also a peace with self. Having no longer the consciousness of guilt, but of satisfaction; being right with God we are happy in ourselves, and peace pervades our spirits. The uprising of evil is quelled by the tranquillizing influence of a clear conscience, and so a holy peace abides within our hearts. Reign on, O powerful yet pacific Prince, and peace shall evermore crown us with prosperity! Have we got that peace with God? It is only by justification that we can obtain it. Through Jesus Christ, who is our peace, we enjoy this blessing. Shall we not add, then, to our heart's content? In him are the springs of peace and love. Oh that this peace may flow as a river within us!

Yet again, there is another figure to add, and it is "*love*." Surely there is no more room! We are already full now that we have the "mercy of God" and the "peace of God;" what more can we have? Add to all this the "love of God," a boon beyond all calculation, a prize of infinite value. Many have got a little of this treasure: would to God all had more. Love lies smouldering in our hearts. O breath divine, blow these sparks into burning fires! Grace changes all within us, for while we receive such mercy and enjoy such peace from the hands of our loving Lord we feel we must love in return. "We love because we are loved," and this love is a habit wrought in us by God himself, who is love. Do we hear the Master say, "Lovest thou me?" We answer, "Lord, thou knowest that we love thee;" and we might add more than Peter said, "We do not love thee as we should, nor even as we would." The true mother would not have her child divided, neither would God have the hearts of his true children divided in their affections.

"Burn, burn, oh, love, within my breast
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned and burned away."

Let the love of God be shed abroad in our hearts as the sunlight gleaming through the painted window of a cathedral sheds a beauty upon all, adorning yet not disarranging aught. So the love of God should shine in our hearts, making everything beautiful, our thoughts, our words, our actions all being lit up with his love. Now, put these three together—mercy, peace, love—and what a grand total they make! Items in the grace of God for all to enjoy.

II. Now we come to our SUM IN MULTIPLICATION. If I want to increase rapidly let me have the multiplication table, and let it be by compound multiplication too. Multiply by that which has been itself multiplied. Mercy, and peace, and love, multiplied by mercy, and peace, and love, which have been multiplied. Is this a hard sum? God can help us to do it if we also help ourselves. The first thing that affords aid is *memory*. Think of the mercies of yesterday, put them down, then multiply them by the mercies of to-day, and so on and on, meditating upon the favours of years past, and you will find by this mental exercise that the mercy you now enjoy will be multiplied. Let every mercy have a dot over it to show that it is a recurring one. And memory will refresh you concerning peace too. Remember when the heart was broken, and the spirit was tried with anguish, how Jesus spake to you in words of tender love and blessed comfort. After the thunder and the whirlwind there was the "still small voice" which whispered peace. The dashing billows bore upon their crested summits the all-powerful voice of a loving Saviour, who said, "It is I; be not afraid," and immediately there was a calm. Recollect the morning of bright joy which followed the nights of sadness. Love, too, must be remembered if it is to be multiplied. Review all the tokens received in the past, all the choice souvenirs. Take down that bundle of letters, and let memory refresh herself by re-reading all the words of love written by a gracious God. Thus shall memory help us in our multiplication.

Another help we may have is *mutual intercourse*. As a boy at school runs to another older and wiser than himself when a sum is hard, and he needs help in doing it, so should Christians endeavour to find counsel and support from intercourse with their fellow-saints. A brother may tell you something you never knew before, for he has just received a mercy that you are wanting, and the way he obtained it may serve as a direction for you. Then get into the peaceful company of believers, and you will find your peace will be multiplied. Do not lie down with the lion, or you may learn to fight, but rest beside the lamb, and peace shall abound. Love also begets love, and in the fellowship of those who love the Lord you will derive much benefit and an increase to your love.

But the very best way is to go to the *Master*. If the sum is difficult, it may be well to take down the exercise-book and see the examples already worked out. Study God's word and see how mercy, and peace, and love have been multiplied to others, so shall you learn the way to have your own multiplied. If you cannot get on with this aid, go straight away to the Head-master. He is merciful, he is full of mercy, he is plenteous in mercy. Here, then, shall you find a way out of your difficulty. If you cannot multiply, he will do it for you; he is the Prince of Peace, submit yourself to his gentle reign, and peace shall be yours. Dwell in the atmosphere of his love and this grace shall be more and

more in you. Thus, Teacher Divine, help thy scholars to rise and make progress while here below, until it shall please thee to call us home for the holidays, where our lessons shall be at an end, for then shall we enjoy the fulness of thy mercy, the sweetness of thy peace, and the bounties of thy love.

III. Now, a SUM IN PRACTICE, and a very short one too. Unto you who have been called, sanctified, and preserved, are these words of exhortation sent. *Be merciful*, for "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." *Be peaceful*, for "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." *Be loving*, for "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Evermore may this trinity of blessings abide with us: the mercy of the Lord which is from everlasting to everlasting, the peace of God which passeth understanding, and the love of God which passeth knowledge, for his name's sake. Amen.

James Janeway's Last Hours.*

THE Rev. Nathanael Vincent, who appears to have been intimately acquainted with the Janeway family, preached a funeral sermon for James Janeway, entitled, "The Saint's Triumph over the Last Enemy," to which he prefixed an address to the congregation, expressive of the highest estimate of his character. "Oh," he exclaimed, "what a friend did you lose when your pastor was snatched from you! You were as dear as his own soul! How did he pray, and weep, and preach, and labour, and all to this end, that you might be sincere converts, and work out your own salvation. Very few could match my brother Janeway in zeal, in compassion, in holy activity, in affection, in sincerity. He sought not yours but you, and desired ten thousand times more to gain souls than aught beside. He endeavoured to debase the world in your esteem, and it was low in his own. He strove to raise your affections heavenward, and there was his heart and treasure. Christ he loved, in Christ he believed, Christ he preached, Christ he commended. And how did he rejoice when any that before rejected the Lord Jesus were persuaded to give their consents to him!

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"In the next place, I am to speak of his carriage at his death.

"He had a great conflict with Satan some while before his leaving the world; and truly I do not wonder that the devil should buffet him, who had with such vigour and success endeavoured to overthrow his kingdom. To prepare him for the encounter, the Lord did first shine upon his soul, and gave him some assurance that heaven was his inheritance. But afterwards there intervened a cloud, and Satan's chain was lengthened. The old lion roared upon him, and endeavoured to disturb his peace. The great thing he blamed himself for was his aptness to

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* From the "History of the Janeway Family," by the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., Hackney, prefixed to Nelson's edition of "Heaven upon Earth; or, Jesus, the Best Friend of Man." By JAMES JANEWAY, author of "A Token for Children," &c.

slumber over private duties, since he was so much engaged in public work. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce in his accusations, and so far prevailed that Mr. Janeway cried out, 'I am at infinite uncertainties as to my future state. I thought I had been sincere, but Satan tells me I have been a hypocrite;' and then added, 'Whatever you do, do not dally with religion; it is only godliness in the power of it that can strengthen against the fear of death.' Satan would not yet give over, but having begun to batter his faith, gives a fresh assault; then, with a mournful voice, he cried out, 'Eternity! eternity! Infinite! infinite! infinite! Everlasting! everlasting! everlasting!' A relation that stood by added, 'An eternity of glory!' To which he replied, 'Of horror! of horror! unspeakable horror!'

"This was his last conflict, and truly it was a sore one. But after this blackest darkness followed the break of day. Satan prevailed so far, that he might be the more remarkably foiled, for the God of peace did tread the evil one under his feet. The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, did visit him, and bear witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, and helped him to discern, and look back upon the uprightness of his heart with satisfaction. Not long before he died, he blessed God for the assurance of his love, and said, he could now as easily die as shut his eyes; and added, 'Here am I, longing to be silent in the dust, and enjoying Christ in glory. I long to be in the arms of Jesus. It is not worth while to weep for me.' Then remembering how busy the devil had been about him, he was exceeding thankful to God for his goodness in rebuking his adversary.

"Afterwards, he brake forth, saying with a loud voice, though he was very weak, 'Amen! Hallelujah! hallelujah!' and desired others to join with him, which they not presently doing, he added, 'James Janeway is the only singer.' He was quickly seized upon with another rapture of joy, and thus expressed it, 'Millions of praises to the Most High Jehovah! Heaven and earth, praise him! Ye mountains and hills, praise him! All his hosts, praise him! All ye saints, bless him, who hath visited us in our low estate, and redeemed us unto himself! All must be ascribed to free grace, from the beginning to the end.'

"Then he begged of God that he would bless his people, and take away animosities and names of division from among them. These were the last words which he was heard to speak distinctly.

"Thus triumphantly he went to glory. Thus an abundant entrance was administered to him into the everlasting kingdom. But if his joy and praises were such before he was got quite thither, when he was actually come within heaven's gate, and first saw the Lord face to face, oh! who can conceive his joy and wonder?"

The Romance of Nomenclature.*

A MAN who had shown his ability to suck juice out of a stone, and such an one alone, might have been expected to be competent to extract romance from the London Directory; but Mr. Bardsley has accomplished the feat with characteristic skill. Any reader who will go through the book with care will find much that is curiously interesting, and in a sense the exercise will prove an educational discipline of a very profitable kind. People who think that they bear proud and great names will, perhaps, be benefited when those names are traced to a very humble source; while others, who are confessedly humble, will find that they have no cause for despair. Thus, one feature in favour of the London Directory is its impartial truthfulness. "It won't spare anybody, high or low, rich or poor," says Mr. Bardsley. "I have heard people telling of the greatness of their ancestral name, and the said name on their visiting card was laughing at them all the time 'behind its back.' I have seen men dwelling in back slums contented with their sphere, and yet ignorant of the fact that they bore a sobriquet which six centuries ago would have brought them respect from all ranks, from the king on his throne down to the humblest cottager in the land." Very many surnames are simply those of the localities whence the families bearing them originally came. Hence the rarest name of all is London, because of old the tendency was to migrate towards the great city and not to leave it. In a vast number of instances the name we carry points with unerring certainty to the town, village, or hamlet in which once resided, in the hidden depths of the Dark Ages, the unknown "founder of our family," if that fine phrase may be applied to humble people. This is very prettily and graphically described by Mr. Bardsley:

"I was struck the other day by seeing two shops adjacent, the shopkeepers' names on the doors being Dearnally and Dennerley—Dearnally and Dennerley! What a curious circumstance! My mind went back six centuries, and I wove a little story. Six hundred years ago two brothers, or school-fellows, or playmates, leave the little secluded hamlet of Dearnley. One is John, the other William. John goes to Bristol. 'Whence come you?' say his Bristol associates. 'From Dearnley,' he replies. Henceforward he is John o' Dearnley, by-and-by to become simple John Dearnley. 'Whence come you?' says a Norwich artisan to William, who has turned his steps eastward. 'From Dearnley; I wonder shall I see it again,' sadly responds William, who is already home-sick, for homes were homes then as well as now. Henceforward he is William o' Dearnley, or Will Dearnley. Each marries,—has children,—dies. His descendants, bearing his name, are scattered hither and thither over the broad land, like leaves before the cold keen blast of an October wind. Corruptions of the name, of course, ensue. The descendants of John are Dearnally; of William, Dennerley. Centuries after this, in the year of grace 1877, one of John's generation, who has found his way to a big city, sees a new house, takes it, is a grocer, and inscribes his name Dearnally above. In the meantime, another stranger is eyeing a contiguous shop in the same block of buildings. 'Fine opening for a butcher here,' says he to himself. 'I will take these premises.' He does so. Up goes his name. What is it? Dennerley! Thus, after long years—nay, centuries—two descendants of two playfellows, probably brothers, are to be seen dwelling together, each ignorant that, when he wishes his neighbour good morning, he is rejoining links in a chain snapped, oh, so long ago! The invisible destinies of God have recovered the lost associations of twenty generations! Said I not that the London Directory is a romance?"

During the last three centuries the Bible has exercised a vast influence over English nomenclature; in other words, the London Directory owes a good deal

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* The Romance of the London Directory. By Charles W. Bardsley, M.A. "Hand and Heart" Office. Price 3s. 6d.

of its present appearance to the Reformation. "The first signs of serious change betrayed themselves at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign," says Mr. Bardsley. "The English Bible rested in English hands. But it was a new book. . . . It was as if the Bible were a new country full of verdant tracks, and as they passed through each plucked the flower that pleased him most. By the time King James came to the throne Phinehas, Philemon, Uriah, Aquila, Priscilla, and Hilkiah had become the rage. Before he died, Harry had fallen into neglect, Ralph and Guy were utterly despised, and names like Hamlet, or Hamnet (Shakespeare's son was Hamnet) or Avice, or Douce, or Warin, or Drew, or Fulk, had gone down like sodden logs in a stagnant pool."

The registers of the seventeenth century prove that our forefathers of that period made the Bible their chief storehouse of names, and displayed wonderful ingenuity in the selection. Names, like diamonds, rose in value according to their rarity; and hence it naturally followed, as Mr. Bardsley shows, that "the apostles were turned out for having kept bad company. Many seemed to have rested their claim to thorough knowledge of the Bible upon the rarity of the name they had discovered in its pages. Thus I find Ebedmeleck Gastrell, whose Christian name occurs only once in the Scriptures. Epaphroditus Houghton, Othneil Hoggat, Apphia Scott, Tryphena Gode, and Bezaliel Peachie, are cases in point."

Names intended "to emphasize the doctrine of original sin" next became common. The consequence was that, "In the street Dinahs and Absaloms walked hand-in-hand to school; Ananiases and Sapphiras grovelled in the dirty courts and alleys; and Cains took Abels to pluck flowers in the rural lanes and meadows without a thought of fratricide. . . In the dame's school the twelve patriarchs could all have answered to their names through their red-cheeked representatives who lined the wall, unless, may be, Simeon or Reuben stood on a separate seat with the dunce's cap on."

In regard to the nomenclature of the United States, it is put down as "All but entirely Biblical." Under this head our author remarks: "We smile when a Yankee says 'I guess,' 'I calculate,' and 'I reckon'; but when we read in the Epistle of St. Paul the sentence, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us,' do we always reflect, as we might do, that our translators and revisers of 1611 were simply putting into the mouth of the apostle a phrase which was then colloquial English, but now survives, in all its familiarity, only in the United States, whither the Puritan Fathers had carried it? . . . It has been well said, that were it not for our English Bible the two languages of the United States and England would slowly but surely separate themselves into two distinct dialects, possibly tongues. Certainly it is to that book which Wycliffe wrote into English, we owe the fact, that in no respect is there a closer bond and deeper sympathy between England and America than in that which concerns the nomenclature of the two countries. . . . May the twofold offspring of one stock hold fast still, as in days of yore, to that One Name in the Bible which is above every name! Then shall the two great branches of the Anglo-Norman race continue to multiply and be strong, and all the continents of the world shall be blessed through their means."

These extracts will serve to show the quality of the admirable book which Mr. Bardsley has produced. "What's in a name?" It may possibly contain the history of a family.

Notices of Books.

The New Forest, its History and Scenery. By JOHN R. WISE. London: Henry Sotheran. Southampton: H. M. Gilbert, 26, Above Bar.

WE have on a former occasion written a commendatory notice of this beautiful volume. Lying before us is a copy of a large paper edition, with India proofs of the engravings: "a joy for ever." Very refreshing are our memories of the New Forest, which is the gem of England for woodland scenery; and this much we gladly say for the work before us, that we count it worthy of the region which it depicts: we could say no more. The views are finely drawn by Walter Crane, and are most of them tit-bits of the forest, selected with a judgment which is not often excelled. Some of the best known beauties of the Forest are purposely omitted to make room for rarer scenes. We consider that the letterpress, engravings, and binding make up a whole which verges upon perfection; and wealthy readers who wish to place a charming book upon their drawing-room table will not be able to find one with more attractions than Mr. Wise's New Forest History.

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

THIS little juvenile missionary magazine is so beautifully illustrated and is conducted in so vivacious a manner that we always feel delighted to get the annual volume. There are other denominations which might profitably study this Free Church periodical for the children, and improve the style of their own organ.

Was I right? By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

YES, you were quite right, and every other Christian woman who has the grace and the sense to refuse the offer of an unconverted man is right too. The story is very well told, and is meant to give a warning against unequal yoking with unbelievers. Marriage contrary to the Lord's will is a fruitful source of sin and sorrow in all our churches, and we are glad of testimonies against it, take what form they may.

Morning Stars: or Names of Christ for His Little Ones. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. London: Nisbet and Co.

THIS, the last but one of Miss Havergal's productions, is, to our mind, one of the sweetest and richest of her writings. It is full of Christ; he is its only subject, and he is so clearly, and yet so beautifully set forth, that we are compelled to recognise and worship him. The language is as simple as a piercing mind, a loving heart, and a masterful command of language in all its forms can make it; and the whole result is, the giving of a new emphasis to the soul's description of Christ, "He is altogether lovely." What more need we say?

Bible Children: Studies for the Young. By the Rev. JAMES WELLS, M.A. James Nisbet and Co.

THE mere mention of a second book of Addresses for the young by the author of "Bible Echoes" will be sufficient to secure for it a hearty welcome from all who have read Mr. Wells's former volume. These "Studies" are full of the wisdom that cometh from above told out in a most winsome style, and running over with anecdote and illustration. Godly parents will prize it, Sabbath-school teachers will be sure to buy it wholesale, and retail it to their classes, and the author will have his heart's desire, —the blessing of the Good Shepherd upon the lambs of the fold. Happy the children who listen to such sweet sermons from their friend and pastor.

Rough the Terrier. His Life and Adventures. By EMILY BRODIE. With Illustrations by T. PYM. John F. Shaw and Co.

WE have a feeling of respect, not to say reverence, for a book got up in this dainty fashion. Such beautiful type and paper, and as to the woodcuts, they are gems. We doubt if even Landseer ever portrayed the joys and sorrows of dog life with more skilful hand. Rough tells the tale of his life with such pathos, and yet so waggishly, that the young folks will be charmed with him, and learn lessons of kindness to all his kind. It is dog cheap at half-a-crown.

John Truman's Rise in Life: or Doing Right for its Own Sake. A Story for Young Men. By ALGERNON RIVERS. London: Elliot Stock.

VERY interesting and very orthodox; the old story of principle paying in the end. But is it true? We are afraid that true men do not always get their reward here, and hence the story is scarcely likely to be so powerful as the author would desire. We do not think there is quite grip and glow enough in this story to catch the rising manhood, and we should much prefer a little more strength, even at the sacrifice of the orthodox finale—"They lived happy ever afterwards."

Among the Brambles; and other Lessons from Life. By E. C., Author of "Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing." Nisbet and Co.

ACCORDING to the preface these "Lessons will only be acceptable to such as realize that in one sense we are always children, learning of our heavenly Father in very simple ways and by very simple means, and that one of the greatest joys and safeguards in this season of education is to carry the spirit of a child with us everywhere." Readers who keep this explanation in mind will find several choice morsels of gospel truth in this book. There is nothing very original or striking in these illustrations, and some of the pure gold would have been all the better if it had not been beaten quite so fine; but many toiling and suffering saints will here find a word in season to direct or comfort them. The esteemed authoress will, we trust, continue to edify the Lord's people with more of such simple, gracious meditations.

In Prison and Out. By HESBA STRETTON. With twelve Illustrations. London: W. Isbister, 56, Ludgate Hill.

ANOTHER thrilling story by the excellent authoress of "Jessica's First Prayer." Her name is quite sufficient to sell many editions. The tale is sad, but the saddest fact is that the chief incidents are true and terribly pathetic. A poor widow, suffering from cancer, with her son and daughter, are dying of starvation. Her brave little son, who can get no work to do, is as a last resource permitted to go out to beg. He is soon caught by a policeman, and taken before a magistrate; another officer of the law "proves a previous conviction," although the lad is perfectly innocent, and he gets three months' imprisonment. Thus begins the career of sorrow and sin, which brings both mother and son with broken hearts to the grave, and leaves to the surviving daughter the sad legacy of life-long agony. The object of the authoress is to draw attention to our present system of dealing with the problem of juvenile crime, in the hope that we may be led to adopt better remedial measures than those at present in existence. May her earnest endeavours be crowned with success. The Christian church is deeply indebted to her already, for exciting a sympathetic care for the little ones, and we hope that her fascinating pen will long be fluent in such holy service.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly. 1879. Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

ALL the articles in this volume are well-written and instructive. Many are elaborate treatises upon the current theological questions of the present day. Extreme opinions on all sides are carefully avoided, and attempts to gratify, as well as to correct, the public taste may be easily discerned. The outworks of the central truths of the gospel are defended rather than the truths themselves, which in all probability comports best with the design of the work. A one-sided view is given of Calvinism, and of its influence upon the constitution of the Church of England, which, if acceptable to some readers, will be opposed to the convictions of others. There are many in the Church of England and among the best of its clergy who do not wish to see it purified from "the Calvin leaven," as it is called. We are sorry that such views find favour in this quarter, where we looked for better things. Narrowness of religious views must be acknowledged, however, to be the exception rather than the rule of the volume before us. Its contributors are biblical scholars of the highest repute on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Churchmanship of John Wesley, and the Relations of Wesleyan Methodism to the Church of England. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

It is a sign of the times that such a work as this should need to be written. The Church of England has tried alternately to bully Dissenters, and to coax them back into her fold. Recently she has adopted the latter course with the followers of Wesley by endeavouring to show their founder's High Church proclivities, and argue therefrom the return of his disciples to the faith and order of the Establishment. Our Methodist friends do not appear to see the force of the argument. Dr. Rigg in this trenchant and powerful little volume shows how intense and real was Wesley's revolt against Anglicanism, and he proves therefrom the impossibility of his followers' return to the bondage from which their leader escaped. The Church of England is very anxious to receive Dissenters, but in much the same way as lions receive lambs, and absorb them. Is it wonderful that some of us object? Dissenters will return to the Anglican Establishment a little after the time when Britons shall become slaves.

The International Daily Text-book. London: Sunday School Union.

A tiny text-book suitable for carrying in the waistcoat pocket. The texts chosen are from the lesson for the coming Sabbath according to international lessons selected by the Sunday School Union. Anything that will teach Christians their Bible is heartily welcomed by us, and this text-book is so compact and unique, and so suitable for daily reference, that we gladly commend it.

Divine Footprints in the Field of Revelation. A brief survey of the Bible in the interest of its claim to be the Word of God. By William Griffiths, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

There are other footprints besides the divine in this volume. Our author will effect nothing but the unsettlement of unstable minds. Seldom have we come across a work in which the good is so poised as to make way for the evil, and the true is so stated as to insinuate the false. The atonement is admitted and extolled, but what sort of atonement it must be may be inferred from the statement that "no *theory of atonement* can have the direct sanction of the Bible. With respect to the philosophy of sacrifice, the Christian church is left, like her elder sister, without full exposition. The Jew had no clear understanding of the purport of his sacred rites, and we are much at sea as to the real bearing of the scene on Calvary upon the exercise of God's forbearance towards our race." All other doctrines of the orthodox faith are treated to the same respectful smothering. What we most admire is the cool assumption with which the writer puts aside a truth to which he objects as though it had long ago been abandoned by all reasonable men. Under colour of candour the most astounding dogmatism is indulged, and under the idea of not being wise above what is written, the doctrines which are written in the Scriptures, as with a pen of light, are pushed aside. Altogether, we deplore the publication of such a work, though we doubt not that by certain of the school of modern thought it will be had in high esteem.

All Religion Supernatural, &c. Articles extracted from "The Study and Homiletic Monthly." By S. B. Hooper, B.A. To be obtained of the Author, Opton Warren, near Bromsgrove.

These articles, now published in pamphlet form, will be interesting, and perhaps helpful to those who have to pass through a battle of mental unbelief to faith, or who have been unsettled by the witchery of rationalism. To those who have by experience proved the truth of the Divine Revelation, and have the witness in themselves, they will possess but little evidential value or interest. This refutation of every new misbelief is a sorry employment: we only wish it were utterly unnecessary; but so long as our men of genius will go cobweb-spinning, men of plain common sense must use the brush and dustpan. This our author does in a very proper and scholarly manner.

Bible Outlines. Comprehensive Epitomes of the leading features of the books of the Old and New Testaments. By W. Scott. A. Holness, 21, Paternoster-row.

This work, which is intended as a handbook to the Bible, is written by an adherent of one of the sections of the "Brethren," and by neophytes of that school of thought only will it be valued; for it is simply a Commentary on "The Bible according to Brethren." Those "who have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil" may find many a useful spiritual reflection; but for the most part the author "spiritualizes" after a sort which we must say has greatly shocked us. Here are a few sips, that our readers may judge of the quality of the water of Plymouth Sound. The italics, stops, etc., are the author's:—

[Genesis xxiv.] "Sarah (dies). type of Israel, having been set aside, then Abraham carefully instructs Eliezer, who here figures the present work of the Holy Ghost, to get a wife for his son Isaac, who was to remain in Canaan—heaven. Rebekah, type of the church, was to be brought to Isaac. The church is presently conducted through the desert under the leading and all-sustaining power and grace of the Holy Ghost. 'Bring not my son hither *again*'—no, but we are being brought to him, to where *he is* (John xiv. 3), to a heavenly Christ."

[Joshua iv.] "Besides the stones taken *out* of Jordan and laid up at Gilgal, Joshua *himself* (verse 9) set up twelve stones *in* the midst of Jordan, and this, I think, carries with it an exceedingly interesting and profoundly affecting truth. Joshua, type of our heavenly Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost would surely lead us to the brink of the river, there to muse and meditate over the profound wonders of his death. . . . These *unseen* stones surely point to the *unknown* sufferings of Christ, known only to his God and Father, and in measure to us as led by the Spirit . . . . The twelve stones thus deposited in the midst of Jordan point also to our having been left in his death; our new life in the Spirit and in present connection with a risen Christ. All of the old creation to God and faith have been set aside in the cross of Christ." [Much of the book is as clear and comprehensible as the last sentence!]

[Esther] "As to the typical bearing of the book, Ahasuerus would represent the supreme Gentile authority, and Vashti, *beauty*, the professing church failing to show her beauty; she is then superseded by the Jewish bride, Esther, *star* (Psa. xlv.); while the wicked Haman, planning the destruction of Israel, and in the midst of his murderous purposes signally cut off, would as surely figure the conspiracy of the latter-day enemies of restored Israel (Psa. lxxxiii.); Mordecai would set forth our Lord head of his exalted people in the millennial future."

Stories of the Cathedral Cities of England. By Emma Marshall. James Nisbet and Co.

In the preface the authoress tells us that "these Stories of the Cathedral Cities are gathered from reliable sources, in the hope that they may kindle the interest of association and historical memories in the great relics of a time gone by." The work is the result of long and painstaking research among the chronicles of the past, and is full of interesting information, not the least of which is to be found in the parts devoted to "Old London," Southwark, Westminster, "Old Father Thames," and "Jolly John Taylor," the water-poet. The pleasure with which we read was, however, greatly marred by the feeling that the writer's ardent love and reverence for "the good old Church of England," so-called, has caused her to touch with too tender a hand the abominations of hierarchial assumption, priestly arrogance and superstition, skulls, bones, and other "time-honoured relics." While it is but justice to the author to add that a word of caution and a call to gratitude to God for our present clearer gospel light are here and there inserted, we should be little, if at all, disposed to place the book in the hands of our young friends.

Our Homes. A Series of Small Books on Christian Temperance. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. London: Morgan and Scott.

Temperance advocacy is never in better or safer hands than when undertaken by Christians, and by Christian women in particular. The wives and daughters of England are amon the chief sufferers by this fearful vice of drunkenness; and have a primary claim to be heard when the subject is under discussion. The little books in this packet—twelve for sixpence—are well written, prettily got up, and especially suitable for enclosing in envelopes to friends. May they have a world-wide circulation, and be productive of much good.

"*The Books were Opened*," *and other Sermons.* By Rev. W. Nairn, M.A. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

Twelve plain, powerful, practical sermons, in large, clear type. The novelty hunter will find here nothing to his taste, but seeking souls may find Christ, and saved souls be led to adore him more.

Dr. Clermont: a Methodist Tale. By A. E. Bleby. London: Longley.

A grey-covered shillingsworth of pietistic nonsense about Christianity in general, and Methodism in particular. If Wesleyanism could be killed by fulsome flattery and idiotic goody-goodyism this would be its death-blow. But there,—no one could read the tale all the way through; and our wonder is that the compositors could set it up; but they are a longsuffering race.

The Christian; being a Course of Practical Sermons. By S. Walker, B.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This is a reprint of some sermons preached more than a century since; sermons of the sternly orthodox school, essentially theologic, and, alas! like Ezekiel's valley of bones, "very dry." They have not enough either of power or quaintness to overcome the antipathy of the public to their antiquated form, and we fear they will end at the butter shop.

The Law: Moral, Ceremonial, and Judicial. By Mary Wardle. London: M. Walbrook.

Very ordinary moralizing on the Pentateuch: as dogmatic and common-place as a mother could be to her children; indeed, the original intent of these papers was the instruction of the author's family, but it was a mistake to print them, as the market is already overdone with this kind of production.

Going with the Stream, and other Tales and Poems. By Jeanie Bell. With Preface by Rev. William Reid, D.D. Kelso: J. and J. H. Rutherford.

Temperance advocates have been charged with making two mistakes; with being narrow and bitter in their advocacy of total abstinence principles, and with a disposition to ignore the reclaiming power of the gospel. Neither of these charges can fairly be made against this volume. Temperance principles are advocated with such a tender love for the victims of strong drink, and such earnest faith in the gospel's power, that the result is a happy union of godliness and temperance. May such publications be greatly increased and scattered broadcast. Every Sunday-school library should have a copy.

The Great and Precious Promises; or, Light from Beyond. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Third Edition. London: Strahan and Co.

In these short but sweet addresses all Dr. Geikie's varied powers are seen. Here we have the same chaste discrimination, the same subtle play of fancy, and fine descriptive powers, together with deeply reverential and spiritual exhortation as are seen in his "Life of Christ." This volume would make a charming gift to the numerous believers who see always the "dark side of things." This is how we are introduced to the promises:—

"Does your spirit faint? They are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up the head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the shadow of a cloud to bring down the heat; as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe, to come into the mountain of the Lord. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone, like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water."

The man who can write after this fashion will never want readers, and in this instance the spirituality of the matter equals the beauty of the style.

The Person of Christ: the perfection of his humanity viewed as a proof of his deity. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

"THE object of this book is to show, in a popular style, that the person of Christ is the great central miracle of history, and the strongest evidence of Christianity. The very perfection of his humanity is a proof of his divinity." This design the author has earnestly pursued, and the result is a valuable treatise which is as complete as the size of the book would permit. It is a very useful thing to have collected into a handy form impartial testimonies to the character of Christ, such as were borne by Tacitus, Julian, Chubb, Rousseau, Napoleon, Goethe, Strauss, Theodore Parker, Stuart Mill, Renan, and others. That men of all sorts, and even those who have rejected his claims, have been compelled to admire, and almost adore his perfections is a wonderful proof that though our Lord was man he was more than other men. Think of Rousseau saying, "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." Why, then, did he not believe on him? Since he did not believe, what must have been the clearness of truth which forced an unbeliever to make such a confession? How plainly is Jesus in character surpassingly great when he brings from the lips of a Napoleon such words as these—"Everything in Christ astonishes me. His spirit overawes me. From the first day to the last he is the same, always the same; majestic and simple; infinitely firm, and infinitely gentle!" Our Lord needs no witnesses, but it is refreshing to hear from one man and another of varied character and constitution the common confession that his character has convinced them, and that "truly this is the Son of God." Dr. Schaff has produced a very admirable book for young students, and to them we earnestly recommend a thoughtful reading of his pages. The more they can store away in their memories the facts which he here records the better for the establishment of their faith, and the more thoroughly will they be armed against the adversaries of the gospel.

Notes.

January 15th.—Just as we send off these notes from Mentone we receive the following telegram from Mr. Charlesworth, who was conducting a service of song with our boys in Bath. The telegram started on the 14th, but they do things leisurely in France.

"Mrs. Hillyard passed away while our meeting was proceeding. Her last words were, 'My boys! My boys!'"

So falls asleep an almost unknown saint of God, whose life was spent in the Redeemer's service, and to whose memory thousands of orphan children for years to come will be living monuments. Further particulars shall be given in our next. She was ripe for the garner.

Writing on January 15 we are able to report more than six continuous weeks of dry, warm, sunshiny weather at Mentone, and therefore, by the good hand of the Lord, we have shaken off the gout and rheumatic pains, and hope to start for home on February 2. God has been very gracious in renewing our strength, and we hope to pass the rest of the winter in full home work, though we cannot venture much abroad. We have been refreshed by calls from some of the best of Christian people, and by innumerable communications from many lands, full of sympathy and love. A letter has followed the telegram from New York, which we insert among our "personal notes," bearing the heartiest salutations of one hundred or more Baptist ministers. What can we say but thank God and take courage?

FROM TABERNACLE. Every report has been cheering. Some of the ablest divines have filled the pulpit, and maintained the congregations. Our thankfulness is great to each one of them, and to the beloved people who have remained faithful to their place, and to its work and services. The offering to the College for the year was made up to £1879, some of the collections

being very special love-tokens to the pastor. Mr. Murrell's telegrams have been much in little, every word breathing encouragement and comforting our spirit. Nothing but love have we received, and what but love can we return?

Special Services. We have had several detailed accounts of the services at the Tabernacle conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith: they all agree in praising the Lord for these two valued workers, and in the expectation that very large ingatherings must follow the present series of meetings. The sketches of Mr. Fullerton's addresses which have been sent us manifest great power of thought, soundness of doctrine, and zeal for the salvation of souls. Mr. Smith's music and singing also occupy a very important place in the work. All the gatherings have been marked with the divine blessing, but that which most of all surprises us is the noon prayer-meeting, which we feared would not succeed, but which has reached the number of five hundred. Our good people are mostly engaged in the City, and Newington seemed to us rather an unlikely place for a noon-day meeting; but where there's a will there's a way, and accordingly the people did come, and are coming still. This ought to encourage other churches which think themselves to be awkwardly located, nevertheless, to announce special seasons for prayer. To alter the usual hour is often a good thing. A meeting which has been held for years at 7 p.m. with a scanty attendance might greatly rally if held on a summer's morning at 5, or in the depth of winter at 3 in the afternoon. Anything is better than ruts.

There has evidently been great prayerfulness and hearty union of spirit, and these working under energetic commonsense leadership will be sure to win a blessing; for by such means the Holy Spirit usually works.

As a mere summary of meetings would not interest our readers we give the telegrams as they came to us from Mr. Murrell:—

Dec. 30. Evangelistic meetings began well. Congregation hearty. Noon prayer-meeting successful. Laus Deo. *Pax vobis.*

Jan. 6. All goes well. Meetings increase in numbers, interest, power, and blessing. Monday prayer-meeting largest ever held. Collection for Colportage £90 last Sunday morning.

Jan. 13. Vitality, power, interest, numbers keep increasing. Rest contented. Thank the Lord you are better.

Here is a history in few words, which will be all the more complete if we add: the officers are all united and earnest, the church aroused, and the people full of expectation. Enquirers come forward after each service, and many are anxious to be united with the church. Oh that their minister, who is growingly conscious of his own weakness, may return to them in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace!

We insert the following letter which we sent home, because it may show to other churches how all the members can aid special services, and under the divine blessing secure success:—

"My beloved Friends,—Now that our Special Services are beginning I entreat you to labour as one man to make them a success. It is the Lord's work to send the blessing, but as a rule he begins to work upon sinners by first of all arousing his own people. We believe in grace, and in grace alone, but we know by experience that true revival is not a gourd which springs up on a sudden while men sleep, but like the angel of Bethlehem it visits those who keep watch over their flocks by night. Grace to us is as new wine, refreshing and inspiring, and not as a soporific potion creating the slumber of inaction. Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, who conduct the Services, have proved their fitness for the position by their success in other congregations. If the pleasure of the Lord does not prosper in their hand among us, it will be our fault, and not theirs. What is wanted is, first, *much prayer.* In this, all the Lord's people can join. Attend the noon Prayer-meeting, if possible, and if not, pray all the same. Without the Holy Spirit we are nothing, and prayer alone can win his aid. The next practical step is to *make the meetings known.* The people cannot come to the services if they do not know of them. The expense of advertising is very great if left to be done by the home authorities; but if every person will spread the news, this method of gaining publicity is the most effective, and it can be done on the largest scale with very little outlay. If you cannot preach the gospel you may yet win a soul by letting it be known that the gospel is preached. The third needful work is to *bring in the people.* Persuade friends and neighbours to attend. Canvass a district. Visit from house to house with invitations. 'Compel them to come in,' and when this is done, *give a personal word.* Speak for Jesus, if it be with faltering lips, both before and after the addresses of the preachers. Good sermons need following

up by personal entreaties. God often blesses feeble efforts; indeed, he suffers no true endeavour to fall to the ground. How I wish I could persuade ALL the church-members to rally to the Holy War! God knoweth how much I wish I could be with you myself. My infirmities detain me from the field of sacred action, but my heart watches you. As ye have served the Lord in my presence, so do I pray you much more in my absence; that if possible my lack of service may be made up by your overplus of labour. You have not only your own work to do, but mine also. Be pastors to the lambs, and to the wandering sheep. If you cannot fill the pulpit, yet tell out the same 'old, old story' which is the one sole message with which it has for many years resounded. To your beloved deacons and elders, and to you all, I send my fervent Christian love, beseeching you *all, all together, with all your strength*, to unite in the service of love.

"Yours most heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"Mentone, December 28, 1879."

WELL-DESERVED PRESENTATION.— The workers at the Tabernacle spontaneously united in giving a token of their esteem to our worthy friend and brother, Mr. Murrell, to whose energetic services we are all so much indebted. It was well done of the brethren, and well deserved of the receiver. That we have worshipped in comfort these many years, without accident or disturbance, is mainly due to the prudent management of our honoured friend. We cannot love too much the man who is the servant of us all for Christ's sake. His pastor, his fellow-deacons, the elders, the workers, and all the brotherhood know that he does for us what none of us would feel able to attempt, and therefore we glorify God in him, and wish him long life and happiness.

COLLEGE. Mr. E. L. Hamilton, of our College, has received a unanimous invitation to the church at Hay Hill, Bath. Mr. W. Thomas, who still remains in College, fills up the vacancy at Putney caused by Mr. Geale's removal to Brighton. Mr. J. J. Knight has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Circus Baptist Chapel, Bradford-street, Birmingham.

Mr. J. Cole, late of Coseley, has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Marlborough and Salcombe, Devon; Mr. R. J. Beecliff, formerly of Bedale, Yorkshire, has become pastor of the church at Leeds-road, Bradford; and Mr. D. C. Chapman, of Oakengates, Salop, has removed to Acre Mill, Bacup, Lancashire.

Canada.—Mr. H. F. Adams, having finished his college course, has gone to take charge of a newly-formed church at Lewis-street, Toronto. Mr. R. Holmes, who has done a most satisfactory work at Minesing, has removed to Aylmer, Ontario; and Mr. H. Cocks, late of Ballymena, has become pastor of a newly-organized church at Walkerton, Ontario.

India.—Mr. Norris, of Bedminster, has accepted an invitation to the church in Circular Road, Calcutta; and we expect that Mr. G. H. Hook, of Thaxted, will sail in the same vessel to become pastor of the church in Lal Bazar, in the same city.

Australia.—All our friends will rejoice with us to hear that the good ship *Sobraon*, which carried our son Thomas, and Messrs. McCullough and Harrison, arrived at Melbourne on December 16th. May he and his comrades become a living seed for the church of God in the southern world.

Mr. Edgar Booth, who came to us from Victoria, Australia, has just sailed for Melbourne. He intends devoting himself, for a time, to evangelistic work in the country districts of the colony.

Australian papers to hand contain a glowing description of the reception of Mr. A. J. Clarke, our late evangelist, by the church at West Melbourne. He has evidently entered into a sphere for which he is well adapted, and will we trust prove to be a great blessing to the colony. Mr. Garrett, who sailed with him, has settled at Brighton, Victoria.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor J. Kemp, who is himself an earnest evangelist, sends us the following account of Mr. BURNHAM'S visit to *Bures*;—"It was a time of refreshing to us all. The attendance throughout the week was very good, and the interest seemed to deepen at each meeting. Two services were held at a village two miles away, where we have a chapel which was well filled each evening. The closing meeting at Bures was just simply delightful. The prayers were full of thankfulness, and some very touching letters were read from those who professed to have found peace in believing during the week. Mr. Burnham was once more the means of blessing to two of the youthful inmates of the home in which he stayed. The two most special features of the work were the large attendance of strangers, and the earnest prayerfulness of our own people. What fruit we have already seen greatly cheers us, and we are confident there is much more to follow."

One incident will show the effect of the work of Mr. Burnham at *Melford*. The day after he left the hall a band of strolling players, who before had been great favourites in the place, arrived in the village. At the first performance very few were present, and on the second evening only three, so they were glad to move on to another place, where the gospel had not been so recently preached.

Mr. Burnham has since visited *Eye*, where a most gracious work was effected by the Holy Spirit through the instrumentality of our brother. Each evening the audience increased, and enquirers were seen after every service. On the Sunday night the chapel was packed full, and there were so many seeking souls that Mr. Burnham could not personally speak with each one. The meetings were only arranged for one week, but the interest and blessing seemed so manifestly on the increase that the services were continued for a week longer.

From Eye Mr. Burnham went to Driffield and Cranswick, and this month is to visit Sheepshed and Preston.

Mr. E. J. Parker, one of our students who is being trained for the work of an evangelist, has been singing the gospel at the special services conducted by Mr. A. G. Brown and Dr. Seddon, at Burnley, where he tells us many souls were added to the Lord. The best helpers of the evangelists were a number of young people who were converted during the visit of our brethren Smith and Fullerton.

During the Christmas vacation Mr. Parker sang and spoke for Jesus on the sea-shore, and in the drawing-room of a lady who had gathered together some of the neglected upper classes to hear the gospel. Many of them seemed to be impressed by the touching song, "So near to the Kingdom," and it is hoped that some who listened to it will not be content until they are "safe within the Kingdom."

As funds are entrusted to us, this brother and others whom the Lord has evidently intended for evangelists, will be set apart and sent out on their mission of mercy to those who will never be reached by any other agency.

ORPHANAGE.—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—The best thanks of the orphans and of the President of the Orphanage are due, and are hereby heartily tendered, to all those who by their generous help made Christmas at the Orphanage to be a time of great enjoyment.

Our son Charles, who took our place on Christmas-day, sent us the following lively account of the day's proceedings:—

"Dear Father,

"Christmas-day has vanished fleeting,
Gone its merry hours of meeting;
Hearty fun and hearty eating,
Gone like Christmas-days of yore.

so I write to tell you how happy all were at the Stockwell Orphanage. To commence with, the morning service at Newman Hall's was very good. The fog was very dense, so a large congregation could not be expected, but all were gratified to see so many there. The collection will realise £50. A fine Christmas-box indeed! The walk, no doubt, gave the lads a keen appetite for the beef. Before they set to I read your kind letter, amid perfect silence (for a pin might have dropped, as Tom used to say) until I had finished the first sentence—'I wish you all a merry Christmas.' Then they burst out, 'The same to you, sir,' and Mr. Charlesworth observed that it was no fault of yours if you did not hear it. There was not one heart that did not fervently desire joy for you while absent from the Orphanage. The boys did the cheering well for everybody named in the note, but none exceeded the hurrahs given for the eleven little girls when, with Miss Moore leading the foremost, they walked down the hall to dinner. Dear little mites, they stood on the form for the boys to look at them, and then listened to your loving words. As per usual, ample justice was done to the dinner. Then the grandees had their dinner. A vacant chair again occupied the centre position at the table; I could not fill it, and regretted that my dear father was not there to do so, although I am truly glad you are away from these awful fogs. None forgot the President when they spoke, but all mourned his absence. It fell to my lot to receive a present from the 'old boys,' consisting of a case of cutlery—a very handsome gift indeed, and one that will be useful, too, by-and-by. In the evening we heartily enjoyed ourselves. May the time come round when you will be there to rejoice with those who do rejoice."

The following is the letter which we sent to the Orphanage:—

"Montone, Dec. 20.

"Dear Boys,—I wish you all a merry Christmas. My son, Mr. Charles Spurgeon, will tell you that it is a great trouble to me to be away from you all at Christmas, but I hope you will all enjoy yourselves none the less, and be as happy as kittens. I am very pleased to hear that as a rule

you are a good lot of fellows, obedient, teachable, and true; therefore you have a right to be happy, and I hope you are. I always wish everything to be done to make you love the Orphanage and feel it to be your home, and in this all the Trustees join, and so does Mr. Charlesworth. We want you to be very jolly while you are with us, and then to grow up and go out into business, and to turn out first-rate men and true Christians.

"Boys, give three cheers for the Trustees, who are your best friends, and then the same for Mr. Charlesworth, the matrons, and the masters. Don't forget the gentlemen who send the shillings and the figs. Hip, hip, hurrah!

"Where are the girls?

"Dear Children,—I hope you will be happy too with Miss Moore and the other kind folks. You cannot make quite so much noise as those uproarious boys, but your voices are very sweet, and I shall be glad one day to hear them when I get well and come home. Enjoy yourselves all you can, and try to make everybody happy in your new home. I hope my first little girls will be specially good ones. Ought not the first to be the best?

"Your friend always,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"Any old boys about? God bless the young men, and make them our strength and honour."

On *Friday*, *January* 9, the Quarterly Collectors' Meeting was held at Stockwell, and, considering that it was the coldest and dullest of dull days, a goodly number of friends brought in their Collecting Books and Boxes. Our *young* friends were greatly in the majority, and we heartily thank the children of our many helpers for their loving and earnest help in collecting for their orphan brothers *and sisters*. Mr. Charlesworth, who well deserves the honourable title of "The Children's Friend," had thoughtfully provided an amusing entertainment for the juvenile collectors in the school-room, after which all gathered for tea in the dining-hall. After tea, Mr. J. J. Headington gave a very interesting Lecture, entitled "A Visit to the Afghans and Zulus," illustrated by seventy Dissolving Views, which were among the best we have ever seen. The amount brought in was slightly over £70.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Among the many expressions of brotherly kindness and sympathy which have reached us during our sojourn abroad, one calls for special mention. Just as we were retiring to rest one night, a soft pillow for our head and heart arrived by telegraph from the other side of the Atlantic. This was the form in which the sweet love-token came to hand:—"To C. H. Spurgeon, Mentone, France. From New York Baptist Ministers' Conference.—Prayers. Sympathy. 2 Corinthians i. 2, 7.—Potter, Secretary." The full text of the message is as follows:—"Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . . And our hope of you is stedfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."

May the ever-blessed Giver of peace and Lover of concord return to these brethren ten-thousand-fold this their deed of love towards their afflicted fellow-servant. Such costly acts of spontaneous sympathy go far to prove that, degenerate as the age may be, there is life and love in the old church yet.

This telegram was followed on Jan. 15 by the following most touching letter, for which we feel the utmost gratitude:—

"Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon:—Beloved Brother,—The sorrowful tidings reach us that you are entirely prostrated, not being able even to address your weekly epistle of love to your own church. Your sufferings touch the hearts of your American brethren most tenderly, and the New York Conference of Baptist ministers, numbering more than one hundred, has appointed the undersigned a committee to express their deep sympathy with you in your present trial.

"Be assured, precious brother, that this expression is most heartfelt and real: you live in our hearts so truly that your affliction is ours, on the divine principle that if one member suffers all the members suffer therewith. In health, you have sent thrilling words of cheer to the afflicted disciples of the Lamb all round the globe. And now, in the hour of your darkness, their affections cling closer to you than ever. Your pain meets with little mitigation through the live-long day and night while the sun makes his rounds over all lands, and we believe that in most of the nations that see his light the prayers of your brethren are rising to the God of all consolation as from a common altar, that divine succour may be vouchsafed to you every hour.

"Truly, infinite grace has chosen you in the furnace of affliction. How far your terrible pains in the past have contributed, as a holy discipline, to the creation of that noble Christian manhood which has marked your life and labours so long, can be known only to our heavenly Father. But we

believe that as our Captain was made perfect through sufferings, he will so sanctify yours, that even a more mellow and gentle ministry will mark your coming years than those which are past. Should our hopes be thus gratified, the sorrowing people of God will draw strength, once more, from your weakness, and sweetness out of your bitter cup.

"Dearly beloved one: we commend to you now those broad and bright promises of our Lord which you have so forcibly applied to the souls of his people in their distresses. Let your Christian fortitude bind you indissolubly to the fidelity of your covenant-keeping Saviour, till a holy courage can humbly say, 'Though thou slay me, yet will I trust thee.' We shall not cease to pray that our sympathetic Redeemer will be at your right hand, that he will fill your room with heavenly light, and your heart with sacred joy. 'Be of good cheer'; lift up thine eyes, and see thy Lord coming to thy help on the wave, and in the darkest watch of the night. Can he not say to the crazy, creaking vessel that years are added to its days? This he has said in similar stress heretofore. And we confidently hope that your valuable life will be still spared to do a glorious work for that general Church of Christ which claims you as its pastor, in common with the brethren at the Tabernacle. The Conference tenders its Christian condolence to your beloved household, in these days when with them hope and fear are struggling so hard for the mastery. May Jehovah keep and bless you all.

"Yours affectionately,

"THOS. ARMITAGE.
"CHRISTOPHER RHODES. } Committee.
"JESSE B. THOMAS

"New York, Dec. 30, 1879."

We have had a singular request concerning our sermon "Among the Lions" (No. 1,496). A Christian sister, who has read the sermons for thirteen years, felt that this one exactly fitted her experience, and she asked permission to have it reprinted, that she might frame it, and hang it up where it might be seen by the work-people in her neighbourhood. We consented at once to the proposal, but suggested that instead of having it reprinted, two copies should be cut and the portions pasted together in a form suitable for framing. It is right and natural that we should wish others to read that which has been useful to ourselves.

Our excellent contemporary *The Freeman* says:—"The New Year's gift of the proprietors of the little French monthly, *L'Echo de la Vérité*, to the subscribers, is a translation of Mr. Spurgeon's 1,500th published sermon. The promoters of the enterprise wish to be placed in funds to repeat the gift, for they desire the continuance and extension of the wonderful blessing vouchsafed through these sermons. It may well cheer the heart of our dear brother, during his forced retreat, to know that the gospel, through the instrumentality of these addresses, is ever active, and that he is truly transmitting the divine influence and light whilst in his darkened chamber, as much as if he were in the face of day. The vitality of the truth concerning the work of Christ is equalled only by its continual novelty. It is exceedingly appropriate that in this manner Mr. Spurgeon should now be daily speaking to the French in their own tongue whilst enjoying the benefit of their sunny shores."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—Dec. 18th, 1879, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 12th, 1879, to January, 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. A. Seard	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. D. Rutherford	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goodacre	1	0	0
B. Shayer, Esq.	2	10	0
"Stonehaven"	0	5	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
"One helped by the sermons"	0	1	0
Mr. John M. Fergusson	1	0	0
"T. L."	1	0	0
A poor servant girl	0	3	0
G. Elder, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ryman	6	0	0
Dr. Macgill	1	1	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Andrew Richardson, Esq.	1	0	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Mrs. John Leach	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Oakshott	0	10	0
Mr. James Withers	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Gostage	0	5	0
Mr. John H. Fuller	0	5	0
Profit on Sale of Books by Mrs. Jas. Withers	6	0	0
	11	2	0

	£	s.	d.
W. A. Macfie, Esq.	10	0	0
Mr. John Gloag	5	0	0
Mr. James Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. Griffith	1	1	0
Mr. Josiah Banger	1	1	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	1	7	0
"Ebenezer"	0	2	6
Miss E. J. Bowley...	0	10	0
Mr. Blundstone	1	0	0
Mr. Peter Hamval...	0	10	0
W. R. S.	5	0	0
Mr. A. M'Cay	0	10	0
J. Clark, Esq., Jun.	5	5	0
Collected at Lord's Table, Droitwich...	0	10	0
"C. B." Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
Anon., Romsey	0	10	0
Joseph Russell, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Captain H. McKay, instead of leaving legacy	100	0	0
Mr. R. Hunt	1	1	0
Mr. H. H. Balne	0	15	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Pastor E. H. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Jones	0	10	6
"H. I," Malta	5	0	0
Mr. William Casson	1	0	0
Mrs. Mullican	0	10	0
John Hector, Esq....	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Lock...	1	0	0
M. A. N.	0	10	0
The Misses Sontar...	0	10	0
A thankoffering, E. N.	0	10	0
C. W. Roberts, Esq.	3	3	0
A thankoffering for favours received...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Brooks	2	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
T. R., Esq.	10	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	10	0
Dalston Junction Baptist Church, per Mr. L. Evans	7	10	0
Catford Hill Baptist Church, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	3	0
Pastor E. S. Hadler	3	1	0
Collection at Penge Tabernacle	4	17	4
Moiety of Collection at Cross-street Chapel	3	10	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover ...	2	4	6
Drummond-road Baptist Chapel ...	5	1	9
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
December 21 ... ... 38 1 6			
" 28 ... ... 33 15 6			
1880 ... ... 21 16 0			
January 4... ... ... 18 5 0			
" 11... ... ... 29 4 8			
	141	2	8
	£394	18	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 12th, 1879, to January 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Maria Gooding	0	1	0
E. R. Close, per W. Olney, Esq. ...	0	5	0
T. H. C., per V. J. C.	1	0	0
George Street Church, Plymouth, after Lecture, by Rev. J. W. Ashworth ...	16	0	0
Proceeds of Services of Song by Orphan Boys:—			
Newport, per Rev. F. Trestrail 6 15 9			
Cowes, Isle of Wight, per Capt. Warder 20 0 0			
Southampton, per Rev. H. O. Mackey:—			
Evening of Song 18 1 0			
The Mayor, W. H. Rogers, Esq. 1 1 0			
A Pegler, Esq. 1 0 0			
A Friend ... 0 10 0			
20 12 0			
Dacre Park, Lewisham, per R. W. Usher 2 14 0			
	50	1	9
Mr. A. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	0	10	0
Miss McLean	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Pattie Bomford ...	1	11	0
Mrs. Cartwright, per E. H. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Wheeler, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Butler...	1	10	6
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Mr. Arthur Doggett	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. Porter	0	13	0
Stamps, December 22nd	0	0	6
Mr. D. McLean	0	2	6
Little Joey Jago	0	7	0
D. Rutherford, Esq.	1	0	0
H. Denby, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Baker	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Robertson, per W. G.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. V. Peskett ...	0	13	0
Mrs. Lofthouse, per Mr. Cookson ...	0	10	0
Collected by R. A. J. Paxton	0	6	6
Ebenezer Romang	1	0	0
Mr. Sheppard	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Charlesworth ...	2	0	0
Gorebridge Sabbath School, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1	0	0
B. Shayer, Esq.	2	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	10	0
"Willie"	0	4	0
William Champness, Esq.	2	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Thomas	1	11	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Martin Hope Sutton, Esq. 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
James Boorne, Esq. ... 0 10 0			
— Harris, Esq. 0 10 0			
Millie Allright's Box ... 1 0 0			
S. Morgan Gostage's Box... 0 14 2			
Edith, Louie, and Johnny Broad's Box 0 2 8			
Jessie Stevens' Box ... 0 3 0			
Mr. John H. Fuller ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Henry Jewell 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman 0 1 1			
Harriet Cooper 0 1 1			
	7	16	0
Mr. R. Ryman	6	0	0
Mrs. Wale	0	10	6
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0
Collection at Penge Tabernacle ...	4	17	4
Collected by Miss Annie Paul	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Sermon Readers in Dunfermline ...	0	3	6
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Reynolds	1	7	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	5	0
Mrs. Arnold's Collecting Box	1	10	0
Miss Spurrier's Collecting Box	0	10	0
Mr. Robinson Hindle	0	10	0
Mrs. Marshall	2	10	0
Miss Rouston	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Knowles	2	0	0
Henry Hill, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew ...	5	7	0
Mr. J. Hayles	0	1	0
Mr. James Somerville	1	0	0
The Misses L. and H. Maynard ...	2	0	0
Stratford Congregational Church Juvenile Missionary Society	3	3	0
"In memory of dear Caroline" ...	0	10	0
"Caroline's Brothers"	0	5	0
J. Nickinson, Esq.	10	0	0
Miss J. B. Moore	1	0	0
An Old Servant	0	2	0
William Mathewson, Esq.	30	0	0
Mr. Rowland's Little Girls	0	5	0
George and Lizzie Kirby	0	2	6
S. W.	1	0	0
A Friend from Greenwich	0	5	0
M. A. D.	0	10	0
Mr. and Miss Colvin's Bible Class ...	1	0	0
"Ebenezer"	0	2	6
"A poor sinner and nothing at all" ...	0	5	0
"A Friend," per Mr. Forbes	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Bunker	2	9	0
Mrs. Bird	1	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Mungo Lander, Esq.	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. William Matthews ...	1	5	0
"A Thankoffering"	1	0	0
From a Friend	0	5	0
Mr. G. Hilton	0	2	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	0	10	0
A Friend, per J. McNeile	0	10	0
P. M.	1	14	6
S. B.	0	5	0
Church of England	0	5	0
Mrs. Peaple	1	0	0
Messrs. H. Head and Co.	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Friston	2	4	6
Miss Janet Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. William Hind	0	1	0
J. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
S. Thatcher	1	0	0
J. Clark, Esq., jun.	10	10	0
Mr. C. F. Davisson	3	12	10
Collected by Miss M. G. Scott	5	5	0
Mr. Rogers	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Burgess	0	6	0
Mrs. Runcieman	0	5	0
Miss Offord	0	5	0
From a Farmer	5	0	0
Stephen Wurbis	0	5	0
Miss Mary Watkins	0	5	0
William Bainbridge, Esq.	10	0	0
Ernest, Arthur, and Wallace	0	6	4
Collected by Mrs. Coles	3	10	6
Mrs. Keldie	0	7	0
"V. S." money-box, per Mr. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Jan. 2	2	2	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," E. H. (Croydon)	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	2	8	0
Capt. McKay, per Mr. Joseph Benson, instead of leaving legacy	100	0	0
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	17	6

	£	s.	d.
J. B. Mead, Esq., per Mr. W. C. Murrell	10	0	0
Annie, Eugene, and Alfred Plant ...	0	5	0
G. Graham, Esq., "A New Year's Offering"	0	10	0
Collected by Miss H. Clacy	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Heckman ...	2	2	6
Box at Orphanage gates	2	11	0
A Friend at Mentone, per Mr. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. Finch	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Wicks (N.B.)	0	5	0
From a Widow (Derby)	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. T. Blyth	2	0	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	5	0
Children of W. and S. Hawley	1	2	6
"Every little helps," R. E. S.	0	12	10
Mr. A. Thomson	0	5	0
Mr. H. Cooper	1	1	0
George Smith	0	3	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Roger and friends	0	12	6
A Mite, A. C.	0	2	6
E. A. and M. P.	0	2	6
Mr. Robt. Brown	0	10	0
Rev. John Harris	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Trickett	0	10	0
Miss Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Badden	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	3	0
H. M. R.	0	5	0
Collected by Ellen North	1	4	0
Collected by A. W. Anden	0	5	0
Collected by Teresh Walker in weekly pence, per C. Spurgeon	2	4	6
Collected by Mr. T. C. Vickers	0	5	0
Miss Margaret Grant	1	0	0
The Misses Soutar	0	10	0
Mrs. Whitly	0	3	0
C. W. Roberts, Esq.	3	3	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
"Little one"	1	0	0
Donations received per Editor of "Christian Herald" from Oct. 16 to Dec 11	44	2	5
Mrs. McIntyre	0	3	0
"Greenock"	0	5	6
Two readers of "Sword and Trowel" ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Winsor's Class	0	12	6
Mr. Yeats	10	0	0
Mrs. Walker, Collecting Box	5	7	1
T. R., Esq.	10	0	0
J. M. N., per Mr. C. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Teresh Walker, per Mr. C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Miss I. Stevenson	1	10	0
Mr. Allan Mackenzie	0	5	0
Miss Ellen Black	0	10	0
W. S. Brighouse	0	5	0
A Country Minister	0	3	2
"In memoriam," Bath	3	0	0
Mr. J. D. Denham	3	0	0
R. E. G. A. and H.	0	6	0
Collected by Miss L. Buxton	1	4	10
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
Collected by Master H. Everett ...	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Gosling	1	17	10
Collected by Mrs. Towell	0	9	9
Collected by Miss M. P. Jones ...	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Barrett	0	12	4
Collected by Mrs. Booker	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Monk	0	11	6
Collected by Miss Perry	0	1	11
Collected by Mrs. Ellis	2	16	2
Collected by Miss Nunn	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way	1	16	6
Collected by S. Garratt	0	10	0
Collected by Maria Gooding	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Caxton	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Farrar	0	16	10
Sunday-school Scholars, Evesham, per C. Warmington, Esq.	3	10	0
S. Barrow, Esq., per Mr. W. Olney ...	21	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss Crawford	0	5	0
Mr. J. Robertson, per S. R. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	6
F. W. and E. H. Buck	0	2	0
G. S. (Camberwell)	0	10	0
Mr J. Halford	1	1	0
A Thankoffering from R. D., per Rev. F. G. Marchant	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Hawkes	1	1	0
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
Mrs. Watkins, per Mr. Spence	0	10	0
Mr. Tracey, per W. C. M.	0	10	0
Cornwall Road Baptist Chapel Sunday School, per A. W. Passmore	1	6	1
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	5	1
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Mary Weston	1	0	0
Miss Burls	0	10	0
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Dr. Mac Gill	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.	0	15	0
Mr W. J. Grose	1	1	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Hagger	1	0	0
J. S. Penny, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. J. W. Fidge	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs J. Knapp	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Thompson	1	0	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, Jan. 9, as per list	78	5	0
Received for Christmas Festivities, as per list	60	3	10
	£738	1	5

Christmas Festivities:—

Mrs. T.	10	6	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Pearman	0	5	0
Jane Matthews	0	2	6
Mr. G. Fryer	0	11	6
Mr. R. Ryman	2	0	0
Mr. S. Joiner	1	1	0
Miss A. K. Jackson	0	5	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	5	0
D. R.	2	0	0
J. L., Wolverhampton	0	7	0
C. M. T. G.	0	10	0
Mr. A. Tyrrell	0	10	6
B.W., S.W., U.L.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. K.	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie, Lottie, and Bennie Tice ...	0	5	0
In memory of Sunnie	1	12	9
Mr. Robinson Hindle	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	11	12	0
Mr S. Tebbut	1	0	2
Messrs. S. Phillips and Son	1	1	0
"Here a little and there a little" ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
"A working-man's friend"	1	0	0
Mr. S. Rudd	0	5	0
Mr. Wm Smith	0	5	0
A poor Woman	0	10	0
Mr. C. Stevens, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
R. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. Munday	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
J. Nickinson, Esq.	1	1	0
Bertha Fox and Orphans	0	5	0
Mrs. Kemp	0	15	3
Friends at Hardway, Gosport	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Knapp and Miss Ashe	2	14	0
Helen Millar	0	2	6
Elizabeth Cooper	0	10	0
Brockhurst Baptist Sunday School ...	1	1	8
Miss M. Best	0	5	0
"From the Lang Family"	0	4	0
Mr. A. F., per Miss Wright	1	0	0
Mrs. Appleton, per Mr. Charlesworth	1	0	0
C. N.	0	2	6
Collected by Miss N. Caffyn	0	13	0
Herbert, Harry, and Daisie	1	0	0
Collected at Baptist Chapel School, Sittingbourne, per G. H. Dean, Esq.	1	5	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	2	6
W. J. Dennis, Esq.	1	1	0
Wilfred and Alfred Hine	1	1	0
From "Little Friends," per J. T. D. ...	0	3	0
	£60	3	10

Collecting Books:—

Leworthy, Miss	0	18	4
Jephs, Miss	2	1	0
Bonser, Miss	0	12	6
Boyle, Miss	0	12	6
Brewer, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bantick, Mr.	1	1	0
Kidman, Mrs.	0	9	0
Hubbard, Mrs.	0	10	7
Conquest, Mrs.	0	13	6
Evans, Mrs.	1	10	0
Hewson, Mrs.	0	6	0
Howell, Mr.	0	7	2
Bowles, Mrs.	1	0	2
Fryer, Miss	0	2	9
Day, Miss	0	7	0
Farmer, Miss E. J.	2	5	7
Goslin, Miss	1	12	6
Fairey, Miss	1	0	0
Martin, Mrs.	0	2	11½
Whitehead, Mrs.	1	9	0
Payne, G.	0	12	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0
Pollard, Mrs.	0	17	6
Wickes, Mrs.	0	6	0
Winter, Mr.	0	11	6
Spurdens, Miss	0	12	6
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
Weekes, Mr.	1	11	0
	£26	8	3½

Collecting Boxes:—

Mr. Fielder	0	6	6
Master A. Day	0	1	3
Mrs. Day	0	1	2
Miss Betimbeau	0	6	6
Master A. House	0	1	0
Masters H. and C. Curtis	0	8	0
C. Heayes	0	2	4
Miss House	0	1	5
Master Chamberlain	1	2	5
Miss Chamberlain	0	19	4
Miss A. Bowden	0	3	4
Miss Boot	0	6	11
Miss Baker	0	6	3
Miss C. Davis	0	12	9
A. and L. Brewer	0	11	1
G. Knight	0	5	0
J. Knight	0	4	7
Miss A. Goodwin	0	5	3
Miss C. Harbison	0	2	6
Miss Buckley	0	1	10
Master Buckley	0	2	9
Master Hutchinson	0	0	3
Mr. Dry	0	1	7
H. Dry	0	1	8
Master W. Hubbard	0	16	1
Master Doddington	0	4	4

	£	s.	d.
Miss Atley ...	0	3	8
Miss Choat	1	1	3
Master E. Horsley	0	2	3
Master H. Bates ...	0	5	9
Miss Beckworth ...	0	3	0
Master T. Horsley	0	0	10
Master E. Abraham	0	2	7
Master G. Abraham	0	1	1
Miss Bull ...	0	2	11
Miss E. Bull	0	3	11
Masters Frisby	0	3	9
Master Green	0	1	7
Master Groom	0	5	3
Miss Curtis ...	0	7	4
Master Atkinson ...	0	3	7
Master C. Fern	0	7	5
Master H. Brightwell	0	3	6
Master S. Jennings	0	4	7
Miss Evans	0	1	1
Mrs. Cowen	0	11	8
Miss Larkman	0	5	2
Mrs. Baker ...	0	7	4
Mr. J. W. Johnson	0	8	3
Miss Bennington ...	1	10	6
Miss Fry	0	9	3
Master W. Jones ...	0	14	6
A. Z.	1	8	2
Miss C. Dale	0	10	7
Mrs. Folkard	0	3	7
The Misses Cook ...	0	7	5
Mrs. Gwillim	0	10	1
Miss Dockree	0	1	10
Mrs. Hudson	0	13	0
Miss Boggis	0	2	6
Miss Aldridge	0	8	1
Miss Barnes	0	3	6
Miss Descroix	0	15	0
Miss E. Higgs	3	1	4
H. Griffin ...	0	5	1
Miss Cornforth	0	6	9
Mrs. Burrage	0	3	7
Mrs. Buswell	1	9	0
Sydney Gubbins ...	0	7	10
Mrs. Hill	2	11	7
Mrs. Futcher	1	6	7
Master Corsan	0	4	1
Miss Johnson	0	7	2
Miss Kiernan	0	9	11
Miss Burman	0	12	5
Mrs. Ewin	1	10	0
Miss L. Potier	0	16	5
Mr. Nightscales	0	8	7
Master Mills	0	9	3
Master Nicholls	0	1	1
Mr. Small ...	0	3	3
Miss Wayre	0	4	5
Miss Skinner	0	3	8
Mr. A. Price	0	3	0
Kate Richardson ...	0	3	8
Miss Williams	0	1	8
Miss Miles	0	8	9
Miss E. Myers	0	2	0
Master Perryman	0	5	0
Master Webb	0	3	7
F. Rose	0	5	1
G. Rose	0	0	4
Master Stopp	0	0	6
Miss A. Morgan	0	12	9
Mr. Tayler	0	4	4
Mrs. Mills	0	4	2
Mrs. Patten	0	15	0
Miss Toms	0	12	2
Master W. A. Phillips	0	2	1
Master E. Phillips	0	0	9
Master P. Phillips	0	4	1
Miss Pugh ...	0	7	10
Miss Warren	0	3	9
Miss Thomas	0	6	2
Miss New	0	3	9
Mrs. Richards	0	3	4
Mrs. Mellor	0	6	0
W. Salset ...	0	3	5
Mrs. Wilson	0	11	0
Mrs. Rouse	0	12	3
Mr. Tarlton	0	2	4
Miss Pitt	0	4	0
Misses J. and L. Weeks	0	3	9
Miss M. Wade	1	8	6
Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel	0	8	8
Master Round	0	6	1
Miss Wheeler	0	11	3
Mrs. Weare	0	4	9
Mr. H. E. Nicholls	0	7	10
Miss F. Peters	0	7	10
Mrs. Wheatley	0	5	6
Miss Stuart	0	6	6
Westmoreland Road Sunday School ...	0	17	2
Farthings ...	0	2	11½
	£49	17	4½
Donation :—Miss Wade ...	1	0	0
Taken at Doors for Tea ...	0	19	4
	1	19	4
Books	26	8	3½
Boxes	49	17	4½
Total Receipts at Stockwell Orphanage, January 9 ...	£78	5	0

Christmas and other Presents per Mr Charlesworth :—Provisions.—3½ lbs of Tea, M. G.; a sack of Flour, Mr. Saunders; a sack of Flour, Mr. C. Russell; box of Raisins, Mr. C. Powell; 50 lbs Fruit, Mr. French; box of Figs, ditto crystallized Fruit, and a bottle of Preserved Plums, Mrs. Arnold; 5 cwt of Gooseberry Jam, S. Chivers and Sons; 200 Oranges, Miss Nunn; a Plum Pudding, Mrs. Thompson, case of Oranges, Mr. E. Herritage; case of Oranges, Mr. Vickery; a box containing Cake, Bonbons, &c., Miss Morris; 3½ boxes Raisins, 42 lbs Currants: 14 lbs Peel, 1 lb. Allspice, 42 lbs Sugar, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 cwt Cake, Mr. Philcox; 2 boxes Cosaques, 2 boxes Prize Packets Sweets, 2 ditto Somebody's Luggage, and 6 boxes of Sweets, Mr. Duckett, per Mr. Pascall; 12 tins Carr's Biscuits, Mrs. Tinniswood; 3 boxes Muscatels and some Almonds, Mr. Llewellyn; 3 casks Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 3 boxes of Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.; 100 Half Quartern Loaves, Mr. Collins; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. Pigg; 1 dozen Rabbits, Mr. H. Barton: 40 quarterns Bread, Mr. Pringle; a case Oranges, Mr. Newman; 360 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. Wainwright; 13 sacks Turnips, Mr. Hogben; hamper Apples, yield of a tree devoted to the Orphans, Mr. Chesterman; a sack of Flour, Mr T. Collins; a box of Figs for every Orphan, Mr. Wm. Harrison.

Clothing.—53 Highland Cloaks, Messrs. Barran and Sons; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Wilson; parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Bartholomew; 2 Anti-macassars, Miss M. Oakley; 36 Woollen Scarves, 36 pairs Cuffs, 3 pairs Socks, girls of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Day-school; 1 box Bows, and 3 boxes Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 24 Scarves, Misses Buswell; a pair Socks, Mrs. Simpson: 7 Woollen Vests, Miss Cocker; 12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Kine; 240 Collars and 240 Pocket Handkerchiefs, The Misses Dransfield; 5 Scarves, 2 pairs Cuffs, 7 pairs Socks, no name: 24 pairs Cuffs, Miss Toller; 6 Shirts, 2 pairs Socks, 2 Knitted Shawls, Mrs. Wilkinson: 6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Tompson; a box of Cuffs for Choir Boys, young Ladies at South-street, Greenwich; 26 pairs Cuffs, 6 Scarves, Miss L. Grove; a parcel of Scarves, M. G.; 6 pairs Stockings, Miss Garrett; 30 pairs Cuffs, M. D'Elboux.

General.—18 Patent Sandwich Boxes, Mr. Hollinshed; 3 dozen Brushes, Mr. Keen; 260 new Shillings, "J. D.," per Mr. William Harrison.

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 12th, 1879, to January 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Beard	0	5	0
Miss Newton	0	2	6
Collected by F. Parker, "Old Boys' Card"	0	2	6
Collected by servants at Park Hatch, Godalming, per Mr. G. Bradford	0	7	0
B. Shayer, Esq.	2	10	0
Mrs. Barlow	0	10	0
"In memory of Ethel Mary Pitts," found in her Money Box	0	7	9
E. J.—H. L.	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	10	0
G. Elder, Esq.	1	0	0
J. Mitchell, Esq.	5	0	0
Without Name	0	5	0
Mr. R. Eyman	6	0	0
Mrs. Wale	0	10	6
Cambridge	1	1	0
Part Collection at Stockwell Baptist Chapel	8	10	0
Sermon Readers at Dunfermline	0	3	6
Mrs. McIntyre and Sister	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	1	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	5	0
"A Lover of Jesus"	0	16	0
Mr. Robinson Hindle	0	10	0
"Mary"	0	2	0
Mrs. Marshall	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Knowles	2	0	0
Baptist Church, Magill, South Australia	8	16	0
An Invalid	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. Remison	1	0	0
Three Arniston Coal Miners	0	10	0
Mrs. Pearson	4	4	0
Reading	0	10	0
A few Friends of the Orphans	0	10	0
W. Turner	0	4	0
A Lover of Jesus	5	0	0
J. G. B.	0	9	0
A few Friends at Tunbridge Wells	0	12	0
Mungo Lander, Esq.	5	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. McNeile	0	10	0
A. C.	0	2	6
Collected in small sums by A. C.	0	6	6
Mr. Arnold Goodwin	5	5	0
J. R.	0	5	0
A Reader of the Almanack	0	2	0
J. Clark, Esq., jun.	10	10	0
Little ones	0	0	6
Lizzie, Louie, and Jessie (Ayr)	0	10	0
Anon	0	5	0
Miss L. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6
A Thankoffering, A. B.	0	5	0
A grateful Offering, M. A.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Burnett	1	0	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Mission School, Crossgates, Fife	0	5	0
Mr. John R. Waugh	0	10	0
Mr. F. B. Browning	0	10	0
A well wisher	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Smith	0	2	6
From Communion Fund, Braxted Mission Chapel	0	10	0
Miss Mary Watkins	0	5	0
"A poor Widow," Redhill	0	1	0
One whom Jesus loves	0	5	0
Mrs. Weekly	1	1	0
Miss Spleidt	2	0	0
Ladies in Kennethmont	0	10	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	5	0
A New Year's Offering, F. K. K.	0	2	6
Constant Reader of Sermons	0	3	6
"Tiny"	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, D. C.	1	0	0
"Stamps"	0	0	6
Mrs. Paul	0	5	0
Mr. H. Cooper	1	1	0
R. B.	0	10	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
M. A. M.	0	1	0
Annie and Gerty Bennett	0	5	0
Miss Laird	0	5	0
Mr. W. Badden	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Wheatley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Withers:—			
W. Moore, Esq. — 2 2 0			
R. Oakshott, Esq. — 0 10 0			
W. Poulton, Esq. — 0 10 0			
R. P. King, Esq. — 0 10 0			
James Boorne, Esq. — 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer — 0 10 0			
Captain Howitt — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ward — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ravenscroft — 0 5 0			
Collecting Box — 0 4 2			
Miss Nellie Withers — 0 10 0			
	6	1	2
Collected by Mrs. Riches	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Ellen Thirtle	0	18	6
Collected by Miss Mary Davies	0	12	0
Collected by Miss Pearce	1	4	0
Mrs. Whitley	0	3	0
Mrs. M. Horwood	0	2	6
A Deaf Sermon Reader	0	5	0
G. Dean	0	7	6
A Well-wisher and Sermon Reader	0	10	0
"For Jesus' Sake"	0	5	0
Mr. Walter J. Harman	1	1	0
M. G.	0	5	0
M. A. F.	0	10	0
Mrs. Bedwell	0	10	0
"J."	0	1	0
Mrs. Hester Keevil	5	0	0
J. P., East Suffolk	0	5	0
A. Z.	5	0	0
"Straw for the Dromedaries," Thomas Brown	5	2	0
Miss Marion Everett	0	4	0
Miss Summers, per J. T. D.	0	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
	£126	2	5

Christmas and other Presents per Mr. Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—A sack of Flour, Mr. Plant; a quantity of Apples, Mr Boyce; 10 boxes of Preserved Fruit, H. B.

CLOTHING.—A parcel of Books, Toys, &c., Mrs. Gye; a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Low; 10 Night Dresses, Young Ladies Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 pairs Cuffs, Miss Pike; a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Cooper; 12 Chemises, &c., Mrs. Moss; 30 Silk Neckties, Anonymous; 3 Petticoats, 2 Flannel ditto, 2 Night Dresses, 4 Chemises, 12 Comb Bags, and 6 Scrap Books, Anonymous; 2 Flannel Petticoats, Miss Carter.

GENERAL.—3 Crotchet Window Blinds, Workboxes, Puzzles, Drawing Cases and Dolls, Mr. T. Olney; a box of miscellaneous articles, Toys, etc., Mrs. Newman.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 12th, 1879, to January 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Tiptree District	10	0	0
R. Cory, Junior, Esq., for Cardiff ...	20	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde...	10	0	0
Skipsea District	10	0	0
For West Bromwich and Perry Bar:—			
Mrs. Bullock 5 0 0			
Thomas Salter, Esq. ... 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Chester District	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association	40	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Dorchester District, per Mr. Soundy ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Cinderford District	7	10	0
South Wilts District:—			
Bratton Collection ... 1 13 0			
Frome, Shepherd's Barton 1 0 0			
Frome, Collection at United Services — 0 19 8			
Warminster... ... ... 0 14 0			
	4	6	8
Less Expenses 0 1 8			
	4	5	0
G. E., for Kettering	5	0	0
Friends at Maldon, for 1879	7	10	0
J. Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
Bower Chalk, per Mr. J. S. Hockey ...	6	10	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Southern Association	70	0	0
North Wilts District	6	5	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Cambridgeshire Association	20	0	0
Stapleford Baptist Church, for Longeaton District	5	0	0
Eyethorne District...	7	10	0
Essex Congregational Union, Vange District	10	0	0
Chippenham, per Rev. H. Bardwell ...	10	0	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	20	0	0
Nottingham District	11	0	0
Chesterfield, per H. Shaw, Esq. ...	10	0	0
	£425	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. A. Searle	0	10	0
W. E. Lilley, Esq....	5	0	0
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton... ...	2	2	0
Mr. A. J. Pratt	0	10	6
Messrs. Cassell and Co.	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Brayne	0	10	6
B. Shayer, Esq.	2	10	0
R. K. J.	2	0	0
Miss E. Paulton	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley...	0	10	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Geo. Brown, Esq.	2	10	0
Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
G. Emery, Esq.	5	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	2	0	0
A Friend by A. A. Rees, Sunderland...	5	0	0
Mr. Blunderstone	0	10	0
Collection Metropolitan Tabernacle ...	90	1	6
Mrs. Waterhouse	1	1	0
Mrs. Prinseps	0	6	10
Mr. C. F. Davisson	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	5	0
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
Mr. A. H. Jones	0	10	6
Mr. Bradford	0	4	0
Mr. A. Hill	1	1	0
"Manchester"	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Denholm	1	0	0
Mr. S. Gammon	2	0	0
Mr. E. F. Slurcove	0	2	0
Mrs. Martin	1	0	0
A thankoffering, A. L.	0	10	0
A thankoffering, J. C.	0	2	6
C. W. Roberts, Esq.	2	2	0
C. T.	1	0	0
T. R., Esq.	5	0	0
Miss Helen Campbell	1	0	0
A well wisher and sermon reader ...	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
"Scotland"	1	6	0
	£182	4	10

A Handsome Bible Carriage by Mrs. Prinseps.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 12th, 1879, to January 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. Tubby, per J. T. D....	1	0	0
Mrs. Jane Jamieson	1	0	0
B. Shayer, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Clarkson	0	5	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Theatre Royal, Barnwell Mission (Mr. W. R. Vawson, Secretary)	15	15	0
Mrs. A. Jones	0	5	0
Churches at Scarborough, per W. Benson Richardson, Esq.	105	0	0
A well-wisher and sermon reader ...	0	10	0
Balance of Collection at Bures, per Mr. Burnham	2	18	4
	£123	18	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; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.



THOMAS CHALMERS.

(With kind permission of the Religious Tract Society.)

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1880.

Thomas Chalmers.*

ON the 17th of this month, just a hundred years will have elapsed since the birth of Thomas Chalmers, in the East-of-Fife town of Anstruther. His countrymen, the world over, will not forget the day, nor allow the grand moral of his life to lack emphasis for want of a fitting tribute to the memory of one of Scotland's foremost sons. The publication of an interesting sketch furnishes an opportunity for presenting to our readers the salient features of his character, and the principal events of his life-story. We deem it necessary at the outset thus to define our aim, in order to prevent the disappointment of any who would like to know more of Chalmers as theologian, philosopher, and ecclesiastical reformer. We must refer such to the exhaustive work of his venerable son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, which can never be surpassed or even equalled, and to which Mr. Dodds honourably confesses his obligation. Our author very wisely disclaims both his intention and ability to portray the Doctor as moralist and theologian. His aim is to set forth the man, the minister, and the moral reformer, and we shall content ourselves with following his example. If, therefore, our sketch be incomplete, the fact must not be attributed to the paucity of material at command, but to the limited aim we have defined.

In taking up the life of a good and great man, we instinctively conclude that he was descended from a pious ancestry. Not that we believe moral qualities are, of necessity, transmitted from sire to son, or that grace is hereditary. Still, the fact remains, account for it as we will, a godly parentage is a subtle factor in the formation of a godly character, and mental and moral qualities in a child find their prototypes in one or other, or both, of his parents. Even the Apostle Paul,

* "Thomas Chalmers": a Biographical Study. By James Dodds. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

while claiming Timothy as his son in the faith, acknowledged that the faith in his beloved protégé dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and then in his mother Eunice. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the father of Chalmers is described as "a man of fervent but unostentatious piety—a staunch Calvinist, and a zealous evangelical," and that his mother is characterized as "a true partner to her husband in piety."

As a boy, Thomas Chalmers was *all a boy*, caring more for play than for books, and though he could have learnt anything put before him easily and well, it needed *the coal-hole*—the place of punishment at school—to rouse him to the necessary diligence to master his lessons. His uncle tried in vain to initiate him in mathematics, and does not appear to have succeeded beyond the first definition in Euclid. Bearing in mind the colossal attainments of the man, we feel no small pleasure in learning that the boy was not a juvenile prodigy. Had he loved his books more, and his play less, he might have been a marvel of precocity, but found, as others also have done, an early grave for a wrecked constitution. Let our educators note this fact, and study the physical culture of their pupils, as well as their mental discipline, and never attempt to cram them for an examination not strictly justified by their years. A youth with a splendid physique is more likely to succeed in his after studies than a juvenile Crichton, destitute of the muscle and fibre which make up a strong constitution.

At the age of twelve he commenced the serious business of education at the University of St. Andrew's, and in his fifteenth year he passed to the curriculum of theology. When eighteen years of age, he engaged himself as a private tutor, and after a year or so returned for another session to the University, and was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of St. Andrew's in 1799. Not obtaining an appointment at once, he proceeded to Edinburgh for a further course of study, and left in 1801, to become assistant minister in the border parish of Cavers, near Hawick. A year later the assistant professorship of mathematics in the University of St. Andrew's was offered to him, and, about the same time, he also became minister of the parish of Kilmany, in Fife. When his professorship was terminated by a misunderstanding with his chief, he commenced a series of independent classes, apparently to vindicate himself against the possible stigma of incompetence.

This rapid narration of facts serves to impress us with a sense of his marvellous activity and intenseness. Every attribute of his robust manhood, roused by his redundant energy, was brought into vigorous exercise to accomplish the end he wished to gain. He had the qualities of a splendid military engineer, and would have succeeded in any sphere into which his predilection might have led him, for concentration was the resistless law which governed his action. He said himself, "I cannot scatter myself over a multitude of points."

In studying the life of Chalmers we see that while philosophy, morals, and theology may fashion a splendid statue, the Spirit of God alone can quicken character and make it a living reality. So long as Chalmers was a mere theorist in morals, the citadel of his soul was easily stormed by doubts. Accordingly, his great, strong nature was

thrown into a perfect tumult by the questionings suggested by the scepticism of the age, which defined man to be only matter arrived at a higher state of motion, and destined, when the chemistry of life fails, to fall and wither like an autumn leaf; and pronounced thought and will to be the secretions of brain, and immortality to be nothing more than a posthumous reputation. While wrestling with his doubts he still preached a pure morality, but found he was only "ploughing the rock." He saw no harvest of virtues to reward his anxious toils, and pined for the professor's chair as a way of escape from his dilemma. It would appear that, at this juncture, the Church of Scotland was stranded on the sandbank of *moderatism*, which was "neither true Christian, nor good pagan; had neither the unction of Knox, nor the yearning desire for truth and goodness of an Epictetus or a Cicero." The few devout Christians of Kilmany, as in other places, deplored the condition of affairs in their parish, and prayed for the dawn of a brighter era. "As for Chalmers," said one, "he's nae minister ava'"; and another described his matter and his style as, "neither edifying nor diverting." Nor need we wonder at this, for he held that a minister was free to enjoy five days a week in the uninterrupted pursuit of some favourite study having no bearing on his ministerial duties. For several years this state of things continued, until, at length, he was brought to face the stern realities of death and eternity. As he lay month after month in a sick chamber, and smarting under the stroke of a bitter bereavement, he was brought to the feet of Jesus, and found in simple trust the balm to heal his wounded spirit, and in full assurance the joy which resolved the discord of his doubts into the harmony of a Christian faith. When he emerged from the sanctuary of suffering a new man, and awoke to the solemn responsibility of his position, he declared himself to be, as he resumed his labours, "An ambassador for Christ."

His altered preaching soon attracted the people, and his devotion to pastoral duties effectually bridged over the distance which had long sundered him from his congregation. On some one remarking to a parishioner, "Your minister is like the apostle Paul," he was met with the rejoinder that "Paul was na fit to haud the can'le to him." This verdict may be an exaggerated estimate of the altered minister, but it suggests the reality of the change effected by the grace of God.

When, in 1815, he took his farewell of the Kilmany flock, to remove to Glasgow, the people crowded the church to hear his last discourse on the favourite theme of his later ministry—"Rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." The text alone is sufficient to prove that the philosopher had found a true basis for morals in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an all-sufficient bond in his divine fellowship.

> "Talk we of morals, oh! thou bleeding Lamb;
> Thou Maker of new morals for mankind,
> The grand morality is love of thee."

The reputation of Chalmers was an ample guarantee that he would take the first rank amongst the preachers of Glasgow. His advent, therefore, created no small stir amongst the people, and admiring crowds hung spellbound upon the orator as he delivered those sermons which

must ever be regarded as amongst the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence. He no longer claimed "five days a week" for the diversions of scientific study; everything was subordinated to the grand business of his vocation. A touching story is told by his biographer to prove the tact and ardour which he brought to bear upon the work of soul-winning. Visiting an old woman on her death-bed, who appears to have been ignorant of the way of salvation, Chalmers fell back upon a familiar Scotch word to make it clear. "To *lippen* to a person" is to trust him from full confidence in his *truth*, his *power*, and his *love*. Thus when the poor, bewildered soul interrupted the minister, who was urging her to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," with the question, "But what is it to believe?" the prompt reply was, "Lippen to him." As she exclaimed, "Ay, I understand that," light broke in upon her dark mind, and she found the rest and joy she had hitherto vainly sought.

Now that the cross had become the central fact of his ministry, his great abilities and scientific acquirements became powerful auxiliaries in the illustration and enforcement of truth. He thought, and felt, and spoke, not as an essayist, but as a man standing in the midst of his fellow-men who needed to be reconciled to God, and brought into vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ, as the essential pre-requisites to the ennobling of their manhood. His sermons were composed with the sense of an assemblage of people before him, hence the effect of their delivery was as powerful as the extempore utterances of other men. Our author says, "They have all the pith of preparation, and all the quick leap of impromptu." When he tried to preach without his manuscript, he was not successful, not because ideas or language failed him, but because he could not compress into the brief limits of a sermon the vast volume of thought which strove for expression. As his sermons were all composed for delivery, it is, perhaps, unfortunate that so many of them have been published, for the same paragraphs and sentences frequently recur. This fact must not be held to prove that he was not sufficiently prolific of ideas or versatile in expression to be always original, but rather that he was satisfied with the mathematical exactness of the sentences which expressed the fundamental articles of his creed.

"The effect of his preaching," writes Lord Jeffrey, "reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." When he preached the missionary sermon in Surrey Chapel in the year 1817, it is said, "a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied all his paragraphs, and the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness." There was one exception, however, for good old Rowland Hill was so moved by the discourse that, unable to restrain his emotion, he thumped upon the book-board and exclaimed, "Well done, Thomas Chalmers."

In 1819 Chalmers quitted the Tron Church to become the minister of St. John's, Glasgow. He saw in the ignorance of the people in the low quarters of the city one cause of their degradation, and in the alienation of classes one of the secrets of their inability to rise. While the precept to "Honour all men" was restricted in its application to a chosen circle of friends or equals, he felt it was impossible to find a fulcrum to apply

the lever of the gospel to raise them. The hopelessness of despair seemed to have settled, like a ghastly incubus, upon the toiling masses who were relegated to the slums of the city by the neglect of employers, the alienation of well-to-do neighbours, and the pharisaism of the religious. Shut up to their own slender resources, it is no cause for wonder that the poor and illiterate of the population substituted the excitement of intoxication for the diversion of wholesome recreation, and relapsed into week-day profligacy after the profanation of the Sabbath. The neglect of religion was inevitably followed by the indulgence of vicious appetites which degrade the devotee below the level of humanity. He therefore resolved upon the task of leading the poor to exercise "Self-help" by first of all bringing "Brother-help" to bear upon their condition. To extinguish pauperism and to bring the entire population under the influence of education and religion were the twin factors of the territorial scheme which Chalmers projected, and which should be administered, not by paid officials, but by voluntary workers impelled by Christian philanthropy.

He divided his parish, numbering 10,000 inhabitants, into twenty-five districts, called *proportions*, each embracing from sixty to one hundred families. Each district was to have a school for its centre, and a godly deacon for a curate. The grand centre, around which everything was to revolve, was the parish church, and the voluntary offerings taken at the doors were to furnish the necessary funds to replenish the exchequer from time to time. The church of his ideal was national, but Christian: endowed, but independent; established, but free; and the revenue from the offertory was not to be squandered in doles to pauperize the worshippers, but to be administered at the homes of the people according to circumstances duly ascertained. The domiciliary visits of the deacon were designed to furnish the opportunity of detecting imposture as well as for the administration of relief. As the assertion of parochial brotherhood was to be the grand outcome of the scheme, only the recognition of class distinctions saved it from degenerating into a pernicious communism. We must hesitate before pronouncing the scheme Utopian; but at the same time it must be confessed that the difficulty of finding suitable agents, resident in the districts, and the uncertain response on the part of the poor to co-operate in any effort to raise them, render its realization doubtful, if not impossible. Well-intentioned and ably-directed efforts are too often resented by the degraded classes as infringements of their personal liberty, or condemned as impertinent intrusions into the privacy of their homes.

Undaunted by difficulty, if, indeed, he was not quickened into heroism by it, Chalmers resolved to attempt the grandest scheme of moral engineering of modern times. Had he been able to command the authority of an autocrat and the general co-operation of the benevolent he would have embraced in his scheme the entire population of Scotland, and incorporated the people in a universal city of God. But, like all great reformers, his *ipse dixit* was not sufficiently authoritative, and his projected innovations failed to command universal approval. In the parish, however, where his authority was supreme, he ventured to put his scheme to a practical test, and soon succeeded in reducing the cost of pauperism by at least four-fifths. Dr. Hanna says:—"After much thought and

prolonged personal enquiries he became satisfied that the evils naturally and necessarily attendant upon the administration of a legal provision for the poor more than counterbalance the good attained. There was no subject he had more thoroughly investigated than that of the relative advantages and defects of voluntary and compulsory charity, and none upon which his convictions were deeper, remaining unchanged to the last, though the tide of public opinion ran against them. The history of poor-law administration, and the dark issues that threaten us in the future, are raising this question anew. More or less that question must now take this shape—Whether voluntary charity cannot be so organized and administered as to be a safe and beneficial substitute for the poor law. Upon this question what Dr. Chalmers did in Glasgow half-a-century ago, and what has been done of late years in Paris, will help to throw light." To what extent the scheme he formulated admits of general application it is impossible to say, but the present poor-law system, under which the assessments are increasing from year to year, must sooner or later collapse, as it is difficult to meet the clamorous demands of the pauper population, while ratepayers groan under a burden they can ill afford to bear. We shall look forward with considerable interest to the meetings which may be held to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Chalmers, for the discussion of some of the pressing social questions of the day suggested by his labours as much in the cause of religion as that of philanthropy.

When he accepted the professor's chair at St. Andrew's, and afterwards at Edinburgh, it was not to escape from the humiliation which waits on failure, nor to secure the ease so fondly coveted by a disappointed worker, but to enkindle in the souls of the students the fire of his own enthusiasm, and to extend and perpetuate his usefulness in their consecration. "For the first time in a northern university," says Dr. Hamilton, "was taught an evangelized ethics—a system with a motive as well as a rule; a system instinct with the love of God and buoyant with noble purposes. And in the warm atmosphere of his crowded class-room, caught up by enthusiastic and admiring listeners, the contagion spread; and as they passed from before his chair, the *élite* of Scottish youth—Urquhart, Duff, and Adam—issued forth on the world, awake to the chief end of man, and sworn to life-long labours in the cause of Christ." Under the influence of his sanctified character and inspiring genius the class for ethics was elevated into a missionary college, and instead of sowing the seeds of scepticism, the lectures quickened and confirmed the faith of the students in the verities of the gospel of Jesus Christ. On hearing of his death, Dr. Duff wrote from his Indian bungalow an admiring tribute to his departed tutor, in which he says, "Though not a missionary himself, in the ordinary technical use of that term, yet in all that constitutes the real grandeur of wide, all-comprehending God-like philanthropy, he has been for years the leading missionary spirit of Christendom."*

The part which Dr. Chalmers played in the Disruption of 1843, and which, while it gave a Free Church to Scotland, deprived him of the State machinery upon which he had counted for the realization of his

* See "Life of Dr. Duff." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

scheme, demands separate treatment, and need not further concern us in this paper. Suffice it to say, he was eminently fitted for the emergency, and rose to the occasion like a Hebrew seer in a national crisis.

Absorbing and exhaustive as were his labours, he never failed to command the time essential for recreation, and the leisure necessary for social intercourse. Above all, he allowed nothing to deprive him of the seasons devoted to spiritual communion. In this way he maintained a robust constitution, a cheerful spirit, and a vigorous Christian character. His journal reveals much of his inner life —the unceasing conflict with innate corruption, and the struggles after the loftiest ideal of the Christian character. No one could be more entirely free from the pharisaism which affects an unattained sanctity, and mistakes the glib use of an unctuous phraseology for the utterance of sober fact. His honesty saved him from committing the egregious blunder of setting up a claim to perfection, and pronouncing his idiosyncrasies to be the standard to which his fellow Christians should aspire.

Attracted by the love of Jesus, and repelled by the sense of his own unworthiness, his course was a well-defined orbit, and his full-orbed humanity was aglow with the radiance of the light of the Sun of Righteousness. His was "the path of the just," and its growing brightness reached its full meridian in the glory of the perfect day. Busy to the last, his wish and his prayer received their answer and fulfilment—"Come quickly, Lord Jesus! In the attitude of habitual service and of habitual application would I wait for thy coming." Returning from London, whither he had been summoned to give some important evidence in an enquiry into the refusal of some landowners to grant sites for free churches, he felt his work was done. His waking hours, as he paced his garden, were spent in prayer, and the deep peace of his soul was the sweet reflection of heaven's calm. It was a glorious sunset after a troubled day. As he retired to rest at the close of the Sabbath, waving his hand cordially with his usual adieu—"a general good night"—he was nearer heaven than he thought. Within a few brief hours, without a struggle, "the silver cord was loosed," and when they came to rouse him on the morrow, they found the tenement of clay deserted, and the spirit gone.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Gifts and Grace.

THE apostolic Grimshaw, of Haworth, was once much annoyed at hearing a lady in company highly extol the great talents of certain popular ministers of whom he had not the best opinion as to their divine commission. In order to check her fulsome praise, he suddenly turned to her and said, "Pray, madam, have you ever seen the devil?" "Oh, dear no," said she, what could Mr. Grimshaw mean by asking her such a strange question? "Well, madam," replied he, "I was only thinking that as you so highly admire gifts without grace, if you had ever seen the devil you would most likely have fallen in love with him, for he is *far more clever* than all the ministers you have been praising so much."

Reason for a Song of Praise.

THE reflective mind finds objects of interest everywhere: in the stones of the beach, the dust of the road, the flowers of the field, or the stars of the midnight sky, it sees instruction and finds delight. The ignorant and the unreflective tread under their feet a thousand causes of pleasurable thought, and pass through a very paradise as drearily as if it were a desert. It is much the same with the emotion of gratitude. The mass of mankind seem never to praise the name of the Lord; and many among them are perpetually murmuring and grumbling, and even more are steeped in dissatisfaction. God's goodness surrounds them on every hand, and they perceive it not. For the heart which is full of gratitude there are a thousand well-springs of thankfulness: among them is one which is very common, and is as commonly forgotten. If it were removed, the wail would be pitiful; but being present, the song which it deserves is frequently stifled in forgetful silence.

When we are reasonably healthy, relieved from acute pain, and free from depression of spirit, we ought to be profoundly thankful. Even if we are poor, or toil-worn, or aged, health is in itself an unspeakable boon. Many would give a fortune to possess it, and yet thousands live from year to year with scarce an ache or a pain, and have hardly the common decency to say, "Thank God." Like swine they tread the pearls of health and strength under their feet, and perhaps by misusing their powers they even turn again and rend the Giver of these priceless jewels. To balance such ingratitude, the writer of these lines cannot refrain from paying his personal thanks to the All-bountiful Lord. To me it is a cause of overwhelming joy to find myself delivered from the anguish caused by a painful disorder. It is enough of pleasure to be free from pain. It is a delight to wake in the morning and find that I can use my limbs, that I can dress myself without assistance, and that I can go down the stairs without aid. What a holiday it seems to take a walk, leaning a little on my staff, but yet able to pace the garden! When I can enjoy my food without suffering from speedy indigestion, and can sit down with a clear brain to pursue my literary labours, I feel as if a stream of joy rippled through my veins, and my whole nature was bathed in peace. Then my soul lives hymns, and breathes psalms. What if stern toil lies before me, and scanty rest, and the care of a flock numerous beyond precedent; yet because pain is gone, and the head is clear, my heart rejoices before the Lord.

Perhaps it needs that we should suffer much before we can be duly grateful for the boon of health. There are few joys equal to those of convalescence after months of suffering. It is something like beginning to live anew, and being introduced into a new world. The poet did not exaggerate when he said:—

"See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

To make honey sweeter than its natural sweetness one must have tasted gall. There was true philosophy in the language of Socrates when he discoursed with his friends in prison, and stroked his leg, which had been chafed by the galling of his fetters, and said, "What a wonderful thing is this which we call pleasant and agreeable; and what a wonderful relation does it bear to that which seems its contrary! The pain which was before in my leg, through the stricture of the fetter, is now succeeded by a pleasant emotion." Do the nerves gain tone and tune for the melody of pleasure by the rough strokes of anguish? Is there a tenderness infused into them by agony, which else they would never have known? It may be so, or it may not: but this is certainly the fact, that every man who is in good health is a great debtor to his Maker, and should take care daily to acknowledge his immense obligation. If you need to be stirred up to cheerfulness and thankfulness, think of the hospital, of the painful operation, of the iron bed of pain, of the sleepless nights, of the weary days, and of the heaviness, the weariness, the torment and dread which may come to the soul through an encumbering frame. If these thoughts do not suffice to make you thankful, go to the spot and see with your own eyes the sufferings we have asked you to imagine. Look on the sufferers, and wonder that this poor, mortal frame should be capable of so much woe, that even one poor limb of the body should contain such awful possibilities of misery. Remember, too, that much of human disease is endured by those whose poverty denies them necessary alleviation: they are forced to toil for bread, and to die as they toil. The eye is failing, but the day's needlework must be done, though blindness should succeed; the head is aching, and the heart is palpitating, but yet hourly the burden must be borne till death shall bring relief. The family would starve if the invalid did not perform the labours of sturdy health; at what expense of agony must those labours be achieved! What must it be to be sick and penniless, to need all your strength to bear your pain, and yet to be loaded to the last ounce with a burden only fit to be borne by giant strength? Have we bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and health and strength with which to perform our daily labours? Let us then arouse ourselves to praise. One of our revival ditties says, "I feel like singing all the time," and that is the kind of feeling a healthy man should cultivate. We do not sing enough. We should be healthier, stronger, richer, gladder, if we would abound in the praises of our God. The man who told us the other day that he was near sixty, and had never spent a couple of pounds on a doctor, should give the fees which he has saved to the Lord's work, and then lead the song of the grateful. The working man who finds his daily labour easy and agreeable should be one of the chief musicians in the house of the Lord. Frederick of Prussia executed a picture by way of amusement, and then wrote at the bottom of it, "*Painted in torments!*" What that man must have known of the gout! How glad ought we to be who can write an article, or preach a sermon, or plane a deal, or plough a field, and then say, *done in comfort!* If we have forgotten the salt of gratitude, let us flavour our life with it more abundantly, and in this we may follow the liberty given in the words of the old Book—"Salt without prescribing how much."

C. H. S.

Under his Shadow.

A BRIEF SACRAMENTAL DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT MENTONE TO ABOUT A SCORE BRETHREN. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psalm xci. 1.

I MUST confess of my short discourse, as the man did of the axe which fell into the stream, that it is borrowed. The outline of it is taken from one who will never complain of me, for to the great loss of the church she has left these lower choirs to sing above. Miss Havergal, last and loveliest of our modern poets, when her tones were most mellow, and her language most sublime, has been caught up to swell the music of heaven. Her last poems are published with the title, "Under his Shadow," and the preface gives the reason for the name. She said, "I should like the title to be 'Under his shadow.' I seem to see four pictures suggested by that: under the shadow of a rock in a weary plain; under the shadow of a tree; closer still, under the shadow of his wing; nearest and closest, in the shadow of his hand. Surely that hand must be the pierced hand, that may oftentimes press us sorely, and yet evermore encircling, upholding, and shadowing."

"Under his shadow," is our afternoon subject, and we will in a few words enlarge on the scriptural plan which Miss Havergal has bequeathed to us. Our text is, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide *under the shadow* of the Almighty." The shadow of God is not the occasional resort, but the constant abiding-place, of the saint. Here we find not only our consolation, but our habitation. We ought never to be out of the shadow of God. It is to dwellers, not to visitors, that the Lord promises his protection. "He that *dwelleth* in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty": and that shadow shall preserve him from nightly terror and ghostly ill, from the arrows of war and of pestilence, from death and from destruction. Guarded by omnipotence, the chosen of the Lord are always safe; for as they dwell in the holy place, hard by the mercy seat, where the blood was sprinkled of old, the pillar of fire by night, and the pillar of cloud by day, which ever hangs over the sanctuary, covers them also. Is it not written, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me"? What better security can we desire? As the people of God we are always under the protection of the Most High. Wherever we go, whatever we suffer, whatever may be our difficulties, temptations, trials, or perplexities, we are always "under the shadow of the Almighty." Over all who maintain their fellowship with God the most tender guardian care is extended. Their heavenly Father himself interposes between them and their adversaries. The experience of the saints, albeit they are all under the shadow, yet differs as to the form in which that protection has been enjoyed by them, hence the value of the four figures which will now engage our attention.

I. We will begin with the first picture which Miss Havergal mentions —namely, THE ROCK sheltering the weary traveller.

"*The shadow of a great rock in a weary land*" (Isaiah xxxii. 2).

Now, I take it that this is where we begin to know our Lord's shadow. He was at the first to us *a refuge in time of trouble.* Weary was the way, and great was the heat; our lips were parched, and our souls were fainting; we sought for shelter and we found none; for we were in the wilderness of sin and condemnation, and who could bring us deliverance, or even hope? Then we cried unto the Lord in our trouble, and he led us to the Rock of Ages, which of old was cleft for us. We saw our interposing Mediator coming between us and the fierce heat of justice, and we hailed the blessed screen. The Lord Jesus was unto us a covering for sin, and so a covert from wrath. The sense of divine displeasure, which had beaten upon our conscience, was removed by the removal of the sin itself, which we saw to be laid on Jesus, who in our place and stead endured its penalty.

The shadow of a rock is remarkably cooling, and so was the Lord Jesus eminently comforting to us. The shadow of a rock is more dense, more complete, and more cool than any other shade; and so the peace which Jesus gives passeth all understanding, there is none like it. No chance beam darts through the rock shade, nor can the heat penetrate as it will do in a measure through the foliage of a forest: Jesus is a complete shelter, and blessed are they who are "under his shadow." Let them take care that they abide there, and never venture forth to answer for themselves, or to brave the accusations of Satan.

As with sin, so with sorrow of every sort: the Lord is the rock of our refuge. No sun shall smite us, nor any heat, because we are never out of Christ. The saints know where to fly, and they use their privilege.

> "When troubles, like a burning sun,
> Beat heavy on their head,
> To Christ their mighty Rock they run,
> And find a pleasing shade."

There is, however, something of awe about this great shadow. A rock is often so high as to be terrible, and we tremble in presence of its greatness. The idea of littleness hiding behind massive greatness is well set forth; but there is no tender thought of fellowship, or tenderness: even so, at the first, we view the Lord Jesus as our shelter from the consuming heat of well-deserved punishment, and we know little more. It is most pleasant to remember that this is only one panel of the fourfold picture. Inexpressibly dear to my soul is the deep cool rock-shade of my blessed Lord, as I stand in him a sinner saved; yet is there more.

II. Our second picture, that of THE TREE, is to be found in the Song of Solomon ii. 3,—

"*As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*"

Here we have not so much refuge from trouble as special *rest in times of joy.* The spouse is happily wandering through a wood, glancing at many trees, and rejoicing in the music of the birds. One tree specially charms her: the citron with its golden fruit wins her admiration, and she sits under its shadow with great delight; such was her beloved to her, the best among the good, the fairest of the fair,

the joy of her joy, the light of her delight. Such is Jesus to the believing soul.

The sweet influences of Christ are intended to give us a happy rest, and we ought to avail ourselves of them: "I sat down under his shadow." This was Mary's better part, which Martha well-nigh missed by being cumbered. That is the good old way wherein we are to walk, the way in which we find rest unto our souls. Papists and papistical persons, whose religion is all ceremonies, or all working, or all groaning, or all feeling, have never come to an end; we may say of their religion as of the law, that it made nothing perfect; but under the gospel there is something finished, and that something is the sum and substance of our salvation, and therefore there is rest for us, and we ought to sing, "I sat down."

Dear friends, is Christ to each one of us a place of sitting down? I do not mean a rest of idleness and self-content—God deliver us from that; but there is rest in a conscious grasp of Christ, a rest of contentment with him, as our all in all. God give us to know more of this. This shadow is also meant to yield perpetual solace, for the spouse did not merely come under it, but there she sat down as one that meant to stay. Continuance of repose and joy is purchased for us by our Lord's perfected work. Under the shadow she found food; she had no need to leave it to find a single needful thing, for the tree which shaded also yielded fruit; nor did she need even to rise from her rest, but sitting still she feasted on the delicious fruit. You who know the Lord Jesus know also what this meaneth.

The spouse never wished to go beyond her Lord. She knew no higher life than that of sitting under the Well-beloved's shadow. She passed the cedar, and oak, and every other goodly tree, but the apple-tree held her, and there she sat down. "Many there be that say, who will show us any good? But as for us, O Lord, our heart is fixed, our heart is fixed, resting on thee. We will go no further, for thou art our dwelling-place, we feel at home with thee, and sit down beneath thy shadow." Some Christians cultivate reverence at the expense of childlike love; they kneel down, but they dare not sit down. Our divine Friend and Lover wills not that it should be so; he would not have us stand on ceremony with him, but come boldly unto him.

"Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As tho' our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old."

Let us use his sacred name as a common word, as a household word, and run to him as to a dear familiar friend. Under his shadow we are to feel that we are at home, and then he will make himself at home to us by becoming food unto our souls, and giving spiritual refreshment to us while we rest. The spouse does not here say that she reached up to the tree to gather its fruit, but she sat down on the ground in intense delight, and the fruit came to her where she sat. It is wonderful how Christ will come down to souls that sit beneath his shadow; if we can but be at home with Christ he will sweetly commune with us. Has he not said, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart"?

In this second form of the sacred shadow, the sense of awe gives place to that of restful delight in Christ. Have you ever figured in such a scene as the sitter beneath the grateful shade of the fruitful tree? Have you not only possessed security, but experienced delight in Christ? Have you sung,

"I sat down under his shadow,
Sat down with great delight;
His fruit was sweet unto my taste,
And pleasant to my sight"?

This is as necessary an experience as it is joyful: necessary for many uses. The joy of the Lord is our strength, and it is when we delight ourselves in the Lord that we have assurance of power in prayer. Here faith developes, and hope grows bright, while love sheds abroad all the fragrance of her sweet spices. Oh! get you to the apple-tree, and find out who is fairest among the fair. Make the light of heaven the delight of your heart, and then be filled with heart's-ease, and revel in complete content.

III. The third view of the one subject is,—THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS—a precious word. I think the best specimen of it, for it occurs several times, is in that blessed psalm, the sixty-third, and the seventh verse:

"*Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.*"

Does not this set forth our Lord as our *trust in hours of depression?* In the psalm now open before us, David was banished from the means of grace to a dry and thirsty land, where no water was. What is much worse, he was in a measure away from all conscious enjoyment of God. He says, "Early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee." He sings rather of memories than of present communion with God. We also have come into this condition, and have been unable to find any present comfort. "Thou hast been my help," has been the highest note we could strike, and we have been glad to reach to that. At such times, the light of God's face has been withdrawn, but our faith has taught us to rejoice under the shadow of his wings. Light there was none; we were altogether in the shade, but it was a warm shade. We felt that God who had been near must be near us still, and therefore we were quieted. Our God cannot change, and therefore as he was our help he must still be our help, our help even though he casts a shadow over us, for it must be the shadow of his own eternal wings. The metaphor is of course derived from the nestling of little birds under the shadow of their mother's wings, and the picture is singularly touching and comforting. The little bird is not yet able to take care of itself, so it cowers down under the mother, and is there happy and safe. Disturb a hen for a moment and you will see all the little creatures huddling together, and by their chirps making a kind of song. Then they push their heads into her feathers, and seem happy beyond measure in their warm abode. When we are very sick and sore depressed, when we are worried with the care of pining children, and the troubles of a needy household, and the temptations of Satan, how comforting it is to run to our God—like the

little chicks to the hen—and hide away near his heart, beneath his wings. Oh, tried ones, press closely to the loving heart of your Lord, hide yourselves entirely beneath his wings. Here awe has disappeared, and rest itself is enhanced by the idea of loving trust. The little birds are safe in their mother's love, and we, too, are beyond measure secure and happy in the loving favour of the Lord.

IV. The last form of the shadow is that of THE HAND, and this it seems to me points to *power and position in service*. Turn to Isaiah xlix. 2,—

"*And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me,*"

This undoubtedly refers to the Saviour, for the passage proceeds:—"And said unto me, thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified. Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God. And now, saith the Lord that formed me from the womb to be his servant, to bring Jacob again to him, Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength. And he said, It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." Our Lord Jesus Christ was hidden away in the hand of Jehovah, to be used by him as a polished shaft for the overthrow of his enemies, and the victory of his people. Yet, inasmuch as it is Christ, it is also all Christ's servants, since as he is so are we also in this world; and to make quite sure of it, we have got the same expression in the sixteenth verse of the fifty-first chapter, where, speaking of his people, he says, "I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand." Is not this an excellent minister's text? Every one of you who will speak a word for Jesus shall have a share in it. This is where those who are workers for Christ should long to be—"in the shadow of his hand," to achieve his eternal purpose. What are any of God's servants without their Lord but weapons out of the warrior's hand, having no power to do anything? We ought to be as the arrows of the Lord which he shoots at his enemies, and so great is his hand of power, and so little are we as his instruments that he hides us away in the hollow of his hand, unseen until he darts us forth. As workers, we are to be hidden away in the hand of God, or to quote the other figure, "in his quiver hath he hid me": we are to be unseen till he uses us. It is impossible for us not to be known somewhat if the Lord uses us, but we may not aim at being noticed, but, on the contrary, if we be as much used as the very chief of the apostles, we must truthfully add, "though I be nothing." Our desire should be that Christ should be glorified, and that self should be concealed. Alas! there is a way of always showing self in what we do, and we are all too ready to fall into it. You can visit the poor in such a way that they will feel that his lordship or her ladyship has condescended to call upon poor Betsy; but there is another way of doing the same thing so that the tried child of God shall know that a brother beloved or a dear sister in Christ has shown a

fellow-feeling for her, and has talked to her heart. There is a way of preaching, in which a great divine has evidently displayed his vast learning and talent; and there is another way of preaching, in which a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, depending upon his Lord, has spoken in his Master's name, and left a rich unction behind. Within the hand of God is the place of acceptance, and safety; and for service it is the place of power, as well as of concealment. God only works with those who are in his hand, and the more we lie hidden there, the more surely will he use us ere long. May the Lord do unto us according to His word, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of my hand." In this case we shall feel all the former emotions combined: awe that the Lord should condescend to take us into his hand, rest and delight that he should deign to use us, trust that out of weakness we shall now be made strong, and to this will be added an absolute assurance that the end of our being must be answered, for that which is urged onward by the Almighty hand cannot miss its mark.

These are mere surface thoughts. The subject deserves a series of discourses. Your best course, my beloved friends, will be to enlarge upon these hints by a long personal experience of abiding under the shadow. May God the Holy Ghost lead you into it, and keep you there, for Jesus' sake.

Pope's Oft-Quoted Line.

IT is a well-known and oft-used expression—

"For differing creeds let godless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Not to notice the somewhat unnecessarily hard words, and confining ourselves to the sentiment, what is the conclusion? Of course he cannot! "He can't be wrong," as it is put so antithetically, if his "life is in the right." But is it? That is a subject for previous enquiry. . . . . If a man's creed is that of Mahomet, "the Koran or the sword"; or that of the Ultramontanes, that every Pope is, and has been, infallible; or that of the Mormons, that polygamy is a most Christian institution;—if it be any false creed; will his life be right if he acts up to it? Will he be an honest man if he does not? It is a poor compliment to humanity to say that "men are better than their beliefs." But, in fact, you might as well put a disturbing mass of iron by a magnet, and then insist that the ship can still be steered safely, as think to have a man's "life in the right," while he has no fixed principle, or when his creed is "in the wrong." There is scarcely any crime that has not been committed, and justified, at the bidding of a false creed, and under its authority. We would say to Mr. Pope,

"Sweet poet! cease thy most mistaken song!
He can't live right whose creed directs him wrong!"

Canon Ryle says, "The man who wrote the famous line, 'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,' was a great poet undoubtedly, but he was a wretched divine."—From *Proverbial Folk-Lore.* By Alan B. Cheales, M.A.

John Fletcher, of Madeley.

BY J. L. KEYS.

(Continued from page 72.)

BEFORE resuming the thread of our narrative we would just touch upon that feature of Mr. Fletcher's character which gave him that lofty place among his contemporaries in the church of Christ, and which makes his name still fragrant; we refer to the saintliness of his life and conversation, and his deeply devotional spirit. While many a toiler in the Master's service, ceaselessly anxious for the souls committed to his charge, has had to lament with the spouse in the Canticles, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept," no such temptation appears to have assailed this man of God. "Without prayer," says one of his biographers, "he neither formed any design, nor entered upon any concern; neither visited, nor received a visitant. His closet was the favourite retirement to which he constantly retreated whenever his public duties allowed him a season of leisure. Here he was privily hidden, as in the presence of God; here he would either patiently wait for, or joyfully triumph in, the loving-kindness of the Lord; here he would plunge himself into the depths of humiliation; and from hence, at other seasons, as from another Pisgah, he would take a large survey of the vast inheritance which is reserved for the saints; here he would ratify his solemn engagements to God; and here, like the good king Hezekiah, he would spread the various circumstances of his people at the feet of their common Lord. In all cases of difficulty he would retire to this consecrated place to ask counsel of the Most High; and here, in times of uncommon distress, he has continued during whole nights in prayer to God.

"Very closely connected with this, his habit and spirit of prayer was the power, which he so pre-eminently possessed, of living as in the presence of God by habitual recollection. It was this which shed such a peculiar lustre around the whole of his actions, that his intercourse with his fellow-men seemed almost like that of some angelic being who for a season was sojourning among them. Whether he prayed, or preached, or conversed, or transacted the most trivial concern of common life, there seemed to be no suspension of his intercourse with the skies."

About the year 1770, Mr. Fletcher yielded to the oft-repeated entreaties of his relatives to visit the home of his childhood, which he had not seen since he left his fatherland sixteen years before. His arduous labours, weakly constitution, and almost ascetic life at Madeley for the previous ten years, had rendered a thorough change of scene a necessity for the reinvigoration of his delicate frame. He therefore availed himself of the offer of a Christian friend, who had business on the Continent, to join him in his travels. This gentleman gives many interesting instances of Mr. Fletcher's godly zeal in seeking to lead to Christ various persons whom they met in their travels through France and Italy, but these we must pass by.

On their arrival in Switzerland, Mr. Ireland, his travelling companion, was not a little surprised at the grandeur of the house and furniture of General De Grange, Mr. Fletcher's eldest brother; for,

from the silence of his fellow-traveller on the subject, he had no expectation of seeing anything more of worldly respectability in this branch of the family than he had previously witnessed in the humble vicar of Madeley. This brother had become a decided Christian in the long interval of separation; and the two met, not only as brothers in the flesh, but as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, and the Swiss general was greatly rejoiced to see the godly younger brother to whose frequent letters detailing his exercises of soul and joy in the Lord, interspersed with earnest personal appeal, he owed so much, under God, of spiritual light and establishment. Their aged father, ignorant of divine things when they parted years since, had gone the way of all flesh, but not until he had given testimony to the power of divine grace in saving him with an everlasting salvation.

He had no sooner reached Nyon than he was waited upon by the clergy, who entreated him to occupy their pulpits during his stay; and the very day after his arrival he preached in his native place, and "nowhere was his preaching better received, or attended with more powerful effects. Wherever he was announced, multitudes flocked from every quarter to hear him. At the same time, the benefit derived from his public labours was pleasingly attested by the numerous applications he received in private for religious instruction. Among his hearers one young man was so deeply affected by his sermons that he resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and afterwards became pastor of the Protestant church at Lyons. A good old clergyman, too, who had heard him with delight, earnestly solicited him to lengthen his stay among them; and when he found that his request could not be granted, with tears in his eyes he affectingly exclaimed to Mr. Ireland, 'Oh! sir, how unfortunate for this country; during my day it has produced but one angel, and it is our lot to be deprived of him.'

"At the time of his departure weeping multitudes crowded round his carriage, anxious to receive a last word or look; and not a few followed him above two miles from the town before they had resolution to tear themselves from his company. Mr. Fletcher returned to England in the summer of 1770, after an absence of five months."

MR. FLETCHER AND TREVECCA COLLEGE.

About two years previous to Mr. Fletcher's visit to Switzerland the Countess of Huntingdon had opened Trevecca House, in the parish of Talgarth, South Wales, as a college for the preparation of candidates for the ministry, after consulting upon the matter several of those eminent men of God whose consecrated zeal had been mainly instrumental, under God, in bringing about the memorable revival of that day. Among these was Mr. Fletcher, whom she highly esteemed for his work's sake. Her ladyship invited him to undertake the superintendence of the college. Not that he could promise to be generally resident there, much less constantly; his duty to his own flock at Madeley would by no means admit of this, but he was to attend as often as he conveniently could; to give a voice with regard to the appointment of masters, and the admission and exclusion of students; to revise their studies and conduct, to assist their piety, and judge of their qualifications for the work of the ministry. As Mr. Fletcher

greatly approved of the design, especially considering, first, that none were to be admitted but such as feared and loved God; and secondly, that when they were prepared for it, they were to be at liberty to enter into the ministry wherever providence should open a door, he readily complied with the invitation, and undertook the charge, without fee or reward. Referring to Mr. Fletcher's visits to Trevecca, one writer says: "It is not possible to describe the veneration in which he was held by all at the college. Like Elijah, in the school of the prophets, he was revered, he was loved, he was almost adored, and that, not only by every student, but by every member of the family. When he appeared in the school-room among the students, language, art, sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, even divinity itself, as it is called, were all laid aside. His full heart would not suffer him to be silent; he *must* speak, and they were readier to hearken to this servant of Jesus Christ than to attend to Sallust, Virgil, Cicero, or any Latin or Greek historian, poet, or philosopher they had been engaged in reading. And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul. These seasons generally terminated in their being convinced that to be *filled with the Holy Ghost* was a better qualification for the ministry of the gospel than any classical learning, although that, too, is useful in its place. After speaking a while in the school-room, he used frequently to say, 'As many of you as are athirst for this fulness of the Spirit, follow me into my room.' On this, many of them have instantly followed him, and there continued for two or three hours, wrestling like Jacob for the blessing, praying one after another, till they could bear to kneel no longer. This was not done once or twice, but many times; 'and I have sometimes seen him (says Mr. Benson) once in particular, so filled with the love of God that he could contain no more, but cried out, *O my God, withhold thy hand, or the vessel will burst!* But he afterwards told me he was afraid he had grieved the Spirit of God, and that he ought rather to have prayed that the Lord would have enlarged the vessel, or have suffered it to break, that the soul might have had no further bar or interruption to its enjoyment of the supreme good.'"

We would fain have lingered longer, looking and listening to these men of God, moved by the Holy Ghost, but we are abruptly called away to sadly different scenes in the seminary and its surroundings. Trevecca was not suffered to be long the home of undisturbed peace and holy fellowship. There were within its walls elements of disruption which only required a spark to split the rock asunder. Let it be borne in mind how divergent were the doctrinal views held by those who had the direction of affairs, and the sequel will be anticipated.

The countess, who resided at Trevecca, held what we now understand by "sound Calvinistic views"; the President, the Hon. Walter Shirley, leaned to sublapsarianism; Mr. Henderson, who was tutor for a short time, was a Universalist; his successor, Mr. Benson, was a most pronounced Arminian; and Mr. Fletcher, though much better than his creed, held nominally the same doctrine. The author of "Commenting and Commentaries" says that, in his library, he has placed Doddridge between Gill and Adam Clarke, "having no desire to have his rest

broken by wars among the authors." This arrangement of "dead men's brains" would no doubt suffice to secure peace and quiet in the home of the president of a college; but with a company of live Hyper-Calvinists, Arminians, and a Universalist or two, seated at the same table, "laid" with salt-cellars and the inevitable cruet-stand, the conversation would, in all human probability, be not altogether with grace seasoned with salt; but, vinegar and cayenne being within reach, pungency and acidity would do much to impair good digestion. So it turned out.

In the year 1770, at the conference of the preachers in connection with Mr. Wesley, certain propositions respecting doctrine were agreed to, nominally as a protest against Antinomianism, but really as a manifesto against Calvinistic doctrine, towards which he considered that his followers had "leaned too much." These propositions gave great offence to the whole host of Calvinistic Methodists, and Lady Huntingdon resolved that no imputation of tacitly assenting to such doctrines should lie on her name, and declared that whoever did not wholly disavow them should quit her college. Mr. Benson defended them, and was urged on by Mr. Wesley to persist in his adherence to the minutes. He was in consequence dismissed from the college, and sent an account of his dismissal to Mr. Fletcher, through whose friendship he had been introduced to the Countess. Though Mr. Fletcher felt and stated that Mr. Wesley could not maintain his statements, so unguardedly were they worded, and that he would explain himself, he felt it his duty to resign his post as visitor, since he held much the same doctrinal views as those of Mr. Wesley. The latter induced Mr. Fletcher to become the champion of the Arminian cause, and although greatly averse to controversy, he issued, one after another, his five "Checks to Antinomianism," and other kindred works. But neither polemical writing, nor the acrimony of some of his opponents, was able to discompose his heavenly temper. In his second "Check to Antinomianism" he says, "I have long wished to see on both sides of the question, about which we unhappily divide, moderate men step out of the unthinking, noisy crowd of their party, to look each other lovingly in the face, and to convince the world that with impartial zeal they will guard *both* the foundation and the superstructure against all adversaries, those of their own party not excepted. Whoever does this, *omne tulit punctum*, he is a real friend to *both* parties, and to the *whole* gospel, for he cordially embraces all the people of God, and joins in one blessed medium the seemingly incompatible extremes of scriptural truth."

MR. FLETCHER IN SICKNESS.

Mr. Fletcher's incessant labours, and his close application to his studies, in which he frequently spent fourteen or sixteen hours in the day, had for some time been making perceptible inroads in his health, and he was obliged to seek relief by short respites from his ordinary work. On one such occasion while on a visit to a friend at St. Neot's, whither he had gone in the hope of being able to see and converse with two servants of his Master for whom he had a great affection—namely, John Berridge and Henry Venn, his visit to the former is thus described by the friend who accompanied him :—"The instant we entered

the room, the good old vicar rose, and ran up to Mr. Fletcher, embracing him with folded arms; and then, with looks of delight and tears of affection, exclaimed, 'My dear brother, this is indeed a satisfaction I never expected. How could we write against each other when we both aim at the same thing, the glory of God, and the good of souls? But my book* lies very quietly on the shelf;—and there let it lie.' I retired, leaving the pious controversialists to themselves for about two hours. On my return I found them in the true spirit of Christian love, and mutually as unwilling to part as they had been happy in meeting each other. 'Brother,' said Mr. Berridge, 'we must not part without your praying with us.' The servants being called in, Mr. Fletcher offered up a prayer, filled with petitions for their being led by the Holy Spirit to greater degrees of sanctification and usefulness as ministers, and dwelt much upon that effusion of the Spirit which fills the pages of his tract called 'The Reconciliation.' Mr. Berridge then began, and was equally warm in prayer for his 'dear brother.' They were indeed so *united* in love that we were obliged in a manner to *tear* away Mr. Fletcher, that he might keep his appointment with Mr. Venn whom he was to meet at dinner at St. Neot's."

He now removed to the house of a Mr. Greenwood at Stoke Newington, where he experienced every benefit that good air, medical skill, and friendly attention could afford. One end, however, of his retirement, which was to hide himself from company, was not answered. Persons of various ranks and sentiments flocked to see him; and his natural urbanity, vivacity of character, and holy pleasure in divine things too frequently led him to converse in such a manner as, whilst it edified his visitors, unhappily increased his own disorder. His health gradually declined, and after having in vain tried the effects of the Bristol waters, he was induced once more to visit Switzerland, on what appeared a forlorn hope of deriving benefit from his native air. Before his departure, however, two things were uppermost in his mind; the one to address a pastoral letter to his beloved parishioners, and the other to express his earnest desire to see the persons with whom he had been engaged in controversy, that, all doctrinal differences apart, he might testify his sincere regret for having given them the least displeasure, and receive from them some assurance of reconciliation and good will. "All of them," says his biographer, "had not sufficient generosity to accept the invitation; but those who came were edified as well as affected with the interview, and one, Dr. Price, who had no previous acquaintance with him, expressed the highest satisfaction at being introduced to the company of a man whose air and countenance bespoke him fitted rather for the society of angels than for the conversation of men."

In the beginning of December, 1777, Mr. Fletcher, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Ireland, commenced his journey to the Continent, making a few months' stay in the South of France, where his health somewhat improved, and thence proceeding to Nyon, where in the midst of affectionate relatives every care was exercised to contribute to his comfort and restoration. During his prolonged stay in his native land he wrote his "Portrait of St. Paul," finished a poem on the praises of God, which

* "The Christian World Unmasked."

he had begun some years before, and composed several minor pieces in his own language. Though he preached but very occasionally, he devoted himself, as far as his strength allowed, to the spiritual edification of his friends and neighbours, with all the consecrated powers he possessed.

He returned to England in the spring of 1781, after an absence of three years and four months.

HIS MARRIAGE.

At the time of which we are now writing Mr. Fletcher was in his fifty-second year, he had been vicar of Madeley twenty-two years, and for nearly a quarter of a century he had been instant in season and out of season, going about doing good, and preaching the gospel of the Kingdom. Upon his return to his beloved and highly-favoured flock, in renewed health, he seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and one of the first things he did must have been no small surprise to those who had watched his career, as it even so appears to those who only know him through the medium of his biography. He took to himself a wife.

About the time of his "entering the church" he became acquainted with Miss Bosanquet, a young lady of marked Christian character "who had been exposed to peculiar sufferings in the cause of godliness." "From their very first acquaintance they were deeply sensible of each other's worth, and felt the secret influence of a mutual attraction. But notwithstanding the peculiar regard they entertained for each other, no intimate intercourse subsisted between them for many years, though they knew and rejoiced in each other's labours. While *he* was exhausting his strength in the service of his flock, *she* was no less honourably employed in applying an ample fortune in the relief of the friendless, collecting together and supporting under her own roof, an extensive family, composed of the afflicted, the indigent, and the helpless, but chiefly consisting of orphan children."

Towards the close of Mr. Fletcher's visit to Nyon his friends seriously persuaded him to marry, and he evidently was impressed by their reasonings, for as soon as he returned he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Bosanquet, and offered her marriage; she consulted her friend, Mr. Wesley, upon the matter, "who assured her it would be much for the glory of God." They were accordingly married in the November following.

In compliance with Mr. Wesley's reiterated requests, Mr. Fletcher was sometimes present at his annual Conference, when his sermons and holy converse became the theme of every tongue. On one of these occasions he was desired to pronounce the sentence of expulsion against a preacher; and he performed this delicate and painful duty with such a happy mixture of solemnity, feeling, and affection, accompanied with such awful and pathetic warnings, as drew tears from every eye. At the same Conference he preached a sermon on the old prophet, who beguiled the man of God who came from Judah; in which he drew such a pathetic picture of the personal degradation and misery of a backsliding minister, and of the corruption and injury he introduced into the church of Christ, as produced a general and deep sensation, not easily to be forgotten.

At the last Conference he attended, when Mr. Wesley was about to read over his own name and those of all the preachers, that any present might object to whatever was deemed reprehensible in them, Mr. Fletcher rose to withdraw. He was eagerly recalled, and asked why he would leave them. "Because," said he, "it is improper and painful to my feelings for me to hear the minute failings of my brethren canvassed, unless my own character were submitted to the same scrutiny." They promised, if he would stay, that his character should be investigated. On these terms he submitted; and, when his name was read, an aged preacher rose, bowed to him, and said, "I have but one thing to object to Mr. Fletcher: God has given him a richer talent than his humility will suffer him duly to appreciate. In confining himself to Madeley, he puts his light comparatively under a bushel; whereas, if he would come out more among us, he would draw immense congregations, and would do much more good." In answer to this, he stated the tender and sacred ties which bound him to his parish; its numerous population; the daily calls for his services, the difficulty of finding a proper substitute, his increasing infirmities, which disqualified him for horse exercise; his unwillingness to leave Mrs. Fletcher at home; and the expense of travelling in carriages. In reply to his last argument, another preacher arose and observed that the expense of his journeys would be cheerfully paid; but he feared that there was a mixture of pride in his objection, for that by no importunity could he be prevailed on to accept a present to defray his expenses on his late visit to Ireland, where, when friends insisted on handing him a small purse, as a debt justly due to him, he had entreated them to take it back, and apply it to the relief of the poor in Dublin.

For some time after his marriage his health was so far re-established as to permit of his attending to his many duties without the assistance of a curate; but this improvement was transient, for soon we find him thus writing:—"I keep in my sentry-box till Providence remove me; my situation is quite suited to my little strength. I may do as much or as little as I please, according to my weakness. And I can have an advantage which I can have nowhere else, in such a degree: my little field of action is just at my door; so that, if I happen to overdo myself, I have but to step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave. If I had a body full of vigour, and a purse full of money, I should like well enough to travel about as Mr. Wesley does; but as Providence does not call me to it, I readily submit. The snail does best in its shell."

In the meantime nothing seemed hard, nothing wearisome to him which tended to the good of others. Mrs. Fletcher was frequently grieved to call him out of his study two or three times in an hour, especially when she knew he was engaged in some important work. But he would merely answer, "O my dear, never mind; it matters not, if we are but ready to meet the will of God. It is conformity to his will alone that makes any employment excellent." In short, his property, his time, his all might be considered as consecrated to the service of his flock.

A few weeks before his last illness he seemed to have a peculiar sense of the nearness of the eternal world. There was scarcely an hour in

which he was not calling upon those around him to drop every worldly thought and care, and to prepare for the coming of the Lord.

A severe cold, caught through exposure while visiting the sick, brought on a recurrence of his old disorder. No persuasion, however, could prevail upon him to stay from church upon the Lord's-day and to conduct the services, though in a fainting condition. He was supported from the communion table to his chamber, and lay in a state of great suffering, "borne with such unutterable patience as no one, unless he were present, could possibly conceive," until the evening of the following Lord's-day, August 14, 1785, when the spirit of this eminently holy and laborious servant of God joined the blood-washed host before the eternal throne.

Smooth the Road.

WHEN the Italians paved some of those paths by which we climb to their villages, they must have carefully turned each stone with its most awkward side uppermost, for they have produced the roughest of rough roads. One is apt to think that we might have done better; certainly we could not have done worse. In everyday life we meet with individuals who appear to turn the worst side uppermost in reference to everything: they magnify difficulties, they discover imperfections, they create irritations, and in general they make the worst of everything. If an ill word can be said, they say it; if a fault can be found, they spy it out. Good souls, what are you at? Is there not enough of care and sorrow in the world already? Better far would it be if half your ingenuity were expended in smoothing the road, instead of all of it being wasted upon making the way of life more stony than it need be.

Love's Portrait in the Thirteenth of Corinthians.

ONE might have expected that when Love sat to have her portrait taken, the grateful task should have been assigned to the apostle John, who was able to appreciate her peculiar character and charms, as the one from whose lips came the saying, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." And who better fitted to sketch a living likeness of her than the great draughtsman of the Apocalypse? It is from the pencil, however, not of John, but of Paul, that the portrait comes. Is this without a meaning and purpose? Had John been left to speak of the excellence of love, and Paul of the excellence of faith, might it not have been thought and said that each magnified the special grace that he specially possessed, or specially admired? As it is, it gives to this eulogium of Christian love—this enshrining of her in a kind of solitary, unapproached pre-eminence—all the greater interest and effect, that it comes from that one of all the apostles who has done most to exalt another Christian grace—faith. If it be by Paul rather than by John that love is elevated above faith, we may be all the surer that the exaltation is correct.—*Extract from a Sermon at Mentone, by Dr. Hanna, on* 1 *Corinthians xiii.* 1—3.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.*

CONDENSATION OF THE REPORT FOR 1879.

IN 1880 the Book Fund enters upon the fifth year of its existence. Very many of the old friends, who saw its formation, have lovingly watched its advance, and generously contributed to its increase; they are as well acquainted with its aims and ambitions as with its origin; but for the sake of the new friends who may be led to sympathize with me in the endeavour to help "poor bookless ministers," I will give a brief account of the nature of the work which has become so dear to many hearts.

The Book Fund makes grants to "poor pastors of evangelical denomination, who are in actual charge, wholly devoted to the ministry, and whose income from all sources does not exceed £150 per annum."

These grants consist of seven or eight volumes, and usually comprise the "Treasury of David," or some of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons—not to the exclusion of other books, but chiefly because they are the works most sought after by applicants to the Fund,—and, I am not afraid or ashamed to say it, because I know I could not, with the slender means at my command, give any more precious or more helpful. Seldom are requests made for other authors, nor do I profess to supply them, but if reference be made to the titles, at the close of this report, of books distributed, it will be seen that when opportunity offers, I gladly make the addition of new and standard works to my stock. There are several special books for ministers which I would at once add to my list if friends who wish for their circulation would supply me with the means.

It is sad to know that the limit of £150 in income gives me as wide a field as I can compass for the bestowal of these coveted blessings. *Poor* ministers are the rule, not the exception; they are not restricted to the Baptist denomination, or to our own land, but abound in every connexion and in all climes—their needs are very urgent, their prospects seldom brighten, and their ranks never seem to thin; my work for them is as great a necessity now as it was at its commencement; nay, I think its importance has increased with its extension, the latent thirst for knowledge has been developed by its gifts, and a keener appetite for mental food has been produced by the provision it has furnished. I need not enlarge on the absolute necessity which exists for a minister to possess books,—if he would be an efficient teacher and preacher,—the mind which is itself not fed, cannot very long feed others; but I would point out the impossibility of procuring these essential helps and appliances, when a man has to provide for himself and a wife and family on a pittance of £60, £80, or £100 per annum.

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* Mrs. Spurgeon's Report is sent to all her subscribers, and to very few beyond that circle. We so enjoyed its perusal that we determined to give our readers a part of it. The great interest of the subject claims for it a prominent place in a magazine which treats of "service for the Lord," and we may also add that the intrinsic excellence of the writing will be an enrichment to our pages.

How deep is our own interest in Mrs. Spurgeon's most useful and needful work we need scarcely tell; we trust that our readers will feel a measure of the same sympathy, and exhibit it in tangible form. A famine of books to a teacher of others is almost as distressing as want of bread. Want of good books has, we doubt not, tended greatly to impoverish the ministries of many preachers. How could they fill the minds of others when they had no food for their own? To our friends and readers we commend these extracts most earnestly, but we sincerely wish that we could have issued the whole report without abridgment, for it is deeply interesting throughout. A report will be sent *gratis* to any one who becomes a subscriber, and those friends who wish to know about the work and cannot at present send a donation can obtain a copy of the report by sending sixpennyworth of postage stamps to Mrs. Spurgeon, Nightingale-lane, Balham, London.—C. H. S.

To such weary "workers with a slender apparatus" my Book Fund stretches forth a helping hand: it fills the empty basket with tools, gives a key to a well-stocked storehouse, replenishes an exhausted brain, supplies ammunition for the combat with evil, makes sunshine in shady places, and by God's own blessing does a vast amount of good wherever its gifts are scattered.

* * *

It is the joy of my life thus to serve the servants of my Master, and the daily blessings and tender providences which surround my work are more precious to me than words can express. "Some of the subjects of my thankfulness may seem small and inconsiderable to others, but to me they are of constant interest and importance"; my retired life shuts out the usual pleasures of social intercourse, but opens wide a world of glad delight in thus "ministering to the necessities of the saints." I have scores of friends with whose circumstances I am intimately acquainted, yet whose faces I have never looked upon. I hope to know and greet them on the "other shore;" and, meanwhile, their love and prayers are a sweet reward for such pleasant service as the Lord enables me to render to them. In these pages will be found some of the expressive outpourings of grateful hearts, and though the letters here given form but a small portion of the great mass of affectionate correspondence connected with the Fund, they will serve to reveal some of the daily comfort and encouragement I receive through this channel. Ah! if by His grace we can but win from our Master the approving words, "*Ye did it unto me*," the joy of service is then only "a little lower" than the supreme felicity of heaven!

* * *

January.—Two years since a few thoughtful, kindly friends proposed a regular distribution of the "Sword and Trowel" Magazine to a certain number of poor country ministers who could not afford to take it in, and they generously forwarded donations for this special purpose. I find written in the report for that year that "the prospect of this indulgence has greatly cheered many hearts," and that one to whom the offer was made, remarked, "I have not been able to take in a religious periodical for five years; the monthly visit of the magazine will indeed be a great boon." The new work then commenced has been continued, but not increased, though there can be no doubt as to its value and good influence, and I regret that it only comes to my hands as a divergence from the main business which fills my heart. All my time and strength are given to what I feel to be the more urgent work of furnishing empty book-shelves, and the profit and pleasure which would undoubtedly arise from a well-ordered monthly distribution of religious literature by the Book Fund is but partially developed on this account. We must hope for better things by-and-by; meanwhile I believe that those pastors now receiving the magazine are greatly pleased and delighted with their visitor, and I hope not only to retain all the names at present on my list, but during the year to add to their number.

* * *

March.—The following tenderly kind little note contains such a testimony to the value of the Book Fund that I am tempted to give it, even though I have to include its unmerited commendation of my own small service:—

My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Please accept the enclosed mite toward the Book Fund. If it please God, may you long be spared to carry on this great and blessed work, which has been sanctified to the good of so many of the Lord's servants, and through them to so many of His people. Surely this must redound to the praise and glory of the Lord Jesus, whose we are and whom we serve. I believe, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, that every day there is praise ascending to Almighty God for the blessings many have received through the books you have been enabled to send, and also through the encouraging little notes you write. I have to thank God for two or three of those little notes, and, oh! how precious they are! I shall ever treasure them, for they have been made a means of great blessing to my soul. May God's richest blessing continue to rest upon

you: may you be sustained by grace divine when called upon to suffer and endure: if it be in accordance with God's will, may you be relieved from pain altogether. Perhaps this may never be on this side Jordan. How precious you must have found those words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Good Matthew Henry says that if God is pleased to lay a heavy burden upon us at any time, and yet fits the shoulder *to the* burden, we certainly can have no reason to complain, however heavy the cross may be. Is not this true? I pray that all the strength and grace *you* need may be given from on high, supplied by a loving Father out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

* * *

To ministers who are not quite so necessitous as those for whom the Book Fund was specially founded, yet who can ill spare the published price of the "Treasury of David," or the Sermons, I offer these books at a somewhat reduced rate, and I have much satisfaction in knowing that the privilege is warmly appreciated. The following letters are fair samples of the spirit in which the favour is sought, and the warm gratitude evoked by its accordance:—

My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—In the libraries of my friends I have very frequently perused that most choice and savoury work of your husband, "The Treasury of David"; and if I have not actually incurred the guilt of breaking the tenth commandment I fear I have come near to doing so, and from time to time I have been looking how I could contrive to purchase it, but have found as often that my income has been forestalled by family and other claims. I have long known that you have been doing a most valuable work for the Master, by helping poor pastors to some good books, but hitherto I have not ventured to write lest I should be standing in the way of some brother more necessitous even than myself. This week, however, I was in the library of one of my brethren, and again looking over some parts of the "Treasury," the desire to possess it for myself returned with such strength that I felt somewhat as I suppose a hungry ox would feel tethered outside, but just in sight of, a luxuriant field of clover! After ruminating over the matter again and again, I came to the conclusion that I could manage part of the price, so I have determined to say to you that I should esteem it a great favour indeed to receive a copy from your hands, if I shall not stand too much in the way of some other poor brother.

It was, indeed, a great joy to *open the gate of the clover field!* May the good brother "go in and out and find pasture."

On the same subject a pastor in one of our great Midland towns writes:—

I note on page 30 of your little Report for 1878 that "When an applicant is able to purchase, books are sent on the most advantageous terms." Now, I hope from time to time to be able to purchase a volume of the "Sermons," whose true gospel ring is indeed music to one's soul. Will you kindly jot down on enclosed post card the price at which I might get the sermons through your hands, so that I may know what to lay by from time to time, in order to add to my store? I am almost ashamed to trouble you so soon after receiving so much from you, but I am *hungry* for books, and cannot help it.

* * *

There is also a goodly number of workers for the Lord, evangelists, local preachers and others, who, having no pastorate, are ineligible for the free gift of the "Treasury," yet covet earnestly this precious aid in their work; these, many of them, save up a little money, and sending it to me by degrees have in time the joy of receiving the longed-for treasure, which, doubtless, they value none the less for the self-denial which has procured it. I often regret that I cannot give books to all Christian workers, but a strict boundary line is absolutely necessary in a work carried on, not by a "Society," but by one pair of hands, and those not over strong or capable.

* * *

June 5.—To day £200 is mine from the great Testimonial Fund raised last Christmas; £100 is allotted to the Book Fund, and £100 to the Pastors' Aid Society. My dear husband's kindness secures this splendid help to my work, and I bless God both for him and his delightful gift. If "John Ploughman's wife" might say here what she thinks of "John" in this, and all other matters, it would be an easy task to fill these pages with his praises; but since such a wifely eulogy might be deemed out of place, Mrs. J. P. may at least record in her little book her hearty and appreciative

thanks to the hundreds of true friends who have lately done honour to the "Prince of her life,"* and furnished him with the means of more abundantly blessing all the poor and needy ones who look to him as their best earthly friend and comforter. If I knew anyone who doubted the truth of that Scripture, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," I could bring no more unanswerable proof of its veracity than is found in the unselfish life and loving deeds of the God-honoured man I reverence as my head and husband. I find a graceful appropriateness in the gift of part of this money to Baptist pastors, seeing that to one of themselves the whole magnificent sum is offered as a tribute of devoted admiration and love. What a joy it will be to use this consecrated gold in their service! What heavy burdens it will lift! What aching hearts will be consoled! What praise to God will be given by joyful lips! When I think of all it will do, I wish it were ten times as much! I get greedy for their sakes—my poor weary, toiling brethren—but that only lasts a moment, for indeed I am most fully "satisfied with favour" on their behalf, both from the Lord, and from man.

* * *

July 19.—These times of depression and disaster tell heavily on my poor friends the pastors of country churches. "Burdens grievous to be borne" seem laid on their hearts and lives, and with the universal social troubles, personal trials come in sad fellowship of suffering. Sickness, and consequent doctors' bills, are heavy items in the sum of misery, and even those who do their best to "provide things honest in the sight of all men" are just now bowed to the very earth by the terrible pressure of obligations which they are powerless to avoid, and are equally unable to fulfil. I have had some appeals lately which reveal a state of things among our country pastors greatly to be deplored, and though immediate relief was given, the problem of permanent amendment is still left unsolved. How is a man (and that man a *minister*) to house, and feed, and clothe, himself, his wife, and a varying (I was on the point of writing "unlimited") number of children on £80 a year? I know scores who are trying to do it, but can we blame them if they fail? "I have had but one *new* suit for the last nine years," writes one who knows what Paul meant by "enduring hardness." How can the good man spare £4 or £5 for orthodox broadcloth when meat graces the table but once or twice a week, and the children's clothes are almost too shabby for them to wear in the House of God? I heard of a good man the other day, who is thankfully wearing in the pulpit a second-hand coat of dark bottle-green, the gift of some commiserating friend, who noticed the pitiful seediness of his best suit! I do not suppose his sermons are deteriorated by the mere fact that he wears a bottle-green garment, but I do think that the man himself would be vastly bettered, and helped to a modest share of self-respect if he had becoming apparel in which to "minister in holy things." Is it any wonder if sometimes the "cares of this world" choke and cramp the spiritual energies of poor needy pastors? "We have had a dull enough sermon this morning," says a hearer, who has all that heart can wish for; "what can have come to our minister to make him so listless and uninteresting?" If that good brother were to try the effect of a little loving help and sympathy, (a £5 note for instance, delicately and tenderly given,) he would see a wonderful lifting and lightening of the clouds and darkness which encompass his pastor's spirit, and be quite surprised at the life and energy infused into his next discourse. "My people do all they can for me," many a distressed pastor writes, and it may be so in some cases, but I question whether in the Master's presence they would themselves dare to say this, for He still "sits over against the treasury," and must note how little even "of their abundance" his people cast in for His servants and His cause. "It is a tale often told to you, I imagine, by

* Name for Mr. Spurgeon suggested by a Welshman.

such as myself, whose incomes are so pitifully small," wrote a minister the other day, "that to buy books, when there are little hungry mouths and wistful faces at the table daily, is an IMPOSSIBILITY." The good man has deeply underlined this last word, and well he may, for his church only raises £80 a year for him, while a grant from the Augmentation Fund barely rescues them from absolute need. Ah! some of us who can not only "make both ends meet," but "have enough over to tie a bow and ends," can scarcely realise the toiling and striving, the anguish of longing, which must tear at the hearts of a poor pastor and his wife, as they try to eke out the scanty store of coin, and make one shilling do the duty of a score! "My wife sends you her heartfelt thanks," says one of "our own" men, "she says you cannot know what good you are doing, or how much you gladden the hearts of poor pastors' wives, though you cannot feel *as* they feel, for you have never been in the same position."

No, not quite; yet I can tenderly sympathise with them, for well do *we* remember, in the early days of our married life, a time, nay, many times, when "God's Providence was our inheritance," and our mouths were "filled with laughter and our lips with singing" by the signal deliverances He afforded us when means were straitened, and the coffers, both of college and household, were well-nigh empty.

* * *

August 14.—Though in these bad times there is not much money coming in for the Book Fund, the supplies have not by any means failed; there is just enough to show that the Lord has not ceased to care for it, and does not mean it to fall to the ground, and yet little enough to make me ask earnestly at His Treasury for more. I feel much encouraged by the steadfast kindness of some dear friends, who seem to have enrolled themselves as monthly, quarterly, or annual subscribers, and so send me constant and regular help. This is manifestly of the Lord; He has thus inclined their hearts to remember my work, for I never ask except from Him, and no articles in the "Sword and Trowel" this year have brought the Book Fund prominently into notice. More distinctly and blessedly than ever, therefore, the Lord has been my helper, and from His hand have proceeded the stores which have relieved and refreshed His servants.

* * *

I have been very pleased during this year to see my work extend among the poorly-paid curates of the Church of England, and I trust a great blessing will follow the introduction into their libraries of such books as the "Treasury," the Sermons, and "Lectures to my Students." These gifts are sought with avidity and welcomed with eager joy, and of all the pleasant letters which I receive none are more courteous in spirit or graceful in language than those penned by clergymen of the Established Church.

"Two years ago," writes one, "you presented me with the 'Treasury of David,' expressing a wish that it might prove a 'treasure' indeed. Your wish has been more than gratified, and now I have an acute appetite for the *whole* of your respected husband's works. I have the privilege of preaching the gospel five times every week, and if this is to continue to be a pleasure to me, I must keep my soul and mind well fed. Being still 'a poor curate' I have to supply my wants on the lowest terms, so I write to ask whether in gratifying my ardent desire, any assistance may be obtained from that source of benevolence which formerly supplied the 'Treasury of David.'"

My readers will be rejoiced to learn that with some little help from the Book Fund, this clergyman has now on his shelves a complete set of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, in addition to the "Treasury of David," and some smaller works of Mr. Spurgeon's.

* * *

Oct. 4.—Truly this has been a "red-letter day" in Book Fund experience. "My mouth has been filled with laughter and my tongue with singing." My heart praises and extols the goodness of the Lord, and my hand shall

at once record the mercy which, like a blessed rain on a thirsty land, has so sweetly refreshed my spirit. This afternoon a constant and generous friend brought £100 for the Book Fund. This was cause for devout thankfulness and great joy, for lately an unusually large number of books has been going out week by week, though funds have flowed in less freely. But it was not till a few hours after receiving this noble donation that I saw fully the Lord's tender care and pitying love in sending me this help *just when* he knew I should most sorely need it. By the late post that night came my quarterly account for books, and so heavy was it, that in fear and haste I turned to my ledger to see the available balance, and with an emotion I shall not easily forget I found that but for the gift of £100 a few hours previously I should have been £60 in debt!

Did not the Father's care thus keep the sparrow from falling to the ground? A sleepless night and much distress of spirit would have resulted from my discovery of so serious a deficit in my funds, but the Lord's watchful love prevented this. "Before I called he answered," and though trouble was not very distant he had said, "It shall not come nigh thee." O my soul, bless thou the Lord, and forget not this his loving "benefit!" A tumult of joy and delight arose within me as I saw in this incident, not a mere chance, or a happy combination of circumstances, but the guiding and sustaining hand of the loving Lord, who had most certainly arranged and ordered for me this pleasant way of comfort and relief. "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." A fresh revelation of His wonderful love seemed to be vouchsafed to my soul by this opportune blessing, and a cheque became "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." I hastened to my dear husband that he might share my joy, and I found in him a willing listener to the sweet "old story" of his Master's grace and power. Then, after a word or two of fervent praise to God on my behalf, he wrote the following letter to the friend by whose liberal hand our gracious God had sent this notable deliverance:—

Dear Friend,—I should like you to know why you were sent here this afternoon, and what an angel of mercy you were to my dear wife, and so to me. The Lord bless you. Soon after you were gone, my wife's quarter's bill for books came in for £310, and she had only £280 apart from your cheque. Poor soul, she has never spent more than her income before, and if you had not come, I fear it would have crushed her to be £60 in debt. How good of the Lord to send you in the nick of time! We joined our praises together, and we do also very gratefully join our prayers for you. God bless you, and make up to you your generous gifts above all your own desires. I could not refrain from telling you this; it is one of the sparkling facts which will make happy memories to help to stay our faith in future trials if they come. Again, God bless you.

Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON.

* * *

Oct. 28.—As part of the proceeds of his last lecture in London, I have the pleasure of receiving to-day £25 as the generous and graceful gift of *Mr. John B. Gough* to the "Book Fund." Such a gift from such a man is precious and noteworthy, but not unusual, as I believe it is the constant habit of Mr. Gough to bestow blessings as well as to recommend them. Long as his name has been honoured in our household, and his special work admired and appreciated, it was not till his recent visit to England that we had the happiness of his personal acquaintance. Now he has been twice to see us, (once accompanied by his excellent wife,) and a friendship has been contracted between us which, though interrupted by absence from each other on earth, will find its true fruition and best enjoyment in heaven. The hours we spent in his company have left fragrant memories not only of pleasant mirth at the droll tales so inimitably told, but also of sacred joy in sweet and goodly words which "ministered grace unto the hearers." Cannot my friends imagine that it was a rare treat to listen to the converse of *John Ploughman* and *John Gough?*

No "pen of a ready writer" was there to record the good things they

said, or to immortalize the brilliant "table talk" which graced each repast; but the sweet communion which knit our hearts together will never be forgotten by us, and so deep a flood of enjoyment came in upon my usually quiet life that day, that it will for ever ripple pleasantly upon the shores of memory. To our very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gough in their far-away home in the West, I send loving greeting; and for this £25, which means so much joy and comfort for the Lord's poor servants, I give the warmest thanks of a grateful heart.

* * *

Nov. 1.—Two dear ladies brought me £50 to use in the Lord's work as I please. What bountiful kindness, its preciousness enhanced by my necessity! I divided it between the "Book Fund" and the "Pastors' Aid," for in these times of universal pressure I can scarcely confine my gifts to *books* in those cases where I know that, though the daily bread is sure, it is often unaccompanied by more substantial nourishment. It was only the other day I heard of a minister whose last Christmas dinner was to have consisted of a loaf and steak because he could not afford better fare; and I know many whose most creditable fear of debt compels them not only to keep their book-shelves empty, but the cupboard very bare. One ceases to wonder at the oft-recurring sickness of many ministers' wives, and the extreme delicacy of their children, when one remembers their many privations, their lack of nourishing food, and their need of suitable clothing. "My income barely enables me to find plain food and scanty clothing for my wife and three children," writes a country Independent pastor. "Frequently I have saved a few shillings with the view of purchasing a volume of the 'Treasury,' but a pair of shoes or a little dress put the book aside." In this last matter of clothing for pastors' families there is very much now being done by kind friends for their relief. I have elsewhere mentioned the many presents I receive for them, and to-day (mercies never come singly) a large chest arrived from Scotland containing the wardrobes of two deceased gentlemen, sent by the desolate wife and mother. It has been a somewhat sad work to allot this valuable gift to seven needy pastors, but their joy in receiving the good warm clothes will not be damped by any sorrowful remembrances of departed friends, and I rejoice beforehand in their joy.

* * *

Coming now to the conclusion of these sadly irregular chronicles, I should like to promise—if the Lord spare my life, and prosper the Book Fund—to do better next year. The "happy thought," if it be a *happy* one, of reporting this little service in "diary-fashion," ought to be more satisfactorily carried out, and I hope to gather more discreetly and carefully the material to be used at the close of the year 1880. Experience has taught me that there is sure to be a fulness of goodness and mercy to supply the record, but the same teacher sadly proves to me that the "recorder" fails and is at fault in not keeping her "book of remembrance" well posted up. But what memory can keep pace with God's mercies? or what uninspired pen can tell the thousandth part of His loving-kindnesses? "If I should count them they are more in number than the sand." Could I cull the choicest flowers of language, and bind them in one delightful bundle of thankfulness, it might be an acceptable offering of gratitude to the dear friends who have helped me; but how can I worthily praise and extol the bounty of my gracious, loving God? "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word." Blessed be Thy name, Thou hast daily loaded me with benefits, Thy hand has supplied all my need, Thy strength has been made perfect in my weakness. Thy loving care has watched over my work, and "there hath not failed one word of all Thy good promise" "upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." And what can I say more unto Thee? "Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" Oh! poor dumb lips,

that cannot speak His praise aright! Oh, faltering tongue, that as yet cannot "frame to pronounce" the syllables of heaven's own language!

"How shall I praise Him? Seraphs when they bring
The homage of their lyre,
Veil their bright face beneath their wing,
And tremble and retire.

Lost in thy love, yet full of humble trust
I close the worthless lay,
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
And in meek silence pray."

Truly there are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and we are constrained to worship "afar off" from very awe of His goodness. Such a season comes to me now as I sit pondering over all the Lord's marvellous lovingkindness, and looking back on the great and manifold mercies of the fast-closing year;—my spirit is overwhelmed within me,—the weight of blessing seems almost too much for me, and I lay aside my poor, useless pen to bow the knee before Him in silent adoration and thanksgiving.

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant."

SUMMARY OF WORK.

BOOKS DISTRIBUTED DURING THE YEAR 1879, 8,045 Volumes.

Treasury of David	2,779	Hodge's Outlines of Theology ...	50
Sermons	1,111	Pressensé's Early Years of Christianity	72
Lectures to Students	1,177	Miscellaneous	997
Watson's Body of Divinity ...	172	Old Books	50
Miss Havergal's Works	1,300		
"Never say Die"	200		8,045
Halsey's Pulpit Gleanings ...	100		
Homiletic Encyclopædia	37		

Also 6,941 single Sermons for distribution.

The above books were distributed between 286 Baptists, 180 Independents, 358 Methodists, 88 Church of England clergymen, 49 Missionaries, 71 Evangelists, and 12 Presbyterians.

Notices of Books.

Jane Taylor: her Life and Labours. By Mrs. H. C. KNIGHT. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

OUR readers have already had an article upon the lives of Ann and Jane Taylor: this is quite another biography of Jane, and by no means an inferior one. It seems to us to be written by a thoroughly able hand, and we are sure our readers will be pleased with it. The following random extract from Jane Taylor's diary is quite to our mind:—"*Monday morning.*—I heard yesterday three good sermons. . . . That in the evening by a plain Methodist preacher—the best, I thought, of the three; that is, the most to the grand purpose of preaching. Why do not we hear such sermons oftener? Some ministers appear to be under an unaccountable infatuation, as if they were afraid or ashamed to come to the point; as if every subject connected with religion were to be discussed in preference to that which is the foundation of all; as if they would rather direct their hearers to any surrounding objects than immediately to 'the Lamb of God, that takes away the sin of the world.' How little do they consider the disappointment they occasion to those of the congregation who go, Sabbath after Sabbath, hungering for the 'Bread of Life,'—who need the consolations of the gospel!"

Worthies of Science. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THE subject is exceedingly attractive, and in the hands of such a writer as Dr. Stoughton the authorship is sure to be of the highest class. We have read with pleasure the brief biography of *John Ray*, which is one among the seventeen historical sketches of Christian philosophers, which this book contains. Our author has abundantly shown that a profound acquaintance with nature may be associated with the most child-like faith in revelation, and the lowliest reverence towards God. This we never doubted; but, as some have done so, it is well that they should be convinced of their error by the irresistible logic of facts. Our own impression is that the observers of nature are almost always with us, and that those who oppose are for the most part mere *theorists*. The more men know of God's works the better, if they possess grace in their hearts; but if not, they stumble over the marvels of creation like blind men among the tombs.

Anglo-American Bible Revision. By Members of the American Revision Committee. London: Nisbet.

THIS little volume deserves a wide circulation. In about twenty short essays, clearly written, without a tinge of affectation in their style, we are shown the need there is for a thorough revision of the English Bible; we get a glance at the scope that revision will take; and we are given a kind of earnest that the delicate task is being performed in a truly conservative spirit. There is a compactness and completeness about this manual that pleases us. It leaves hardly a question unanswered which intelligent curiosity would prompt. A list of the English and the American revisers is supplied at the outset. An introductory statement of the reasons for taking the matter in hand follows. A brief history and a high eulogy of the authorised version then fitly precede the various criticisms upon the flaws and blemishes that mar it. Of course, the three principal factors in a successful revision must be a diligent comparison of the ancient manuscripts, a scholarly acquaintance with the original languages, and a popular appreciation of the Anglo-Saxon tongue as used on either side of the Atlantic. As the two committees will probably disband within two years from the present time, having finished their labours and published a new version of the grand Old Bible, the verdict of our churches and Bible societies will soon have to be given. Shall the new edition at once supersede that old and familiar book which has been in use for nearly three centuries? We devoutly hope it will be found worthy to do so. There are divisions enough among Protestants without encountering the danger of two different Bibles in the public sanctuary and in the private household. From such perils God forfend us. Meanwhile, a hand-book of information like this on the subject will prepare our minds for the points on which the important issue will turn.

Things touching the King. Religious Tract Society.

A LITTLE daily text book made up of verses which more or less closely relate to the King of Israel, whom our hearts obey. It would be much to our enrichment if we could all follow such an instructive and inspiriting course of meditation as these texts would suggest.

The New Testament, with Notes and Comments, accompanied with Maps and Illustrations. By Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. (Vols. I.—IV. comprising the Gospels and Acts.) London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE commentaries are intended for workers, and the intention is well carried out. Reflections and pious uses are left to the reader's own mind, while necessary explanations and illustrations are given in abundance and with praiseworthy conciseness. There is a touch of originality about this work which makes it distinct from all that have preceded it. We feel that we may honestly and heartily commend it, though we do not agree with all its contents. The wood engravings are usually most instructive; if not of a very high order of artistic merit, they have the virtue of being new, and to the point. The four volumes will be a fine addition to any man's library.

Biblical Things not generally known. Second Series. Elliot Stock.

We had great pleasure in commending the first volume of this work, and we need at this time only say that the second is not inferior to it. Our brethren in the ministry will find both instruction and recreation of the best kind in this book. Alas, the title suggests to us sad thoughts in reference to the theological ignorance of the age, and the many precious truths which might be labelled "Biblical things not generally known."

Rowland Hill: his Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings. By Vernon J. Charlesworth. With an Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon. Hodder and Stoughton.

Another edition of Mr. Charlesworth's Rowland Hill, making the seventh thousand. It is a cheap book at 3s. 6d., and in its present attire it is a handsome volume. We need not commend it, for we wrote a preface for it, and this we should not have done had we not approved of it heartily, and loved its author well. There are several lives of good old Rowland, and this is not the least among them.

The Story of Sir David Wilkie: his Life and Works. By A. L. Simpson, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

Everybody knows Wilkie's pictures, but it is not everybody that understands their suggestive details. We shall appreciate the pictures far more after reading this "story," and the capital explanations given of the scenes so vividly drawn by Sir David. His life was that of a calm, self-contained Scotchman, in whom self-control was carried to its highest point, insomuch that he seemed to be destitute of that enthusiasm which is usually thought to be the indispensable mark of genius. Placid, kindly, and in most respects admirable, he lacked the fire which makes a man's life interesting to others. He was probably all the happier for this, but we are sorry to note in this biography such an utter silence as to religion that we fear he missed the higher joy of life. He appears to have had no enemies, and to have been an affectionate son. As a quick observer, and a skilful delineator, he had no superior; but there is nothing special about his life to kindle consecrated ardour, or to suggest the noblest ambitions. The story is amply and admirably illustrated, and it has been a great treat to peruse it.

The Story of Ida Pfeiffer, and her Travels in Many Lands. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer will be known to most of our readers as one of the most remarkable of female travellers. She seems to have gone everywhere and to have been stopped by no obstacles. This narrative of her ramblings is well written, and admirably illustrated. It will teach our young folks a great deal of geography in a very pleasant manner, and it will amuse them while it instructs them. The high class of the wood engravings is most noteworthy.

The Epistle of Paul to Philemon. An Exposition for English Readers. By Rev. A. H. Drysdale. Religious Tract Society. Price 2s. 6d.

This exposition supplies a need. Our author has made his work popular in style, and yet he has done it thoroughly. We see traces of diligent reading and deep study in almost every page. "The polite epistle" has never been annotated and explained in a more useful manner. Those who are wise enough to read this exposition will fall in love with the epistle itself, and agree with Doddridge that "it is a masterpiece of its kind," and with Erasmus that "Cicero never wrote with greater eloquence."

The Story of the Life and Travels of Alexander von Humboldt. Nelson and Sons.

A popular *resumé* of the career of the great philosophic traveller. He who could write the "Kosmos" was no common man, neither were his adventures such as fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. His life is just the sort of material out of which to fashion a book of marvels for the young. It was a happy thought which led Mr. Nelson to prepare and issue such an attractive and artistic condensation of journeys which teem with incidents and discoveries. Even those who are well acquainted with Humboldt's works will be pleased with this charming little volume.

Mount Sinai, Petra, and the Desert. Described and illustrated. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

ANOTHER of Mr. Nelson's finely illustrated, useful, and handy books. The region in which Israel wandered is described according to the best and latest authorities, and hard terms are abjured for the sake of the many. We have been deeply interested, and place the book in our library for future use.

Benefit Societies and the Working Classes. By the Rev. ALEXANDER CRAIN. Dumbarton: T. Boyd, 127, High Street.

THIS tract is a plea for benefit societies among the working classes, and with its arguments we heartily agree. Some persons insist upon it that to insure your life, or to join a club, is contrary to the spirit of the exhortation of our Lord: "Take no thought for the morrow." If such persons would but reflect for a moment, they would see that obedience to this precept is rendered very easy by entering into an insurance society; for when a man has done his best to provide for the future the temptation to carking care is removed. The command to a certain duty includes within itself everything which helps us to perform the duty, and as life insurances and well-ordered benefit societies enable us to "be careful for nothing," it is our duty to enter into them as far as our circumstances suggest and enable.

A New Testament Commentary for English Readers. Edited by CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester & Bristol. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS Commentary has a value of its own, and must take a high rank on account of the learning brought to bear upon it. We doubt not that it will have many admirers, and will be of great service to those who read it with discretion. Personally we find grave fault with it, for the readiness of the writers to endorse novelties and sanction what we consider to be mere fancies. This fault arises out of a virtue, and is perhaps all the more dangerous for that very reason. We consider it to be a brave impartiality which speaks thus: "'*They went down both into the water.*' The Greek preposition might mean simply '*unto* the water,' but the universality of immersion in the practice of the early Church supports the English version. The eunuch would lay aside his garments, descend chest-deep into the water, and be plunged under it." This same spirit shows itself in other comments equally remarkable as coming from clergymen of the Church of England; and we fear that to this very commendable characteristic, indulged, and exaggerated, we must trace many new renderings. The speech of Agrippa to Paul is interpreted in a way which seems to us a mere freak of learning, and to other instances the same remark applies. Worse than this, the writers are evidently disbelievers in plenary inspiration. When Paul says in Galatians v. 12, "*I would they were even cut off that trouble you,*" the commentator ascribes to these words a meaning so filthy that we are certain it never occurred to Paul's mind, and were he among us he would reject the abominable imputation with disgust. What is far worse, the commentator virtually denies the inspiration of this epistle, or at least this verse of it, by ascribing it to the apostle's "highly nervous and excitable constitution." If this style of commenting be allowed, we shall have Holy Scripture torn from us piece by piece, and instead of a book inspired by the Holy Ghost we shall have the writings of nervous and excitable men. We are very sorry to be driven to censure much of the teaching of these volumes as rash, hasty, and unwise.

The Commentary for Schools. Edited by C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

The Acts of the Apostles. By Rev. E. H. PLUMTRE, D.D. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS comes under the same censure as the larger work, and we much deplore that it is so, for the idea is a very useful one, and would be of great practical value if carried out by more prudent hands. The work is so good that we are very sorry that the flies in the pot of ointment are such very large blue-bottles that we cannot overlook them.

The Authenticity of St. John's Gospel. By William Cæsar, D.D. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh & London.

An attempt having been recently made by certain Biblical critics to prove that the fourth gospel history was not written in the apostolic age, and is therefore falsely attributed to the apostle John, the whole question is here thoroughly considered, and the generally received opinion is defended and confirmed. The assault on John is so unexpected an attack that we are forced to exclaim, What next? Whatever it may be, we doubt not but its learned author will soon be openly withstood by some skilful opponent, as in the instance before us, and be pursued and driven out of his native fastnesses and places of retreat. Towards the end of the second century a small sect arose called Alogi, who in defence of their peculiar views were compelled to deny the authenticity of John's Gospel, but these soon disappeared from church history. No further disbelief upon the subject occurred until the present century, in which it has come in for its full share of doubt and scepticism. It is admitted that, if not written by John, it was written with the intention of its being accepted as the production of that apostle. Such an admission, we maintain, becomes its own refutation, and cannot in fact be honourably suggested. No honest person would claim for the gospel an apostolic origin if it were not true, and it is impossible that it could be written by any one who was dishonest and insincere. It is absurd to suppose there could be such an imitation of the knowledge and piety and fervour of the disciple whom Jesus loved. If left, therefore, to the alternative of its being written by the apostle John or being a forgery, there can be no hesitation in our choice. Nor is it easy to suppose that such an imposition could pass unnoticed and unchallenged at any time by the Christian Church. This may be best stated in the author's own words:—"When we consider the magnitude of the subject matter of the gospel, as well as its connection with universal humanity, it seems clear that the difficulty of passing off the gospel as John's, if it were not his, and of getting others to admit its authenticity is insurmountable. In addition to this, there is nothing in the writings of the early Christians to show that any attempt was made by those who knew better to introduce a gospel as John's which was the work of some other and later writer, and to prevail upon the Christian churches and communities to receive the forgery as an apostolic work. It was left to the ingenuity of the nineteenth century to invent this theory, and to circulate a hypothesis which a candid criticism has no hesitation in pronouncing to be no other and no better than 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'"

We have alluded to those parts of the controversy which can be better understood by general readers, but we can assure them that the argument is conducted with equal conclusiveness in its more critical and scholastic departments; in its internal evidences, its quotations from the early Fathers, and its comparison with the other writings of the same apostle. While admitting the talents and learning of those to whom he is opposed, the author proves himself to be in no respect inferior to them. With his concluding remarks we cordially agree: "We do not undervalue their talents, nor seek to detract from their learning. What we regret is that they should employ these in the service of scepticism and in the war against truth. But the results of modern criticism are not such as to fill us with anxiety and alarm. At best the objections which have been urged against our gospel are more pretentious than formidable. Some of them are only imaginary, and others are vastly exaggerated. The more they are examined into, the more shadowy and superficial do they appear. The defences that surround our gospel are sure and impregnable, and it is no rash prediction to affirm that no weapon formed against it shall ever prosper. The opposition with which it has been and still is assailed, will, we have no doubt, like that of the Alogi in earlier times, be gradually silenced, and will finally disappear; and our gospel, with its glory unclouded, its lustre untarnished, and its power to satisfy men's spiritual cravings undiminished, will still abide, bearing to human hearts the message of heaven's mercy, and proclaiming throughout the world 'the words of eternal life.'"

Anniversary Leaves. By Mrs. M. E. Kennedy. Philadelphia.

All acting of Scripture teaching and events is, in our view, irreverent and trifling, if it be not profane; and therefore we condemn this book, though we commend its design and spirit.

Prairie Days; or Our Home in the Far West. By Mary B. Sleight. John Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

If an attractive exterior, and an amusing and instructive interior, unite to make a suitable present for young people, it may be had here. The book gives much information respecting early settlements in new countries, especially those in which Christian principles and habits were associated with the adventure.

Shepherd Calls. By Rev. Robert Balgarnie. Religious Tract Society.

Earnest and well meant, but meagre. There is not much depth of earth. The book is issued to supply suggestive aids to evangelists and teachers, and it is very good, but it reminds us of the hungry Englishman who ordered cutlets at a French restaurant, and who when they brought him up one tiny specimen for him to make a meal of, stuck his fork into it and said, "Yes, that's the kind of thing: bring me a dish of them." The paper illustrating Enoch's character by the difficulties under which he laboured in having *no Bible, no church as we have it, no sacraments*, and *no saint-fellowship*, is very good; and so are the divisions in reference to the young prince in whom was found some good thing. Turn to the history and see how appropriate are the sections: *Abijah brought in, Abijah brought up, and Abijah brought home.* Such mouthfuls make us ask for more.

"*Under His Shadow.*" The last Poems of Frances Ridley Havergal. Nisbet and Co.

Sad words, "the last poems of Frances Ridley Havergal"! To our poor judgment her departure seems a grievous loss to the praises of God on earth. She has left us when she was growing into ripest excellence, and developing new powers. As we read the "last poems" we think we see the reason why she has gone home, she was too heavenly to be kept longer here below, she was so fully prepared to sing above that the celestial choirs could not longer spare her to charm mere mortal ears. Whether she wrote in prose or poetry she always appeared to us to be an inspired woman, in a higher sense than mere talent, or enthusiasm, can reach: the Lord had put his words into her mouth, and she uttered them in his fear. In this little posthumous book are some choice fragments, sweet hymns, and delicious lyrics; but for high-soaring, almost Miltonic grandeur, commend us to the first poem upon "the Thoughts of God." It has filled us with awe, and bowed us into tears. To serve as a specimen of the poetic glory of this marvellous hymn upon God's thoughts we give the closing passage, premising that it follows upon a most sublime description of those thoughts as being "not ours," but infinitely above us.

"They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell,
Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—
As we fall o'erawed.
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By his great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of his hand.
Nay, more! we lean upon his breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change
That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange!
'For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me!*'"

An Empty House. A Temperance Story. By E. Wordsworth. London: Hatchards.

A sad, sad story of the terrible evils of drink. We are only afraid such things are too true, and trust that this and every effort of the same character may help to remedy such a fearful state of things as at present prevails.

The King of Kings and Lord of Lords. An attempt to trace the Divine Records of His Life on Earth and His Reign in Glory. By Robert Nelson. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We follow this good man with some measure of profit till he begins to pass the Jordan of prophecy. He imagines that the depths are opened before him, but to us he seems to sink in floods of absurdity, and we cannot attempt to follow him. Every Scripture which relates to the glorious future he seems to understand literally, and then with admirable faith he keeps the even tenor of his way amid extravagances which are as nothing to his serene confidence. If we held his principles we should commend his faith, but as we do not accept them we marvel at his credulity. Our author evidently expects to be ridiculed, but our feeling upon the subject is of another kind; we lament that gifts entrusted to a brother in the Lord should be so ill employed, and all for lack of a measure of gracious reasonableness, which might have saved him from the killing letter, and made him a helper of those who enter into the life-giving spirit of the Word. If his faith were but wedded to understanding, we should rejoice in its simplicity and unquestioning grip; as it is, we look upon his interpretations as wild dreams worthy only of the nursery age of Christian belief.

British Rule in South Africa. Illustrated in the Story of Kama and his Tribe, and the War in Zululand. By W. Clifford Holden. Wesleyan Conference Office.

We are disappointed. Mr. Holden's description of Kama and his tribe is all very good, and interesting, but when we have passed these seventy-three pages we find the rest of the two hundred and eighteen pages a mere compilation, mainly consisting of matters fresh upon our memory about the hateful Zulu war. We did not expect to get cuttings from *The Times*, and other papers, quite so soon cooked into a book, and we confess that we are not admirers of this rapid method of concocting a volume. It may be useful to have such a history, although for our own part we would fain forget it all, and never remember that our country was guilty of such crimes.

The Greatness of Little Things. By James Culross, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Our readers well know that we have the highest appreciation of all that Dr. Culross has hitherto written; and we are right glad to say that there is no falling off in our admiration, for there is no decline in the excellence of his productions. In this case he has not written little thoughts upon little things, and twaddled about nothings, as many have done who have used the Wordsworthian microscope without the poet's eye: this is not after the manner of our deeply thoughtful friend. He always reminds us of a deep sea so clear that you can see to the bottom, and discern therein things of life and beauty, made all the more lovely by being glossed over by such transparent depths. A tale, a simple image, a story of a child, a homely proverb,—each one will be met with amid the writer's sublimities, but never out of place: he has rocks, and anemones upon them; he plays with leviathan as with a bird. Nor is this his only excellence: he is superlatively spiritual, his depths are phosphorescent with the conscious nearness of his God. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaks, and that heart is full of a humble, gentle, reverent, strong, and deep love to his Lord. We are always happy to sit at his feet, because he sits at the Master's feet. We wish he would send us a chapter for *The Sword and the Trowel*, and, meanwhile, we recommend our readers to find great thoughts among the pages which speak of little things, such as jots and tittles, mustard, motes, mites, moments, and monosyllables.

Golden Series of Reward Books: namely, *Jack and Shag; Father's Joy; A Wet Holiday; Dickie's Misfortunes; Coals of Fire; A Sprig of Holly.* 4d. each. Religious Tract Society.

BRIGHT with gold and colour these little fourpenny books must surely attain a great popularity among children. They are marvels for beauty, and when we remember their price, they surprise us more and more. Young teachers who give your girls little presents, you have here the very books you need for cheap and pretty prizes.

Bible Picture Stories. Packets E. and F. Religious Tract Society.

AT sixpence for a packet of six little books these are extraordinarily cheap, for there are seven coloured pictures in each book. These publications ought to cut out "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and "Mother Goose" from the windows of the little sweet-shops. Plenty of cuts and bright colours must surely win the custom of the little purchasers who now lay out their pennies upon cock-and-bull stories.

Till the Sugar Melts. Religious Tract Society.

AND all this real taste and art for sixpence. Well, we cannot make it out. Please, papa, buy a copy for little Miss Bab before the Society raises the price. Surely papa's heart will melt as much as that. Ask him, and wait an answer "till the sugar melts."

Boys will be Boys. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

MR. SARGENT is a ready writer for boys, and the Society has done its work well as to engravings and binding; hence a book which a boy will enjoy. Try Master Dick with a copy. By the way, it is not true that "Boys will be boys": we assert that they will *not* be boys long, and we can prove it by personal experience. Our own house is silent now. Where once two boys were heard laughing and sporting all is hushed. One young *man* is in Australia, and the other is busy in his Lord's service at Greenwich; but they are *boys* no longer. Are we getting old? As we look on their mother we think not; but certainly we had two boys once and we have none now, and therefore we assert that "boys will *not* be boys" for ever, but will grow into men. God grant they may be happier as men than they were as boys. Why not? We have been so, and we believe many others are the same.

Harrison Weir's Pictures of Birds, and other Pets. Religious Tract Society.

YOUNG people cared for again. They ought to be very good young people to have such beautiful books prepared for them. We never dreamed of such glowing prints and gorgeous binding when we were young. Five shillings for a toy book would then have been thought a terrible extravagance, but now Miss Maud and Master Arthur have luxurious volumes provided for them by the dozen. Still, whatever the price, nothing can beat Harrison Weir's drawings. What a master of the art he is!

My First Place; or, a Life's Lesson. By the author of "Ten Steps in the Narrow Way," etc. Religious Tract Society.

JUST *the* book for a young servant. Many girls might be saved from grave mistakes if they carefully read the admonitions which are here mixed up with a story the more readily to secure attention. A shilling would be well spent by a mistress in the purchase of this book, which might lie in the kitchen or be kept to lend out to the neighbouring Anns and Ellens.

The Cornish Fisherman's Watch-Night, and other stories. *The Light on the Wall,* and other stories. Religious Tract Society.

THESE pretty books contain a number of pleasing stories, short and sweet. The little folk will greedily devour them. Where do all these story-books find purchasers? There seems to be no end to them. Where do they all go to when they are read? As well ask,—Where do all the pins go?

Tract Magazine. Volume for 1879. Religious Tract Society.

GOOD, and calculated to do good.

My Scarlet Shawl; or "Out of Debt, out of Danger": and other Stories. By G. E. Sargent. Religious Tract Society.

An admirable warning against buying what you can do without, and especially against getting into debt. That scarlet shawl, bought of the tally-man, made poor Maggie very wretched, almost alienated her from her husband, and hung like a pall over her happiness. The story or its like has often happened, and it will be well if the reading of this tale should prevent the repetition of such catastrophes.

Poor Papa. A new American Story. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have had enough of this kind of literature. "Helen's Babies" was clever and amusing, but one such book is quite enough for a generation: this poor and strained imitation of it might have been spared us. Are American children of the character here depicted? Is the law of God which bids children honour and obey their parents regarded as an obsolete rule? We are sorry, indeed, if this be the case. The rule of the household is the root and foundation of all government, and where it is neglected, boys will not grow up to be good citizens, nor will girls become gracious wives. There are cases around us where children are allowed to be the tyrants of the family, but they are not so many as to be the rule, nor so glaring as to suggest a parallel case to that of "Poor Papa." We should be very hard up for fun before we should waste an hour over such a poor affair as this.

Days of Judgment and Years of Peace. By Rev. R. Hamilton. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

This is an interpretation of Scripture prophecies in relation to the present times. The recent decline of the Turkish empire, with its symptoms of hastening to its close, has evidently led to a search for its place in prophecy, and to a conviction of its place being found. Much learning, and zeal, and patient investigation have been expended upon the interpretation of prophetic emblems and of historic events, with the view of proving their exact conformity with each other. Upon the success of the undertaking we have our doubts, partly on account of the events of the present time being supposed to have a greater prominence in the Scripture prophecies than is due to them in comparison with the events of other times, and partly on account of the inadequacy both of the interpretations and their applications to convey full and undoubted conviction to the mind. It is by no means certain, for instance, though generally believed, that the Euphrates is prophetically emblematical of the Turkish empire. A vial poured upon the Euphrates would not be very clearly descriptive of the destruction of the Turkish nationality at the present time. To some minds the whole theory advocated in this book may be satisfactory; to others it may be of considerable use in showing how much may be said in its favour without producing absolute convictions; and to all it is calculated to give much instruction upon the dealings of God with the nations of the earth. Upon the author's qualifications for Scriptural studies, his sound principles, and sincerity of design, we cannot speak too highly.

The Bohlen Lectures, 1879. *The Influence of Jesus.* By Rev. Phillip Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. London: Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

Doubtless some minds will be impressed and edified by these lectures, but we confess that we are not of the number. The style of thought does not please us; it seems to us to be little in itself, and to be distended by verbiage. We read with weariness, and when we leave off our pains are not rewarded. We suppose that it seemed needful that the Bohlen lecture should emulate the Bampton, and should at least appear to be profound. We think, however, that all which this first series of essays contains might have been given in smaller compass and in plainer words, greatly to the advantage of the reader. Yet we are free to own that our personal mode of thought renders us incapable of appreciating this laboured essaying, this prodigious elaboration, and therefore our learned readers had better judge for themselves.

The Young Men of Scripture. By Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens. London: Haughton and Co.

We do not doubt that those who listened to these discourses will be glad to possess them in a permanent form; but we fear that they suffer severely from the absence of the man and the living voice. Besides which, Mr. Hitchens, if we are not mistaken, can do far better than this volume would imply; and we do not think it will add much to his reputation. The matter is unquestionably sound and good, but it is well-worn and trite,—while in the mode of its presentation strength and vigour are sacrificed to elegance and adornment. In every good picture the accessories should be studied, but accessories should be subordinate to the main drift and aim of the subject. In our opinion there are too many pulpit pre-Raphaelites already, and Mr. Hitchens has too much power to afford to be so anxious about his style.

The King's Ferry-Boat. By J. N. Norton. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street, E.C.

This little volume is one of the smartest, liveliest, most anecdoty books of Sunday-school addresses we have seen for a long time. There is not a dull page in the whole of it, and crisp, fresh stories, sometimes wickedly humorous, gleam here and there and everywhere. We wish some kind friends would manage to present a copy to every prosy teacher who at certain times inflicts an "address" upon the Sunday-school.

Ben Boyce, the Beachman, and other Nautical Sketches. London: Religious Tract Society.

Well done! A fine, breezy, salt book about the sea and its vicissitudes, and yet saturated with manly piety and robust Christian appeal. The type, illustrations, and binding are beautiful; as inviting as the matter is interesting. We hope many a lad will be presented with a copy, and we are sure he will read it with avidity; and also that some of our sailors and fishermen may be led by its perusal to find a safe haven in the soul's great refuge, Jesus Christ. 'Tis a charming little work.

Lady Sybil's Choice: a Tale of the Crusades. By Emily Sarah Holt. John F. Shaw and Co.

That we may learn to trust in God when his way is hidden is the teaching of this semi-historic tale. Incidents of the Crusades, full of the romantic element, are interwoven with high spiritual lessons. If young folk will have fiction, we choose "Sybil's Choice" for them.

The Sabbath School Magazine. Glasgow: John M'Callum, 172, Buchanan Street.

A remarkably good pennyworth. The magazine keeps to its own special department, and does its work well. It will be helpful to teachers, and instructive to elder scholars.

The Baptist Messenger. Price One Penny. 61, Paternoster Row.

This little serial maintains its own position, and deserves to do so. We can with much confidence recommend it to the public. It contains no speck of modern theology, but abides sound in the faith—the faith once delivered unto the saints.

The Heavenly Bridegroom and his Bride. By H. K. Wood. Hodder and Stoughton.

To those who cannot read Durham or Bonar on the golden Canticle, this work will be in some measure instructive and edifying. The author is judicious in his selection of thoughts, and clear in his arrangement of them, while a holy and gracious spirit pervades all his pages. We greatly prefer the greater lights on this song, such as Gill, Sibbes, Durham, &c.; but this clear, placid star is not to be despised. It, too, shines in the light eternal, and there are beams coming from it which are all its own.

Hugh Templar's Motto. By Louisa Emily Donree. Religious Tract Society. 1s.

The motto of the hero of this capital little book was *Noblesse oblige*, and right nobly did he fulfil the obligation imposed upon him by his profession of Christianity while he was yet young. All our boys should read the story of this brave youth, and try to be like him.

Dot and her treasures. By L. T. MEADE. John Shaw and Co., London.

If young people are not the better for reading "Dot and her treasures," the fault will be their own. To place this book in the hands of any little sufferer would be to confer a boon.

Miracle no Mystery. By an English Presbyter. James Nisbet and Co.

THE title of this book needs explanation, and the explanation is at once given that the meaning is not that miracles are the result of the ordinary laws of nature, but that they are not spoken of in Scripture as mysteries, and the idea of mystery in connection with them tends to frustrate their design. They are not intended to excite wonder, but to be regarded as plain and intelligible facts, to authenticate deeds and words which would be less intelligible without them. Instead of being intended to show what God can do, they are designed to show his direct agency in one thing to confirm his direct agency in another. No miracles would have been required if man had not sinned. There would have been no need of such evidence that a message had come from God, and much less to prove what had come from him to be true. "The works that I do," said Christ, "bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." As witnesses they must not be mysterious but intelligible. They appeal to the natural senses in confirmation of mental and moral truths. It is in this sense that a miracle is said to be no mystery. Whether the distinction can be universally sustained or not, it is here shown to be applicable to all the principal miracles recorded in the Old Testament, the selection of which and the observations upon them give a permanent value to this little volume.

The Student's Commentary on the Holy Bible. Founded on the Speaker's Commentary. Abridged and edited by J. M. FULLER, M.A. In six volumes. Murray.

THOSE who can find means to purchase the "Speaker's Commentary" should not rest content with this, which is an abridgment of that great work: but to those whose scant purses forbid their procuring the entire work, the "Student's Commentary" will be a good substitute. Our own estimate of the "Speaker's Commentary" is a growing one. It is a monument to the scholarship of the English church by no means to be despised, and combines breadth of view, with reverent faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures. To poor men an abridgment will be a great help, and we thank Mr. Murray for issuing it.

Barton Ferris: a Tale of Village Life and Work. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. London: Sunday School Union.

ONE of the liveliest, brightest stories of Dissent in the villages which we have read. Those who live in large towns have no idea of the petty tyranny and persecution of the squire and the vicar in their endeavours to crush out Dissent. We are grateful to Mr. Clarke for such an attractive and yet powerful story, showing the facts of village religious life. The best thing to encourage vigorous Nonconformist and anti-priestly convictions would be to let our young men and women read such stories as this. We suppose it was meant for the Sunday-school library. It richly deserves a place there.

Notes.

FRIENDS will please note that as the accounts take up a considerable space we have added four extra pages. We are behindhand also with notices of books, but hope to give all the publishers their due before long.

On *Sunday, February* 15, it was our great delight to return to the Tabernacle and its well-beloved work. This was a week later than we at first intended, but it was no less than a special providence which kept us out of the worst fog of the year, and brought us home just as the weather changed. How glad were we to see old friends and fellow-workers! How glad were they to see us! The mutual joy was felt too deeply to be expressed. The great house was thronged up to the utmost

endurance, and hundreds, and even thousands, were turned from the doors because there was no more space in which to pack them. We are greatly refreshed by the rest, and glad to be at work again. Friends are requested to judge of the sermons preached at the Tabernacle by the printed copy, and not by extracts made by newspaper reporters, who, of course, can give only portions, and naturally select those which are most likely to excite remark. A sentence in its connection reads very differently from what it does when set apart, and discussed as if it were an independent and complete utterance.

On *Wednesday, February* 18, the Annual Church Meeting was held. About eighteen hundred of the members were present to tea, and a much larger number assembled afterwards. It was a most delightful evening, full of affection and enthusiasm. Speech is free, and affection has greater liberty at a select meeting than upon occasions when "a chiel's amang us taking notes." The pastor's spirits were raised, and his heart cheered by the loving words of his officers and people, and all were happy and grateful to God.

The financial accounts were exceedingly satisfactory, especially when we remember what a trying year 1879 has been in this respect to all institutions. Nothing is lacking to any branch of church work. All that is needed is a continuance of the blessing, and more grace.

The statistics were as follows:—Increase, by baptism, 305; by letter, 100; by profession, 57; by restoration, 3; total, 445. Decrease, by dismission, 131; by exclusion for non-attendance, 68; by joining other churches without letters, 43; removed for other causes, 11; emigrated, 4; died, 65; total, 322;—leaving a net increase of 123, and making the number of members on the books 5290.

The annual meeting of our Tabernacle Sunday School was held in the Lecture-hall on *Tuesday evening, February* 10, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presiding. The platform was occupied by a choir of the children, who sang several sweet hymns and anthems during the evening. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, after explaining that this was the annual meeting of *the home* school, which only represented about one-fifth of the actual Sabbath schools associated with the church, gave an interesting address upon the necessity and influence of the work, and the great responsibility which rested upon teachers, parents, and the entire Church of Christ, in order that the great end of the work might be attained, that of sound scriptural instruction and the conversion of the young. Drs. MacAusland and Sinclair Patterson, Deacons W. Olney, and J. H. Olney, and Mr. Pearce, superintendent of the schools, also addressed the meeting. We extract the following particulars from the report read by the secretary:—

"The school consists in the aggregate of 105 teachers and about 1,200 scholars; the large schoolroom in the Tabernacle basement being occupied by the juniors, and the two rooms in the college buildings by the seniors; beside which there are separate rooms for the infants, library, and elder scholars. There are 103 of our scholars who are members of the church, of whom 42 have joined during the past year. All the teachers are church members, this being a condition of service."

The Missionary Society in connection with the school has raised during the past year the sum of £131 3s. 3d., which has been expended as follows:—Towards the support of Mrs. Brown, late a teacher in the school, now in the Zenana Baptist Mission, Calcutta, £50; to the Baptist Missionary Society, £25; to the Tabernacle Colportage Association, £20; to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £20; to the Continental Sunday-school Mission, £5; and to Messrs. Johnson and Richardson in Africa, £5; leaving a balance in hand of £3 17s. 9d. In connection with Mr. Wigney's class, the sum of £50 is raised annually for the support of Mr. Easton, a missionary of the China Inland Mission, and formerly a scholar in the class.

There is a *Band of Hope*, in connection with which sixty pledges were taken during the past year; and a *Dorcas Society*, the object of which is to make up clothing for the poor, specially those connected with our own school. Scholars may purchase articles at the cost price of material only, by periodical payments of 1d. or 2d. An annual grant of £5 is made by the church to this society.

Scholars' Examination.—At the Scripture examination held last February by the Sunday School Union, 47 scholars from our school attended, of whom 33 were successful in obtaining certificates.

COLLEGE.—God is with us in this work, and all things move along in admirable order. We are well supplied with men and funds, and spheres open up for the brethren quite as rapidly as they are prepared for them: we should even be glad

to retain the men a little longer, but the churches are not always willing to wait for the man of their choice, and are unwise enough to tempt men to begin running before they have fairly pulled their boots on. As to funds, we have now a solid balance. The large item of legacies—£4,112—which appears in the Balance Sheet has put us into a wealthy condition. Our friends will see that we have spent more than £1,000 of the legacies during the year, and we shall be glad to have our expenditure continue at about that rate, so that this unusual item of income may last over four years.

On January 29 another of our students, Mr. R. E. Ludlow, fell asleep in Jesus before completing his College course. Thus happeneth it in the mystery of providence that one fights the battle for half-a-century and another falls asleep before his sword is well out of the scabbard.

Since our last notice Mr. A. Parker has accepted the pastorate of the church at Colne, Lancashire; and Mr. W. Osborne has resigned the charge of the Thrissell-street Church, Bristol, and has removed to Carlisle, with the view of forming a Baptist church in that important northern town. We beg our brethren in Carlisle to rally to the standard, and make this attempt a success.

The following brethren have also removed during the month:—Mr. H. Abraham, to Lumb, Lancashire; Mr. F. Aust, from Coldstream, N.B., to Little London, Willenhall; Mr. E. P. Barrett, from South Wingfield to Cornwall-road, Brixton; Mr. G. E. Ireland, from Every-street, Manchester, to Eccles; Mr. W. Seaman, from Newquay to Hawick, N.B.; and W. Usher, from Dacre Park, Lee, to Great Victoria-street, Belfast.

Mr. J. J. Kendon, who went out to Jamaica some months since, has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Jericho and Mount Hermon.

Our coloured friend, Mr. T. L. Johnson, has returned to England, through the failure of his health and the loss of his wife. He will probably go back to America to labour among his countrymen there.

A sister in Christ, near Torquay, sends us the following particulars of our highly-esteemed former student, Mr. T. Cannon, thinking we should be interested in hearing a little of his holy, godly walk. She judges rightly. We are much cheered by her account. "Although he did lean towards Plymouth Brethrenism (*not exclusive*), his heart was large enough to love all who loved the Lord Jesus, while of *you* he ever spoke with affectionate esteem. As an evangelist he laboured, more especially in Devonshire, for the last thirteen years; while his holy, blameless life was a true witness for God. Of him it may be truly said, 'he walked with God,' not fitfully, but habitually; and wherever he visited, the savour of the Master's presence was always felt. I can assure you that rich and poor alike deeply feel his loss. He was engaged up to the very last in the work he loved and did so well, ministering the word with unusual earnestness and power, at both services, on the last Sunday he was on earth, and visiting the sick until two days before his departure. For this Christlike work his loving sympathising heart was specially adapted. He was only thirty-seven when the Master called him to rest, but he lived long enough to do a good work, and to do it well. Four dear children are now left orphans."

Orphanage.—The Services of Song held by our Orphan Choir have been remarkably successful. We are under renewed obligations to our ever generous-hearted friends at Liverpool for the noble help there given; nor may we forget the zealous aid of brethren in Bath, Stroud, Cheltenham, Bristol, Hereford, etc.

Mr. Charlesworth's series of *Services of Song* we can heartily commend to the notice of all choirs who wish to utilize their abilities for the spread of the gospel, and the assistance of works of benevolence. His *Stockwell Reciter* also will be of great use to Sabbath-schools, Bands of Hope, and such like juvenile institutions. The Services are threepence each, and the Reciter is one penny each number.

No more forms of application either for boys or girls can be issued for the Orphanage. It would be cruel to encourage hope. We have many waiting to fill all vacancies which can possibly occur for months to come. *Please take note of this.*

The next Quarterly Collectors' Meeting will be held at the Orphanage on *Tuesday, March* 30.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, having achieved under God a great work at the Tabernacle, rested a short while, and then commenced a series of services at *Bradford* in conjunction with our beloved brother, Pastor C. A. Davis. We are only able to report concerning the opening meetings, but these augur well for the future. The noon-prayer meeting was attended by 100 on the first day, 200 on the second, and 350 on the third; the chapel was crowded every evening at the

services, and, best of all, souls were being saved. May Bradford see the arm of the Lord made bare.

At the Tabernacle the best results have followed the special meetings. We have in type a lengthened account of a meeting of converts on January 30, but we cannot find room for it. God be thanked the seed sown has already sprung up!

Mr. Burnham's visit to *Driffield* was the means of great blessing to Christians, but the outsiders were not so numerously ingathered, for special services were being held at the same time by the two bodies of Methodists in the place. So long as souls are saved the agency signifies little. At the neighbouring village of *Cranswick*, however, the chapel was not nearly large enough to hold the people, and therefore the Board School was secured, and twice as many were accommodated. The pastor, Brother C. Welton, found so many who were impressed at the services that he was occupied during a whole day in conversing and praying with them at their homes. The services were so successful, that on Mr. Burnham's departure they were continued for some time with the help of local ministers.

At *Sheepshed*, Leicestershire, the blessing was even more marked. On the Sunday evening, not only every part of the chapel but the school-rooms also were closely packed, and the word was accompanied with signs following. Mr. Burnham saw between fifty and sixty enquirers during the week, and many of them were led to the Saviour. The evangelist attributes the success of the services to the prayerful and zealous efforts of the Christians in the place for some weeks before his visit.

From Feb. 16 to March 7 Mr. Burnham was to have been at Rawtenstall and Preston, but as he was too ill to go we sent our other singing evangelist, Mr. E. J. Parker: may the Lord be with him. We hope Mr. Burnham will be sufficiently restored to fulfil his engagements at Southwell from March 8 to 14, and Minchinhampton from March 30 to April 4.

The labours of these three brethren are so largely used of God for saving sinners, and building up churches that we shall with gladness add to the number of this little band as soon as the sinews of war are in our hands.

The alteration of time of special services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle rendered it impossible for the Evangelists to hold meetings at Mr. Cuff's Tabernacle. We regret this, and are anxious that the reason should be known and understood.

COLPORTAGE.—Things are looking more hopeful for the Colportage Association, one feature of the outlook being that friends who had been compelled to suspend the work in some districts for lack of funds again apply for a colporteur, which shows that where the agency has been fairly tried, its great value was appreciated, though local circumstances compelled a temporary suspension of the work. Then again, the reports of blessing resting upon particular books sold and tracts given away are more than usually numerous and encouraging. One special feature has been very noticeable in many of the cases of good reported, viz., the indirect yet continuous way in which the truth has passed through one channel to another. There have been "branches running over the wall." A book is sold and read, and has led the reader to Jesus. He lends it to another, who is also converted by its perusal—in one case a whole family was saved through reading a tract which had been left by the colporteur in a Shropshire district, and was sent by post to relatives in America. A gentleman who takes great interest in the work reports the following interesting case which occurred in the New Forest:—

"A woodman and his wife living away in the forest, with no neighbours within a mile or so, were among those visited. We believe the visits (of the colporteur) were instrumental, through God's blessing, in leading both into the light of the gospel. The wife died last year, rejoicing, and full of faith and hope; the husband, crippled with rheumatism, looks eagerly for the visits, and with tears of joy has said, 'I bless God for putting it into your heart to come and see me, and pray God to bless those who sent you.'" And our friend continues—"I can assure you from my own personal experience that the visits have in many cases been productive of the happiest results. Indeed, five or six thousand magazines and books cannot go into the homes of these people every year, replacing bad literature or none at all, without, through the divine blessing, gradually but surely elevating, refining, and Christianizing them."

The Association has a very nice Bible-carriage, kindly placed at its disposal by a Christian lady, and would be glad to see it at work in London. Will any friends provide the £40 a year necessary to start a new colporteur in some Metropolitan or suburban district?

If the value and success of colportage are well pondered, our friends will soon enable us to again increase the staff from

our present number, sixty-four, to at least the eighty employed during last year. Will friends in their own locality try and aid us by collecting, or giving a guarantee of £10 a year towards employing a colporteur, or if unable to do this, by contributions to the general fund, which continually needs help?

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following pleasing note comes to us from *Russia*:—"I came to this country about twenty-four years ago, and have been about in various parts of the interior ever since. Beyond having one volume of your sermons, I have not been much acquainted with the extent of your progress until the past year, during which I have taken in '*The Sword and Trowel*.' Through it I have watched you with great interest and earnest prayer, and the first thing I fly to now on receiving a new number is your 'personal notes.' . . . . I have a wife and eight children. A few weeks ago I explained to them the meaning of the Orphanage, and appealed to their feelings: the result was that I was authorized to go to their Savings' Bank and take out 3 roubles 40 kopecks as the children's contribution. We have now made up the sum to 55 roubles, which will be forwarded to you from St. Petersburg by a cheque. The amount should not be less than £5. Please accept it. I am so deeply interested in all your noble institutions that I scarcely know how to divide it, but I think if you will give £1 to Mrs. Spurgeon for the Poor Ministers' Clothing Fund, £1 to the Colportage Fund, and the balance to the Orphanage, we cannot do better."

A Methodist minister in *Ireland* writes:—"Many a time these few years I have wondered whether you know that you are preaching in unnumbered pulpits every Lord's day, in many cases word for word as reported in your volumes. You are aware, I suppose, that the weekly sermon is read by two-thirds of the Protestants in Ulster. In some cases ten families join in taking it, and lend it from one to another."

The deacons of a church in *South Australia*, in sending a donation for the Girls' Orphanage, say, "We have for years past received substantial help from your printed sermons. Christians have been helped on their way, and others have through their instrumentality been introduced into the light and liberty of the gospel."

A sailor friend, who distributes our sermons and other works wherever his ship goes, writes from *Jamaica*:—"We have given away nearly all the books and sermons that we had. We are saving a few for the poor negroes at the other ports to which we are going. They were so thankful for them at the *Falkland Islands*, and enjoyed reading them so much. In one house I went in, I saw 'Morning by Morning,' and 'Evening by Evening'; they looked quite homely to me, as we use them every morning and evening on board ship."

F. J. S. informs us, "Though it may be known to you already, I venture to mention one incident which was brought to my notice. The little island of Bryher (one of the Scilly Isles), though it only has 120 inhabitants, contains a church and a chapel. Service is held at the church occasionally, and then the chapel is closed. On other Sundays the service is held at the chapel, and the sexton, who is also clerk at the church, reads one of your sermons, and they sing 'Wesley's Hymns.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—January 28th, seven; February 12th, thirteen.

Pastors' College.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per D. M. Logan	1	2	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	14	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. Rudd	0	5	0
"M"	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Βαπτισμα	10	0	0
G. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss H.	0	8	0
Mrs. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Allan	1	0	0
Ellen Johnson	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
A Birthday Thankoffering	0	5	0
"S. S. Absolum"	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Carlton, Beds	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stevwright	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. E. Tidswell	0	15	0
H. O.	3	0	0
Mr. John Wood	5	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
T. S.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Gifford	2	0	0
D. E. and G. R. G., Wilts	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. C. Apperly	1	10	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
Mr Robert Fergus...	5	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	1	0	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
A widow's mite, P. M. G.	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Rhodes	2	0	0
Mr. Richard Purser	0	10	0
Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	3	0	0
Friends at Elberfeld, per Pastor M. Neviandt	0	8	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
A. E. G.	0	5	0
Mr. John Hughes	1	10	0
P. L. S.	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
J. C. (1878)	20	0	0
Anonymous	0	6	0
S. Carvil	0	10	0
Mr. John Clark	0	5	0
Collection at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3	16	6
Collected by Mr. Simmons	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. Scilley	5	2	10
Collected by Mr. Ingrem...	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. Gealo	1	7	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
January 18...	28	13	0
,, 25...	30	5	0
February 1	20	0	3
,, 8	33	14	4
	112	12	7
	£233	3	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Willie and Bertie	0	2	0
Mr. Tunnicliff	0	10	0
Mr. William Biggs	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Merrett	1	1	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	1	0	0
Collected by F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Adrian... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Provin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Provin 0 5 0			
"In remembrance" ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor 0 5 0			
F. R. T. 0 5 0			
Rev. F. Tucker 0 5 0			
Mrs. Lawrence 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bakewell 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Higgins 0 5 0			
Mrs. G. Dix... ... ... 0 5 0			
Miss Cooke 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mrs. H. Brown 0 5 0			
	3	10	0
Without name	0	3	0
New Year's gift from a Country Minister's Family	0	3	0
Fruit from a Christmas Tree, per Mr. J. Field	5	0	0
New Year's Contribution from Free Church Sunday-school, Fort William, N.B.	0	10	0
Friends in Edinburgh	0	5	6
Miss Simpson and Miss Macara ...	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Carlton, Beds ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
S. Carvil	0	10	0
From an Orphan to the Orphans ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Sievwright	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0
Miss Ash, per Editor of "Christian Herald"	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	0	15	0
Mr. S. Hobbs	1	0	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Ager	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pilling	0	5	0
Mrs. Herschell	2	2	0
Mr. John Wood	5	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Orphanage Box, per Mr. C. E. French	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	13	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Children of Halbeath Sunday-school ..	0	3	0
Mr. W. Robinson	0	10	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. J. J. Fairbairn	1	0	0
Mr. Davidson	1	0	0
W. A.	0	10	0
J. and E. Badcock...	0	2	6
Miss Osborn	0	10	0
D. E. and G. R. G., Wilts	0	8	0
A sincere Well-wisher	0	2	6
Proceeds Services of Song by Orphanage Choir, less local expenses :—			
Balance from Newport, I. W., per Rev. F. Trestrail 0 7 6			
Bristol, Broadmead Chapel, per Mr. Isaac Thomas ... 24 10 0			
Donations:—			
E. Townsend, Esq. 5 0 0			
R. G. Whiting, Esq. 3 0 0			
J. Crouch, Esq. 2 2 0			
Rev. E. G. Gange 2 0 0			
Mr. Northam ... 1 0 0			
A Widow's gratitude 1 0 0			
O. H., per Rev. E. G. Gange ... 5 0 0			
	43	12	0
Cheltenham Corn Exchange, per Mr. J. Wynn 37 3 0			
Donations:—			
Mrs. Powell, per Rev. W. Julyan 0 10 0			
A Friend ... 1 0 0			
Miss Hyde Clarke ... 1 0 0			
Miss Allen ... 0 10 0			
A. Beckingsale, Esq. 1 1 0			
	41	4	0
Bath, Argyle Chapel, per Mr. G. Cox ... 29 3 6			
Donations:—			
Mr. Matthews... 2 0 0			
Two Friends ... 0 7 0			
	31	10	6
Stroud Baptist Chapel, per Rev. F. J. Benskin ...	27	12	1
	144	6	1
Collection at Christ Church, Westminster Road, Rev. Newman Hall's, Christmas Morning	50	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Morriss Brown ...	6	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Crofts	0	1	1
Collected by Mrs. C. Phillips, from friends at Brockley-road Chapel ...	5	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Mackrell	0	10	0
Collected at Chipping Norton Baptist Chapel Sunday School Infant Class, per Mr. Burbidge	1	3	6
Collected at Carisbrooke Sunday School, Liverpool, per Mr. H. Aston	1	0	0
H. F., per Mr. Murrell	1	0	0
S. Gillespie, Esq., per Mr. Murrell ...	5	10	0
Mr. Mortimer	0	10	0
Mrs. Easton	1	1	0
Miss A. F. Fullerton, per Bankers ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Ball, per Master Tyler ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Hems, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Rooksby, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. W. H. Cornish	1	1	0
A. E. Riley	0	5	0
Executors of the late J. C. Wilkes, Esq.	200	0	0
Mrs. Holmes, per V. J. C.	0	5	0
"M"	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Matthews and Friend	0	3	0
Mr. Smith Jeeps, per Rev. R. S. Latimer	0	2	6
Given at doors, Hawkstone Hall, after Evening of Song by Orphanage Choir	1	0	0
J. Nicholson, Esq.	10	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, January 31 ...	2	2	0
T. S., Boston	5	0	0
Miss Bryne's Bible-class	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Freemantle	0	13	2
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
N. L.	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	1	0	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Tompkins	0	10	0
"Narberth"	0	10	0
D. Mc. C., Silloth	0	2	6
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
An old Friend, D.D.	0	10	0
"Friend," Edinburgh	5	0	0
Mr. Richard Purser	1	0	0
Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
M. H.	0	5	0
J. C.	0	2	6
"The Two Little Men"	0	2	0
Katie's Mite, less 8d. paid for registration	0	1	10
Collected by the Misses Rust	1	1	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school, ...	1	0	0
Morice Square, Devonport, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	1	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Padgett	1	1	0
James Plumbridge, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	2	0	0
	£521	13	2

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth:—Provisions.—Two cwt. of Jam, A. Altham, Esq.; 2 sacks of Potatoes, from Mr. Wingfield, per Mrs. Hutt; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby.

Clothing.—Twelve pairs of Trousers, Mr. Sawell; a piece of Cloth, Mr. P. C. Evans, Brimscombe; some remnants of Cloth, Mr. A. Evans; ditto, Mr. E. Evans; 6 pairs of Cuffs, E. H.; 9 dozen Pocket Handkerchiefs, Mrs. A. Brown; 20 Flannel Shirts, Ladies Working Association, Wynne-road; 4 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Miskin.

General.—A Patchwork Cushion, Mrs. McEwan; a parcel of Pens, Holders, Rulers, Inks, and Pencils, Mr. Bilbrough; 6 Souvenirs, Anon.; 2 Knitted Door Mats, Miss M. Ellis.

Erratum.—Sweets acknowledged in January Number "Mr. Pascall," should be "Mr. Tuckett."

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
E. P. H.	1	0	0
Ellen Johnson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Hardwick	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0
A sermon reader in South America, per J. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Alfred Piper	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite, E. G.	0	2	0
A poor member	0	0	5
Mrs. Mayfield	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Barrett	0	5	0
Miss Arnott, brother, and sisters ...	2	2	0
Miss Ann Sievwright	0	5	0
Miss Ash, per Editor of the "Christian Herald"	5	0	0
J. H. D.	25	0	0
G. M.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ronald	0	15	0
Miss E. York	0	5	0
Mrs. Herschell	1	1	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
"A Labourer"	0	7	0
A sermon reader	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. Broomhall	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter	1	0	0
Miss Roberts	3	0	0
Miss Poole	0	10	0
Mrs. Davidson	1	0	0
Miss Osborn	0	10	0
Collection at Minesing, Canada, per Rev. R. Holmes	2	0	0
D. E. and G. R. G., Wilts	1	0	0
C. B. C. S. E. C.	5	0	0
A sincere well-wisher	0	2	6
A Thankoffering, C. R.	0	2	6
A Mother	0	2	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Proceeds of Children's Bazaar, per Mrs. McKellen	5	3	6
Mr. T. E. Sykes	5	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Miss Martin	2	0	0
N. L.	0	5	0
An Orphan	0	2	0
For a comforting Sermon	0	10	0
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
An old Friend, D.D.	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Greenwood	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Purser	1	0	0
Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson	1	0	0
An old Friend	4	10	8
Madame Joubert	0	16	0
Mr. Braithwaite Wilson	4	0	0
Three Servants, Eaton Place	0	4	0
J.	0	1	0
Mrs. Lord's Bible-class	0	2	0
Isabel D. Houston	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. I. B.	150	0	0
Mrs. Mortimer	0	10	0
Mrs. Easton	1	1	0
"M."	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. E. Harris and Son	1	1	0
Mrs. D.	0	2	6
A Nottingham Friend, per Rev. W. C. Jones	0	2	0
Cousin Teddy's Riflemnn	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscription:			
Mrs. H. Brown, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
	£246	10	1

List of Presents per Mr Charlesworth:—CLOTHING.—12 Night-dresses, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Wool Ties, Miss Shaw; 4 knitted Wool Stockings, Miss Bunn; 3 Wool Ties, Miss Parnell; a parcel of Clothing, G. P. E.; 2 Skirts, A Debtor to Mercy; 6 Woollen Ties, 6 Flannel Petticoats, Miss Wright; 16 Petticoats, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road; 85 Flannel Petticoats, Mesdames Lee and Boyd; 9 Chemises, Miss Wayre.

GENERAL:—A Scrap Book, Miss Parnell; "Autobiography of a Horse," Miss Yockney.

ERRATUM.—"Collecting Books," Miss Fryer, 2s 9d should be £2 9s 0d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions for Districts:—				£	s.	d.
Northampton Association:—						
Bulwick District	10	0	0			
Walgrave District	6	13	4			
				16	13	4
Smallheath District				10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—						
C. E. Fox, Esq.	5	0	0			
W. R. Fox, Esq.	5	0	0			
				10	0	0
E. S., Church Gresley District				10	0	0
Bacup District				10	0	0
Collected for Ludlow by Miss Fitzgerald:—						
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald ...	1	0	0			
Miss E. M. Fitzgerald ...	1	0	0			
Small sums	0	5	0			
				2	5	0
Kettering District				5	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District				3	15	0
Minchinhampton District				10	0	0
Matlock District				2	13	3
				£80	6	7

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
J. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. D.	0	5	0
J. Ireland, Esq.	10	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	5	0
Thankoffering, Mr. C. Carter	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Shaw	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0
J. H. D.	10	0	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Misses H. and E. York	0	15	0
Mr. A. Darly	5	0	0
W. A.	0	5	0
D. E. and G. R. G., Wilts	0	10	0
Mr. John Wood	5	0	0
Mr. Rooksby, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. C. Parker	1	0	0
Mr. G. Highnard	0	1	0
W. P.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	0	10	0
W. and E. H.	0	7	6
Mrs. Sarah Brown	5	0	0
Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Sympathy	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
	£48	16	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. D.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mrs. Haybould	1	0	0
D. E. and G. R. G., Wilts	0	8	0
Mr. John Wood	5	0	0
T. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Strachan, Scarborough	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Sympathy	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Per Mr. Burnham:—			
Balance of Collection at Driffield and Cranswick	1	10	6
Balance of Collection at Sheepshed...	3	5	0
	4	15	6
	£18	9	6

Erratum:—£15 15s. from Theatre Royal, Barnwell Mission, should be per W. K. Vawser, Cambridge.

Additional contributions since the lists were closed:—"I. O. U's" £105 has been appropriated as follows:—College, £20; Boys' Orphanage, £25; Girls' Orphanage, £30: Society of Evangelists, £10; Colportage, £5; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £5; and £10 has been set aside for the relief of extreme cases among the widows. These will again occur in their due places next month.

The promised amount for one house, Girls' Orphanage, has also been paid—H. E. S., £500.

£5 received from Mr. C. Child has been placed to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association 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; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

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

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1879.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,679	0	0
„ Legacies	4,112	19	0
„ Donations	3,263	1	7
„ Collections by Students	580	2	6
„ Interest on Balance with Bankers	37	16	4
Total Receipts	9,872	19	5
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1879	1,264	2	4
	£11,137	1	9

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,443	16	4
„ Board and Lodging	4,252	13	1
„ Clothing	140	16	10
„ Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	141	5	3
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, and Office disbursements ...	193	6	2
„ Books to Students on leaving	151	1	4
„ Preaching Stations, Home Mission work, and new Chapels ...	638	19	11
„ Annual Conference	260	8	9
„ Furniture and Fittings	72	15	3
„ Trustees of College Buildings for the Repair Fund	300	0	0
Total Payments	7,615	2	11
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1879	3,521	18	10
	£11,137	1	9

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
THOMAS GREENWOOD,
W. C. MURRELL,
} *Finance Committee.*

Audited and approved January 21st, 1880.

W. P. OLNEY,
BENJAMIN WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE,
} *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1879.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations as published in the "Sword and Trowel"	418	6	11
„ Contributions by churches in towns visited by Evangelists ...	230	11	7
„ Balance January 1st, 1879	191	8	1
	£840	6	7

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries of the three Evangelists	631	19	10
„ Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	98	15	0
„ Printing, Postages, Advertisements, &c.	42	17	3
„ Balance December 31st, 1879	66	14	6
	£840	6	7

THOMAS GREENWOOD,
Treasurer.

Audited and approved, January 21st, 1880. { W. P. OLNEY, BENJAMIN WILDON CARR. WILLIAM PAYNE. } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1879.

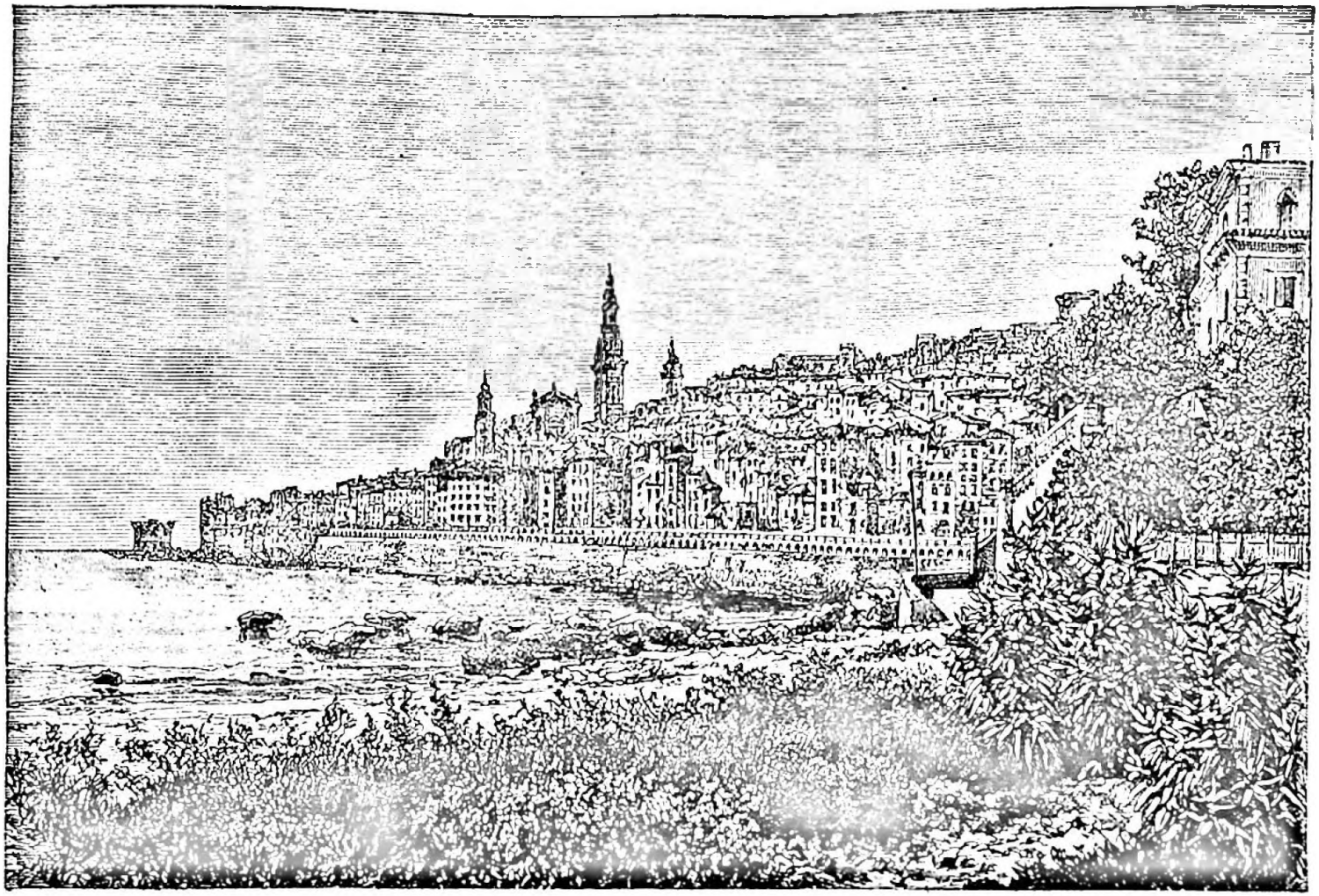
RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance January 1st, 1879	35	0	11
„ Repayments of Loans	1,238	15	1
	£1,273	16	0

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Loans to Churches :—			
Wandsworth (Victoria Chapel)	300	0	0
Sheerness	100	0	0
Erith	200	0	0
Holbeach	250	0	0
Morecambe	300	0	0
Deptford	100	0	0
	£1,250	0	0
By Balance in hand December 31st, 1879	23	16	0
	£1,273	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding December 31st, 1879	£5,053	14	11
Cash Balance in hand December 31st, 1879	23	16	0
Total amount of Fund	£5,077	10	11

THOMAS H. OLNEY,
Treasurer.

Audited and approved January 21st, 1880. { THOMAS GREENWOOD, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*



MENTONE, VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1880.

Our Sabbath Services in the Hotel.

THE genius of the gospel is the "free Spirit" of the Lord. The Lord Jesus has not multiplied precepts and ordinances as to his worship, as though we were still under the law; he has preferred to leave his people to the motions of the Holy Ghost within them. It does not appear to us that there is any positive command as to the time for the observance of the Lord's Supper, so that believers are bound to attend the table once in each month, or upon every Lord's-day. Yet, if we regard apostolic precedent, it seems clear that the sacred feast was observed *often*, and that it was usual to meet to break bread on the first day of the week. We prefer, therefore, without judging our brethren, to keep to the apostolic practice. Law or no law, what was found good for early saints will, we feel sure, be good for us.

Away upon the Continent, we use on the Sabbath morning such means of grace as we can find: sometimes these are admirable, frequently they are all but intolerable. Be these as they may, our wont is to meet with three or four, or twelve, or twenty, as the case may be, and to remember our Lord's death, showing it forth in his own prescribed manner. There is no need to prepare a sermon, the bread and wine are text and discourse all ready to hand. Simple prayer, and suitable song, with the reading of the word, make up a complete service, requiring no laborious study, always preserving its freshness, and evermore bringing before the mind the most weighty of all themes.

Our audience in our sitting-room at the hotel has varied from twelve to twenty, but there has been no variation in the faithfulness of our

Lord to his promise to be with his waiting people. The seasons have been exceedingly sweet and profitable, and we have praised the great Father's care who has spread for us such a table in the wilderness.

After the breaking of bread we have usually had a meditation, and we have been glad to take our turn as spokesman with a brother minister, whose sojourn in the same hotel has been the means of much comfort to us. As several of the guests at the table were invalids, as in fact the sojourn of each one at Mentone had in almost every case a connection with personal or relative affliction, the meditations were usually of a consolatory character, and touched upon the special trial of sickness. It was thought well to preserve a brief memorial of one of these choice seasons, and a ready scribe was found who made notes of the good word which was spoken on January 18th, 1880, by our brother Mr. G. Buchanan Ryley, pastor of the church meeting in Hanover Chapel, Peckham, which church was once presided over by the well-known Dr. Collyer.

Supper being ended, Mr. Ryley selected for his text John xi. 15—"*I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe.*" He said from the latter part of the chapter we gather that four days elapsed between the actual death of Lazarus and the time when the Lord stood by his burial-place, and that afternoon the preacher's desire would be to explain the reason why Jesus permitted his dear friend to die. There was evidently a deliberate intent on the part of Christ to let Lazarus die; his words could have no other meaning than that he kept away from Bethany in order that Lazarus might pass for awhile into the unseen world. This gives to the faithful heart a strong standing ground in any time of trouble and care: the trouble, the care, the sickness, or the death that might almost break our hearts becomes in a measure illuminated when once we can recognise that it is of the Lord's allowing, the Lord's willing, and even at times of the Lord's doing. This abstention of Jesus from going to Lazarus is built on some such truth as this—that the presence of Jesus with his friends somehow or other wards off death. We do not affirm that no one could die in the presence of Christ, though it is clearly stated in the gospels that, whenever he came in contact with death, death ceased to be; and even when he himself was on the cross the two malefactors did not die so long as there hung between them the breathing Son of God. Spiritually the Lord's presence has already robbed death of its old meaning, and practically destroyed it. He that believeth in him shall never die. But some one may say, "Do you not profess that the Lord Jesus is with his people at all times and in everything? Did he not himself say, 'Lo, I am with you to the end of the ages?' Why, then, these troubles and cares, these pains and agonies, these losses and crosses? What is the difference between the believer and the worldling?" In answering these questions by the expressions found in the text the preacher laid down two propositions—first, that faith in Jesus is a greater good than sorrow and death are evils; and, second, that sometimes faith in Jesus is wrought out by the sufferings and sorrows of Christ's people.

Lazarus is dead; that is sad and weary for Mary and Martha, and Jesus himself when he stood by the grave "groaned in spirit," and

"wept." Yet he says, "I am glad that I was not there." Sad as the death was, the disciples' faith was of more importance, and for their sakes the Lord permitted the sorrow to come. The Saviour's rejoicing did not arise from any lack of sensitiveness to sorrow and trouble; never did any one feel for men and women in grief and pain as he did; but he knew that spiritual life is a far greater good than bodily suffering and death are evils, and therefore he was glad that he was not at Bethany to save Lazarus from dying, for that death was to infuse new life into the faith of his followers. Better that Lazarus should die, better that Mary and Martha should know a little of the heart-break than that eleven apostles should lack one degree of intense faith in him who is the resurrection and the life. Better, too, that the people of God should suffer than that the world should miss the opportunity of our thereby witnessing to the power of divine grace in the hour of trouble. Better, too, that the Lord Jesus himself should suffer the infinite agonies of Calvary than that his people should lose the blessings of redemption, and be outcasts for ever. This truth sheds a wondrous light upon Christian suffering, and shows how we may even have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. Does not Paul speak of filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for his body's sake, which is the church? Christ's sufferings are in a class by themselves when we consider the vicarious character of them, but our afflictions are lifted up to something of the level of those of Jesus when they are made the means of blessing to others, even as the Father made his Son's sufferings the means of blessing, strengthening, vivifying, and faith-reviving to his covenanted people.

The Lord Jesus Christ rejoices even in our suffering when it promotes faith in himself. He not only wanted his disciples to be perfected in faith, but he was glad when by another's sufferings their faith was strengthened and raised to a higher level. When suffering is thus received as the chosen means for the sanctification of souls, it is no longer a cause of grief, it is no more to be looked on as a misfortune, but is rather to be welcomed as God's chosen way of working for the edification of his church, the promotion of his kingdom, and the glorifying of his Son. What is the explanation of those wonderful words of Isaiah, "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief"? It is not that the Father had delight in the sufferings of his Son in themselves, but it pleased him to put him to grief that thereby his prodigal ones might be brought home. In like manner the same Lord who rejoiced that he was not there wept as he stood by the grave-side. It is that blessed union of the divine and human that makes us fall on our knees and adore him, and at the same time makes us take him to our heart of hearts as the brother born for adversity.

Notice, said the preacher, that the Saviour's joy is more on our account than on his own. He was glad for his own sake, yet he was unselfish in his very joys, just as he was in his sorrows. He said to the daughters of Jerusalem, "Weep not for me"; so here he rejoices, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his disciples. He knew, as we have never known, what the value of faith in him as the resurrection and the life really is; and therefore he rejoiced that he was absent when Lazarus was sick, because the end of that sickness and death

was the strengthening of the faith of his disciples, and so for the advancement of the glory of God. This gladness of Jesus is a grand plea with Christians. What higher, better, sweeter, intenser motive can we urge than that of pleasing Jesus, gladdening his heart, and giving him joy? And this, over which he rejoices, has been made to run side by side with our spirit's perfecting. He rejoices over the faith that makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. This will give a new meaning to our being by-and-by welcomed into the *joy of our Lord.* If we accept suffering as the Father's way of lifting us into closer union with himself, and as the Saviour's appointed means of making us adorn his doctrine, and glorify himself, we shall not only minister comfort to our own hearts, and to those dear to us, but we shall gladden the heart of Jesus. In pleading with sinners nothing is more mighty than such an argument as this,—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will gladden him whose heart we broke on Calvary; you can compensate him for his sufferings; you can make him glad that ever he died. To such work are we called. May God help us to respond. Amen.

Our engraving represents Mentone a few years back. Since it was drawn a breakwater has been carried out and a harbour has been formed, so that vessels lie in the corner near the old tower. The old town, however, with the Corniche road running along below it, remains the same as ever, and the rocks, which look like gigantic frogs or crocodiles, are as they were in those days when Mentone was a mere village. The wood-block gives a very fair idea of our winter's shelter.

John Angell James and the Hundred and Third Psalm.

THE value and beauty of family worship in the time of bereavement are illustrated by an incident in the life of the Rev. J. A. James, which has almost a touch of the sublime. It was his custom to read at family prayer on Saturday evening the hundred and third psalm. On the Saturday of the week in which Mrs. James died, he hesitated, with the open Bible in his hand, before he began to read; but, after a moment's silence, he looked up and said, "Notwithstanding what has happened this week, I see no reason for departing from our usual custom of reading the hundred and third psalm,—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.'" What must be the effect upon a household of such a scene! What a picture is thus presented of holy resignation and thankfulness! The greatest sufferer recognising, as the head of the family, the hand that has smitten his home and made it desolate, and in the depth of his sorrow blessing the name of the Lord!—*From "Christian Home Life."*

William Crabtree.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, BRADFORD.

AMONGST the ministers of the last century whose enterprise and solid worth contributed to the strengthening of the Baptist churches, and the spread of the truth they hold, William Crabtree deserves to be remembered. He was the pioneer of the present flourishing churches in Bradford. For more than fifty years he held the pastorate of the church he had tended in its infancy, and died full of honours, at the good old age of ninety, early in the present century. We cull a few particulars of his life and work from a short memoir of him by a contemporary minister, Isaac Mann, of Shipley, and from a history of the church at Westgate, Bradford, by the Rev. Henry Dowson.

He was born in 1720, at Wadsworth, near Halifax, of parents so poor that upon their death the family fell to the parish. The father's friends, however, came to the rescue, and put out the children to be weavers. William was then eight years of age, and his apprenticeship lasted till he was seventeen. He lived in a wicked village, which he describes as "next door to hell." His associates were profane and drunken young men, who rivalled each other in what they regarded as manly daring in sin. They were in the habit of stealing a certain number of hanks out of every piece-weft entrusted to them, and Crabtree, after remonstrating with them, ended by following their example. In his better moments it was the sin of theft that lay heaviest on his heart. It haunted him. "I happened to read that chapter concerning Zaccheus's resolution to make restitution if he had wronged any man. This took hold of my conscience, so that I thought if I did not make restitution I could not be saved. But alas! I had nothing to make restitution with. At last it came into my mind that there was a man of property whom I knew. I went and told him what I had done, and what my conscience dictated to me. He asked me how much would do for me. I told him about ten pounds. He lent me the money, and desired I would divide it into shares, and said he would carry it to the persons for me. This was some relief to my mind. He did so, and they were much surprised and astonished, commending me for my honesty, and told me they freely forgave me. I set to work, and wrought night and day till I had got money to pay him with." Still he went on in his wicked course, and was only appalled when at times he discovered how far he was drifting. He spent a night on one occasion with his companions, drinking and playing cards, till it was three o'clock in the morning, and he had only twopence left of ten or twelve shillings. Thunderstruck at the money he had lost, he ran out into the fields and set up a lamentable cry. "I got home, and as I was set in my looms, mourning over what I had lost, it came into my mind, Can I make a vow? I remembered that I had heard of a man who had sold himself to the devil. I thought that if I made such a resolution I durst not get drunk. I sat back in my looms, and vowed that if I got drunk in six months the devil should have me." This grim fatalism exercises a strange fascination over some minds. The

youth's blind struggles were not unnoted in heaven, and deliverance was near.

At that time Grimshaw, the eccentric and fervent-spirited rector of Haworth, was in the meridian of his energetic labours. Aflame with zeal for God, and distressed at the open wickedness of the half-heathen population, he had divided the country into districts, and was continually preaching the glad tidings in the surrounding Yorkshire villages. In these preaching expeditions his method was to enter the house where the villagers were assembled, and, pronouncing with uplifted hands a blessing upon the people, he fell on his knees in fervent prayer; a short, plain, pungent sermon followed, and dismissing his congregation, he hastened on to the next village. In this manner he was in the habit of preaching sometimes twenty times, and seldom less than twelve times, a week. Four hundred communicants at his own church, the greater part of whom he considered as converted persons, and five dissenting congregations, all of whose ministers, and most of whose members, were the fruit of his ministry, attested the solid blessing that followed these apostolic labours. The soul-hunting parson was in little favour with the fox-hunting parsons.

At this juncture this man of God came into the neighbourhood where William Crabtree lived, and the young weaver was urged to go and hear him. At first he resolved to keep away, but the thought came, "Go, it can do thee no harm," and so he went. The sermon was on the parable of the Prodigal Son, and an arrow from the bow, drawn at a venture, pierced the hearer to the heart. The preacher said, "one sin would damn a soul as well as a thousand." Crabtree went home deeply pondering his own deplorable case, and after that walked constantly nine or ten miles to Haworth, to hear the earnest rector. The word of God was precious in those days.

In 1750 he joined a few other believers in the formation of a Baptist church at Wainsgate, near Halifax, and was presently chosen to the office of deacon. Under the ministry of its first pastor, Mr. Smith, he was well instructed in the distinguishing doctrines of divine grace, which mightily influenced him to live to the glory of his Redeemer. And now, first in private, afterwards more in public, his gift in preaching began to appear. He rapidly grew in estimation. He began to go statedly to Bradford; and in November, 1753, a number of persons residing there, but members of the churches at Haworth and Rawden, sent a letter to Wainsgate for his dismission to them as pastor; and he and they, to the number of twenty-three, were formed into a church.

The movement which thus resulted in the planting of a Baptist church in Bradford had been originated by "a few professors of the Baptist denomination," who met for worship at "Elizabeth Frankland's house" in Manningham, then a village, now part of the town, and who invited Mr. Lord, the pastor at Bacup, to come over and preach the Word to them. Many hearers were gathered, and a petition was sent to the churches at Bacup, Wainsgate, and Haworth to allow their respective pastors to preach at Manningham quarterly for one year, thus securing a monthly preaching of the gospel. The pastor of Wainsgate mentioned brother Crabtree to them as "one whom he thought

the Lord had cut out for a preacher," and the worthy deacon's services, not without considerable reluctance on his part, were secured monthly in addition to those of the regular ministers, so that the Manningham congregation heard the word of God every fortnight. From the open air, where during the summer months they held their meetings, the winter drove them into a house, whence the "great crowding" forced them to look for more accommodation in an "articled cockpit," at the end of Thornton Road, to which unfurnished place the people flocked, carrying their stools under their arms; but the congregation soon grew too large for the cockpit, and within two years a meeting-house capable of holding five hundred people was built at the top of Westgate, where the present chapel stands, and sixty members were added to the church.

Yet it was with much anxiety that Mr. Crabtree entered upon this successful career, as may be gathered from the letter he wrote to his pastor, Mr. Smith, three months before the formation of the church and his settlement over it.

"Dear brother, upon whom I wish grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied, the consideration of my separation and distance from you, and the rest of my dear friends, often fills my heart with sorrow and my eyes with tears. When I think of the sweet hours I have had in your and their company, together with the present exercise of mind I labour under, I am almost ready to think my best days are consumed. Surely never none had more need to learn that art (Phil. iv. 11) than I have. I have now for a long time been very dark and uncomfortable in my mind. When my Lord will return I know not, but as the hunted hart panteth after the river so my soul panteth after Christ; and if you see him tell him that I am sick of love.

"If you ask me anything with regard to the affair amongst us at Bradford, I answer—the Lord (I think) appears to be among us in a remarkable manner; there is a great door and effectual opened unto me, and there be many adversaries. The devil seems to be aware that the strong man is come, for he rages like a lion. I perceive he is not awanting to rally up his forces both in professors and profane, but the former especially; but instead of putting the candle out, it shines daily brighter and brighter; our meeting increases every time. We had a meeting on Wednesday night last at Bradford; there was near as many as could get in: I preached from Psa. xxiii. 1 with great enlargement: the people are very attentive to hear, and seem to breathe after the word with great desire; are very pressing upon me to keep up a weekly evening lecture on Wednesday, and by the grace of God I intend to do as often as I can.

"If you ask me how I go on in my private studies, I verily think, so as never man did beside me. Could I make you believe the misery and darkness I labour under almost with a continuance, you would be even surprised to think how ever I carried on in that poor manner that I do. I sometimes labour in distraction and torment for many hours together, and catch nothing at all more or less; and if I get but hold of a text I labour to spin its bowels as far as ever I can, lest I should never get another. This often makes me fear that the Lord never sent me on this errand. Oh that I had but satisfaction in this thing. Dear

friends, intreat the Lord for me on this behalf. Our Lord saith, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, but my heart is so heavy even while I am writing, under a sense of this great work and my own insufficiency for it, that I can scarce either speak or write. My situation is very comfortable, my friends are very obliging, I have almost all conveniences that I could desire for the body, but what is all this so long as the Lord hides his face from me?

"I intend to be at Wainsgate next time but one you go into Lancashire. Give my kind respects to your family, to my dear friend John Ashworth, and to all my friends in the Lord as if named. That love, peace, truth, and unity may abound among you is often the prayer of your unworthy brother, "WILLIAM CRABTREE.

"Pray, pray, pray for me."

This earnest, shrinking young minister was destined to spend more than half a century of successful labour for Christ on this spot. He well knew that the establishment and training of a young church was no sinecure. The building of the "meeting house" necessitated a journey to London, no light matter in those days, to collect money from the wealthier congregations there, and he was well received by Dr. Gill and Mr. Brine, who opened their pulpits to him. Sensible of the disadvantages under which his early lack of education placed him, he worked hard in his study. He made Bradford, moreover, the centre of extensive itinerant labours, preaching five or six times a week. The solid growth of his own church, and the upspringing of new churches in Halifax, Leeds, and Farsley rewarded his labours. His own congregation also furnished ministers for the churches at Wainsgate, Farsley, Sutton-in-Craven, and Collingham.

In 1756 he married Miss Mary Booth, "a person of property, good sense, and ardent piety"; not a bad schedule of qualities in a minister's wife. The same year produced him aid of another kind in the election of four deacons by the church. These brethren were chosen after a day of fasting and prayer. They were solemnly catechised concerning their motives and intentions, were set apart by prayer and laying on of hands, and they and the church were respectively addressed upon their duties and responsibilities.

Baptism, during the whole of Mr. Crabtree's time, was administered in a small stream at the Holmes, below Silsbridge-lane, a place very inconvenient on account of the position and shallowness of the stream. The administrator and candidates had to walk a considerable distance before they could change their wet garments; but in those days there was a prejudice against a baptistery in the place of worship. Amongst the candidates for baptism in 1758 occurs a noteworthy name. "Feb. 26, This day John Fawcett gave in a very satisfactory account to the church of the Lord's dealings with his soul, and was judged a fit subject for church fellowship." This name adorns our theological literature, and enriches our hymn-books. It will be long before Christian people weary of singing,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

The church at Bradford was not suffered any more than any other church to enjoy uninterrupted prosperity and peace. The antinomian plague afflicted it. Two members asserted that the moral law was not a rule of conduct for believers. Much harm was wrought; and when at last the differences were happily adjusted by the assistance of neighbouring ministers, many members obstinately held to their pernicious sentiments and were lost to the church.

A pleasant familiarity between the pastor and his people showed itself sometimes in his frank reproofs even at public service. An old member used to tell how one Sunday afternoon he was late, and slipping in at the side door, was detected by the eagle eye of his pastor, who greeted him thus, "James, James, I tell thee James there is no back door to heaven."

"My brethren and sisters," said he at the communion-table, "we look much like saints to-day. What shall we look like to-morrow?"

Very homely and pointed must some of the sermons have been which were so attentively listened to in those days. Here is a distant echo of one of them. "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile," is the text. The preacher proposed to go in search of such a character in the walks of Pharisaism, formality, and profligacy, but he could not find an Israelite there. He then looked into the tavern, the theatre, the ball-room, the card-table, but no Israelite could be found there. He called at the bowling-green, and though there were some professors there, he could find no Israelite. At last Satan was summoned to say whether he had ever obtained an Israelite indeed. The reply was, "Nay; I have professors of all denominations, and preachers of all denominations, but I never succeeded in obtaining an Israelite indeed." Truly, said the preacher, even Satan speaks truth here, for no one can pluck such out of the Father's hand.

The following sketch of a sermon on the text, "And thy lips from speaking guile" shows that he knew how to call a spade a spade. It might be not inappropriate in some remote quarters even in "this enlightened age."

The spirit of guile is seen, said the preacher, when the dealer in any article keeps unjust weights and measures; or when the seller endeavours to cover the faults and blemishes of what he has to sell; or when he recommends his goods farther than he knows they will bear; or in saying that he has sold the like goods for more than he really has done; or in telling the purchaser that he should have the goods offered him for no such money were it not for the respect he has for him; or when he asks more for the article than he means to take, or than the article is worth, in order to appear very generous in his abatements; or in selling small articles at prime cost and treating customers freely in order to take them in in more weighty concerns; or in separating a parcel of goods bought together and selling the inferior at the price of the good, saying they cost so much the more; or in mixing good and bad articles together and selling all as if good; or in selling goods upon trust merely to lay on an unreasonable price; or in appearing indifferent or even unwilling to sell an article only to make the purchaser more eager to buy; or in taking advantage of a neighbour's necessity to increase the price.

Nor is all the guile on one side. It appears in the buyer when he offers less for an article than he knows it is really worth; or when he artfully suggests that he bought the same article for so much less elsewhere, merely to deceive the seller, when it is not so; or where he speaks evil of what he would purchase, merely to get it lower; or appears indifferent about purchasing, only to beat down the price of an article; or takes advantage of the seller's ignorance and necessity; or when he buys upon promise of paying by such a day, and knows that he cannot do so; or in paying honestly for trifles, only to obtain farther credit, and then leave in debt; or when, having got into debt, he neither pays the debt, nor owns the shop any more.

He was a thorough Calvinist, but such sermons as these may serve to show that high doctrine and high practice go together.

In 1791 his wife died. He survived her twenty years, during twelve of which he carried on his ministry. But his powers began to fail, and at the age of eighty-three he retired from the pastorate, preaching thereafter only occasionally, yet sometimes with surprising vigour. His death was sudden and easy. He was assisted into bed as usual on the evening of February 14th, 1811, and in the morning it was found he had passed away. Thus the aged pastor "fell asleep." The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Fawcett, from the words, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness."

His life was not brilliant—it was better, for it was useful. The labourer has passed away; the results of his labours abide. Is it not within the power of every one who reads this sketch to live a life that will leave a blessing behind it?

Sayings from the Sea.*

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. 1.—"All hands on deck!"

THE able-bodied seamen who compose the crew of an ocean-going vessel are divided into two bands, or watches. One of these is sleeping while the other is working the ship, and they change places every four hours. In ordinary weather one watch is quite sufficient to manage the vessel, but sudden squalls, or threatening skies necessitate extra vigilance, and require all available force.

When the gale comes swooping down like a hawk upon its prey, the arousing cry is heard, "All hands on deck!" Then must the sleepers rise, and the decks and rigging must be alive with willing workers, reefing sail, and preparing for the worst.

I do not know of any time when Christians can be allowed to sleep and rest. The smoothest water may deceive, and even calms are treacherous. A sky which smiles one moment may frown the next. We do well to be ever on our guard. But there are times of special

* Our dear son has sent us home some short pieces, written while at sea, which will serve to keep him in the minds of his many friends. God bless him.

danger, when every man and woman in the Christian ship should come to the front, and work with heart and soul for the common cause. And when can such unanimity of consecration be more required than now? There is a heavy sea running. Opposition to the gospel is swelling high and surging loud. There are powerful currents of infidelity of different forms and forces, and strong winds of error combined, to retard the progress of our heaven-bound barque. "Let us not sleep as do others." "*All hands on deck!*" Let every man, ay, and woman too, be at some earnest work.

Speaking of woman's work, I have lately read of how a captain's wife navigated a ship when her husband and all the crew were struck down by illness on a voyage from China to Australia. She was almost unaided, but brought the ship to port after indescribable sufferings. And shall not this brave woman, who has won the admiration and esteem of all who know of her more than natural valour, be a lesson to Christian women, and to the Christian church, to do for Jesus what she did for her husband? O for holy daring and faithful fortitude. Oh come, my brethren and sisters, to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

And what is true of the church as a whole holds good of individual Christians. A watchful attitude is the very best. Blessed is the man who shall be found so doing. But while we must always have "the weather eye open"—and both our eyes are weather eyes amidst so much of sin—there are seasons in which caution must give place to conflict, and working follow watching. There are times when every power and purpose, every faculty and feeling, must be aroused and summoned to our aid. Special danger has its special demands; fiercer temptations require firmer faith.

My fellow-voyager across a troubled sea, are you in danger of the rocks of doubt and dismay? Do you fear you will yet make shipwreck of your faith? I pray you trust in God. Arouse your sleeping confidence and set it hauling in a promise; have out your anchor ere it is too late, and lay hold on that which is within the vail. Is thy vessel amongst the ice of worldliness? Are the bergs of pleasing sins drifting round thee? Thou art in danger, then, for these chill mountains, though beautiful to view, will hug thee in their cold embrace and grind thy life away unless thou callest out, "*All hands on deck!*" and summonest every power to turn thy course. Call upon thy God for help, but at the same time set thy love to some warm work, and defy the icebergs and the cold.

Whatever thy special case, thou canst surely find some work for all thy powers. Send hope aloft to look for land, and seek the harbour's mouth. Set thy humility to work until the topsails of thy pride and self-conceit are reefed. Put strong hands to the pumps, and cleanse thyself of all impurities, and all that tends to sink thee. Let every faculty be on the *qui vive*, and every gift and grace be Argus-eyed as to the approach of danger; and when it comes set the whole crew to work, and the storm will certainly be weathered. That man runs an awful risk who goes headlong into temptation. A shipmaster who does not take proper precautions to make his vessel snug for the approaching gale deserves to sink, and a professor who is unwary or uncircumspect has

cause indeed to praise preserving grace if he does not come to mischief. Some there are who take delight in risk, who court the danger, and invite the storm. They drive as near the precipice as possible; they buzz about the candle like silly moths, and the wonder is they do not singe their wings. 'Tis better far to be ready for every good word and work, that we may stand in the evil day.

And is there not need for exertion as well as vigilance? The world, the flesh, and the devil are leagued against us, and "who is sufficient for these things?" Just as the sturdy ship seems like a nutshell in a boiling cauldron when surges seethe about her, so are we powerless of ourselves amidst the devouring elements of sin.

But the vessel outlives the storm. She is handled by intelligence and steered by skill. The sport of the surges, the toy of the tempest, the butt of the billows, she yet bears bravely on. Even so shall we triumph through him who strengtheneth us. Our sufficiency is of God. Hope and trust shall render us buoyant, and while we do not on this account relax our own efforts, believing that God helps those who help themselves; our hope is in him alone, and bringing all *our* hands on deck, we ask him to put *his* to the wheel, and we have no fear as to results. Ours is no trifling task that we can afford to let any talent be hidden in a napkin, or allow a single grace to remain dormant. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

The devil is our foe, his angels are our enemies. Hell is a forge for "the fiery darts of the wicked one." Our hearts are the targets at which Satan aims. Shall we sleep and be slain, or wake and vanquish? How can we "turn in" to slumber while storms are brewing and squalls are threatening?

"Christian seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away.
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray, watch and pray."

Sunday at the Oratoire, and in the Hot-bed of Communism.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HASTINGS.

Author of "Sundays about the World," "Clericalism," &c.

I WANTED to go to Belleville, to see something of the work done by Mr. MacAll among the *ouvriers* and communists of Paris. Evening is the best time to visit the places opened by him for conferences on religion, therefore I passed the early part of the day in the west end of Paris. At ten o'clock I went to the small chapel in the Rue Royale, near the Madeleine, where I heard a sermon in French from a provincial minister; but his utterances were so very rapid that they were almost unintelligible, and certainly very unimpressive. Going thence, I must needs step into the Church of "The Assumption," in the Rue St. Honoré. It is a building with a lofty dome, all aglow

with gilt. In the pulpit was a young priest of obese proportions, preaching in a most energetic manner, and in a very high pitch. The shape of the building was such that every word rang and reverberated so much that probably not a soul could make out the sense. In ten minutes he suddenly ceased, looked cautiously towards an aged priest, who sat at the side jumbling his chasuble, then at his watch, to see whether he had exceeded his allotted time. Poor fellow, he was evidently conscious that he was under his superiors. Descending, he took his place at the altar, by the side of the older priest, who seemed in great haste to get through the remaining prayers.

An old acolyte hastened, as well as his limping step and bent shoulders would permit, to the other side of the officiating priest. He brought the censer with incense, but it would not give forth enough smoke, and lifting the lid he tried to blow up the fire. The older priest had forgotten his book, and the aged acolyte was sent to fetch it. Placing the incense on the ground, he left it in great jeopardy of dying out altogether. No sooner was he back, than he had to come round for the collection. I don't think it could have been very heavy in amount, seeing there were only thirty-six persons, nearly all women, present; and this, too, at high mass. It would not be fair to come to a definite conclusion from the few places I saw, but I don't think the Catholic church is nearly so powerful as under the Empire, nor has it such hold of the city as of the rural population.

Let us go on to the *Oratoire*. The church is near the Louvre, and is set apart for Protestant worship. It is a spacious edifice, with a number of recesses around. A large gallery is at the end; the pulpit is at one side, half-way down the church, and has a heavy sounding-board, with deep green fringe depending from it, shading the face of the preacher, and often hiding altogether his expression. I wished it had been away. The face of Bersier is one on which the eye rests with satisfaction. It is a fine, manly countenance, beardless, and with the commanding force of the first Napoleon. He spoke with cultured emphasis, powerful rhetoric, and immense force. The great congregation listened breathlessly. His subject was "Christ walking on the sea" (Mark vi., 48—51). He said, "As that small vessel which held the disciples was preserved by Christ, so the church has been saved from wreck. . . The people in the sincerity of their hearts would have crowned Christ, but he would not receive this from their hands. Only from the hands of the Father could he consent to receive dominion over the world. . . It has always been a great temptation to the church to permit dominion to be conferred by the world. The church has not understood that worldly force cannot aid her. Look at our own national history: what but this mistake has led to the flood of scepticism with which we are now inundated?" Bersier seemed to realize that he was speaking within a stone's throw of the spot where the massacre of St. Bartholomew began, and under the shadow of the tower of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from which the tocsin of slaughter sounded.

He continued—"In Christ's going up into the mountain to pray after the attempt of the multitude to hail him as king, there is an example for all his servants. If any are liable to be deceived by the allurements

of the world, or the fickle breath of popularity, let them hie away to some solitary place of prayer, and by communion with heaven conquer the entanglements of earth. . . . God has confidence in his own truth, he will ensure its triumph. God is love, justice, mercy. The simple preacher and pastor has to spread this gospel. He has to have faith in it; even though persecution disperse the flocks and harass the herds. . . . . Ecclesiastical corruption must wither in face of that truth which is liberal, generous, and free. . . . God could have built up his church free from evil and corruption by miracle had he so willed it, but he has left it to pass through temptation and to be purified by trial. It will find out in time that it is not by alliance with the world, not by seeking political power, not by the voice even of the multitude, but by the power of the cross that it will conquer. . . . Christ has not said, 'Go preach my gospel, you shall have the help of men, popularity from men, approval of men;' but 'Go preach my gospel, for lo, *I* am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Yet why does the kingdom of God delay? O heavenly King, let thy power descend! Let not the heavens be closed to our cry!" After this, Bersier spoke of the opposition from Voltaire and Strauss, and said, in reference to them, "the accounts of Christ's life are too real and sublime to have been the work of the human imagination. . . . But some are not troubled by these problems, they have experience of Christ's power. They know that Christianity is seized with despair, because they know that never man spake like Christ. In him they see living truth and the incarnate God."

After the sermon came a brief prayer, the recital of the creed, then another hymn, the benediction, and we departed.

At three o'clock I found myself at the Salle Evangélique. Here Pressensé spoke to the crowd which streamed in to hear the gospel. It was to me a great pleasure to listen to that noble man who had remained in Paris during the reign of the Commune, and who being trusted and respected by them, although differing so widely from them, was able to mediate and modify some of their representations to the Chamber of Deputies. He is a quiet speaker. At least, he spoke very calmly and tenderly to the people in the Salle Evangélique. His address was very brief, but earnest, and uttered in a tone of suppressed affection. He ended by saying, "We have common wants, common sins, let us all come to the common Saviour, who is ever ready to wrap us in the arms of his mercy." One could not but be thankful that so good and intelligent a man represents evangelical religion in the midst of sceptical France.

After this I found my way to Belleville, and to the room which Mr. MacAll had opened for the proclamation of the gospel to the *ouvriers* in that communistic district. Going down a courtyard I discerned a doorway ablaze with gas. Entering, I saw a congregation of about three hundred gathered. They listened decorously and attentively, first, to a French pastor, who spoke energetically and warmly on the "Prince of parables," "the prodigal son." The room in which we were assembled had probably once been a theatre, a concert-hall, a meeting place for communistic committees. I noticed how clean and bright it was. Texts were on the walls for the eye to rest upon when the ear might be dull.

The singing, led by a harmonium and a choir of about forty voices, was cultured and lively. I could not help contrasting it with the rather drawling psalmody of the *oratoire*. The whole meeting was cheerful and such as must win the attention of the people. When addressing them, I told them how delighted I was to see such a gathering in that place, and how rejoiced all English pastors were at the success attending the efforts of Mr. MacAll. Of course, I spoke to them of the love and mercy of Christ; and it was most pleasant to see how their faces glowed responsive to the love of the Saviour. Mr. MacAll has hit on the right plan to win these French people. He does not make the service formal and stiff. At the room near the Tour St. Jaques I noticed on another evening that some persons were reading the newspaper, while others chatted in a free-and-easy way until the service began. That evening the clock was rather officious; it struck eight, and then went on a considerable number of times beyond any marked on any clock face. This was checked at last by tying up the striker. Meanwhile the people were evidently amused, and made various jocose remarks. I was afraid the service would be spoiled by the little incident, but it was not. Directly the hymn was commenced the congregation took it up heartily, and during the rest of the service they were most devout. Mr. MacAll has already opened eighteen such places in different localities in Paris, and is starting a similar work in Lyons. The government has recognised his efforts in the most kindly way, and even awarded him an honourable decoration. They see that he is helping to bridge the gulf between the capitalists and the *ouvriers*, and to lead them to find in the gospel a greater joy than they could ever find in their political vagaries. It required no little faith on the part of himself and his wife to give up a pleasant pastorate in Essex to go and live in the lower *étage* of a house situated in the very hot-bed of communism in Paris; but he willingly gave up all that he might preach to the people the gospel of Christ. He knew nothing of the French language, and had to pick it up gradually. Moreover, he went without being sent or sustained by any society. The Evangelical and Continental Society aids him as much as possible. The secretary is most active in rendering personal assistance to Mr. MacAll when the latter has to leave Paris for a season. The secretary then manages the work most efficiently for him, but I do not think the Society is in a sufficiently flourishing position to give much aid, being already committed to so great a work in different parts of Europe. I do hope that at all events Mr. MacAll's great and noble effort will be well sustained by Christian friends in England, for such faith and earnestness justifies the confidence of the Protestant churches of every denomination.

The Shoreditch Tabernacle and its Work.

THE completion of the Shoreditch Tabernacle is an event of joyful importance to the district in which the great building is situated; and we are glad to say that the people have shown their appreciation of what has been done for them by crowding the pews at all the Sabbath services since the day of opening. We have more than once insisted that Shoreditch is a great mission station, and that Mr. Cuff is pastor of a church animated by the missionary spirit: happily this assertion can easily be proved by pointing to the works in progress during every day of the week. To some of these we purpose to refer in the present paper, and we will begin with the colporteur.

For some years past colportage has been carried on with success in country districts, but it was manifestly a hazardous experiment to allot to a man as his district a large piece of the crowded territory at the back of Shoreditch High-street, where the poor dwell in myriads, and where we may daily meet with some of the saddest phases of London life. The experiment was one, however, which Mr. Cuff resolved on attempting, and he was soon encouraged by finding a friend who guaranteed the annual outlay of £40. It only remained to discover a suitable agent, and the right man soon appeared in the person of Mr. Samuel Shaw, who is now occupied on the ground.

Our intercourse with Samuel Shaw has proved him to be one of those quiet-living characters who sooner or later in life providentially glide into the occupation for which they are most admirably suited. At Cardiff and Bideford, prior to coming to London, he had about two years' experience, so that an apprenticeship in both town and country prepared him for the more arduous labours of the metropolis. Our friend, who lost his mother early in life, was born in Cheshire on a small farm which his aged father still cultivates; and, to show how predilections in childhood point to latent genius, Samuel assures us that he was always wonderfully fond of books. If you ask him how he first became associated with the Colportage Committee, he will reply with characteristic ingenuousness, that being out of employment, a friend showed him an advertisement in a daily paper for just such a man as himself; and, accordingly, he "went up and got the place." Converted to God twenty years ago under the preaching of an evangelical clergyman, he has since cast in his lot with the Nonconformists, and though not a Baptist, the surroundings of the Shoreditch Tabernacle are quite congenial to his tastes.

We were sorry to find that the districts formerly occupied by Mr. Shaw were in both instances relinquished for want of funds. It is comparatively easy to get people to give their money for church spires, stained glass windows, and elegant drinking fountains; but colportage, one of the most valuable of Christian and civilizing agencies, has not yet rooted itself in their affections. Our friend Shaw found a promising field in Cardiff, and he was working up a fine constituency when he was called upon to leave. His experience at Bideford was very similar to this; and we can quite comprehend how his very heart sank when the appalling intelligence reached him that he was appointed to

a situation among Mr. Cuff's working staff, and would thus have to exchange picturesque Devonshire for the squalid surroundings of Brick-lane and Bethnal-green. Indeed, we can hardly be surprised that this revolution in the man's domestic history was followed by an attack of illness, which for a time hindered the work. It was not until the 25th of April last year that the brave beginning was at length made.

We call the beginning a brave one because one of the first feats accomplished was the sale of "John Ploughman's Talk," and "Seven Wonders of Grace," in a small public-house, the purchaser being a woman who said she wanted the books for her son. To a downcast man this gleam of success at the outset came quite providentially; for otherwise hope itself might have died quite out of his heart. After the luxuriant lanes and pretty villages of the west, everything looked so awfully poor. Our friend had never seen such places, and the committee expected him to sell books in them! Still he did what was required of him; he continued his explorations; he groped cautiously up staircases, dark in the day time, and saw large numbers of people leading a dreary existence in miserable attics, and other rooms equally wretched, which they called their homes. He spoke to the people about their best interests, offered them books of trifling cost, and when sales were impossible he gave them tracts. Still, do what he would, he felt that he was an innovator, and realized that the people themselves thought him so. They eyed him suspiciously, and when he spoke kindly to them they gave him short replies, saying, "We've no money for books," thereupon shutting their doors in his face. When all things were at their darkest the friends at the Shoreditch Tabernacle held a prayer-meeting on the poor colporteur's behalf; Mr. Cuff spoke a good word of encouragement, and then some measure of success, gratefully refreshing, gladdened the hearts of all concerned.

Exploring the streets, and calling on the working population, represented only one phase of the work, however; and on Saturday night, the 26th of April, the colporteur, under Mr. Cuff's direction, tried the additional experiment of setting up a book-stall in the public street. We are not aware that such a thing was ever done before in London by any Christian Colportage Association; but the receipts on the first night, amounting to eleven shillings, showed that the poor man's market was not to be despised. On a Saturday night Brick-lane is one of those animated scenes, characteristic of London life, which is well worthy of particular attention on the part of explorers who are bent on discovering what is done in the bye-ways of the town. About nine o'clock in the evening the throng of people is immense, the glare of artificial light is most liberal, and the eager calls of the traffickers show that all are eager to reap in a few hours the best half of a week's harvest. The well-filled shops have their full share of custom; but on either side of the roadway these are amply supplemented by rows of stalls and barrows, which are laden with produce from the four quarters of the world, and in themselves constitute a local fair. Looked at from the mere sightseer's standpoint, the entire scene might be regarded as artistically perfect; and from the chaffing, as well as from the second-hand cockney wit in circulation, one might infer that care was banished from every heart within the charmed area. But by looking a little

closer there are other things to be seen. Because it is Saturday night the working-man is supposed to be in a convivial mood; and knowing too well how to attract the fool's purse, Boniface of the gin palace takes care his plate glass and gas shall out-flare all other competitors who deal in the supplies which furnish the poor man's table. Thus the publican too often appropriates what ought to go to the butcher, the baker, the grocer, or the honest costermonger, who prides himself on giving value for the money he receives. Then it is painful to note how obtrusively cheap everything is obliged to be; for large placards, and immense figures, at every turn invite our attention to wonderful bargains. We detect also among the buyers many a careworn face—poor women whose light purses compel their looking for the cheapest among cheap goods before they dare to part with their money. Such is the scene in which Samuel Shaw, fresh from the quiet beauty and pure air of Devonshire, commenced his duties as a London colporteur.

If the street-stall was commenced with some misgivings they were dispelled on the first night. The thing was a novelty which pleased the people, and eleven shillings' worth of Christian publications dispersed among such a crowd in a few hours is no mean service from the missionary point of view. The colporteur was encouraged, and his journal during the next few weeks shows that he was working with a lighter heart. On the following Monday he sold a half-crown Bible to a young man in a brewery, and took several orders for periodicals in the most unlikely places. Then on the fourth Saturday of May he could write, "I realized a larger amount of sales at my stall to-night than on any previous occasion since it was opened, the cash received being over eleven shillings; but I hope that even this amount may soon be greatly exceeded." During the following week he invaded the workshops where large numbers of men are employed, when besides effecting several good sales he took many orders for magazines. We trust that the street-stall will continue to prosper, and it will certainly do so if the variety of the weekly supplies is well studied. The same people frequent the market month after month, and unless there is continually something fresh to attract them they will not purchase.

We are afraid that the colporteur during the months of his labours in this densely populated neighbourhood has learned more than he ever expected to do about human nature at its best and its worst. The district is not infested with many of the criminal class; but the inhabitants of some quarters strangely differ from those of others. There is one part, for instance, occupied by the lower sort of artisans, who are very unapproachable; and then a short distance away there is another colony where all are quite affable. How does this happen? Well, the last-mentioned lodgers are of a higher standard, they must procure a recommendation before they can have their rooms, and the better they are, the more likely are they to become purchasers of books.

The labourer encounters difficulties peculiar to the work, and to the season; but being of the ordinary kind these have to be overcome by those ordinary means which every determined Christian can command. A wet night is, of course, a calamity to the Saturday book-stall; but in this respect the colporteur must take his chance with the costers, who, to their credit, are very kind to him, and always reserve his place.

Holiday time is also unfavourable, because the people then spend profusely in self-indulgence, to suffer straits for weeks afterwards, when the purchase of a book is out of the question. The opposition of the baser sort is always hard to bear; but it is common to both town and country. Let it be known, however, that such things as these do not represent the chief difficulty; it is the blank ignorance of the people, and not direct opposition, which hinders the conquest of Bethnal-green. While the people are hard-working, and in their way are so honourable that there is never any trouble in collecting their debts for books, the number who cannot read is incredible; on one occasion an entire court was found in this predicament. It is this ignorance which baffles the colporteur at every turn. If its denizens could all read his books, Samuel says that Bethnal-green would be a fine district. In spite of everything, however, there is plenty of reason for encouragement. The colporteur has a sympathetic superintendent in Mr. Cuff; he has many friends at the Shoreditch Tabernacle; and the receipts of each quarter show an increase on the three months preceding, the sales having ranged from a farthing book to a £5 Bible. The gentleman who subscribes the necessary funds not only has his heart in the work, but is uniformly kind to his interesting protégé. Every week he despatches a man to take part in spreading out the Saturday night's display, and at midnight the same helper assists in packing up the stand and its remains. Beyond this, he last summer gave Mr. and Mrs. Shaw sufficient holiday money to carry them to Cheshire and back again, when a pleasant time was passed in the old home, while numbers of good books were disposed of on the way.

Turning from the colporteur to the general work of the church, we shall find, as might be expected in such a neighbourhood, that many of the cases of conversion are very remarkable. When Dr. Maclaren preached at the opening of the building, on the 11th of November, there were some who, while admiring the power of the sermon, supposed that it would go over the heads of the majority of the hearers. These critics were, however, happily mistaken in their calculations. Among the congregation on that opening morning was an abandoned woman, who could hardly have explained why she attended, or when she was last seen in the house of God. She listened to the preacher's earnest words, and while walking home resolved to change her wicked life. She next spoke of her wretchedness to a friend, who took the repentant sinner to a Bible-class, but at the same time the respectable woman was ashamed of being seen in the street with such a companion. It soon transpired that she had no Bible, and a small weekly subscription was at once commenced in order to procure one. When at a subsequent service the pastor announced that he would see enquirers, the woman in question was among the first to enter the vestry. "Oh! Mr. Cuff," she cried, "I am sick of my wretched and wicked life; what can I do to be better?" When she was telling the story of her sinful career, a man opened the door. "That's my husband," added the woman, and then the new comer spoke for himself. "I could not stop out there any longer," he said; "I wanted to come in and tell you that I want to change my life." He went on to speak of an accident, by which he nearly lost his life, and which in some measure had brought him to his

senses, until he wanted to be a Christian. His grief was that he had no Bible, although he was comforted by the prospect of his wife's subscription being paid up in time, when the coveted book would be their own. "You shall have a Bible to-morrow," said Mr. Cuff, and when the book was sent, the poor and still unenlightened couple spoke about learning how to pray, supposing that the further acquisition of a Prayer-book would end their difficulties under this head. The reply was, "We do not believe in prayer-books; you can pray better without the book." The truth of this remark was soon realised in their experience, for on New Year's Eve the woman attended a female prayer-meeting, and poured out her heart to the Lord until all present were deeply moved. Both the man and his wife are about to join the church. Though more abandoned in their lives than many others, this couple were by no means singular in not having a Bible, for in Bethnal Green there are hundreds of households in which the Scriptures are not to be found. One of the elders was lately called upon to visit a house containing two families, and no Bible was found among them. This Bible famine worries the pastor, and he wishes to know if through the British and Foreign Bible Society, or some other agency, something cannot be done for its relief.

To many working-men in London the Bible is virtually an unknown book, and then they go to some dingy "hall of science" to complete their education in scepticism. Let us give an example.

Though he had a brother who was a member of the church, A. B. lived a dissipated life, until he at length became greatly affected by the death of his son. In this condition of mind he was invited to attend the Shoreditch Town Hall, and though at first he objected on account of having no suitable clothes, he went, and his heart was touched. During the next week, while on his way to work, this man picked up some loose leaves of a book, which he read in his dinner-hour, without being able to comprehend either their meaning, or of what work they formed a portion. In his perplexity the reader appealed to his brother, who at once perceived that the chapters belonged to the Acts of the Apostles. This information awakened further curiosity, for if that was a specimen of the Bible it would be advisable to procure an entire copy. The relative who was already a Christian was no less gratified than surprised, and to use his own expression, he "turned up" his own Bible, and got another for himself. The poor man who could make this sacrifice was a brush-maker; he made all the brushes which were needed for the new Tabernacle, and when the task was finished he asked his brother to help him to carry the offering to the pastor's house. There Mr. Cuff spoke some suitable words, besides offering prayer on behalf of the penitent. A few Sabbaths afterwards the finder of the Bible-leaves was at the regular service, attired in a new suit, which rendered him scarcely recognisable to those who had known him in his former drunken and reckless mode of life. The man has since joined the church, and is now leading a consistent life.

Another working-man, whom we will call C. D., had not entered a place of worship for years, but he attended a Building Society which had been started, and said he wanted to become a member. "Well, that's right," said Mr. Cuff, "take care of your money, whatever becomes of

your soul." That remark haunted the man, and he longed for Sunday to come, so that he might attend the service, and hear something about the needs of his soul, and the provision made for their satisfaction. He went, and after the sermon went into the vestry for further advice. "Oh, I was expecting *you*," said the pastor. "How did you know me? who told you anything about *me?*" asked the enquirer. "I don't know your name, but I knew you would come," was the reply. "I've been watching you in the congregation, and will venture to say you have never been a member of a Christian church." How could any one know all this about a stranger? It was explained by a reference to the sympathy which exists between preacher and hearers. The convert had his hymn-book in his hand, turned down at "Just as I am," &c., the first hymn he had ever tried to sing. This man is also going to join the church.

These are representative cases which we need not multiply. They one and all prove that no mission agency is so effective as a working church. It has been proved by Mr. Cuff, just as it has been proved for nearly twenty years by Mr. W. J. Orsman, in Golden Lane.

We must not close without a passing reference to the neat little mission station which Mr. Cuff and his friends have just fitted up in Brick Lane. There are two spacious rooms, one above the other, and while the lower will be available for regular Sabbath and other services, the upper will serve as a coffee and reading-room, where artisans will be able to pass their leisure hours free from the dangerous allurements of the public-house. The field is wide, and a great harvest is being gathered into the garner of the church.

Be a whole man at everything.

JOHN JOSEPH GURNEY wrote to his son, "Be a whole man at everything. At Latin, be a whole man to Latin; at geometry or history, be a whole man to geometry or history; at play, be a whole man to play; at washing and dressing, be a whole man to washing and dressing; above all, at meeting, be a whole man to worship." We would earnestly enforce the good Quaker's advice. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. God deserves to be served with our very best. When we put forth all our powers we shall do none too well; therefore, whatsoever we do let us do it heartily. Be a whole man in praying, preaching, teaching, giving, hearing, or praising. It is a silly thing to make two bites of a cherry, and our whole manhood is really so small a thing in the service of God that to divide it is absurd.

On being in Time.

PUNCTUALITY is one of the minor moralities, but it is one which every young man should carefully cultivate. The very smallness of the virtue makes its opposite vice the less excusable. It is as easy to be in time as it is to be five minutes late when you once acquire the habit. Let it be acquired by all means, and never lost again. Upon that five minutes will depend a world of comfort to others, and every Christian should consider this to be a very weighty argument. We have no right to cause worry and aggravation to others, when a little thoughtfulness on our part would prevent it. If the engagement be for twelve o'clock, we have no authority to make it 12.5, and by doing so we shall promote nobody's happiness. That odd five minutes may create discomfort for ourselves throughout the entire day, and this perhaps may touch the sluggard a little more keenly than any less selfish consideration. He who begins a little late in the morning will have to drive fast, will be constantly in a fever, and will scarcely overtake his business at night; whereas he who rises in proper time can enjoy the luxury of pursuing his calling with regularity, ending his work in fit season, and gaining a little portion of leisure. Late in the morning may mean puffing and blowing all the day long, whereas an early hour will make the pace an easy one. This is worth a man's considering. Much evil comes of hurry, and hurry is the child of unpunctuality.

The waste of other people's time ought to touch the late man's conscience. A gentleman, who was a member of a committee, rushed in fifteen minutes behind the appointed hour, and scarcely apologized, for to him the time seemed near enough; but a Quaker, who happened also to be on the committee, and had been compelled to wait, because a quorum could not be made up to proceed with the business, remarked to him, "Friend, thou hast wasted a full hour. It is not only thy quarter of an hour which thou hast lost, but the quarter of an hour of each of the other three; and hours are not so plentiful that we can afford to throw them away." We once knew a brother whom we named "the late Mr. S——," because he never came in time. A certain tart gentleman, who had been irritated by this brother's unpunctuality, said that the sooner that name was literally true the better for the temper of those who had to wait for him. Many a man would much rather be fined than be kept waiting. If a man *must* injure me, let him rather plunder me of my cash than of my time. To keep a busy man waiting is an act of impudent robbery, and is also a constructive insult. It may not be so intended, but certainly if a man has proper respect for his friend, he will know the value of his time, and will not cause him to waste it. There is a cool contempt in unpunctuality, for it as good as says, "Let the fellow wait; who is he that I should keep my appointment with him?"

In this world matters are so linked together that you cannot disarrange one without throwing others out of gear; if one business is put out of time, another is delayed by the same means. The other day we were travelling to the Riviera, and the train after leaving Paris was detained for an hour and a half. This was bad enough, but the

result was worse, for when we reached Marseilles the connecting train had gone, and we were not only detained for a considerable time, but were forced to proceed by a slow train, and so reached our destination six hours later than we ought to have done. All the subsequent delay was caused through the first stoppage. A merchant once said to us, "A. B. is a good fellow in many respects, but he is so frightfully slow that we cannot retain him in our office, because, as all the clerks work into each other's hands, his delays are multiplied enormously, and cause intolerable inconvenience. He is a hindrance to the whole system, and he had better go where he can work alone." The worst of it is that we cannot send unpunctual people where they can work alone. To whom or whither should they go? We cannot rig out a hermitage for each one, or that would be a great deliverance. If they prepared their own dinners, it would not matter that they dropped in after every dish had become cold. If they preached sermons to themselves, and had no other audience, it would not signify that they began consistently seven minutes behind the published hour. If they were their own scholars, and taught themselves, it would be of no consequence if the pupil sat waiting for his teacher for twenty minutes. As it is, we in this world cannot get away from the unpunctual, nor get them away from us, and therefore we are obliged to put up with them; but we should like them to know that they are a gross nuisance, and a frequent cause of sin, through irritating the tempers of those who cannot afford to squander time as they do. If this should meet the eye of any gentleman who has almost forgotten the meaning of the word "punctuality," we earnestly advise him to try and be henceforth five minutes *too soon* for every appointment, and then perhaps he will gradually subside into the little great virtue which we here recommend. Could not some good genius get up a Punctuality Association, every member to wear a chronometer, set to Greenwich time, and to keep appointments by the minute hand? Pledges should be issued, to be signed by all sluggish persons who can summon up sufficient resolution totally to abstain from being behind time in church or chapel, or on committee, or at dinner, or in coming home from the office in the evening. Ladies eligible as members upon signing a special pledge to keep nobody waiting while they run upstairs to pop on their bonnets. How much of sinful temper would be spared, and how much of time saved, we cannot venture to guess. Try it.

C. H. S.

Slavish Timorousness in Prayer.

A PETITIONER once approached Augustus with so much fear and trembling that the emperor cried, "What, man, do you think you are giving a sop to an elephant?" He did not care to be thought a hard and cruel ruler. Sometimes when men pray with a slavish bondage upon them, with cold set phrases, and a crouching solemnity, the free Spirit of the Lord may well rebuke them. Art thou coming to a tyrant? Does he want slaves to grace his throne? Holy boldness, or at least a childlike hope, is more becoming in a Christian. The believer is not for ever to be wailing out *misereres*, but he may with delight draw near to him whose delight it is to draw near to his people.

The Protestant Press in France.

Part I.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE great want of France at the present moment is a Christian and a moral literature, which shall lead the people from the darkness of priestcraft; and, on the other hand, counteract the mischievous influence of a notoriously corrupt press. The working-classes of Paris, and the great cities, would not be what they are to-day if their reading in years gone by had not been left in the hands of those whose love of mere gain overcame all better principles, until they provided what would corrupt as well as pay. The plague of low-class serials, with which we are so thoroughly well familiar in England, is in France a still greater curse; for while there may be sterner restriction in some directions there is greater license in others. Impure novels and corrupting pictures are there of the worst kind; and even in London some of them constitute an illegal traffic. Even as recently as the year 1862 a native Protestant professor almost despairingly asked, "Where are the popular Christian publications to contend against this? There are only two which I have it in my power to name." Thirty years ago even the Reformed Church, which might have been expected to do something towards enlightening the people, was so affected with Rationalism that M. Monod gave up a handsome income, withdrew from the communion, and founded an evangelical church in Paris. Understanding the power and the value of the press, M. Monod was a pioneer in a great and beneficent work which has since blessed the whole of France. He edited one of the first religious publications circulated in the country, and had a chief hand in founding the Paris Tract Society. Since the days of early beginnings in question great progress has been made; so great, indeed, that subscriptions have been taken for a Protestant daily paper to be published in Paris.

The Religious Tract Society of Paris has pursued its useful course since 1820, and has been the means of circulating many millions of evangelical publications. From the first the committee have been more dependent on foreign aid than might have been believed would be the case: for while churches which would gladly assist are too poor to do so, a large section of the so-called Protestant population are indifferent or even hostile. Thus when a rather heavy debt was contracted, consequent on the extra efforts that were made to disperse gospel publications among the soldiers engaged in the Crimean war, half of that burden was discharged by the committee in London on condition that the remainder was collected from native sources.

All the publications of the society are unmistakably evangelical. Many are simply expositions of the gospel; others, we are told, are "adapted to facilitate the reading and study of the holy Scriptures; many to strengthen the believer against the infidel; many to enlighten the Romanist; many to ensure the sanctification of the Lord's-day; many to show the influence of the gospel upon its recipients; many to instruct in the ways of righteousness; and many to comfort the sick and sorrowing." During the last few years the society has certainly

advanced in public favour, and its field of operation is one of boundless opportunity if funds can only be procured to carry on the work. In such a country the press is a mighty missionary agency; and we are glad to think that England takes so large a share in the good work.

Christian colportage in France has been instituted to counteract the effects of colportage of another kind, and which for generations past has been carried on in a very extensive way. At different times, under the rule of the late Emperor Napoleon III., the government has betrayed considerable uneasiness in regard to the evil wrought in the Departments far and near by this effective agency. A commission of enquiry, which sat in 1853, discovered that 3500 colporteurs were abroad in the country, and that these, representing about 300 employers, actually disposed of millions of publications, such as in the main were utterly abominable. A report presented to the Senate referred in striking language to the nature of the mischief done to the country population by these travelling agents of the evil one:—"These books, which were circulated by avaricious men, with precautions which rendered their sale more certain, were often accompanied by licentious engravings, an irresistible bait to the tastes for which they catered. In such a state of things, religion, family ties, modesty, even civilization, must be destroyed. Then education, the object of which is to ennoble man, would have been but a scourge, since it would have opened his mind only to degrade his soul. Better, a hundred times better, were ignorance."

Another enquiry, held in 1861, revealed if possible a still more appalling state of things in France. The government agent requested all primary teachers to send in reports respecting the condition of the rural population, and about 6000 answers were received. The testimony of the writers agreed in showing that only the wide-spread ignorance which prevailed—ignorance even of the art of reading—prevented the people from being utterly corrupted by the wicked publications that were carried to their doors by the colporteurs. In one of its reports, published at the time, the Evangelical Society of Geneva quoted some of the remarks of the teachers, and we reproduce a few as being not yet obsolete in their relation to modern France. There is, probably, some improvement, because the counteractive force is stronger; but the evil is still great enough to constitute one of the greatest calamities of the empire.

"Good books are rare in the rural districts," says one, "but we there find in profusion books the most contrary both to religion and morality: they carry corruption into the poorest cottages." Another remarks that "the lowest and most absurd publications are almost the only reading of the inhabitants of our villages." "The child who has learnt to read seeks for books, and he finds them; but what books?" writes a third. "Infamous books, that have been disseminated by colportage, and seem fitted only to excite to evil." "Impiety has invaded our rural district," is the witness of a fourth from a remote corner of the country; "selfishness, materialism, corruption, doubt, and despair have taken the place of disinterestedness, the traditional virtue, and the faith of our ancestors. The labourer has no hope beyond this life of fatigue and privation, and now money is his god." Then other testimonies

followed, according to these specimens :—"Our country people have received nothing from civilization but its vices; corruption has spread throughout the rural districts." "One could scarcely believe how much religious indifference has taken possession of the rural population since the year 1848." "The religious spirit has completely lost its authority. The male population of the villages show most distinct tendencies towards materialism." "Manners are relaxed, paternal authority is despised; the father abdicates in favour of the eldest son; the grandfather is confined to his chair at the fireside; his death is desired often without concealment."

While presenting these darkest phases of life in France it is cheering to remember that the country has undoubtedly greatly benefited of late years by intercourse with England; and, to do his memory justice, the Emperor Napoleon showed a disposition to favour those English agents who were willing to labour as reformers among the irreligious population. During the time of the great Exhibition of 1867 the evangelists had a portion of the park set apart for their special use, and within the building two millions of Bible portions were distributed, besides a large number of gospel publications. The results in direct conversion to God may not have been visibly large, but it was enormous gain thus to protest against priestcraft by showing people that Protestants were not what the priests have too frequently represented them to be—disbelievers in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. One of the agents at the time remarked, "We have seen many children who returned often with their sous in their hands; mothers who were brought by their children; some Catholics who took pleasure in these tracts; workmen who made a provision of them for their winter evenings; soldiers who were interested in the tracts they read; rich persons who purchased them for their domestics. I have also myself seen Roman Catholic ladies quite astonished to find such good things, so true, so moral, so Christian, in Protestant books, and who came more than once to buy our tracts to distribute amongst their co-religionists." There were, indeed, some striking conversions, including priests, ladies of aristocratic rank, and others. One woman in humble circumstances experienced so genuine a change through reading some religious publications that she voluntarily became a distributor when she returned to her home, the result being hardly less startling than satisfactory. While the neighbours were gone to mass she read to her family, who had learned from her example and teaching to give up Romanism. "It appears," she wrote to a relative in Paris, "that the vicar of the place was furious at this, that he thundered at the Protestants, tore his hair in the pulpit, and threw his cap against the pulpit with indignation, as though he dashed a Protestant to the earth." In this and other ways was the cause of truth served by the Exhibition of 1867; and the gains would have been less had the government of Napoleon been less accommodating.

Eleven years were to elapse before the holding of another Exhibition, and in the interval France was destined to pass through some of the severest troubles which a nation can be called upon to suffer. Whether the people have learned the lessons which such events should teach we need not stay to enquire; but the last Exhibition, like the one which

preceded it, was turned to the best account when it became the means of circulating throughout the length and breadth of the land myriads of evangelical publications which were chiefly provided by our own Religious Tract Society. An abundance of good seed has been sown, and there is good reason for hoping that it has not been thrown away.

The signs of the times would lead us to believe that better days are coming for the French people, who have passed through the agonies of many crises. Through being intensely political the priests are watchful, and ready to turn any opportunity to account. During the elections of 1877, according to the evangelical paper *La Chambre Haute*, they "were imprudent enough openly to descend into the arena of political strife, hoping to make the elections subservient to the triumph of their cause. God frustrated their designs, and after six long months of painful suspense, during which cases of religious intolerance became increasingly numerous, the great majority of the nation has been able to praise the Lord for having delivered it from the clerical despotism with which it was threatened." In other words, fanaticism has produced so salutary a reaction that at one time, in 1878, the government contained four Protestant ministers. In such a country reaction means Reformation. We hear that "the old edifice of Roman Catholicism is cracking and splitting everywhere," and the proof lies in the fact that the evangelical preachers are welcomed as they have never been welcomed before, and their success is correspondingly encouraging. Whether preached by the living voice or through the medium of the silent messengers of the press, the Old Gospel is sure to make its way. Thus we hear of a congregation of eighty-five who have left the Romish church at Châtel-Censoir. At Pouilly St. Audelin there is a flourishing Protestant school of 120 children. A Protestant pastor, who visited Concoret, in the Lot, says, "I had 150 hearers. The room was crowded, and people even sat on the stairs. After service I held the first Sunday-school which I have seen in the district, at which twenty-two children attended. I distributed tracts, little books, Testaments, &c. With what joy and eagerness all lifted up their hands to receive them! For my part I was deeply moved at the sight of this flock, which has not yet the benefit of the affectionate care of a pastor." Will France accept the blessings which the Spirit of God seems to be pressing upon her acceptance? May she do so, and shaking off the fetters of priestcraft rejoice in newness of life!

The Protestant periodicals of France are not yet self-supporting; but they are otherwise well-sustained, and the money which the committee in London has granted to these has been well invested. A word respecting these serials may assist the reader to understand their position.

Two of the number, *L'Ami de la Maison*, and *Le Rayon de Soleil*, are conducted by Miss Blundell, who is well known as a very successful Christian worker in Paris. The sales continue to be so encouraging that a thousand new subscribers have been secured in a few months. The papers are now sold "in the kiosks like other journals," and there is every prospect of good sales being effected. "I wish you could see and hear the affecting incidents which come to hand," writes the editor, to the Religious Tract Society in London. "The monthly supplies,

which your generous grant enables me to send to the various coast and garrison towns, continue, and in some cases increase. To the Paris hospitals, etc., are sent monthly 200 copies, and 450 to poor schools in the capital; and monthly supplies to twenty-three cities and towns of France; 2,000 are distributed monthly, to which the Society's grant of £60 is an immense help."

La Chambre Haute is specially designed to stimulate the spiritual life of the Protestant part of the community, and numerous testimonies to its general usefulness have been received. "I owe it in part to your excellent periodical," writes one, "that I am at the present time an evangelist in France." A sick and aged man remarked, "I have long been a subscriber to it, and the Lord has made it the means of blessing to my soul."

Le Petit Glaneur is described as being "especially adapted to poor scattered Protestants, deprived of the advantages of public worship, and in danger of losing sight of spiritual things so seldom brought before them." While elementary in its religious teaching, it does not overlook sanitary and domestic themes, so that it is a very useful visitor in rural districts.

Le Témoin de la Vérité is a controversialist, which bears its testimony to the truth of the gospel among those who sit in the darkness of Romanism. It is edited by M. Marsault, and is well calculated to stimulate public interest in the Protestant movement.

L'Evangéliste is conducted by M. Lelièvre of Nismes; and "More than any other paper of the weekly press," he says himself, "it aims directly at the edification of believers, and at the evangelization of the unconverted." This and the other papers we have named are doing admirable service in the cause of the Reformation in France. As newspapers, they penetrate districts whither tracts could not so easily go, and for the same reason they are read more willingly by the country people. Direct testimonies to the good effected are not wanting. We hear of a man's becoming converted and dying peacefully through reading one number of Miss Blundell's *Ami;* and in another instance suicide was prevented. There are other Protestant periodicals besides those mentioned, such as *Bulletin de l'Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens;* but all do not receive aid from London.

The circulation of evangelistic publications in Paris is of course extensively promoted by those several evangelistic agencies, which, for the most part, have come into existence since the war with Germany.

Six years ago the Mission undertaken by Mr. MacAll was beginning to be referred to as "a very remarkable work" in one of the lowest quarters of the capital; and, accordingly, large grants were made to aid the evangelist in his voluntary conflict with abounding evil. One remarkable thing about this mission is the rapid manner in which the stations have been multiplied, and the valuable sympathy of helpers secured. In 1874 the English public were glad to hear that the stations had been increased from four to eight, the sittings having increased from 515 to 1,056. Five years later, or in 1879, the stations were 23 while the sittings were nearly 5,000. These stations surround the city; they are situated in quarters chiefly or wholly occupied by the working classes; and both on Sabbath days and week days services and

classes for children and adults are conducted. The mission is now extended to Lyons; and M. Saillens, one of Mr. MacAll's former colleagues, has recently settled as an evangelist in Marseilles.

In a wonderfully short time the evangelists have succeeded in obtaining a hold of the working people whom the ecclesiastics had passed by, leaving them to perish in sin and squalor. The average attendance at the rooms of this single mission, inclusive of 2,000 children, is at least 10,000; and from the first the superintendent has acknowledged in cordial terms the great assistance he has received from the liberal grants of publications that have been made from time to time. "We have now a large number of regular hearers in our various stations," says Mr. MacAll; "and by very many of these the new tract, received, say once a week, is looked for with the utmost interest—an eagerness which never fails to manifest itself when, on any evening, there is a lack, from whatever cause, of the accustomed supply." His chief regret appears to be, not that opportunities are wanting to circulate good things, but that the supplies are not more abundant. There are openings for a far wider diffusion of religious publications than has hitherto been attempted; the shelves of the lending library need more often to be replenished; and hymns, *Pour les Enfants*, which contain the gospel, and which the little ones gladly carry home to their unenlightened parents, should be sent out in larger quantities. Concerning the last the missionary says: "We had used them to a considerable extent in our Sunday-schools and children's meetings, lending them for the hour of meeting only. I am now anxious that we should introduce them to the homes of the children, and of families attending our meetings generally, by gift. I quite think that to place a little collection of the kind in a house is an excellent measure. Often the parents will read the hymns, doubtless, because as we find our people, throughout, especially fond of hymns, even those who had not given the least attention to religion before."

Some wonderful testimonies are given in proof of the success of this mission, and of the wonderful effects of the gospel when it comes as a new thing of life and power to those who all their lives have been strangers to its attractions. We hear of audiences "that were more or less unsettled and disorderly, becoming almost entirely composed of serious and attentive hearers." More striking are the words of M. Rosseeuw, a member of the Institute of France, who shows that the men are often more deeply impressed than the women—"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." The very faces of the people brighten in anticipation of receiving the evangelical publications provided by English liberality; and thus we shall sympathize with Mr. MacAll when he says that the grand opportunities ought to be improved.*

* Though the above was written before we saw the book, we cordially recommend to all who are interested in Mr. MacAll's operations a valuable work lately issued by Dr. Bonar (Nisbet and Co.) entitled "The White Fields of France." The Doctor very conclusively shows that Paris is a magnificent field of missionary enterprise.

The medical mission, superintended by Miss De Broen, is at Belleville, and that likewise was established since the conclusion of the siege of Paris and the brief ascendancy of the Commune. Besides practising the healing art, which under all circumstances is a passport to the affections of working people, the superintendent of the institution has established night schools, sewing classes, and ordinary religious services. A letter to the Committee of the London Religious Tract Society tells us that the evangelical publications are "distributed to all the patients coming to the Medical Mission, who come to us from every quarter of Paris, and even beyond—as Versailles, Noisy, etc. We take no pains to advertise the Medical Mission, not even anything painted on its street front; but the poor are attracted by the thoroughly good medicines, the excellent medical advice, and the kindness with which they are treated. So far is the little service which begins the morning's work from being considered a drawback, that we have more patients than the room can well hold; and to these people, coming from far and near, the Word is preached and tracts are given. Some have begged us for more, to distribute to their neighbours, and that they are read is shown by their choice of those they have not had before." Miss De Broen even contrasts the difference between France and England, and thinks the comparison tells in favour of France. "One thing that makes it far easier here to give them is the avidity with which they are received. How different is this from most places in England, where people turn from a tract with aversion! 'Give me a little book—to me, too—have you not more?' These are the words which greet us if we are seen with them in our hands, and the fact of their being religious does not make any difference. The French, indeed, are neither so atheistic nor so superstitious as we are apt to think them." What they are really beginning to dislike is priestcraft and the confessional. A gross imposture like the papacy is soon discovered to be such by people who think for themselves; and now that they are sufficiently enlightened to refuse what is spurious, let us by all means give them what is of sterling value.

A well-known literary worker in the evangelical cause is Miss Blundell, and her head quarters are at the Depôt Central in Paris. We have already mentioned this lady's periodicals, which partly owe their wide distribution to funds remitted from London.

We will now proceed to give some illustrations of good actually effected; and we hope that every example will stimulate English sympathy for France by showing the wonderful power of the judiciously managed Protestant press in a country which has not yet been released from the shackles of mediæval superstition.

Some years ago, a young English lady who spent much of her time in distributing religious publications among the various regiments of the Imperial army in and around Paris, was regarded by her Christian friends as a delightful example of the power of simple faith. She honoured the name of Christ, and in what may have appeared to some as a sacrifice, she found abundant honour herself. The soldiers were so far from offering insult or undervaluing her endeavours, that whenever the men passed her in the street she was recognized by the military salute. She has been seen leading the way to a prayer-meeting with

more than a dozen Zouaves making up the rear. With an intrepidity not often exemplified, she carried the gospel into some of the most infamous houses of Versailles, and in those unlikely depths of depravity found many pearls for the Saviour. In the army she commanded the sympathy of the officers as well as that of the men; and on one occasion, when about her business as usual, the officer in command ordered a square to be formed so that the company might more easily hear what was said to them. An address was then given of extraordinary power, after which every private received a gift of something to read. To an ordinary person this would have appeared to be both a good beginning and good ending; but it was otherwise with this devoted young woman. Having gone the round of the men she turned to those in authority and remarked, "Gentlemen, an officer has a soul as well as a private; allow me to give you each a New Testament, but under the express condition that you never part with it." When, in a letter to friends in London, he narrated these facts in 1862, M. Bersier said, "I felt rejoiced, and at the same time ashamed, that it was a foreign and not a French lady who was doing this work among our troops. It is true that the English are much more at liberty to distribute tracts than the French; but is it not a striking proof of the power of God that soldiers, who laugh at everything, are brought to earnest thought by a young English lady?" Human nature is much the same kind of thing all the world over; and conquering faith is as powerful in France as it is anywhere else.

The next case relates also to a young lady, but this time our interest centres in a native who was converted through reading the publications which were put in her way by the foreign agency. For some considerable time she turned from the offered blessing, and even requested that she might be left alone. Some publications were, however, left with her, and she read them, one result of the exercise being that she paid a visit to the Protestant Church. At first her friend, the colporteur, expressed his astonishment, but he soon found that a change had taken place in the young woman's heart, and the tears which filled her eyes were tears of joy. "Oh, if you knew how happy I am," she said. "I asked pardon from God, and he has pardoned me. Oh, how happy I am! When you came first to bring me tracts, I knew nothing about religion, but now I understand it all. I sent you away once; it was because I had given some of the tracts to a friend of mine to read who was a devout Catholic, and she had said to me, 'It is Protestantism; take care that you do not read them.' I believed what she said. After this I deeply regretted what I had done. Often I have seen you pass along the street, and should have liked to ask you to come in, but I could not summon up courage to do it." Her gratitude was very demonstrative, and showed itself in a French manner. "I think I must often have caused you trouble; forgive me," said the young convert to another lady who had been of some service to her. Thereupon the two embraced each other. This is a fair specimen of the fruits of colportage in France. It is even proved that conversion begets a love and a habit of reading; for persons retain an affection for whatever has proved to them a means of blessing. In one colporteur's "little-meeting," as he called it, of nearly a hundred converts, every one of the

latter had renounced Romanism through reading evangelical publications. Then, as regards gratitude, and French ways of expressing it, there was a certain schoolmaster who gave eighty francs to the work, money with which he had intended to purchase an expensive encyclopædia for private use.

Examples similar to the above are frequently occurring, and the confessions in the convert's own words are in themselves the best testimony to the power of the Protestant press. At a public meeting a colporteur once related an instance of conviction which had attended the reading of *L'Almanac de Bons Conseils*, when an Italian came forward and said, "The story you have just told closely resembles my own. I am an Italian, and was brought up a Roman Catholic. I lived in all the errors of the Romish Church until an almanack, which is very like yours, *L'Amico di Casa*, fell into my hands. I read it, and after reading the almanack, I read the Bible to which it referred me. I soon learned to understand the way of salvation."

"I do all I can for *you;* do now something for *me*," said a woman whose curiosity had been awakened by reading a Bible. "What do you want me to do for you?" replied the man. "Let me go to the Protestant Church!" No opposition being offered, the woman's interest ended in conversion, and when she herself related her history, the woman said it should be an encouragement to endeavour to win other trophies. It will be found that such converts take care that their relatives in the country are supplied with the enlightening literature.

The work as it proceeds shows that what are apparently trivial actions may end in very important results. A priest, while leaving his own church, is surprised and offended at the assurance of one who pressed upon his acceptance a gospel tract; but taking what was offered, the priest read, he perceived the truth, and became a Protestant pastor. Even the reading of a Scripture text-card has brought a soul from the darkness of the Papacy. Only let in the light into the country, and priestcraft must collapse.

A Time for Everything.

A FRIEND of ours on board ship was exceedingly sick, and while in the agonies of the malady a worthy man sought to converse with him. No time could be less opportune, and the inappropriateness of the season reached its climax when just before a rush at the basin the soul-winner asked, "How long have you known the Lord?" Indignation was more likely to be roused than benefit to be bestowed. We are so glad to see zeal at all, that we can readily forgive its lack of discretion; but really, there is such a thing as common sense, and if good men are devoid of it they will do more harm than good. A youth of our acquaintance will be long before he forgives a dentist who set before him the plan of salvation when the poor lad badly wanted to have his tooth drawn at once. It is almost a sin to do a right thing at the wrong time.

Thoughts about a Grave.

BY JOSEPH C. WITHERS.

STERN truths are not to be spoken in honeyed accents; and it has often occurred to me that much of the power and efficacy of the gospel is lost by the effeminate and sugary style in which it is too frequently preached. It is essentially "good news"—good news beyond all price—which is told to the believer in our blessed Saviour; but the glad tidings which are so delivered are accompanied by very black intimations to the unrepenting sinner. No good purpose can possibly be served by concealing, or placing in the background, the fact which the word of God explicitly announces, that the man who breathes his last breath on earth without having cheerfully, gladly, and fully accepted as his propitiation and justification the sacrifice offered up on Calvary, will awake in hell. This may be unpalatable truth; but it *is* truth. It is often slurred over; men who have dared to call themselves disciples of the Master who proclaimed it have denied it, or have put upon it a gloss, intended to rob it of its awful import; but it is as certain as that those from whom the denial proceeds, or upon whom the gloss glistens, shall ere long lie in their shrouds, and be borne to the churchyard.

I have a grave in my mind's eye at this moment. Around it, as in all "God's acres," are many other mounds. The young are here asleep; the aged are here at rest. The babe that sighed itself away on the bosom of its parent has been covered with the mould, but its spirit has gone to the Lover of the little ones—Antæus-like it may be said to have derived strength and vitality from contact with mother earth. The old man, who, when asked in the sick chamber which, for a long time, had been the witness of much patient suffering and earnest trust, what his "persuasion" was, replied, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," is quiet after life's fitful fever. Here, too, is the tomb of the fair-haired and bright-eyed maiden who tried by many little acts of kindness, by gentle words, and by soft and sweet attentions, to follow, in some degree, in the footsteps of the Master whom she loved. She is now wedded to her Lord; the ring of eternal union has been placed upon her finger; and the simple, good deeds which she performed upon earth live after her to bring, it may be, in their subsequent operation, a bright and cheering harvest of souls to the Saviour whom she served. Not far from this sacred resting-place is the grave of a robust man, stricken down in the prime of life: but, thank God for it, a man who, while he had his imperfections, earnestly fought against the devil and all his wiles; who rebuked sin wherever he found it—and where could he look without perceiving its existence?—and who fell right nobly bearing aloft, with firm grip and unflinching arm, the banner of the crucified Lord. These are all in heaven. They behold the face of the Eternal One—once marred, mocked, and spat upon, but now glowing with an exceeding splendour. They gaze upon the head once cruelly crowned, whereon the thorns have given place to golden jewels, dazzling in their lustre, and bright with rare effulgence. Those of whom I have been speaking have, I said, passed into the glory. How have they found their entrance? Were they not sinful as other people are? They were far from perfection, but they trusted in the crucified Lord to save them; and believing his testimony, relying upon his word, and clinging steadfastly to his promise and to the unchanging and unchangeable assurance of the God who sent him, that those who have faith in Christ shall not be condemned, they have reached the shores of the blessed, the haven of eternal felicity. Not far from theirs is another grave; and I do not hesitate to say with trembling solemnity—I have God's word for it, and there is no use in mincing language in a matter of such moment—that he who lies beneath this green grass, since

he passed away impenitent and unbelieving, is now amongst the doomed. Can you realize what that means? It is awful, at any time, to feel yourself shut out from God—and conscience and a sense of self-abasement will sometimes produce a feeling of this description; but to know that you are not only driven from the presence of the Most High, but that you are to be for ever with Satan and his angels in unutterable misery ought to strike absolute horror into any mind which reflects upon such a contingency. I know that there are those who pooh-pooh ideas like these; and who abuse as narrow-minded, fanatical, and superstitious the man who may utter them. Let them do so; it does not matter. The word of God has always stood, and will always stand, firm and sure; it shall abide when the mountains crumble and the hills are swallowed up, when the sun is snuffed out as a candle and the stars for ever pale their light; and we have his assurance that there *is* a place where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched, and that the wicked shall depart into everlasting punishment. Why is the spirit and the soul of that man whom I knew, and whose remains down there are slowly rotting into nothingness, now shut out from the presence of his Maker, and consigned to a companionship which must be inconceivably horrible? He was, you declare, a good fellow in his way. Granted. He was jovial, kind-hearted, and even generous. Granted, also. The other man who enjoys complete happiness, according to your idea, was not much better. Granted again. But the one felt that he was sinful and believed that Christ, the Son of God, had borne the penalty of his transgressions; and, trusting to the last in his Redeemer, he has been accepted of the Father, not as he was in himself, but as clad in the righteousness of God's well-beloved Son. The other laughed at this—he "was all there"; he did not want anything of the kind; he could make his way; he could keep his ground. He would give a contribution here or a subscription there; but he paid no heed to matters of more concern; he had no regard for the Christ who once suffered on the tree—the God who was once buffeted by men, the Co-eval with the Creator, who was once reviled by the creature, the Leader of the mighty armies of heaven who was once insulted by rough Roman soldiers. What is the result of all this unconcern and unbelief? Have I not already sufficiently indicated it, without adding blacker hues to the picture? The whole may be put in one sentence—and I would, if I could, that that sentence were nailed up everywhere in letters of gold—confidence in, Christ,—eternal safety and happiness; rejection of the Saviour,—everlasting loss and misery.

Young man in the bloom of life, with, as Milton says, "all the world before you where to choose," how will you choose? Healthy blood courses through your frame. Perhaps it might be said of you, as of old Micio, that your "veins run wine," so effervescent is your spirit, so lusty your constitution. You are in the full flush of energy and vigour; you have many aspirations and desires; but remember that your flush may be paled and that those aspirations and desires may be quenched in an hour—ay, in a moment. Young men have died suddenly ere now; and suppose that your heart ceased its action—the supposition is not out of the way—and that you fell a corpse this instant, where would you be? In heaven or in hell? You know the condition. I do not wish to press the question further than I have already done; but that condition is irrevocable and indispensable. "Christ crucified" and accepted; or "Christ crucified" and rejected. With all the earnestness of a heart which is itself often troubled, and of a nature which is more than concious of its own need of such a Saviour as you will find him to be, I ask you to express with decision the emphatic declaration that you will henceforth fight side by side with a Captain whose colours have never yet been sullied, and who will lead his followers through the thickest of the fray in perfect safety and to complete victory. Young woman, you are very bright and gay; but the day will soon come when your bright cheek will be blanched, and when your fine attire will be exchanged for the garments of death. Do not waste your time in frivolous

and foolish amusements, but give yourself to the service of One who can impart perennial roses to the countenance and a robe without spot to the person. You do not require to go far afield; you need not turn a corner in order to exercise a holy influence. A poor creature, with want and suffering stamped upon her face, and with a sickly babe in her arms, sings, as best she may, at your door; give her a meal; you may even in that way do much for a mother and a starving child. A ragged boy is at your gate; hand him a crust; he may live to thank you for the bread of heaven. You have a family—regard your little ones as the choicest field for your operations. You will find plenty of land to explore, to till, to cultivate. Diligence in the work will repay the effort; and, instead of a wilderness, there will spring up a paradise of fruits and flowers.

I have finished. Love may do much; it has effected a great deal, and it will yet accomplish more: but there are natures—no observer of human character can doubt or blink the fact—with whom fear may do more even than love. While Tennyson sings of

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,"

Wordsworth speaks, in his own suggestive way, of

"A faith sincere
Born of the wisdom that begins with fear."

His expression is not without warrant and significance; and, if the wisdom which begins with a fear of judgment and of hell leads up to the faith which clings to the Saviour, and which looks forward to heaven, then all will be well. May it so be with every reader of these lines.

Notices of Books.

The Spurgeon Birthday Book and Autographic Register. Passmore and Alabaster.

This Birthday book is a great favourite. The first large edition has been already cleared out. In the cheapest binding, at half-a-crown, it is a handsome object, but it is kept in various bindings up to ten shillings and sixpence.

The Story of the Years. A Text Book and Diary. With Verses by Marianne Farningham. James Clarke and Co.

Another text-book tastefully got up, but a little dear at 4s. 6d. The gentle music of Miss Farningham's verses has charms for many readers, and we do not wonder.

Song Services. Edited by V. J. Charlesworth. Passmore and Alabaster.

These are a capital series of services suitable for Sunday-school anniversaries, or any other special services. The music of each service costs threepence, and the words alone one penny. There are or will be ten sorts. These will furnish holy song in private houses, and will give healthy entertainment to gatherings which may in certain districts be got together by music when other means are unavailing.

The Stockwell Reciter. A collection of old and new favourites for the Home, the School, and the Band of Hope. Edited by Vernon J. Charlesworth. Nos. I. and II. One Penny each. Passmore and Alabaster.

Just the thing which was wanted. Our friend, the head master of the Orphanage, has a genius for making telling selections for recitation. What with his "Song Services" and the "Reciter," he gives teachers all that they need for utilizing the talents of children for public or private entertainment, and he takes care that something good and instructive shall always be the leading article.

The Culture of Pleasure; or, the Enjoyment of Life in its Social and Religious Aspects. By the Author of "The Mirage of Life." Nisbet and Co.

RARELY does such a rich book as this come in our way. It has afforded us useful pleasurable entertainment during the whole of our sojourn abroad, for it has been read to us chapter by chapter as we have been able to bear it. It cheered our sickness, and it charmed our health. By its countless quotations we are reminded of old Burton's book on "Melancholy," though it is odd that its subjects should lie in the opposite direction. Our author has made a mosaic of extracts from all sorts of biographies by which he illustrates judiciously and graciously his chosen theme. Certainly he has promoted pleasure by writing upon the culture of it. We do not wonder that the volume is in the eighth edition, it deserves to be in the eight-hundredth. Most of our readers will know the Tract Society's attractive and impressive little book, "The Mirage of Life," and they will guess the style of "The Culture of Pleasure," when they know that it is by the same author. A high Christian spirit pervades these pages, and those who read and practise their precepts will grow the Pleasure Plant in their heart-gardens.

The Glories of Christ, as set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews. A Series of Bible Readings. By E. A. H. (Mrs. GORDON.) J. E. Hawkins, 36, Baker-street.

NOT written in the usual book form for consecutive reading. We have here a suggestive series of notes, or rather hints, which will many of them be of great value to preachers who need to be started on a train of thought. We often get more out of a thoughtful line than from pages of verbiage. These notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews appeared in *The Christian*, and we certainly think that it would have been a great pity that they should have passed away with the ephemeral matter of which weekly journals are necessarily composed. We are not overwhelmed with admiration of the usual "Bible-readings" way of treating the Scriptures, for the sacred book is frequently pulled to pieces word by word, and treated cabalistically, after the manner of the Jewish Talmud. The whole business of *key words* is a rather delicate one, and may soon degenerate into a superstitious worship of the letter by which the spirit will be missed. We do not attribute any measure of this fault to the little work now before us, which we greatly value because its studies preserve the good points of modern "Bible-readings" literature, and miss its faults. Our authoress often sheds a valuable side-light upon a passage, and at other times by setting one portion of Scripture over against another, she produces a blended light which is even more useful. Mr. Stevenson Blackwood has done good service by writing a brief introductory preface, which will no doubt commend the little book to the attention of the many by whom Mr. Blackwood is highly esteemed, among whom we reckon ourselves. To us, however, the writer needs no letter of commendation, for she is a sister well beloved in the Lord. Let every minister who reads this review get the book at once, and bless us for our advice. It costs, we believe, only one shilling.

Matthew Mellowdew. A Story with more Heroes than one. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

BEING under very great obligation to Mr. Jackson Wray, and having a very high esteem for him, we undertook to read his story through. We began the task as a sort of penance, but were gradually beguiled into enjoying the exercise. Our virtuous opposition to works of fiction began to falter under the seductive influence of Mr. Wray's pen, the more especially as Matthew Mellowdew, the butcher, turns out to be a cousin of our old friend, John Ploughman, and a great expert in the use of Proverbial Philosophy. The tale is about as improbable as it can very well be, but it is splendidly written, and full of energetic life, and vigorous imagination. The tone of it is healthy, inspiring, and encouraging, and the moral of it is Christian in the highest sense. To Mr. Wray the writing of a religious story is

as easy as to talk; for his imagination is always at work, weaving webs of fancy, and creating incidents of interest: this faculty is thoroughly consecrated, and kept in due subjection to higher powers, and therefore, although he will never convert *us* into admirers of religious novels, we shall always accord him a high place among those who produce fiction of the purest order. Many minds must have literature of the imaginative kind to feed upon, and while this is the case we are glad that they can have it, not only winnowed from all impurity, but mixed with valuable truth. The abundant proverbs of Matthew Mellodew render this work valuable to those who delight in terse sayings. Matthew uses many pithy sentences which are quite new to us, though we are tolerably versed in proverbial lore. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin may as well get another edition ready, for such a book cannot fail to be popular. To Mr. Jackson Wray himself we wish a long and prosperous ministry as the successor of Whitefield at the Tottenham-court-road Tabernacle, and long may he favour us with his much appreciated help at the other Tabernacle where Whitefield's gospel is regarded as a joyful sound.

Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. R. D. Dickinson.

We have read with care the most of these lectures, and have derived edification from them. It is a great joy to us that a man has been raised up who knows the follies of the Germans, and the scepticisms of the "modern thought" school, and is set to give them battle. Mr. Cook does his work *con amore*, as a Gordon Cumming might hunt lions; he evidently relishes the exercise, and may be well styled in controversy "a mighty hunter before the Lord." There is no trace of bitterness, however, in him, no mark of that savage Red Indian ferocity which is so usual in a theological debater. He follows Walton's advice, and handles his frog gently, as if he loved him; indeed, we believe he has a genuine love for the errorist, and would set him right if he could. Mr. Cook is both in belief and in spirit on the right side, and we rejoice in him, glorifying God in him. At the same time these sets of lectures are better suited to the region of Boston than to London. We cannot but think very highly of a city which continues to find a large audience for such recondite metaphysical addresses; for popular as they are, they would be regarded as deep and abstruse by most London audiences. We think also that more of Scripture and less of Shakespeare and the poets would be more attractive and powerful with earnest minds. Mr. Cook, however, is the best judge about this matter, and of course has an eye rather to the conversion of sceptics than to the edification of old-fashioned believers. We like the talks before the lectures; they are so fresh, so practical, that we are always sorry when they are over.

Marriage. By Joseph Cook. Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

The lectures of Mr. Cook upon a great variety of subjects are too well known to need any further commendation. It is sufficient recommendation of the lectures upon marriage to say they are as terse, thoughtful, and comprehensive as other lectures of the same author. They exhibit the same lofty and sound principles; and even upon the subject of marriage, which by most others is brought down to a low level, the same high level is preserved. They may be read by all without any injury, and with much profit.

The Fatherhood of God. By Robert Mitchell. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

One of the most poetic, beautiful, pseudo-philosophic but altogether erroneous books on the Fatherhood of God which we ever read. As insidious and attractive as it can be, but altogether subversive of the very fundamental truths of the gospel concerning man's ruin, regeneration, and redemption. Our advice concerning it would be the same as given with respect to the proper way of preparing cucumber. "Carefully peel and slice it, flavour with pepper, salt, and vinegar, and then—eat it?—oh no! *throw it on the dunghill!*"

The Limitations of Life, and other Sermons. By W. M. Taylor, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The author of these sermons is well known, and his name is a guarantee for their soundness in both faith and practice. They are an abiding testimony that there is no need to go away from the plainest truths of the gospel for the exercise of original thought, for deep reasoning, for variety of sentiment, or for indulgence of literary taste. It is gratifying to meet with authors in favour of old truths as eminent for talent and acquirements as those who profess to have discovered new ones. The difference between the old divines and the new lies not in the head so much as in the heart. There is an experimental tranquillity, an unction from the Holy One, in the one that is not found in the other. Evangelical experience and evangelical doctrine are inseparably united. Some of the most remarkable instances of this may be found in Scotch Presbyterians, as in the case before us, and it is pleasing to find that the ministry of such an one is duly appreciated in New York.

These sermons are of varied excellence. The one upon the Atonement is clear as crystal.

The most striking feature in the whole is the originality and suitability of the illustrations. Two of these may be here given, one to illustrate what God is in Christ, and the other what Christ is in himself:—"You know the beautiful story which Homer tells us in connection with the parting of Hector and Andromache. The hero was going to his last battle, and his wife accompanied him as far as the gates of the city, followed by a nurse, carrying in her arms their infant child. When he was about to depart, Hector held out his hands to receive the little one, but terrified by the burnished helmet and the waving plume, the child turned away and clung crying to his nurse's neck. In a moment, divining the cause of the infant's alarm, the warrior took off his helmet, and laid it on the ground, and then, smiling through his tears, the little fellow leaped into his father's arms. Now, similarly, Jehovah of hosts, Jehovah with the helmet on, would frighten us weak, guilty ones away, but in the person of the Lord Jesus he has laid that helmet off, and now the guiltiest and the neediest are encouraged to go to his fatherly embrace, and avail themselves of his support." The other illustration immediately follows:—"While thus his humanity emboldens us to apply to him, his divinity furnishes us with the help we need. That which I cling to for strength must be something other than myself, and something stronger than myself, otherwise it will be to me as worthless as a broken reed. When in the howling hurricane wave after wave is breaking over the ship, and sweeping the deck from stem to stern, it will not do for the sailor to depend upon himself, neither will it avail for him to grasp his fellow, for they may together be washed into the deep; but he lays hold of the iron bulwark, making the strength of the iron for the moment to be as his own, and is upheld. So in the surges of agony that sooner or later sweep over every man, it will not do for him to depend upon himself, or even to hold by a fellow-mortal. He needs one who, while he is a brother, is mightier than any human brother; and here in Jesus Christ the God-man the great necessity of the heart is met, for here is the omnipotence of divinity added to the acceptability of humanity."

Saving Faith. What is it? Religious Tract Society.

This is one of many little volumes, issued by the Tract Society, that contain a clear and full statement of the way of salvation, with an earnest appeal to all, and especially the young, to consider whether they are in the right way. Those who are specially concerned that others may be led into the way of all truth cannot do better than put this little book into their hands.

The Christian Commonwealth a Theocracy. By the Rev. Robert Sewell. R. D. Dickinson.

An eloquent plea for the Congregational form of church government, about which we do not feel so enthusiastic as the excellent author. It is a fine theory; but whether it can ever be so worked as to evangelize England is another question; and if it will not do that it is not *the* system of the future.

The Return from the Captivity. Isandula, and other Poems. By Rev. T. Tilston, B.A. London: Houlston and Sons.

This little book of poems has upon the whole most agreeably surprised us. It is far beyond the meaningless jingle that is so commonly called poetry. In the main poem especially, "The Return from the Captivity," there are noble thoughts, and elevated emotions, expressed in language of equal force and beauty. The smaller pieces are of unequal merit, and since the author seems less at home upon the battle-field than in the scenes of peace, we are not surprised that the poems on Isandula, Ekowe, and Rorke's Drift, fall beneath the general power of his other productions.

Handbook for Visitors of the Sick. By Walter Baker. New York: N. Tibbals and Sons.

Admirable as is the intention of the author, we do not think it is likely to be very profitable. True sick-visitors are like poets, born, not made, and could no more be guided by rules and regulations than a poet can sing by Act of Parliament. Persons possessing the qualifications of a true Barnabas, "a son of consolation," will not need this little manual: while those who do not will never be qualified by it.

The Gospel for the Nineteenth Century. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

This is a clear and outspoken statement of what may be fairly considered to be the man-invented gospel of the nineteenth century. We earnestly hope and pray that it may be the gospel of no other. As it is certainly not the gospel of the first century of the Christian era, and will not be of the last, so we hope it will be known to the nineteenth century only. It is a gospel in which the example of Christ is the remedy for all human woes, and the sum and substance of all human desires. The life-giving doctrine of an atoning sacrifice is left out, and a mere example put in its place. The moral aspect of the gospel is common to all ages, and as to its value and importance all good men are agreed; the peculiarity of the present case is its presentation as the gospel itself; as though, after all, Jesus was nothing more than a teacher of ethics and a model of virtue. This, which seems to be implied in Ecce Homo, and in Dr. Farrar's Life of Christ, is here unhesitatingly expressed. The divinity of Christ is admitted, and an attempt is made to show how he becomes on that account a better example to men; but, as common sense may suffice to prove, it is an attempt only. For the matter of that, a man is the best model for a man, if he be perfect in all respects. Of justification the author thus speaks: "God takes the will for the deed. He accounts the resolute choice of the will in favour of right *to be righteousness*. He may plead for forgiveness through the merits of Christ, because the graces of Christ's blessed life are now *his in will*." The italics are the author's own. Such teaching desires the essential truth of revelation. Again, he says, "So long as we understand by the term 'Faith in Christ' the meaning which we have assigned to it, viz., the *acceptance of Christ's yoke*, so long does justification by faith remain an intelligible thing, in accordance with Scripture and reason. For it simply means justification by oneness of spirit with Christ. But justification by faith ceases to be either Scriptural or rational when we understand by the words 'Faith in Christ' anything short of this. Whether it be merely objective faith that is intended, or whether it be simply trust in Christ's work, which is perhaps the meaning most generally given to the words, neither of these are the faith which justifies the sinner. The faith which can and does justify the sinner is *the act of submission to Christ*. This alone gives to sinful men a real part in him." Of the atonement we thus read: "If this view of faith were fully understood and universally received, we should never hear of the doctrine of substitution again, for the two are wholly irreconcilable. It is clear there is no idea here of wrath or of punishment; there is no necessity, no room, for the legal fiction implied in the popular doctrine of substitution." Alas, for the nineteenth century, if this is to be its gospel.

The reason for the divinity of Christ is thus stated: "Had God given to man

a perfect example other than his only-begotten Son, it would have been to transfer their worship and allegiance to another than himself. This will be evident from what has been already said of the effect of faith. The perfect example *to be effective* must be adored." Might we not add here that in proportion as we become like Christ we also are to be adored? This would be a logical conclusion It is marvellous to us that any one can so thoroughly admire and endeavour to imitate the moral beauties in the life of Christ and suppose this to be all that is meant by "The glorious gospel of the blessed God." Was not man in innocence a sufficient example of a model man? What need that Christ should be God in order to be an example of a perfect man? Surely something more than an example was intended by the mission of our Lord as God and man in one person. May our author know his own condition before God, and his conscience will crave for something more than an example to appease its cravings.

Jesus Christ: his Times, Life, and Work. By E. De Pressensé, D.D. Seventh Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

On a further and more careful reading of this "Life of Christ," we are obliged to qualify our approval of it. We consider it, like all other lives of Christ, to be altogether cut out, and rendered superfluous by Geikie's wonderful volumes; but apart from this, it contains strange and crude notions upon many subjects. The work was most useful in its own time and day, and for the French public it answered and may still answer a very important purpose; but the attention which has been drawn to the great "Life of lives" has produced us much deeper and fuller works than this. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have republished the book in a form uniform with "Early Years of Christianity," and we would advise all ministers to complete their set of Pressensé by purchasing this volume for 7s. 6d.; for even though it is not the best treatise upon the subject, it is needful to complete a series, of which the last four volumes are certainly invaluable. The copy before us is a specimen of the seventh edition; it is unabridged, and yet can be procured for the small sum we have named.

The Christian at Home. By Rev. J. Nisbet Wallace. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Homely, timely, valuable counsels as to the conduct of the Christian home with its varied relationships. No better little gift could be presented to those about to marry, or those already settled in homes of their own.

The Divine Forecast of the Corruption of Christianity. By the Rev. Edward Huntingford, D.C.L. Bickers and Son, 1, Leicester-square.

The same consolation is here given to the church of Christ which an apostle gives to individual Christians, when he says "That no man should be moved by these afflictions: for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto." It might have been said with an appearance of just reasoning, that the Christian church would not have been so persecuted and corrupted as it has been in past ages, if it had been continually under divine guidance and protection. When it can be shown that all these changes were foreseen and foretold, they become evidences of the special oversight which they might otherwise seem to disprove. If the predictions in relation to the dark days of Christianity in the world have been strictly fulfilled, with equal certainty we may look upon the predictions of brighter days yet to be fulfilled. Our author justly says, "The manifest fulfilment of Christian prophecy in the history of the Christian church, which has been going on for nearly eighteen hundred years is still going on, and will, as we believe, continue to go on until Jesus Christ comes again." The Romish church is justly shown to have taken a prominent part in the past corruption of Christianty; but too much dependence, we think, is placed upon the English church for the purity and prosperity of Christianity in the future. This is nothing more than might be expected from the author's position; but as it is accompanied with charity to others, and has little or no influence upon the substantial merits of the volume, we do not make a point of it.

Notes.

God has made us our own governors in these British Isles, for, loyal as we are to our Queen, we practically are Cæsars to ourselves. We are now called upon to exercise one of the privileges and duties which go with liberty, let no man be negligent in it. Every God-fearing man should give his vote with as much devotion as he prays. Vote for those whose principles denounce needless war, and whose watchword is justice at home and abroad. For temperance, thrift, religious equality, and social progress let the Christian vote be one and indivisible.

We are delighted to hear that Mr. Sampson, of Folkestone, is to become secretary to the Baptist Union. We are truly sorry for Folkestone, since it will suffer a great loss by his removal; but Mr. Sampson is *the* man for the position, and indeed the only man who struck us at once, the moment his name was mentioned. If the brotherhood will once for all lay aside all differences, and go in heartily for real work for Jesus, something may yet come of THE UNION. Our heart was always with our late secretary, Mr. Booth, and though we are rather hard to please, we feel quite an enthusiasm for Mr. Sampsom. Not that we had any hand in his selection, for we carefully abstain from any connection with the ecclesiastical politics of the denomination; but we admire the choice of the committee, and would ask our Baptist readers to seal it with many prayers for Mr. Sampson's success.

We are pleased to call attention to *The Missionary Herald* and the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*, of the Baptist Missionary Society. Of old these productions were always solid and usually sleepy, but now they are admirably conducted, abundantly illustrated, and thoroughly readable. Our mission deserves the liberal aid of all Christian people, for its tone and spirit are right, and a blessing will come of it.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 8, the Annual Meeting of the LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who presided, and Messrs. B. W. Carr, J. T. Dunn, and J. W. Harrald. The amount given to the poor by this Society during the year was slightly under £100. The pastor expressed an earnest desire to see the amount greatly increased, and lamented that the ladies of the congregation did not more numerously take up the work. Churches which lie in the thickly populated parts of London suffer greatly from the loss of the personal services of the wealthier members. Families best able to help the poor remove into the suburbs, and the ladies naturally join societies near their own homes, and thus the mother church is unable to do the work expected of it. At the Tabernacle this evil is not crushingly felt, but still it operates depressingly. Sunday-schools can scarcely find teachers from the same cause. The better educated are leaving the poorer people to themselves: is this right?

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. R. Smathers has settled as pastor of the church at Whitchurch, Hants. Mr. D. Bruce has removed from Peterhead to Forres, N.B.; and Mr. M. Cumming is leaving New Barnet to take the oversight of the church at Bury St. Edmunds.

Early this month Mr. W. Mann will sail for Cape Town, to reinforce our devoted Brother Hamilton.

We are glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs have reached Allahabad in safety, and received a most hearty welcome from the church and congregation, who had furnished their pastor's house throughout in readiness for his reception. Mr. Norris and his family and Mr. Hook were also reported "all well," as far as Malta.

Our son Thomas sends us good news of his companions. Mr. McCullough has commenced preaching at Longford, and Mr. Harrison at Deloraine, Tasmania, "with many encouraging tokens;" and our noble friend, Mr. Gibson, is preparing to build chapels in both places. Mr. H. Wood has settled at Saddleworth, South Australia; and Mr. H. Marsden, late of Mansfield, has reached Melbourne in safety.

Mr. C. Dallaston, of Christchurch, New Zealand, reports the addition of sixty-nine members during the year, and informs us that services have been commenced in the south part of the city, where it is hoped a church will soon be formed.

The church at West Melbourne thanks us very heartily for having sent such a suitable pastor as Mr. A. J. Clarke, our late evangelist. Already a gracious revival has commenced, forty-four having been added to the church, the weekly prayer-meetings are very largely attended, and the school-chapel is so crowded that it has been decided to start a fund for building a Tabernacle to hold 1,250 people.

The *Annual College Conference* will be held in the week commencing Monday, April 19. There will be a public meeting at the Shoreditch Tabernacle that evening, and another at the Metropolitan Tabernacle

the following Thursday evening, April 22, at both of which the president hopes to take the chair.

All our enterprises, but especially the College, will sustain a great loss in the death of Mrs. Ann Tyson, of Norwood, whose continual bounty has been shown for many years in helping our various works. She leaves the residue of her estates to the Orphanage and the College, but the property is charged with some ten annuities, which will prevent any large assistance coming immediately to either institution. We lose in her a faithful friend, of whom we never asked even as much as a farthing, for she watched the work with earnest care and gave to it with unprompted eagerness, regarding it as the joy of her life to help her pastor in the service of the Lord. Her husband, who was taken home some years ago, was of the same mind, and for the help which they have both rendered to us we shall feel eternally grateful to God, and we shall fondly cherish their memories.

MESSRS. SMITH AND FULLERTON IN BRADFORD.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have spent a month in Bradford, in connection with the church at Zion Jubilee Chapel. It has been a time of great and solid blessing, and has resulted, we believe, in the conversion of hundreds of persons.

They came to the town on Saturday, February 14th, and held a preliminary meeting of Christian people the same evening. The following day they conducted the two services in the chapel, and Mr. Smith addressed in the afternoon a great meeting of Sunday scholars, five schools being gathered together in the spacious building.

Meetings were conducted every evening except Saturday during the following week, the chapel being filled; and on the next Sunday seventy teachers and scholars gathered to an early prayer-meeting, and the throng at the regular services was so great that hundreds were unable to gain admission. An extra crowded service was held by Mr. Smith in the afternoon.

During the succeeding week the nightly throngs were greater than ever, and on Saturday the evangelists gave a song service entitled, "From Egypt to Canaan," two thousand people being assembled in the chapel to hear it. The next day the tide of interest was found to be still rising. It seemed as though the whole city was come together to hear the word of God. The chapel was filled at seven in the morning, and very solemn was the feeling when the pastor requested prayer for one of the members, from whose death-bed he had just come, and who was at that moment passing away into eternity. At half-past ten the building was again thronged; at three in the afternoon St. George's Hall was filled with scholars and teachers, an overflow meeting being held in Old Sion Chapel, close by. At 6.30 the chapel was again crowded, an overflow meeting being held in the school and lecture rooms; and at eight o'clock St. George's Hall was thronged with a vast multitude, many being unable to get in.

During the next week hundreds had to be turned away from the crowded chapel; and on Saturday St. George's Hall was thronged to a second song service, inspiriting in the highest degree, entitled—"Valour and victory," in which the Christian life, in its martial aspect, was vividly set forth before the listeners.

The following Sunday, which was the last in the series, was a wonderful day. The chapel was thronged at seven in the morning and again at 10.30. At three the communion service was held, and 1,200 communicants gathered around the Lord's table; 576 of them being representatives of 57 other churches of 12 denominations in the town, including the Church of England, and of churches in 29 other towns in various parts of England. At a quarter to six the doors were opened again, and in ten minutes the chapel was packed so that the doors had to be closed. Then St. George's-hall was once more thronged, 5,000 people hanging on the preacher's lips as he set before them "life and death" and bade them "choose life."

The closing week was spent in meetings at two other Baptist chapels in the town, which were greatly blessed; in a converts' meeting held at Sion Chapel, at which 400 persons professed to have been led to Christ during the month; and in a great tea meeting in celebration of the pastors' settlement at Sion Jubilee Chapel, at which about 1,400 persons sat down.

The daily noon prayer-meetings during the month have been seasons of refreshment, the gracious influences and glorious results of the enquirers' meetings will never be forgotten; the whole town has been affected, as may be seen from the fact that the converts are persons connected with 33 other congregations in Bradford, besides that at Sion Chapel.

On two Saturday afternoons the evangelists held services in the neighbouring town of Shipley.

It only remains to add a word concerning our beloved brethren themselves. Mr. Smith conducts the singing with his cornet in a delightful manner, and his solos have

been almost as greatly blessed to the arousing and conversion of sinners as the preaching of his coadjutor. Mr. Fullerton proclaims the gospel with surpassing clearness and wealth of illustration. His forcible sermons are saturated with Scripture. Their solidity and fulness go far to ensure the reality and permanence of the work wrought by them. "If the *truth* shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Our beloved brethren go from us with our unfeigned admiration and affection. God has anointed them for a great work, and the honoured church at the Tabernacle, from which they are sent to their blessed work, may thank God on every remembrance of them.—C. A. DAVIS, Pastor.

Mr. Burnham's substitute, Mr. PARKER, was very successful at *Rawtenstall*. The chapel was crowded, and about twenty young people were brought to the Saviour. After the evangelist left the services were continued with local help.

Mr. Parker afterwards conducted a fortnight's services at Moor-lane, *Preston*, when a large number professed to be converted.

Mr. BURNHAM was sufficiently restored to go to *Southwell*, Nottinghamshire, from the 8th to the 14th ult. Pastor J. H. Plumbridge thus writes of his visit:—"Although Southwell is a hard town to move, I believe it has been thoroughly stirred by this effort. The week evening services were well attended, and on Sunday evening we had to provide extra sittings. Best of all, the Lord was with us. The word has been blessed to many, and several are now rejoicing in the Saviour.

The following are Mr. Burnham's engagements for the present month:—March 30 to April 4, Minchinhampton; April 5 to April 11, Lock's-lane, Frome; April 12 to April 18, Wedmore, Somersetshire.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith commence at Northampton March 21, for a fortnight, and then open a campaign at Wrexham.

COLPORTAGE.—The Association is now beginning to regain some of the ground lost last year by the discontinuance of so many districts. Guarantees of £40 a-year have been received for the following new districts, to which colporteurs have either been sent, or will be shortly, namely:—Church Gresley, Staffordshire; Charlton-le-Moor, Oxfordshire; Birchington-on-Sea, Kent; also Deptford, where the Bible carriage alluded to last month will be worked. We thank all our friends who have thus aided in the extension of this important agency. Further applications from other districts will be very gladly considered, and appointments made as far as funds will allow. The object of the association is to help all churches without distinction, whilst the aim is to be an aggressive evangelistic agency, both by counteracting the baneful effects of evil literature by the sale of the Word of God, and books and periodicals in harmony with its teachings, as well as by the direct personal appeals of the colporteurs. That these objects are largely realized the continual reports from the districts abundantly prove. The work is a very economical one, the profits on sales making it partially self-supporting, but it still requires liberal aid, in the form of subscriptions and donations to the general fund, which will be thankfully received, and may be sent direct to the Secretary, Mr. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

ORPHANAGE.—Another dear lad has been called home to heaven during the past month. Mr. Charlesworth will tell the story of his happy life and triumphant death in next month's magazine, but we refer to it now to call attention to the new list of contributions, which we publish in the present number, for THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE BUILDING FUND. A week before little Bray died we visited him, and received from his own hands his store of savings towards the new buildings. As we took the *four shillings* for "Bray's Bricks," and the same amount from "Bray's Friend," we felt that they were the first instalments of the £8,000, which we shall want for the first block of buildings for the girls. We reckon that the "Hawthorns" and the adjoining meadow have now been paid for, and that we have received in addition sufficient to defray the cost of the fixtures, furniture, and alterations of the house which is now used for the Girls' Orphanage. We shall be glad to have a large part of the cost in hand by *June* 19, when we hope the foundation stones of the new buildings will be laid. Friends wishing to have collecting cards or boxes brought in on that day can be supplied with them by applying to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road. We see our way to £4,000 out of the sum which will be required. As yet we have no tenders, but hope next month to give the details; and, meanwhile, we trust our beloved helpers will be estimating how much each one should personally send. The Lord will provide for this also.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 12th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Jackaman	0	4	2
E. Flint, per J. T. D.	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Holroyd	1	0	0
2 Chronicles xxv. 9	0	10	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	0	7	0
Miss Jephs and Friends, Thankoffering for the Pastor's restoration	1	10	0
Almshouses Sunday School	5	0	0
I. O. U.	20	0	0
Mrs. A. C. King	0	15	0
M. J. H.	0	7	6
Mr. John Betts	5	0	0
Mrs. M. C. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. E. P. Jeanneret	1	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Soper	0	5	6
Collection at Keynsham, per Rev. C. A. Fellowes	1	11	0
Collection at Winslow, per Rev. F. J. Feltham	1	1	0
Pastor W. H. Knight	0	10	0
Pastor W. Clatworthy	0	10	0
Pastor C. Evans	0	10	0
New Barnet Baptist Church, per Pastor M. Cumming	4	10	0
Friends at Mundesley, per Pastor G. H. Trapp	2	14	6
Mr. Charles Padley	1	0	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
Friend, per C. L.	0	6	6
M. B., per C. L.	0	4	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	10	0
Mrs. Jane Jamieson	1	0	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. W. Proctor (Mission Work) ...	1	0	0
John xvii. 20—22	7	0	0
Scotch Note from Forres	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Mrs. Pearce (Mission Work)	0	5	0
G. H. I.	40	0	0
The Misses Collen	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
February 15 ... ... 37 0 9			
" 22 ... ... 38 13 4			
" 29 ... ... 20 0 3			
March 7 ... ... 32 2 3			
	127	16	7
	£250	11	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 12th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
2 Chronicles xxv. 9	0	10	0
Blockley Sunday School	0	9	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	1	6
I. F. C., Thankoffering	0	2	6
A. Ellison	0	3	0
Mr. W. H. Ellick	2	2	0
Miss F. E. Craig	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Ballard	1	1	0
Grace, Agnes, Mabel, and Eva Bristow	0	14	5
S. S. K., Croydon	0	3	0
Mr. Jas. Struthers	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Rowatt	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Fry	1	13	8
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0
I. O. U.	25	0	0
I. O. U. (for special relief to widows) ...	10	0	0
Mr. Jas. Rose	5	10	0
Miss Annie Kennedy	0	2	6
A Friend, per Miss Wright	6	6	0
Stamps from Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Baillie	0	10	0
Mr. John Betts	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. V. Johnson ...	2	10	0
Mrs. Eliza Webb	1	0	0
Mrs. Anne Crosby	1	0	0
Capt. A. N. Ritchie	1	5	0
J. E.	0	2	6
M. C.	0	10	0
Readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	2	0
Working-man	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths from friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge	12	10	0
Sighthill Free Church Sunday School ...	1	7	0
Penny bunches of flowers	0	18	6
Mrs. Hamilton Richardson	5	0	0
Richmond-street Sunday School ...	16	0	8
Mr. J. Holland	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Lines	1	0	0
F. H. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	5	0
Sunday School Scholars' Parent ...	0	2	6
Rev. W. J. Styles	2	0	0
Fred	0	3	0
A Mite from Torrington	0	5	0
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
Friend, per C. L.	0	6	6
M. B., per C. L.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Foxon	1	0	0
Penson's Gardens Sunday-school, separate service, Oxford	0	2	1
Mr. E. Hankinson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Peace Jones	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Joseph Corben ...	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers:—			
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 5 0			
Mr. J. Huntley 2 0 0			
Mr. J. Morris 1 1 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Young Folk at Weddington House 0 18 0			
Ernie, May, and Winnie ... 0 19 1			
Quarterly:—			
James Withers 0 5 0			
Mr. Harris 0 10 0			
Rev. E. Porter (2 qrs.) ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman 0 1 1			
Harriett Cooper 0 1 1			
	12	15	3

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	2	6
W. S....	1	0	0
I. L. V.	0	1	6
E. G.	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus, A.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
D. McC., Silloth	0	2	6
G. H. I.	40	0	0
Mr. John Nuttall	0	10	0
J. G. J.	5	0	0
Pastor Cuff's Church at Shoreditch ...	5	0	0
S. H. W.	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Smith	1	0	0
Reward for finding a Mariner's Compass	0	2	6
Ezril	1	0	0
The Misses Collen	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Bowtell	2	5	0
E. C. W.	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	4	1	0
Mr. Pittock, per Rev. N. Dobson ...	0	10	0
"A Bird of Paradise"	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Davis	0	8	6
Mrs. Brown, per Mr. Scilley	1	0	0
Collected by Dr. A. C. Air	0	10	8
Mr. W. Kelley	0	5	0
From a poor Widow	0	0	6
E. K., West Bromwich	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Cowan	1	0	0
Mr. A. Goshawk, per J. C.	0	5	0
Box at Orphanage Gates...	0	14	9
Proceeds of Service of Song, Hereford, less local expenses, per Mr. Collins :—			
Evening of Song 18 18 3			
J. H. Knight, Esq.... ... 1 1 0			
	19	19	3
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Feb. 28th ...	2	2	0
A. O. F., per Mr. Sparks, West Cowes	0	10	0
Eld Lane Sunday School, Colchester, per Mr. Letch	1	18	7
Annual Subscriptions:			
Miss E. M. Layard	1	0	0
Dr. A. Cummings Air	2	2	0
	£211	7	10

List of Presents per Mr Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—Ten stones of Flour, Mr. D. B. Atkins; 20lbs of Tea, Mr. Everett; a case of Oranges, J. D. Doulton, Esq., omitted from Christmas list.

CLOTHING:—42 Neckties, Mrs. Rogers; 27 articles of Clothing for Sale Room, W. Barns; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Bull.

GENERAL:—50 Books, Religious Tract Society, per Dr. Manning; 1 Pincushion, 1 Necklet of Beads, 1 Shawl, Anonymous.

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 12th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	1	6
Mrs. Sarah Veale	2	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	6
Miss Yates	5	0	0
Miss H. Baynham	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	13	4	3
Proverbs iii. 9	5	0	0
A Friend in A——	0	10	0
Mr. George Steele	1	0	0
Two Servants	0	10	0
I. C. U.	30	0	0
First-fruits	0	1	9
Found in Weekly Offering Box, Mutley Chapel, Plymouth	0	3	0
Collected at Meeting-house, Uckington	1	10	0
"Sale of fruit from my garden" ...	0	10	0
Thankoffering for mercies received ...	0	10	0
Part Balance, Baptist Union Meetings at Glasgow	3	16	1
Mr. William Verry	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Johnson	0	10	0
Mrs. Eliza Webb	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Alexander	0	5	0
A Friend in Christ	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Gee	2	2	0
Miss Whitley's Bible-class	0	6	10
"Gwyndolyn"	5	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton Richardson	5	0	0
Zamna	0	14	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Collection in Mr. W. T. Phillips' house	0	6	9
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
C. L.	0	5	0
M. B., per C. L.	0	3	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Marrow	0	1	0
Mr. A. S. Osborne	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Reynolds	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, M. A. G.	10	0	0
M. W., Laceby	0	5	0
Miss Best	1	10	0
Miss Lucy Best	1	10	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allard	1	10	0
Mr. Jno. Nuttall	0	10	0
For Orphan Girls' Home...	0	3	0
Lizzie Stewart, Dunkeld	0	2	6
Collection after a Lecture by Pastor J. J. Dalton, Frome	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. I. B.	100	0	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	0
Per Mr. Apthorpe, Cambridge :—			
K. Y. 0 10 0			
A. M. Y. 0 1 0			
F. W.... ... ... 0 1 0			
	0	12	0
"For Christ's sake," per J. T. D. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown, per Mr. Scilley	1	0	0
Mrs. Ennals	0	10	0
Mrs. Watkins	0	10	0
	£221	5	8

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth:—CLOTHING.—2 Jackets, 2 Pinafores, 3 Petticoats, 4 Chemises, Mrs. Ellis; 12 Chemises, Mesdames Lincoln and Shipley; 10 yards Print, Miss Hutton; 7 Cloth Jackets, W. B. A.; 7 Chemises, 2 Knitted Shirts, E. C.; 6 Chemises, 10 Pinafores, 6 pairs of Stockings, 12 Handkerchiefs, 13 Woollen Cuffs, Mrs. Thompson; 12 Night-dresses, J. and M. Moss; 14 Night-dresses, Miss Marshall.

GENERAL:—3 Window Blinds, E. C.; 14 Comb Bags, 3 Scrap Books, Mrs. Thompson; a Cottage Piano, T. H. Olney, Esq.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 1st to March 11th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
H. E. S.	500	0	0
Bray's Bricks	0	4	0
Bray's Friend	0	4	0
A poor Widow	0	5	0
An old Spencer Place Sunday Scholar	2	0	0
Mr. E. Hankinson	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mrs. De K—	0	10	0
Mr. Bilborough	0	10	0
Mrs. Broughton	0	10	0
Miss Everett	1	0	0
Mrs. B. S. Gray	2	0	0
Miss Fanny E. Craig	0	10	0
Miss Macauley	1	0	0
Mr. E. Pickering	2	2	0
E. S.	0	1	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Christina Fairley	1	0	0
J. G. J.	5	0	0
Mr. Jno. Lewis	1	1	0
	£528	2	0
Previously acknowledged towards Deacons' House	£300	0	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 12th, 1880.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Northampton Association	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	17	10	0
Ludlow District:—			
Rock Lane Mission... ... 1 7 0			
Sale of Horse Rack ... 0 8 6			
	1	15	6
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne ...	10	0	0
Mrs. R. Clark for Cheddar	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Harborne District	5	0	0
Oxfordshire Association (Stow district)	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association (Witney district)	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton district ...	10	0	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Friend for Kent	31	7	0
Hereford District	10	0	0
Tiptree District	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Cinderford District	2	18	0
Mr. J. Hawkes for Harborne district...	0	10	0
	£154	0	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier	0	10	6
G. M., for Tracts, etc.	5	12	6
C. E. Fox, Esq., for Tracts	0	7	6
S. O. Habershon, Esq., M.D.	1	1	0
W. Kent, Esq.	1	1	0
"One-third of threatened bad debt" ...	5	0	0
Miss Goslin	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Charlton	0	10	0
H. M.	20	0	0
M. B. G.	2	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. C. Bromley	1	0	0
Friend, per Pastor A. A. Rees	4	0	0
Miss E. M. Layard	0	10	0
J. C.	0	3	0
Mr. T. Silvester	0	10	0
The Misses Weymouth	0	7	6
I. O. U.	5	0	0
Mr. John Betts	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Webb	0	10	0
M. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Lines	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Fyfe	1	0	0
W. E. T. and E. C. R.	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Mr. T. H. L. Tauton	0	10	0
Miss Coleton	40	0	0
Mrs. Hassall...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
G. H. I.	20	0	0
Miss E. Turner	0	5	0
	£117	2	0

Parcel of numbers of "Sword and Trowel" and "Christian Treasury" for distribution, from Mr. Blundstone.

Society of Evangelists.

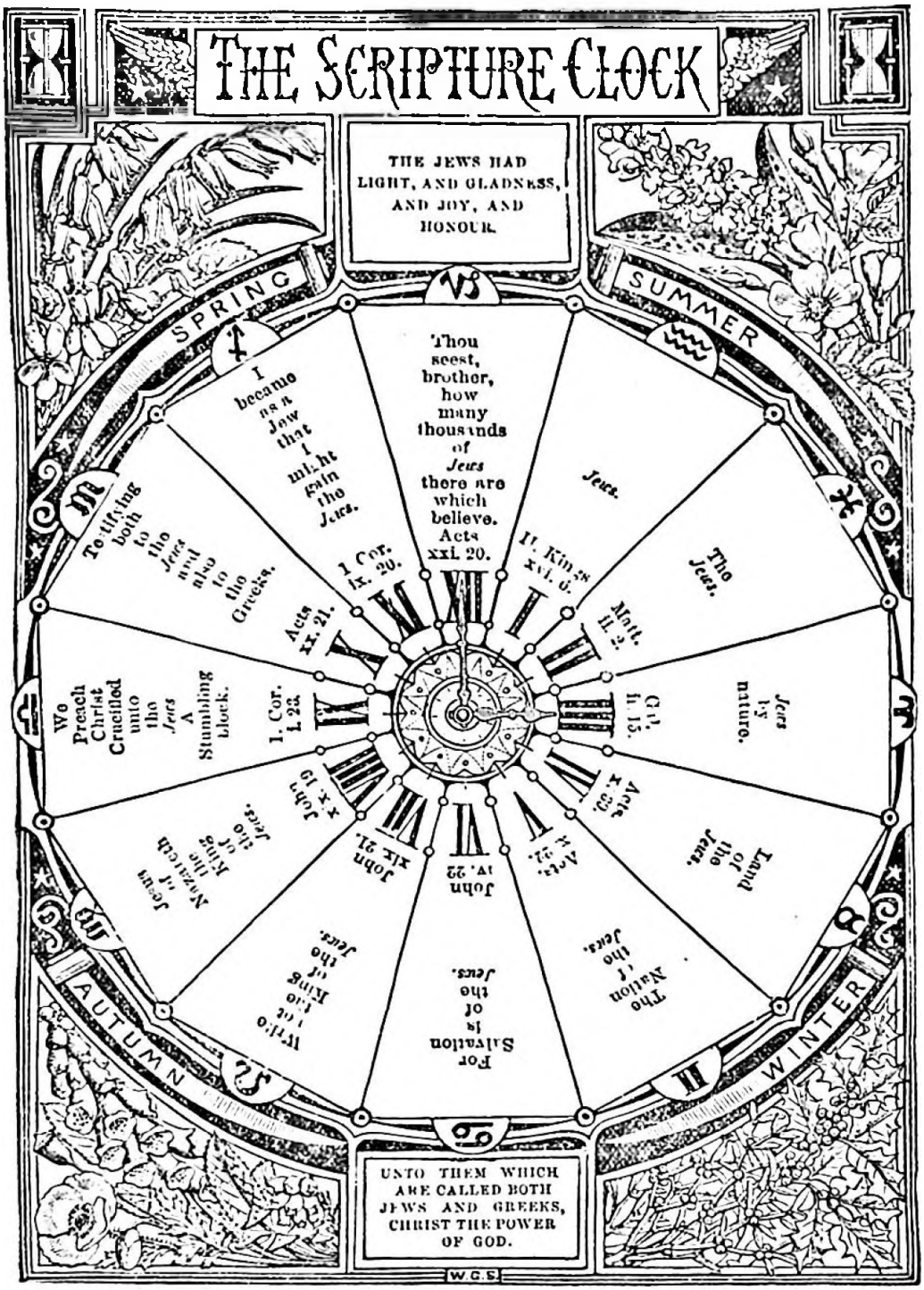
Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 12th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham	25	0	0
To the Lord be all the praise	0	10	0
I. O. U.	10	0	0
Miss Wright	1	1	0
Mr. W. Seth Smith	5	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	16	8	10
Collection at Rawtenstall, per Mr. Parker	0	15	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
	£60	18	4

£5 from Mr. John Betts has been placed to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, and £5 to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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 SCRIPTURE CLOCK
THE JEWS HAD LIGHT, AND GLADNESS, AND JOY, AND HONOUR.
SPRING
SUMMER
AUTUMN
WINTER
Thou seest, brother, how many thousands of Jews there are which believe. Acts xxi. 20.
Jews.
The Jews.
Jews unto.
Land of the Jews.
The Nation of the Jews.
For Salvation is of the Jews.
I became as a Jew that I might gain the Jews.
To the Jews and also to the Greeks.
We Preach Christ Crucified unto the Jews A Stumbling block.
UNTO THEM WHICH ARE CALLED BOTH JEWS AND GREEKS, CHRIST THE POWER OF GOD.
W.C.S.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1880.

The Voice of the Clock.*

JOHN BERRIDGE wrote, and pasted on his clock, the following lines:—

"Here my master bids me stand,
And mark the time with faithful hand;
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hours by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn of me,
To serve thy God as I serve thee!"

So would we give the clock a voice, as it strikes the hours, and make it speak the words of God, concerning the Jews.

The clock strikes, and each stroke reminds us of a Scripture.

I. "JEWS."—"This word," says Dr. Eadie, "first occurs in this passage (2 Kings xvi. 6), and denotes the Judæans, or men of Judah, in contradistinction from the seceding ten tribes who retained the name of Israel. The name Israelites was applied to the twelve tribes or descendants of Jacob (Israel) as a body; but after the separation of the tribes, the above distinction obtained until the Babylonish captivity, which terminated the existence of the kingdom of Judah; and thenceforward, until the present day, the descendants of Jacob are called Jews, and constitute one of the two classes into which the whole human family is frequently divided, viz., Jews and Gentiles." (Rom. ii. 9, 10).

* This clock was brought out in the "Jewish Herald," which is the excellent monthly organ of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, and it struck us as worthy of a wider circulation. We commend it and the Society to the thoughtful minds of all believers. Has not the time come in which the church will lay the seed of Israel more upon her heart?

II. "THE JEWS."—Here the word "Jews" occurs for the first time in the New Testament. The Jews were regarded by the wise men as a people with Jesus as their King.

III. "JEWS BY NATURE."—"Jews by nature," not by proselytism. Many who are Jews by nature, like Paul and Peter, have cast away their trust in the law, and have been justified by believing in Jesus.

IV. "LAND OF THE JEWS."—That land should be to us most interesting, as it was given to the people by a divine covenant, and was trodden by the feet, and hallowed by the presence of Immanuel.

V. "THE NATION OF THE JEWS."—"A nation that living shall die, and dying shall live; that trampled by all, shall trample upon all; that bleeding from a thousand wounds, shall be unhurt; that beggared, shall wield the wealth of nations; that without a name, shall sway the councils of kings; that without a city, shall inhabit in all kingdoms; that scattered like the dust, shall be bound together like the rock; that perishing by the sword, by the chain, by famine, by fire, shall be imperishable, unnumbered, glorious as the stars of heaven."

VI. "FOR SALVATION IS OF THE JEWS."—The Author of salvation, the first preachers of salvation, and the word of salvation, were all "of the Jews."

VII. "WRITE NOT THE KING OF THE JEWS,"—said Jewish priests to Pilate. But Pilate neither *would* nor *could* alter what he had written: Jesus is the King of the Jews.

The clock strikes eight, and reminds us of our Lord himself.

VIII. "JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS."

IX. "WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED UNTO THE JEWS A STUMBLING-BLOCK."—Seeing that the preaching of the cross excited the deepest hostility of the Jews, why did the Apostles preach it? Because there was no other way of bringing them to penitence, pardon, peace, and purity. While the preaching of the cross was to many Jews a "stumbling-block," it was to many others the stepping-stone from earth to paradise.

X. "TESTIFYING BOTH TO THE JEWS AND ALSO TO THE GREEKS"—This is our business and duty, and we should do it with the same diligence as the apostles of old.

XI. "I BECAME AS A JEW THAT I MIGHT GAIN THE JEWS."—These voices of the clock teach us how to win the Jew for Jesus. While testifying of repentance toward God, and faith in Christ, treat the Jew as a brother, and love him to Jesus.

As the clock strikes XII. we learn the grand result of adhering to this method.

"THOU SEEST, BROTHER, HOW MANY THOUSANDS (LITERALLY, MYRIADS) OF JEWS THERE ARE WHICH BELIEVE."—Let the disciples of Christ adopt the Scriptural method now, and the same result will follow. In it we have the prophecy of a golden time coming for God's ancient and beloved people.

"The Jews," says one, "have been sprinkled like millions of globules of quicksilver over the length and breadth of the world; every drop reflecting bright beams from the past, and mirroring forth the morning of a glorious future."

A Gem from Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund Report.*

A CURIOUS little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul, and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, "Why does my Lord thus deal with his child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?" These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For awhile silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet soft sound, a little, clear, musical note, like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. "What *can* that be?" I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; "surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night!" We listened, and again heard the faint plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, "It comes from the log on the fire!" and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. *The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart!* Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold; but he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah! thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the *fire*, which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in him, and cheerful compliance with his will! "As I mused, the fire burned," and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me! Singing in the fire! Yes! God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.

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* We were unable to give all this Report in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and therefore we struck out many passages which were excellent, but not exactly necessary in a summary. This passage, however, is too good for any of our readers to lose: at least, we think so, and we speak here as an editor, and not merely as a husband.—C. H. S.

To Those who are Happily Married or Hope to be so.

A PLEA BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE do not write for those people who are marrried but not mated. When a cat and a dog are tied together they seldom sorrow much at the prospect of separation. When marriage is *merry-age* it is natural to desire a long life of it; but when it is *mar-age* the thought of parting is more endurable. Mr. or Mrs. Naggleton will be sure to put on mourning should one or other of them decease, but the garb of sorrow will be all the sorrow he or she will know; the black will soon turn brown, if not white, and the weeds will probably give place to flowers. We address ourselves to those who have the happiness of being joined together by wedded love as well as by wedlock. We write for happy husbands who are able to say with Mr. Robert Walker, a clergyman of the Church of England, who lived in the seventeenth century: "I owe the deepest acknowledgments to God for the constancy of our mutual affection. If we sometimes differed in small matters, we never once disagreed, or once closed our eyes in sleep in thirty-nine years and seven months in discontent or dissatisfaction on either part." We hope that there are many yet alive upon the face of the earth who could understand Mr. George Müller's picture of his married life. "Our happiness in God and in each other," he says, "was indescribable. We had not some happy days every year, nor a month of happiness every year, but we had twelve months of happiness in the year, and this year after year. Often and often did I say to the beloved one, and this again and again even in the fortieth year of our conjugal union—'My darling, do you think there is a couple in Bristol, or in the world, happier than we are?'" We write for all those young couples who, having begun prudently, and in the fear of God, are looking forward, as they may, to a life of domestic peace and satisfaction: we feel sure that we shall have their ear upon our tender topic. We write also for those who in the middle passage of life, with the children all round them, find the Lord very kind to them in providence, filling their hearts with thanksgiving for the bliss which arises out of their happy married life. We shall have a worthy audience if all happy husbands and delighted wives will do us the favour to listen to the end of our ditty. Mr. and Mrs. Caudle may do as they like about it.

It is a very painful reflection that in proportion to the happiness of the marriage union must be the sorrow of the separation which sooner or later must occur. "Till death us do part" is the limit to the relation, and that limit must be reached sooner or later. "The parting pang unspoken, unspeakable," must be felt. It is in reference to that matter that we seek a hearing, and especially for all those bereaved ones to whom the loss is that of the husband and the household's head. Can the reader put himself or herself into the condition of the new-made widow? She is convulsed with overwhelming grief as she stands by the beloved body of her husband, the body from which the life has just fled.

What sorrow! What agony! All the supports of religion will now be needed; faith in God must put forth all its strength, and call in divine succours to produce hearty resignation. Now it will be seen why the Holy Spirit has condescended to take upon himself personally the office of Comforter, for the urgent need of consolation and the great difficulty of communicating it, manifest his kindness and his wisdom in himself espousing the cause of the afflicted. He can meet the case, and he alone. Friends will come in with tender words and sympathetic tears, but the void is great, and the blank is terrible. Those only can enter into the trial who have passed through it themselves. It well behoves those who still retain their beloved partners heartily to pity, console, and assist those whose hearts bleed beneath the separating stroke. We will not trust our pen to *ask* for sympathy from true Christians; it would seem an insult: let it freely flow.

Widowhood alone is a sufficient sorrow, but much more remains. The orphans—for that is the new name for her children—come clustering about their mother. Some are too young to know their sorrow; others of them know it, but scarcely apprehend its import, and of those who have the clearest perception of their loss there may be none able to give her real help. Her children are *fatherless*, and who shall tell all that is included in that word. She had hoped that the father would have aided her in bringing up the little household, of which he was the mainstay, prop, pillar, priest, and king. The little community is now like a ship without a captain, tossed upon the perilous deep. She is all alone, as to comfort and succour, a dove without her mate; and yet she is not alone as to responsibility and anxiety, since she has around her a full nest for which she alone must care. Brothers and sisters and friends see her difficulty, but as a general rule they are either powerless to help, or else they readily discover an excuse in their own expensive families, and in the burdens which they themselves have to carry. The possession of children may in some lights be regarded as a comfort, but alas! to the poor widow it is a bitter increase of sorrow. What can she do without the bread-winner? How can a woman's feeble frame sustain the whole burden of a household? The most pitiable case of all is where another little one is added shortly after the husband has been laid in the silent tomb. Benoni, the child of sorrow, is born, and often born to a hard, hard lot. What a rush of anguish overwhelms the mother of such a progeny!

When the surviving parent is possessed of some little property, or the couple have been able to make provision for death, the grief is not lessened, but its consequences are greatly lightened. Poverty on the back of bereavement is terrible. We ask our friends who never knew what it was to lack a meal or a garment to put themselves in the condition of the woman who suddenly finds herself with five, six, or seven children round about her to provide for, and no means whatever of so doing. What is before her? What a gulf yawns at her feet! If she were alone in the world she might gird up her loins, and by stern toil might gain a scanty dole of daily bread; certainly she could not do more, for female labour is worse remunerated than that of slaves. But what can she do with all these children clinging to her skirts? She cannot leave the baby, and the other helpless little creatures, and she

cannot do anything with them upon her knees. Even if she could leave the family, it is highly probable that she knows no form of handicraft, and could not find work if she did. All her time, her strength, and her ability were taxed to keep the house together when the husband brought home his wages: how can she now become the bread-winner into the bargain? Here and there a woman in good health and gifted with superior energy can fight her way, but what can an average widow do? She looks to the right and to the left; every door is closed, she sees no way except to utter want. Friends suggest what might have been done under certain circumstances which are not *her* circumstances. Very wise people propose to her sheer impossibilities. The kinder sort talk of a subscription to set her up in a business of which she knows nothing: if nothing comes of it, she is no great loser, for little businesses in unskilful hands usually mean a hard struggle, failure, and debt. Her husband's employers and other friends help for a time, and then the temporary aid ceases, but the real battle is not over. The more hard-hearted say that she ought to exert herself: she is exerting herself, and is ready to drop with exhaustion. In a short time the lack of necessaries frequently brings her into such a condition of weakness that she is scarcely able to perform the household duties which her family requires of her, and her spirits sink at the prospect of that slender household being utterly dissolved. Her wedding ring is pawned; she will soon be without house or home for herself and children; and then, where shall they go? There is the "blessed" shelter of the workhouse —we say blessed, but that is not the word we mean; the thoughtful reader shall change it at his pleasure. If she is of gentle descent, and has been respectably brought up, the very mention of the place is a horror of horrors to her. Possibly, her father and mother are both dead, or else in their old age they are almost as straitened as she can be. She was once accustomed to send *them* a little help in her better times, and she knows how useless it is to look to them now for any material assistance. Perhaps one or two of the elder children can go out to earn a little, although they are thereby deprived of the education which they ought to receive, and are driven too early into the world by that necessity which knows no law. In many instances there is not even this alleviation, no child can earn a farthing, and one, if not two, may be sickly or deformed, so as to need incessant care. Alas, poor mother!

Even after all is done with the elder children, three, four, or five tiny mites still remain with the delicate mother, who has no means of support for them. What can be done for them? We cannot leave them to the cold streets! What can be done for them? Now, gentle readers, married readers, happy readers, you who are going down the hill of life together arm in arm, you who are rejoicing in the middle of life to see your family about you, and you who are enjoying the early days of the married state with the sunshine full in your faces—we appeal to you. If you will help us, we can provide for one or two children, and take them under our care at the STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE. There we have a family of 250 boys, and we hope ere long to have the same number of girls. When there is a vacancy we shall be delighted to fill it up with one of these youngsters. There will be food and raiment and Christian

nurture, and in a few years there will be suitable situations, and to that extent the mother's burden will be lightened. *Will you have a share in the good work?* Happy is the man who can build an orphanage at his own expense, endow it and maintain all the children at his own cost, but as we cannot many of us do this, we can club our shillings and pounds and bank-notes, and do it as a joint-stock company, and share the dividend of benevolence. As an acknowledgment of our indebtedness, the great Giver of all good asks of us that we should remember the sorrowful. We who are happy couples may count it but the payment of a pepper-corn rent if we give liberally towards the support of orphans. Widows and orphans need no advocates with us, our hearts are at once open to their needs. The case of the widow might have been ours, and our children might have been in the same plight as hers. They may be in such a case even yet, for all we can tell; for reverses of fortune are not unusual, and we, too, may leave behind us fatherless children who will have need of the kindness of the generous. Such an overwhelming evil might seem a righteous retribution upon us if in our happier days we had refused assistance to the needy. Some of us are not inclined to run the risk of such a penalty, nor will our thoughtful readers tempt such a stroke of providence.

Did we hear an objection whispered? Did a critic observe that married people should make provision for their families by life insurance? We quite agree with the remark, and believe that it is a sin for those who have the means to pay for insurance to neglect making that needful provision. Persons with a fair income ought not to spend all that they have, and leave their children to be taken care of by other people. It is not common honesty for them to do so. Yet, even in the most unpardonable case of unthrift, who is to be made to suffer for it? Are the children to be left to run wild in the street, and to suffer hunger and cold and nakedness because of the improvidence of their dead father? Is it any business of ours to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children? If any think so, we did not write these lines for them. We would not waste our time upon them. We regard them as eligible candidates for the hangman's post, and we fancy they would take to it *con amore* if the situation were vacant. However that may be, in many instances which have come under our observation little or no blame could be imputed even by the most severe to the departed parent. We know several cases in which what appeared to be ample provision was made by life-insurance, but the father's disease was that of slow decline, and during the long period of his illness, in which he could earn nothing, all his savings were consumed, and the life-insurance policy was mortgaged up to the very hilt, so that there was absolutely nothing for the frugal wife to begin her widowed life with. In an instance which has lately come before us, the young people began by endeavouring to purchase from a Building Society the house in which they lived. To do this they lived with the utmost frugality. They were earnest Christian people, and thorough temperance folks into the bargain. The husband had every expectation of rising in his position, and he was a young man who richly deserved to do so: *but* upon him there fell the hand of consumption: employers were considerate for a time, but ere long the situation had to be vacated, the income stopped,

and nothing could be done but to eat the house over their heads. When even the furniture was melting away the good man died, and the wife, who had never wasted a farthing in her life, found herself, with health enfeebled by her long watchings, utterly destitute, and a family to feed. Fault there was none, of sorrow there was an overflowing cup. We confess that if we had the heart of a flint, and the lynx eyes of a professional detector of impostors, we could not discover in many of the cases that come before us a point as large as a pin's head upon which to fix blame. There is in the painful circumstances absolutely no raw material which can be fashioned into an excuse for denying a contribution.

We have heard it objected to Orphanages that the children are dressed uniformly, and in other ways are made to look like paupers. This is earnestly avoided at the STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, and if any friend will step in and look at the boys and girls, he will have to put on peculiar spectacles to be able to detect a shade of the pauper look in countenance, garments, speech, limb, or movement.

Another fault that has been found is that the boys and girls by living in one great institution are unfitted for domestic life in small families. There is probably much truth in this allegation, but at Stockwell we have laboured to avoid it by dividing the children into different families, which are located in separate houses. The lads do the domestic work: there is a matron to each house, and no servants are kept, the lads do all, and thus become as handy as young sailors. Those who take them as apprentices shall be our witnesses.

"But," it is said by some one, "there is such a deal of trouble in getting a child into an orphanage, and the practice of canvassing for votes is very laborious to the widow, and in many other ways objectionable." We are of much the same opinion, and we heartily wish that everybody else would think in like manner. There is a good deal to be said for the plan of election by votes given to subscribers, and if it is not the best possible way, it has nevertheless served a very useful turn, and many institutions have been founded and successfully carried on under that system. Still, we shall be glad to get rid of it, and supply its place with a more excellent way. We have found it possible to leave the choice of the orphans with the trustees, who are pledged to select the most destitute cases. In the STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE no canvassing can be of the slightest use, for the trustees personally, or through appointed visitors, examine each application, and endeavour to allot the vacancies where the need is greatest. They do not deviate from their rules under pressure or persuasion, but as much as possible exercise impartiality. Even if the child is not received, the mother, having been put to no expense, is not a loser, which is far better than for money to be laid out without the end being gained.

We have tried to answer for our own institution, leaving managers of other orphanages to speak for themselves, as they can do, and ought to do. We shall be glad to hear that our readers have sent subscriptions to any of the numerous excellent institutions in the United Kingdom, and we shall be personally grateful if they will enquire into the character and claims of the Stockwell Orphanage, and give it at least a portion of what they can spare. Just now we are building *the Girls' Orphanage*,

and there is a call for £5,000 by June 19th, or as near that day as possible. It is of little use to ask every subscriber to *The Sword and the Trowel* to give a sovereign, for people seldom give uniformly in great numbers, but we earnestly wish it might be so, that through this one appeal the money would come in. It will do so if the Lord touches all hearts by these our words written under an olive tree at Mentone, where our thoughts seldom left our dear life-work. It would be a great relief to a mind which is more than enough burdened, and very apt to sink. Loving eyes will read these lines and think over the suggestion, and feel that the Girls' Orphanage must not be made a matter of toil, but be done at a leap, through the liberality of many. While we are writing, a friend, finding her balance in the bank to be on the right side, has sent in £100. Heart, be of good cheer!

The Institution receives Fatherless BOYS AND GIRLS, between the ages of 6 and 10.

It is supported by VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS and by the revenue from the Capital Fund, which yields less than *one-fourth* of the income required.

It is conducted on the COTTAGE SYSTEM: each home is presided over by a godly matron.

It is UNSECTARIAN. Children are received, irrespective of their denominational connection, from all parts of the United Kingdom.

That the most NEEDY, HELPLESS, and DESERVING may secure the benefits of the Institution, candidates are SELECTED by the Committee, and are NOT ELECTED by the expensive and objectionable process of polling the Subscribers.

No UNIFORM DRESS is provided, but the children's garments differ, in order that no peculiar garb may mark the children with the badge of poverty.

The children receive a plain but thorough ENGLISH EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The supreme aim of the Managers is always kept in view—to "bring them up in THE NURTURE AND ADMONITION OF THE LORD."

The World's Winter Sun.

A SUMMER'S sun, even when beclouded, yields more comfort and warmth to the earth than a winter's sun that shines brightest. The comforts of the Spirit at their lowest, are far superior to the joys of the world at their highest pitch. When saints are mourning, their inward peace is still superior to that of worldlings, when their mirth and revelry overflow all bounds. Lord, I had rather take the worst from thee than the best from thine enemy. Only do thou graciously shine within me, and let mine outward condition be as dull as thou pleasest.

The Protestant Press in France.

Part II.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE colporteur in England is sometimes disposed to think that his lot is an exceptionally difficult one; but his brother in France treads a much more rugged path. The most valuable men are, of course, those who have been prompted by love and zeal to take up their cross and prosecute the work. "The one who works in my immediate neighbourhood," wrote a lady some years ago. "is one of those undaunted ones—a converted Romanist—who for many years had been, while at his manual labour, a missionary to that most difficult of circles, his own comrades. Firm amid ill-usage, firm in honesty with man and with God, firm even to severe loss in keeping holy the Sabbath-day, he at length obtained his long-cherished desire, that of being allowed to devote his whole time to spreading the gospel." Such a man will take about 200 francs a month, and will win favour even in the most hostile quarters. When the people see that a man is compelled to work by the strength of his convictions his power among them is irresistible. A man who goes forth with the strength of God in his soul is more than a match for bigotry, indifference, and infidelity combined; and perhaps this is more manifest in priest-ridden France than in Protestant England. If the trials in such a country are greater than in our own, the encouragement, which comes in unlikely places and at unlooked-for times, is often more stimulating.

Some years ago a lady who gave her time and energy to the work of tract distribution in the rural districts, some distance from Paris, was attending to several peasants when she stepped aside to offer one of her little books to a wagon-driver who was approaching. The man took what was offered, and then astonished the lady by asking if she had given him the tract out of love to the Saviour. When she answered in the affirmative, he shook her hand and compelled her to accept a small donation in furtherance of the work. Some time afterwards this godly wagoner happened to be again passing along the road when the voluntary evangelist was, as before, engaged with country labourers. Recognising his friend, the wagoner stopped, and in acceding to a request to say a little to the peasants, he told them how he himself came to know the truth. Before he had taken to the road, he said, he worked in a factory with a large number of comrades, and among the number was a reckless young prodigal who inherited from his mother a handsome large Bible, which having proved of inestimable worth to the departed Christian, she requested with her dying breath that her son would never part with the treasure. Having spent all he possessed, save his mother's book, in riotous living, however, the youth did not hesitate to further disgrace himself by bringing that to his working companions to offer it to anyone who would advance six francs. The future wagoner agreed to give the price before he knew that he was bargaining for a Bible; and, being at that time a Romanist, he might not have proceeded

so far had he been better informed. When he took the volume home and read it, the truth found its way to his heart, and without any human counsellor he experienced the saving change. The wagoner told his history in a way that not only secured the attention of his roadside audience, but affected them deeply. One at least of the company cried out, "I have been hesitating some time, but from henceforth I am decided to be on God's side." Such incidents show that the peasants may be reclaimed from popery, and, once won, they are capital working material with which to ensure further conquests.

We will now briefly refer to the operations of the Religious Book Society of Toulouse, which has for a lengthened period received assistance from England through the Religious Tract Society. Toulouse is the capital city of Haute Garonne; and it has an archbishop as well as a university and public libraries. There are several flourishing manufactures, and the population, which is considerably over 100,000, has probably about doubled during the last sixty years. It is here that the circulation of the Scriptures, and also of large numbers of religious publications, has been promoted by the liberality and tact of the Courtois family.

Some good work has been done in this Department, and though the harvest of the seed-sowing has sometimes been deferred it has been none the less precious. Some incidents in the experience of colporteur C—— are striking and refreshing, and are the more so because the details are not always supplied by himself, but by pastors who know how to value his services.

On one occasion, during the time of vintage, C—— was in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and he sold a small publication to a woman, and spoke to her seriously about the value of her soul. In after days he happened to revisit that locality, when the same woman, apparently a stranger, approached him with the remark, "You do not know me, but I know you very well. It was you who sold me a book, which has been the occasion of my conversion. Come, I will help you sell your books." With these words she led the way, and soon assisted in disposing of forty copies at various houses.

On another evening, while travelling to Savilette, this good man was overtaken by a storm, and through seeking a night's lodging in a poor cottage by the wayside he became the means of turning one part of a family from darkness to light. As he entered the humble home he perceived that a girl was reading, and being naturally curious to discover the character of the work, he found its subject was the Virgin Mary. Without violently denouncing what was injurious, C—— quietly remarked, "You ought to read the gospel"; and such was the effect of his words that after his departure the poor girl grieved because she had not then and there purchased a New Testament. Immediately afterwards her convictions were deepened by hearing some Protestant addresses, and from this time she longed for opportunities of hearing the gospel simply preached. In due time the girl was admitted as a spinner in a large mill, and was there superintended by another young Christian woman of sterling character. She continued to progress in the divine life, and thus naturally came to the determination of separating from the Romish church. Probably before taking this step she counted the

cost, but she could hardly appreciate the magnitude of the trials which loomed in the future. She had to endure the cruel treatment of her family connections, who were all bigoted Romanists. In spite of all, her faith and constancy could not be shaken, and when this was discovered opposition ceased. She was allowed to enjoy the full liberty she had found in the Protestant church.

The ignorance sometimes encountered is very shocking, but at the same time is very characteristic of a country held in bondage by the papacy. For example, an agent who had circulated evangelical publications among prisoners, came across a man "well educated and informed," but who "had never attended any place of worship, and never seen a Bible!" Though reared in a nominally Christian country, his mind was enveloped in Egyptian night. "Divine revelation was a thing of which he had no idea; conscience only an empty word." Looked at as mere human phenomena such persons are sufficiently remarkable; and yet they are frequently the very people who, when they once begin, read the Scriptures with keen interest, and accept the gift of life with rare gratitude. Their gratitude to the agency through which the publications are received is no less striking. "Take this," said a young woman who had been brought from the darkness of the papacy, as she handed a small subscription for the work, "I believe the society which publishes these books is in need of support. They have been a great blessing to me; I wish, therefore, to help, that others may be able to read them also, and be brought, like me, to the Lord." To us it seems strange that there should have been any hesitation about granting a stall at the late Exhibition to the Toulouse Society, which confers blessings on the country after this sample, and which has in all published nearly five millions of volumes. When, however, the jury became acquainted with the nature of the work they accorded it their approval and praise.

There can be no doubt that it would greatly redound to the good of France if the Religious Book Society of Toulouse could receive more substantial aid from this country. Whithersoever its publications penetrate they are not read in vain. In the Protestant churches its libraries are found, and as many as eighty of these have been granted in two years. Its colporteurs traverse the departments, its publications find their way into barracks, workshops, factories, and the cottages and rooms of the poor, and many among the upper classes have been reclaimed by its means. The controversial work which its press maintains is also highly important; for in France there are many controversies always raging which more or less affect religion. The priests in a manner make a religion of politics; but their tactics may not be imitated by those who profess to make the Bible their rule of life and conduct. Controversy, as in their case, must not degenerate into a war of the passions.

It is better, on the whole, that the controversialists shall be Frenchmen, and among those who have used their pens to good purpose we ought to mention MM. Puaux, Napoleon Roussel, and Lafou. In describing his own work, the first of these wrote some time ago—"In the terrible struggle in which we are engaged I have endeavoured to make myself useful to the cause of God by publishing two tracts,

entitled, 'The Dragoons of Former Times and the Gnawing Worms of the Present Day,' and 'Jerome Faturet in Search of a Free Pulpit.' In the first of these I establish the fact that the dragoons of Louis IV. were less dangerous to the Protestant churches than are now the Liberal pastors, who deny to the Bible its sovereign authority, and refuse to believe in the miraculous birth and resurrection of Christ. This tract has caused a great outcry among the Liberal pastors, because it has stirred up the Protestant element among our population, and has made them feel that their ancient faith is in danger. In the second tract, using the weapon of raillery as Calvin did in his treatise on relics, I have held up to ridicule, and also to public indignation, *the free pulpit* of the Liberals."

M. Puaux has been encouraged by being permitted to see the fruits of his labours. "At N—— a young lady had been induced by a lady to abjure the Protestant faith," he says. "Her parents, who belong to one of the best families in the town, were plunged into the deepest grief. Prayers, supplications, and tears, all were in vain, and failed to overcome the obstinacy of the young girl. Some of my tracts were then put into her hands. She read them, her eyes were opened, and now she has returned to the faith which she had forsaken. Her mother has recently expressed the deepest gratitude to me." Another instance occurred at St. Christel, where a Roman Catholic teacher, together with his wife and four or five of his children, after having read my 'Anatomy of Popery,' abjured the Roman faith." Atheism, Pantheism, and Free-thinking all represent so many controversies.

The effect of lending-libraries in villages, collections chosen with judgment, so as to be adapted to the requirements of the people, is soon seen to be highly salutary. If readers are not all at once brought to a knowledge of the truth they become dissatisfied with error, and that is the first advance towards reformation. Even the bigoted Romanist will read, and though, as in one instance wherein a wife came forward to give the testimony, the head of a family may not avow his belief in evangelical truth, he is quite willing for his household to attend the Protestant services, and receive instruction in the gospel. Then, when the father goes so far as to hear his child say a lesson from an evangelical catechism, he will not, in the opinion of the curé, be far from the confines of "heresy." Both town and country bear a similar testimony. "The eagerness with which your books have been borrowed and read induces me to come to you for further assistance," remarks one lady who had established a lending-library. "I would ask especially for the more attractive publications, religious tales, etc., as they will be read, almost exclusively, by women or young girls accustomed to the poisonous and demoralizing literature of the day, who take the warmest interest in the intrigues and sensational plots to be found in our low-class novels." It is curious to find the popular tastes differing in different localities: Paris, for instance, preferring the light and Toulouse the more solid reading. In all quarters, however, the gracious effect is the same. On one tour we hear of three young ladies, samples of many others, who renounce Romanism and the world through reading the religious books. "I am able to tell you that a ray of light has come even to *me*, through the reading of a book

from our Protestant library—'Aspirations of a Christian Soul,' the first one which I took in my hand," said another young woman to her parents. "The title struck me, and it appeared to me that God called me to take it, and now I know, by its effects, that it was so." It also appears that during the late troubles the Protestant literature had much to do with preserving a large portion of the community from inhaling the poison of Communism.

Like Toulouse, Nismes is also situated in the far south of France, but lies in a more easterly direction. As the chief city of Gard, it is surrounded by an exceedingly rich country, wine and oil being the staple produce, but silk and drugs are included in its wealth. With a population of about 50,000, it is a very important centre of commerce; but it is likewise a centre of evangelical influence through the Protestant press. It is there that *L'Evangéliste* is published, a paper which, more directly than any other published in the country, aims "at the edification of believers and at the evangelization of the unconverted."

The wider distribution of evangelical publications in the southern Departments is the more urgently needed, because the people of the south are more strongly attached than others to the prevailing Romanism. There, too, we hear of "poor villages of which the (Protestant) pastors are all Rationalists, and where no society has attempted evangelization." Nismes has been greatly indebted to the labours of Mademoiselle Levat, who acknowledges with gratitude the impulse given by English aid to her loved work. Ten years ago she sent word to England that the evangelistic activity of the Wesleyans had been the means of an awakening, and that translations of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were counteracting the evil influence of Rationalism.

The publications were freely lent to the children of the free schools, and when read were exchanged for others. "It is an excellent way of leading the poor to read," said the lady; "and even Romanists, who are very fanatical here, do not refuse a little book offered by a child." In 1869 this mode of distribution was supplemented by three Bible-women, who besides the Scriptures circulated large quantities of Christian literature. "One holds little services at the houses of the poor, and lends them tracts, another is occupied with the soldiers," wrote Mademoiselle Levat in one of her letters. "God has opened a door to her at the barracks. She has already given more than one hundred and twenty New Testaments, and some hundreds of tracts, to our fifteen hundred soldiers. The Lord has so blessed her work, that she has been able to induce the soldiers to join the Young Men's Union, where from fifty to sixty come to read every evening. They are going to commence a Sunday service for them, held by the young men themselves. This is the admiration of all; but here, again, tracts are wanting." Indeed, a too short supply of the materials of war is, under such circumstances, a chief difficulty. The loan system requires to be sustained by liberal supplies of new works; and so wide is the field that we hear of a Bible-woman invading secluded villages where the gospel had never been preached, and where no evangelical publications had ever penetrated. The people did not discover that she was a Protestant from her books; but when she spoke to them of Christ having died for sinners they

acknowledged that they did not hear enough of that subject, and that their teachers did not teach them enough concerning it.

Other sections of the population, more benighted and more intolerant, are not so accessible ; but what obstacles cannot the devotion of a hard-working Bible-woman overcome? Speaking of one of her helpers in 1870, Mademoiselle Levat wrote: "For several months she has lent and exchanged tracts and books, and has afterwards given them New Testaments, and has seen the seed germinate and grow. Her activity and faith are remarkable. More than a hundred houses receive her, and some workshops ; and the people at the cattle-market welcome her with joy. It is marvellous that the reading of two or three tracts, free from controversy, convinces them of the errors of Rome. They ask, Where are your places of worship? Many have come for private conversation, and I have been able to assure myself that the work of grace has begun in them. 'How beautiful your books are,' say some who at first accepted them with caution; 'if a man had offered them to us we should not have accepted them.' They would have dreaded the Protestant propagandist, while this simple woman has driven all fear from their heart." These small publications are precursors of the Bible; they are gladly accepted where the Scriptures would at first be refused through fear of the priests, who threaten to withhold absolution from renegade readers. Having read the tracts, which the soldiers appear to do with some avidity, they next enquire for the inspired Word, which in many instances they have never even seen. Since the war, the dissemination has gone forward more smoothly than ever ; because, while the priests are able more easily to retain their ascendancy in the villages, the current of popular opinion against them in the towns increases in strength. The greater the supply of Protestant books, the more are they sought after. The artisans, who, having had a taste of the good things crave for more, come forward and say, "Give us some of those books, because we wish to know these things thoroughly." One of the most singular facts about the circulation is, that travelling mendicants in large numbers apply for the tracts ; and while selling them for their own benefit, are the means of carrying the gospel to many out-of-the-way places in the country.

Lyons, with a population of more than 300,000, is the capital of the Rhone, and being the great centre of the silk industry, it is the chief trading city of France. Lying further to the north than Nismes, it is a very ancient place; and since its foundations were laid by the Romans many humiliating scenes of persecution have been witnessed within its boundaries.

Priestcraft and the Inquisition once were rampant; but how different is now the scene. Only a few months have elapsed since Mr. M'All extended his evangelistic mission to this great city, after many difficulties had been overcome. Four rooms have already been opened, and are described by Mr. Dodds, an assistant in the work, as being in the midst of a needy, densely packed district—"Les Brotteaux, nearer than any other of the three to the centre of the town, and which attracts various classes of people besides many unknown ; La Guillotiere, a degraded and abandoned district of Lyons, formed only of late years, into which has been poured, as it were, all the scum and refuse which tend year by

year to Lyons as to all large cities; Vaise, a suburb almost wholly inhabited by working men employed in the great corn, wine, and coal stores that cluster around the railway depôt; and La Croix-Rousse, opened last of all, situated on a steep hill which rises between the rivers Rhone and Saone; this quarter is inhabited by the veritable *Lyonnais;* they are mostly silk weavers."

The ever memorable night, November 17, 1878, on which the work was commenced, is thus referred to by Mr. M'All himself: "With what feelings of mingled thankfulness and responsibility did we see the people gather round us in that humble room! A deputation from the Lyons Young Men's Christian Association aided us at the door, in singing, etc. The presence of Him whose message of love we had come to announce was felt among us. At the close many warmly expressed their gratitude for our having come to them. One *ouvrier*, in particular, said with tears, 'Never in my life have I heard the truth thus explained: my conscience answers to it; this is what I want.'" To such an audience those common scriptural expressions, with which our ears have been familiar from childhood, are new and striking expressions. But though altogether ignorant of the gospel, they receive with great eagerness portions of the Bible and the publications of the Société des Livres Religieux de Toulouse, which is stimulated in its operations by an annual grant of £400 from the Religious Tract Society of London. The mission is greatly aided by such picture papers as *L'Ami de la Maison* and *Rayon du Soleil;* and it is hoped that they promote both friendship and sunshine in many a home.

Some years ago one of the most active of the distributors of evangelical works in Lyons was a converted disciple of Voltaire—the kind of man most likely to excel in such a service. He was a brave man, very assiduous in all the branches of his calling; but he was frequently deeply grieved on account of the sin he saw around him.

The instances of the good effected by the evangelical publications which come to us from Lyons are very abundant. "The tracts you have given me," said one woman, "have confirmed my conviction of the truths of the gospel, and shown me that Jesus is a perfect Saviour, and not a helper, as I had been taught to my great dismay." A shrewd little fellow only ten years of age, learned of the errors of popery from the Protestant books. "I have seen my father weep reading them, and my mother too," he said. "Pray give me some others; I will take great care of them." B——, an aged silk weaver, who worked in one of the parks, consequent on being unable to obtain employment in his own calling, became a member of the evangelical church, and spoke to his comrades about the claims of the gospel. "Well, B——, you are of the chapel religion, I am told," remarked the foreman of the works. "I am, sir," replied the old man. "I should like to know what kind of religion it is." Glad to find this curiosity in his superior, B—— presented a tract with the remark that that would supply full information. The man may have resembled many others in the Roman church, who believe, or profess to believe, that Protestantism is a monstrous system rejecting the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. If what he had read was a specimen, however, of the Reformed religion, the more they had of it the better. So the foreman thought, and the knowledge that

he thought so encouraged the circulation of similar works among the men.

One day a colporteur from the city who was extending the circulation of his wares on board of a local steam-boat came across a Romish priest, whose conduct was very characteristic of the opposition of the clergy. Because the curé accepted one tract, and was apparently studying its contents with avidity, the colporteur offered another which was angrily refused. The passengers became interested, and after the priest had retreated in a rage to avoid discussion, they listened to what the Protestant agent had to say in defence of his books. The fury of the priests on such occasions proclaims pretty loudly that their profession does not belong to the Prince of Peace.

There are very few Protestants among the entire population of the Department of Var, which numbers between three and four hundred thousand; but some considerable success has attended the efforts to disseminate evangelical publications. The Department takes its name from the river Var, which rises in the mountains; and after flowing for nearly seventy miles discharges itself in the Mediterranean sea. Cork-cutting and anchovy-fishing are two of the industries which thrive in this part of the Republic. The region is exceedingly dark in a religious sense: but even popery is not triumphant; for the infidelity which is rampant has respect for priests. The following, relating to a young cork-cutter of the Department, will show how difficult it is in Var for a convert to espouse the cause of the Reformation.

The young man, who resided in the beautiful town of St. Ir, overlooking the Mediterranean, happened to purchase of a colporteur a copy of *L'Almanach des bons Conseils*, and through reading this annual he became possessed of other books. He subscribed to *L'Ami de la Jeunesse*, supplied himself with a Bible and other works which showed him that the Roman church was a great apostasy. Among his working companions was a young man who, though nominally a Protestant, had so far been influenced more by the philosophy of Rousseau than by the gospel of Jesus Christ. This man had married a Romanist, and both he and his wife were greatly benefited by reading the books lent to them by the young cork-cutter. On perceiving what was in progress the priests were soon on the alert; they inflamed the passions of the young man's relatives, while their sermons were furious denunciations of Protestant interference. The cork-cutter was acquainted with a Protestant, consequently this companion was the evil agent; but the accused repelled the charge by saying that in reality he had been the person benefited. The whole of the books collected were burned; but it was impossible to destroy their good effects.

Another extraordinary instance of enlightenment comes from Auxerre. In one of the villages a woman who received a copy of "The Dairyman's Daughter," read the book through and through several times, and with a conscience enlightened and awakened, began to long for a Bible. The book was in due time sent from Paris by the woman's son, and the work of grace in her soul continued until the notice of the curé was, as usual, attracted. "Why do you not come to church now?" "Because I feel much more edified in reading my New Testament alone, and at home," was the reply. This convert was literally alone in

the village, even her own husband having no sympathy with her views; and on the Sabbath-day she was accustomed to spend hours alone in the fields, reading and praying, her heart, meanwhile, being filled with happiness. What greater encouragement could we have than this to offer to distributors of evangelical literature? The Reformation in progress can be best stimulated by the press.

Our survey of the work accomplished by the evangelical press in France might include such towns as Bordeaux, Marseilles, Boulogne-sur-mer, Havre, Morlaix, etc.; but as our space is limited we will conclude this part of our subject by a few brief references to the Basque population.

The Basque tribes of the south of France, and who are also found in Spain, are as great a mystery in regard to their origin as the gipsies, who in the Dark Ages began to overrun the Continent of Europe. They speak a distinct language, and they do not extend beyond the region of the Pyrenees. In the time of the Reformation, efforts were made to give them the gospel, but they clung to their old superstitions, and to-day no Protestant can be found in their benighted country. We are told by the committee of the Religious Tract Society that "the very name of Protestant sounds in the ears of a Basque as an insult. It is, to him, the equivalent of a man without God, of an enemy of Jesus Christ, worse than a Jew or a Mussulman." The entire population appear to be the willing and abject slaves of ignorance and priestcraft. The news which comes from the country is to the effect that the people "are completely under the power of the priests, who exorcise people, animals, and the elements. Persecution, ingeniously contrived, is directed against every symptom of emancipation from the yoke of clerical dominion." For generation after generation they have been virtually passed by by the missionary enterprise of the church; but as the art of reading has been generally mastered even by the peasantry, the Protestant press should no longer ignore the opportunities of such an opening. A correspondent in the country informs us that "a willing reception is pretty generally given in their villages to journals in the Basque language, and to the few books published in it. They greedily welcome reading, an amusement which they enjoy but rarely; they assemble together to use it to the best advantage. They read and re-read with incredible perseverance the same pages. Even a Basque who knows French prefers Basque literature, for it is only with difficulty that he obtains complete mastery over a foreign tongue so different from his own. So we do not hesitate to say, that even if every Basque spoke French, it would still be necessary to present to him the truth in his own language, and to prove to him that Jesus Christ is not a stranger, but the Brother and Friend of the Esmalduna." After this let us hope that in the future the poor Basques will have their due share of attention.

We have thus given a brief account of what the Protestant press has done, and is doing, for France, and mainly through the instrumentality of the Religious Tract Society. At the outset of its career that Society intended to confine its operations to the British Isles, but at the present date its publications are poured forth over every quarter of the globe. The miserable condition, religiously, of the French people after the

Revolution, and after the peace in the second decade of this century, excited the sympathy of friends in England. The Paris Tract Society came into existence in 1820, about the same time Mark Wilks started *L'Ami de la Jeunesse*; and then followed translations of small works likely to be useful among an unenlightened Roman Catholic population. The work has grown with years, and the cry still goes forth for more labourers and more liberal supplies. Paris, Toulouse, and Geneva send their colporteurs over the Departments; but let us remember that the friends in all these cities expect and receive liberal asssistance from the Committee in London.

Praise of Men.

THE youthful worker is very apt to be exalted should he receive a little praise, and there are many injudicious persons who are ready to lavish eulogiums upon any young beginner who seems to be at all promising. How many these foolish talkers have seriously injured it would be hard to say. It may be well to whisper in the young man's ear that very little store is to be set by the approbation of those who will praise a youth to his face; they are mostly fools, and sometimes knaves. "There are that kiss and kill," say the cautious Italians. When a man with a loud mouth praises me, I have good reason to be wary in my dealings with him. The boa-constrictor first covers its victim with saliva, and then swallows him; and we have known serpents of both sexes do the same with young preachers. Beware of the net of the flatterer, and the bait of the maker of compliments. Human opinion is so changeable, and even while it lasts it is of so mixed a character, that it is virtually worth nothing at all. We all remember how the men of Lystra first offered to worship Paul, and then within an hour began to stone him. Who cares to run for a crown which melts as soon as it wreathes the winner's brow? The flash of a wave, or the gleam of a meteor, is not more fleeting than popular applause.

Besides, if we are applauded by some, we are sure to be obnoxious to others, and it is well to set the one over against the other. It is related of Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, that, going through the streets of that city, he heard a person say of him as he passed, "If ever there was a good man upon earth, there goes one." This was elevating, but in the next street the effect of this praise was counteracted by Mr. Kilpin's hearing another bystander exclaim, "If ever a man deserved to be hanged, that fellow does. He makes people mad with his preaching." The victim of unwise compliments has only to walk into another room, and hear how roundly certain persons are abusing him, and he will find it a very useful tonic. It is never summer all over the world at one time, and no public person is being everywhere esteemed. Probably it is well for the interests of truth that excesses in judgment are relieved by their opposites.

Another consideration is suggested by experience, namely, that praise is exceedingly weakening. If we allow ourselves to feel its soft and

pleasant influence, it lays us open to feel the caustic and painful effects of censure. After a judge had passed sentence upon a certain prisoner, the foreman of the jury that had convicted him began to compliment his lordship upon the remarks which he had made, and the term of imprisonment which he had awarded, but the judge at once stopped him, knowing well that if he had allowed himself to be praised by one jury, he would be liable to be blamed by another. If we are pervious to one influence, we shall be subject to its opposite. *We* are quite sure to be slandered and abused, and it is well, therefore, for us to have a somewhat thick skin, but if we listen to commendation it makes us tender, and deprives us of that which might have been like armour to the soul. If we allow ourselves to be charmed by the tinklings of flattery, we shall be alarmed by the harsh notes of detraction. We must either be proof against both influences, or against neither.

A man who becomes dependent upon the opinions of others lays himself open to contempt. It is impossible to think highly of a person who fishes for compliments. To value esteem so much as to go out of our way after it is the surest possible way to lose it. When we consider how unevenly the human hand holds the balances, we may feel but small concern when we are weighed by our fellow-men. If we consider how infinitely precious is the divine regard, we shall live to gain it, and so shall rise above all slavish consideration of the opinions of our fellows. What said the wise apostle Paul? "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing by myself; yet am I not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord." (1 Corinthians iv. 3, 4.)

Individuals there are abroad who can suck in any measure of praise, and retain a large receptiveness for more: they take to it, and thrive in it, like fish in water. You may choke a dog with pudding, but you could never satiate, nor even satisfy, these people with praise. To such we tender no advice, for to bid them shun praise would be as useless as to urge the ox to forsake the pasture, or the ass its master's crib; such persons are, however, of small worth as a general rule. We have known exceptions. We remember well a man of admirable parts, and real graces of character, who was, nevertheless, ridiculously vain; but he was manifestly eccentric, and had to be left as a lot out of catalogue: the rule is that the vain are worthless, and to them the epigram might be applied—

> "Of all speculations the market holds forth
> The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
> Were to buy Balbus up at the price he is worth,
> And sell him at that which he sets on himself!"

C. H. S.

Sayings from the Sea.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. 2.—"Keep her full."

IT is an all-important matter in navigating a vessel to keep the sails well filled. When sailing very near the wind, *i.e.*, as near as possible in the direction from which the breeze is blowing, it is especially essential to have all the sails expanded, for if once the ship is brought up too close to the wind the canvas begins to flap against the mast and the vessel soon comes to a standstill. Steering in such a case is no child's play. The helmsman must have his weather eye open, and endeavour to keep the ship in her course, and take as much advantage of the breeze as possible. So long as the sails are well filled the ship will move forward, even if it be but slowly. Hence the oft-repeated order to the man at the wheel to "keep her full." It is very evident that this holds good in the Christian voyage. We must have our sails full, or we shall make no headway.

The Holy Ghost is the breath divine, the mighty rushing wind that helps us on to God. 'Tis ours to set all sail to catch the favouring influences; and yet there are some Christian voyagers who persist in steering such a course that they cannot possibly expect to reap the full benefit of the blessed Spirit's operations.

Those who attempt to make headway against the known will of God, and in the face of the strivings of his Spirit, certainly cannot hope to progress in the divine life; they are running counter to the commands of God's word, and are doing despite to the Spirit of his grace: and this is done while all the time this same Spirit is willing to aid our infirmities, and able to send us on our way rejoicing. A vessel can be so handled in a ten-knot breeze as to make only five of real progress in the hour; indeed, she can be kept nearly stationary even in a gale of wind, but Christians must not be "laying-to" when they might be "pressing forward" before a heaven-sent breeze. We should not lose the benefit of a single helpful gust, but improve each opportunity of getting and of doing good. Let us embrace with eager, earnest faith each promise which seems to waft us heavenward, and fulfil each precept which brings us nearer to God. How many privileges those Christians have who are able regularly to attend the worship of God's house. It is a grand thing to have a gale of heavenly wind on the Lord's-day, and to feel at its close that a Sabbath-day's journey is accomplished—that we are a day's march nearer home.

Happy are those who can supplement this joyful experience by enjoying half a gale, or a whole, if possible, on the Monday evening. Many a good stiff breeze have we had at the prayer-meeting. It is a splendid means of filling the sails, "Keep her full." Let your soul drive on before so divine a wind. Then let every day be begun with a morning breeze. Let your early prayer invite it, and your waking hope look for it. Before the dew is off the grass invoke the celestial zephyr,

"Ere yet our vessel sails,
Upon the stream of day,
We ask, O Lord, for favouring gales
To speed us on our way."

Look out for the land breeze in the evening. It blows balmy and soft from Immanuel's land as the sun goes down. Make use of it, "Keep her full." At eventide constrain the Master to abide with you. Have another gale, if possible, on Wednesday or Thursday evening, and spread the sails of your desire and expectations. Attendance on the means of grace, and the ordinances of God's house, private and family prayer and study of the Word, are so many heaven-born breezes sent by our Lord High Admiral, who "manages the seas" for our pleasure and profit. Let us set every desire like a swelling sail to catch the breeze, and never let any privilege remain unused, like idle canvas flapping lazily upon the mast.

We may well rejoice that if at any time the wind seems to fail, we have it in our power (to some extent) to raise it. The *sailors* whistle for the breeze, but it comes no sooner. *We* pray for it, and find that it is on the way before we ask. The fleecy outriders of his gracious promises assure us that we shall not lie log-like on the waters long, but shall soon be ploughing through every obstacle, and leaving a phosphorescent wave behind of gratitude and praise. Lord, fill my soul with all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and "keep her full."

"Spirit divine, descend;
Expand each flapping sail,
And send us speeding on to God
Before the heavenly gale."

Sunday Schools a Hundred Years Ago.*

PEOPLE who look back with interest on the eighteenth century are usually accustomed to regard the period as a quiet time, when, although evangelical religion was not in fashion, it was easy to gain a competence, and more easy to make a little go a long way than in our own advanced days of keen competition on the one hand and of luxury on the other. Though they may not have been discontented with their lot, the people who then lived and thrived had their trials and daily worries, things, many of them, which have happily become obsolete by means of science or wise legislation. The former part of the century was a time of political transition, and many inconveniences peculiar to such a state of affairs, had to be endured. The population in the main was loyal, but a minority cursed the king in their hearts and watched for an opportunity to effect his overthrow. While wars were got up abroad, there was danger of civil war at home, until the accession of George III. extinguished the last hopes of the Jacobite faction. The age was sufficiently corrupt for members of Parliament to be paid for their votes by the prime minister, and this practice appears to have originated the saying, "Every man has his price." Ignorance was universal, and leading politicians agreed in proscribing the schoolmaster among the poor because ignorance best guaranteed their subjection to the ruling powers.

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* "Can Nothing be Done?" The Story of Robert Raikes. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. "Hand and Heart" Office.

Even in our own days we have heard of persons who deprecate common schools on account of the supposed danger attending the diffusion of knowledge: and perhaps the readiest way of combating their arguments is to give some details of the way in which the mass of the common people lived and died in the dark night preceding the establishment of Sunday-schools.

In the end of the first quarter of the century the Bishop of Lichfield declared in a sermon that the Sabbath in England had become "the devil's market day;" and that while drunkenness in London was an "epidemic distemper," the literary market swarmed with "obscene, wanton, and profane books." Some years later Parliament, by means of heavy duties on spirits, and costly licences, sought to curb the mania for drink which was spreading ruin and misery among all classes. It seemed, indeed, as though society had retained whatever was bad in the former century without retaining any of its redeeming qualities. Among the upper classes the coarsest pleasures were patronized, and the lower orders thinking to imitate their betters lapsed into lewdness and superstition. Mr. Tyreman, speaking of the state of the country at the commencement of the Methodist crusade, thus concisely sums up the state of affairs: "The Church of England was corrupt to its very core, and the people were too faithful imitators of a bad example. Popery was intriguing, Dissenters were declining, and the church was full of fiery and drunken feuds."

In the very attractive little memorial volume which we have chosen as a text for this article, Mr. Bullock treats of this same subject, giving a graphic picture of the "almost Egyptian darkness" which prevailed. Referring to the Established Church, he tells us that "the celebrated lawyer Blackstone had the curiosity, early in the reign of George III., to go from church to church and hear every clergyman of note in London. He says that he did not hear a single discourse which had more Christianity in it than the writings of Cicero, and that it would have been impossible for him to discover from what he heard whether the preacher were a follower of Confucius, of Mahomet, or of Christ." To this testimony Mr. Bullock adds, that "the majority of the bishops were men of the world. Even the king had to prohibit the balls and worldly gatherings and doings at Lambeth Palace. The clergy ranked with the bishops. They neither did good themselves nor liked any one else to do it for them." If we ask what was the every-day employment of the pastors who had all made a solemn assertion that they were moved to preach the gospel, we have this answer, "They hunted, they farmed, they drank, they gambled. They seemed determined to know everything except 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.' When they assembled, it was generally to toast Church and King, and to build one another up in earthly-mindedness, prejudice, ignorance, and formality."

A number of other facts might be quoted to show the low moral condition of all classes. The Sabbath appears to have been the common day for grand dinners and Cabinet Councils. The laws were notoriously harsh in repressing crime; and yet so dangerous were the highways, that a gentleman who walked home a mile out of London after nightfall needed to be attended by a couple of armed servants. When

a parish which contained a school of any kind for the poor was quite the exception this was a natural state of things in and around London ; and a sentence from Hannah More gives us a sample of places farther away: "On first going into the village of Cheddar, near the cathedral city of Wells, we found more than two hundred people in the parish, almost all very poor ; no gentry, a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot!"

A hundred or more years ago, the city of Gloucester may have been quite as picturesque, but it was a less healthy dwelling-place than it is at present. In the early years of the century, the place was very representative of other sleepy, ill-paved, badly-drained provincial towns in England, and how the poor, as well as those above them, managed to live with so little trade and enterprise cannot even now be explained. The means of intercommunication with other places was practically *nil*, and there was no local newspaper until Robert Raikes the elder commenced the issue of *The Gloucester Journal*, in 1722. The appearance of this paper was in itself the beginning of a new era in that part of the country. Farmers, and well-to-do persons in all directions, who seldom read the Bible, or any other religious book, discovered that it would never pay to be behind the age by missing the news which "Raikes the printer" raked together weekly for their entertainment. Being among the first of provincial newspaper ventures, the diminutive broadside was regarded as a wonderful symptom of the enterprise and progress which was beginning to be characteristic of England so soon after the settlement of the Protestant succession. In his Life of Raikes, Mr. Gregory speaks of the "hard struggle" which the veteran had to endure before he completed the establishment of his journal ; but beyond an inconvenient difference with the House of Commons, on account of publishing a debate, we have but slender reason for supposing that the trade difficulties were very considerable. In point of fact, the lucky journalist speedily found that he had hit on a very profitable scheme ; and while the paper filled his pockets, and added to his reputation, he was asked to quote Scripture in a quiet corner of the weekly sheet, for the benefit of those who by no other channel were likely to be reached by the words of inspiration.

The son of "Raikes the printer," and the reputed founder of Sunday-schools, was born in 1735, and in 1757, at the age of twenty-two, he succeeded to his father's business and wealth. Seriously inclined from the first, he seems to have naturally developed into a local philanthropist, whose example was afterwards to prove of national value. At all events, he was not content to prosper and grow rich, and think nothing about the sin, the misery, and the squalor which abounded, even in the pleasantly situated city of Gloucester. He resolved to devote a part of his leisure to the lightening of others' burdens, and he first of all turned attention to the prisons.

Those who know anything about the life and life-work of John Howard are also acquainted with the horrible condition of the English prisons in the last century. In the time of Raikes, Gloucester contained two of these reformative institutions, and their sanitary and moral condition could hardly have been worse had they been specially designed

for the spread of social disease, mental miasma, and moral pollution. It is said that four or five dozen prisoners were received every week, and the whole of the inmates herded together by day in a confined room, the atmosphere of which was more pestiferous than the crowded kitchen of a low London lodging-house. The consequence was that the prisons were hot-beds of infection, and the inmates dropped into their graves in rapid succession, swept from the earth by the fever which seldom left the precincts of a gaol. A successful tradesman like Raikes might reasonably have shrank from invading such a stronghold of the enemy, but with a bravery worthy of comparison with the heroism of his friend Howard, he regularly visited the wretched bands of felons, and became besides the almoner of a sympathetic public. He did more than advise and relieve his fallen constituency, he made the discovery that ignorance is the parent of crime. There was little hope of being able to reclaim the adult transgressors, whose crimes were hurrying them to perdition in this world and the next, but there was some chance of saving the children, and to these, accordingly, Raikes resolved to devote his attention.

The circumstances which directly led to the establishment of Sunday-schools are related by Raikes himself, in a letter written in 1783, or about three years after the first trial of the experiment. "The beginning of this scheme was entirely by accident," he says. "Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah, sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell, rather than any other place.'" The question, Can nothing be done? had now to be answered, and in the first place Raikes answered it by gathering a number of children for Sabbath teaching, and distributing them among four women, to whom he paid a shilling each a week for their trouble.

The condition of Gloucester on the Sabbath, and at such times as the common people were released from work, showed that the reformer had not come on the scenes a day too soon. While their elders passed their leisure hours in the public-houses, the youthful part of the community, in their wild animal-like hilarity, made a play-ground of the streets, greatly to the disturbance of orderly peace-loving people. So far as the labouring population were concerned, the churches were well-nigh forsaken, and neither preachers nor writers seemed to take their wants into account. Speaking of the children, Mr. Gregory says: "Had they been disposed to learn or to attend to anything that was good, their parents were neither willing nor able to teach or direct them; they were therefore a perpetual nuisance to the sober part of the community. They were riotous, impudent, and regardless of all

authority whatsoever in their mode of behaviour, disrespectful in the extreme, and frequently detected in such petty offences as plainly indicated that they were on the high road to perdition, unless something could be done to rescue them." In a word, these children of the Gloucester streets were formed of that material which the harsh discipline of the prison hardens into desperate criminals; but being susceptible of kindness, they were touched and softened by the winsome persuasiveness of Robert Raikes.

Raikes found a valuable coadjutor in Thomas Stock, the master of the Cathedral School, and rector of the church of St. John the Baptist; and now that the movement was fairly inaugurated it rapidly extended, and the good effects at once produced were most encouraging. *The Gloucester Journal* was of course apologist-in-chief for the innovation, and glad indeed must the good editor have been when he found his efforts commended by judges on the Bench, by such eminent names as William Cowper and Adam Smith, and even by Queen Caroline herself. In regard to the Queen, *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1788 tells the reader how a meeting had come off between "a great female personage" and Mr. Raikes, where the former said "she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction to the general mass of the common people, a pleasure from which by her station she was debarred."

Raikes continued to be a model Sunday-school teacher: he himself gained a blessing while giving to others, and his interest in the work continued until the time of old age and death in 1811. "Pause here!" he once said, while walking through Gloucester with Joseph Lancaster, at the same time bowing his head in silent prayer—"Pause here! This is the spot on which I stood when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, Can nothing be done? a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try, and see what God has wrought. I can never pass by the spot where the word 'Try' came so powerfully into my mind without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

Such was the glorious example of Robert Raikes; and keeping to the main question, "Can nothing be done?" Mr. Bullock devotes the latter half of his volume to a plea for more extended evangelistic efforts among the people. Probably quite half of the population of the country neither care nor trouble themselves about the claims of the gospel; and how to bring them into a different frame of mind is the burning question of the hour. Mr. Bullock has a plan to propose; and though for an evangelical churchman that plan may be a bold one, there is no reason why it should not be carried out if suitable agents can be secured. "With the story of Robert Raikes before us," says our author, "I believe that *the experience of the Sunday School in dealing with the children is most suggestive of the right course to be pursued in dealing now with their parents.*" The plan suggested for the reclamation of vast overgrown parishes is, from the Church of England standpoint, a very common-sense one. Occasional mission-services are not sufficient, nothing will meet the requirements of the case short of a working church. By a working church in a poor and crowded district Mr.

Bullock means a parish church supplemented with several less costly but well-kept buildings in which lay agency could be utilized for Sabbath services and during the week. They would be licensed for public worship, and, being well supplied with books, they might answer the purpose of a free library and reading-room. "During one or two hours each evening a Service of Song, a lecture on some social or popular topic, a biographical or historical reading, the temperance movement, sanitary hints, readings from the daily papers, with a word of comment drawing the lessons of Providence from the events of national life, might be introduced."

In starting, he suggests that "only *one* warm-hearted, gospel-loving experienced clergyman should be appointed to take the charge of the four churches, and that he should be aided by four intelligent, thoughtful, and equally warm-hearted *laymen*, who could render their services, *as our Sunday-school teachers now do*, as a work of faith and labour of love." Such a scheme will not be set down as Utopian by any who do not despair of Christianity. With wealth and prestige in its favour, the State Church should experience no difficulty in carrying out this modest programme; and we should greatly rejoice in seeing any real work done for the Master. To be saved the people must be brought into the church; the great out-lying multitude will never be reclaimed by Plymouth mission halls, or any dead-and-alive solemnities. The gospel must be preached with fire from heaven in the language of the people, and everything else must be done by which they can be aroused from the stupor of indifference, and the sodden imbecility of drink.

Mr. Bullock's little book is suggestive and entertaining, every page bearing evidence of the strong hand and warm heart of its author. Both within and without it is a worthy memento of the centenary of Robert Raikes.

Faith.

BY MR. EDWARD SMITH, BURWASH, SUSSEX.

IN all the myriads of worlds that God has created some discovery is being made of himself, and this is probably of a different nature in each world. Where as yet there may be no intelligent creatures to behold, still is there a display of eternal power and Godhead; but where there are beings capable of comprehending, there the discovery is doubtless more full and of a higher nature. When our world in every part, from the height of the atmosphere to the depths of the mighty ocean, teems with life visible and invisible, and there are, so to speak, worlds within worlds on our little globe, it would be most unreasonable to imagine that none of the worlds we see around us are inhabited. We know not, indeed, what has been done or what is now taking place in other worlds, nor does it yet concern us to know. But this we now know, that on our globe God always intended to make a discovery of an attribute in the divine nature never before manifested. His footsteps are in the deep. He did not make choice of the largest stage he had erected, nor the highest of his intelligent creatures for this display, but of frail man and this sin-stained earth, "that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus": and that "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." Eph. ii. 7; iii. 10.

As God the Father must seek his own glory, so is it essential, because of the unity of the Divine Essence, that he should seek the glory of the Son. Whatever is done in creation is by and for the Son. We are told that "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." Not in the creation only, but in the fall of man we trace the exaltation of the Son of God: and the great glory of this exaltation is that it comes in a way of free grace and mercy. Everything in nature and grace points to Jesus Christ. He must be a dunce who reads a book that is intelligibly written, and yet discovers not the main drift of the author; but in divine things such are we, and until enlightened by the Holy Spirit, we always miss the mind of God. From Genesis to the Revelation the needle of truth points to Immanuel: from the promise in Eden immediately after the Fall, down to the last chapter in the New Testament, we see Jesus Christ and him crucified for sinners. We see that salvation is by grace alone; nor in the matter of justification is the least mixture allowed. The one destroys the other, as Paul reasons—"If by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise work is no more work." Then if all be of grace, pure grace, and sinners, only sinners can glorify God by receiving his testimony concerning his Son, why not you, great sinner as you are? Never forget that you are not expected to bring with you goodness or righteousness; no, not a trace. All this has to be received as a gift from Christ through the working of the Holy Spirit, and until the tree is made good it cannot bear good fruit. It is only your sin that you may think of bringing, for this is in truth all you can bring, and God will have truth or nothing. What then is to hinder you, a poor, vile sinner, from coming? There is nothing in God or Christ, or the gospel, to prevent. It is just the self-righteous notion that there ought to be goodness in you of some kind, however little, and that a holy being like God can only look upon goodness. True, there ought to be something good in you, and equally true that God can only look upon goodness, but the truths are misplaced in your minds; for since the Fall there is no good left in man for God to look upon, and he looks at goodness in his Son and not in you. God meets with you in your sin and misery, and you cannot glorify him in any other way than as a sinner needing his mercy and casting yourself on this mercy in Christ. Thus you see it is the feeling your sin, your want of all goodness, that fits you to go to God in his own way, and nothing else that you can bring can give you a right to approach him. Not that he thinks lightly of sin, or he would not have punished his dear Son as he did when standing in the place of sinners; but that you now, having nothing of your own but sin, and being nothing but sin and weakness, should be humble enough to acknowledge it, and thus come to him (Jer. iii. 13).

Thus you see that the very thing which you may imagine prevents the Lord looking on you, *i.e.*, your great sin, is just that the knowledge of which ought to drive you to him and best fits you to glorify him: and that with which you most desire to approach is that which would really prevent your coming in your present fallen condition. It might be otherwise if all good had not been lost in Adam, or if God had intended to give salvation in any other way than by grace alone. This is the great lifelong lesson we have to learn, to die to self that we may live on the Lord Jesus alone: as Paul says, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Ye believe in God and law, believe in Christ as revealed in the New Testament. So wedded to law are we that we greatly prefer attempting obedience to its demands to listening to the sweet invitations of Immanuel. He that believes in Christ as he believes in God, must be dead to the law by the death of Christ, so that he can refer all its demands to Jesus, and not stand arguing the point about transgression either as to amount or aggravation. The law, he knows, was given that the offence might abound, that is, that he might learn how multiform and immense were his transgressions. It was not given that he should

attempt to answer it by way of obedience for life, but to expose his demerit and contrariety to it, and to pronounce its just sentence upon him, that he dying to it should flee to Christ.

Now, poor sinner, if you were really dead to the law, or, in other words, did truly believe in Christ as in God, then you would not talk about your sin on the one hand, nor the want of this or that good on the other, preventing your approach to God. If you understood the gospel you would go to Jesus Christ just as you are, with all the discovery the law can possibly make of your sin, and you would find acceptance in him. For as the High Priest of old could not turn away any sinning Jew who came to him with a proper sacrifice, so neither can the Lord Jesus turn you away thus coming, a naked sinner, to him for mercy. Nay, this is just what he has been waiting for, and has at length produced in you. He waiteth to be gracious. Isa. xxx. 18.

"All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam."

A Journey to Mentone with Mr. Spurgeon.*

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

ON *Monday, November 10th*, 1879, the daily tidal train to Folkestone left Charing Cross Station amid the ringing of bells in many a church steeple, and the cheering of thousands of London's good people; but whether this rejoicing was caused by the fact that Mr. Spurgeon and some one else were starting for Mentone, or because the new Lord Mayor was riding in his state carriage through the City, must be left to the individual judgment of each reader of these lines. The Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* kindly suggested that his travelling companion should take notes of any objects of interest that might be met with, and afterwards transcribe them for insertion in his magazine; the result being what is here published. The pressure of numerous duties prevents the presentation of anything more than extracts from the entries in our diary, but this may be an advantage to some readers, for if they find the notes uninteresting they will not have to wait until the end of a long chapter before they get the moral of each incident, or the teaching of any illustration, but they can leave off at any part without destroying the connection. If those who read what we have written have only half the joy that we have had in meditating upon the scenes which we have witnessed, and above all, if any word here recorded may, through the blessing of God, comfort even one of his children, or attract one sinner to his feet, we shall be more than repaid for the effort we have put forth in preparing this paper.

Nothing of particular note occurred on the journey between London and Folkestone, except that we then read an article which had appeared on the previous day in a weekly paper which had selected as No. 5 of "Eminent Radicals out of Parliament," one well known to readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, viz., "CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON." One sentence in this exceedingly friendly notice is so striking an illustration of the Word of God that it deserves to be quoted and preserved. The writer says, "My heart is entirely with this pure-minded, unsophisticated believer, but my unsanctified head will not, alas! follow it. I go to the Tabernacle, and I admire the vastness of the audience, the simple, unconventional eloquence of the preacher, the pith and mother-wit of many of his sayings; but, on the whole, the phraseology, if not strange, is almost

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* Our companion has made such really readable notes that we cannot withhold them from our readers. The most is made of everything.

meaningless to me, and I return to my place about as little edified as if the good man had been talking in some dead language to which I had no key." Surely, no man has ever afforded a better illustration of the words of Paul:—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Of the passage across the Channel the less we say the better will it be for our reputation, but we well remember that long before we reached Boulogne we were heartily sick of the whole affair, and looked with eager longings for the moment when we should exchange the *Imperium* of the Steamship *Napoleon III.* for the *Libertas* of the terra firma of Republican France. Mr. Spurgeon told one of the sailors that the road wanted mending, and that a steam roller was needed to smooth the path of the sea, but in our humble opinion it was the steam roller that did all the mischief. A good night's rest, however, soon set all right, and put us in proper trim for pursuing our journey as far as Paris, which we reached on the evening of Nov. 11.

Nov. 12.—After several hours' refreshing sleep, and a visit to the salle-à-manger, we spent a few hours in visiting the historical sights of the fair capital of France. We first surveyed the Church of the Oratoire, which is the principal Protestant church in Paris; and then went into the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from the tower of which the tocsin was rung for the massacre of St. Bartholomew on August 24, 1572. We also saw the window from which Charles IX. looked out upon the dread scene of bloodshed, crying, "Kill! kill! kill!" As the terrible drama reappeared before our mind's eye we could not help praising God that within sight of the very spot where the work of death began on that dark night, the descendants of the murdered Protestants now meet to worship God as their forefathers were not permitted to do. Two other buildings are photographed upon our memory—Nôtre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. The latter vision of beauty should be gazed upon by every human eye, for it can never be described as it deserves to be; but in "The Metropolitan Church of Our Lady" we saw several objects that can be more easily pictured. We were most of all pleased with what was shown to us in the treasury. The value of a martyr to the church of which he was a member appeared in a new light as the sacristan exhibited and explained the choice relics of the three archbishops who have been killed in Paris within the last twenty years, or thereabouts.

In this holy place we picked up an illustration or two. We noticed that before certain doors were opened, and the gold and silver and precious stones therein were exposed to view, the attendant very carefully closed one window and opened another, and rolled up one blind and pulled down another, so that the light should fall at just the right angle to set off to the best advantage the treasures committed to his charge. We thought to ourselves,—here is a lesson for all preachers and teachers of the truth. The treasures we have to display are far more valuable than those at Nôtre Dame, then let us take care that we always exhibit them in the best possible light.

From the room where we had seen bullets and bits of the backbones of bishops, and other equally precious things, we were conducted into an inner sanctuary, the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the place. Here we were permitted to gaze upon vestments gorgeous enough to make ten thousand man-milliners turn green with envy, and we also saw the choicest, and most precious relics that had from time to time been presented by pope, prince, or emperor. We were informed that the best of the treasures had been stolen by the Communists during their reign of terror, and our informant seemed most of all affected by the fact that, even where the gold and silver cases had been left behind, the thieves had run off with such invaluable relics as "a piece of the real cross" on which our Saviour died, and "a portion of the crown of thorns" which was put upon his head. Mr. Spurgeon said that he thought this was a very kind action on the part of the Communists, and that it would be well if more people would imitate them, and remove crosses and thorns whenever

they found them, for there would still be far too many left for the peace of this poor world. For a time we could scarcely understand the intense animosity of our venerable guide towards the Communists, but it became quite clear when he told us that they had taken him prisoner, and threatened to kill him when they pillaged the church. In like manner, any man who has been led captive by the devil at his will, and who has been under condemnation through sin, may be expected, when he is set at liberty, to speak in strong terms of the cruel power which for a while held him in bondage. The children of God, too, when wicked men would rob them of the precious treasures of truth committed to their care, may well be pardoned if they use great plainness of speech when describing the attempts that have been made to steal from the saints any portion of the faith once delivered to them by the Lord Jesus and his apostles.

Nov. 12–13.—Our long ride from Paris to Mentone occupied us nearly thirty hours, in consequence of the break-down of a luggage train on the rails we had to pass over soon after leaving Paris. The first part of the journey was in the night, and therefore little or nothing of note was to be seen, although we passed many places of historic or mercantile fame, such as Fontainebleau, with its memories both of the splendour and shame of the kings and emperors who have resided there since Louis VII. built the castle in 1162; Montbard, the residence of Buffon the naturalist; Dijon, the centre of the trade in the wines of Upper Burgundy; Macon, sweet sound in the ears of lovers of the wine of that name; and other towns of less importance or interest. About six o'clock in the morning we were at Lyons, the second city of France, and the chief seat of its silk manufactures, and also the place at which the roaring, rolling, rushing, rapid River Rhone first becomes navigable.

Shortly after leaving Lyons we had a magnificent view of the rising of the sun, and a little later passed Vienne, the town to which, according to Eusebius, Pontius Pilate was banished after his return from Judæa to Rome. In another half hour we were at Valence, the ancient town which Louis XII. erected into a dukedom for the infamous Cæsar Borgia. We delight more to recollect that it was one of the headquarters of Protestantism in the dark days of persecution. Close by stood the Castle of Soyons, now in ruins, which was once a stronghold of the Calvinists, who by means of it held the key of the Rhone, and intercepted the communication between Lyons and the south, until the castle was captured and demolished by the Prince of Condé. A little further on we passed Montélimart, the birthplace of Daniel Chamier, the Protestant pastor who drew up the edict of Nantes for Henry IV. It is worth mentioning that about nine miles distant is the village of Allan, where the first white mulberry tree was planted in France. It was brought from Naples in 1494, and from this place has spread all over the south of France, where the culture of the silkworm is now one of the chief sources of agricultural industry and prosperity. The mulberry tree is the model of what a Christian should be in self-denial; it lives only to be stripped, it exists solely for the benefit of others. "None of us liveth to himself."

For some hours we had been travelling through some of the principal vine-growing districts of France, but we must confess that at first the appearance of the vines, of which we had heard so much, greatly disappointed us. Remembering those which we had seen in our own beloved native land, we were surprised to find acres upon acres of ugly, low, straggling, twisted sticks, that, in winter at least, did not make the slightest pretension to beauty. The more we thought of our first impressions the more clearly did we see how fitting was the simile that our blessed Master used when he said, "I am the true Vine." Many who looked upon him saw no beauty in him that they should desire him, and, alas! we must admit that for a long time we were as blind as they. In our eyes he had no form nor comeliness, and he was only as a root out of a dry ground. But now, since we have tasted of the new wine of his love, our eyes have been opened, we see that he is altogether lovely, and we declare that

none can be compared to him for beauty or for glory, there are none so fair as he; he is chiefest among ten thousand. How sweet a thought it is that he who said to his disciples "I am the Vine," also added "ye are the branches"! We must not marvel if we too are despised, for the branches must expect no greater honour than the stem received. Our highest glory is to be *as he was*. May all of us who are in him remember and exemplify his gracious words, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

About nine o'clock we saw the ruins of the castle of Mornas, from which the Huguenot leader, Baron des Adrets, forced the popish prisoners whom he captured to leap down upon the pikes of his soldiers who were stationed below. We shudder as we think of such a terrible way of settling religious questions, but when we remember all that the Protestants had to endure from their Romish persecutors, we are not surprised that at last they were goaded to madness, and committed deeds that appear to us horrible to the last degree, though they were at the worst only mild measures of self-defence compared with the cruelties and enormities that were perpetrated upon them. Happy are we that our lot is cast in a more favoured time, and that we have such a goodly heritage! But let us never forget that our privileges were many of them purchased with the blood of those who counted not their lives dear unto them, but cheerfully laid them down rather than surrender the truths that holy men had taught them as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. May we be as faithful in these favoured days as they were in the dark ages in which they lived! May we be the worthy sons of noble sires!

As we passed Orange, we thanked God for the city of refuge to which so many of our brethren in the Lord fled when the blood-hounds of the Papacy were on their track; this little town, with the principality surrounding it, having belonged to the Protestant princes of Nassau, who successively held it until the death of William III, when the king of Prussia claimed it, and handed it over to the king of France in exchange for territory elsewhere. At Avignon, once the country-seat of the popes, and afterwards the residence of the anti-popes in the days of the great schism, we smiled at the practical proof of the papal fallibility which was afforded by the back-handed blessings which the opposing pontiffs sent to their Roman rivals, who returned the compliment in language about as forcible and elegant as that of a Billingsgate fish-woman, or an infuriated costermonger. Our guide-book reminds us that John Stuart Mill died here in 1873, and was buried in the cemetery.

At Avignon, and indeed for some time before, we saw specimens of the olive, though they were very small trees compared with those we afterwards became so familiar with in and around Mentone. One advantage of their diminutive size is that it is tolerably easy work to trim them into a pretty and uniform shape, a task which would be quite impossible with the grand old trees of the Riviera. Just so is it with Christians; if they are to be trimmed and fashioned according to the best models of true spiritual beauty, they must be taken in hand while they are young and pliant; it will be too late if we wait till their habits and peculiarities have become unalterably fixed. A twig can be bent at will, but an old, gnarled, knotted trunk cannot be made straight. An olive branch can be trained with very little effort, but a full-grown olive will "gang its ain gait" whoever may say it nay, or try to prevent it.

The next place of special interest was Tarascon, which is said to have received its name from Tarasque, a dragon that infested the borders of the Rhone, and lived upon human flesh, until it was overcome by Martha, the sister of Mary and Lazarus. The tradition is a very silly one, yet it is possible to learn a lesson from it. According to the story, Martha conquered the monster with no other weapon than the cross, and made him a prisoner with her girdle. Truly, we can defeat the old dragon with nothing so well as with the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; the very sight of the cross will make him cower down like a whipped cur, and then with the girdle of truth which we have

about our loins we can bind him fast, and lead him forth as our conquered and captured foe. The devil can never hurt us while we fight him in the name of Jesus the crucified, and we are quite safe as long as we tie him up to the Word of God. This Jerusalem sword and strong cable will effectually prevent him from doing us, and others who are similarly armed, any mischief; only let us always keep to these weapons, for there are none like them, and he who tries to make others for himself, or to borrow from men those that they have manufactured, will certainly smart for it in the day of battle with the great adversary. Anyone who wishes to know what became of Martha's brother and sister may like to learn that, according to tradition, Lazarus went to Marseilles, and the three Maries and "their servant Sarah" landed on the Island of Camargue, near Arles, when they were driven by persecution away from Palestine, and afterwards Mary Magdalene left them, and lived and died at St. Baume, near Aubagne.

Soon after leaving Arles we came to the vast stony plain called the Crau. It is 30,000 acres in extent, and is covered with rolled boulders and pebbles. According to Æschylus, these stones were hurled down from the sky by Jupiter to furnish artillery for Hercules in his combat with the Ligurians. The greater portion of the Crau is a semi-desert, but under the stones which cover it grows a short, sweet herbage, which the sheep accustomed to the locality obtain without much difficulty. They literally pick up a living where we could see nothing but shingle and sand. So, in the wilderness of this world, the Lord's sheep and lambs find food where the natural man cannot perceive it, and he who of old led his people through the desert by the hand of Moses and Aaron will take care that all who are purchased by the precious blood of his dear Son, the great Shepherd of the sheep, shall want no good thing on earth, and afterwards shall all pass under the rod, to show that not one of them is lost, in the day when they enter the heavenly fold to go no more out for ever. Have all the readers of this magazine the marks that will be looked for in that day? If not, let them seek to have them imprinted at this moment by him who said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Each one who has these marks may say, with the full assurance of faith, "The Lord is my shepherd; *I shall not want.*"

The cultivation of the Crau is gradually extending eastwards. Murray says, "Every portion of it which can be reached by irrigation is exceedingly fertile, producing vines, olives, almonds, mulberries, and corn." Another writer says, "The meadows I viewed are among the most extraordinary spectacles the world can afford, in respect to the amazing contrast between the soil in its natural and in its watered state, covered richly and luxuriantly with clover, chicory, rib-grass, and *Avena elatior.*" The irrigation is effected by means of a canal thirty-three miles long. The difference between the barren portion of this desert and the part that has been reclaimed is an exact picture of the contrast between a man in his natural state and another who has been renewed by grace. When the purifying and life-giving Word of God courses through our whole being, like the canal runs through the Crau, the desert of our heart begins to rejoice and blossom like the rose, and soon it becomes as beautiful and fruitful as a well-watered garden.

Long before we reached the Crau we heard and felt, even in our comfortable sleeping-car, enough of the dreaded *mistral* wind to make us appreciate the precautions that are taken to protect gardens, vineyards, houses, and sheep-folds from its furious blasts. Sometimes a high wall or fence is erected as a shelter from this cruel blast, but in many instances a long line or square of cypresses, standing like giant sentinels, gives complete immunity from harm to everything placed under their protection. What a beautiful image do these trees afford of the true *arbor vitæ*, our Lord Jesus Christ, the Man who is a

"hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest"! When we are sheltered behind him we are at all times safe

"From every stormy wind that blows."

The cypress, too, in another aspect is the emblem of the Saviour, and also of his disciples. Whether it stands alone upon the mountain side, or is found in company with its fellows, its desire always appears to be to get its head as near heaven as possible. Surely this upright tree is the pattern of the upright man. Let others grovel as they will, his continual aim, even while upon the earth, is to rise as near his God as grace can enable him to do, and when he is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, the change will not be so great for him as for those who "grovel here below," for already he lives on high, and has his conversation in heaven. He talks with God as a man talks with his friend, and walks with God as one who wants no other company, and finds his heaven begun below in the foretaste of the bliss of the better country.

Through the delay at the earlier part of our journey we reached Marseilles just too late to go on by the train which we ought to have caught, and consequently, we had to wait some time, and then proceed by a slow train which called at almost every station on the line. The mistral was blowing so fiercely at Marseilles that we did not dare to put so much as our noses outside the station, and therefore had to content ourselves with what we could see of this important city from the railway. From our point of view, the most interesting object was the Church of Nôtre Dame de la Garde. This building is held in the highest veneration throughout the Mediterranean by the sailors and fishermen and their wives, who here have not only come to pray for success when starting out to pursue their callings, but on their return have come again to give thanks for preservation and prosperity. The walls of the church are covered with the offerings of those who, in answer to prayer, have been delivered from shipwreck, accident, peril, or disease; and one corner is filled with cast-off crutches, the gifts of grateful cripples, and with pieces of rope by which men have been saved from drowning. Many Christians might with profit imitate these poor Romanists, and when they have received any deliverance from the hand of God set up a memorial of his goodness in the house of the Lord. How often when ten are cleansed only one of them returns to give glory to God for having healed him!

A ride of about two hours brought us to Toulon, the fortifications of which we had seen long before we reached the station. As we saw the ugly, frowning fortresses, and other works of defence we felt that, strong as they were, they could not afford such protection as every believer has in Christ Jesus. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and are safe." Hidden away in the Rock of Ages, and guarded by Omnipotence, the feeblest saint can sing with joy:

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

In consequence of the delay at Marseilles we had to pass through some of the finest parts of the road after sunset, instead of seeing them as we ought to have done by bright daylight. We might just as well have been travelling through a desert for anything that we could see, and worst of all, we were in a double sense in the dark, for the conductor of our car, expecting to be at Mentone before sunset, was not provided with oil for the lamps in the carriage. This two-fold darkness, while speeding through such a lovely land, reminded us of the condition in which many pass through this world, ignorant of the beauties by which they are surrounded because they are spiritually in the dark.

It is a very paradise through which they are journeying, they cannot but perceive its loveliness, for

> "Dark is all the world before them;
> Darker still eternity."

Cannes of course brought to mind Lord Brougham, who lived and died there, and the adjacent islands of Honorat and Marguerite awakened useful memories of the holy preacher and his loving sister, whose names the islands still bear. The student of history will remember that Marguerite was the prison of the Man in the Iron Mask, and in more recent times of Marshal Bazaine.

Our slow train occupied an hour in getting from Cannes to Nice; another hour elapsed before we reached Monaco and Monte Carlo, "where Satan's seat is"; and so by the time we reached our hotel at Mentone it was nearly midnight. What we saw and learned during our stay in this sheltered sunny spot must be left for a future paper if the Editor does not think we have quite exhausted the patience of his readers by what we have already written. We cannot help adding the following stanzas from Violet Fane's poem "Sunny South," that our readers may realize something of our feelings before and after we reached Mentone:—

"Against the windows sleet and snow
Beat, as determined to the last
To bear me company: I passed
Bleak sandy tracts where dwarfish pines
And stunted olives, tempest-stirred,
Swayed desolately to and fro.

* * *

"But by-and-by, by slow degrees,
Chill nature thawed to greet the dawn;
The clinging frost and snow were gone,
The sky beamed blue behind the hills,
The birds were singing on the trees.

"The sun rose gaily; all the earth
Seemed warm again with love and spring,
The olive leaves swayed glistening
With silv'ry lustre, and the rills
Leapt frost-freed to a brighter birth.

"A thousand scented southern balms
The zephyr wafted to my brow;
The orange hung upon the bough,
The almond flowered fair beneath
The tufted majesty of palms.

"The wavelets of a tideless sea
Crept softly to the rosy shore,—
The overhanging mountain bore
Myrtle and mignonette and heath
And fragrant tangled bryony.

* * *

"'Twas then I felt my soul revive;
The winter chilled my heart no more;
I looked upon that sunny shore
And said, 'I come to life and love,—
I come to thee to love and live.'"

Notices of Books.

The Postman. A Paper for the People. Passmore and Alabaster.

A FIRST-RATE little paper for giving away. Each number is an improvement on its predecessor. It is only one halfpenny, and ought to be scattered thick as autumn leaves.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vols. VI. and VII. Psalms to Solomon's Song. Elliot Stock.

WE are right glad to see this admirable work nearing completion. It must be a great boon to those students of the Bible whose libraries are small. A great deal of useful exposition is given in small compass, and for a small price. Mr. Gray has laboured well and wisely, and he will have his reward in the gratitude of thousands.

The Stars of the Reformation: being short sketches of eminent Reformers. By J. MILTON SMITH. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS book is calculated to keep alive the Protestant feeling of the country wherever it has survived the choking smoke of Ritualism. It is the sort of volume to place in a Sunday-school library, or to give to young men and women. The engravings assist in attracting attention to the history, which is very well written. That a second edition should be so soon called for is a cheering fact; but we shall not be at all surprised if the book should even reach a seventh edition, for 3s. 6d. is a reasonable price, and the volume is prettily got up and well illustrated. The more of such records the better.

The Union Jack: Tales for British Boys. Edited by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Griffith and Farran.

THIS strikes us as being the very thing that was wanted to cope with the shamefully bad literature which is prepared for boys. Mr. Kingston is a master in the art of writing boys' stories; he would have written "Robinson Crusoe" if Defoe had not happened to have done it before him. The style of this paper, the order of the wood-cuts, and the whole spirit of the thing exactly suit its object. Other papers have been too good for the lower class of boys, but this condescends to their weakness, satisfies their love of sensation, and withal gives them wholesome reading instead of garbage. We do *not* recommend the paper for our own homes, but as a substitute for the bad papers which have such influence over the lower order of youths. It would not be so good for them if it were better. It suits the class it aims at, and for that very reason is hardly the thing for good and gracious youth.

A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: critical, doctrinal, and homiletical. By J. P. LANGE, D.D. Vol. III. Numbers and Deuteronomy. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WITH this volume the English issue of Lange's great Commentary is completed, and all ministers and students are deeply indebted to Dr. Schaff and the Messrs. Clark for so great a boon. The several volumes differ in value according to the ability of the various authors and translators, but we could not spare one of them. It is well that the publishers will now sell separate volumes at 15s., for thus a poor minister may purchase a volume or two when he picks up a windfall; but our younger men who are not yet compelled to devour the library in the nursery ought to possess themselves of the complete set as soon as possible. Homiletically, these commentaries are of high value. Often by a single sentence they will start the mind and give it a push along a line of thought, and this is the chief thing that most of us need.

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D. Edited by Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. Ward, Lock and Co.

AN exceedingly cheap edition of this famous work. No one expects us to review the book at this time of day, or else we might say that it is not altogether sound in its teaching, and needs to be read with discretion. Its poetry is unrivalled, but its gospel light is somewhat dim.

Memories of Patmos. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

A new and cheaper edition of a well-known specimen of Dr. Macduff's powers. Suggestive, sweet, spiritual discourses on the principal words and visions of the Apocalypse. We do not accept all Dr. Macduff's interpretations on a confessedly difficult book, but we thankfully receive every fresh ray of light which he throws upon these marvellous word-pictures. May this reissue have a speedy and extensive sale.

The Bible Reader's Commentary: the New Testament. In two volumes. Prepared by J. Glenworth Butler, D.D. New York: Appleton.

This commentary appears to us to be well compiled, and to contain a very large amount of information about the text, as well as of comment upon it. The range of authors consulted is wide and catholic, and all the citations are fairly acknowledged. We do not know whether the work is to be published in England, but its style of production is highly creditable to Messrs. Appleton, and the Commentary deserves a large sale in both the great English-speaking nations.

The Sovereigns of Judah. A series of Sermons. By Robert A. Hallam, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton.

There is so little upon this portion of Scripture history that we welcomed Dr. Hallam's book with a sort of love at first sight. On further acquaintance we are satisfied that our favourable prejudice was fully justified, and we place the work among our standard expositions. There is not much of spiritual unction about the book, but it is helpful as indicating the moral and religious teachings of the lives of the kings; indeed, in that direction it is richly suggestive.

In New Granada; or, Heroes and Patriots. A Tale for Boys. By W. H. G. Kingston. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

The story gives a fair idea of the products and scenery of New Granada, and also brings out in relief the miseries caused by war. There is nothing very special in the plot of the narrative, but boys will find it much to their liking, as it is full of incident and adventure, and it is abundantly adorned with pleasing wood-cuts.

The Migration from Shinar. By Captain George Palmer, R.N., F.R.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton

No very extensive knowledge of geography, of ancient history, and of ethnology is required to reject the modern theories of the origin of the human race, its antiquity, and of the causes of its diversity, and to substantiate the literal accuracy of the Scripture narrative upon the subject. As there are those by whom the Scripture testimony is opposed with much learning and labour, it is well that there are those who are able with equal, if not with greater, ingenuity and research to refute the objectors. The volume before us, if we may judge from the authorities referred to, and from the author's own experience, is as reliable as any recent production can be upon the subject. To those who are interested in both the ancient and the present populations of the two American continents, this volume will be of special worth.

Light, Life, and Love. The Principles of Holiness. By Alfred J. French, B.A. 66, Paternoster-row.

This is an elaborate defence of the Wesleyan doctrine of personal holiness and its perfection in this life. Its interest, therefore, may be expected to be almost entirely confined to its own community. With the strongest parts of Wesleyan theology we are in full sympathy, and we can charitably bear with our brethren's weak points, as they will with what they deem to be ours. Do they believe that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord"? So do we. Do they believe that "without faith it is impossible to please God"? So do we. That faith is before holiness is not so clear with Wesleyans, we should judge from this pamphlet, as with us. Ours is a holiness of faith rather than a faith of holiness. Though we differ in some degree from each other, we are one in Christ.

Ecce Christianus: or, Christ's idea of the Christian life. An attempt to ascertain the stature and power, mental, moral, and spiritual, of a man formed as Christ intended. Hodder and Stoughton.

No one could have written a book so large as this is, on such a subject, without making a fair claim to credit for laborious earnestness. But it is difficult to see how any good end that the writer has set before him can be reached by the strange method and speculations of the book itself. The author's aim is, in his own words, to show that "a man in Christ, built up according to the stature which Christ designed, will become of the order of the first apostles of Christ, and will be able, in consequence, to hold a large measure of divine graces, and in that might perform tasks equal to any that the most remarkable men have performed." Or again—"a Christian man, according to Christ's idea, is of apostolic mould, *i.e.*, greater than Plato or Shakespeare." And in another place it is said, in a chapter on "The Indwelling of the Holy Ghost," that "a man who perpetually receives this enrichment of the Holy Ghost, may grow out of all weakness and infirmity; may come into the possession of those high qualities out of which the most daring intrepidity naturally springs; may have a will and a power of endurance that can far outmatch those of every being who is not enriched to the same extent by the same power; a will that might be made *more powerful than the collective wills of all the inhabitants of the globe*, &c." And in a chapter on "Following the Lord fully," it is said that "as the mind acquires that lofty tone, it can send that burning passion into burning words, can *coin it into mental strength;* and when such a nature projects itself in any work, *it must take the shape of high creative genius.*" And then follows a strange compliment to Jesus, and promise to the ideal man of the writer's imagination—"this is one of the rewards conferred by Heaven on any one who follows the Lord fully—acquiring the character of Christ, he necessarily gets much of the mind of Christ, and with it much of *the splendour of intellect and imagination which that mind displayed.*" So again in the chapter on "The mental result of following Christ"—the true man in Christ "will have a splendid originality, the power and attribute of high creative genius. He will have a compass and grasp of mind far surpassing those of the greatest theologians, and probably will say in hours what they take days to express." And a little later, as if anticipating a martyrdom for what he thinks not far from a revelation, the writer says—"Can we become men as great and commanding as the apostles?" The author claims to be absolutely the first who has dared to enter on this enquiry. Of course he has suffered much from theological prejudice, *and expects to suffer more.* This is his first appeal to the world of *enlightened reason*, to see whether anything approaching fair play will be granted him. Oh, this "*enlightened reason*" of modern would-be-martyrs! It tempts us to parody Cromwell's words—"Oh, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

In the "Conclusion" we are told that "it has been proved that a man may acquire the intellect of a Shakespeare, yielding to the inspiring spirit of Christ within him"; and this is after a review and criticism of Shakespeare, for which real lovers of the poet will not thank the author of this book; and also after an analysis of Plato's "Republic," that will not tempt anyone to follow the author's example, and try to dissect the rest of the "Dialogues." Many other and lengthier quotations might be given from the book, all of which are in the same odd and inflated style. But the above are more than enough to justify the criticism—that it seems almost impossible to give the author credit for having worthily tried to understand what it was for which the Father sent the Son into the world. All through the book the writer seems to be under the power of a notion that what is chiefly to be sought in and by means of Christ our Lord, is to be a big something, or a great everything; only whatever it is that the Christian seeks to become, it must be big. And there is a forecast hazarded that in the times of great things, of which this book is to be the herald, philosophy, theology, art, science, and religion, which "have been greatly narrowed and restricted in their range

because of the false and feeble ideas that have prevailed, will be found to have a greatness and a richness never yet manifested." This self-assumed character of champion and vindicator of the day of big things will prove a vain effort; at least, it is to be hoped so. Compliments to Christ and the Bible, based on a comparison with Plato and his Republic, or with Shakespeare and his "Tempest" and "Hamlet," must go for nothing. What Christian wants to be "greater than Shakespeare"? The meaning has not yet gone out of the Lord's word to Baruch—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!" Nor does our age require the "great thinkers, &c., &c.," who, according to this writer, alone can do everything that is not now done. The ability shown in this work, for there is evidence of power, has been ill-directed upon a half-theological and half-intellectual "fad." The author has written vigorously, not on the practical and blessed life of a Christian, but on a fanciful and even foolish idea of the province of faith. An hour spent in teaching a class of children in the Sunday school, or in visiting sick saints, or seeking sinners, would do more towards bringing back "the days of the Son of Man," than all the time and energy wasted on producing this unwise book.

The Union Tune Book, with Supplement: a Selection of Tunes and Chants suitable for use in Congregations and Sunday-schools. London: Sunday-school Union.

As reviewing music is not our especial forte we have called in the help of one of the "chief musicians," who is as free from crotchets in the matter of partiality for particular tune-books as any of the sons of harmony we know, and is able to bring out of his musical treasury tunes new and old, and to compare musical things with musical. His opinion is in unison with our own, of whatever value that may be; and, therefore, we give the tenor of his opinion, but in compressed score. In this new edition of the "Union" the first part of the work, containing 483 tunes, remains as in former editions; the editor has "left well alone," and that is well. The Supplement contains about 200 tunes; a large addition, truly, but a small improvement, as very few of these are likely to come into general use—certainly not by ordinary congregations. On the other hand, we were pleased to find about a score tunes which have become generally known and approved among the additions; such are Houghton, Evan, Belmont, Winchester (old and new), St. Peter's, Ernan, Pascal, Boylston, St. Cuthbert, Stella, Pembroke, and a few others. Of the rest, many are good, and may be suitable for choirs, but the melodies of not a few are not very pleasing to our ear, though, of course, the harmonies are good. Unlike the old book, the compressed score, has been adopted, which will make it more acceptable to the organist, while it minimizes space; so that, although the book contains the large number of 724 tunes and chants it is not at all inconveniently bulky.

Palms of Elim. By Dr. Macduff. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

The suitability of the title and the popularity of the author of this book will suffice to recommend it to all who delight in the savour of evangelical truths. Elim, which denotes valleys, is considered to be emblematical of the valleys of tribulation through which the people of God have to pass on the way to their heavenly rest; and the three-score-and-ten palm trees bear each and all a rich fruitage of instruction and comfort to those who have come thus far in their pilgrimage. This use of Scripture is well adapted to those who are well grounded in its fundamental doctrines, and can safely take pleasure in their ornamentation. Having obtained the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord from some parts of the Scriptures, they can afterwards "behold the Saviour's face almost in every page." It is, we are told, a well-known tradition in the Eastern Church that when the long, tapering palm leaves quiver in the breeze, they whisper the name of Jesus. Happy are they who can sit under the shadow of these trees with great delight, and find their fruit sweet to their taste.

The Child's Life of our Lord. By Sarah Geraldine Stock. Marcus Ward and Co., 67 and 68, Chandos Street, Strand.

One main excellence of the Bible is that it brings the sublimest truths within the comprehension of a child; or, according to a well-known saying, it is a stream in which lambs may wade and elephants may swim. It is not every one who can enjoy the deep things of God, and teach them to others, that is able or willing to adapt them to youthful minds. It is not every one who is familiar with the life of Christ, and can appreciate its principal antecedents and consequents, that is able to bring all its particulars, as recorded in the New Testament, within the comprehension of a child. This has been admirably done, both as to sentiment and style of address, in the work before us. It is a more faithful and effective life of Christ, scripturally and evangelically considered, within its own limits, than others which have been much applauded in a higher sphere.

Christian Home-life. A book of example and principles. By the author of "Christian Manliness." Religious Tract Society.

Beautifully written: abounding with incident and illustration. Family virtue lies at the root of society, and must therefore be carefully guarded. This most readable book touches the home-life in many vital points in a fine Christian spirit. We should like to see it in every house in Great Britain.

Oakhurst Manor. By Annette Lyster. Sunday School Union.

The authoress displays considerable powers of description and knowledge of character, and employs her gifts in the interests of total abstinence; should we not rather say, in the cause of truth and soberness? She—we would say Mistress or Miss Lyster if we knew how to style this excellent lady—has done her very best to interweave evangelical principles and motives with her story; but in this she has not succeeded as we could desire. We do not blame her for this; it is her misfortune rather than her fault that she has been educated in a superstition which causes her to believe and write such sentences as the following:—"Your mistake was made when you mistook your oath (the total abstinence pledge) for a shield. . . You thought yourself safe, because you had sworn to avoid one particular sin—a sin which, however fearful, is not more truly a sin than others, about which you seem hardly to have thought at all. Well, this oath you broke. To break an oath is no light thing; it is a sin to be repented of. But you, Dick, have broken a more solemn oath than this. You swore to be Christ's soldier and servant all your life long; now, if what you said to me means anything, you have made up your mind not to be his servant any more, but with your eyes open to serve the devil. The cross marked upon your brow in infancy may aptly represent the medal or card; that cross you have determined to efface, and to enlist under another banner."

Was it any wonder that one who began to swear so young—a baby a few weeks old—and in a church, and in a clergyman's arms, too, and who was cared for and brought up by persons who swore for him because he wasn't big enough to swear properly, was it any wonder that such a child should break his pledge? Profane swearing and drinking generally go together.

The Kingdom and the People; or the Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ explained and illustrated. By Mary Seeley. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The parables of our Lord are inexhaustible in suggestion and beauty, and we are glad to welcome this latest attempt to expound and illustrate them. This is a book for the quiet hour after the day's work, or on the Sunday afternoon, if no Christian labour has a prior claim. The illustrations of the principles in the parables are apt and powerful.

Jemima. A story of English family life. By Adelaide. W. B. Whittingham and Co.

A novel, which probably was sent to us by a mistake of the packer in the place of some book which had a useful purpose to serve, which Jemima lacks, as far as our search has extended.

Notes.

We greatly rejoice that the Government of bluster and invasion has received its dismission from the British people, and we now urge all those who have power in prayer to ask for special guidance for those who will succeed it. Much wisdom will be needed, and we trust it will be given.

COLLEGE. The Missionary Prayer Meeting at the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, April* 5, was a season of unusual power. Mr. W. Mann, who has since sailed for Cape Town, was present, and asked the prayers of the friends for the work in South Africa.

Mr. N. Rogers, who has been pastor of the church at Stratton, near Swindon, is obliged, on account of the state of his own health and that of his wife, to go to Australia. Will friends on the other side of the globe be on the look-out for the Steamship *Liguria*, which should reach Adelaide on or about June 26th? Mr. Rogers's removal is much regretted by his people at Swindon. There was no alternative but to see his wife sicken before his eyes, or to seek a milder climate. We commend him to our many friends in the southern world, and we trust he will be very useful among them.

Mr. T. L. Edwards, of Wynne Road, Brixton, is removing to the church at Wellington Street, Luton; Mr. G. J. Knight, late of Chelsea, is about to take the oversight of the church at Trinity Road, Tooting; and Mr. J. A. Soper has left the East End Conference Hall to become the pastor at Lordship Lane, Dulwich. Mr. J. Easter, having completed his College course, has settled at Bildestone, Suffolk.

The Annual Conference is being held just as the Magazine is in the hands of the printers, but we shall hope to give our readers a report of the proceedings next month.

ORPHANAGE. The Quarterly Collectors' Meeting was held at the Orphanage on *Tuesday, March* 30. The President, C. H. Spurgeon, was in the chair, and there was a good attendance of collectors and friends. A little over £100 was sent by post or brought in on the day. During the evening the boys and girls sang and recited, the President gave a report of the progress of the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, Mr. Nicholas, Secretary of the Earlswood Asylum, delivered his interesting lecture on "Dogs," and Mr. Courtenay and the Southwark Choral Society gave a selection of vocal music in their usual first-class style. We believe that everybody was delighted with the meeting.

Special Notice to all friends of the Orphanage. In consequence of June 19th falling on a Saturday this year, we hope to hold our ANNUAL FÊTE on the following *Tuesday, June* 22. We give timely notice in order that all our friends, both far and near, may arrange, if possible, to be with us at the laying of the foundation stones of the new buildings for girls. If we could see the larger part of the needful funds it would be indeed a happy day for us. Why should it not be so?

COLPORTAGE.—The work of the Colportage Association continues to move a little in the desired direction, and we are glad to report the addition to our list of two new districts—one being in Preston, Lancashire, and the other at Malmesbury, Wiltshire. There is a good opening for work in both districts, and friends have come forward to guarantee £40 a-year towards the support of the colporteur. May a rich blessing accompany the new efforts. Subscribers should, however, remember that for every new man we take we need £20 over and above the guaranteed amount.

The annual meeting is fixed for Monday, May 3rd, when the president, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, will preside; and Dr. Manning, Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, will give an address. There will also be the addresses of the colporteurs themselves, which are always full of interest. About twenty-five of the agents will be brought up from their respective districts, and will meet for conference and prayer with the committee, and other friends, on the previous day, when we hope for much spiritual blessing. In the meantime, our General Fund needs the generous help of all our friends. Contributions will be thankfully received by the secretary, from whom full information may be obtained. The annual report for 1879 will also be sent to any address on receipt of a half-penny postage stamp. Address Mr. W. Corden Jones, Secretary, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple-street, London, S.E.

EVANGELISTS. The general election has somewhat interfered with the movements of the Evangelists during the past month, but on the whole much good work has been done. On March 20 Messrs. Smith and Fullerton started at Northampton.

It was deemed an unfortunate time for special services, but at the end of the first week Mr. Spanswick's chapel was not large enough, and an adjournment to Mr. Brown's larger building took place. This was quite crowded, even on the day of the election, when many were kept indoors out of fear of riots. The Afternoon Bible Readings gradually grew in size and power, and were blessed to many. During the fortnight that the Evangelists were in the town several wavorers decided for Christ, and some backsliders were restored. A correspondent writes to us:—"The amount of good done by their simple but deeply spiritual services only the Searcher of hearts can know, but from the lively interest manifested in them all, I have no doubt a rich blessing will be the result, and many, many in this wicked town will be brought to the Saviour."

On *Sunday, April* 4, services were commenced at Wrexham, where about a dozen churches united in the work. No less than seven meetings were held on the first day in both Welsh and English chapels. As the election fever was at its height, and an invitation had been received from Brymbo, a mining village close by, for the Evangelists to go there, two evenings were spared for the purpose. The pastor of the church, Mr. J. Davis, thus writes of the services:—

"Eager crowds thronged the chapel each evening, every available place being occupied. On *Tuesday afternoon* a children's service was conducted by Mr. Smith. About 300 children came together; the singing was lively, and the discourse of Mr. Smith was listened to with rapt attention by both young and old. The beautiful style in which the singing was conducted by Mr. Smith throughout the services by means of his silver cornet, as well as the clear, powerful, and effective preaching of Mr. Fullerton, will, we trust, lead to the quickening of the churches in the district, and to the salvation of souls. The congregations were composed of three classes—(1) English-speaking people; (2) Welsh people, but able to appreciate the English preaching; and (3) a few Welsh people unable to understand the English tongue. The latter would come, and they seemed to enjoy themselves wonderfully. It was with surprising delight that the whole audience (especially those unable to understand the English) listened to Mr. Fullerton on *Tuesday evening* read his text, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," in *Welsh*, pronouncing the words with almost the accuracy of a thoroughbred Welshman. We are only sorry that we did not get more than two nights. However, we had the treat, which we will never forget, and the privilege of hearing the Evangelists in our own village for two nights. Our prayer for them, wherever they go, is 'God bless them, and make them a blessing to thousands.'"

Mr. Fullerton tells us that he and his co-worker have received good news from Rhyl, which they visited for three days just before Christmas. No result was apparent at the time except that the people were interested, but the ministers of the town took up the work, and now over a hundred persons, and according to one report several hundreds, have joined the various churches in the town.

This month Messrs. Smith and Fullerton are to be at Smethwick, Smallheath, and Leamington. Just as we go to press we hear that the Bradford churches are sending to us the magnificent contribution of £144 14*s*. 3*d*. towards our Evangelists' Fund as an acknowledgment of benefit derived from the visit of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday Mr. Burnham preached at Sandy, Beds. The services were well attended, and some inquirers were spoken with at the close. The Evangelist was greatly cheered by the news of several cases of conversion as the result of his visit in Oct., 1878, of which he knew nothing at the time. From March 30 to April 4 Mr. Burnham was at Minchinhampton, and there also he met with some who had been blessed during his previous visit although he did not then know of it. The town was full of excitement about the elections, and the congregations were therefore not so large as they would otherwise have been, but a few inquirers remained after the services. Of the following week's work at Frome Pastor J. J. Dalton writes:

"Though we have returned a Liberal member to the House of Commons the people are very conservative in their notions of propriety, and do not like to be disturbed. It was with some hesitation that they fell in with the idea of receiving a 'singing preacher,' yet for several weeks previous to our brother's appearance our fervent petitions had been that great good might be accomplished. We have not been altogether disappointed in our expectations, but have cause to rejoice that 'the arm of the Lord hath been revealed' in our midst. Several other public meetings being held in the town on the same evenings affected our

congregations, but on the last evening, notwithstanding the annual missionary sermons being preached at other chapels the same evening, our congregation was large, sinners were convicted, souls saved, and saints refreshed and greatly stimulated. Could we have retained our brother for another week we believe much greater blessings would have been the result."

Mr. Burnham's engagements for May are—3rd to 9th, Watton, Norfolk; 10th to 16th, Winslow, Bucks; 17th to 24th, Naunton and Guiting; and 25th to 30th, Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham.

PERSONAL NOTES.—An esteemed brother, an evangelist, sends us the following notes of instances he has met with of the usefulness of our sermons. We insert them that glory may be given to God, to whom it all belongs, and that friends may be encouraged to seek still further blessings. Our correspondent gives dates and places, which we judge it better to omit.

(1.) A few years since my father hated the name of Spurgeon, not from any personal knowledge of him, for he had never seen or heard him, but from a deeply-rooted prejudice against "dissenters," of whom he regarded Mr. Spurgeon as the very worst. Some time after my conversion I came to London. A few weeks later my father was up for a few days, and wishing to see me, I proposed Sunday morning as my only convenient time, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle as a mid-way meeting-place. I so arranged that we met there just as the crowds were flocking into the building. As I guessed would be the case, seeing such crowds pressing in, my father could not resist the temptation to follow. Passionately fond of singing, he was quite overcome, and wept under the opening hymn—"All hail the power," etc. Thus the way was prepared for what followed. "Deep calleth unto deep" was the text. So impressed was my father by that sermon, that from that Sunday he took in the sermons weekly until the time of his death. Of the particular sermon, "Deep calleth unto deep," (No. 865,) he purchased many and lent them to his neighbours. From that time there was no man in his estimation like the preacher, and for some time before his death the weekly sermon was his only spiritual food. He did not die triumphantly as an *experienced Christian*, but peacefully passed away, assuring all that he had now no fear of death: and I am thankful to testify that what light and peace he had came through the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sermons.

(2.) A very popular and useful evangelical clergyman passed to his reward a few years ago. At the height of his popularity, when travelling through Kent, he happened to leave his small bag at a certain railway station. After the train was gone a porter found the bag, and brought it to the station-master, whose duty it was to open it, and search for some mark of ownership. All that the bag contained was Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, well worn, and marked here and there. An hour later came a telegram, saying, "Kindly forward to —— the bag left by the Rev. ——."

(3.) Some time since, when labouring at S——, in conversation with my host—the only stationer in the place—I enquired if he had many readers of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. He replied, "Only *two;* one a Ritualistic churchwarden, and the other a Roman Catholic priest." Right glad was I to find the sermons read by such unlikely persons. May God bless them.

(4.) At M——, a good old Christian informed me that he was led to publicly confess Christ by hearing Mr. Spurgeon. Many years since, he was sitting in the gallery as a spectator during the Lord's supper at the Tabernacle, when the pastor, addressing a few words to spectators, looked straight at him, and said, "You ought not to be there; *this* is your place, at the table with God's people; having yielded your heart to Him, why longer remain outside?" The old man returned to his country home, and at the very first opportunity was baptized, and joined the church of Christ in that place.

(5.) At E—— the most useful pair in connection with the Baptist church informed me that they were both awakened, and gradually led into the light, and then convinced of their duty to be baptized and unite with God's people, all by reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, although they have never seen nor heard the preacher.

(6.) Recently at B——, in reply to the question, "Are you a Christian?" I received the following answer—"Oh, yes; bless the Lord, I have known him these twenty years! I found him under Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on Jonah, which he preached here twenty years ago. That was the only time I ever saw or heard him.

(7.) At N——, a young man informed me that he had not seen Mr. Spurgeon, but that he had a deep affection for him, for his sermons had shown him his lost condition, and led him to trust in Christ; and the weekly issue of the sermon was his weekly feast.

(8.) At the same place, an old man came up to me and said, "You know Mr.

Spurgeon, do you not?" "Yes." "Then, will you give my love to him?" "What name, sir?" "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon will not know me by name, but *by-and-by* he will know me, for I shall know him and make myself known to him; he is my spiritual father. Twenty years ago I heard him at Aberdare. The word woke me up. I struggled against it for a whole year; and at last grace conquered me. My wife and I have ever since been members of the Baptist Church at A——; and my two daughters are both in church fellowship."

A clergyman of the Church of England, writing to Mrs. Spurgeon for a grant of books, says:—"Your husband has, by the publication of a most useful book, *Commenting and Commentaries*, done more than a little in forming my taste, and adding to my desire for books. This book was my consulting guide while at college, and has been of great service to me since in using the libraries of friends, and in making purchases." We are glad of this testimony, for the work cost us great labour and expense, and it is not known as it should be.

A Baptist minister in North America, writes:—"Mr. Spurgeon's writings have done more for me than the writings of any other uninspired man. Indeed, his influence is felt the wide world over. In the back-woods of this island a dying man the other week confessed that his soul had been impressed and enlightened by a sermon published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*; while Baptists out here speak of 'praying for Mr. Spurgeon' as a special duty. I have also discovered that preachers of other denominations are using these sermons, from introduction to conclusion, and after the service it is somewhat amusing to find the volume under the seat of the sleigh."

The following touching epistle comes from far-away *Florida*:—

"My dear brother in Christ,—Once upon a time a wealthy man, who owned many gardens, sent one of his gardeners to water the plants. The gardener went and adjusted the hose, turned the tap, and watered them far and near. Many of them were near him, but far away in a corner of the garden, farthest from the gardener, was a frail flower, that had long been pining for the refreshing showers. The gardener, not knowing its need, nevertheless turned the hose in that direction, and the drooping plant revived and bloomed afresh to delight all who chanced to come near it, and it loved the master *and the instrument*, though the latter was unknown.

"Several weeks ago I lay ill, far away from London, in the wilds of Florida. Weak and faint-hearted I lay pondering on the strange providence of the Master when one of your sermons was placed in my hands. The refreshing shower revived me and gave me fresh hope and courage, and I rose from my sick couch to strive still more earnestly to gain access to the hearts of those by whom I am surrounded, and to-day, in a small class that I have formed out here in the wilderness, the Lord made his presence felt, and blessed us with an awakening that I have never seen here before, and tears of repentance were shed by many. I was so full of joy and gratitude to God that I felt, indeed I longed, to let you know that your influence as an instrument had even reached this place."

We have received a quaint letter from Michigan, from which we take a few extracts:—"I have read your sermons many years, they are marrow and fatness to my soul. Toil on, O servant of Jesus. You gave me a pretty good lesson in your sermon entitled 'The Dromedaries' (No. 1504). I enclose you twenty-five dollars to buy 'straw' for your dromedaries; I leave the word 'barley' for such persons as the lady who gave £20,000. I have just been reading *John Ploughman's Talk*. I think you are pretty tough on us slow folks, but if we all could keep up with you don't you think the world would run off her track in less than twenty-four hours?"

The following cheering testimony reaches us from the province of *Quebec*:—

"My dear Sir,—Since reading a sermon delivered by you a long time ago on the text 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (No. 293), and in which you set forth the great sin of unbelief, I have felt a strong desire to write to you and strengthen your hands by letting you know that your labour is not in vain, as I for one can testify to the great good derived from that and other sermons of yours. My father, before we left Scotland seven years ago, always got your sermons, as well as your *Sword and Trowel*, and having derived great benefit from them he carefully put them away. About a year ago my brother sent me a few of those old sermons, which I read, and glory be to God, opened my eyes while reading that sermon, and since then I have found peace in believing."

A friend in *Sydney* writes as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It seems natural when help is given to acknowledge it, and I hope, therefore, you will not think that I am taking a liberty in writing to thank you for the great assistance you have been to me personally through the medium of two of your published sermons.

"The two sermons I refer to were entitled 'Prayer perfumed with praise' (No. 1469) and 'Mistrust of God deplored and denounced' (No. 1498). By reading these I have been led to exercise faith in a way never thought of before, and as a result have experienced a confidence sufficient to secure a long-desired blessing of a very practical kind, and though the responsibility attaching to such new circumstances is great, the assurance given that I shall be upheld according to his word, and not be ashamed of my hope, is far greater.

"Allow me, then, to thank you on my own behalf, and also on the part of another, for the blessing your sermons have been."

A sister in Christ in *Victoria* says:—

"My dear Sir,—I have often felt inclined to write you these last twelve years. At that time I lost a darling boy; everything seemed dark, and nothing brought me any comfort. The Word of God, that had been my stay through many similar trials, was all darkness to me. A friend brought me one of your sermons, and asked me to allow her to read it. At first I refused, but at last consented. I forget the title, but it was that everything was ordered by God—no chance. I felt all the time my friend was reading afraid to breathe. I could only say, 'Go on, go on.' When she had finished it I leaped from my couch, and said, 'All is right, thank God, my dark mind is all light again.' I have had similar trials since, and many other trials, but I could say from my heart, 'Thy will be done, it is all right.' At this time my husband ordered your sermons monthly, and we still continue to do so. Every Sunday evening we read one of them aloud for all to hear, and afterwards I send them into 'the bush.' My dear sir, go on and preach what you feel. It has often been a great comfort to us that you seemed to feel just as we felt."

"The son of red Kaffirs or raw Kaffirs" sends us the following note from *Port Elizabeth, South Africa*:—

"Dear Sir,—I don't know how to describe my joy and my feelings in this present moment. We never did see each other face to face, but still there is something between you and me which guided me to make these few lines for you. One day as I was going to my daily work I met a friend of mine in the street. We spoke about the Word of God, and he asked me whether I had ever seen one of Mr. Spurgeon's books. I said, 'What Mr. Spurgeon is that? One of the independent ministers in London?' and I said, 'No, I never saw such a book in my life.' He said he bought it from the bookseller. I asked the name of the book, and he said it was the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, and I went straight to the shop and bought one. I have read a good bit of it. On my reading it I arrived on a place where Job said, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' I am sure I can't tell how to describe the goodness you have done to us, we black people of South Africa. We are not black only outside, even inside; I wouldn't mind to be a black man only in colour. It is a terrible thing to be a black man from the soul to the skin; but still I am very glad to say your sermons have done something good to me. May the Lord bless your efforts, and prosper your work. May it please him to gain many sons into his glory through you as his instrument, not only in London, but also in Africa."

From *Denmark* we have received a most interesting communication, from which we extract the following:—"Through twelve of your sermons, which are translated into Danish, I and my household have this winter been acquainted with your Christian announcement, and we thank you for every clearing and edifying word. We seceded from the Established Church a year ago, because we have so evidently seen the tragical consequences of the connection between the Church and the State, and we could not possibly act contrary to the conviction forced upon us by the reading of the New Testament, viz. the incorrectness of the infant baptism."

Two missionaries in one of the isles of *Greece* write:—"We read every Sunday a sermon; many times it is one of your sermons. Last Sunday the one we read was 'The Good Samaritan' (No. 1360). It made a deep impression on our minds. Your sermons are to us like rain upon a dry land. We have no church to attend, and no friends to associate with."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 18th, fourteen; 25th, thirteen; April 1st, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 13th to April 15th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. J. P. Chown	2	2	0
Mr Fred Benham	5	5	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	6
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. Murdoch	1	0	0
An afflicted Missionary in India ...	0	10	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	25	0	0
A Friend, Stirling	1	0	0
Mr. John Deverell...	1	10	11
C. S. F.	0	5	0
"Freewill offerings from our Mission Hall," per Mr. A. Ross	7	4	0
Mr. W. Fullerton	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	12	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Messrs. Riddle and Couchman	2	2	0
Dr. E. Cronin	2	2	0
Mrs. Burt	2	2	0
Legacy of the late Mrs. Ann Gregory, per Mr. W. Gregory	43	6	8
Mr. T. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	1	1	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. J. Firman, per Rev. J. Hollingshead	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Mitchell	0	10	0
Collection at Hemyock and Sainthill, per Rev. A. Pidgeon	0	14	6
Collection at Appledore, per Rev. H. A. Fletcher	1	5	0
Collection at Wynne Road, Brixton, per Rev. T. S. Edwards	4	10	0
Collected by Pastor J. F. Foster, Wick	1	12	2
Pastor W. W. Haines	0	10	0
Collection at Chepstow, per Pastor W. L. Mayo	1	5	0
Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	0
Collection at Octavius Street, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honor	1	18	6
Collection at Bromley, Kent, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	2	0
Friends at Halstead, per Pastor E. Morley	1	12	6
Collection at Rattlesden, per Pastor J. Hollingshead	2	9	10
Freewill Offerings at Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley	3	12	0
Mr. John Barton, Haydock	0	5	0
Pastor C. D. Crouch, Shoreham ...	2	10	0
A Friend, per Pastor A. A. Rees ...	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. Martha Murray	2	0	0
"Our son James' first gift"	1	0	0
Pastor T. D. Cameron	1	0	0
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
"Dear Granny"	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	0	10	0
G. G., near John o'Groat's	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	5	0
Mrs. C. Priestman...	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Ditto (Missions)...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
"A Catholic Clergyman"	1	1	0
Mr. Benjamin Venables	3	2	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	1	0	0
Mr. James Betts	10	0	0
Mr. W. M. Smith	5	5	0
Mrs. Faulconer	20	0	0
Miss Steedman	10	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Tucker	20	0	0
Mr. John Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Cross	5	0	0
"Philotheos"	2	2	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Rev. E. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. A. Macmicoll	1	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
March 15	37	18	4
,, 21	41	3	11
,, 28	31	13	9
April 4	29	8	10
,, 11	41	4	5
	184	9	3
Annual Subscription:			
Mr. Joel Evered	1	0	0
	£465	3	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 12th to April 15th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Collections at Stansfield Chapel, March 21st	3	6	0
Children's Box	0	4	6
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	6
From crew of "Britannia," Shoreham :—			
Capt. Gasston 0 10 0			
Mr. Davey 0 7 6			
Mr. Benson 0 2 0			
Mr. Mahony 0 2 6			
Mr. Bridger 0 2 6			
Mr. Hunt 0 2 0			
Mr. Edwards 0 2 0			
R. Hopkins 0 2 0			
J. Hutchings... ... ... 0 2 0			
F. Prior 0 2 0			
	1	14	6
H. M., Romsey	0	5	0
J. Ellis	3	3	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Rev. W. Mummery ... 0 5 0			
Miss Humphrey 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Fowler	0	7	6
Mr. John Groom	1	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay...	4	17	6
Registration fee of "Katie's mite" ...	0	0	9
Mr. Fred. Frank	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
James A. Houston...	0	5	0
A Mite from Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Bond	0	2	6
M. L. H.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Tomlinson	0	10	6
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Little Hugh's Birthday Gift	0	1	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Booth and children	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	0	11	0
E. H., Croydon	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	3	3	0
A Widow's Offering	0	10	0
Mr. Montague Pennell	0	5	2
Collected by Miss Knowles	3	5	9
J. A. Barker	5	0	0
Pastor W. M. Compton	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. T. C. Vicker-	1	3	6
Collected by Miss Ellen Thurtle	0	14	6
Collected by Miss Mary Davies	1	1	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
"Free-will Offerings from our Mission Hall," per Mr. A. Ross	6	8	0
D. H. J.	25	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth	7	1	6
Mrs. and Miss Dodwell	0	6	0
W. W., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Milbourne	2	2	0
Cousin Teddy's Rifleman	0	4	6
By S. O. Tracts	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Burrows	1	0	0
Mr. Ross, per Mr. J. T. Smith, Canterbury, New Zealand	1	0	0
Mr. Wadland	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Crofts	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lawson	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage gates	0	6	0
Part proceeds of Lecture by Rev. J. Jackson Wray at Metropolitan Tabernacle, Dec. 10, 1879	7	7	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, March 31st	2	2	0
Mr. Graves' Sunday-school class	0	7	0
Miss R. Perry	0	7	6
"Every Little Helps"	0	4	4
Miss Helen C. Pollock	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. O. Friston	1	0	0
H. O. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Mrs. Setchell	0	5	0
Charles Street Sunday-school, Camberwell New Road	2	2	6
Mr. Montague Pennell	0	5	2
A. A.	0	5	0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Fry	1	6	0
Services of Song by Orphanage Choir at Liverpool:—			
Myrtle-street Chapel	84	17	0
Richmond	31	7	6
Toxteth Tabernacle	39	9	3
Donations:—			
S. G. Rathbone, Esq.	10	0	0
W. ———	5	0	0
James Smith, Esq.	5	0	0
John Houghton, Esq.	5	0	0
	176	13	9
Less local expenses	17	17	6
	158	16	3
W. A. M.	0	5	0
D. Wallis	0	2	6
Mr. John Kerr	0	5	0
Mr. George Young	0	5	0
"Silver Wedding"	0	10	0
"Dear Granny"	0	5	0
A Friend, Cranborne	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus, A.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Stagg	0	10	0
Eythorne, Ashley, and Eastry Sunday-schools	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	0	10	0
Part of a Tenth from the Country	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Priestman	0	10	0
"S. and N."	20	0	0
Little Ernie's Legacy	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0
R. P.	10	0	0
George-street Church, Plymouth, per Rev J. W. Ashworth	0	10	0
By sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs' Chapel	2	8	6
Victoria-road Chapel, Wandsworth, per Mr. Sullivan	3	5	0
Proceeds "Evening of Song" at Denmark-place, Camberwell, per Mr. Curtis	10	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. T. Summers	1	0	0
Mr. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Collected by Master E. S. Davey	0	5	10
Total Receipts at Orphanage Quarterly Collectors' Meeting, March 30th (as per list)	86	15	1
	£138	5	10

Collecting Boxes:—

Master J. T. Frisby	0	5	5
Miss Frisby	0	7	5
Miss Aldridge	0	3	10
Mrs. Ferrar	0	15	0
Mrs. Hutchins	0	18	0
Master Kerslake	0	0	10
Miss Davie	0	5	0
Mrs. Lightfoot	0	13	8
Miss K. Harbison	0	1	1
Mrs. Butler	0	19	6
Miss J. Conforth	0	5	6
Master Coupees	0	6	7
Miss L. Hubbard	0	7	10
Master W. Hubbard	0	4	4
Miss A. Griffin	0	2	7
Miss M. Cotton	0	5	4
Master Doddington	0	8	3
Mrs. Fielder	0	4	6
Master H. Bates	0	5	6
Mrs. Allum	1	10	6
Master A. Allum	0	3	4
Miss C. Hughes	0	7	10
Miss L. Charlesworth	0	11	1
Master F. Baker	0	3	0
Master Brightwell	0	2	1
Miss Betambeau	0	4	0
Miss H. Day	0	2	1
Master J. W. Johnson	0	4	2
Tom and Harry Lardner	0	10	6
Miss F. Crawley	0	0	1
Master T. Crawley	0	1	2
Master G. Abrahams	0	0	5
Master E. Abrahams	0	0	3
Master W. Hutchinson	0	3	7
Master B. Hutchinson	0	0	6
Miss L. Chamberlain	0	11	0
Miss Drew	0	14	0
Miss A. Lyons	0	8	10
Mrs. Gladwin	1	4	6
Master H. Higgs	1	14	10
Alice and Lillie Brewer	0	9	5
Miss A. Dixon	0	3	1
Master T. Charlesworth	0	5	3
Miss Grant	0	10	7
Miss Hudson	0	12	10
Miss E. Fry	0	7	3
Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	11
Mrs. Hurst	0	1	10
Miss Burman	0	7	5
Master F. Horne	0	2	0
Miss Bowser	0	2	8
Miss Bennington	0	11	9
Master R. H. Hutchinson	0	0	4
Miss Grose	0	16	1

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Barrett	0	12	6
Mrs. Crane	0	2	0
Mrs. Davis	0	7	0
Master Atkinson	0	0	7
Miss Hunt	1	9	3
Mrs. Key	0	4	7
Miss Bowden	0	3	9
Master C. Fern	0	5	3
Mr. Howes	0	3	0
Mrs. Barnden	0	9	11
Miss Attley	0	2	9
Miss Basket...	0	4	7
Master Ackland	0	6	3
Miss Ackland	1	1	3
Miss M. Curtis	0	12	9
Carter Street Lecture Hall, per Mr. Morgan	0	7	3
Mr. G. Ely	1	13	6
Miss Errington	2	6	3
Miss Badenoch	0	12	2
Miss Hudson	0	11	6
Miss Evans	0	1	0
Mrs. Hewson	0	3	9
Mrs. Godfrey	0	1	7
Miss C. Dale	0	5	7
Mrs. Day	0	1	5
Master Anderson	0	1	4
Miss Corsan...	0	5	3
Miss L. Corsan	0	4	11
Miss B. Corsan	0	3	3
Miss Court	0	7	1
Master W. Jones	0	3	8
Miss Cann	0	15	0
Miss Descroix	1	1	0
V. L.	0	7	7
Mrs. Bowles...	0	18	0
Mrs. Hill	2	10	6
Mrs. Emery	0	6	4
Mrs. Burrage	0	4	11
Mrs. Bowser	0	7	8
Mrs. Buswell	0	13	0
Miss J. Home	0	6	0
Mr. Lawrence	0	7	10
Mrs. Gardner	0	6	0
Miss Hughes	0	7	6
Master S. Jennings	0	3	10
Miss Ranford	0	6	2
Master and Miss Nicholls	0	2	1
Master A. Stopp	0	0	10
Master G. Stopp	0	0	3
Miss Viney	0	0	8
Miss L. Wayre	0	3	4
Master H. Perryman	0	4	5
Miss R. Rodwell	0	1	10
Miss A. Moore	0	3	0
Mrs. Richards	0	5	7
Miss A. Wagner	0	4	8
Miss R. Payne	0	1	6
Mrs Pollard	0	1	6
Mrs. Poole	0	4	0
Master B. Ward	0	9	6
Miss F. Tuffnell	0	7	3
Miss C. Webb	0	4	11
Master T. Webb	0	4	2
Mrs. Whitehead	1	1	1
Mrs. Salter	0	8	8
Mrs. Smith	0	1	10
Master Sedcole	0	7	0
Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel	0	7	0
Miss Letitia Murrell	1	7	7
Miss W. Perkins	0	1	3
Mr. W. Ranford	0	4	6
Mrs. Mallison	0	3	0
Miss E. Skinner	0	3	2
Master H. Mills	0	7	2
Miss M. A. Warren	0	5	0
Miss L. Toms	0	13	0
Miss Sullivan	0	3	7
Mr. Woodcock	0	15	0
Master Wickstead...	0	2	6
Miss Wickstead	0	3	1
Mrs. Wear	0	7	9
Mrs. Martin...	0	9	0
Master J. Taylor	0	1	9
Miss Mellor	0	8	0
Miss Weeks	0	3	6
Miss A. Thomas	0	3	7
Mrs. Stocks	0	11	9
Mr. Osborn	0	0	7
Miss Richardson	0	3	7
Mr. H. E. Nicholls...	0	3	9
Miss F. Peters	0	3	11
Mrs. Legge	0	1	6
Mr. Pickering	0	10	6
Miss E. Payne	0	3	0
Mr. R. Mills	0	5	8
Mrs. Smith	0	3	4
Miss McKay	0	6	1
Miss M. Wade	1	0	0
Miss Nunn	3	0	6
Miss Wheeler	0	10	6
Miss Wallington	0	7	4
Mrs. S. Smith	0	13	0
Miss A. Morgan	0	6	4
	£63	6	11

Books and Donations:—

Miss Jephs	1	16	0
Mrs. Gwillim	1	0	0
Miss Thomson	0	16	0
Miss Bonser...	0	12	6
Miss M. Clapp	0	12	0
Mrs. McDonald	1	1	0
Miss Hallett	0	10	0
Master G. Payne	0	5	6
Miss Day	0	7	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	15	0
Mrs. Culver	1	10	0
Mrs. Pope	0	10	6
Mrs. Martin...	0	2	6
Mrs. Brewer	0	10	0
The Misses Blackmore	1	7	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Miss Wilson	1	2	0
Miss E. Trott	0	8	0
Miss E. J. Farmer...	1	2	6
Mr. C. Miller	0	5	0
Master Ambrose	0	13	4
Mrs. Ewin	1	4	1
Master G. Buckley...	0	2	0
The Misses Rust	0	6	9
Mrs. Evans	0	17	0
Mrs. Hill	0	10	0
Mr. Bantick	1	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
By sale of Tea Tickets	2	1	6
	£23	8	2

List of Presents per Mr Charlesworth:—Provisions.—240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 150 lbs. Pork, Mr. G. E. Arnold; Half-chest of Indian Tea, J. Stewart Gray, Esq.; 500 Buns, Mr. Russell; 4 Boxes of Valencias, Mr. Pook; 50 Half-quartern Loaves, Mr. Bonner; 60 Bundles of Rhubarb, Mr. Parker: 1 Sack Parsnips, Mrs. Hill.

Clothing:—A quantity of Left-off Clothing, Mrs. Andrews; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Tinley; 4 pairs knitted Stockings, Mesdames Cambridge and Flitton; 12 Flannel Shirts, Miss Short; 6 pair of knitted Socks, Mrs. Faulconer.

General:—A quantity of Scrap Books, etc., Miss Poole; 6 framed and glazed Illuminated Texts, T. T.; Pictures, Cards, and Scrap Books, H. T.; quantity of Haberdashery, J. T. Olney, Esq.; 20 pieces of Antique China, Mrs. Cockshaw; a Coat, 2 Sheets, 3 Towels, J. N. N. B.

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 12th to April 15th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A Mite from Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	6
Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Mrs. Hockey	0	10	0
"Amica," per F. R. T.	0	5	0
A reader of the weekly Sermon	2	0	0
Per Pastor R. Chettleborough	0	10	6
Collected by Master F. A. Smith	1	0	6
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Misses A. and H. Hill	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	1	1	0
One unknown, yet well known	5	0	0
Mr. John Nuttall	0	10	0
Mrs. Huntsman	5	0	0
C. J. T.	0	10	0
Mr. Charles Clark	0	10	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Agnis	1	0	0
Anonymous, per J. A. S.	1	1	0
Mr. S. Ward, per Mr. Moss	1	0	0
Miss Lee	0	2	6
Bray's Bricks, per V. J. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. —, Unknown	1	0	0
Miss Baily, per Rev. W. H. Page	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Pirrie	1	0	0
A Christian Orphan (S. R.)	0	10	0
An Invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Evered	3	10	0
O. D. D. and Friends	1	5	6
Mrs. Black	0	3	0
Mrs. Watson	0	2	0
Mrs. Kerr	0	1	0
Miss Lewin	0	6	0
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	1	5	0
Mrs. Castle, Cambridge	0	2	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
R. P.	10	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd, in memory of a darling daughter	0	10	0
Miss Lloyd	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses A. S. and M. Crumpton.			
Peterborough:—			
Mrs. Roberts, jun.	1	0	0
J. D. R.	0	2	0
Mr. C. Roberts, sen.	0	5	0
Mrs. Heath	0	5	0
S. Stanley	0	2	0
Mrs. Roberts, sen.	0	2	6
M. R.	0	2	6
S. W.	0	2	6
S. C. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. and Miss Hornsey	0	0	0
London:—			
Mr. James Slater	1	1	0
A. S. and M. C.	0	9	0
			4 0 0
"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all"			0 10 0
A Friend, per Pastor A. A. Rees			0 10 0
Miss I. B. Grieve			5 0 0
A Birthday Offering, L. R. D.			5 0 0
Miss B. Smith's Bible-class			1 1 8
Mrs. Jee			1 0 0
"Betty's Chickens"			0 10 0
Eleanor Brown			0 5 0
A Sermon Reader, Aberdeenshire			0 2 8
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe			1 0 0
J., Middlesbro'			0 2 0
Mr. A. H. Seard			0 2 6
J. S. N.			0 2 6
Collected by Miss Nellie Withers:—			
Mr. T. O. Cooper	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Lawson	0	10	0
Mrs. M. J. Sutton	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
			1 12 6
			67 17 6

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth:—Clothing.—A parcel of Clothing, Richmond Street Sunday School, per Mr. Dunn; 18 Chemises, 3 Night-dresses, Mr. Vinson; a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Hewatt; 5 Dresses, 3 Petticoats, 3 Children's Tunics, 1 Piece of Print, etc., The Misses Harris and Cox; 4 Night-dresses, 12 Chemises, Miss Nellie Withers; 60 pairs Patent Garters, from a friend, per Mr. Spurgeon; 6 Pinafores, Miss Parnall; 12 Books, Anonymous; 12 Linen Articles, Mrs. Moss.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 13th to April 15th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Charles Burrows and friends	0	8	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Mrs. Harris	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Gorringe	2	0	0
Mary Lang	1	0	0
E. Henry	0	3	0
Miss Ann Harper	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	12	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	2	2	0
From Dorchester	29	0	0
Mr. J. Godber, Halam	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clyne	0	10	0
Mr. Walter Good	0	10	0
I. W.	2	0	0
A. Moore	0	3	0
Janet James	0	10	0
A Widow's Offering	0	2	6
Dr. Maurice T. Duke	5	0	0
Mr. David M. Runyon	5	0	0
Miss C. Watson	0	1	6
Anne Stephen	0	12	0
Mrs. Margaret Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. T. Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. Halket	1	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Mr. John Nuttall	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. T. Lewis	0	5	0
Mrs. Helen Wilson	1	0	0
A Thankoffering for Topsy	0	10	0
A Thankoffering for Nancy	0	10	0
Towards Deacons' House	10	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	0	10	0
F. H. C.	0	10	0
Miss E. G. Wright	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Priestman	0	5	0
	£92	4	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 13th to April 15th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Perry Bar District	5	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Dorchester, per J. T. Soundy, Esq. ...	20	0	0
Yorkshire Congregational Union, Skipsea District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	65	0	0
Joseph Eccles, Esq., for Preston ...	10	0	0
W. Hogbin, Esq., for Birchington-on-Sea District	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Vange District	10	0	0
C. F. Allison, Esq., for Crawley ...	15	0	4
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Charlton-on-Otmoor, per Rev. W. Hackney	10	0	0
Cinderford, Newnham, and Bowlais Districts	7	10	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Bower Chalke, per Mr. J. S. Hockey ...	6	0	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0
Cambridgeshire Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
North Wilts District	6	5	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Dorking ...	22	10	0
Malmesbury District	10	0	0
Chesterfield District	10	0	0
	£282	14	4

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
"From an Anti-Snuffer"—sale of Silver Snuff-box	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Jones	0	5	0
R. Everett, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
E. B.	25	0	0
From Dorchester	5	0	0
Mr. John Groom	1	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay	5	0	0
A. B. C.	1	7	6
A Sermon Reader, M. A. H.	5	0	0
Mr. John Hill	20	0	0
M. Wade	2	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mr. Marshall	1	0	0
G. Emery, Esq.	10	0	0
Mrs. Bath	0	5	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
G. Shepherd, Esq.	5	0	0
Amicus	0	11	11
Miss Jennie	0	2	10
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	7	6
Mr. John Nuttall	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
R. P.	10	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	11	10	3
	£142	13	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 13th to April 15th, 1880.

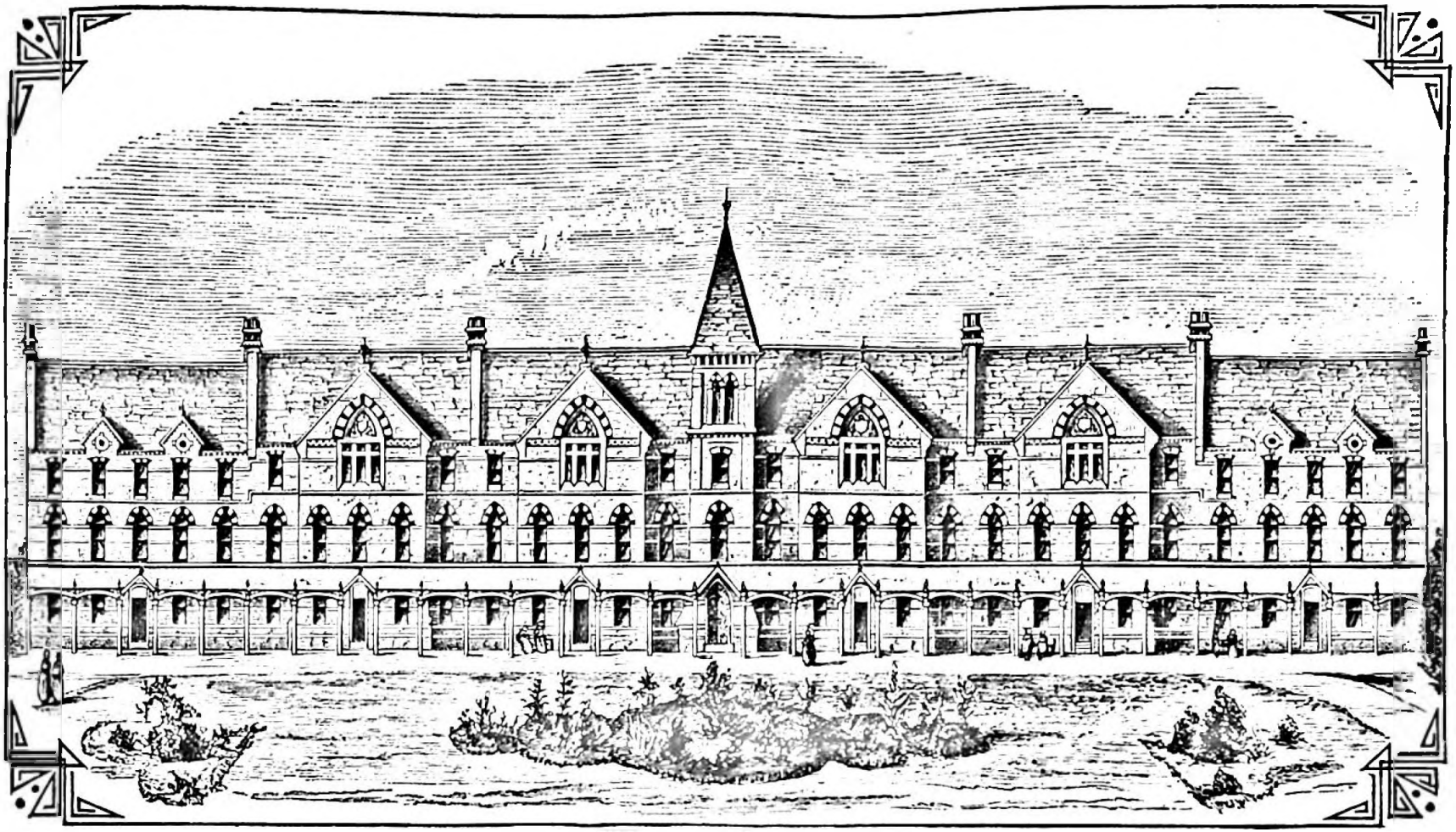
	£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	10	0	0
Pastor W. Haines	0	10	0
Mr. R. Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
R. P.	5	0	0
Per Mr. Burnham:—			
Balance of Collection at Eye	1	0	0
Balance of Collection at Southwell	2	5	0
Balance of Collection at Frome	2	7	0
Balance of Collection at Wedmore	1	10	0
	£33	19	6

Received after the lists were closed—Thankoffering from a Friend, for Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, £100; Boys' Orphanage, £50; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £10. "S. C.," instead of a legacy, College, £100; Orphanage, £100.

Received for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association—Mr. John Coombs, £5.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.



STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR GIRLS.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1880.

Inaugural Address

AT THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT, C. H. SPURGEON.

BELOVED fellow-servants of Christ, our work requires us to be in the best possible condition of heart. When we are at our best we are feeble enough, we would not, therefore, fall below our highest point. As instruments, we owe all our power for usefulness to the divine hand; but, since tools should always be kept in order, we would have our spirit free from rust, and our mind sharp of point and keen of edge to answer at once to the Master's will. It is because I fear we do not always keep up to the mark that the subject for this morning's address shall be "*A New Departure*," or in other words, a renewal, a revival, a starting afresh, a return to our first love, even the love of our espousals, when first our soul was wedded to our Redeemer's work.

The subject is exceedingly needful to us all, because *the process of running down is such a very easy one.* Upon that topic let me speak for a few minutes. To run down requires no care or effort: it can be accomplished without a wish; it can come to pass, in a measure, in opposition to our wish: we can decline and decay without so much as being conscious of it, and all the more easily because we fancy that we are rich and increased in goods. By a law which asks no help from us we gravitate to a lower level. Do not wind up the weights, and the wheels will soon cease to move, and the old clock on the stairs will remain motionless, useless, silent, dead, like a coffin set on end. To keep a farm in good order needs constant labour and watchfulness, but

to let the land get out of heart till it would starve a lark is a very simple matter, which can be accomplished by any sluggard: simply let it alone, or take crop after crop from it and give it neither manure nor rest, and you will change a fruitful land into barrenness, and turn a garden into a desert. It is just so with ourselves. Only do not wind up your soul with daily prayer, and you will soon run down; only neglect the culture of the heart, and thorns and briars will grow uninvited. Neglect your inner life, and your whole being will deteriorate.

I do not know, my brethren, that we can expect to see energy continuous at its full in any one of us. I suspect that he who burns like a seraph knows moments in which the flame somewhat abates. As the sun itself is not at all times alike powerful, so the man who like the shining light shineth more and more unto the perfect day is not uniformly bright, nor always at his noon. Nature does not hold the sea for ever at flood; ebbs intervene, and ocean pauses a while ere it returns again to the fulness of its strength. The vegetable world has its winter, and enjoys a long sleep beneath its bed of snow. It is not wasted time, that ebb or that winter; flood and summer owe much to ebb and frost. I suspect that because we are in affinity with nature we, too, shall have our changes, and shall not abide at one elevation. No man's life is all climax. Let us not despond if our spirit is at a low ebb: the tide of life will roll up as before, and even reach a higher point. When we stand leafless and apparently lifeless, our soul having become like a tree in winter, let us not dream that the axe will cut us down, for our substance is in us though we have lost our leaves, and before long the time of the singing of birds will come, we shall feel the genial warmth of returning spring, and our lives shall again be covered with blossoms, and laden with fruit.

It will not be wonderful if there should be lulls and pauses in our spiritual work, for we see the like in the affairs of men. The most eager after worldly objects, who can by no means be accused of a want of earnestness in their endeavours, are yet conscious that, by a sort of law, dull times will come, wherein business necessarily flags. It is not the tradesman's fault that sometimes trade must be pushed, and that after pushing it remains as dull as ever. It seems to be the rule that there should be years of great prosperity, and then years of decline: the lean kine still devour the fat kine. If men were not what they are there might be a perpetuity of equable progress, but it is evident that we have not reached that point yet. In religious affairs history shows us that churches have their palmy days, and then again their times of drought. The universal church has been thus circumstanced; it has had its Pentecosts, its Reformations, its revivals; and between these there have been sorrowful pauses, in which there was much more cause for lamentation than for rejoicing, and the *Miserere* was more suitable than the *Hallelujah*. I should not, therefore, wish any brother to condemn himself if he is not conscious just now of all the vivacity of his youth,—he may find it return before our meetings close. I would have the husbandman long for spring, and yet not despair because of the present cold; so would I have a man lament every degree of decline, and yet not despond. If any man walk in darkness, and see no light, let him trust in God, and look to him for brighter days.

Still, taking all this into account, and allowing all margin and discount, I fear that many of us do not maintain our proper elevation, but sink below par. Many things tend that way, and it may do us good to think of them. A degree of running down in spirit may be purely physical, and arise out of *the evaporation of our youthful vigour.* Some of you enjoy all the force of your early manhood; you are fleet of foot as the roes of the field, and swift of movement as birds on the wing; but others of us wear a tinge of grey in our locks, and middle life has sobered us. Our eye has not yet waxed dim, nor has our natural force abated; but yet the flash and flame of our youth have departed, and from the style of our speech and the manner of our action men miss that morning dew which was the glory of life's young hours. Older men are apt to ridicule young fellows for being too zealous: let them not retaliate, but cautiously abstain from ever charging the elder brethren with excess of fervour. Surely malice itself would not dare to invent such a libel. For my own part, I would have remained a young man if I could, for I fear I am by no means improved by keeping. O that I could again possess the elasticity of spirit, the dash, the courage, the hopefulness of days gone by! My days of flying are changed to those of running, and my running is toning down to a yet steadier pace. It is somewhat cheering that the Scriptures seem to indicate that this is progress, for such is the order which it prescribes for saints—"They shall mount up with wings as eagles"; away they go, out of sight. In your first sermons—how you mounted up! Your first evangelistic efforts—what flights they were! After that, you slackened and yet improved your pace, but it grew more steady, and perhaps more slow, as it is written—"They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." God grant that we may not faint, and if our running days are over, may we walk with God as Enoch did, till the Lord shall take us home.

Another cause which frequently conduces to the abatement of vigour is *the possible cessation of early success.* I do not mean that it is always so; but usually when a man goes to a new field, there are many unreaped portions, and he gathers a large harvest, which he does not find afterwards because there is less to reap. If you have a narrow pond you cannot keep on catching as many fish as you did at first, because there are not so many fish remaining. In London we are, as it were, in an ocean, and we may spread our nets as often as we please, but in a small town or village a man may soon have done all his direct converting work if the Lord greatly blesses him, and if after a time more souls are not saved it may be because few unconverted persons attend his ministry. God may have given the brother all those whom he intended to bless by him in that place, and it may be wise for him to fish in other waters. I have read of a lighthouse-keeper who puts a rope round the lighthouse, and then to this line he attaches a number of lines and hooks. These are all under water at high tide, and at favourable times the fish bite, and when the tide goes down the lighthouse is festooned with fish of all kinds; there they hang, and the successful fisherman has nothing to do but to gather the spoils. Thus it was at first with us: we baited our hooks, and we drew in the fish without stint. But perhaps later on the lighthouse-keeper peers out

from his tower, and he cannot see, for the fog is dense, the storm-cloud has settled down around his light, and the wind rages furiously; he is obliged to keep every door and window closed, or he could not live, and then he thinks it hard to be a lighthouse-keeper, and wishes himself ashore. We also are, at times, in a similar condition. We are asked, "Watchman! what of the night?" And the answer is, "No morning cometh, but the night thickens, and the darkness grows denser." We do not every day draw the net to land full of great fishes, but we experience dreary intervals of fruitless toil, and then it is no wonder that a man's spirit faints within him.

The natural wear and tear of an active life also tend to our running down. Some of our people think that we have little or nothing to do but to stand in the pulpit and pour out a flood of words two or three times a week; but they ought to know that if we did not spend much time in diligent study they would get poverty-stricken sermons. I have heard of a brother who trusts in the Lord and does not study, but I have also heard that his people do not trust *in him;* in fact, I am informed that they wish him to go elsewhere with his inspired discourses, for they say that when he did study his talk was poor enough, but now that he gives them that which comes first it is altogether unbearable. If any man will preach as he should preach his work will take more out of him than any other labour under heaven. If you and I attend to our work and calling, even among a few people, it will certainly produce a friction of soul and a wear of heart which will tell upon the strongest. I speak as one who knows by experience what it is to be utterly exhausted in the Master's service. No matter how willing we may be in spirit, the flesh is weak, and he who made a tender apology for his sleeping servants in the garden knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust. We need that the Master should say to us every now and then, "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile;" and he does say so, for he is not a hard task-master, and whoever may use the lash and cause the weary steed to die in harness, our gentle Lord doth not so.

Besides this, we are very apt to run down through *our duty becoming routine work*, by reason of its monotony. Unless we are careful we shall be likely to say to ourselves, "Monday evening here again, I must give an address at the prayer-meeting. Thursday evening, and I have to preach, although I have not yet a topic! Sunday morning, Sunday evening: I have to preach again! Yes, preach again! Then there are all those extra engagements; it is for ever preach, preach, preach! I am always preaching. What a weariness it is!" Preaching ought to be a joy, and yet it may become a task. Constant preaching should be constant enjoyment, and yet when the brain is tired pleasure flies. Like the sick boy in the prophet's day, we are ready to cry, "My head! My head!" We ask, How can I keep up my freshness? It is hard to produce so much with such scant leisure for reading; it is almost as bad as making bricks without straw. Nothing can maintain us in the freshness of our beginnings but the daily anointing of the Spirit.

I do not wonder that some brethren run down *through want of association with others of warm heart and of kindred spirit.* I will give you another lighthouse illustration: a gentleman who called to see the

keepers of a lone light said to one of them, "I suppose, after all, you fellows are quite happy in this tower?" "We might be happy," he replied, "if we had a chat with one another; but my mate and I have not changed a word with each other for a month." If you are banished to a country place where you have no superior or even equal mind to converse with, no intellectual or spiritual friend near at hand, I can feel for you. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," and when that sharpening is missed, it is no marvel that the mind grows dull. We cannot live alone, brethren, and yet a dreadful solitude as to our higher cares is one of our sorest trials. O for a twin spirit to converse with! The worst of it is that if we have few to refresh us with their conversation we have many to vex us with their chatter, and when we would fain be uplifted to noble themes, we find ourselves dragged down by the dreary gossip of a hamlet. What wonder if with such surroundings we lose force and run down!

Yet, dear brethren, none of these things furnish us with an excuse for falling into a low state, and *it may possibly be true that our mental decline is the result of our weak spiritual condition.* It may be that we have left our first love, that we have wandered away from the simplicity of our faith, that we have backslidden in heart, and grieved the Holy Spirit, so that our God walks contrary to us because we walk contrary to him. Perhaps the rain is withheld because prayer has been restrained, and the heavenly wind has ceased to blow because we have been too indolent to spread the sail. Has there been no unbelief to hinder the blessing? We often talk of unbelief as if it were an affliction to be pitied instead of a crime to be condemned. For us to give the lie to him who has unveiled the secret of his heart to us, and almost, I was about to say, gone out of his way to bless us in an extraordinary and unusual manner, must pain the great Father's heart. Perhaps we feel less love to Jesus than we once did, less zeal in doing his work, and less anguish for the souls of others; if so, it is no wonder that we enjoy less of the presence of God, and are soon cast down. If the root is not strong, how can the branches flourish?

May not self-indulgence have mixed with unbelief? Have we made provision for the flesh? Have we lost the intimacy with Jesus which we once enjoyed? Have we violated the consecration with which we started? If so, the blue mould will settle on the unsound place. Selfishness will mar our strength and destroy our usefulness. I will not suppose that this is the case with any of you, or at least I will suppose it, and let it remain a supposition.

It is a dreadful fact that *sometimes these runnings down end in a catastrophe.* After secret backsliding comes a sin which is publicly reported, and men cry, "Shame!" Yet it is not that one sin, but the general state of the man's heart which is the saddest part of it. No man becomes bad all at once. True, the single lightning flash slew its victim, but the bolt had not fallen if there had been no previous gathering of the elements into the condition of storm. The overt scandal is only the development of what was in the man—the evil lies deeper still. When we hear of a man who has ruined his character by a surprising act of folly, we may surmise, as a rule, that this mischief was but one sulphurous

jet from a soil charged with volcanic fire; or to change the figure, one roaring lion from a den of wild beasts. As you would on your bended knees cry day and night that no moral catastrophe may occur to you, beware of the sin which leads to it, beware of the backsliding which culminates in it; for if we have not the cause the effect will not follow. The Lord will preserve us if day by day we cry unto him to cleanse our way.

There is an evil under the sun which is as terrible as an open catastrophe—indeed, it works greater ill to the church in the long run,—and that is, *when a man's ministry is eaten through and through with spiritual dry rot.*

I heard an old Indian describe the way in which furniture may be devoured by the white ants. The ants will come into the house and eat up everything, and yet to all appearance nothing is touched. The bookcases stand just where they did, and the trunks and everything else remain exactly as they were; at least, it is so to the eye; but directly they are touched they all crumble, for the ants have eaten the substance out of them. In the same way men still remain in the ministry, and yet the soul of their ministry has gone. They have a name to live and are dead: what is worse than this? One might almost sooner have an explosion and have done with it than see men continuing to maintain the form of religion after vital godliness has gone, scattering death all around them, and yet maintaining what is called a respectable position. God save us from this last as much as from that first. If I am a rotten bough, let me be cut off; but to hang upon the tree all verdant with parasitical lichen and moss is deplorable. A respectable ministry devoid of spiritual life is little better than respectable damnation, from which may God deliver us.

When men drift into this condition they *generally adopt some expedient to hide it.* Conscience suggests that there is something or other wrong, and the deceitful heart labours to conceal or palliate this fact. Some do this by *amusing themselves with hobbies instead of preaching the gospel.* They cannot do the Lord's work, and so they try their own. They have not honesty enough to confess that they have lost gospel power, and so they ride a hobby; and it is a very mild form of evil when they raise some side issue, which has no other fault about it than that it diverts them from the main point. Many are these playthings: I have no time for more than one.

I have known *certain brethren give themselves solely to expound prophecy.* Now, a man full of the life of God may expound prophecy as much as he likes, but there are some who, having lost their love of the gospel, try to win back what little popularity they once had by taking up with guesses at the future. They may be quite sure that if they cannot profit men by the manger and the cross they will make a complete failure of it if they handle the seals and the vials. Did you ever notice in Calvin's Commentaries that there is no exposition of the Book of Revelation? Why not? He said, "I have not expounded that book because I do not understand it." When I hear a man say, "I have found much in Matthew which does not belong to the church, I have outgrown much of the Romans and Galatians, and I cannot enjoy the Psalms, for they

do not rise to the perfection of my experience; I want something more elevated and spiritual, more abstruse and wonderful"; I conclude that this brother is spinning his last hank, and spending his last pennyworth of sense.

I have been amused by observing the manner in which speculators have been taken in when they have left the old ship of the gospel to become prophets. The beast of the Revelation was reported to be Napoleon I., and then the creature suddenly re-appeared in his nephew, Napoleon III. By-and-by the deadly wound was healed, and the Prince Imperial wore the dreadful honours of the prophetic book; but the prince is now dead, and it will be needful for the seers to invent a new theory. There is no fear but what they will do it before long, and meanwhile "our Israelitish origin" will do to fill up the time. In the story of Sindbad the Sailor it is said that as they sailed along they saw an island, and at the sight thereof they greatly rejoiced. The crew left the ship and feasted on the island, and were going to take possession of it in the name of the king, when suddenly it began to quiver and to plunge, and finally it went down altogether, for it was a whale's back and not an island at all. I have known brethren disport themselves upon the back of some novel speculation, when suddenly the facts of history have gone against them, and the whole thing has gone down very like a whale. I have mentioned one of the more harmless hobbies, but some have taken to fancies which have bred greater mischief. Speculation is an index of the spiritual poverty of the man who surrenders himself to it. His flour has all been used, and so he tries plaster of Paris: he has no more gold or silver, and so he coins the baser metals. He cannot prophesy after the measure of faith, and so he exercises his immeasurable imagination. His own experience does not serve him with topics for his ministry, and therefore he takes airy flights into regions of which he knows nothing.

Far worse is it when a man so runs down in heart and spirit that *he has no principles left*, and believes nothing at all. He is a Baptist, but he would very cheerfully minister to a Pædo-Baptist church. He is a Calvinist, but he is not narrow, and will promise to offend no one. He holds certain views, but "a view to the pastorate" is the chief of them, and in that view the salary is the charm. He boasts of possessing large-heartedness, and receptivity of spirit, and all that. He has dry rot in his soul! That is the truth of the case, and he tries to cover it up with this nonsense! Such persons remind me of an advertisement of a school in France; its concluding paragraph was to this effect: "The pupils will be taught any religion which may be selected by their parents." It is abominable when ministers as good as say, any religion will be taught which may be selected by the deacons. Pray inform me whether the church likes a high-toned Calvinism, or prefers Arminianism. It is with such as it is with the showman who exhibited the battle of Waterloo, and in answer to the question, "Which is Wellington, and which is Napoleon?" replied, "Whichever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice." These broad-churchmen are prepared to supply any article for which there is a demand. This is a terrible condition of things, but men do not generally rest there: in the lowest depth there is still a lower deep.

When the heart has got out of order and the spiritual life has run down, *men soon fall into actual doctrinal error*, not so much because their head is wrong, for many of them have not much of that, but because their heart is in an ill condition. We should never have known that some men had brains at all if they had not addled them. Such departers from the faith usually fall by little and little. They begin by saying very little concerning grace. They serve out homœopathic doses of gospel: it is marvellous what a very small globule of the gospel will save a soul, and it is a great mercy that it is so, or few would be saved. These snatches of gospel, and the preacher who gives them, remind us of the famous dog of Nile, of whom the ancients said that he was so afraid of the crocodiles that he drank of the river in a great hurry and was away from it directly. These intellectual gentry are so afraid of the critical crocodiles that the moment they touch the living water of the gospel they are away again. Their doubts are stronger than their beliefs. The worst of it is that they not only give us very little gospel, but they give us much that is not the gospel. In this they are like mosquitoes, of whom I have often said, I do not mind their taking a little of my blood, but it is the poison which they put into me which is my great cause of quarrel. That a man should rob me of the gospel is bad enough; but that he should impregnate me with his poisonous doctrine is intolerable.

When men lose all love to the gospel they try to make up for the loss of its attractions by sparkling inventions of their own. They imitate life by the artificial flash of culture, reminding me of the saline crystals which cover the salt deserts. There is a lifeless plain in the heart of Persia, so sterile and accursed that even saline plants do not thrive; "but the salt itself, as if in bitter mockery, fashions its crystals in the form of stems and stalks, and covers the steppe with a carpet of unique vegetation, glittering and glistening like an enchanted prairie in the dazzling light of the eastern sun." Woe be unto the poor congregations who behold this substitute for life, this saline efflorescence of dainty errors and fascinating inventions. Alas, whatever a man may now propound he will find learned personages to support him in it! Fontenelle used to say, that if he could only get six philosophers to write in its favour, people could be made to believe that the sun is *not* the source of light and heat; and I think there is a great deal of truth in the remark. We are told, "Well, he is a very learned man, he is a Fellow of Brazenface College, and he has written a book in which he upsets the old dogmas." If a learned man writes any nonsense, of course it will have a run, and there is no opinion so insane but, if it has the patronage of so-called scientific men, it will be believed in certain quarters. I have myself watched the labours of novelists in theology, and have tried to get what I could out of their books, but I have been struck with the remarkably poor results of their lucubrations. I have stood by the shore at Mentone and seen fishermen with miles of line and a vast net buoyed up by great tubs, visible far out at sea. A dozen men are hauling at one rope, and as many more are pulling in another, drawing this great net to land. Pull away! Ahoy! Pull away at the ropes and bring the fish to land. I believe that on one occasion I did see them

produce a fish not so long as my little finger, but that was a rather successful occasion! Our German friends have diligently made vast nets with which they have enclosed the sea of thought, and upon drawing them out what a noise there has been, and what a sensation, and what a trembling and a fainting among the old ladies of Christendom; but when we have seen their mighty catch it has not been the tenth part of a sardine. The next philosopher that came along has fitted on his spectacles with due gravity, after wiping them most solemnly, and then he has put his critical fork into this small fish, and, holding it up to be admired of all, he has discoursed upon its species, till another philosopher equally wise has declared that it was rotten, and pitched it back into the deeps. This kind of game is everlastingly going on, and many young ministers have been fools enough to give up the apostolic fishery to join in this stupid waste of mental effort. What have they ever done, these doubters, since the world began? What will they do? What can they do? All that they can do now is to wriggle into our churches, and hiss from pulpits which were once filled by the orthodox. They cannot build places of worship of their own, they could not build a mouse-trap; as a rule, there is not power enough in their teaching to gather a congregation, or to keep one when it is gathered. All the vitality, force, and energy they possess are spent, cuckoo-like, in laying their eggs in the nests which we take the trouble to fashion, for they cannot build their own.

God forbid that we should ever try to cover our decline of heart by the invention of our self-conceit. I hope that when our ministry begins to lose power we shall be driven to our knees, and to our God, that he may quicken us again by his good Spirit.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

"A Continual Tooth-drawing."

WHEN Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was wearied all day long by incessant requests to alter his procedure upon a great political question, he told his daughter that he could compare the importunities of the members of the House of Commons to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing. This is an image far too striking to be left to Sir Fowell's sole use. Many other persons have been made to know what a continual tooth-drawing means, and we feel persuaded that many more are subjected to similar processes.

We should think that a miserly man, who takes a sitting in a place of worship frequented by a liberal and energetic people, must frequently feel, when he is asked over and over again for a subscription, that he had almost as soon sit in a dentist's chair, and feel the operator's forceps upon his precious dentals. His best plan is to give at once, and so end the pain of the extraction.

The same sort of misery must be experienced by the Christian who is always sighing—

"'Tis a point I long to know,"

and incessantly turning over the experience of his own heart to see if he can extract from it some assuring evidence of his being in Christ.

Most of us have undergone this unhappy experience, and even a moment of it is torture: to have to endure it month after month would be agony indeed. Oh for a childlike faith in Jesus to decide the question at once!

Personally, we have heard utterances in prayer-meetings which were painfully like a continual tooth-drawing. They were hard, cold, heartless, dreary, and both as long and as dismal as a winter's night. All of a sudden we thought and hoped that the brother had done; but, alas, he took up a fresh lease, and entered upon another lengthened period. To all appearance he was coming to a conclusion a second time, when off he went, like a shot which *ricochets*, or a boy's stone which when thrown into the water goes—duck—duck—drake—upon the surface. The prayer was diluted to the dregs of nothing, but end there seemed to be none. Oh that the tooth were out! The beloved brother had said all that could be said, and prayed for all that could be prayed for; but he evidently felt it necessary to begin again. We can have too much of a good thing in such a case, and we wish the friend thought so.

Preachers, too, have caused us the same memorable sensation. The style and manner have been painful, and the length of the discourse has made the agony a protracted one. Dragging away at some metaphysical subtlety, which they could not bring into the light; tugging at some unimportant difficulty whose fangs defied their power; or explaining with marvellous perspicuity what was clear as daylight when they began, and marvellously foggy before they came to the end, they have inflicted upon us "a continual tooth-drawing;" at least, our patience was almost as much strained as if a grinder had been slowly drawn from our aching jaw. We were ready to cry, "Out with it, and have done, there's a good man; for we can't stand it much longer."

Worst of all, however, and fullest development of Sir Fowell's simile, is the click, clack, click, clack of a fluent female who has gained your ear, and means to hold it.

> "She never tires nor stops to rest,
> But on and on she goes."

We have felt ready to open our mouth, and let her draw all our teeth *seriatim*, if she would but leave off talking. She had nothing to say, and she said that nothing at extreme length, with marvellous energy, and with unwearied repetition. We have turned our head, we have shut our eyes, we have wished we had gun-cotton in our ears and dynamite in our brain; but our wishes did not deliver us, we were given over to the tormentor, and must abide the fulfilment of our sentence. When the operation has been over we have sometimes asked ourselves what we have done to deserve such a punishment, and with every desire to make a full confession of our faults, we have not been able to discover anything which deserved so severe a torment under the present rule of mercy. At the second sight of the operator we have fled, feeling that it would be worth while to go a mile round, or leap over hedge and ditch, rather than again experience "a continual tooth-drawing."

MORAL.—Let us all be considerate of the feelings of others, for when we imagine we are merely tickling their ears we may be causing them as much pain as if we were drawing their teeth.—C. H. S.

Sunshine in the Heart.

THE TESTIMONY OF ERNEST EDGAR BRAY, ONE OF THE BOYS OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

DURING the history of the Orphanage we have received a number of children to whom has been bequeathed a heritage of disease. In many cases, we are thankful to say, delicate boys, of whom at first we stood in doubt, have become strong and healthy youths. God has been very gracious in blessing the ministrations of doctors and nurses to the complete renovation of constitutions enfeebled by disease, neglect, or want. Our death-rate has been very small considering the large proportion of children whose parents died of pulmonary disease, and other hereditary complaints. Only thirteen out of 567 have been removed by death during their term, and of these one died in a fit within a few hours of his admission, and another of scarlet fever while away for a holiday. With the exception of one boy, who died of scarlet fever, all the rest fell victims to inherited disease.

With devout gratitude to our heavenly Father we record the pleasing fact that all who have died in the institution, not only gave evidence of conversion, but experienced the rapture of saints who are fully assured of their personal interest in the Saviour and of their eternal home in the house of many mansions. In the little books entitled, "Love Jesus and Live for Heaven," and "Little Dicky," we have endeavoured to describe the dying experiences of two of the boys, and now it has fallen to our lot to write of another, who has only just fallen asleep. The realities thus described may seem to some to belong to the realm of fiction; but we ask to be believed when we affirm that we have not exaggerated, nor even coloured a single expression.

Ernest Edgar Bray, the last of the number called to the fold above, came to us after he had lost both parents. At one time we feared he would have died from an attack of smallpox, but he was graciously preserved to us. He was a simple-minded, affectionate boy, but for several years he was possessed of very little moral consciousness. His conduct at times was a severe strain upon the patience of his matron and teachers, and on several occasions he brought himself into disgrace by his folly and sin. We mention this at the outset to show that he had no natural bias towards goodness, and that his Christian character was not due to the development of inherited virtues. The child-piety of the theorists is a quality we have never met with during a long experience; but the piety which springs from a regenerated nature is a beautiful adornment we have often witnessed. In every such case the character and conduct after conversion formed a striking contrast to all that had gone before. The change was so radical, that the second phase of experience seemed to belong to another individual. "From darkness to light," indicates the change of which a new-born soul is conscious; "from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son," suggests the altered relationship into which a "child of God" enters. The change is not a development, but a translation. If it be claimed by some that the artless simplicity of childhood carries with it the germs of a

Christian character, and that children ought to grow up, under proper nurture, and "never know themselves as other than Christian," we challenge the theory by demanding an illustration. If a case in point be adduced, we shall then claim the liberty to withhold our assent unless we can be certified that no radical change has ever been effected by the grace of God. We believe it to be contrary to the testimony of the Word of God, and to the uniform experience of Christians, for the twilight of natural virtues to expand into the full radiance of Christian purity and joy. The divine life in the soul is a heavenly exotic, and sanctification is the result of the Spirit's operation. "Not of works, lest any man should boast," is an inspired dictum, which receives unqualified endorsement from all who belong to "the new creation."

In the case of Ernest Bray, the change in his character was so apparent that no one could question the fact of the divine agency by which it was wrought. It is true, the precise moment of the change cannot be determined, nor can we indicate the special circumstance which culminated in his conversion. From the time of his admission to the Orphanage he was the object of Christian solicitude and prayer, and the subject of Christian instruction and training. Twice every day all the boys assemble for family worship, when a text is repeated from memory, the Word of God read and expounded, addresses delivered, and prayer offered. On Wednesday evening a special service is held, the salvation of the boys being the supreme aim of the friends who conduct it; and on Sundays the following plan is adopted. In the morning one detachment is sent to the Tabernacle, another to Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, and a special service is held at home for the remainder. In the afternoon a Sunday-school is held, the boys being taught in classes by friends interested in the Institution. In the evening a separate service is arranged for the elder boys, the younger ones spending the time with their matrons in their respective houses. During the week also all the members of the staff "watch for their souls as those who must give an account," and the Bible is a text-book in all the classes of the school. In all these arrangements human instrumentality is consecrated to the work of soul winning and Christian nurture, and our heavenly Father is graciously pleased to bless all the means employed, so that "he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Of one thing we are fully assured, that however numerous and distinct the agencies, "GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE." To him, therefore, be all the glory.

In the latter half of the year 1879, it became evident that Bray would not survive the winter, his lungs betraying deep-seated disease. He was very reluctant to enter the infirmary, and bravely tried, as consumptives usually do, to conceal his worst fears respecting himself. For some time after his admission the buoyancy of a child's hope threw the thought of death into the shade, but at length the conviction gained strength that his end was not far distant. The loving ministry of his constant attendant became more and more welcome, and as his hope of salvation deepened into a settled conviction, and the "peace of God" shed a holy calm over his spirit, he conversed freely of the preciousness of Jesus, and the prospect of being "for ever with the Lord." His face soon betrayed the secret of his soul's experience, revealing, as in a mirror, the tranquillity of peace and the ecstasy of joy.

He said to one of his playmates who came to see him on his return from the Christmas holidays, "Do you see any difference in my face?" "Yes," he replied, "it is thinner." "Oh," he replied "that is not what I mean. Don't you see it looks more shining?" "Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, he was being changed into the same image," and he was conscious of the transformation. He often remarked, "I have sunshine to the bottom of my heart." One morning he was singing very softly to himself, and one of the boys remarked, "I know why you feel happy just now, it is because the sun is shining." Bray replied, "It's not that: it is something inside! Jesus!" On another occasion he said, "I do love to talk about Jesus; it makes me so happy. I did not begin to love Jesus until I came into the infirmary. I have loved him ever since, but not half so much as I do now. The Lord makes me happy all day and all night. I don't mind the long nights as I did, because Jesus is near me!" "I want to sing," he remarked, to a loving friend who was visiting him, "but I can't." She said, "Well, you will raise a loud note when you enter heaven, won't you?" He replied, "Ah! I shall sing there! I sing *now* inside, but I shall sing *out loud* then, and wait and watch for you to come!"

Much of his time was spent in prayer. Entering the room one morning, the nurse heard him say, "So happy! so happy! Oh, Lord, may this be a glorious day! Let me praise thee! Bless all the boys! May they love Jesus! Forgive all my sins for thy Son's sake!" Not a day passed, as he heard the boys at play, without a prayer for their conversion, and as he lay awake with pain during the long hours of the night, his heart went forth in earnest supplication that God would bless and save his companions. He said to the nurse who was with him, "I do want to do something for Jesus. Oh! I know! I will try to write to my brother. I do want him to love the Lord!" He then wrote the following letter.

"Dear Brother,—I have much pleasure in writing these few lines to tell you how the Lord has made me so happy. I used to think I loved and trusted the Lord enough, but something made me feel I must love him more. If I was strong, oh how I would work for Jesus. I hope and trust this letter may be the means of making you happy in the Lord. Tell aunt how very happy I am. Good-bye, trusting we both shall meet in heaven.

"Your loving brother, ERNEST BRAY."

Added to his prayerfulness and anxiety for others, his patience in enduring pain was another evidence of his thorough conversion. As he lay, week after week, with declining strength, so that the weight of his bed-clothes became at length a burden, and he was unable to shift his position without assistance, not a murmur escaped his lips. Any little service rendered by his loving attendants evoked a cheerful smile or a grateful "Thank you! God bless you!" How much is true piety seen in these little things! They may not strike the reader, but those who actually see the gracious patience and gratitude know how to appreciate them. He said to Miss A., one of the teachers, a few days before his departure, "I have been so worried this morning; Satan came to me and said, 'What's the use of *you*

trusting ?' but God gave me the victory over him, and I am happy now." She then quoted the lines—

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again:"

and the thought of his final and complete triumph over sin and Satan cast a flush of victory over his face. "He then thanked me so gratefully," this friend writes, "and, putting his thin arms round me, kissing me many times, he said, 'Oh, I do love Jesus, and you! You are all such kind friends to me, and I feel Mr. Charlesworth is a father to me. But do pray for me that I may go soon.'" He added to the same friend, "I wish I had strength to do something for nurse; she has done so much for me." With what little strength he could command he tried to sing a simple impromptu couplet, after the manner of the Jubilee Singers:—

"Oh, come along with me to Jesus;
Oh, nurse, come along!"

Mrs. C. said to him, as she sat by his bedside, "You will soon be home." Putting his thin hand on her face he exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. C., I do hope I shall, I am ready": and then he added, "I will give you another smile." Before she left she kissed him and said, "If we find you gone we shall not sorrow; it will be your gain." He very sweetly replied, "I should be sorry for you to sorrow; I shall be free from pain; safe at home." So certain was his conviction that he would soon be home that he said one day, "I should like a sandwich, and then I don't want anything more on this earth."

There is a charm about the sweet simplicity of faith and hope which makes the religion of childhood a type of piety worthy of imitation. With all the eloquence of pathos Jesus took a little child and said, as he placed him in the midst of the bystanders, who had conceived a very different ideal, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." When the sterner virtues of manhood are toned by the feminine graces of childhood the perfection of Christian character is attained.

While Mr. Spurgeon was in Mentone, Bray was very anxious to write and tell him how happy he was in Jesus. The following was the letter he sent:—

"Infirmary, Stockwell Orphanage.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—As Dr. Wylie said he was going to Mentone, I thought I should like to send you a few lines. The last time you saw me you thought I should soon be in heaven, and you asked the Lord if you could soon be there too, but the Lord has spared us both; and may the Lord soon bring you back again to serve and praise him. I can't do much for Jesus, but I am trying to bear patiently all I have to suffer. I am still in bed, and I feel I can't write any more.

"From one of your orphan boys, E. Bray."

To which Mr. Spurgeon replied:—

"Mentone, Feb. 5.

"Dear Bray,—I was so pleased with your little note. It was so good of you, with all your pain, to sit up and write to me. I hope

when the spring weather comes you will feel better, but if not, you know of the 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood' which 'stand dressed in living green.' The Lord Jesus will be very near you. He feels for dear suffering children. He will keep you patient and joyful. O how he loves! If there is anything you want, be sure to let me know.

"Your loving friend, C. H. SPURGEON."

On the Pastor's return he came to see him, and the visit seemed to yield an equal pleasure to each. The dear boy was full of gratitude to his kind friend and benefactor, and expressed himself with touching simplicity and clearness as to his faith and hope and joy. He talked with all the freedom of a veteran believer whose long experience of the goodness and faithfulness of God had made doubt impossible, and faith a natural impulse. Calling the nurse to his side, Bray requested her to give him his purse, and taking out four shillings which he had saved, he asked Mr. Spurgeon to accept it for the Girls' Orphanage. Such an expression of gratitude was very welcome to the Pastor's heart, and, we doubt not, the offering was acceptable to "The Father of the fatherless," whose smile has always rested upon the Institution. We suggested that a portion of one of the new houses should be built with the money, and be called "Bray's bricks," as an appropriate memorial of "a folded lamb."

In the course of the interview he said to Mr. Spurgeon, "Do you remember I once came to your house, with another boy, and you asked us if we could eat a piece of plum cake?" It is not surprising the Pastor confessed he had forgotten this special instance of kindness, and after admitting the fact, he said to him, "And can you eat a piece of plum cake now?" We shall not soon forget how the child's eyes brightened as he replied, "Yes; but only *a piece of yours.*" It is scarcely necessary to add that a cake was promised, and that the following morning it was duly forwarded, Mr. Spurgeon sending at the same time some crystallized violets and rose-leaves from Mentone. A very touching prayer from the Pastor closed the interview, and kissing the little sufferer he promised to carry a request to the prayer-meeting, and ask the elders to join in prayer for the conversion of all the boys. The message was duly delivered, and the assembly engaged in prayer in response to the expressed wish of the little sufferer. The following Monday he sent a piece of the cake to the elders, with the message, "Tell them I want them all to pray for me to-night, that I may soon go home. Ask Mr. Spurgeon to pray for me, too; and ask him to pray for all the other boys in the Orphanage, that they may meet me in heaven:" and then he added, "Oh, I do long to go home!" Poor, dear boy, the weariness and languor which come from the wasting of disease and long wakefulness intensified his longing for "the rest that remaineth." Nor was it the craving for *rest* merely which directed his soul heavenward; he said to Mr. Bartlett, who visited him on several occasions, "How good of God to bless me, a poor weak boy! Oh, how happy it makes me! I long now to be with Jesus, and I hope he will soon take me, for *I want to see his face!*" The highest aspiration of an advanced saint never reached beyond this—to find the fulness of heaven's bliss in the vision of the face of Jesus. On the eve of his departure his soul went out in the prayer—"Dear Lord, do come soon! Jesus, come

quickly! Take me!" With a peculiar emphasis he seemed to read the text: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up!" During the last night of his sojourn here, the hours wore wearily away, and the twilight of the early morn had scarcely chased the lingering shadows from the landscape when it became evident that another and a brighter day was dawning, which would never be succeeded by night.

The friend who had watched him during the first part of his illness, and whose loving ministry had been greatly blessed to him, was early at his bedside. The first request he proffered was, "Don't leave, Miss M——! I can't live through the day!" He meant, he could not *live here;* he well knew that life in its fulness awaited him in the bright awakening beyond. When his posture was changed to afford him temporary ease, he lay in silence for a few seconds, and then repeated the consoling message which had reached his spirit as by an angel's whisper: "*My lamb, it's nearly over.*" Oh, the infinite tenderness which that message breathes! Jesus was very near, and the mantle of his dear love was thrown around the sufferer, enfolding him as in an armour of triple steel, to ensure immunity from the darts of the enemy. All heaven stood revealed to his enraptured gaze, and the ward of the Orphanage Infirmary proved again the vestibule of the eternal home. "There he is, Miss M——! There's Jesus! and Cockerton! and Dicky!" was his rapturous exclamation, as "things seen and temporal" were fading from his vision. "Can't you see him, Miss M——? Oh, look, they're all around my bed!" It seemed impossible to him that the eyes of the watchers by his bed could be closed against the glories of such a transfiguration scene. He wanted all about his bed to enjoy the blessedness of the beatific vision, and they, too, shared the same desire. Though the lips did not give it expression, each heart breathed the prayer, "Let my last end be like his." With the sting of death gone, the terror of the grave vanished, heaven open, Jesus near, and angels waiting, no wonder he exclaimed, with almost his last breath,—"Happy! happy!! happy!!!" In a few minutes all was over, and another trophy of grace had joined the company of the redeemed in heaven. As the spring sun shone forth just then, cheering, with his bright rays, the world which during the winter had been enveloped in fog, nature seemed to say to us, life's winter months are over now, and the everlasting spring has come; the night of weeping is ended, and the morning of joy has dawned. To the vision of our faith the pathway to heaven stood revealed, and, in the ecstasy of the moment, we could hear the sweet echoes of the greeting in the world beyond:—

"Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
With my own life I ransomed thee,
Enjoy my perfect favour:
Come in, thou ransomed spirit, come,
Thou now must dwell with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever."

As we turned away from the corner of the room, which must always be

regarded as a sacred spot in the institution, we could not help musing over the sweet lines of quaint old Henry Vaughan :—

" He who hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the birds be flown ;
But what fair field or grove they sing in now,
That is to him unknown."

The Value of Tracts.

ALL Christian people admit that tracts are of value in evangelistic work; but at the same time opinion in regard to their worth is much divided. In England they have become sufficiently common to be little regarded by certain classes ; for that which can be readily had for nothing is sure not to be too highly valued. There are even persons to be met with who seem to question whether tracts ought not to be classed among those obsolete institutions which were only tolerable in a more uncouth and ignorant age than our own. There are others who are inclined to ask for the evidence of good results which we do not possess, and in the nature of things cannot procure. In point of fact, the writer or the distributor of small evangelical publications can no more trace the influence he is privileged to exercise on the world than the political journalist, who toils in the interest of a party, can count the disciples he has converted. What we know is, that while the circulation of certain newspapers produces certain impressions on the public mind, the dispersion of gospel books and tracts likewise does something—who can say how much?—in bringing people from darkness to light, from the world into the fold of the church. However mean the tracts may appear to one class of readers, the testimony of the distributors tends to show that they are greatly valued by the poorer sort of people. What the effect would be in England if tracts were invariably sold instead of being given away we cannot tell; but in many foreign, and some heathen, countries, the people seem to value nothing that is not paid for in hard cash. This can hardly be said to be the case with our English peasantry; but without attempting to decide this question one way or the other, we purpose in this paper briefly to narrate a few well-authenticated cases of good which have directly come from the too often despised silent messengers.

We will begin with sailors, who, as a class, are sure to prize heartily what is given them to read when afloat on the ocean's watery solitude. Ships are visited in the docks during their visits to London, distributions are made among the men in port, and a quantity will sometimes be entrusted to a mate or a captain to be given away during the voyage. Some years ago a mate, who had received such a parcel, gave a very affecting account of his stewardship :—

" I never thought of giving them to the crew," he remarked, " until the ship was a long way home on her voyage from Calcutta. I gave them away one Sunday morning, when the ship was in a great calm and the crew had nothing to do. After the others had done reading, one of them, a foreigner, never stopped in his attention to them during the

most part of the day. When he had finished reading, I observed him go into the forecastle and bring out a Bible, which I never saw with him before. He sat down and continued to read until night came on, his countenance indicating the utmost solemnity and concern. Next day we found ourselves in a heavy gale, which blew this poor fellow from the rigging into the sea. We could render him no assistance at the time, it blew so strong; and as we saw him swimming on the old ocean waves, his eyes turned towards the ship, my heart sank within me when nothing could be done to save him. We kept looking on, each moment leaving him at a greater distance, until at last he disappeared, to sink and rise no more until the morning of the Resurrection-day, when the sea shall give up the dead that be in it. Since this has occurred my own mind has felt deeply impressed with the value of real religion, and my need of being always ready for the great change which is to come sooner or later."

Sea-faring men are commonly regarded as somewhat reckless and profane, but according to the testimony of a visitor among them, written some years ago, they are not as a rule accustomed to ridicule the Bible, and they are aware that they would be the better and the happier for giving more attention to the precepts of that holy book. They have many friends on shore whose influence is felt during the enforced leisure of long voyages, where in the recesses of a well-filled trunk some attractive publications are found, placed there by a dock evangelist, or by some Christian landlady. Hundreds of cases of conversion among sailors are traceable to humble tracts.

In London the experience of distributors and lenders proves that a dispersion of evangelical publications among the people is of the utmost possible service in the cause of the gospel. Take a few examples as a sample of what is daily occurring.

In a street running out of one of the western thoroughfares there lived a carpenter, who was disabled by consumption, and who was rapidly approaching the gates of death. Although he was in this solemn situation, he listened with indifference to what was said to him; but when left alone he read the tract called "What Shall I Do?" and this exercise had the effect of making him more anxious and more communicative. The disease from which he suffered made rapid progress; but he was more enlightened, and the tract he had first read he loved to keep by him when it became increasingly difficult for him to engage in conversation. The poor man's death soon occurred, and his wife believed that "What Shall I Do?" became the means of his conversion.

Tracts have been known to become the instruments of reforming both the life and the home. There was a certain poor family, whose habits were no less squalid than ignorant, and not until many rebuffs had been endured was the distributor permitted to enter the room for the purpose of reading one of her messengers. The effect was hardly less than miraculous, for when, a few days afterwards, the same visitor again called, the room and the children were in a state of cleanliness such as they had never known before. The reform continued, until they became regular attendants at public worship, and earnest enquirers after salvation.

Another case was no less remarkably encouraging, for a woman,

locally renowned for her profane conversation, became thoroughly tamed, and a changed character. She was such a notorious swearer that the people living near advised the visitor not to go near her room; but the caution being unheeded, a few repulses were the consequence, until at last the permission to read a tract on a specified Sunday was granted. By what she heard the swearing woman was much affected, and after attending at a chapel close at hand, she earnestly desired a change of life. Having an abandoned, drunken husband, the woman told him of the change that had occurred, at the same time letting him understand that she intended to have no more profane swearing in her house. After this she regularly attended public worship, proving herself to be an earnest seeker after salvation.

On one occasion "The Bar of Iron" was given to a woman who, according to common report, derived a large income from a house of bad repute. Though the woman could not read herself, she was so impressed with that striking narrative that she insisted on hearing the whole read three times, and on the following morning gave evidence of the effect produced by remarking, "I can't go on in the wicked course I am pursuing after what I have heard from that tract." She purchased a Bible, confessed to having been once a Sunday-school scholar, and to having been led into the path of sin at the childish age of fifteen. The sequel was that the house was given up, and the convert as a true penitent returned to her parents in the country. Humanly speaking, all this was the result of the woman having been noticed by a Bible-reader, during a morning round.

A shoemaker in Bethnal Green one day accepted a tract, with characteristic mock satisfaction, remarking that the paper would serve for filling up a sole. While about to use the material for this purpose, he was attracted by the curious title, "What will you do in Heaven?" Not knowing what had happened, the distributor told him some days afterwards that no more tracts would be given him to put in soles. "I will never put another into a sole," he said. "What, indeed, should I do in heaven if I was there? I've thought very little about heaven, and am sure after reading that tract that I am not fit to go there. I've led a careless life, been to no church or chapel, drink hard now and then, and never thought if I have a soul to be saved or not." The effects of reading in this case were that the man attended public worship, gave up his drunken habits, sent his children to school, the change for the better in the entire household being most striking.

"I may thank God that you ever put that tract under our door," said a poor woman of St. Pancras. "I cannot read well myself, but my husband has read it to me. We are very poor, and cannot afford to buy a Bible, but there is threepence we have saved for a Testament." In this case both man and wife appeared to become changed characters, and besides attending public worship, one was found at a mothers'-meeting, and the other at an adult Bible-class held in the parish.

There are people in London who would be almost inaccessible were it not for the tracts; and cases have occurred again and again of persons being converted by their instrumentality who systematically avoided both the visitors and all religious conversation. One instance of this description was that of a man who became deeply impressed by "The

Bible and You." Not only was he himself benefited, the tract had brought another "fellow up to the scratch and made him think." When the tract was lost the man eagerly stopped the distributor and offered to pay for another. Instead of avoiding him he was always ready for religious conversation; he read the Bible, attended public worship, and gave abundant evidence of being on the right road.

Another man, who was entirely illiterate, was accustomed to pass a large portion of his time in public-houses, and when money altogether failed he whiled away his hours in sottish idleness at street corners with his hands in his pockets, and a short, dirty pipe in his mouth. Under such inauspicious circumstances his acquaintance was made, and though he could not read he listened to an article in *The Tract Magazine*, called "The Way to Calvary is Free." He was deeply impressed, and confessing that he had never heard anything like it before, he expressed his astonishment to his wife. He grasped and held fast the saving truth. "Do you know, my husband is so different since you came to him," remarked the woman to the tract visitor, "I can hardly believe he is the same man." "You are right," was the reply, "he is not the same man." He was visited oftener than he would have been otherwise because he could not read himself; and when questioned as to what he would like to hear he would reply, "Oh read 'The Way to Calvary is Free.'" Soon after he was laid low by an attack of illness, and eventually passed away with the words on his lips which had first attracted him from ways of folly into the path of holiness.

A drunken mechanic, on his way home from work, was offered a tract in the Whitechapel-road, and he listlessly asked, "What does this mean?" It was an invitation to "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Mary," said he to his wife on reaching his room, "I have heard such good news on the way home as I never heard before." He then asked her to pray with him, but through being so well acquainted with the man's character the woman replied, "Go to your bed; you are only drunk again." To her joy, however, the wife discovered this to be a mistake; the drunkard was really in earnest, and from that day he became a changed character. Instead of a household living in squalor, the visitor now looked upon "a family rejoicing in the salvation of Jesus Christ."

As a nation Scotland is highly favoured both as regards the large number of colporteurs who traverse the country, and the satisfactory character of their distributions. Perhaps there is no land in the world so favourable to this kind of agency, for the wide diffusion of knowledge among the working classes creates a constant demand for books of the best kind. "It is among these classes, chiefly, that the colporteurs labour, and they maintain the most intimate and friendly relations with them," says a Report of the Edinburgh Society. "They visit them in the cottage and farm, and in the family circle, in the field and on the high road, in the workshop and factory, at market and fair,—wherever they are to be found; and it is manifest that they are helping to advance the intellectual and moral education of the adult population among those classes over the whole country, and to an extent that is not generally known." These men scatter hundreds of thousands of tracts every year throughout their districts.

The confession of Lord Jeffrey, the late editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, concerning the power of tracts, will be read as a striking testimony, and it is given as related at a public meeting by Dr. W. L. Alexander some years ago.

"Do you know I have been very much impressed by this thing," said his lordship one morning, referring to a tract which had come by post. "It has come to me for a long time, and at first I used to cast it into the waste-paper basket, I am so bothered with lots of things coming; but one day I was led by a sort of accident to read the tract, and do you know I was very much struck with it? As a literary man, I was exceedingly struck with this, it was so beautifully written; and I took to rummaging the waste-paper basket, and read those tracts which were not destroyed. Well now, I thought, who sends me those tracts? It must be some good person who has some interest in my poor old soul; and I determined to read them regularly as they came. I always keep that tract when it comes until the evening, and when everybody has retired I sit down and read it, and you cannot tell how I enjoy it." Thus Lord Jeffrey learned to his profit to set a high value upon his own soul.

What more can the distributors of evangelical publications need to cheer them when one Report of the Religious Tract Society tells of instances enough of usefulness to stimulate one throughout a life-time. That for 1878, for example, tells us of an eminent clergyman, of a master of a large London school, and of a German nobleman, who all traced their conversion to reading. Then follow the cases, first of a lady working among the Paris *ouvriers*, who renounced the Church of Rome through reading *Lucilla;* secondly, of a Spanish evangelist, who is labouring in Spain, after a text-card became the instrument of his conversion; and thirdly, of two natives of India who are working for the ingathering of their own people, after having the current of their lives turned by tracts. Then follow cases of a Chinese farmer and an aged native of Japan, who were both reached by the same means. In the same pages we are also told how a sailor became a preacher; how a Syrian doctor became a devout student of Scripture and an earnest evangelist; how a Romish priest cast away error and entered the Protestant Church; and how others in Greece and Italy embraced the faith all through the simple instrumentality of tracts. Let tract-distributors redouble their exertions, for their labour is not in vain in the Lord. Would that the Protestant press in every nation of the world could be ten times more active than it is. Much prayer should be offered for authors, publishers, and readers, that the kingdom of our Lord Jesus may be promoted through the printing of the word of life.

Peeps at our Sunday Schools.*

THE author of "Peeps at our Sunday Schools" has not only *peeped* into various schools, but has thoroughly examined them. His criticisms are unsparing, but, then, the evils he deplores are serious blots in the system, and call for severe treatment. We always thought American Sunday-schools were perfect, but if this writer's description of them is to be relied upon as a statement of sober fact, and is not mere burlesque, we conclude they have yet a good deal to learn across the water. Our own teachers might read this book with advantage; for if the faults of schools are plainly exposed, the features essential to success are pointed out with equal vigour. We insert a chapter on

"THE SUNSHINY SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

It is a pleasure to go to this Sunday-school. The children do not wearily drag themselves to it as to a dull meeting from which they would rather stay away, nor do they make unpleasant faces at the thought of going, as they do when they are spoken to about going to the dentist's. While the duties of the school are going on, the children are not devoting their chief energies to taking observations of the clock to see if it is time to go home.

The apartment in which this school is held is as pleasant and comfortable as modern art can make it. The windows are large enough to admit plenty of light, and the panes of glass are kept clean enough to let the light come through. The walls are neatly white-washed or coloured, and are adorned with such pictures and maps as are both beautiful to look at and useful in helping the young people to understand their lessons. The children are not asked to sit on fence-rails, or other unhandy contrivances of uncomfortable lumber, but are seated on benches adapted to the sizes and shapes of the beings who are to sit on them. Little folks, whose legs are eleven inches long from the knee to the heel, are not told to make themselves comfortable on seats which are sixteen inches from the floor. The heating and ventilating apparatus is in good order. The children are not sickened with foul air, nor suffocated with smoke from chimneys which do not draw.

The conduct of the exercises is of the most pleasant character. No rod of grim tyranny is held over the children to scare religion into them, but they are guided and held with the strong cords of affectionate interest. They engage in the prayer much better than the children of the Sunday-school in the next street, where the teachers do their praying with only one eye shut, watching with the other eye to see if some undevout boy does not need a rap on the head. They sing more cheerfully than if they were driven to their singing, and told, "There, now, sing, will you?" They read the Bible, or listen to its reading, with all the more interest when the superintendent gives an occasional pleasant explanation, or makes use of the maps or pictures on the walls to illustrate some truth which is before them. They even like the Catechism, because it is given to them in a way which makes it interesting.

* "Peeps at our Sunday Schools." By Rev. Alfred Taylor. London: F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

The teachers who teach in this school seem to do their work from a hearty love of it. Mrs. Sour has no class now; she left some time ago, because she thought there was hardly enough solemnity about the school. Mr. Grump left about the same time, his feelings having been hurt about something. The teachers who remain are happier without these friends. They come with cheerful faces and pleasant smiles. Knowing that what they have to tell the children is the most delightful message that can be sounded in mortal ears, they go to the work with the spirit of those who convey good news. They have not come to worry the children, or to cross-examine them, as sharp lawyers examine witnesses, but to inform and instruct them, to make them love to obey God, and to learn the truths of the Bible. The operation of teaching is not merely hearing them say a lesson which they have learned, or are supposed to have learned, at home; but it is to tell them and teach them all about the truths contained in the lesson. The manner of teaching is not such as to make them hate the Bible, the teacher, and the whole concern; but such as to make them wish such instruction would last all day, and to cause them to love their teachers with a degree of affection exceeded only by that which they feel for their own blood relations. The teachers feel a pleasure in studying their lesson, so as to be well prepared when they come to the children with it. Instruction gladly gained is gladly imparted, and it proves to be less trouble to be regular at school, and to teach the class, than to groan over the work of studying, or to neglect preparation because of the time it consumes.

Everybody seems to like the superintendent. The children like him as he stands in the desk; as he pats them on the head when he comes round among the classes; as he meets them with a pleasant smile in the street. Nobody ever heard him complain of his work, or look dismal because he had so much to do. He has a happy faculty of keeping order without scolding, or banging a stick against the desk, or protractedly ringing a big bell. We never hear that the teachers rebel against his authority, or complain that he governs them too severely. And yet he rules with a pretty firm hand. He is a good disciplinarian. He secures punctuality and order better than some people do who are very cross and overbearing in their way of doing what they want to do. Of course, the superintendent enjoys his work.

But there is something in the cheerfulness of this school which is far above fixtures, pleasant apartment, or even smiling faces. And that is the fact that the children are taught salvation through Jesus Christ. They are taught that the Christian religion is the most joyful thing this side of heaven. They are full of it, and they come to school, not only to be entertained, not only to sing fine music, not only to see their friends, but to enjoy hearing the wonders of redeeming love. A secular school can be conducted pleasantly, and teachers and scholars may enjoy themselves in it. But the best school, where the learning of this world is taught, comes very far short of the school where souls are trained for everlasting glory.

The Lord teach us how to enjoy our religion, so as to make those whom we instruct enjoy it with us!

Phosphorescent Christianity.

THE varied and interesting workings of nature have from the very earliest ages afforded the Christian abundant material for edifying simile and analogy, and in the present day some of the most striking phenomena of scientific discovery may be spiritualized to equal advantage. Perhaps one of the very latest productions in the scientific world is that of a substance which can be applied as a paint, and which has the remarkable property of absorbing light to such a degree that it appears luminous in the dark. An article having been once painted with this substance, and exposed to the light, immediately becomes possessed of an illuminating power of no ordinary character; all the while it is in the light it is absorbing it, and all the while it is in the dark it is diffusing the light which it has attracted. What a simile is this of what the Christian should be! All the while he is in the brightness of his Saviour's love he is attracting to himself and becoming possessed of a spiritual luminosity; and the very moment that he is introduced into the darkness of sin, ignorance, or superstition, his very disposition compels him to give out that holy radiance with which he has been endowed. Although this "luminous paint," as it is termed, is extremely durable, yet it requires frequent exposure to the light in order that it may retain its brilliancy; in fact, the longer it remains in the darkness the less phosphorescent are its properties, although a very short exposure to the light restores them. So it ever must be with the Christian. He must not depend upon one stock of grace to keep his life luminous with the gospel, but he has continually to seek the light of communion with the Lord and Saviour. A man, however brilliant he may be in Christian labour, cannot expect to illumine the pathway of others unless he himself is frequently enlightened by the Spirit of God.

Professor Heaton, recently lecturing upon this subject at the Society of Arts, pointed out its obvious utility in marine applications. Life and mooring-buoys painted with it can be easily distinguished by a drowning man, or a distressed mariner, in the darkest night. Oh that there were more phosphorescent Christians in these days of danger—men and women whose lives were luminous with the radiancy of the light of heaven, so that they could be seen of all the world. Of what benefit it would be to the whole church of God if there were more of them! There are a few, 'tis true, whose lives are as lights set upon a hill, but how few! Perhaps if Christianity were thus apparent there would be fewer professors; but the Church could well dispense with those who seem merely to make their own darkness visible, instead of dispelling that of others. Let us each take to ourselves the command, "Walk in the light," for then we may hope to brighten the paths of those around us.

"Walk in the light, and thou shalt know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above."

"Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light."

SAMUEL JOSEPH GOLDSTON.

A Journey to Mentone with Mr. Spurgeon.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 233.)

NOVEMBER 14, 1879.—Our first morning at Mentone was spent at Dr. Bennet's beautiful garden just across the Italian frontier. In order to get to it we had to cross the Pont St. Louis, an engraving of which appears in "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack" for the present year. On one side of the bridge French soldiers are stationed, and on the other side are the representatives of the King of Italy. We did not feel in the least frightened at the sight of these men of war, well knowing that we had no intention of smuggling anything in or out of either country. As we passed them, almost unchallenged, we felt the value of a good conscience, and understood the meaning of the reclaimed street Arab's definition of the difference between his wild and tame condition: "*Now* I can look every bobby in London in the face, without blushing." The Italian guards not only have to perform their usual work of searching for contraband goods, but recently they have had to make most minute enquiries and to carry out most stringent, and almost ridiculous, regulations with the view of preventing the further ravages of the Phylloxera, the little insect which has already committed such deadly havoc among the vines of France and other European countries. This tiny parasite, which when full-grown does not



exceed one-thirty-third of an inch in length, is believed to have been introduced from America on certain vine-stocks imported at Bordeaux. Since its presence was first observed in Europe, in 1865, it has spread so rapidly that already in France alone nearly a million acres of vines are all but destroyed, while half a million more are in imminent danger. Such is the mischief wrought by these little creatures, thirty-three of whom laid lengthwise would only measure one inch! After that, let no man despise the day of small things, whether they are good or evil. It was a comparatively small thing that "brought sin into the world, and death, with all its woe," yet its effects are far too terrible to be despised. Sin seems to be, in the estimation of some people, a very insignificant affair; but, like the Phylloxera, unless it is removed, it will do irretrievable mischief. Can it be removed? If so, how? One of the most successful remedies for the vine disease is the injection of a chemical compound into the roots that are affected; and the only effectual cure of the soul infected by sin is the pouring of the Holy Spirit into the very root of the matter. This will arrest the progress of the fatal malady, will destroy the sin which infests the soul, and will make its possessor able to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit in due season.

Writing of insects, we are reminded that we reached Mentone before all the mosquitoes had lost their power to sting. For the first few nights they annoyed us exceedingly; indeed, we are not at all certain that they did not hasten the illness which seized upon Mr. Spurgeon shortly after our arrival in this lovely land. We were not surprised to hear him say that, like the devil, if mosquitoes were not omnipresent, it was at least impossible to tell where they were *not* to be found. Night after night we heard and saw them buzzing around, seeking whom they might devour, and all the while trumpeting their war-song, like Jingoes thirsting for blood. The lesson to be learned from the mosquitoes is that little things may be a great nuisance. A thorn in the flesh, a mote in the eye, or the slightest stain on the conscience, may cause intense annoyance. One mosquito is quite enough to prevent a man from resting, and one sin unconfessed and unforgiven will keep a soul from the enjoyment of peace and rest to all eternity.

Possibly the bite of a mosquito, painful as it is, is not an unmixed evil, any more than sea-sickness, and other unpleasant sensations. It is said that if a man is in good health the mosquito-bite will do him no harm, if he leaves the wound alone; whereas, if his blood is in an unhealthy condition, there will be considerable irritation and inflammation, and he will do well to search for the cause of the mischief much deeper than the insect's sting has penetrated. Thus, Satan's fiery darts fall harmless upon the Christian who is spiritually in robust health, but they cause grievous injury to the soul that is weak through the want of the food which God has provided in his Word, or through neglect of the holy exercise of prayer, or through living in the unwholesome atmosphere where sin breeds a deadly miasma. The Lord Jesus Christ was proof against temptation, for it was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father, he spent much time in gathering fresh force by communion with God, and the pure, fresh breath of the Holy Spirit was given without measure unto him, and therefore he could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

Having passed the guards, and noticed the insects, we reached the garden upon a rock, which shows in every part how much can be accomplished on the most unpromising soil, if only the sun will shine upon it. The descriptions that we had read in *The Sword and the Trowel*, or heard from Mr. Spurgeon, had made us quite familiar with the various objects of special interest with which the place abounds, and as they were pointed out to us we seemed to recognise in them friends with whom we were well acquainted, although we had never met before. Here, for instance, are the young palm-trees, which afford a lesson for beginners in business, or youthful Christians: they will take a long time to get firmly rooted and established, and after that will come the

season of bearing fruit. There is the palm which stretches its branches far above all the others that were planted at the same time—the only one in the garden which has large clusters of dates upon it; the reason for its extraordinary growth and early fruitfulness being that it has struck its roots right down into a large tank of water, and so obtained unusual nourishment: true picture of the Christian who forces his way through every obstacle, that he may have constant communion with his Lord, and so become fruitful in every good word and work. Here, too, is the great water-tank, which for lack of space could not be made broad, and therefore was sunk deep down into the very heart of the rock. All who heard our beloved President's address at last year's Conference will remember how he exhorted us to be like this tank, and to make up in depth what we lacked in breadth, that each one of us might be a vast reservoir, from which dry and thirsty souls all around us might be plentifully supplied with the water of life. Here, also, is the tree which at one time bore no less than four different kinds of fruit, viz., lemons, oranges, citrons, and shaddocks. None of these are left now except the lemons, the stronger nature having conquered all the rest: type of the man upon whom truthfulness, honesty, and temperance have been grafted, but whose nature has been unchanged by grace. For a time the new grafts may produce some apparently goodly fruit, but sooner or later the original stock will assert itself, and nothing will be left but the old nature, and the old habits, and the fruit of these things, which is death.

To us who had just come from England the garden appeared like a little paradise, but the gardener told us that it sadly wanted rain in order that it might recover from the effects of the sirocco which had visited Mentone some weeks previously. After this wind has been blowing for only an hour or two everything that it touches becomes scorched and shrivelled up, just as if it had been set on fire. Dr. Bennet explained to us the reason of this. It appears that, as a rule, the hot wind from the Sahara passes over high mountains, and crosses the Mediterranean before it reaches Europe, and by that means when it gets as far as Mentone, its great heat is so modified that it sweeps like the warm and gentle wing of an angel over this sheltered, sunny nook. It so happens, however, that there is a break in the chain of mountains, and when the current of hot air passes through this gap, instead of over the snowy summits, it reaches the opposite shore at very nearly as high a temperature as when it started from the sandy desert; and then, woe betide anything on which it lays its fiery fingers! Just like this, it seems to us, is the unveiled glory of God. No man can see him and live. The breath of his mouth will scorch us up, and destroy us utterly, unless it comes to us after it has passed over the hill called Calvary. It is only through the medium of a crucified Christ that there can be any safe union between an offended God and offending sinners. It is in Christ alone that God reconciles the world unto himself.

Our first day at Mentone would scarcely be complete if we did not report one or two of the *table d'hôte* sayings concerning the place. We had noticed how hard the women seemed to work, but were scarcely prepared for the ungallant explanation that the reason why the men left them to carry such heavy burdens, and to perform such long journeys, was that "they are more sure-footed than donkeys, and cheaper than mules." We had heard such marvellous descriptions of Mentone that we did not think we could be surprised by any vision of beauty that might burst upon us, but our first sight of the place made us declare that the half had not been told us, and nearly every change that we witnessed during our stay brought before our eyes new pictures of delight. We were almost ready to believe the legend which says that, when our first parents were driven out of the garden of Eden, mother Eve lingered behind and plucked an apronful of oranges and lemons, intending to carry them till she found another spot as charming as the one from which sin had caused her to be expelled. The story goes that the fallen couple travelled on for many a weary day until at last they reached this beautiful region, and then

the woman said to her husband, "We shall never find a place more like paradise than this is, let us plant our fruit, and make our abode here." The oranges and lemons that flourish so freely throughout this district are, of course, supposed to be the descendants of those that came from the garden of Eden; whether they are or not, it is quite certain that the Mentonese are the lineal representatives of the ejected gardener and his wife.

Paul Joanne says "such is the fertility of the soil here that upon one occasion, a stranger coming to pay a visit to a Mentonese, stuck his cane into the ground, and when going away forgot it. Some days afterwards he went to reclaim it, but great was his amazement to find that his cane was already putting forth leaves and young branches." It is said that this little tree, which has grown considerably since, is still to be seen in the Rue Saint Michel. The same writer states that "the citron harvest lasts at Mentone from the first of January to the thirty-first of December," so that it may well be called a second paradise. Would that Christians could be thus fruitful all the year round!

The "table-talk" at the hotel was not always very edifying or instructive, but on one occasion, at least, the silence was suggestive. We noticed that when the guests were busy with their knives and forks their tongues were unusually quiet. "So," remarked Mr. Spurgeon, "a well-fed church will be a peaceable church. Ministers who wish to keep their people from talking twaddle, and making mischief, should give them spiritual meat: if they are half-starved they are almost certain to get quarrelling."

November 18.—To-day we had a delightful excursion up one of the Mentone river-beds, which was almost as dry as the Jordan was where the Israelites passed through it into the Promised Land. On our way we saw a splendid villa, which, it is said, has never been opened since a certain Empress dined there. It reminded us of the story of the old lady in whose cottage the Queen had taken shelter during a storm, who, after her august visitor had departed, carefully covered up the chair in which her Majesty had sat, and declared that no one should ever sit in that seat again as long as she lived. This was no doubt intended as a compliment to royalty, but we think we know a more excellent way; and yet some Christians err in a similar direction. They seem to think that, when Christ has once visited their hearts, the work of salvation is all completed, and that nothing is left for them to do, forgetting that what the Lord has worked in them of his good will and pleasure is to be worked out with fear and trembling. Instead of becoming useless as soon as we are converted, it is only then that we begin to be truly useful. The heart that has received Jesus should not be shut up like the unoccupied villa, or covered up like the old lady's chair, but every one who comes near it should feel that it has been consecrated by the presence of One greater than the kings of the earth. Does anyone suppose that the house of Zaccheus was closed after that memorable day when the Saviour abode in it, a self-invited but welcome guest, and carried to it that choicest of all blessings—salvation? Does anyone imagine that the favoured spot in Bethany where dwelt the sisters and brother whom Jesus loved was kept shut up after the departure of the royal guest who often visited it? Certainly not. Most likely they both became sacred meeting-places for the saints of God, who there met to talk of the things touching the King who had for a while condescended to stay there during his sojourn upon the earth. No man or woman has ever been honoured by a call from an earthly monarch as the Virgin Mary was when the Lord of life and glory visited her in her low estate,.and made her feeble frame the dwelling-place of the Incarnate Deity; but instead of shutting herself away from the world, as her supposed followers have done, she fulfilled her duties as a wife and mother just as any other godly matron might have done; and in the last picture that we have of her in the Word of God we see her taking her place with the rest of the disciples, who continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, waiting for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

After proceeding for a long distance up the river-bed already mentioned, we

sat down where several mountain-streams unite to form the river. While we were resting a man passed us, and began to ascend the high hill right in front of us, apparently to get to his home. We were greatly interested in watching him as he went, first to the right, then to the left, sometimes a long way on one side, and anon as far in the other direction, but always ascending, until he disappeared above the crest of the hill on which his house was built. Thus, divine sovereignty and human responsibility are in truth but the windings of one road which brings us to our home above, the city that hath foundations whose Builder and Maker is God.

November 19.—To-day we drove to Bordighera, the Italian "city of palm-trees," which we found *en fête* in anticipation of the visit of the Queen of Italy. As we viewed the various preparations for the royal reception, we thought of another Monarch, who often comes where none are ready to receive him, though he brings with him blessings richer than any earthly sovereign ever can bestow. He asks for no outward pomp and show when he appears, but what he craves is a hearty welcome to our inmost souls. Like those of whom we read in Luke's gospel, who "gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him," let us prepare for the coming of the King to us, and have everything in readiness, so that at the first signs of his approach, like the wise virgins, we may go out to meet him, and give him the greeting which he rightfully deserves.

For several days from this time few entries of general interest appear in our diary, the principal items being reports of the daily state of the health of the beloved editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, who had been once more laid quite prostrate by most painful affliction.

December 1.—This morning we had a very heavy snow-storm, a phenomenon which had only been observed in Mentone twice before during the last twenty years. It caused the poor sufferer a further relapse, and inflicted terrible loss upon the peasants of the district, whose whole property consists in their lemons, oranges, olives, and vines. Dr. Bennet told us that the damage to the lemons alone was estimated at from one to two millions of francs. The olives being hardier, were not so much injured, although many of their branches were broken by the weight of the snow upon them. What struck us most of all was the exceeding beauty of the olives while the snow was falling upon them, or resting upon their leaves and boughs. It seemed to give us an exquisitely lovely picture of the child of God exposed to unusual trial. During our sojourn here we have seen the olives when the first rays of the rising sun have made them glow like the bush that Moses saw, which burned but was not consumed, and they have reminded us of the sight that must have met the Saviour's eyes at the end of his all-night communings with his Father on the Mount of Olives; we have seen them beneath a cloudless sky glistening in the clear, calm sunlight, like a myriad drops of dew; we have seen them when the setting sun has flung his imperial robe around them, and clothed them as with a mantle of purple velvet, ready for some great state ceremonial; we have seen them when the moon has given to them the same soft, silvery light that their companions saw on that dread night when in Gethsemane, the Lord of the olives was pressed, and bruised, and crushed until "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground"; we have seen them when the clusters of berries have been so thick that the branches have been bent almost to the earth with the weight of the precious fruit which was to repay all the owner's care and labour;—we have seen the olives under all these conditions, and many more that cannot now be mentioned, but we still feel that to our eyes, charming as they appear in all their ever-changing aspects, they never looked so beautiful as when they were covered with the

> "Beautiful snow from heaven above,
> Pure as an angel, gentle as love."

The beauty of the olive is the beauty of the child of God. "His beauty

shall be as the olive tree." The olive at sunrise is like a Christian when the Sun of Righteousness first rises upon him with healing in his wings; the olive in the bright, glad sunshine is like the believer when all is well with him, and he can sing—

"But I am calm with thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the heights on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise."

The olive at sunset is like the dying saint, clothed with honour, and glory, and immortality, and about to be ushered into the august presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords; the olive by moonlight is like the believer who takes his place in the ranks of his fellow-saints, and shares in the reflected lustre which shines in the church, which is "fair as the moon"; the olive at the time of ingathering is like the Christian when he brings forth the fruits of the Spirit: but the olive in the snow-storm is like the child of God when he is exposed to the heaviest trial that ever beat upon his head, standing unmoved and unmurmuring amid it all, retaining his faith in the loving Father who chastens him for his good, and pouring out his very heart of hearts in the triumphant but not boasting language of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

The beauty of the olive is of such a peculiar character that it is almost impossible to destroy it. A few days after the snow-storm, our beloved pastor being somewhat better, we drove round Cape Martin, where the trees had suffered most from the severity of this unusual winter. Many large branches were broken off, but the olives were as picturesque and pleasing to the eye as they were before the storm spent itself upon them, and so far as we could judge they were just as likely to bear as much fruit as before they were exposed to this sharp test of their powers of endurance, which had apparently at one stroke done the work of the pruning-knife for a whole year. So is it with the Christian, of whom the olive is one of the most instructive types. Trial only increases both his loveliness and his fruitfulness. With many saints, it is only as they are made bare that they are made to bear. The psalmist is not the only child of God who has found it good to be afflicted; even the great Captain of our salvation, the true Olive, was made perfect through suffering. Sometimes the wise Husbandman sees fit to cut off an olive-branch, or to root up an olive-plant, and set it in his garden above, that the parent-tree may yield its whole force in bringing forth fruit unto his praise. The olives have to be beaten before they pour their purple berries at their owner's feet; and alas! often is it the case with Christians that they give but a poor return for all the time and trouble that have been spent upon them until the long rod of affliction beats every part of them, and brings to their Lord a full return for all his labour in planting, pruning, purging, and perfecting them. We noticed that the olives that grow near the public roads are often covered with dust, and so present a very unlovely appearance. We remarked in fun that they represented unbaptized believers, whose bodies needed to be washed with pure water; but in solemn earnest they are the type of Christians whose low spiritual life leaves little distinction between them and "men of the world, who have their portion in this life." If any of us are like these olives, may we hear the divine voice saying to us, "Shake thyself from the dust," and may we in our turn cry mightily unto the Lord to pour out upon us a stream of his all-powerful grace to cleanse and purify us from the defilement of worldliness and unholiness.

We have already mentioned that the lemons were the greatest sufferers from the frost and snow, and of this we had ocular demonstration when the weather moderated sufficiently to permit us to go out to examine them. We found that in low and sheltered situations they were comparatively uninjured, but upon the hill-sides, where they were exposed to the full force of the storm, the devastation was most pitiable to behold. We could not help thinking at

the time of one whom we love more than tongue can tell, who has been lifted up by God high above his fellows, but who in his exalted position full often feels the keen blast of most painful affliction, while others whom the same Lord has planted lower down the hill of service live year after year unscathed. The man greatly beloved is the man greatly afflicted. The family at Bethany that is specially loved is sorely tried.

(*To be continued.*)

The Girls' Orphanage, Stockwell.

IN faith in God we entered upon the enterprise of erecting an Orphanage for Girls, and struck the first stroke on Monday, May 19, 1879, by uttering the following words at the meeting for celebrating the 25th year of our ministry at the Tabernacle: "Here is one point of a new departure. Listen, and consider it. A day or two ago the lady who founded the boys' orphanage sent me £50 for the girls' orphanage. I answered somewhat to this effect: 'I am very grateful for the proposal, but, at the same time, I am not very well, and the times are not very hopeful, and therefore I had rather not begin any new work just yet.' I proposed to keep the £50 in case we did build a girls', and, if not, to put it over to the boys'. 'No,' said our friend, 'you are right in your judgment, but take the £50 as the first brick, for I am fully assured that many more bricks will shortly be added.' Now I propose that £50 of the testimonial should be placed with my dear friend's £50 that we may found the girls' orphanage together. I will not say more, because she never has been outdone, and I do not think ever will be. I do not mean to press this new enterprise just now, but only to moot it, and see whereabouts this thing will grow. Other eggs will come to the nest egg, and the nest will become full, and then we shall have another family of little chicks. I feel as though I was laying the first stone of the girls' orphanage, and you were all saying 'Go ahead.' This is a good note of our present page of history—'Second twenty-five years of pastorate commenced by the inauguration of project of girls' orphanage.'"

With this beginning we set to work to raise money to purchase the necessary ground. First, we had to buy "The Hawthorns" for £4,000, and then the intervening meadow, and other matters had to be paid for.

This amount has been forthcoming, and we are in full possession of the land. The house called "The Hawthorns" is occupied by a nice little family of girls, and we are cheered and comforted by what has been done.

Our next step is to build a block, containing houses for the residence of 250 girls, with schools for the same upon the top. Of this building we have given an elevation as our frontispiece. The bills of quantities are in the hands of the builders, and before this magazine is issued we believe that the lowest tender will be accepted, and the work commenced. We do not as yet know the amount which will be needed, but by a rough calculation we cannot make it less than £8,000. Of this we consider that we have in cash and promises about £4,000, of which the following is a summary:—

We have received up to the present time (May 14) for the new buildings, and acknowledged in the magazine lists, £412 1s. 0d.; from H. E. S., for one house, £500; towards the Deacons' house, £310; and "a twenty years' reader of the sermons" has sent us £100, making a total in hand of £1,322 1s. 0d. In addition we have promised, C. H. Spurgeon, £500; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £500; for Deacons' house, £190; and Samuel Barrow, Esq., £500. Added to this, a beloved friend promises to build and furnish completely one house to be called "The Limes," in memory of five beloved children. The actual value of this noble gift we must leave in a measure to the donor, but added to other offerings in kind we may confidently put it down at £1,000.

We originally estimated a house at £500, but as we have had to carry up the building a story higher, and make the houses larger, that amount will not build a house, and yet we cannot ask the donors of £500 to do more. To our great grief our friend Mrs. Tyson was taken away before she could fulfil her promise to build one of the houses; an instance of the need to do at once whatever we intend to do. We reckon that we have £4,000 towards the new work. It will not appear upon the balance-sheet that we have £1,300 in hand for Girls' Orphanage: the fact being that it is not actually in hand, but we have included a legacy of £1,500 which is not yet received.

After this block of buildings shall be completed, we have then to erect, first, the covered play-hall and bath, then the dining-hall, and chapel; and then the infirmary. These details will come one by one as each is paid for. We cannot go into debt, but must advance step by step, as God sends means. When completed, the Orphanage will make a noble square, and hold 500 orphans. This we consider to be quite large enough for one management, and as much as we can bear the burden of. Meanwhile we ask for help both to complete the building and to keep the orphans.

If by June 19th, which is our actual birthday, or by June 22nd, when we shall celebrate it, we could see the amount needed, it would indeed fill our tongue with singing. Why not? The Lord has done great things for us before and he will not leave us now.

The writer's heart is often heavy through mental weariness, and those who desire his health and vigour for the ministry of the Word can best promote it by assisting this benevolent design. What better deserves our help? It is for our Lord Jesus's sake that we have undertaken this labour, and in his name we ask his disciples to remember us and our large family of little ones.

C. H. S.

A Letter upon C. H. Spurgeon's Preaching to Sailors.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You have often been called a many-sided man; I shall therefore address your editorial personality, and consider for the moment that you are not the preacher I heard on Thursday evening last. I venture to think the Metropolitan Tabernacle had more sailors and sailor workers to this service than ever before. The good Manager of the Sailors' Home sent up two waggon-loads, while Miss Macpherson's lady friends marched at the head of a splendid column of hardy, well-dressed sailors. Very few ports of the world were unrepresented, while captains, officers, and missionaries helped to fill the first gallery. Much prayer had been offered and enthusiasm awakened by Mr. Spurgeon having promised to preach a sailors' sermon. At seven he came down to his quarter-deck looking careworn and overworked as though he had been watching a week in the Channel. But as he looked at his crew on the starboard and port sides inspiration came, and the buoyancy of his spirit returned.

The intercessory prayer for those at sea and those on shore waiting for *missing ships*, led many hearts to the throne of grace. As to the sermon, having graduated in God's university, the Sea, with wind and wave, rock and sand, sun and star for my professors, I would, as a qualified judge, pronounce it A 1 at Lloyds'. It was simply first-rate, and worthy of the great preacher and his glorious theme, "The sea is his, and he made it." I want, believing that it is calculated to bless the sailor and his cause and to glorify the God of the sea, to send it out as a tidal wave of blessing to the ends of the earth. Give me 50,000, and I can supply every light-house and light-ship on our coast, every lifeboat and coast-guard station, every British consulate and sailors' mission in the world, and the great British mercantile marine. Give me 100,000, and Her

Majesty's ships and the American navy shall be supplied as well. But *fifty thousand copies* I must have, and I solemnly ask, Who is going to do this for Jesus, the Lord High Admiral of the Seas? Some £200 would cover the entire cost, and I would undertake with our staff of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and associate societies, a proper distribution. Your readers are not aware that in January of this year the effective tonnage of the mercantile navies of the British Empire was 16,000,000, while the rest of the world only had some 11,500,000. This means that under one flag, and that flag the British, there is now 58 per cent. of the shipping of the whole world. Storms that hurled the Tay Bridge into the sea have played havoc with our shipping, both sail and steam. In the past year (1879), not counting the exceptionally disastrous months of this year, no less than 1,688 vessels were *reported* to have been wrecked, with an estimated value, including cargoes, of £25,500,000!

But what became of those on board?—About *five thousand* perished! People have no conception of our ocean empire. Why, there are 50,000 fishing boats around the coasts of Britain alone!

Is it, then, too much to ask for 100,000 copies of this special sermon? The sailors are absent, they cannot plead for themselves. This is why they are too often forgotten. It will cheer Mr. Spurgeon if we could thus serve the sailor. Who dare estimate the outcome of this effort for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom? Who will thus help to make the sailors the unpaid evangelists of Christ to all the nations? All hands lay hold of this rope and give us a pull; but you, Mr. Editor, must give the command, or few will obey.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD W. MATTHEWS,
Secretary, British and Foreign Sailors' Society,
Shadwell, London.

Notices of Books.

The First Epistle of St. John: a Contribution to Biblical Theology. By ERICH HAUPT. Translated, with an introduction, by W. B. POPE, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a volume for close students who are at home with the original. It is not so much a commentary as an elaborate treatise upon John's epistles, displaying the wonderful network of his thoughts. Written in a reverential and devout spirit, it needs that the reader bring with him the highest style of spiritual manhood, or it will disappoint him; but if he be a humble disciple of Jesus, and at the same time a scholar, he will find himself greatly edified. We should have liked to know somewhat of the author, but all that Dr. Pope can tell us is as follows:—"The work was published some years ago by a writer who has not since made his appearance in literature. It was received with much favour, and generally regarded as a specimen of exegesis at once original and orthodox; in fact, it took its place immediately among the best contributions to a literature already very rich, devoted to the exposition of St. John's writings." All scholarly students will thank the Messrs. Clark.

The Providence of God Illustrated. By the author of "History in all Ages." Second Edition. S. W. Partridge and Co.

ALBEIT that the incidents here narrated are oft-told stories, they are nevertheless so admirable that they may well be rehearsed again. The beautiful illustrations of this sumptuous volume will win many a careless reader to a loving perusal of its contents. Pious people will turn to this book again and again, and always find in it nourishment for their faith. It would make a fine present for grandmama on her birthday; for the reading within is as beautiful as the binding without.

The Soldier's Hymn Book. London: Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society.

A SMALL collection of hymns suitable for religious meetings among our soldiers. How we wish that every servant of the Queen were also a soldier under the Prince of Peace! So long as there is an army, may every effort to elevate its tone be blessed!

Elijah, and other Poems. By B. M., Author of "Ezekiel, and other Poems." London: T. Nelson and Sons.

BOOKS of poetry are in general the reviewer's Tantalus. The more they demand his scrutiny, as a rule, the less they repay it. It is because this little volume is such an exception to this rule that we so cordially welcome and recommend it. It is not every rhymester who could touch "Elijah and his fiery chariot," without being burned thereby; but this author, or authoress, has not merely done so with safety, but with success, as our idea of the old Hebrew prophet is exalted thereby. Indeed, the whole collection is a collection of gems. The conceptions are lofty and beautiful, the language chaste, musical, and balanced, and the poet-soul having found an instrument capable of uttering its sublimest feelings, the result is a true poem. We feel tempted to quote some of the choicest pieces; but we know not where to begin or where to leave off. Get the book, read it, and see if we are not right.

Hymns of Hope founded on the Psalms and the New Covenant. Elliot Stock.

MR. William Norton has tried to produce a collection of hymns which all may fitly sing who honour God, though they may as yet be only seeking him. We admire him for carrying out his conscientious convictions, but we do not share those convictions, nor admire the alterations which he has made in some of our noblest hymns. The Church of England service was no doubt fashioned with the same design as that which our worthy brother here pursues, and the result is a liturgy from which all the more joyful expressions of faith and assurance are excluded. It is not by this method that men can be kept from using words which they do not feel; they can use even these amended psalms and hymns as untruthfully as they may do those of our ordinary books. On the principle here illustrated we ought to have a new book for every stage of grace, since the babe cannot with rigid truthfulness join in all the hymns of the full-grown man in Christ. It is a pious crotchet, full of unwisdom.

The Enlarged London Hymn Book. Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. Sixteenth Thousand. Shaw and Co.

WE expressed our approval of this hymn-book when it was in its smaller form. It has grown wonderfully, and the additions for the most part are really good, but in the shape in which it now appears the book is not so suitable for special services, since the price, though very reasonable, would be too high for giving away. We suppose it is now used by the congregations gathered in connection with Mr. Hurditch's mission work, and we congratulate the friends on having so sound and useful a selection of hymns. "The Christian Ambassador," also edited by Mr. Russell Hurditch, is a good sheet for general distribution.

The Lay Preacher. Edited by the Rev. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S. London: F. E. Longley.

CONCERNING a former volume of this magazine we expressed ourselves very plainly and severely. We wish we could see our way to modify the unfavourable opinion then expressed; but the book is not better in its latest issue. Dull, wordy, and pointless to a degree, we cannot conceive of its being any help to a man with vigour of thought or force of experience. Its illustrations are as musty or threadbare as Dryasdust could desire, and cry loudly for decent burial. It is, to say the least of it, amusing to see such an editor so cynical about Joseph Cook, of Boston, who, whatever else he is not, is readable, crisp, and sparkling, and does not try your patience with his every paragraph. But there, tastes differ, and *The Lay Preacher* may have a constituency to which it is both "sweetness and light."

The Gospel Wall; or, Lessons from Nehemiah. By W. P. Lockhart. London: James Nisbet and Co. Liverpool: Philip, Son and Nephew, South Castle-street.

We are right glad to get such a book from our beloved brother. His writing is, of course, popular, and meant for the many; but it is very thoughtful, and full of meaning. The printing of the words of Scripture in another type does not improve the look of the page, but it certainly attracts special attention to the inspired lines, and we have personally found the value of it. We have little enough upon Nehemiah, and we, therefore, all the more heartily welcome this really valuable contribution to its exposition.

Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By F. Godet, D.D. Vol. I. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

We have a special liking for Godet, for he is as sound as he is erudite. We have many comments upon the Romans, but anything from the pen of Dr. Godet will not only increase our library in bulk, but in value. Within this volume we find food for our piety as well as for our understanding, and we believe that the devout prayer of the preface, in which the benediction of the Holy Spirit is invoked, has been heard already. As to the subject of the comment, the words of a German writer are worthy to be quoted and remembered. "The pious Sailer used to say, 'O Christianity, had thy one work been to produce a St. Paul, that alone should have rendered thee dear to the coldest reason.' May we not be permitted to add—'And thou, O St. Paul, had thy one work been to compose an Epistle to the Romans, that alone should have rendered thee dear to every sound reason.'"

The Pictorial New Testament for the Young, with Maps, Illustrations, Notes, References, &c. Elliot Stock.

How this can be done for a penny, except at a great loss, we cannot tell. So long as such cheap Testaments can be produced, Christian people should take all that they can get, and scatter them over our empire. An illustrated Testament for one penny! Are we dreaming? The stiff paper covers at twopence, and the cloth for threepence, may possibly pay their cost, but the penny edition is virtually a gift to the public.

The Forgotten Truth; or the Gospel of the Holy Ghost. With selected Hymns of the Spirit. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

It is not possible to attach too great an importance to the work of the Holy Spirit, or to bring his divine person and operations too frequently before the church of God. Our friend, Mr. Bullock, has made a very choice collection of hymns upon this sacred theme, and these, together with three weighty chapters of sound gospel teaching, make up a charming little volume, which can be had for eighteen pence. May the laborious author long live to spread healthy literature on all sides. We commend the Religious Tract Society for its good work, but we feel that individual efforts, such as these of Mr. Bullock, are equally worthy of our praise.

What do we owe him? Robert Raikes, or the Story of a Grain of Mustard-seed. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

With his own hand Mr. Bullock wrote his name in two hundred and ninety of these little books, and sent one to each boy and girl in the Stockwell Orphanage. The following is an extract from a letter to C. H. S., which accompanied the splendid present:—"I thought I would give myself the pleasure of remembering the orphans by writing my name on each slip. Anyone who wants to appreciate the work you are doing for these 'little ones' should follow my example. My hand aches with the operation, but my heart feels all the warmer. What a thought that the Great Father 'graves the name on the palm of his hand,' and 'thinks' with a perfect knowledge of each orphan child. My good friend Wilton wrote—

'Each kindness shown to birds or men
Is sure to flutter back again.'

So there must be no end of little fluttering birds ever at your side! May each bring you the orphan's blessing!"

Apart from Mr. Bullock's generosity, we are bound to speak well of this charming little book. Where could we find a better sixpennyworth?

Trevargon: a Tale of the Cornish Coast. By Amy Key. Sunday School Union.

"Peril" is the title of the first chapter, and we should entitle the *book* "Peril and Piety." Here are some of the heads of the tales: a tale of shipwreck, a tale of smugglers, a tale of a farm on fire, and a tale of a mad bull (N.B., the latter warranted true) at the end.

"*That Horrid Sarah.*" By Kate N. Hill. Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society.

Though this story possesses some attractions, and there can be no question about the exalted motive of the authoress, we are afraid it will fail in its purpose for two or three reasons. First, it is far too stilted in composition for most young minds; secondly, its children are much more precocious than any we ever met with; and lastly, while the aim is to attract to what is beautiful, there is so much of slang in the narrative that it cannot be safely recommended to our readers. We are sorry for this, for there are traces of undoubted skill and power in it: indeed, the Irish cook "Bridget" is a wondrously lively and interesting creation.

Waste not, Want not. By Mrs. Sherwood. Religious Tract Society.

A somewhat childish story of two servant girls, one of whom by wilful waste brought herself to woful want, while the other by thrift, honesty, and true godliness attained to a position of comfort in this life and security for the life which is to come.

Christianity irrespective of Churches. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This is an attempt to revive the question of unorganized Christianity, that is, of Christianity without churches, without ordinances, without pastors and teachers, without public assemblies, and without religious societies. The only type of this anarchy which we have in the Scriptures is the age in which there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Churches without Christianity and Christianity without churches would be alike impracticable. "Shells are of no use," cry these wise men, "the vital principle is within." Yes, dear dotards; but if the shells be broken, your vital principle will not be worth much.

Gates into the Psalm-Country. By Marvin R. Vincent. D.D., Pastor of the "Church of the Covenant," New York. James Nisbet and Co.

In this well got-up volume of over three hundred pages, we have eighteen "Studies," on separate psalms or parts of psalms. The several chapters the author styles "Gates," as, for instance, "The Orchard Gate" (Psa. i. 1—3); "The Gate of the Threshing-Floor" (Psa. i. 4—6); "The Registry Gate" (Psa. xxv. 7); "The Gate to the Physician's" (Psa. xlii.); "The Gate to the Drill-Ground" (Psa. cxix. 133), etc. etc. As we read we felt that our guide had not merely led us to the several gates, "from which we might catch glimpses of the ineffable beauty and richness of this land of sacred song, and be stimulated to longer journeys and to more minute researches;" but he had taken us up with him into a train of thought which traversed lines far-reaching, across vast continents, vaster than his own America. On these "excursions" (as the old schoolmasters called classic exercises) Dr. Vincent's explanations of the beauties and resources of the regions, and his illustrative anecdotes, and quotations from the works of former travellers through the Psalm-country (*The Treasury of David* among the number); made his companionship a rare treat, refreshing to our soul and spirit. The pastor of "The Church of the Covenant" is a master in Israel.

Socialism: or the Wrongs and Remedies of our Social Condition. By Rev. James Copland, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

The tersest, clearest, easiest manual on Socialism we have seen; giving in brief but lucid form the best digest of the evils which Socialism seeks to remove, and while showing how impracticable most of the proposed remedies are, suggesting in place of them others both adequate and possible. The brevity and clearness of the style are the result of extended reading. The author displays ability to seize and expound the salient points of his subject. If widely circulated and read, this work will help to counteract much of the unhappy results of an ignorant advocacy of socialistic schemes.

Harry Foster's Rules. By Mrs. H. H. B. Paull. Hodder and Stoughton.

An exceedingly well-written story of a fatherless lad in a godless shopkeeper's employ. The temptations to which vast numbers of youth are exposed in our great city, and the value of Christian example and precept, are woven into a life-like story which is sure to be read with interest and profit by many a lad just starting out in life. The truthfulness of our estimate of the book will appear if some kind-hearted friend will send copies to all the elder boys at orphanages, beginning at Stockwell.

Mary Hazeldine's Desk. By Mrs. H. H. B. Paull. Hodder & Stoughton.

In outward appearance this pretty shilling book is a companion volume to the last mentioned; but the scene of the little orphan girl's trials and triumphs is laid in the abode of wealth and refinement. Few young ladies—we advisedly refrain from saying "girls"—but would recognise the portrait of an acquaintance among the characters, though they are not numerous. The gifted authoress "holds the mirror up to nature" with rare grace.

The Floating Light of Ringfinnan, and Guardian Angels. By L. T. Meade. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Two highly-wrought and overdrawn stories of the temptations of the poorest of the poor. The agony is piled up, and, notwithstanding the attempt to show that the way to heaven may be found by unlikeliest means, the book is more calculated to foster a taste for the sensational drama than anything else.

In the Forest. A tale of settler life in North America. By W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons.

Extraordinary engravings lead us to follow the track of a story more full of incident than that of Robinson Crusoe. We are afraid it will make boys become romantic, and anxious for adventures, otherwise it has all the charms which boys desire in a book. Few writers can vie with Mr. Kingston in writing for youth; and his works are worthily produced by Messrs. Nelson and Sons.

Bible Picture Stories. Religious Tract Society.

A blaze of colour. For a little boy or girl this would make a delightful present, and its drawings would help to excite in the juvenile mind a desire to become acquainted with the Scriptures. Two shillings is really very little for so many *painted* pictures.

Framilode Hall. A Chip of the Old Block. By Emma Marshall. James Nisbet and Co.

Mrs. Marshall writes with excellent purpose, and in a pleasing style. Mr. Nisbet's house, like the Tract Society, makes an earnest endeavour to issue nothing which is unfit for perusal by Christian families, and therefore its issues are worthy of the fullest confidence. These are two excellent stories.

The Dot Stories. Price Sixpence. *The Lost Baby; Fry Alley,* by Mrs. Prosser. *Story of Crossport,* by Mrs. Doudney. *Broken Clothes Line,* &c. Religious Tract Society.

The Dot series of little books for little readers is singularly pretty. Greater taste could hardly have been displayed had the price been far higher. The shilling monthly volume for the young is also always pleasing without and within. The same may be said of the larger volume for general reading.

The Home World and Sunday School Companion. Vol. I. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

One of the most hideous-looking volumes we have ever seen. The wood-cut on the outside is only equalled in ugliness by those within; some of the printing, too, is of the same class. It is a pity that the wood-cutter and the binder have conspired to prevent the book being read, as very many of the articles deserve better treatment.

The Young Carpenters of Freiberg: a Tale of the Thirty Years' War. Translated from the German by J. Latchmore, Jun. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

Certainly not "a plain, unvarnished tale." It will help a lad to kill a few precious hours pleasantly, but we fail to see that any desirable end will be served by its perusal.

Lionel Franklin's Victory: a Tale. By E. Van Sommer. Nelson and Sons.

This tale gained the second prize of fifty pounds awarded last year by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and we cordially endorse the decision of the adjudicators. Some minor blemishes of style prevent the story from taking first rank, but it is on the whole so well written that it cannot fail to benefit many who read it. The narrative professes to give the history of a London waif's victorious struggles against the drinking habits of his father, and his companions, and others whom they succeeded in rescuing from the power of drunkenness.

"*Milk and Honey.*" Sermons to Children. By John N. Norton, D.D. Charles Higham.

This book contains some good anecdotes, and not a few good illustrations, calculated to arrest the attention of children; but upon the whole we are somewhat disappointed with it. We do not consider the choice of subjects happy, and the method of their treatment might be improved. Still, *Milk and Honey* is worth its money to those who have to feed the souls and gratify the tastes of the young ones.

Boys and their Ways. A Book for and about Boys. By One who knows them. London: John Hogg, Paternoster-row.

Quite true. The author must know a good deal about boys, or he never could have written such a fresh, breezy, all-alive book about them. How different from the old-fashioned notions about how boys must be treated! He looks upon boys as being full of promise and possibility, to be turned into fact; instead of being the essence of wickedness to be repressed and made to knuckle under. With most that he says we heartily agree, and his manner of saying it is delightfully fascinating. Personally, we should be a little more chary in our recommendation of so much fiction as he prescribes, our fear being that solid, standard works are now discarded in favour of the "lending library" trash so perniciously abundant. Still our author has written a fine, healthy, manly, devout book on boydom in every aspect, and it ought to sell by thousands.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. Edited by Dr. Dods and Alexander Whyte. T. and T. Clarke.

The idea of the handbooks is admirable, and the subjects are well chosen. The price is usually 1s. 6d., and the work is thoroughly done. Dr. Candlish on "the Christian Sacraments," is very lame upon Baptism. To us he seems to have nothing to say against the immersion of believers, and nothing worth reading to say for the sprinkling of infants. This series will require our eye to range over each handbook to see that the blue-mould of "modern thought" does not get in; but as far as ability and condensation are tests of value, these treatises and comments will be worth far more to teachers and Bible readers than large books at ten times the price.

The Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Sunday School Teachers. Vol. IV. Elliot Stock.

If there be any difficulty in connection with Sunday-school literature it certainly does not spring from a lack, but rather from an over abundant supply, of it. There is enough to instruct, quicken, help, and stimulate in this volume alone. Every branch of youthful instruction is here attended to; capital hints as to the lessons for the class; papers, sermons, addresses for the platform or desk; and altogether such an array of matter for Sunday-school work as almost sets us longing to be back again in the class. If the teachers of to-day are not first-rate ones, we can guess where the fault lies.

The Messenger for the Children of the Presbyterian Church of England. London: 28, Warwick Lane.

Our Presbyterian friends are alive to the necessity for providing good literature for the young, and have succeeded in their efforts to supply it. Short, crisp, vivid articles by such royal writers as Drs. Edmond, McEwan, Donald Fraser, Alexander Macleod, and a host of others, supplemented by spirited illustrations, make up no mean fare, even for a prince or princess. *The Messenger for the Children* deserves a wide support.

Position and Progress. Addresses by S. A. Blackwood. Nisbet and Co.

Four short, sweet, scriptural, suggestive, soul-stirring addresses on the Christian's standing, sitting, walking, and running. Cannot fail to quicken the divine life of God's people, and we trust excite spiritual longings in the hearts of the unsaved. It would have been a loss had they not been published.

The Difficulties of the Soul. By W. Hay M. Aitken, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Aitken has here condensed some years of his experience as an evangelistic preacher, and published it for the benefit both of seeking souls and those who would be their guides. His scrutiny of the heart is very searching and profound: his arguments are keen and irresistible, while his language is simplicity itself. Many of the difficulties dealt with are of the commonest kind, while others are special and peculiar: the one sheep different from all the other ninety and nine is followed in all its devious wanderings, and brought back again. Such a helpful little volume cannot fail to do much good.

Homilies on Christian Work. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It would have been a great loss to Christian literature if these occasional papers and homilies of our dear brother, Dr. Stanford, had been lost. They are unique. To hear one of them is a sort of Sabbath writ out in running hand, with services of song and sacraments, and Sunday-schools all included. Our author compounds for us a costly preparation of many sweet perfumes, such as the old housekeepers would have called a pomander. There is something to heal, and something to nourish, and yet somewhat to perfume and delight. Just a suspicion of wit runs twinkling through the whole, and a calm, serene "knowledge of witty inventions" lights up every homily. Long may our brother live to illustrate "power in weakness," and give us homilies on Christian work of the highest order. May the best of blessings gladden his sick chamber.

Wives and Mistresses. The Thirty-first Chapter of Proverbs applied to Modern Times. By Mrs. Stevenson. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Seven short chatty homilies on a Christian woman's life and work. Full of sound sense and strong piety, and written in a clear, attractive style. Daughters before their marriage as well as wives and mistresses might learn much from this little manual. We wish it a large circulation.

Seed-corn in Belgium: being a Visit to the Belgian Churches. By the Rev. R. H. Lundie, M.A. Nisbet.

A brief but interesting account of Christian work in Belgium, by means of colporteurs and evangelists.

Occupation for the Sick; or, Practical Suggestions to Invalids and those who have the care of them. By Ellice Hopkins. London: Hatchards.

This book is a wondrously cheering, bright, sensible little manual on the works which sick people can do to alleviate their sufferings by ministering to others. We know some sick chambers that are always occupied with loving service for others, and we do honestly testify that such labour greatly helps to the sufferers' joy, as well as to the delight of the persons so served. There is a churchy smack about this book, and now and then a suspicion of incipient Ritualism; but there is so much that is good, and godly, and bracing about the whole that it may be trusted in most invalids' hands. It is a pity it is bound in such a bilious and Ritualistic cover. The outside is so ugly that if the inside were to bring an action for slander against it any jury would award substantial damages.

The Chain of Gold: a Manual of Prayer for Working Lads. By Rosalind Marryat. Hatchards.

If printed prayers are helpful to any, we should think these would be. The Scriptures, petitions, mottoes, and texts are judiciously selected, and make up an instructive manual of devotion for working lads. Such a book is rather out of our line; but if such a directory in prayer should be desired by anyone for poor boys, here it is in good form.

Notes.

On *Monday evening, May* 3, the thirteenth annual meeting of the COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of the Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon. Extracts from the report were read by the secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, and addresses were delivered by the chairman; by two of the colporteurs, and by Dr. Samuel Manning, of the Religious Tract Society. We delight in this work, for its practical usefulness is beyond measure great as compared with the expense. But, as yet, we cannot get such a measure of public sympathy as the enterprise deserves. The report is encouraging, but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fear that the free subscriptions are so small that the capital is being month by month consumed. We have never had sufficient capital for this enterprise, and what we have had must all melt away in keeping the work going unless more help is given. The comfort is that it all goes in real work for the Lord.

On *Thursday evening, May* 6, in accordance with a request from the secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, our week-night sermon was addressed specially to sailors, many of whom were present, with the representatives of various missions to seamen at home and abroad. We insert the letter which we received from the secretary, although it is too much in the preacher's praise. Sailor fellows are so hearty, that when a sermon pleases them, they do not use moderate language. The sermon can be had as a little book for one penny at our publishers.

On *Sunday evening, May* 9, the seat-holders vacated their seats to allow the general public to worship at the Tabernacle. As usual on such occasions, not only was the house crowded in every part, but probably as many persons were shut out as were admitted. All classes were represented, from the wealthy down to the poorest. O that a blessing may follow upon our earnest endeavour! In order to invite to this service those who are not regular church-goers, we advertised in the Sunday papers, and we were grateful to find that they for the most part inserted our letter about the service, and made a kindly remark upon it. Special services for the most part only draw together those who are church-goers already; we wish we knew how to reach the outsiders. Our plans were in a measure successful; but yet when we heard the congregation join so well in the singing, we felt that still the preponderating number were not of the class that we longed to gather. 'O for an hour's talk about Jesus and the gospel to utter worldlings! What brave warriors of the cross might we not find among those who are now the devotees of pleasure!

COLLEGE.—The following students, having finished their College course, have settled in the ministry:—Mr. F. G. Steward, at Calne, Wilts; Mr. A. Harmer, at Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common; Mr. B. Binks, at Workington, Cumberland; and Mr. G. A. Webb, at Godstone, Surrey. Mr. T. G. Churcher has gone to Edinburgh to complete his training as a medical missionary; and Mr. E. Isaac is conducting evangelistic services in Lancashire previous to his departure for Australia.

Mr. G. West has removed from Boston to South Shields, Mr. M. H. Whetnall from Ulverston to Blackburn; Mr. J. J. Ellis from Gosberton to Bedminster, Bristol; and Mr. W. Hetherington from Sudbury to Great Whyte, Ramsey, Hunts.

We are glad to hear of the safe arrival of our student, Mr. Edgar Booth, at Melbourne. May he be useful!

One of the passengers in the steamship *American*, which foundered off the African coast, was our student, Mr. Mann, who was on his way to reinforce Mr. Hamilton, at Cape Town. We had a cheery letter from him, written at Madeira, but how soon was the scene changed! He was wrecked, and then, after being picked up, he was wrecked a second time. Our prayers ascend for his safety, and ere this reaches our readers we hope he will be safe at the Cape. Still, he has lost all, and will need Christian sympathy and substantial assistance. We aided him to buy books and clothes, and all this is gone. However, some one will make it up, and, since the dear friend is, we hope, safe, we will sing of mercy, and praise the Lord.

CONFERENCE.—The sixteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association commenced on *Monday afternoon, April* 19, by a well-attended prayer-meeting at the College. At its close, the ministers and students wended their way to the Shoreditch Tabernacle, where they were entertained at tea by Mr. Cuff and his friends. In the evening our friend's great building was nearly filled for a public meeting at which C. H. S. presided, and addresses were delivered by Pastors W. Cuff, C. Welton (Driffield), H. Wilkins (Cheltenham), and George Hill, M.A. (Leeds). The collection for the College realized £17 9s. It was a soul-stirring meeting, and struck the key-note for us. At the

same hour the friends gathered at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, under the presidency of the Vice-President, were pleading for a special blessing upon the week's meetings.

Tuesday, April 20.—The first hour was occupied with thanksgiving and prayer, in the course of which the President read a letter from Mr. Gregson, containing suggestions for a special evangelistic mission to the English-speaking populations of India. He then delivered the address, which is published in another part of the magazine. After a short interval the Conference business was transacted. This included reports of the deaths of Brethren H. A. James (Stratford-on-Avon), T. Cannon (Torquay), W. Miller (formerly of Lewes), and R. L. Ludlow, who had not completed his college course. The names of 48 students were added to the Conference roll, and all the officers were unanimously re-elected. The accounts of the Assurance Community showed that the payments for the year had been £85, and the receipts £75 11s. 6d., and that the balance of £8 9s. 6d. had been generously given by the late manager of the fund, Mr. Thomas Greenwood, who was heartily thanked for his kind help. The College owes a deep debt of gratitude to this invaluable brother. The manager for the present year is Mr. C. F. Allison, 161, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., to whom all communications relating to this matter should be sent. Some brethren having suggested that the object of the community should be enlarged, the President was requested to appoint a committee to consider the subject. This will be done, and meanwhile any suggestions from members of the Conference will be heartily welcomed.

At the *soirée* at the Orphanage in the evening some of the boys recited and sang. Professor Fergusson delivered an earnest address on "The Source and Results of Spiritual Life," Pastor W. McKinney (Port Jervis, New York State) gave us an account of "Religion in the United States," Messrs. Mayers, J. M. Smith, and Chamberlain sang solos, in which sweet music helped to set forth the preciousness of grace, and we closed the meeting feeling that it had been "a good day" in the highest sense of the word. We hope that this visit to the Orphanage will maintain the interest of all the ministers in our orphan work: they have helped it often, and will again. Some of the orphan boys of their deceased brethren are there, and their presence rivets the College to the Orphanage in enduring unity.

Wednesday, April 21.—After a season of prayer, the Vice-President, who was suffering from a pain in his tongue, spoke to us briefly, but appropriately, from Ezra vi. 14. The President announced the receipt of a telegram from the Canadian branch of the Pastors' College Association, which held its first Conference during the visit of the Vice-President last year. Our venerable friend, Professor Rogers, then read us one of his charmingly characteristic essays on "Individuality in its relation to ourselves and others," and Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel) followed with his paper on "Fuel for Heart Flames," which we shall hope to present to our readers in a future number of the magazine. It was agreed that *Monday, June* 21, should be set apart as a DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER by all the churches connected with the Conference. BRETHREN PLEASE NOTE THIS. It is the day before the Orphanage Fête. If it can be universally observed among our brethren, we shall rejoice: we will prepare a little letter which can be distributed to excite an interest in the day of prayer.

In the evening the annual meeting of the subscribers and friends was held at the College, under the able chairmanship of J. B. Mead, Esq. The president presented the annual report, a copy of which will be sent to all subscribers. If any have not received it, will they please write? Addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Vice-President, Pastor W. Cuff, our evangelists, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, Rev. E. Wilkinson, Vicar of Snargate, Dr. Green, of the Religious Tract Society, and Mr. H. Varley. At the close of the meeting the company, which was larger than usual, adjourned to the Tabernacle lecture-hall, to partake of the sumptuous supper given by Mr. Spurgeon and two friends, and prepared by Mr. Murrell and his assistants. Too much praise cannot be given to our esteemed friend and fellow-helper for the admirable manner in which the whole of the arrangements were carried out, not only on this evening, but throughout the whole week. The subscriptions at the supper-table amounted to £1,800, and various sums sent to us afterwards made the total about £1,900. As we miss two donations which usually amounted to £300, we consider that there is no falling off, but rather an increase in the supper gifts.

Thursday, April 22.—This morning's meeting was commenced with thanksgiving for the mercies of the past day, and prayer for continued and increased blessings in the future. Pastor J. C. Thompson (Paisley) read an admirable paper on

"Our ministerial attitude towards those who differ from us in fundamentals"; Pastor E. E. Walter (Liverpool) read one on "The unused energy of the church, and how to utilize it"; and Pastor F. A. Jones (Cross Street, Islington), on "Colportage." We were all profited by the morning's mental food, and by hearty communion with each other.

A large number of friends met for tea, and afterwards the Tabernacle was almost full for the public meeting. The President presided, Mr. Frisby's evangelistic choir led the singing, addresses were given by the Vice-President, Professor Gracey, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, and Pastors G. W. Tooley (Dumfries), J. J. Knight (Birmingham), and C. A. Davis (Bradford). Messrs. Burnham, Parker, Chamberlain, and Mayers, our Asaphs and Hemans, illustrated the way in which they go about singing the gospel. The ministers and students were then right royally entertained to the supper, which had been prepared by Mr. Murrell, to whom, and to the president and Mrs. Spurgeon, for all their kindness and help to the brethren, thanks were heartily given.

Friday, April 23.—During the devotional exercises of this the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, we were reminded of the uncertainty of life by the announcement of the death of our friend Mr. Leach, the editor of *The Freeman*. He served his Lord well and faithfully. He was one of our own children, and for years helped us with this magazine. His wife and family are but scantily provided for, and a subscription is on foot to help them. We will gladly hand over any help that may be sent to us.

After a few words of encouragement from the President's father, Professor Gracey gave us an exposition of Ephesians iv. 8, and our new tutor, Professor Marchant, read his paper on "The power of the Holy Spirit, the preacher's need and honour." This was followed by our closing communion service, and the singing of Psalm 122, as usual, by the whole assembly standing with linked hands in token of the bond of brotherhood which unites them to one another. We never had a better conference. The life infused and awakened is felt by many to be a great help throughout the rest of the year. God be praised.

At the dinner-table Pastor F. H. White reported that 113 of the ministers had contributed or collected for the College during the year, the amount received from them having been £334 19s. 4d., to which the students had added £181 17s. 7d. It will be a good time when every man sends in something, however small. Hearty cheers were given for the Vice-President, who responded, and for all helpers, for whom Messrs. Murrell, Allison, and W. Olney replied, and the sixteenth annual conference was brought to a fitting close by the singing of the doxology, and the pronouncing of the benediction.

At the end of all this we felt weary and worn, but full of inward thankfulness. Amid burdens and cares we are upheld by the all-sustaining arm, and comforted by the Eternal Spirit. To have trained more than 500 heralds of the cross is a great privilege: whatever of labour and anxiety it has involved has been a thousandfold repaid. Yet do we need the prayers of all, and the help of many, which also we shall have.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have been in Birmingham and the neighbourhood during the past month, and they expect to be there during the first fortnight in June. They are trying an experiment which, if it succeeds, will guide them in working other large towns. They started at Smethwick, moved on to Smallheath, then to Heneage-street, and Circus-street, and intend to finish at the Town Hall and the Curzon Hall.

The special correspondent of a local paper thus describes one of the services at Smethwick:—

"Arriving some time prior to that announced for commencing the service, in the hope of obtaining a good seat, I found that, large and spacious as the building was, it was well filled. The moment they appeared a something seemed to tell you that the evangelists sent were the right ones. Their first impressions were good. There was nothing pompous, stiff, or patronising in their manner. If their conduct could have been put into words it would have said something of this sort: 'Well, friends, we come with credentials from our beloved Master and Teacher. We are not come to glorify ourselves, or to show off our abilities. We have come in a plain fashion to have a plain talk on serious things. If you are ready and willing to hear, we are ready to begin?' Such were the ideas which went through my mind while they paused for a moment. The appearance of Mr. Smith must have impressed the people that a gentleman of very homely ways was before them, that all parsondom manners would be eschewed by him, that he was merely one of themselves, selected to talk with them. His good, honest-looking

face must have inspired confidence instantly. I do not think first impressions will be deceptive. In Mr. Fullerton the congregation could see the features of a student, and one who seemed anxious for the great work he was undertaking. . . .

"The sermon was founded on St. Mark, x. 47: 'The healing of the blind man.' My anticipations of the preacher were more than realized. His genial countenance and pleasantness drew at once the affection of the people towards him, and rarely has a speaker had such a sympathetic audience. He is a fluent speaker, and never at a loss for language. He possesses powers of description of a high order. I was pleased to notice that the extravagances of some so-called evangelists were conspicuous by their absence. Being an educated man he indulged in no vulgarity or unseemly familiarity with sacred things. His discourse was a happy combination; for while the educated man and scholar could listen with pleasure, the wayfarer and unlettered man could derive equal benefit. There are some engaged in missions who pander to the ignorant, forgetting that thereby they are doing much to render nugatory the good they otherwise might do. I have known even the ignorant themselves to be disgusted when the preacher has come, as he thinks, down to their level. These evangelists, I am pleased to say, steered clear of all these difficulties. They treated their fellow creatures as being possessed of common sense and reason. While Mr. Smith did not pander, neither did he soar into lofty flights of oratory. There could have been none among his hearers who did not comprehend all he said. His sermon was a beautiful string of poesy. This was just what we might have expected from first impressions. Mr. Spurgeon's discretion in the selection of these gentlemen is fully justified."

Pastor E. Edginton sends us an encouraging account of Mr. Burnham's visit to *Wedmore*, Somerset, from April 12 to 18, when many were led to seek the Saviour, and some rejoiced to find him.

After the Conference Mr. Burnham rested for a few days, and on May 3 commenced a week's services at *Watton*, Norfolk. Here also souls were saved, and, *as usual*, the household where the evangelist stayed received a special blessing. Many who attend no place of worship were attracted to the services, and all regretted that our brother had so soon to leave the town. This regret seems very common in connection with Mr. Burnham's work, and it should suggest to those who are arranging for a visit the desirability of making the series as long as possible, as frequently the evangelist has to depart just as the fulness of blessing is being realized.

From May 10 to 16 Mr. Burnham was at *Winslow*, Bucks.

ORPHANAGE.—The following letter, recently received, speaks for itself:—

"Dear Sir,—Will you use this £5 for the 'Boys' Orphanage'? I have just read in *The Daily Telegraph* that 204 boys are entered on your books as belonging to the Church of England, so it seems but fair to send you something.—Yours most truly, A CHURCHWOMAN."

The Annual Fête.—Will all friends, far and near, kindly note that THE ANNUAL FETE AT THE ORPHANAGE will be held this year, not on the President's birthday, June 19, but the following TUESDAY, JUNE 22? May God send us a right royal day. We hope that Mrs. Spurgeon will be able to lay the stone of one of the houses.

BOOK FUND.—Mrs. Spurgeon wishes it to be known that she cannot attend to requests for books during the month of July. This work proceeds in full vigour, and makes many a hungry mind rich in spiritual food, but the invalid worker must now have a little breathing time.

PERSONAL NOTES.—We have received recently quite a number of illustrations of the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Here are a few of them:—

"Dear Brother in the Lord,—I was led to believe in Jesus through hearing a sermon delivered by you at the Surrey Music-hall, May 31st, 1857, ('Elijah's Appeal for the Undecided,' No. 134). Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and his promise is, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I have your 'Morning by Morning,' for daily reading, with the chapter of Scripture from which the page is headed as text, and I find much comfort therefrom. Before I heard the voice of God saying to me through you on that eventful day, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' I was a follower of the Church of England and the pleasures of the world, and the name *Waverer* was meant for me that day. When at the hall I was led to say from the heart, 'No longer, Lord, do I halt, but this day I decide for thee;' and now I follow the church of Christ, and seek to be conformed to his image, which is the end of God in the predestination of his church through all eternity."

"Dear Sir,—I may tell you that I was

one of the lowest grade of public drunkards for at least thirty years, so you will understand me when I tell you that I have felt bound with the cords of sin. I have been a constant reader of your sermons for seventeen or eighteen years, and I made thousands of struggles to break away from sin, but it was all in vain, and it was not until I let go all earthly hope, and by faith went to Jesus Christ himself that I found the result of faith in your Master. God bless you."

One of our elders writes to us:—

"My dear Sir,—At a meeting last night I heard the following statement, which I think you will be pleased with:—A member of one of our London churches said that, being an engineer, he had to reside for some little time in a foreign town, the name of which I did not catch, where he was entirely surrounded by Portuguese. He said it was very sweet to meet an Englishman anywhere under such circumstances to converse in his native tongue. He heard that there was an Englishman confined for life in the prison, and he determined to call on him, and speak to him respecting the love of God to sinners. He got permission to see him, and having entered the prison, commenced at once speaking to him through the iron grating. The poor convict then told him that a few years before that, a young Englishman called upon him in a similar manner, and left behind some English novels, but *between the leaves of one of the novels* there was a sermon which had been preached in Exeter-hall, in 1856, by C. H. Spurgeon. The convict read it. It was upon 'Salvation to the uttermost' (No. 84), and it referred to the murderer Palmer, then under sentence of death. The words entered into his heart, and he immediately knelt down in his cell and cried for pardon, and he received a sense of forgiveness on the spot, and he was still rejoicing in the assurance that God for Christ's sake had forgiven him. He told Mr. B. that he had no hope of liberty in this life, but he was nevertheless rejoicing in the glorious hope set before him in the gospel."

The following letter refers to our fifteen-hundredth published sermon, "Number 1,500; or, Lifting up the Brazen Serpent," preached in October last:—"Dear sir,—Yesterday morning my brother passed from us at daybreak. Though unknown to you, I think you will like to hear something he said. On Tuesday evening I asked him, 'What can I do to be as happy as you?' He answered with difficulty, 'It's all in "Instant Salvation" and "Number 1,500."' Many times he has talked of 'Number 1,500,' and has directed me to send one to his brother. A member of your congregation sent me 'Number 1,500' in a letter to him, a sort of sly way, perhaps, of giving it to him. A passer-by on St. Leonard's Parade gave him 'Instant Salvation.' Sir, my brother's words were 'Only Jesus, nothing but Jesus; Jesus! Jesus!' and he passed away without suffering, perfectly easy, pleasant, contented, joyous, and triumphant, and fully conscious up to five minutes from his death, so gently that I, a medical man, cannot say when he died—not the slightest struggle, only a gradually increasing stillness. Sir, if this letter be like a 'well done' from the Lord through the voice of my brother to you, I am glad, as it will give you pleasure. Don't trouble to answer, I am not a Baptist, but a Church of England man."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. B. Mead and Family	100	0	0
Mr. T. Stone	10	0	0
The Editor of "The Christian World"	10	10	0
T. D. G.	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Dr. E. B. Underhill	2	2	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. C. Tavener	1	1	0
Mrs. Holmes	2	2	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Mr. H. Burgess	1	1	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Benson	1	1	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Dr. Barnardo	3	8	0
Mr. B. Vickery and Friend	5	5	0
Mr. J. P. Coe	5	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. G. Beal	1	1	0
Mr. J. King	5	0	0
Mr. E. J. Hammer	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Hammer	5	0	0
Miss Frean	5	0	0
Mr. A.	5	0	0
Miss Abraham	2	0	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Doyle	5	0	0
Mr. S. Thomson	3	0	0
Mr. T. Whitford, M.A.	1	1	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Simmonds	5	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Simmonds	3	0	0
Miss Ward	1	0	0
Miss Simmonds	1	0	0
Miss A. B. Crumpton	2	2	0
Miss L. M. Crumpton	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Mary L. Crumpton	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	2	2	0
Mr. James C. Goslin	2	2	0
Mr. James Withers	2	2	0
Mr. A. Churchill	2	0	0
Mr. S. Falkner	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Mr. E. Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. H. Keen	1	1	0
Mr. G. R. Howart	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Adams	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman	5	0	0
W. B. M.	5	0	0
Mr. B. Shayer	3	3	0
Mr. J. J. Clarkson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Colman	50	0	0
Mr. W. Knight	5	5	0
E. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hubbard	0	10	6
Mr. Edgley	5	0	0
No Name	1	0	0
Mr. E. Frisby	5	0	0
Memo.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wayre	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Cuthbert	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	10	10	0
Mr. G. Fowler	1	1	0
Mr. Fowler	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dowthwaite	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Durrant	0	10	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Memo.	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Thody, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. S. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scott	3	3	0
Miss S. B. Scott	1	1	0
Mr. R. Collier	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. G. Joy	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross	4	4	0
Mr. Arthur Ross, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. M. Cornish	2	0	0
Mr. C. Davis	5	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	10	10	0
Mrs. F. Scott	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. J. S. Rose	1	1	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0
Mr. S. Chivers	1	1	0
Mr. W. Chivers	1	1	0
Mr. C. Parker	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Rice	1	0	0
Mr. P. H. Garner	1	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	5	0
Mr. A. Ekins	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	4	4	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	5	0	0
Miss Daintree	1	0	0
Miss Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. A. Norman	5	5	0
Mr. John Stevens	5	5	0
Mrs. Rea, sen.	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rea	10	10	0
Mrs. George Scott	3	3	0
Mr. H. Felbury	0	10	6
Mr. F. Baxter	1	1	0
Messrs. A. Straker and Sons	10	0	0
Mrs. James Green	2	2	0
Mr. T. Boxell	3	3	0
W. J. S.	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Simmons	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fox	1	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	4	0	0
Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
R. S.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. T. J. Redgate	5	5	0
Mr. J. Alexander	1	1	0
Mr. H. Groser	0	10	0
Mr. F. Warren	2	2	0
Mr. G. A. Warren	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. John Edwards	20	0	0
Mr. G. W. Wills	4	0	0
Miss Olney	1	1	0
M. C.	1	0	0
Mr. A. M. Thomas	5	5	0
Mr Hellier	2	2	0
Mr. T. K. Bellis	3	3	0
Mrs. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. James Cook	2	2	0
Mr. Henry Cook	2	2	0
Mr. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Miss Marshall	2	2	0
X. Y. Z., No. 2	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Frowd	3	3	0
Miss E. J. Emery	5	0	0
Mary Ann Dean	1	1	0
Jessie Dean	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0
Mrs. Tenniswood	2	12	6
Mr. G. Holland	2	0	0
Mr. J. Oxley	2	2	0
Messrs. R. C. Hawkey and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. S. Joiner	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ball	7	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Altham	25	0	0
The Misses Cockshaw	1	11	6
Miss G. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. James Mote	2	0	0
E. V.	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	2	2	0
Miss Lydia Boot	1	1	0
Miss Spliedt	3	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	2	2	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	5	5	0
Mr. Edward Olney	2	2	0
Mr. S. Harris	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Harris	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Hale	2	2	0
Mrs. W. H. Hale	2	2	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	0	0
Mr. C. Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	3	3	0
Mrs. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0
Miss A. Everett	1	1	0
Mr. T. Sutcliffe	3	0	0
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pattison	1	10	0
Mr. J. B. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
A Friend of Mrs. Barrow's	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Briginshaw	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Skinner	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Hobbs	5	0	0
Mr. Josiah Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. William Kent	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Mr. J. H. Townend	2	2	0
Master C. Welton's Box	0	5	4
G. Garnett, Esq., C. E., per Rev. J. T. Almy	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Cockrell	2	2	0
Mr. D. Batchelor	1	10	6
Mr. Walter Mills	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs and Family ...	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs, jun.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell, jun.... ...	5	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. T. Williams	5	5	0
Mr. W. F. Masters...	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr...	5	0	0
Miss A. Carr	1	0	0
Miss K. Carr	1	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	3	3	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mrs. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Miss Lizzie Hunt	1	1	0
Mr. Willie Hunt	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	20	0	0
Miss Clarkson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. W. Ross	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	2	2	0
Mrs. V. J. Charlesworth...	1	1	0
Mrs. Charlesworth, senr....	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin	1	1	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. Wollacot	5	0	0
Mrs. Wollacot	5	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	0	0
Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	1	0	0
Mrs. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. J. E. Passmore	2	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	2	0	0
Miss Passmore	2	0	0
Miss Gooch	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow	21	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rains	10	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	0	0
Rev. J. Manton Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Manton Smith	1	1	0
Mr. T. F. Aukland...	0	10	0
Messrs. Mills Brothers	10	10	0
Mr. James Clark (Brixton)	10	10	0
Friends at Dolton, per Rev. A. R. Morgan	0	10	0
Collected by Rev. G. T. Ennals:—			
Miss A. Mathew 1 17 0			
Mr. Maris 1 1 0			
Mrs. J. Dafforne 1 0 0			
Mr. Clear 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Chaplin 0 10 0			
Mr. Chivers 0 5 0			
W. S. G.'s Box 0 5 0			
	5	8	0
Sigma...	5	0	0
Collection at—			
Morecambe, per Rev. W. G. Myles ...	1	2	6
Great Torrington, per Rev. R. J. Middleton	0	15	0
Faringdon, per Rev. E. George... ...	1	6	0
Southend, per Rev. J. G. Wilson ...	1	18	6
Cheltenham, per Rev. W. Julyan ...	8	0	0
Leeds, per Rev. H. Winsor	2	2	0
Nailsworth, per Rev. P. Hutton ...	1	5	0
Godstone, per Rev. G. A. Webb ...	2	8	6
Limsfield, per Rev. F. M. Cockerton...	0	15	0
Ponder's End, per Rev. A. F. Cotton ...	1	0	0
Esher, per Rev. A. Smith	1	6	0
City-road, Bristol, per Rev. W. J. Mayers (part)	4	0	0
Ossett, per Rev. J. W. Comfort ...	1	1	0
Exeter, per Rev. E. S. Neale	3	0	0
Roade, per Rev. C. A. Ingram	1	8	0
Horley, per Rev. B. Marshall	2	0	0
Devonport, per Rev. E. A. Tydeman ...	0	15	0
Bexley Heath, per Rev. G. Smith ...	1	10	0
Streatham, per Rev. A. McCaig ...	2	16	7
Portland Chapel, Southampton, per Rev. H. O. Mackey	4	10	0
Herne Bay, per Rev. W. Pettman ...	4	1	0
Leytonstone, per Rev. J. Bradford ...	5	5	0
Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins ...	11	9	7
Minchinhampton, per Rev. H. Kidner	2	7	6
Enfield Highway, per Rev. W. Townsend	1	0	0
Melton Mowbray, per Rev. W. A. Davis	2	2	0
Hanley, per Rev. A. E. Johnson ...	1	1	0
South-street, Greenwich, per Rev. Chas. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Burton-on-Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers	1	1	0
Stroud, per Rev. F. J. Benskin ...	5	7	1
Camberwell, per Rev. H. W. Childs ...	0	15	0
Chesterfield, per Rev. W. F. Harris ...	2	2	0
Cornwall-road, Brixton, per Rev. E. P. Barrett (part)	1	10	0
Kingstanley, per Rev. W. Coombes (part)	1	2	6
Rev. G. Hearson	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Ridgmount, per Rev. W. J. Tomkins	2	14	6
Part proceeds of Lecture at Sittingbourne, per Rev. G. D. Cox	1	0	0
Rev. W. L. Lang	0	10	0
Grant at Bayswater, per Rev. F. H. White	4	4	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Rev. A. K. Davidson	2	0	0
Friends at Colchester, per Rev. E. Spurrier	2	0	0
Rev. J. C. Forth, Leicester	0	10	0
Collected at Quorndon, per Rev. A. Greer:—			
From members of Bible-class 0 18 0			
From friends 1 14 0			
	2	12	0
Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	3	0	0
Rev. J. A. Brown	3	0	0
Rev. F. G. Marchant	1	1	0
Rev. F. J. and Mrs. Feltham	3	3	0
Rev. Charles Spurgeon	2	2	0
Rev. T. W. Medhurst	10	5	0
Rev. W. Y. Fullerton	5	5	0
Rev. E. G. Gange	5	0	0
Rev. J. Askew	1	0	0
Rev. John Jackson	2	0	0
Per Rev. R. S. Latimer:—			
Mr. Edward Ingle 0 10 6			
Mr. James Smith 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Woolstenholme ... 0 5 0			
Mr. T. J. Latimer ... 0 10 0			
R. S. L. 0 10 0			
	2	0	6
Collection at Finchley, per Rev. J. Chadwick	1	10	0
Collection at Oxford, per Rev. W. Hackney	2	0	0
Collection at Brixton, per Rev. J. T. Swift	1	1	0
Collection at Hornsey Rise, per Rev. F. Smith	0	10	0
Collection at Merstham, per Rev. W. A. Wicks	3	6	0
Collection at Great Broughton, per Rev. J. McNab	1	0	0
Collection at Crewkerne, per Rev. J. Cruickshank	0	18	0
Collection at New Basford, per Rev. F. A. Holtzhausen	2	10	0
Collection at Mildenhall, per Rev. H. M. Burt	1	0	0
Friends at Boston, per Rev. G. West ...	1	4	6
Friends at Middlesborough, per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. Wappatt 0 5 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Pouncer...	0	5	6
Mr. Bennett...	0	2	6
Mr. Macmay	0	2	6
Mr. East	0	2	6
Mr. Eanor	0	2	0
Mr. Cone, sen.	0	2	0
Mr. Keel's Class	0	2	6
Mr. R. W. Davies	0	2	0
Chapel Box	0	3	3
	1	9	9
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Pastor W. Hobbs	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Grenop	2	2	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. D. Wellby	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	21	0	0
Mr. John Marnham	10	0	0
Mr. John Brown	5	0	0
Mr. James C——ts	3	3	0
Mr. Joseph W. Harrald	1	1	0
Mr. A. Cohen, Q.C., M.P.	5	5	0
Mr. Potier	10	0	0
Miss Lambourne	2	0	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. William Evans	10	10	0
Mrs. William Evans	5	5	0
Mr. Richard Evans	10	10	0
Mr. Thomas Wild	5	0	0
Mrs. Brown, sen.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brown	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mace	2	2	0
X. Y. Z.	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Russell	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	3	3	0
Mr. V. Woodward	1	1	0
Miss Carruthers	1	0	0
Rev. S. Figgis	5	0	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. William List	5	0	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
Pastor A. G. Brown	3	3	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	5	5	0
Mr. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mrs. Charlotte Hockley, per J. T. D. ...	30	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	3	3	0
Mr. Richard May	20	0	0
Mrs. Richard May	5	0	0
Mr. Richard James May	5	0	0
Mr. George Pedley	5	0	0
"One who was not at the supper" ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Benham	5	5	0
Mr. Henry Varley	5	0	0
Mr. W. Stubbs	10	0	0
Dr. O. R. Prankerd	2	2	0
Mr. James Toller	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Toller	3	3	0
Mr. William Ince, per Pastor A. G. Brown	1	1	0
Pastor N. Heath, Gravesend	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Conference Public Meeting at Shoreditch Tabernacle ...	17	9	0
Mr. W. H. Williams, Ningpo	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Ayres	0	5	0
J. M., Dufftown	1	0	0
Lizzie Culver	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	1	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. John Lewis	1	1	0
A Widow's Thankoffering, per Pastor H. H. Garrett	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Brighton, Victoria	5	0	0
S. C., instead of a Legacy	100	0	0
Mr. James McLeod	4	0	0
Donations, per Pastor T. G. Tarn :—			
Mr. G. E. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. C. F. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. E. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. F. G. Gifford 1 0 0			
Mr. W. E. Lilley 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Nutter 1 1 0			
Mr. J. S. Rose 1 1 0			
Mr. G. A. Shippey... ... 0 11 0			
Mr. J. Toller 1 1 0			
Mr. J. S. Watts 1 1 0			
Mr. T. G. Tarn 1 1 0			
	11	0	0
Collected by Miss Knott...	1	2	6
Mr. Edward Smith	10	0	0
Mr. Charles Padley	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ilford ...	2	0	0
Collection at Baptist Sunday-school, Ilford	0	15	6
Mrs. M. Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. A. Armstrong, Warrambeen ...	5	0	0
S. E.	0	2	6
E. O. B.	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Rev. Mr. Gemmel	1	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Milbourne	2	2	0
Collection at Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor G. Wainwright...	7	13	0
Mr. Wm. Dagliesh	7	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	25	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	9	2	3
Collection at Haddenham, Cambs., per Pastor T. Henry Smith...	2	11	7
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 18 ... ... 45 1 2			
„ 25 ... ... 25 1 8			
May 2 ... ... 51 10 8			
„ 9 ... ... 41 9 0			
	163	2	4
	£2,102	8	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Ann Gardiner ...	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Ridgway...	0	10	0
Miss Reynolds	0	10	0
A constant reader of the sermons ...	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian World" ...	6	9	6
Mr. James Howston	5	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Edward Marsh	100	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. A. W. Donaldson's Bible Class ...	1	4	0
Thankoffering from a Friend	50	0	0
S. C., instead of a legacy...	100	0	0
Jane Craig	0	10	0
Mr. J. Crocker	2	0	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Mold 0 5 0			
Mr. John Edwards 0 5 0			
	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
H. F. S.	0	7	6
Miss Aldred	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bradford	3	6	6
Half-contents of boxes of Gavin and John Brown, now "gone home"	1	1	6
Collected by Miss Anne Brown, Grimsby:—			
Rev. E. Lauderdale ... 1 1 0			
Miss Anne Brown 1 1 0			
Mr. G. Brown 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. Dobson 0 10 0			
Mr. Emerson 0 8 0			
Mrs. Oates 0 8 0			
Mrs. Osmond 0 8 0			
Miss Alice Brown 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bradley 0 5 0			
Mr. Gidley 0 5 0			
Mrs. Plackitt 0 4 0			
	5	5	0
Mrs. M. Hadfield	5	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. E. A. Tydeman ...	0	10	0
Mr. Isaac Atkinson	0	10	6
One who knows what it is to be an Orphan	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh	1	0	0
S. E.	0	2	6
Mr. John Robinson	5	0	0
E. O. B.	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mrs. E. James	1	1	0
E. O. B.	10	0	0
A reader of the Sermons and "The Sword and the Trowel"	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Munro	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	15	6
A Churchwoman	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestly	3	0	0
M.	1	0	0
E. D.	0	5	0
Miss A. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
D. E.	6	0	0
A Lover of Jesus, A	0	5	0
Master Willie Cowper Dowen	0	5	0
Mr. F. F. Gilberd	0	5	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Walker	1	9	4
By sale of S. O. Tracts	0	13	6
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	2	9	9
Box at the Orphanage Gates	0	12	4
Westmoreland Road Sunday School, per Mr. S. L. Shepherd	1	3	10
Mrs. Windsor's Bible Class	0	10	0
Young Men's Class, per Rev. W. L. Mayo	0	8	6
Mrs. Sisman, per Rev. E. Osborne ...	1	0	0
Mr. Hague, per Rev. E. Osborne ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Chaplin	1	0	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Annie Groves, per Rev. A. H. Collins	0	10	0
Collected at Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins	1	10	3
Collected by Mrs. Elliott	0	7	10
G. Garnett, Esq., C. E., per Rev. J. T. Almy	0	10	0
Proceeds, Service of Song, by Orphanage Choir, less local expenses:—			
Cambridge, per Mr. G. Apthorpe ...	30	10	0
Charles Finch Foster, Esq.	20	0	0
Willingham, per Rev. R. S. Latimer ...	0	0	0
E. K., West Bromwich	0	10	0
Canary	0	2	6
Middlesborough Baptist Christian Association, per Rev. W. Whale ...	0	10	0
Bow Deacon	0	5	0
M. Shaw, Swiss order	1	0	0
Miss Hunt, per J. I. D.	0	5	0
Boys' Bible Class, Baptist Chapel, Sittingbourne, per Rev. G. D. Cox ...	0	5	0
F. K., per Mr. F. G. S. Norris	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, May 3rd ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:			
Mrs. C. Hunting	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Haward	2	0	0
Mr. Francis Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. Robt. Brice, jun.	1	1	0
W. Tebbutt, Esq., per Rev. T. H. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. Francis Fisher	1	0	0
	£412	0	10

List of Presents per Mr Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—Five cwt. of Carrots, Mr. James Green; 167 lbs. of Pork, Mr. G. Arnold; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

CLOTHING:—Three Flannel Shirts, Mr. Hart; a Jacket and Waistcoat, a Widow; 6 Night Shirts, Mrs. Ellis; 15 Night Shirts, Mrs. Brown's Bible-class; a Parcel of Clothing and Remnants of Cloth, Mr. Eden.

GENERAL:—A Quantity of Flowers, Mr. G. Hooper.

SALE-ROOM:—A Parcel of Small Neckties, Babies' Boots, &c., Anonymous; Comb-bag and Tidy, a Friend; 4 Woollen Articles, Anonymous; Apron and 2 Mats, Miss K. Oakley.

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering from a sermon reader ...	1	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
P. V. Cowan	1	0	0
Mrs. Browne	5	0	0
A. Moore	0	4	0
Miss Annie Kennedy	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Ann Gardiner ...	0	10	0
Mr. William Matthew	2	2	0
In thanksgiving, Isaiah xli. 2	2	0	6
A Sermon Reader, J. W. P.	0	5	0
Miss Weymouth	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
J. (monthly)	0	1	0
Alice and Annie Near	0	2	6
M.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
E. D.	0	5	0
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
D. E.	5	5	7
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	6
G. A.	1	0	0
Mrs. Sisman, per Rev. E. Osborne ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Keen	1	1	0
Mrs. Wheeler, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
"Thirty-sixth Anniversary of Wedding-day," per Rev. W. H. Burton ...	1	0	0
A Servant: M. A.	0	3	0
	£31	10	7

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth:—CLOTHING.—Thirty-six White Straw Hats, Mrs. Gilder; 8 Night Dresses, 4 Chemises, 8 Hats, 28 Dresses and Capes, Young Ladies Working Meeting, per Miss Higgs; 12 Pinafores, Mrs. Moss; 2 Frocks, 4 Pinafores, 2 Flannel Petticoats, Mrs. Brown; a Parcel of Clothes, Mrs. Ewen.

GENERAL:—A Packet of Indian Tea, Bundle of Patchwork, and some Toys, M. T., Reading, per Mr. Spurgeon.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Miss H. Woolland	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dunnett and Friends ...	0	16	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1	0	0
Mrs. Spreckley	1	0	0
Mrs. Charlotte Williams...	1	0	0
Mr. James Baxter...	1	0	0
Mrs. Belsey...	5	0	0
Thankoffering from a Friend	100	0	0
A Working-man in the North of Scotland	0	0	6
"Silver Wedding"	5	0	0
Mrs. Anne Harvey	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Harman	1	1	0
Mrs. E Diaper	0	2	0
Mrs. Booth	0	6	0
Mr. J. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. J. P. Brougham	2	10	0
Miss Violet Kemp Houston	0	5	0
Mr. William McEwing	2	0	0
Mr. George Lambert	1	0	0
M. M. and H.	0	2	0
M. A. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Hadfield	10	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	1	2	6
Mr. A. Armstrong, Warrambeen ...	5	0	0
Mr. William Adam	0	5	0
Mr. J. Knott	30	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, junior	5	0	0
E. O. B.	5	0	0
S. A. S.	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. Abijah West	2	0	0
C. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Miss Mary Purdom	1	0	0
C. T. K.	1	0	0
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible-classes, Shoreditch Tabernacle	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Rothesay	1	1	6
Baby Stratton	1	0	0
Mr. Sidney R. Young	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W.	2	2	0
Mr. R. M. Perry	1	0	0
Mrs. John Mortlock	1	1	0
Mrs. Sophia Hawley	1	0	0
Mrs. J. H. Elder	1	1	0
Mrs. Mary Arthur...	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	10	0	0
Mrs. Dexter...	2	2	0
Mr. John Clunie	0	5	0
Mr. John Clarke	0	5	0
J.	0	1	0
Mr. W. A. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scrivwright...	4	0	0
Miss Sarah Brown...	1	0	0
Mr. Stephen Adam	30	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Northampton ...	0	5	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
From Newington, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. McGregor, per Mr. McDonald ...	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. Clarke	0	5	0
Mr. John P. Shaw	2	0	0
Mrs. Morris	0	5	0
Mrs. Young, per Dr. Young	1	0	0
F. W. W., six days old	0	5	0
E. Stagg	0	2	6
Widow's Mite, J. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fry	5	0	0
E. P. G., Dudley	1	1	0
N. L.	1	0	0
Miss McBride, per Mrs. Ward ...	1	2	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Pool	1	0	0
Mr. T. Thomson	2	0	0
Mr. E. Piggott	2	2	0
P. E. and J. S., a special thankoffering	0	11	0
Mrs. John Barran, jun.	5	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Rev. John Burnham	1	0	0
Rev. H. Murray Downton	0	10	0
Mrs. Owen Philips	4	0	0
Miss Mary Robinson	0	10	0
Mr. George F. Jobbins	1	1	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Dumfries	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Chamberlain	0	10	0
P. O. O., from Billingborough	1	0	0
J. S., N.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Callam	2	0	0
	£301	15	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
W. R. for Riddings	7	10	0
High Wycombe, per R. Collins, jun., Esq.	10	6	0
Rock Lane Mission, for Ludlow ...	1	10	6
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Harborne	5	0	0
J. B. Mead, Esq., for Deptford... ...	10	0	0
For Bethnal Green:—			
C. E. Fox, Esq. 5 0 0			
W. R. Fox, Esq. 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Kettering District	5	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Perry Bar ...	5	0	0
For Harborne District:—			
Mr. Avery 1 0 0			
Mr. Moss 0 10 0			
T. Phillips, Esq. 0 10 0			
Mr. Leaver 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Wright 0 10 0			
Mr. James 0 10 0			
T. Adams, Esq. 0 10 0			
Mr. Payne 0 10 0			
Mr. Knowles 0 5 0			
Mr. Christian 0 7 6			
Mr. Tranter 0 7 0			
Mr. Coleman 0 5 0			
Mr. D. Wood 0 2 6			
Mr. Ward 0 2 6			
Mr. Shaw 0 1 6			
Mrs. Hingley 0 2 0			
Mr. W. Phillips 0 5 0	6	8	0
A Friend, Newbury District	0	10	0
East Devon Colporuage Mission, Ottery St. Mary District	13	0	0
E. S., for Church Gresley District ...	10	0	0
G. Curme, Esq., for Dorchester ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class for Crawley District	7	9	6
Northampton Association for Bulwick District	10	0	0
	£143	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
W. R., for Colporteur's Expenses ...	1	1	6
Mrs. Jenkins (annual)	1	0	0
Mr. John Powell	1	1	0
F. E. W.	0	10	0
One who has enjoyed "John Pearce"	0	5	0
S. Shaw (Collecting Box)	0	8	9
Mr. M. Frost and Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Woollard	1	0	0
Miss Francis	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen	0	2	6
Opii Rodway	1	0	0
Mrs. John Olney (annual)	2	2	0
Miss Newman (annual)	3	3	0
Friend to the cause, Brixton	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Irwin	0	10	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	25	4	7
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Williams, Ningpo	1	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
S. E.	0	2	6
E. O. B.	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	15	0
Mr. W. Gale	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Swain	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Brice, jun., (annual) ...	1	1	0
	£58	8	4

ERRATUM.—The total of General Subscription column in May should be £127 3s. 6d.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Williams, Ningpo	2	0	0
Collections at Bradford services, conducted by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton:—			
Sion Jubilee Chapel ... 95 1 8			
Westgate 14 3 7			
Trinity 4 11 6			
Heaton 3 0 0			
Bethel, Shipley 7 7 6			
Rosse-street 5 0 0			
Donations:—			
Mr. Abraham Altham ... 5 0 0			
Miss Rawson, Shipley ... 10 0 0			
A Shipley child's first offering to the Lord ... 0 10 0			
	144	14	3
E. O. B.	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. J. E. Alexander	1	1	0
Thankoffering	20	0	0
Thankoffering from Mrs. Holmes ...	2	2	0
Collection at Minchinhampton, per Mr. Burnham	2	3	6
	£178	0	9

Received by Mr. Spurgeon, but not included in above lists:—Mr. A. Armstrong, Victoria, for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, £5. Mr. W. H. Williams, Ningpo, for Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society, £1. Mr. James Gingell, for Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, £10 10s. E. O. B., for sermons and books to be distributed by Evangelists, £10. A Friend for the distribution of the Pastor's Sermons, £5. Thankoffering from O., a gold albert chain, to be sold for the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund. No. 583,915, to be appropriated as Mr. Spurgeon deems fittest, £100.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1879.



OFFICE AND DEPÔT:

STORS' COLLEGE, TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,

LONDON, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

President.
REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Treasurer.
ED. BOUSTEAD, Esq.

Committee.

Mr. C. F. Allison.
„ C. P. Carpenter.
„ F. D. Carpenter.
„ G. Goldston.
„ Llewellyn.
„ W. J. Mills.
„ T. Mills.
Mr. C. Murrell.
„ S. R. Pearce.
„ W. Payne.
„ J. Passmore, Junr.
„ C. Waters.
„ Woollard.

Hon. Finance Sec.—Mr. G. GREGORY.

Sec.—Rev. W. CORDEN JONES.

The object of this Association is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner :—

1st.—By means of Christian Colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the Colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

The average total cost of a Colporteur is from £75 to £80; but the Committee will appoint a man to any district for which £40 a year is subscribed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd.—By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal per centage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

This second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank; and Post Office Orders made payable to W. C. Jones, *at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to* Rev. W. Corden Jones, *Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, London, S.E.*

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Committee desire again to express their gratitude to God, that, amid a season of continued, and in many districts increased commercial and agricultural depression, the greater part of the Colporteurs employed during the previous year have been sustained and permitted to accomplish a large amount of useful work for the Master, which He has deigned graciously to crown with signal success.

It was to be expected that the amount realized by sales would hardly reach that of the year before; but, considering the fact that, during the last few months of the year, several Colporteurs had to be withdrawn through the failure of subscriptions in their respective districts, it is a matter for thankfulness that sales were made to the amount of no less than £7,661 16s. This result represents a large amount of self-denying labour, which will be further appreciated if it be remembered, that to accomplish it 797,353 visits were made by the Colporteurs, including those to the sick and dying, 203,000 tracts were given away, and 340,935 separate books and periodicals were disposed of. The greater part of the latter were of a low price, the books varying from 3d. to 1s., and magazines from ½d. to 6d., and these, let it be noted, have for the most part been purchased by persons who would not have done so but for the personal solicitation of the Colporteur, who frequently travels many miles beyond the ordinary channels of trade, and so creates a taste for good books, and a consequent demand for them. The Colporteurs also gave 8,244 addresses at services conducted by them. This summary will give a good general idea of the work accomplished, but eternity alone will reveal the full results.

In the following pages many interesting and encouraging illustrations of these labours will be found, and special attention is called to the fact that the reports have been furnished to a considerable extent by friends in the various districts, who have carefully watched the progress of the Colporteur, and in not a few instances have subscribed liberally towards his support. It is hoped that the evidence of tried and experienced supporters of the work will encourage others, in districts yet unoccupied, to make a trial of Colportage in their own locality.

The instances of usefulness reported by the Colporteurs themselves in the various departments of their work are most encouraging, and, while calling for deep thankfulness to God, if possible, deepen the conviction of those who already acknowledge its value, that Colportage is

an agency which cannot be surpassed for bringing the truths of the gospel home to individuals, as well as to the masses of the people who are living in utter neglect of the Saviour and His claims. Mr. SPURGEON says—"Our own solemn conviction is that Colportage as an agency is second to none. The enterprise is of God, and must go on. The more we see of its working, the more we are enamoured of it." The special evil with which the Colporteur battles is a growing one, and has been repeatedly indicated and condemned by great and good men in the best position to judge correctly, as well as by the daily press. This evil is the wide dissemination of demoralizing publications, the reading of which is attended by baneful and sometimes fatal consequences. As the issue of this class of literature cannot be forcibly stopped, it is very desirable that the press, which is thus made the minister of evil, should be consecrated, and, by the agency of Christian Colporteurs, vigorously and aggressively applied, so as to counteract and stem the stream of evil by arresting the spread of infidel and injurious publications, and using the saving and sanctifying influences of the gospel and the literature which it has so largely produced. In this work the Association has been very successful, and its greatly extended usefulness is only limited by the lack of a more liberal pecuniary response to the appeal which the intrinsic value and actual benefits of Colportage make to all who are interested in the mental and spiritual welfare of our fellow countrymen.

The Committee again earnestly and respectfully plead for help, to enable them, not only to maintain the present number of Colporteurs, but also to extend the work into the many districts so much in need of it. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

The thanks of the Association are specially due to the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society for liberal grants of books and tracts, and a regular supply on very advantageous terms. In conclusion, the Committee trust that, during the present year, Colportage will receive from their friends the hearty recognition which its efficiency, economy, and value deserve, by a far wider support than it has hitherto received.

TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF COLPORTAGE FROM LOCAL SUPERINTENDENTS AND THE COLPORTEURS.

LYNDHURST NEW FOREST DISTRICT.—The superintendent, R. W. S. Griffiths, Esq., kindly favours us with the following interesting account of Colportage in his locality :—

"It is now three years since our colporteur came here to work in this part of the New Forest, and the results of his work have been on the whole very gratifying. For the first two years the colporteur was established in our village, and tramped the neighbourhood, taking in all within a radius of five miles, visiting them regularly once a month, and often having to take up the whole of one day in reaching one or two woodmen's houses, but it was for just such cases he was established. The work prospered as to sales from the first beyond our expectations, the people are very poor and illiterate, but the magazines and tracts found their way in, and were and are still largely taken and appreciated.

"It has been a hard fight with many families and individuals (who, placed far away as all these villages are from civilizing influences, having no organizations or institutes, are self-satisfied with their own gross ignorance), to make them understand the object was for their benefit, not to make a profit out of the books; but that opposition is nearly overcome, and the visits of the colporteur are everywhere appreciated. I may add that, almost without exception, the clergymen in the district have withheld any opposition to the visits of the colporteur. I have before me the returns for the past year, not quite so good in point of sales as previous years, not to be wondered at when the scarcity of money in the district is taken into consideration. I find total sales amount to £101 13s. 4d. Bibles, 64; Testaments, 23; Books, 416; Magazines, 5,085.

"In almost every place visited there are people who cannot get out to public worship. These have learned to appreciate, and look forward to the visits of the colporteur, who reads, prays, and talks with them. Many of these places are *never visited by any other Christian agency whatever*, and these thoroughly appreciate, and look for, the monthly visit; even when they cannot buy books or magazines, they ask for tracts, and offer a trifle in exchange if the colporteur would accept it, and the knowledge that their visits are not dependent on the amount of, or any payment, makes them much more appreciated by the poor creatures. Often after reading a small portion of a book to them they will say they must buy and read the whole.

"A woodman and his wife living away in the forest, with no neighbours within a mile or so, were among the visited. We believe the visits were instrumental, through God's blessing, in leading both into the light of the gospel. The wife died last year, rejoicing, and full of faith and hope. The husband, crippled with rheumatism, looks eagerly for the visits, and with tears of joy has said, 'I bless God for putting it into your heart to come to see me, and I pray God to bless those who sent you.' And from my own personal experience I can assure myself that the visits have, in many cases, been productive of the happiest results. Indeed, five to six thousand magazines and books cannot go into the homes of these people every year, replacing bad literature or none at all, without through divine blessing gradually but surely elevating and refining, and Christianizing the homes and the hearts."

PITSEA DISTRICT supported by Essex Congregational Union. In order to reach the inhabitants of many hamlets and villages in the neighbourhood of Pitsea, it was resolved to engage the services of a colporteur, who might go from place to place, selling religious books and copies of the Scriptures, and holding cottage meetings. The Rev. A. Kluht, of Billericay, who was requested by the committee to superintend the agent, has furnished a full report of the work done since the month of January last, when the colporteur was engaged. The following extracts from Mr. Kluht's letter will show the kind of agency employed.

"Mr. Frost has periodically visited the villages of Pitsea, Bowers-Gifford, North Benfleet, Nevendon, Basildon, Coringham, and Fobbing. These all lie at a radius of between four and five miles from his home, and make a circuit of some thirty miles. He has also visited Wickford, Rettendon, Ramsden Heath, and Billericay. His district proper is far too poor to support simple Colportage; but there is ample scope for him in the capacity of evangelist and colporteur. In the month of February his sales comprised 11 Bibles, 13 Testaments, 58 bound books, and over 70 magazines. He also gave eight addresses on the Lord's-days, chiefly at Vange and Pitsea. His work at

the latter place has been encouraging. The little mission-room there had been closed three weeks before he went to his district; but by the assistance of friends he procured its re-opening. At first some dozen people came; the numbers have since steadily increased, until the attendance has reached sixty. Hitherto the colporteur has been everywhere kindly received by all denominations, and there seems a fair prospect of useful work and of permanent good being effected."

During the year this work has been continued with manifest tokens of blessing upon it, and Mr. Kluht writes the following cheering account:—

"The colportage work in the neighbourhood of Vange has now completed its first year. The results so far are encouraging, although they admit of no lengthy report. A growing desire for healthy and strictly religious literature, and most of all for copies of the Scriptures, are indicated; and signs are not wanting of directly spiritual impressions remaining as a consequence of the colporteur's visits. His journeys are often long and weary, but he is looked for, the very children brighten at his approach, and even where at first he was shunned or bidden away, there is now a friendly greeting accorded.

"These results are not such as can be reckoned in figures and tabulated, but they are now the precious and real, and we feel assured that, in some cases, at least, a new light and joy have been enkindled through the divine Spirit blessing the efforts of the colporteur here. Most heartily may we thank God and take courage."

AGENTS' REMARKS.

A man persuaded to attend the house of God instead of a public-house.—"I went to one house during this quarter and talked to a poor man who spends his Sunday and week evenings at the beerhouse. I asked him to send his children to the Sunday-school, and he did, and now he comes to the Sunday and week-night services, and his poor wife hopes soon to get clothes to come, and she seems so thankful that her husband has been led to go to our mission-room. I went to another and found that through the woman reading "Light on the line," had been led to give her heart to Jesus.

"One lady whom I have called upon often, but was always refused, went to see a friend of mine who began to tell her of my work, and of the mission and Sunday-school; how, if I had not been sent, she was afraid that they would have been without chapel or Sunday-school for the children, and the result was that she told my friend to tell me to call. The Spirit of God had been working much of late with her, so she told me she did not like to see anyone who would speak to her about her soul, but she and I have since had prayer together, and she has found peace, thank God for it."

EYTHORNE DISTRICT, KENT.—This is one of the oldest districts, having been successfully worked for about twelve years, and the funds chiefly subscribed by friends in connection with Eythorne Baptist Church. S. Clark, Esq., the local superintendent, writes concerning the work and the colporteur:—"Considering the few scattered dwellings there are in the wide field he travels, it is not carried out without a large amount of labour and self-sacrifice. Viewing it as the Lord's work, the colporteur is most anxious and willing to spend and be spent in his work. There is no very prominent feature in the report, but as one of God's servants, I trust he is using him, and causing him to be made a great blessing to the neighbourhood around. I am very thankful to find that we have many kind friends, who take a great interest in the work, and who render all the aid they can in this particular agency. We have four preaching stations. Mr. H. is appointed once in each month in each station, and well received by all. I am pleased to hear, in an *indirect way ofttimes*, the good results that follow. I was in conversation with one of our Independent friends not long since, where Mr. H. had been invited to preach; he stated that many were built up and refreshed by the work, and many of the friends felt somewhat inclined to invite him to become their pastor. I trust that God may still own and bless his labours, and crown his efforts with an abundant success."

The colporteur himself speaks of individual cases of usefulness, one or two of which follow.

Visits to a dying man blessed.—"On the 10th of November I paid my last visit to a young man in the last stage of consumption. I well remember my first prayer with him, and how at that time he acknowledged himself to be a 'stranger to Jesus.' Several other visits were paid, and prayers offered, and exhortations given and

apparently enjoyed, besides the first and last referred to, but the last especially found him resting on the 'Rock.' Since then he has passed away, and his pious mother in the midst of sorrow rejoices in the evidences of spiritual life which were so manifest in her son before he died."

Fruit found after many days.—"A young man writes me to say: 'I am now in business for myself, and I have a baptized believer for my wife. I am working for the Lord, and he has helped me to preach for him several times. I shall be glad to see both you and yours at any time, *for I look to you as the instrument* in God's hand of making me what I am, and placing me where I am to-day.'"

This agent sold during the year 88 Bibles, 735 bound books, and 7083 periodicals, to the value of £124 8s. 8¼d., while he held 81 services, and made 3652 visits.

RYDE DISTRICT, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Miss Hadfield, who for six years has generously provided the means to support the colporteur in this district, forwards the following summary of his work, which she endorses by saying—"I am quite assured that he is a faithful and devoted labourer, and that the great Master accompanies his efforts with blessing."

Colporteur's Remarks.—"The past year has been a very successful one. My visits have been appreciated by the people, and from the remarks made by my customers the books have been blessed of God, and many believers have been *cheered* and *encouraged* in their pilgramage to their *better home.* The cottage meetings have been well attended, and *the Lord has been working with us*, and confirming the *word* spoken so feebly, and conversions have taken place, and God's people have been *very much quickened* in the divine life. *Not* unto us, but *unto his name* we would *give the glory*, whose right it is, for his is the *power* and the *glory.*"

Summary of the Year's Work.—Summary of work in the Ryde district, 1879:—Bibles sold, 156; Testaments, 145; total, 301. Bound books, 2,348; magazines, 18,660; total number of books, 21,309. Christmas and New Year's cards with texts, 1,152; book and sheet almanacks, with texts for every day, 720. Took part in 140 cottage and open-air services. Families visited, 14,391. Sales amount to £207 8s. Distributed over 10,000 tracts gratuitously.

MALDON DISTRICT, ESSEX.—Mr. Samuel Spurgeon sends the following very satisfactory report:—The number of books sold has been 479—viz., Bibles, 64; Testaments, 48; other books (above 6d.), 367; also 5,469 magazines and small books, showing a total value of £131 7s. 8½d. The colporteur is much respected in the town and neighbourhood, and is working in harmony with the various causes. He preaches every Sunday besides week-evening meetings, open-air services, &c. During the year he has conducted services in our own (the Baptist) chapel and the Primitive Methodist in Maldon, the Baptist Chapel, Burnham, and the Congregational Chapel, Tollesbury. His preaching has been greatly blessed at our mission station at Woodham Walter; the room is becoming much too small, and several have by God's blessing been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. He reports that at one place, after preaching, an old servant of the Lord came up to him, and with the tears streaming down his face exclaimed, "This has been a glorious time for my soul; I came sad, but have been made glad." The minister of the above place states that a member was added to his church through an address given by the colporteur to Sunday-school teachers. Mr. Keddie also visits the sick and dying, and points them to the Saviour. He states that he has witnessed some most affecting scenes. Many who have been bedridden for years count of his visits with no ordinary pleasure. In conclusion, I believe that Mr. Keddie is doing a very great and good work, meeting difficulties in the right way, and overcoming opposition with a meek and Christian spirit. I hope that the year we have now entered may be one of great blessing to colportage work.

Quite unsolicited, the Rev. D. Hollies, Congregational minister, wrote as follows:—"I rejoice to bear testimony to the faithful work of Mr. Keddie at Woodham Walter. The mission-room (being part of a cottage) which he hires continues to be crowded on Sunday evenings, and when an occasional *week* evening service is held it is well filled. There are several members of *our* church who received their first impressions from his preaching, and in the course of my pastoral work of visitation I frequently hear of the fruit of his labours, and the high esteem in which he is held. The urgent want of Woodham Walter is a mission-hall. I trust Mr. Keddie's difficulties as to the securing of a piece of land will soon be overcome. The Lord is evidently abundantly blessing the labours of Mr. and Mrs. Keddie, for the latter is a valuable co-worker."

The colporteur sends the following case of—

Blessing upon Visitation.—"I was constrained very forcibly to one particular part of my district one morning from other parts more necessary, and to one particular house, at which, on calling, I was met by one with an anxious face, who exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, you are just such a one as we wanted to see. My husband is so ill, have you time to speak with him a few minutes?' and I replied, 'Most certainly I have; it is my mission. Where is your husband?' 'He is just coming down stairs,' she replied. And so he made his appearance, which was very ghostly indeed. He tottered to his arm-chair, and some minutes elapsed before he could speak. On gaining strength his first utterance was, 'Oh, sir, you are heaven-sent, I am sure, for I have been praying all the morning to God that he might send some one to comfort my soul. Oh, sir, I cannot see how Jesus could bear my sins on the tree when I was not born.' To which I replied, he bore away the sins of the world. He that believeth on him hath everlasting life; and also spoke of his great love, which the man seemed to drink in. It was blessed to the comforting of his soul. On leaving him he seemed ever so much stronger, and gave me the usual salutation, 'God bless you, and a thousand thanks for calling. Come again as soon as you can. The Lord has blessed you to my soul to-day.' I called again to see him: he seemed much nearer the gates of death, but enjoying a deep calm in his soul, and longing for the Master to come. May God give us many more."

PEWSEY VALE DISTRICT, WILTSHIRE.—This is one of several districts supported by the Wilts and East Somerset Association of Churches. Dr. R. W. Biggs, the superintendent, says:—"Pewsey Vale is a district in which there has never been much gospel light, and in some parishes where it has existed it has gone out. Between the little towns of Marlborough and Devizes it is about fifteen miles long and half that in width. The population is almost entirely agricultural, and backward in mental cultivation. It is thus a laborious and important field for sowing the seed of divine truth by Christian colportage; and, considering the circumstances, the success that has attended the faithful labours of Robert Moody is encouraging. Those labours are increased by the neeessity of preaching almost every Sunday in the same place. He generally devotes two days in the month to an unsupplied spot in the western part of the county, the village and neighbourhood of Atworth, famous for its stone quarries. There he finds *more* sympathy and encouragement. But if Mormon falsehood can make its its converts in the Vale of Pewsey shall not Christian truth make more?"

The following extracts from the colporteur's journal show that God often blesses the books read, to conversion:—

A Policeman converted by reading "Grace and Truth."—"I was very much cheered while calling at A—— to hear the 'policeman' give me a cheering account of how the Lord had blessed the reading of 'Grace and Truth' to his soul, which he had bought. He says it is one of the best books that he ever read. He says he never saw the way of salvation so clear before as he was enabled to see it through reading 'Grace and Truth'; in fact, he was so deeply impressed as to the value of the book, that he asked me to get him another one, to give to a person who was ill, hoping that it may be made a blessing to him."

"A child of Jesus" frequently blessed.—"A few instances have come under my notice of late that give me some amount of encouragement, which tells me that the Lord is blessing the work. The little book, namely, 'A Child of Jesus,' continues to sell well, and wherever it goes it seems to be blessed to some extent to the reader. Instances which have come to me in cases where it has been the means of deeply impressing or comforting the reader seem to be too numerous to mention."

Spiritual good resulting from books sold.—"The book, namely, 'The Gate and the Glory Beyond,' has been made the means of a great spiritual blessing to a young man who read it. His mother says that the little book that she bought of me she has sent to her son, who was at that time very ill. The young man wrote home to thank his mother for sending him that good book, which he says he has read over and over again. His mother says, judging from the letter that he wrote to her, that there has been a great change in him, which she believes is through reading that book which she sent him."

SOUTHERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION DISTRICTS.—The fact that this Association has increased the number of colporteurs from one to seven is very gratifying, and speaks for itself of the value and success of colportage as a home mission agency. Brief extracts can only be given from the reports of local superintendents in these districts.

WEST MEDENE DISTRICT, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Rev. Frederick Trestrail, F.R.G.S., writes of the colporteur :—

"*His sales* were the best proof of his diligence. He superintends the school, has a Bible-class, and a cottage prayer-meeting, and some few have joined Wellow and other churches. It is not possible to over-estimate the value of this work ; and all who desire to see some effectual check put to the diffusion of low, immoral literature, must rejoice that it is so far supplanted by what is, mentally and morally, sound and good.

"In two years and nine months, Mr. Hodge has sold 920 Bibles and Testaments, 3,166 portions of Scripture, text cards, and Scripture almanacks, 10,008 periodicals, or a total of sales, 14,092 ! Such a number of books and periodicals could not have been disposed of, in addition to a very large amount of tracts, without great diligence. It has required, during the past year, nearly *eight thousand* calls. It may be fairly presumed that but for this agency very few of these books would have been bought. Being wholly unsectarian, and purchasers choosing for themselves what they buy, every one wishing to promote the mental and moral improvement of the community cannot but feel interested in this work."

SALISBURY DISTRICT.—Speaking of the colporteur, Rev. G. Short, B.A., writes :—

"I am happy to say his work, though but beginning, appears to be most promising. He is a godly man, sparing neither time nor endeavour to render it a complete success. He is ready and earnest in speech when he has an opportunity to speak for Christ, acceptable as far as I can learn as a village preacher, inducing confidence from the devout and more experienced, and getting access to the lower classes. His sales have rapidly increased from £7 or £8, to £10, £15, and even £20 per month. The district is very wide, and the pack he carries, sometimes for six, seven, or eight miles, very heavy, insomuch that I have often fears for his health. I am much obliged to the committee for their generous help in supporting such a man."

POOLE DISTRICT.—Mr. J. P. Godwin, the Superintendent, writes :—"The colporteur in this district has during the past year been earnest and persevering, and I think fairly successful. He is able to speak of many interesting facts connected with his work, a few of which I subjoin ; also of direct spiritual results, which are very encouraging. He is very acceptable as a preacher in the villages, and takes an active part in a branch Sunday-school near his house. I believe he is growing in the respect and esteem of his district. He reports :

"'In July last I visited a village for the sixth time, where I could never sell anything, and was turning home much depressed, still lifting up my heart to the Lord for help. I noticed a little bye lane, went up and found a farm-house. The wife knelt down and examined my pack, while I talked to the farmer and explained my work : he became interested, bought books value six shillings, and has been a good customer ever since. I have also succeeded in selling books at almost every house in the village ; in fact, it is one of my best days in the month.'

"'In September I called where a young woman was ill. She said she was in a decline. I asked her if she was saved ; she said, "No, I wish I was." I talked with her, and told her the way of salvation ; she was very thankful and said no one came to see her. I remembered her before the Lord many times during the month. When I called again, what a change ! although very ill, her face was lit up with joy, and she believed Jesus had washed her soul in his most precious blood.'

"His sales during the past year have been—Bibles, 105 ; Testaments, 108 ; Books, 2,333 ; Magazines, 1,299.—Total sales £89 11s. 5d. Families visited, 6,929. Tracts distributed, about 4,000. Sermons and addresses, 84."

DOWNTON DISTRICT (near Salisbury). Rev. J. T. Collier writes :—"Taking Downton as his centre, he has regularly visited twenty-seven villages, and occasionally one or two more. He has been working in the district for more than five years, is now well known and received everywhere as a friend, and has met with an increasingly cordial welcome during the past year. He finds people increasingly willing to purchase books, though not so able lately as they once were ; but many who never thought of buying such books before do buy them now. Very recently three young men have given up Lloyd's Sunday Paper for the *Weekly Welcome*, *Sunday at Home*, *and Boys' Own Paper*. He visits three clergymen's houses, and sells books in each ; and one clergyman has purchased several of Mr. Spurgeon's works, and the reading of these, and also Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, has led, there is good reason to believe, to an altered and more evangelical tone and spirit in his preaching.

"With respect to the sale of Bibles, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact,

illustrating the character and usefulness of his work in this particular department, that he has since his residence in the district supplied and completed 150 of 'Cassell's Family Bible.'

"A good work has been done during the year in visiting the sick, speaking by the wayside, and many houses have been visited in lonely out-of-the-way places, where scarcely any other visitor is seen, and in others the colporteur gains an access which to others would be denied. As to his Sunday work, that continues to be constant and useful. He has preached on every Sunday in the year, generally twice, often three times on the Sunday, occasionally with increasing acceptance.

"The above is a bare outline, without exaggeration or colouring, of his work during the year. Perhaps the simple facts thus simply related tell the best tale."

A few extracts from the Journal of the Colporteur labouring in this district are appended.

"I am well received everywhere, and am thankful to say the Lord's blessing is still with me. At one of the chapels where I preach the good Lord has given us a shower of blessings. Several attribute their conversion to the Word spoken by me; we are all thankful to God that he has thus prospered the work of our hands. To him be all the praise. At the new chapel we have built at Redlinch there is a very good attendance, and we believe that the Lord's blessing is upon it. I have in my daily visits read the Scriptures and engaged in prayer in the cottages of the poor, and have conducted cottage services in several of the villages with much acceptance, and not without good results; for I believe some five or six persons have found peace in Jesus through the message thus delivered; I have in the summer months preached in the open air in four different villages to large congregations, who never frequent the house of prayer. I have been conducting a fortnight's services at a little branch chapel, belonging to the Baptist Chapel, Poole, in a village two miles from Poole; there has been much good done, two persons have professed to have found peace in Jesus, and more are under conviction. I preached every night with great assistance from on high."

"There is one thing cheering to report,—I have received new orders for magazines for the new year; four at the clergyman's where I never sold one before, and yesterday one young man gave me an order for *The Sunday at Home*, and said he would give up Lloyd's Paper and take that instead. I find when I get an order for magazines I often sell other books. Though my visits are as welcome as ever, the people often tell me if I did not come there would be no one come to see them."

NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION (two districts).—W. J. Mills, Esq., the Secretary, speaking of the colporteurs and their work, says:—

"Physically, morally, and spiritually, they are model representatives of your worthy society; they are not only in 'labours oft,' but in labours without end; they are not only at work from Monday morning till Saturday night, but every Sunday they are preaching two and three times to the same people, feeding the flock of God and calling sinners to repentance.

"The beneficial results accruing from these labours of the brethren are not to be expressed in words nor tabulated in figures: the great day of the Lord can alone declare them. It is a great point with one section of English Christians that they confer a great blessing on the inhabitants of rural districts by placing a 'gentleman' in every parish in the country; how much more satisfaction can the subscribers of the Colportage Association reflect that they are sending *a man*, *a Godly man*, gentle with the tenderness of Christ, deep in piety, fervent in zeal, one taken from the ranks of those among whom he labours, and familiar with such ills as are common to the working classes of England, to make known to them by books, and in their own tongue and in their own homes, those truths which are the solvent of life's ills and the medicine of the sin-sick soul! These brethren are quarrying in the lowest strata of human nature, but thence they are bringing many a stone that shall help to make the temple of the Lord glorious.

"Praying that you may be enabled to multiply your agents."

Both these colporteurs report special blessing upon visitation of the sick, but the details are very similar to many other cases, and need not be printed.

The united sales are comparatively small, amounting to only £112 7s. 11d., but represent much earnest labour.

OXFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—Two colporteurs are employed in connecton with this Association, one stationed at Bampton and the other at Upper Slaughter.

Rev. S. Hodges, of Stow-on-the-Wold, writes:—"It is now four years since Mr. Moody has been in the Stow and Aston district, and he has fairly worked it, although an extensive one numbering twenty-four villages, exclusive of the town of Stow, scattered over a wide surface of country. He must have been very earnest and persevering in selling his books, from the fact that his sales in four years have amounted to £478 5s. 4d., a large sum to collect in a poor agricultural neighbourhood. The Committee have had no cause to find fault with the colporteur or with his work. We believe him to be an upright man, a sincere Christian, and hard worker, taking every opportunity of speaking a word for the Master; greatly beloved by all who know him, and highly respected by all the people he visits.

"If all your agents work their districts as Mr. Moody has his, you will have no cause for complaint."

The colporteur reports thus:—"The sales have not been so large as last year, which may be accounted for on the ground that the past winter was a very hard one, and the summer dull; but I have, however, cause to thank God and take courage. Though the demand for good books is less, the desire to possess them is greater. The cottagers frequently tell me how much they enjoy reading the monthly magazines and tracts, and of the good impressions they receive from their perusal. In the course of my visits I often enter into conversation with them, and find that they have been in the habit of reading light and frivolous novels. A woman, who had recently been led to the knowledge of the truth, told me that it was the hardest thing in the world for her to give up reading such books: but she had resolved that she would do so. I encouraged her all I could to keep to that good resolution, and referred her to Acts xix. 19, in which it is stated that 'Many of them (the Ephesians) which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men.' She seemed astonished and delighted to hear this, saying, 'that she did not know that such words were found in the Bible,' and she seemed encouraged by these words to carry out her determination.

"During the past year I have held 120 religious services, paid 290 visits to the sick and aged, distributed upwards of 2,000 tracts, sold 190 Bibles and Testaments, and obtained over 400 subscribers to monthly periodicals and magazines. The total amount of sales realized £124 6s. 10d., £5 14s. 4d. less than last year."

The colporteur at Bampton reports that he has established a Sunday-school having an average attendance of 40 scholars, also that a blessing has rested upon his visitation. He also relates the following instance of good resulting from sale of a book: "A woman purchased a book entitled 'Setting out for heaven.' After reading it and feeling how precious it was, she sent the book to her son as a birthday present. He received and read it, felt condemned for his neglect of the loving Saviour and his ordinances, and was enabled to wrestle in prayer for forgiveness, which he obtained, and is now a member of the church."

Sales during a year ending August 1st, £93 8s. 5d.—viz., magazines, 2,245: bound books (various), 1,560; Bibles, 85; Testaments, 99; portions, 31. Visits to homes, 11,122; tracts distributed, 1,060; visits to sick, 413; tea and public meetings, 111.

WORCESTER COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, four districts. Edgar Bomford, Esq., writes of the colporteur in

ALCESTER DISTRICT.—"There is a much healthier tone among the rural population than formerly, which is shown by the evident appreciation given to spiritual and moral teaching which was before lacking. Everywhere the colporteur is welcomed as a friend, and in many places *he* is the only person who ever takes any care of the spiritual condition of those he visits. A proof of these things may be found in the fact, well known to me, that at many houses where the people are too poor to buy his books, they take such care of the tracts he gives as to stitch them together into volumes, and this, too, sometimes, where it is least expected. In short, it is evident to anyone who watches, as I have done, the effect of the work, that it is a thing greatly needed, most effectual in many instances, and in some the only way to reach the people whose souls are uncared for by any other agency."

The statistics of the work of colporteur in this district are as follows:—Visits paid, 12,042; tracts given, 6,250; visits to sick, 425; services held, 90; Scriptures sold, 126; Scriptures read, 470; aggregate of hearers, 4,353; books sold, 5,623; value of sales, £151 8s. 11d.

"One person in my district, a few months ago, read nothing but very bad literature,

I talked to her about the sin of such a course, and begged of her to read that which was good, sold her 'Pilgrim's Progress,' then 'John Ploughman's Talk.' On visiting her the last month sold her 'The Saint and Saviour,' by Mr. Spurgeon. She told me she had become very fond of Mr. Spurgeon's books.

"'Bright Rays for Dark Days' have been greatly blessed and highly prized by another family.

"'Old Testament illustrations' have been much blessed in a very wicked family. On visiting this family afterwards, the wife said, 'Come in, I want to talk to you about that book you sold me.' We had a talk about it, and she told me, with tears in her eyes, 'It is the best book I ever read, and as soon as I can get some money I will have another.'

Equally satisfactory opinions of other portions of the districts might be quoted, but a few remarks by the colporteurs are given instead. The agent in the above district mentions several cases showing how *people learn to value good books sold to them.*

"I sold one of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Evening by Evening' to a woman who had lost an only son, and nothing could comfort her. On reading this book she found one leaf not cut, she cut it and read it, and she told me it was a message *to her*, for which she thanked God."

Conversation with an old lady :—"Come in, I want to tell you about that book you sold me, 'Home Beyond.' I have read it, and it is so good, bring me one for my brother next time. I have got much good from it, and from your conversation in your visits. My life is so different now to what it was two years ago; then I knew nothing about good things: now I love Jesus and am happy."

DROITWICH DISTRICT.—Other friends and myself started a "Band of Hope" Society in this town a few weeks ago, and we are so far very successful. Drunkenness is awfully on the increase here, and the children, many of them, are being trained after their parents. I am confident that my monthly sales would be six times greater *were it not for the drink.*

I am looked upon now by the majority in my district as a friend. Some designate me "the book man," others "the preaching man," others "The British Workman," etc. The magazines sold have given great satisfaction, and I anticipate a great increase in the number of monthly subscribers next year. Sales £92 13s. 10½d.

EVESHAM DISTRICT. *Colporteur welcomed and valued.*—"People are very glad to have the pure and simple gospel brought to them, many expressing their thanks for books sold, tracts given, and words spoken. One old woman said, 'O what a good thing is prayer. I feel obliged to you for your visits. I have been very ill, but was not afraid to die, for I felt that I could trust in that Saviour you spoke to me about.' A lady said, 'I am a churchwoman, but I will take Mr. Spurgeon's sermons monthly, for I find more food for my mind in them than anything else.' Sales for 1879, £224 0s. 4½d."

WADBORO' DISTRICT. *Preaching in his own hired house.*—"I am endeavouring to extend the Society by scattering the useful knowledge which you send me, and by teaching Jesus and the resurrection from house to house, and preaching publicly once per week in my own hired house. You will be pleased to hear that I have a *good meeting* on Wednesday evenings, and I believe the good Lord is blessing his own Word by me, and I crave a special interest in the prayers of the Society, and of the Metropolitan Tabernacle church."

Spiritual darkness and ignorance.—"On asking an old woman if she was saved, and if she knew how, she replied, 'I never done any harm to my neighbours,' &c. I asked her if she knew anything about Jesus Christ, she replied, 'I mind reading something about him when I was young, about his having a napkin round his head.' She was as dark as midnight."

The sales in this district were £71 9s. 9½d.

ACCRINGTON DISTRICT, LANCASHIRE.—Rev. S. R. Antliff reports as follows :—

"The agency here has been in operation about two years, and, considering the disturbed condition of the town when it was inaugurated, the work has been very successful. Our first colporteur, after establishing the agency and working with some success, was succeeded by Mr. D. Witton, who is now with us working heartily and well. From his reports, covering only four months, I select the following pleasing incidents :—

"'In the month of September, I was able to put good books into the hands of several persons who were Roman Catholics, and one told me that a tract I had given was very good. There are many bad books and papers read in this district, and our work is needed to counteract them. I find some of the people look out for me to come my rounds, and are very glad when I call. One poor woman said, "O sir, I am so glad you are come, for I wanted some one to speak to." She was in trouble, and I pointed out some of the promises of God, and prayed that the Lord would bless the woman and her husband. I was coming away, when she said, "Do call again when you come this way, and I will buy a book. It was a good one that I bought the last time you were here, and I have read it many times over." My visits have also been made a blessing to the sick.'

"I ought also to insert an extract from the printed report read to the Accrington Temperance Society, at their annual meeting in the Town-hall, November 22nd, 1879:—

"'Owing to inadequacy of funds the committee did not see their way to engage a Temperance missionary who should devote the whole of his time to that important work, but they arranged that the colporteur in connection with the Accrington branch of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be supplied with tracts, with our society's heading, for distribution while on his rounds. This arrangement was entered into last December, and has given an opening for introducing the question of Temperance into many a drink-cursed family. In his report to the committee he says, "The tracts I receive from the Accrington Temperance Society I distribute in my rounds, and I know they have been the means of blessing a number of men and women. Through them I have had a door opened to enter in and converse upon the sin and folly of intemperance, which has resulted in profit, I believe." In acknowledgment of these services the committee have voted £5 to the funds of the Colportage Association.'

"In concluding this brief report, I will only add further, that I am sure good is being done by the colportage work in Accrington, and that I sincerely hope that our effort will not have to be abandoned for want of adequate funds."

LUDLOW DISTRICT, SHROPSHIRE.—Considerable difficulty has been found in maintaining a colporteur here, but a good work is being done, as the following from Jas. Evans, Esq., testifies:—

"The colporteur is working well; indeed, I sometimes think too hard for his physical health and strength. Every week his work seems to be better appreciated, and I consider is getting upon a more permanent basis. He is a capital visitor and tract distributor, and also works well on the Lord's-days preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

"He began his mission in Ludlow very humbly, and the Lord has surely opened up his way marvellously, and he is getting into good favour with the people. He has now worked amongst us for two years, and I am sure it would be a great loss to the town and neighbourhood were he taken away,; at least, the Lord sparing me, I shall do my best to keep him here, conscious of the good he is doing."

The colporteur in this district reports the following among many interesting cases of good resulting from the circulation of good literature:—

"I am cheered this quarter by news from America that a tract left by me at a house in Ludlow was admired and sent at once to America, and proved a blessing to a whole family there. The wife is said to have decided for Christ, and the husband, who was of drinking habits, has signed the pledge of total abstinence, and the two children followed his example. Thus we employ postmen to carry glad tidings of great joy!"

GREAT YARMOUTH DISTRICT.—The colporteur here is working under the auspices of the Town Mission, and the remarks of S. W. Page, Esq., Local Superintendent, should suggest to other Town Mission Committees the desirability of adopting such a valuable agency.

"This good work is, I think, if well managed, one of the cheapest and best forms of mission work extant, and is proving a success. There is here a population of 40,000, so that an energetic agent may work some months before he visits all round. The villages adjoining this town are not overlooked, but are visited once a month; by so doing both in town and country our agent is continually sowing good seed broadcast on his every-day march, both by sales and tract distribution.

"As to results, the following facts will show the success of the past year; namely,

400 copies of the Bible and 250 of the Testament sold, besides numerous other good books, periodicals, etc.; and in not a few cases the purchaser of a Bible never had been the owner of a copy of the word of God before. I will give one illustration of our colporteur's visit to a cottager and offering for sale a copy of the Bible, he recommending it as the best of all books, being full of promise of comfort. The answer was, 'I will take one, but I never had a volume that gave me comfort yet'; but since reading it —— has found it all the more precious, and surpasses far the recommendation.

"The beach in the visiting season, and the fish wharf in the fall of the year, are fine fields of labour, where the good seed of the kingdom is being scattered as the year revolves. Soldiers in barracks are hard to get at, and are harder still to effect sales with; but they are visited occasionally, and tracts are distributed. A work like this must grow and mightily prevail."

WOLVERHAMPTON DISTRICT.—Rev. D. W. Purdon, Congregational minister, bears the following emphatic testimony to the value of the agency. Speaking of the colporteur, he says:—"We are surprised he does so much, especially during these hard times, which must tell terribly against him. But the fact is, he is more than an indefatigable workman in selling. He is so thoroughly good and genial that (as I have abundant opportunity of learning) he is a 'welcome visitor' wherever he goes. He has established himself in the confidence and esteem of those among whom he labours to the gratification and delight of all who are interested in him and this work. He is so kind, gentle, unassuming, patient, persevering: so conscientious; so earnest for the truth, and so bold to speak for Christ. It would be a positive calamity for us to lose him; and in this many agree with me, and I cannot but wish that you may long possess him, for in him you have one of the most faithful of workers. He seems at home whether talking to the stroller, or by the bedside of the sick, or leading some little service, or selling his books. In short, he is a downright, upright, useful Christian, rejoicing in his work, and intent on glorifying his Lord. And what more can I say? I wish we had hundreds like him in every part of our country.

"This short report will be acceptable to you, but it is quite as acceptable to me to be able so freely, and without *ifs* and *buts*, to give it."

DORCHESTER DISTRICT.—This is a purely agricultural district, and has suffered severely from the bad times. The local superintendent, Mr. J. T. Soundy, however, writes hopefully of the work, thus:—

"The colporteur has continued to visit many a lonely cottage by the way, as well as the more populous villages, and though discouraged perhaps in a commercial sense, yet believe it is not labour lost, for the tract left, and the word spoken, we trust will be blessed.

"But this is not all the work. The colporteur has held over 100 services during the twelve months, in which some have been impressed with the truth, and we pray that the same good spirit may lead them to the Saviour. He has also attended temperance meetings, both for young and old, and endeavoured to show the evil of the cup that leads to death, besides occasionally holding prayer-meetings in some of the cottages in his round. And although the amount earned and taken may show a deficiency on the balance sheet, I believe the last great day will prove that the money and labour were not spent in vain, but owned of the Lord.

"I look upon the colporteur as a seed sower, who steadily and quietly plods his way, the fruits of which others may reap in due time."

NEWBURY DISTRICT, BERKSHIRE.—Rev. G. Howe says:—"We are exceedingly pleased with the amount of work which has been done, and with the way in which it has been accomplished. There is a growing appreciation of the service rendered by our friend. I trust this is the feeling generally where the agency is in operation."

ARNOLD DISTRICT, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—Mr. Higginbottom, the local secretary, writes:—"Mr. Watkins has visited extensively during the year, and his work has been attended with much good. Six or seven direct conversions, it is believed, may be traced to the efforts of the colporteur during the year, and advice, spiritual conversation, and instruction have been given daily by him."

Similar testimony is forthcoming from other districts, but cannot be presented for want of space. It is hoped, however, that what is given will lead many to help the Association by employing its agents, subscribing liberally to its funds, and by earnest prayer for a continued and increased blessing upon the labours of the colporteurs.

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable on account of the number and variety of Books sold, but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1879 :—

BOOKS.

Bibles	8,918	Coloured Series	1,726
Testaments	6,638	Life of Billy Bray	722
Spurgeon's John Ploughman's Talk	884	Hymn Books, Sankey's Solos...	23,123
Happy Homes	293	Large Hymn Books...	16,022
Bunyan's Works	2,944	Cottage Library (selected) ...	1,285
Child of Jesus	1,359	Mrs. Sewell's Works	3,856
Spurgeon's 1/- series	3,225	Saint and Saviour...	406
Line upon Line series	541	Spurgeon's Almanack	1,971
Prince of the House of David...	1,220	Spurgeon's Ploughman's ditto...	5,715

TOTAL BOOKS ... ... 80,848.

LIST OF MAGAZINES SOLD DURING 1879.

Band of Hope Review	11,674	Spurgeon's Sermons (parts) ...	2,506
British Workman	15,788	Child's Own Magazine	8,028
British Workwoman	15,132	Child's Companion	14,908
Sunday at Home	8,862	Infants' Magazine	4,032
Leisure Hour	2,872	Sunshine	5,408
Chatterbox	9,672	Baptist Messenger	5,428
Family Friend	8,456	Mother's Friend	5,064
Mother's Treasury	5,044	Old Jonathan	5,488
Friendly Visitor	6,464	Tract Magazine	2,544
Quiver	11,882	Kind Words	3,048
Sword and Trowel	5,098	Cassell's Bible Parts...	4,984
Children's Friend	12,564	Cottager	4,018
Weekly Welcome (parts) ...	8,034	Miscellaneous Magazines... ...	72,780

OR 259,778 PERIODICALS.

These figures give some idea of the sales made by an average of about 75 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 203,000 Tracts, and made about 997,000 visits.

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table:—

Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Families Visited.	Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Families Visited.	Services and Addresses
1866	2	927	18	1	114,913	1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	
1867	6					1874	29	2,937	1	7	287,929	
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

Dr. *General Cash Account for the year ending 31st December, 1879.* Cr.

1879.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balances 31st December, 1878.						
With London & County Bank ...	225	8	9			
„ General Secretary... ...	82	4	11			
„ Trade Manager	27	13	11½			
„ Colportours receivable January, 1879	334	10	1			
				619	17	8½
„ Subscriptions as per published list— For Districts & General Fund				4,024	0	2
Sales by Colportours... ...7,661 16 0						
Less Discount allowed ... 376 7 2½						
	7,285	8	9½			
To Book Agents, &c.	206	15	8			
				7,492	4	5½
„ Sale of old fixtures, &c.				1	18	0
				£12,138	0	4

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Purchases—						
Cash paid for Bibles, Books, Periodicals, &c.				5,442	3	5
„ District Charges—						
Colportours' Wages	4,672	6	5			
„ Expenses ...	406	18	3½			
				5,079	4	8½
„ Depôt Charges—						
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants	421	11	0			
Printing, Stationery, Acc. Books, &c.	92	6	7			
Postages, Telegrams, &c. ...	37	13	5			
Advertising, Travelling, Interviewing, &c.	12	17	1			
Tracts for Distribution	7	11	0			
Expenses of Annual Meeting, 1879	10	0	11			
Carriage of Parcels, Packing, &c.	76	5	6½			
Packs and Repairing	22	17	6			
Office Expenses, Coals, Cleaning and Potties	8	14	6			
				689	17	6½
Balances—						
Cash in hand and with London and County Bank	631	9	5½			
Colportours receivable Jan., 1880	300	0	9½			
	931	10	3			
Less Balance due to Trade Department	4	15	7			
				926	14	8
				£12,138	0	4

Against the Balance of £631 9s. 5½d. there was a sum of £725 0s. 6d. due to Publishers, January, 1880.

April 19th, 1880.

Examined, JAMES A. SPURGEON,
B. WILDON CARR.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1880.

Inaugural Address

AT THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT, C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 259.)

PERHAPS I have at too great length spoken upon the former part of my subject; I now propose to dwell upon *the necessity of renewing grace.* If any of us have come down from the heights, it is time that we returned to them again. If we have fallen from our first love, it is most needful that we should renew the ardour of our youth at once. If we have gone down even in a small degree, it behoves us to ask for help to gain back what we have lost. This is necessary on account of *our own happiness;* for I appeal to any brother who declines in heart, and grows weak in faith, and doubtful in spirit, whether he is not unhappy. Do you not derive the purest joy and the most solid satisfaction from walking with God? Those who are saints indeed are doomed to be unhappy apart from Christ. It is a doom which destiny has fixed upon you, that if you depart from Christ you must depart into hell; for it is hell for you to depart from Christ. If, therefore, in any measure you have roamed away from Christ, mind that you fly home again at once. Last year, when sojourning in Southern France, I went for a mountain ride to the foot of Castiglione, an old, half-deserted town. It was clear and bright at the time, and when the friends who were with me went up the hill to survey the place I remained a little lower down. I soon observed that the clouds were coming from the other side of the mountains, and in a few minutes I was in a fog, chilled to the bone. I could just see Mentone under the bottom of the clouds, and I said to my man-servant, "Get the horses in, for I must get down again into the sun at once."

Soon the fog was all round me, and I hastened to descend until I reached the sunlight again. You must feel like that, my brethren; if you are caught in a mist, and a chill is upon you, you must hurry back to Christ. You may joyfully repose in Christ, and find every blessing and comfort surrounding you; but if you have climbed into high notions and entered upon the cold regions of speculation, you must hasten down again. You must say of the old gospel, "I can see the blessed spot of my repose and I will get back to it at once." This is good argument for those of us who are conscious of lost comfort through having left the good old way.

We cannot afford, I am sure, to be in a state of running down, for *we were never too much alive.* Our shortcomings at our best are quite sufficient to warn us against what we should be if we were worse. I can imagine some men losing a part of their courage and yet remaining brave; but if mine were to evaporate I should be a coward indeed. There would have been power in Calvin even if half the steadfastness of his mind had gone, for he was a man of mighty faith; but if I were to lose any measure of my faith I should be a sorry unbeliever, for I have not a grain of faith to spare.

Dear brethren, have we ever reached our right condition as compared with our early ideal of what we hoped to be? Do you recollect when you first entered the college or the ministry? Do you remember what a high standard you set up for yourself? You did well to fix the mark high; for if you aim at the moon you will shoot higher than if you fired at a bush. You did well to have a high standard, but you do not well to fall short of it: and yet who does not fall short? Do you not wish to hide your head when you contrast yourself with your Lord? He saved others, and could not save himself; but we are keen to guard ourselves and our reputations, and often act as if we thought self-preservation the highest law of nature. Our Lord endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, while we are provoked if we are thwarted in any degree. He loved his sheep and followed them when they went astray; but we have far too little pity even upon those who gather at our call. We are far, far, far below the true glory of the Well-beloved, and even fall short of our poor idea of him. Neither in private in his prayers, nor in public in his life, nor in his ministry, nor in his teaching, do we approximate to him so nearly as we should, and yet to fall short of him ought to make us blush and weep. We cannot afford, therefore, to run down. Indeed, if we do not compare ourselves with our Master, but only with our brother ministers (for certain of them have done right noble work for Jesus), we shall come to the same conclusion. Some of our brethren have held on under fearful discouragements, serving the Lord faithfully; others have won souls for Christ, to whom the winning of one soul has cost more self-denial than the winning of hundreds has cost certain of us. I could sit with delight at the feet of such consecrated brethren as I am now thinking of, and look up to them, and glorify God in them. Such have been found among men of inferior abilities, slender powers, and small attainments; but how they have worked, and how they have prayed, and how God has blessed them! It may be that, with ten times their ability and opportunity, we have not done anything

like as much as they have. Do we not mourn over this? Can we afford to decline?

Beloved brethren, we cannot afford to remain in any state lower than the very best; for, if so, *our work will not be well done.* Time was when we preached with all our might. When we began to preach, what preaching it was for zeal and life! In looking back it must increase our self-humiliation if we perceive that in our younger days we were more real and intense than we are now. We preach much better, so the critics say, and we know that there is more thought and more accuracy in our sermons, and that we use better elocution than we did in our young days: but where are the tears of our early ministry? Where is the heart-break of those first sermons in our first sphere? Where is the passion? where is the self-annihilation that we often felt when we poured our very life out with every syllable we spoke? Now sometimes we go into the pulpit resolved that we will do as we did then, just as Samson went out to shake himself as aforetime. He had snapped the cords and bands before, and he was going to do the same again; but the Lord had departed from him, and he was weak as another man. Brethren, what if the Lord should depart from us! Alas for us and for our work! Nothing can be done if the Holy Spirit be withdrawn; indeed, nothing truly good will be attempted. I have marvelled at the way in which certain persons avoid preaching the gospel when they profess to be doing it. They get a text which you think must cut into the conscience, and they contrive to speak so as neither to arouse the careless nor distress the self-confident. They play with the sword of the Spirit as if they were mountebanks at a show, instead of thrusting the two-edged sword into the hearts of men, as soldiers do in actual combat. The Emperor Gallienus, when a man hurled a javelin many times at a bull without hitting him, and the people hissed at him, called the performer to his seat and placed a wreath on his head, saying, "You are most clever to be able to miss so large a mark so many times." What shall we twine for a crown for those ministers who never strike the heart, never convince men of sin, never drive a Pharisee out of his own righteousness, never influence the guilty so that he casts himself as a lost sinner at the feet of Jesus? He may expect one day to be crowned with shame for such a crime. Meanwhile, twine the deadly night-shade about his brows. Be it ours to be like the left-handed men of Benjamin who "could sling stones at an hair breadth, and not miss." We cannot reach to this unless the life of God be in us and abound.

A man ought to take care of himself, merely as a man, for the sake of himself and his household; but much more should a man who is a minister take care of himself *for the sake of those who are committed to his charge.* A captain was observed in the South Seas to go beyond the usual point for turning into the harbour, taking a longer but a safer course. On some one remarking to him that he was too careful, he replied, "I have so many souls on board, I cannot afford to run any risk." How many souls there are on board of some of us! How many souls, ay, notwithstanding that the doctrine is unfashionable, how many souls, not of creatures which will die out like cats and dogs, but priceless, immortal souls, are committed to our charge! Since upon our ministry, under God, hang everlasting things—life

and death, heaven and hell, what manner of persons ought we to be? How careful we ought to be as to inner health! How anxious to be always at our very best! If I were a surgeon, and I had to operate upon a patient, I should not like to touch either the knife or his flesh if I felt bilious, or if my hand was quivering; I would not like to be in any but the calmest, coolest, most forceful condition at the moment in which the difference of a hair's breadth might touch a vital chord, and end a precious life! God help all soul-physicians to be always at their best!

I believe *the headway of God's cause in the world depends upon our being in prime condition.* We are come to the kingdom for such a time as this. As much as ever Simon Menno was raised up to preach believers' baptism in Holland, and keep the lamp burning for God there, and as surely as ever in our own land such men as Hansard Knollys, and Kiffen and Keach, and the like, were bold to stand the brunt of the battle for the Lord, so I believe that you are intended to be in lineal succession defenders of the purest form of gospel truth. We have it in charge to pass on to the next age the everlasting gospel which our venerable sires have handed down to us. As Neander said, there is a future for the Baptists. There is a future for any church which has faithfully kept the ordinances of God, and is resolved in all things to be obedient to its covenant Head. We have neither prestige, nor wealth, nor the State at our back; but we have something better than all these. When a Spartan was asked what were the boundaries of his country, he replied, "The limits of Sparta are marked by the points of our spears." The limit of our church is also determined by the points of our spears; but our weapons are not carnal: wherever we go we preach Christ crucified, and his word of solemn proclamation,—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The enquirer turned and said to the Spartan, "You have no walls to Sparta." "No," he replied, "the walls of Sparta are the breasts of her sons." We have no defences for our churches, either in Acts of Parliament or enforced creeds; but the regenerated hearts and consecrated spirits of men who resolve to live and die in the service of King Jesus have hitherto sufficed in the hands of the Spirit to preserve us from grievous heresy. I see no beginning to this business, this battle of truth commenced so long ago; and I see no end to it, except the coming of the Master and the eternal victory. Yet some trembling persons say we ought to stop, and let the young men already in college learn a trade, and forego the ministry lest England should become over-ministered, and they add that there is no use in preparing men for the foreign fields, for the Missionary Society is in debt, and its expenses must be curtailed. God bless the Missionary Society; but the condition of a society is not the limit of our personal endeavour: besides, the society will soon throw off its burden. If you, my brethren, are worthy of your calling, you will be bravely independent, and not hang too much upon the help of others. Sparta could not have been defended by a race of timid creatures armed with pointless spears, neither can young men of timorous spirit do great things of God. You must be braced to heroism, brethren, if you are to meet the demands of the hour. May God make the feeblest among you as David, and the house of David as God. (Zech. xii. 8.)

I have a proposal to make before I come to my conclusion, and it is this: *let this be the time of renewal to each one of us:* let us each seek for a personal revival by the divine Spirit. It is a fit time if we *take an outlook upon our own nation.* Politically, we have come back to a condition in which there will be a respect to righteousness, justice, and truth, rather than for self-assertion and national gain and conquest. We shall, I trust, no longer be steered by a false idea of British interests, and the policy which comes of it; but by the great principles of right, justice, and humanity. This is all I want to see: parties, as such, are nothing to us, nor individual statesmen, except so far as they represent right principles. We are for those who are on the side of justice, peace, and love. And now, instead of lying still year after year, and making no progress,—no laws amended, no home legislation attended to, but time wasted upon glittering foreign adventures—something will be done. At this period, also, our schools are educating the people, and I thank God for that. Though education will not save men, it may be a means to that end; for when all our peasants can read their Bibles we may surely hope that God will bless his own Word. It will be a grand thing for all our agricultural labourers to escape from receiving their religion at second-hand, by going to the New Testament for themselves. Godly people must take care to supply them with good books, and so feed the new appetite with healthy food. All light is good, and we, who most of all prize the light of revelation, are on the side of all kinds of true light. God is raising up the people, and I think our time is come to avail ourselves of their advance; and as our one business is to preach Jesus Christ, the more we keep to our work the better, for true religion is the strength of a nation, and the foundation of all right government. Whatsoever things are honest, true, kind, humane, and moral, may reckon on our aid. We are on the side of temperance, and therefore on the side of the limitation of the abominable traffic which is ruining our country, and we are opposed to all that licenses vice among men, or allows cruelty to animals. We are up to the hilt advocates of peace, and we earnestly war against war. I wish that Christian men would insist more and more on the unrighteousness of war, believing that Christianity means no sword, no cannon, no bloodshed, and that if a nation is driven to fight in its own defence, Christianity stands by to weep and to intervene as soon as possible, and not to join in the cruel shouts which celebrate an enemy's slaughter. Let us always be on the side of right. To-day, then, my brethren, I beg you to join with me in seeking renewal. Now is the time for a man to buckle on his harness, and bestir himself.

Surely our holy fellowship at this happy hour should help us all to rise to a higher level. The sight of many of our brethren is cheering and stimulating. When I remember concerning some their holiness, their depth of piety, their perseverance, I feel comforted in the belief that if the Lord has strengthened others, he has yet a blessing in reserve for us also. Let this Feast of Tabernacles be the time for renewing our vows of consecration unto the Lord our God.

Let us begin it with a *repentance for all our mistakes and shortcomings.* Let each one do this for himself. You remember how the ancient giant

fought with Hercules, and the hero could not overcome him, because every time he fell he touched his mother earth, and received new strength. Let us, too, fall upon our faces, that we may rise invigorated: let us go back to our first simple faith, and recover lost strength. Men who have been sore sick have cried, "Take me back to my native air, and I shall soon be well. Among the buttercups and daisies of the meadows, in which I used to play when I was a child, and near the brook where I caught the minnows, I shall soon revive." Ah, it does our soul good to get back to our days of childlike faith, when we sang—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

This will help you to renew your youth: it seems an easy way, but it is the only way.

Let us *renew our consecration*. I do not invite any of you literally to stain the door-post of the college with your blood, but I ask you to think upon that Israelitish slave whose time had run out, who chose to remain in service because he loved his master and his master's children, and therefore he put his ear against the post of the door, and they bored it through with an awl. May the Lord bore the ear of each of us, that we may be his servants for ever. We love our Master, do we not, brethren? We love our Master's work? And we love our Master's servants and his children, and for his sake we will serve them all, for better or worse, till death doth part us from this lower service. Oh to get back to the old moorings! I would like for us to preach *our old sermons;* I do not mean the same sermons, but with the same force as when we began to—

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour we had found."

People said, "That dear young man does not know very much, but he loves Jesus Christ, and he talks about nothing else." I would like to preach again as I did at first, only a great deal better. I intensely believed and meant every word I spoke; I do so now, but doubts will arise now which never vexed me then. I would like to be a child again before the Lord, and to keep so, for I am sure that questions and doubts are a sad loss to any man.

Return, my brethren, to your earliest *Bible readings*, when you were wont to let the promise lie under your tongue as a dainty morsel. Ah, this Book, as I turn it over, wakes up many a memory, its pages glow with a light which I cannot describe, for they are set with stars which in my many hours of gloom have been the light of my soul. I did not then read this divine volume to find a text, but to hear my Lord speak to my own heart; I was not then as Martha, cumbered with much serving, but as Lazarus, who sat at the table with Jesus.

God grant us also a revival of *the first aims* of our spiritual career. Then we thought nothing of pleasing men, but only aimed at pleasing God and winning souls: we were rash enough to care for nothing but the fulfilment of our mission; is it so now? We *can* preach now,

can we not? We feel that we are proficient in our art. It might be better if we did not feel quite so well equipped. I find it better to go to the pulpit in prayerful weakness than in self-reliant strength. When I groan out, "What a fool I am," and come down after the sermon ashamed of my poor attempt, I am sure it is better with me than when I am pleased with my performance. Are any of us such babies as to feel that? What a sense of responsibility we had in our first services; do we retain that solemnity of spirit? We then prayed about the choice of every hymn and the manner of reading the Scriptures; we did nothing carelessly, for a heavy anxiety pressed upon us. I always read the Scripture carefully at home and tried to understand it before I read it to the people, and I thus formed a habit from which I have never swerved; but it is not so with all. Some say, "I have been about all the day, and I have to preach to-night, but I can manage." Yes, but it will not please God for us to offer him that which costs us nothing. Others have a stock of sermons, and I have heard that just before the time for entering the pulpit they turn over their precious manuscripts, pick out a likely one, and without further preparation read it as God's message to the people. The Lord deliver us from a state of mind in which we dare to put on the table of shewbread the first loaf which comes to hand. No; let us serve the Lord with growing carefulness and reverence.

It would be well for many to get back to their first prayers and watchfulness, and all else that is good; for the word of command at this moment is, "Remember whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works."

Can it be done? Brother, it can be done. You can have all the life you had, and more, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit. You can be as intense as you ever were. I have seen old horses turned out to grass, and come back fresh and vigorous. I know a pasture wherein if a worn-out steed doth graze, it shall come back to be harnessed to the gospel chariot with strength renewed. Let us remember those hallowed spots where Jesus in former days has met with us, where, or ever we were aware, our soul was made like the chariots of Amminadib. Lord, renew thy former mercies, and we shall rise, like the phœnix, from our ashes.

It may cost you a great deal to be set right again. John Bunyan speaks of one who lost his roll, and had to go back for it, so that he travelled three times over the road, and then found the sun setting ere he reached his lodging. But cost us whatever it may, we must get right with God. I read a dream the other day, which was the means of a man's conversion. He thought that he was going with his friend into one of the Eastern towns, and as he was about to enter, the portcullis above the gate began to fall. As it descended he stooped; but it fell so fast that he could not get through, stooping, kneeling, crouching, or even lying down. He felt that he must enter, and so he made a desperate effort. He had on a very fine laced vest, and he pulled that off, but the portcullis still descended, till he found that the only thing he could do was to strip himself, and then, close to the earth, and grazed by the gravel, he crept through. When he was safely inside the gate a shining one covered him from head to foot with glittering garments.

It may be that to get right we shall have to part with that fine vest, that splendid theory, that love of popularity, that rhetorical flourishing; but oh, if we once get through that gate, and God covers us with the robe of acceptance in the Beloved, it will well repay us for anything that the struggle may cost us.

I am sorry to say that I am made of such ill stuff that my Lord has to chasten me often and sorely. I am like a pen that will not write, unless it be often nibbed, and so I have felt the sharp knife many times; and yet I shall not regret my pains and crosses so long as my Lord will write with me on men's hearts. That is the cause of many ministers' afflictions; they are necessary to our work. You have heard the fable of the raven that wished to drink, but the pitcher had so little water in it that he could not reach it, and therefore he took stone after stone and dropped it into the vessel until the water rose to the brim and he could drink. So little grace is in some men that they need many sicknesses, bereavements, and other afflictions to make their graces available for usefulness. If, however, we receive grace enough to bear fruit without continual pruning, so much the better.

It is expected of us, brethren, that from this time we rise to a higher point. It is the Lord's due, if we think of what he has done for us. Some of my comrades in arms now before me have gone through battles as hard as any men may wish to fight, and after such success they must never say die. After what the Lord has done for us we must never strike our flag, nor turn our backs in the day of battle. Sir Francis Drake, when it was feared that he would be wrecked in the Thames, said, "What! Have I been round the world, and am I now to be drowned in a ditch? Not I." So say I to you, brethren: you have done business in stormy waters, and will you sink in a village pond? We shall not be worse treated than we have been. We are now in fine fighting trim, for we are hardened by former blows. A great pugilist at Rome was so battered, his nose, eyes, face were so disfigured, that he was always ready to fight, because he said, "I cannot look worse than I do." Personally, I am much in the same plight. Men cannot say anything worse of me than they have said. I have been belied from head to foot, and misrepresented to the last degree. My good looks are gone, and none can much damage me now. Some of you have had more to batter you than you are likely to endure again; you have had trial and tribulation and affliction as heavy as you can have them; and after having stood in the lists so long, surely you are not going to yield and slink away like cowards? God forbid it. God forbid it. God grant, on the contrary, that the elder ones among you may have the pleasure, not only of winning battles for Christ, but of seeing others who have been saved under your instrumentality trained to fight better than yourselves for Jesus. I read the other day a story, and with that I will conclude, desiring that I may in spiritual things have the same joy myself, and that it may be the lot of you all. Diagoras the Rhodian had in his time won many wreaths at the Olympian games. He had two boys, and he brought them up to the same profession. The day came when his own force abated, and he was no longer able to strive for masteries in his own person; but he went up to the Olympian games with his two sons. He saw the blows they

gave and received, and rejoiced when he discovered that they were both victorious. A Lacedæmonian said to him, "You may die now, Diagoras": meaning that the old man might die content, because he had in his own person, and in that of his sons, obtained the highest honours. The old man seemed to feel that it was even so, for when his two sons came and shouldered their father, and carried him through the camp amid the ringing cheers of the great assembly, the old man, flushed with excitement, died under the eyes of the assembled Greeks. It would have been a wiser thing to have lived, for he had a third son, who became more renowned than the other two; but he passed away on a wave of victory. Oh, brethren, may you have spiritual children who shall win battles for the Lord, and may you live to see them doing it; then may you say with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."

In the name of the Ever-Blessed this day we set up our banners. Our watchword is "Victory." We mean to win for the grand old cause of Puritanism, Protestantism, Calvinism—all poor names which the world has given to our great and glorious faith—the doctrine of Paul the apostle, the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We can both strike, and bear the strokes which are returned. Through divine grace, we have given to us both energy and patience; we can work and we can wait. May the divine life in us put forth its mightiest force, and make us strong to the utmost of human possibility, and then we shall seize the victory, shouting, "Grace, grace, unto it." The Lord be with you. Amen.

Against Hastening to remove from our Post of Duty.

HE was a wise man who said "The roundest peg seldom fits into the roundest hole without some paring." There is no position in life which, at the first, has not something irksome and trying about it. New comers cannot expect to feel at home at once. We remember our first wretched night at a school where we afterwards became supremely happy. Well do we recollect the misery of the first few months of a calling which we afterwards valued and enjoyed. Our mind was sorely depressed on first coming into that sphere in London which has since been the delight of our life. Let no man, therefore, when he at first commences work in any place feel at all discouraged by the uneasiness which may come over him. It is natural that he should feel strange in a new position. The burden is not yet adapted to the shoulder, and the shoulder is not yet hardened to the load. While feeling the irksomeness of a fresh position, do not be so foolish as to throw it up. Wait a little while, and time will work wonders. You will yet take pleasure in the very things which are now the source of discomfort. The very worst thing will be to hasten away and make a change, for the change will only bring trial in a fresh form, and you will endure afresh the evils which you have already almost mastered. The time which you have already spent at your new place will be lost, and the same weary first steps will have to be taken upon another

ladder. Besides, you may readily leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. Change has charms to some men, but among its roses they find abundant thorns.

Has the minister just entered upon a fresh sphere, and does he miss the affectionate warmth of his old acquaintances? Does he find his new people strange and singular? Do they appear cold and distant? Let him persevere, and all this will wear off, and he will come to love the very people to whom he now feels an aversion, and find his best helpers among those who now seem to be utterly indifferent to him. The call of Providence has brought him where he is, and he must not venture to leave because of inconveniences: often it will be his wisdom to regard these as a part of the tokens that he is in the right way, for the appointed path is seldom easy to the feet.

Has our young friend commenced teaching a class in the Sunday-school, and does she find it far less pleasant work than she imagined? Are the children wild and careless and inattentive, and does her own power of teaching appear to be smaller than she hoped? Let her give double application to her holy toil, and she will come to love it. Should she leave it, she may incur the blame of those who put their hands to the plough and look back. The ice has been already broken; the edge has been taken off from the difficulty; let her persevere, and all will be well.

There is no position in this world without its disadvantages. We may be perpetually on the move to our continual disquiet, and each move may bring us under the same, or even greater, disadvantages. We remember a Scotch story of an unlucky family who attributed all their misfortunes to their house being haunted by mischievous spirits, known to our northern countrymen as "brownies." These superstitious individuals became at length desperate; nothing prospered in house or field, they would therefore pack up all and begone from a spot so mysteriously infested. All the household goods were loaded up, and the husband and the "gude wife" and the bairns were all flitting, when one of them cried out, "Brownie is in the churn. Brownie is flitting, too." Just so, the matters which hinder a man's success are generally in himself, and will move with him; and wherein it is not so, he may yet be sure that if by change of place he avoids one set of brownies, he will find another awaiting him. There is bran in all meal, and there are dregs in all wine. All roads must at times be rough, and all seas must be tossed with tempest. To fly from trouble will need long wings, and to escape discomfort will require more than a magician's skill.

It is wiser to "bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." It is probable that our present condition is the best possible for us, no other form of trial would be preferable. What right have we to suspect the wisdom and the goodness of God in placing us where we are? It will be far more prudent to mistrust our own judgment when it leads us to murmuring and discontent. Occasionally it may be prudent to remove, or to change one's form of Christian service; but this must be done thoughtfully, prayerfully, and with a supreme regard to the glory of God, rather than out of respect to our own feelings. A tree that is often transplanted will make but little growth, and bear but

slender fruit. A man who is "everything by turns, and nothing long," will be a sort of "Jack of all trades, and master of none." An increase of spiritual strength by greater communion with God, and a more resolute determination to glorify him in every possible way, will usually conquer difficulties and win success. An extremely hard substance in the world may be cut by something harder: even the adamant can be forced to yield. Double force will make that easy which now seems impossible. Do not, therefore, change the work, but change yourself. Attempt no other alteration till a distinct improvement in your own self has resolutely been carried out.

We speak thus because we believe that many are discouraged at the outset of a career which, if they could see its end, would fill them with thankfulness; and Satan raises these discouragements to tempt them to leave a position in which they may damage his kingdom and glorify Christ. Courage, dear friend, you have a great Helper; look to the strong for strength. Say with Nehemiah, "Should such a man as I flee?" Who are you that everything should be made smooth for your feet? Are you such a little babe in grace that only the slightest tasks should be allotted to you? Be a man, and play the man. Resolve that even at this present, and where you now are, you will set up the standard, and hold the fort. Many are the instances in which men have commenced their life-work under every possible disadvantage, and for months, and even years, they have seemed to make no headway whatsoever, and yet they have ultimately triumphed, and have come to bless the providence which called them into a place so well adapted for their gifts. It would have been their worst calamity if, under a fit of despondency, they had changed their station or relinquished their vocation. The church would have been the poorer, the world would have been the darker, and themselves the feebler, if they had shifted at the first even to the most promising spheres which tempted them. That rock on which they stood, and mourned the hardness of the soil, was more full of the elements of fruitfulness than the softer soil at a little distance, which invited them to leave. Tarrying where they were, exercising indomitable perseverance, they have softened the granite, cultured it into fertility, and reaped a golden harvest. He is the greatest man who achieves success where stronger men might have failed. If we desire to glorify God, we must not select the comfortable positions and the hopeful fields; it is best to make no selection, but to yield our own will to the will of God altogether. The hole is round enough, it will be difficult to make *it* any rounder; the proper plan is to round ourselves. If we will but adapt ourselves to our position, the position will adapt itself to us.

It may be that these lines will furnish counsel to a brother whose choice now lies between being a rolling stone and a pillar in the house of our God. To turn tail under present pressure may be the beginning of a cowardly career, neither honourable to God nor to man: to stand fast at this distressing juncture may be the commencement of an established position of supreme usefulness and honour.

C. H. S.

Mr. F. N. Charrington in East London.

AS the Tower Hamlets Mission is now recognized as one of the most successful evangelistic agencies of eastern London, we believe that some account of its founder and superintendent may be acceptable to the reader.

Though his age does not exceed thirty years, Mr. Charrington has passed through a remarkable experience, and he has made sacrifices for the cause of religion which entitle him to the respect of all who love to see conscience honoured at any cost, and under any difficulties.

The great brewery of Charrington, Head, and Co. is situated in the Mile End Road, and in consequence of its having a high tower, which is ascended by a singular ladder, the establishment is seen from some distance by travellers who leave London by the Colchester Line. To a share in this lucrative concern Mr. Charrington was born. It is the rule in the chief London breweries for the partners to be equal, the profits being so large that an ordinary share suffices to satisfy anyone's desires. A man must have great grace before he can relinquish a leading position in a trade like this.

Mr. F. N. Charrington was named after his father, and at a proper age was placed at a school in Brighton, the discipline and educational advantages of which he early learned to value. From the queen of watering-places he went to Marlborough, where he was for a time laid low by a fever, which broke out in the school. On his recovery he left Marlborough, and finished his education at Brighton College.

Having done with school, it was arranged that he should enlarge his views, and gather a new stock of ideas, by foreign travel, in company with the Rev. Thomas Scott, a clergyman, and Mr. Buxton, a young brewer. During a pleasant and profitable tour, they visited the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and passed through Switzerland and Italy. Mr. Charrington was now advised to proceed to one of the English universities; but this liberal offer of his father was declined in favour of business, for being destined to pursue the calling of a brewer, he was anxious to commence at once the mastery of the science. He became a pupil of Neville, Reed, and Co., brewers to the Queen at Windsor, and lodged with a curate in the town during the year of his sojourn. Subsequently he entered the family establishment at Mile End, and continued there for some years, at the end of which he passed through those surprising changes which have made the volunteer missionary what he is to-day.

It so happened that Mr. Charrington accompanied his parents during another journey to the Continent, and during this tour, while on the Simplon Pass, he met with the son of the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of Belgrave Chapel, an acquaintance which resulted in great and lasting good. Mr. William Rainsford, who was a converted youth, was invited to the home of the Charringtons at Wimbledon, and there the conversation frequently took a religious turn, until one evening at bedtime, in reply to a pointed question, Mr. Charrington confessed that conscience obliged him to read a portion of Scripture every day. In point of fact, he was at this time a consistent Churchman of that unevangelical type with which we are all more or less familiar.

He read the Bible, but believed in the Prayer-Book, especially in what was said about baptism making him an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. The family were, moreover, all good, moral Church people, who acted conscientiously according to their light. This being the case, what was there to fear? Though tolerably easy in his mind, as a rule, young Mr. Charrington sometimes was the subject of disquieting reflections. Assured that he was all right, he still felt that there was no certainty of safety if the Church herself gave way—if the evil day should ever arrive in which the tie uniting her to the State should be severed. How many others are there who are held in bondage by this superstitious reverence for Church and State?

Mr. Charrington so far believed his hopes to be founded in Scripture and reason, that he was prepared to defend his position by argument. He talked with his young friend on the subject, and once Mr. Rainsford substituted inspiration for his own words, by asking, "Do you object to reading a chapter to-night; let us read together?" As no objection was raised, the portion selected was John iii., and in some comments which followed, Mr. Rainsford pointed out the necessity of conversion, afterwards showing that believers might in this world obtain assurance of salvation. These views were so opposite to those held by Mr. Charrington that he stoutly combatted them. The two young men agreed to differ on condition that the disturbing chapter should be read in private after they separated.

When he sat down to read John iii. in the solitude of his own room, Mr. Charrington recalled to mind an adventure of former days, which made the words come home to his heart with greater force. On one occasion, while staying at Hastings, he met with a young friend, Mr. Canning, who was visiting that watering-place with his tutor, and who, at the moment of meeting, had just been hearing a sermon from Lord Radstock. Mr. Canning said he had received spiritual benefit, that he was indeed nothing less than a saved man. To Mr. Charrington all this was sheer nonsense, and he thought it was, at the least, highly indecorous for a youthful aristocrat to go to hear a Dissenter, even though that Dissenter was an aristocrat himself. When he, two years later, sat down to read the gospel in the solitude of his own room, this came back fresh into his mind, for he thought it to be passing strange that two of his friends, of a similar age, should agree in giving a certain passage the same singular interpretation. He read, however, and light came, until his own heart also was changed. Mr. Canning has since succeeded to an Irish peerage, under the title of Lord Garvagh, and he was one of the first to be baptized at Mr. Charrington's Mission Hall in the East End.

Mr. Charrington being now converted, he felt a desire to be actively engaged in Christian work, and he spoke to his friends on the subject. One of these acquaintances was a young lawyer, Mr. Archibald Grahame, who also supposed himself to have been converted at school. "Christ died for us," argued Mr. Charrington, "and we ought to do something for him." Soon afterwards he waited upon Mr. Bardsley, the rector of Stepney, who, while encouraging the application, could think of nothing more effective than a night-school. The young convert was glad in any way to make a beginning.

He now established a night ragged-school, while his days were occupied at the great brewery. It was rough, difficult, up-hill work; but, full of the ardour of youth, he bravely persevered. In the first place, he entered into alliance with two young men who had gathered some tattered pupils in a loft and taught them by the light of a paraffin lamp. As this room was inconvenient and unhealthy, the three combined to carry on their operations in the larger and more airy premises of the National Schools in Mr. Bardsley's parish. Such troops of ragged scholars put in an appearance that the rector became fearful of the consequences, thinking that the respectable day-school would suffer through the low character of that held at night in the same rooms. This was a reasonable apprehension; but all danger was averted by the timely fitting up of a capacious workshop in Globe-road. Another room was afterwards taken in Heath-street, hard by, where a religious service was also held once a week.

Thus far Mr. Charrington had remained in association with the family brewery, but momentous changes were at hand. It so happened that in passing along to the school of an evening, Mr. Charrington had to pass a number of public-houses, and a corner establishment in particular, which was crowned with the imprimatur of his own firm, while Boniface, who reigned within, out-flared and out-traded all nearer competitors around. The sights he there witnessed touched his heart and reached his conscience. He saw drunken fathers, gin-loving women, and ill-used children whose worst enemies were those whom God designed to be their natural protectors. There might seem to be light, warmth, and cordials within; but brawls and fights spoiled the glitter; and then above all he read, "Charrington, Head, and Co.'s Entire." In addition to all this he heard a good deal about the drink and its effects from the children in the school, who were not slow to speak about their own sufferings and their parents' woes. Mr. Charrington was brought to a stand, feeling convinced that he was pulling down with one hand while he built up with the other. The crisis had come, and the evangelist told his father that he could have nothing more to do with the business of the brewery. This decision came so unexpectedly that it was in a sense a blow to the family; but being more religious than mere people of the world who frequented theatres and common amusements, the great brewer did not offer any violent opposition. Mr. F. N. Charrington had renounced his trade with its golden prospects without asking what the consequences would be, and he was allowed to retire in quietness. In time the elder Mr. Charrington entirely approved of his son's decision; and while that son might have resumed his place in the brewery, with his father's share of the profits, he was allowed to take instead a sum of money sufficient to maintain him in comfort for life.

The withdrawal of Mr. Charrington from the great brewhouse created considerable commotion at the time, much of the excitement having arisen from the false notion that the seceder was about to identify himself prominently with the total abstinence movement. Directly after the secession was announced Mr. Charrington became a lion to the teetotallers; and they immediately arranged for a great meeting at Exeter-hall, at which their convert and hero consented to take the

chair. The streets outside were crowded, the crush within was very great, and the cheering was deafening. To a young man of twenty-three, the excitement might have been fascinating had his taste gone in that direction. It was, however, quite otherwise with Mr. Charrington, who in his own quiet room thought the matter well over, and decided not to repeat the experiment of the lionizing at Exeter-hall. Personally he resolved to remain an abstainer from intoxicants; but as a Christian worker he felt that his business lay in a higher region, and that, although the gospel included temperance in its gracious programme, the teetotal pledge could never of itself rescue a soul from the death which never dies.

From personal matters we now turn to the various branches of Mr. Charrington's mission. The area of his operations is the Tower Hamlets, which in the course of ages has gradually grown from a cluster of rural settlements into the crowded East-end of London with its million of working people. Think of these masses of human beings, the majority of whom live and toil without thought of the world to come, and we shall partially realize their amazing need.

The mission to boys in Hertford-place was commenced in the spring of 1870, and the history of that undertaking is a valuable illustration of the power of the gospel over the roughest natures. One gang after another of youthful desperadoes was broken up or subdued, an achievement which greatly contributed to the comfort of the police and the quietude of the neighbourhood. Mr. Charrington tells us, that on one occasion a number of lads who belonged to a thieves' club came with sticks to disturb the school, and that before leaving they were sufficiently tamed to sit down at evening service. "Often after a service," we are told, "boys would come and plead for their companions, who were without home or shelter for the night. This led to our taking a small house in the court in which we were working, and fitting it up for their accommodation. The numbers so increased, however, that we had to take another cottage, and finally, with the aid of kind friends, we purchased the present building, which was previously a beer-bottling warehouse." A savings'-bank has been established in connection with this home, and many of the boys are astonishing examples of reformation. They work for their own living, and after a season of probation many have gone to Yarmouth to engage in the fishing trade.

Bonner-lane Hall, Bethnal-green, one of the stations established some years ago, has been handed over to a well-known friend of children, Mr. T. B. Stephenson. It seems hardly credible that in such a murky wilderness of bricks and mortar the farmer and the herdsman followed their quiet callings so lately as the second decade of the present century, but this was really the case. Mr. Charrington gives us the following quaint reminiscences of this historical locality :—

"I know an old inhabitant who has seen the changes of the last fifty years, and he told me that a man he knew kept a farm a few hundred yards from Bonner-lane. This man's great desire was to possess a hundred black cows. For years he tried to collect them, but never managed to collect more than ninety-nine. As soon as he made up the number to a hundred, one always died, or was lost; and the old man said to him, 'It always reminds me of the lost sheep in Scripture.'

The neighbourhood is well known by the name of Twig Folly, and there is an inscription placed upon some houses built by a man who obtained his property in the following way: There was living there a man who made twig baskets. He was greatly troubled by the boys robbing him of his fruit. One day, seeing a boy in one of his fruit-trees, he shouldered his gun and shot him. Fearing the consequences, he made over all his property to a friend, on condition that he himself should have it back at the expiration of whatever punishment he might get. But when he came to claim his property, he found his friend not so faithful as he had anticipated; for instead of delivering it up, he kept it. In building these houses with part of the proceeds of the property, he asked a neighbour what he should name them, and received the following reply: 'What could be better than to name them after the old twig basket-maker, for his folly?' So it was named Twig Folly."

It is said that some descendants of the Protestant silk-weavers, who fled from France after the Bartholomew massacre, are still found in the crowded and narrow streets; but their ancient faith and prosperity seem to have departed, seeing that numbers who have entered the room have been people who utterly neglect public worship. One Sabbath a prize-fighter, who had an engagement on the following Wednesday, appeared among the congregation; and, being caught by the word, he turned his back on vice and became a new creature.

The open-air services have all along been a great success. An association has been formed of a hundred members, and a weekly meeting is held at which the speakers do their best to train one another in the art of preaching. The work has been carried on in Victoria Park, on Mile-end waste, in common lodging-houses, &c. One of the converts was a young man who had run through thousands of pounds before he learned the value of his soul.

Oxford-street Hall, opened in the summer of 1874, has since been taken down; but some of the facts belonging to its history are curious, suggestive, and sad. By way of giving a sample of the prevailing Egyptian darkness, one of Mr. Charrington's helpers writes:—

"We were preaching in Three Colt-lane one Sunday evening, when I noticed some men at their door at the further end of the street quietly laughing at us. After speaking I went up to them, invited them to the hall, and asked why they laughed. I found them not at all antagonistic; but one said, 'Well, you see, we don't know anything of what you talk about; we've never been taught anything, and we don't know what to do but laugh.'" In reply to the question, Why is the East-end so ignorant and degraded? the same witness says that, "In a walk of one mile along the Whitechapel and Mile-end-roads I counted forty-six public-houses, beer-shops, and drink-selling grocers, and two immense breweries; and in the cross streets, as I passed them, I could see thirty-three others, making a total of seventy-nine in one mile! In the face of these overflowing streams of death, and the pollution of a number of gaffs, low music-halls, and theatres, who can wonder at the East-end immorality and crime!"

Some considerable attention is given by Mr. Charrington and his

band to the crowds who, Sunday after Sunday, congregate in Sclater-street, otherwise called Bird Fair. The scene on Sabbath morning, just at the time when the church bells cease their call to public worship, is one of the most extraordinary among the striking phenomena we come across in the bye-ways of our wonderful city. The occupants of the houses are nearly all bird dealers in some form or another; and the "Fancy," who have come to buy, to sell, or otherwise to watch for profitable exchanges, muster in force, while there are shoals of idlers who have no definite object in view beyond that of killing time. There are geese, ducks, fowls in abundance, and an immense variety of singing birds. If the connoisseur is seeking a choice canary at a high price, he will find what he wants; while probably others, not so cautious, may be put off with painted sparrows. Everyone is expected to look after himself, and not to expect that the mistakes of trade can be subsequently recognised. Look well around, and you have an answer to the question, Where are the working-classes of London during the time of public worship on Sunday mornings? They are in their favourite markets. The police interfere with costers and similar dealers in Leather-lane and Whitecross-street, but Rag Fair and the bird market in Sclater-street remain unmolested.

Mr. Charrington and one or two other gentlemen visited some of the lowest of the public-houses in this neighbourhood with good results. Speaking of his adventures on one occasion, the evangelist says:—"As we entered one of the largest of these houses we found scores of men congregated in the side parlour, and as soon as we could distinguish the objects on the other side of the room through the dense clouds of tobacco smoke with which it was filled, we saw that every available mantel-shelf or ledge was filled up with small bird cages, each containing its little captive. A man just then came into the room calling out, 'No. 6 and No. 2, are you ready?' from which we conjectured that a raffle or bird club was being carried on. They looked at us somewhat surprised, but civilly received invitations to be present at the services at Lusby's Music-hall in the evening. We found another house where none but dog fanciers assembled. Ferocious-looking bull dogs (carefully muzzled) and delicately-reared little pug dogs were seated on their owners' laps, or squatting on the ground at their feet. Here, with the exception of one man whose language was not very choice, we received a kind welcome; and after we had visited the room at the back, the landlord, to our great astonishment, invited us to come round one Sunday evening and talk to the men in the parlour." There are publicans who are not averse to religion; they would at all events make it appear that their own calling and the gospel are not so irreconcilable as some moralists assert.

Lusby's Music Hall, referred to above, has been used by Mr. Charrington for nearly three years, the expense being defrayed by Messrs. T. A. and E. M. Denny. Thus on Sabbath evenings the two congregations, at the Assembly Hall and at Lusby's—the largest room of its kind at the East End,—number no less than five thousand souls. "Since the opening night," says Mr. Charrington, "the hall has been more or less filled every Sunday evening, and often crowded to excess. Thousands who never attended a place of worship of any kind have

been attracted here, and heard the gospel preached, and hundreds have been led to think of the realities of eternity. . . . A poor man, a dock labourer, who had not attended a service of any kind for years, entered the hall one Sunday evening. . . . The sinner's need and the Saviour's power to save were clearly set before the people, and the man that night rested his soul on the finished work of Christ. The next day, while at work in the dock, he fell down a ship's hold, and was carried to the London Hospital very much injured. The nurse under whose care he was placed saw that he was dying, and spoke to him of Jesus. She found him happy in the assurance of sins forgiven, and on asking how long he had been a child of God, he replied, 'Last Sunday night, through the preaching in Lusby's Music Hall.' He died rejoicing on Tuesday. We cannot attempt to chronicle the number of cases of conversion we have witnessed, nor can we tell how many lost ones the Lord has brought to himself by the preaching of the gospel, without our knowledge; but we have had abundant evidence that the Lord is with us, and are therefore encouraged to continue our testimony for him 'where Satan's seat is,' knowing that his word shall accomplish that whereto he sent it."

Mr. Charrington's head quarters are at present at the great Assembly-hall, Mile End-road, and when the permanent buildings are erected on this commanding site, he hopes to remain there for many years. The site has cost about £8,000, and the range of buildings when completed will, in addition to the assembly-rooms, include a temperance hotel and café, a pure literature depot, and institutions for young men and women. The cost will be £20,000, and friends near and far away are being invited to contribute to the building-fund. This central meeting-place is open every night throughout the year. As the Earl of Shaftesbury says, "there are hundreds of thousands of people in London who would never hear the gospel at all were there no such workers as Mr. Charrington in the field."

There are other stations connected with this Tower Hamlets Mission which we have not named, but enough has been said to indicate the general character of the work undertaken and its results. The reader will now like to have two or three narratives of reformation in the words of the reformed themselves.

One said, "I have much to thank God for, especially that he ever led me into this hall. I came in here swearing on the first night it was opened. Mr. Charrington was praying, and in the course of his prayer he said, 'Where will these spend their eternity?' The thought was an awful one, and it affected me much; and it took something to affect me, for I have been an awful bad 'un. I came next night. The words I heard had not left me; I heard them ringing in my ears over and over again. For twenty-five years I worshipped a wooden god. I went to confession, and I cannot tell you what I did; but, praise God! he led me away from the Romish Church, and brought me into his fold, and now I enjoy the glorious liberty of a child of God. There are many in this hall to-night who, with me, can bless God that ever this building was erected."

The confession of another ran thus:—"When I was in the world, my greatest pastime was skittles. I have gone into the skittle ground

at seven o'clock in the morning, and not left till late at night. I often lost all my money, and of course my poor wife used to suffer. One night I had no money, and I wanted some to go to my usual place with. My wife said to me, 'Now, look here; if you will go and hear Charley Inglis, at Mr. Charrington's Tent, I'll give you some money for skittling.' I said, 'All right, I'll go and hear Charley English, or Charley Irish, if you like.' Anything to get money to satisfy my appetite. After the service was over I thought, 'Well, he's a nice sort of chap enough, but I suppose he makes a good thing out of it, or else he wouldn't do it.' I was just off when Mr. Kerwin tapped me on the shoulder, and taking hold of my arm said, 'Are you safe for eternity?' and I believe I said, 'Yes.' I didn't care about anyone talking to me, I wanted to be off; but he would not let me go, and that night, I bless God! I gave my heart to Jesus, and ever since that, now nearly five years, I have been working for my blessed Master."

A third made this characteristic confession:—"I can remember when I was a little boy my 'dad' taking me to a camp meeting. He was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. I remember him saying to me, 'Ah, my boy, you'll remember one day, if you become a child of God, how your father has prayed for you.' Bless God! he has remembered me, and in this very hall I found Christ. The day after, I went to work, and being in a little position, I wondered whether I should speak to all my work-people. I decided that I would not: not because I was ashamed to, but I thought it would be better to let my walk show that there was a change in me. I used to curse and swear at my men very much. One day I said to one of them, 'Tommy, do you know I have been converted?' 'Ah,' he said, 'I thought there was something up, because there has been such a change in you.'"

Such examples might be largely multiplied, but what we have quoted will suffice to show the interesting character of the work. For his years Mr. Charrington has achieved much; and if his life should be prolonged to the full term, he will certainly, with God's blessing, and in common with his neighbour, Dr. Barnardo, and such useful brethren as our beloved Archibald Brown, William Orsman, and William Cuff, leave his mark on the East End. The longer he works, the greater will be his success, and the greater will be the confidence reposed in him by the poor. As he holds well-defined notions of divine truth, we trust he will exemplify the robust liberalism which never degenerates into that pseudo unsectarianism which is the worst form of bigotry. The grandest evangelistic power in the world is a thoroughly earnest preacher leading onward a thoroughly working church. May the Holy Spirit continue to bless all the living churches of Jesus to the saving of the multitude.

The Well-aimed Ink Pot.

BEING AN ADDRESS UPON COLPORTAGE, DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

BY THE REV. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.,

One of the Secretaries of the Religious Tract Society.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Those of you who have ever visited the castle of the Wartburg have been shown a great black blotch upon the wall, which they tell you was made in this fashion: It is said that when Martin Luther was in this retired spot, he was so much haunted and hindered by the devil, that at last, in a fit of righteous indignation, he took up his ink-pot and threw it where he supposed his adversary to be standing; and the devil, frightened at the ink-pot, vanished at once, and interrupted him no more. If the story is not literally correct, it is true in thought and in idea; for, depend upon it, there is nothing so likely to make the devil flee as a good, well-administered pot of printers' ink. Depend upon it, it is more powerful to exorcise the devil than all the holy water that ever has been sprinkled by priests from the beginning of the great apostasy to the present time. This is precisely what this Colportage Society is doing all day long—and every day, all the year round—throwing pots of printers' ink which have been put upon paper, at the person of the arch-enemy. Thus is the ink-pot applied to the devil, and it is casting him out right and left. Therefore, we bid "God speed" to the managers and workers of the Colportage Association. More power to their arms! More force to their ink-pots! May every man be successful in casting out devils by the means of the printed gospel. That is, in short, the spirit and purpose of Colportage work, and I should like to say a little as to the reason for our attaching so much importance to the printing and dissemination of good books.

God forbid that I here, or anywhere else, should say one word against the preaching of the gospel by the living voice. If I were tempted to undervalue and disparage God's ordinance of preaching anywhere, it would not be in this Tabernacle, where the ordinance of preaching has been owned and honoured and blessed of God as it has been nowhere else in the world, as far as I can discover, in the whole records of history. But whilst God has a preached gospel, he also has a written and printed gospel, and this must not be undervalued. The very first book of which I read any account was the book of the law written by the finger of God himself. At what period of his life Moses wrote his books we do not know, but we read that when Israel came to Mount Sinai the Lord wrote in a book of stone the Ten Commandments, for the teaching and guidance of his people. All through the Bible God's command is frequently given to his servants to write what he had spoken to them. I should like you all to do what I was led to do before I came here, namely, to turn up the Concordance, and look up every passage in which God commands his servants to write his word. The Lord said to Habakkuk, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it"; and a similar precept was given to others of his prophets. I am surprised to find how

constantly the command came, not only to speak God's word, but to write it. You find such exhortations all the way through the Scriptures, from the time when the Lord said to Moses, "Write this for a memorial in a book," till the hour when John said, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." A written gospel, or a printed gospel, which is the same thing, is plainly as much an ordinance of God as a preached gospel.

Then there is this singular circumstance to be noted, that some of those who have done much preaching have been called to write also before their work was done. The Apostle Paul felt that he was specially called to preach the gospel, and he did nobly and heroically preach it, and was in labours more abundant: but in the end, by a mysterious providence, as we should have thought it (for we always think God's providence mysterious when it does not fit in with our notions of what is right), Paul was laid aside from his work of preaching the gospel, and was put in prison, and for years was bound by a chain to a soldier, so that he could not journey to proclaim the glad tidings, and then he had recourse to what some would call the poor alternative of *writing* the gospel. Now, of Paul's preaching what remains? Two or three verses here and there. How many of Paul's spoken words have we? Not more than a couple of chapters altogether: but of Paul's gospel, which he was compelled to write because he could not preach to the multitude, we have those wonderful epistles which continually minister light and life to the church, and supply marrow and fatness to the children of God in every age.

A similar result was brought about by another providence, which was not at all mysterious, except in the eyes of the Pope of Rome, and those who held with him. Just at the very time when the Reformation came, when men's minds woke up from their long sleep, and shook the manacles and fetters of degrading bondage from their souls, that very time of Reformation was the hour of the discovery of printing: and the two things came together, the gospel and the press. Martin Luther and John Calvin and Zwingle, and the rest of them, could never have brought about the Reformation if it had not been for the help of the printing-press. The very first work which the printing-press did in the world was to print the Bible, and then to print the tracts of Martin Luther, and other reformers; and so the printing-press carried the seeds of truth and liberty where the preacher could not go, and, as men said, the truth was borne upon the wings of angels far and wide.

Your own pastor's sermons illustrate the power of the printing-press. Mr. Spurgeon preaches, we will say, to five or six thousand people at each service on the Lord's Day, and that is indeed a very great thing for him to do. Thank God for what he has done by him in this house! Blessed be his holy name for the words of life and light and truth that are spoken Sabbath after Sabbath here! May his bow still abide in strength, and may God fill him with all grace and benediction: and yet when you take account of the numbers that cannot come here, the crowds assembled to hear his living voice are as a drop in the ocean compared with the great mass and multitude outside, the millions upon millions of mankind whom his voice can never reach; but then his sermons can reach them, and by their means he preaches in all sorts of

languages, among all kinds of people. If I had not been so very busy before I came to this meeting, I meant to have drawn up a list of all the languages and countries in which Mr. Spurgeon's books are preaching all over the world. I know of some twenty varieties of them. In France, where a great revival has commenced—a work such as has not been witnessed since the days of the Reformation—Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are being distributed by the hands of the colporteurs all over the country. In Spain, in Italy, in Portugal, in Brazil, in Mexico, we are sending Mr. Spurgeon's sermons forth all over the country every week, and every day of the week. In the languages of India, in every vernacular, Mr. Spurgeon is preaching. He speaks in more languages than any man since the day of Pentecost, when the people heard the apostles speak every man in his own tongue the wonderful works of God. When the countries of eastern Europe were being released from the tyranny of Turkey—in Servia, and Bulgaria, and Roumania, and all that district—Mr. Spurgeon went and preached to them by his printed sermons. We are having letters about them from bishops and archbishops, and the Finance Minister of Servia is engaged in translating Mr. Spurgeon's sermons into the language of the Servian people. I think, therefore, that there is no place better than this great tabernacle in which to stand up for the printing of religious books, and the scattering of them by means of colportage. Not that we disparage Mr. Spurgeon's preaching in this pulpit, but we rejoice in the fact that God has given him, through the printing-press, that wonderful gift of tongues which enables him at the same time to be preaching in all parts of the world.

I want to say a few words as to the other side of the matter: the dark side of it. I have been magnifying the office of the printing-press; but I remember the old Latin proverb which warns us that a corruption of the best is the worst: the better a thing is the worse it may become if it is turned to wrong uses. Why, even Jesus Christ himself, that precious stone laid in Zion by the hands of God for us to build upon,—this precious, tried, elect corner-stone, becomes a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to unbelievers, and whoso stumbles upon it will be broken in pieces, while upon whomsoever it falls it will grind him to powder. The gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, may become, if abused, the savour of death unto death. Let us never forget that solemn word, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you." Why? Because the word of life had been heard and had been rejected by those cities. Just so is it with the printing-press: the power of a good press is rivalled by the influence of an evil press; and if you cannot estimate the value of a good book, neither can you calculate the injury which is done by a bad book. It is impossible to tell how much harm may be done to a man by one impure pamphlet. He may shake off its worst influence, so that he does not fall into actual vice, but still the slime of the book clings to him. Here is a young man just waking up to a sense of the powers entrusted to him; an infidel book is put before him; by the grace of God

he is able to overcome the argument, such as it is; but all his life long he may be haunted with doubts and questions and perplexities which will paralyse his arm and weaken his usefulness as a servant of Jesus Christ.

Here is a youth with his passions all on fire, and there falls into his hand a filthy volume, a licentious, immoral book, of which there are many abroad. He may be enabled to conquer the worst forms of this attack; but evil thoughts of God, impure desires, vile imaginations will be aroused; his very heart and conscience will be defiled; and that young man will grow up the worse for that hour's reading, and even to hoary hairs will never quite escape the defilement, and the impurity, and the damage which that book has caused him.

There is a strange fact which we cannot forget, that man is more retentive of evil than of good. There is that old doctrine, Mr. Spurgeon, which you believe and which I believe, too, the doctrine of original sin and natural depravity, and out of that fact comes the tendency of men to evil rather than to good. However the fact may be denied, we know, by observation and experience, that men naturally incline to that which is evil. Do you know how they dye printed calicoes at Manchester? You say, perhaps, that they print the pattern on them. Well, that is one way; but there is another. They put them through a chemical process which covers certain parts of them with a mordant upon which the dye will bite, and then they dip the whole piece into another preparation, and it assimilates the colour and draws it into itself, so that the article is printed in fast colours which you cannot wash out. Now, this mordant is very like the depravity of the human heart, by which it takes up into itself the evil into which it is plunged. Lord Palmerston once said that all children are born good. I do not think that Mr. Gladstone would hold such an opinion, and I will tell you why. Mr. Gladstone has been a diligent student of the Bible, and he would not find such a doctrine there, I am sure; and then, Lord Palmerston never had any children of his own, while Mr. Gladstone has had six or seven; and I picture to myself the great statesman starting up at night and walking the room in his nightgown with a fractious babe in his arms; and as he tried to pacify it I imagine he would reflect upon the natural depravity of children in general, and of his own in particular. Real life, and especially family life, cures us of many delusions. I am quite certain of this, that no one who has children of his own has ever said that all babies are born good; he knows better than that by painful experience.

Bad books are therefore dangerous things to be encountered by unregenerate hearts. There are multitudes of bad books, and we have to displace them. How is this to be done? How will you keep weeds out of the field? Will you try to root them up? You will find that the task is "never-ending, still beginning," wearisome, tedious, disappointing; for as fast as you pull up some of the weeds others begin to grow, and ill-weeds grow apace, while the wind carries the seeds and drops them far and wide, and you find that you have to do your work over again and again without ceasing. The best way to keep weeds out of the field is to sow it thickly with good, sound, wholesome wheat, and to let the corn grow so plentifully that there is no room for the tares.

Depend upon it, if you want to keep bad books out, the best way is to put good books in. Therefore, send out your colporteurs to supply the population of this country, and of all countries, with all sorts of good books, and so the bad books will be kept out, or turned out.

Something like thirty years ago all the Christian people of England were nearly in despair about the wide spread of blasphemous, infidel, immoral literature, and dear good Earl Shaftesbury wrote a pamphlet to prove that bad books were being circulated so widely that the religion, and the morality, and the decency of the nation would be well-nigh destroyed. People execrated the books, and wept over them, and did almost everything they could do except the right thing. Then the Religious Tract Society said, we will bring out something that shall be the antidote to the evil: accordingly, *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home* appeared; and very soon this bad literature received a notable check.

The other day all the gaol chaplains were weeping over the mischief that was wrought by the bad boys' books, which they said were doing much in filling our gaols with criminals, and making heart-broken mothers and miserable homes. We brought out *The Boy's Own Paper*, and the result is that we have twice as much sale for good juvenile literature as all the vicious publications can command for themselves. The right way to destroy evil is, by God's help, to do good, and that is what we are trying to do by the Tract Society, and what you are trying to do by your Colportage Association.

One word more: it has been my duty and privilege to make excursions to many parts of the world. Last year I went over to Ireland to look at various works of Christ. In the most bigoted part of that country, where the priest holds absolute sway, I found the Colporteur succeeding. Where men dare not call their souls their own; where, indeed, they are not their own, for they belong to the priest, the Colporteurs are effecting large sales, and are heartily welcomed by the people. Although Giant Pope curses and bites his nails because of the work that is being done, the Colporteurs there are selling books and Bibles, and no man can prevent it.

In America I found the students of certain of the colleges in the States spending their vacations in going about selling books. Many of them are poor, and have no other means of completing their college course, and so they go out with a bag of books and sell them, and the profit helps them to pay for their education. I do not know whether the bag weighed forty pounds, like your Colporteur's pack, and I do not know about the effect of such work upon the students theologically, but one of them said to me, "Doctor Manning, I believe I get more and better training for my ministerial life in this way than I could do in my classes in college. I am able to serve my Master and to speak of Christ, and meanwhile I get to know something of business, and I am not such a greenhorn as some of my fellow-students, who are quite ignorant of the practicalities of human life." Perhaps some of the Tabernacle students may follow the example.

Mr. Spurgeon and dear friends, in closing I would say most heartily that I count it a great joy to bear my testimony on behalf of Colportage, and to bid you "God speed" in your work.

Old Foes with New Faces.

BY MR. JOHN ROSE, AYLESBURY.

FULL fifty years ago the swains of England stood agape at the country fairs to see a machine which was said to grind old people into young ones, and ordinary matrons into beautiful maidens. More recently such trickery has been attempted in political and ecclesiastical matters. Disraeli surveyed the political world with a poetic eye, and became the magician to strike the key-note, "The New Birth." England was to be made young again by replunging herself in the fountain of antiquity. The age of faith was the model. The revival of old customs, ancient architecture, mediæval-fashioned furniture, and priestly vestments all catered to this archæological restoration. Young clergymen imbibed the idea, and burned with enthusiasm for the antique, and, as we thought, the obsolete. Pusey fed the flame, and watched the alembic of thought. And just as the insect of the *arachnida* class prepares its food by poisoning it to suit its palate, so the Essayists and Reviewers perverted some of the vital doctrines of the Bible to suit the priestly taste and Popish purpose. It seemed as if John Bull's housemaid had become intoxicated with new wine, and, seeing it was nearly twelve o'clock, began lighting her candles as if it were midnight rather than noonday. The Reformation may have plated over Anglican Popery with the German-silver of Protestantism, but the rubbing it has subsequently had at Oxford has considerably worn away the silver, and the old metal has become more visible. We do not wonder at error sprouting in a literary soil when we think of the continual fluctuations of the Gnostic philosophy, or the Aristotelian analysis of the Middle Ages; for one's opinion may go the whole quaternion round of philosophic schools —the Pythagoric, the Platonic, the Peripatetic, and the Stoic—till the mind is led to hold a philosophic perversion of the truth itself. Ah! when will it become an accepted fact, that God's ministers are men of one book—the Bible? and that their power is derived from one source —the Holy Spirit?

Plato and Aristotle, indeed, no longer vex the church by name. But their spirit, like the exorcised demon of old, walking through dry places, and seeking rest in vain, has commissioned several other spirits to return into the sacred inclosure, not merely to modify Christianity, but to expel it; and, if possible, to divert the minds of Christians from the principles of eternal truth, which sanctify the soul, and lead on to everlasting life. What are those modern philosophers, Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin, but "Brown," "Jones," and "Robinson," a trio of sceptical scholars, each trying to allure the "Smith" of Christian faith away from the *terra firma* of truth into the treacherous waters of vain philosophy? They may try to dazzle us by their rhetoric, in the use of such terms as "primitive protoplasm," "pangenesis," "primordial forms," "originating germs," &c.; nevertheless, had they but *spiritual discernment*, they would see that "folly" might be written upon all their theories. The first few verses of Genesis contain the fundamental principles of all natural and chemical forces—"matter," "form," "force," "light," "heat," and "life." And as such active powers existed at first,

so they have continued in their operation, both in generation and conservation, until now. True philosophy forbids our resorting to hypotheses to account for assumed facts. Forgetfulness of the fundamental distinction between correlation and convertibility has been productive of the wildest theories. Our duty plainly is not to speculate and create a Revelation, but honestly to interpret the one entrusted to us.

The spirit of the Gnostics and the Mystics again walks our earth in a sceptical resurrection, agitating the church concerning the doctrine of eternal punishment. Those who doubt this doctrine are of two kinds; some believe in annihilation, and others in restoration. Surely it is but idle cavil for men to assert that the *unbeliever* will ultimately attain to eternal life, while God's Word declares he "*shall not see life.*" And it is equally vain in those who affirm that he will cease to exist, when that Word assures us that "the wrath of God," instead of blotting him out of existence, "*abideth on him.*" Death is not annihilation. That which is annihilated is not dead. It is nowhere, it is nothing. But a dead soul is a real soul. Death is but a change from one state of existence to another. An unbeliever has intelligence, sensibility, conscience, and yet his soul is dead. Intelligence and conscience are the soul, but not its *life*. The *life* of the soul is found in living fellowship, joyous sympathy, and communion with God. And as the soul of man exists in its estrangement from God in this life, so it will exist in eternal banishment from God in the world to come. Besides which, future blessedness, or future perdition, is the result of moral character and conduct on earth. The course of life pursued in a probationary existence gives form and character to destiny. The good will soar, the evil will sink. The future judgment will not alter character, but only declare it, and determine its destiny. God's character predicates his eternal displeasure at sin. The "*un*quenchable fire" of hell perpetually proves it. Moreover, if we exclude the idea of time, or duration, from such words as "eternity," "eternal life," "eternal death," there is an end of certainty of meaning; definiteness passes into conjecture, and reasoning loses its data. Annihilationists and Restorationists are strangely at variance with our Lord's teaching. Christ said, speaking of the fate of Judas, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." But had the traitor's punishment consisted in annihilation after death, or, were he to be restored from the penal fires of a temporary retribution, then, contrary to our Lord's declaration, it would have been good for Judas to have been born. The words in the New Testament, employed to imply punishment, everywhere denote the endurance of penalty for the vindication of violated law and justice; and the idea of eternity is connatural with the human mind.

The spirit of witchcraft and necromancy has again been on the wing. What is modern spiritualism but renascent necromancy and witchcraft? In an age of sensationalism like ours, no marvel if the prince of darkness does again summon forth some of his old forces. When the devil inspires we may look for sinister signs and wonders being wrought.

Let spiritualism be subjected to the criteria of reason and the ordeal of revelation. If it abide these tests, well; and if not, let it be treated with scorn, and cast away as a baneful thing. Everything true and real has some worthy and important design to fulfil. The nature and tendency of spiritualism are ample proofs of its not being divine. We may tell

where influence comes *from* by what it leads *to*. Modern spiritualism, doubtless, is the fulfilment of Paul's prediction, that "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." The delusion of spiritualists consists in supposing that the "familiar spirits" with whom they hold intercourse are human, instead of being *demons*, as the Bible proves. These spirits seduce their victims first by giving them good advice, leading them to habits of sobriety, and the like; but at length they are led to renounce the Bible as a revelation from God, and to a final unbelief in divine things; changing the worship of God into a worship of ghosts.

Spiritualism is the work of *demons* operating through human agents, or mediums.* Spirits, or demons, operate by a *mesmeric* influence. In mesmerism we know that the objects seen by the persons under mesmeric control are not *real* objects, present at the time, but only exist as thoughts in the mind of the operator. The operator forms mental pictures in his own *mind*, and they become as real objects to the one under his mesmeric influence. Now, just as a mesmeriser makes his subject see men, women, children, flowers, and other objects, which exist only as mental pictures in his mind; in like manner, positive spirits, who are around us—for the devil is prince of the power of the air—may present the image of *any* person with whom they are familiar, and it may appear as a reality to the impressible medium. So that while in mesmerism a *human* being is the operator, in spiritualism a *demon* is the actor.

Such, then, are the means employed by which Satan influences the minds of those who embrace spiritualism. God operates upon all minds by means of the Holy Spirit. When a man is under the influence of the Holy Spirit he is moved to speak, and write, and work. Thus was it with holy men of old; they wrote and spoke as moved by the Holy Ghost. But when men yield themselves up entirely to the control of Satan, then they become *mediums* through whom he may write, and speak, and perform other strange things. Thus has it been of old, and thus has it been in modern times. Spiritualism seems now to be taking rest. Let us look out! Peradventure there may yet appear other old foes in masked faces.

A Forgotten Sermon.

WHEN John Wesley was a very young man he was accustomed to read his sermons, until cured of the habit in a manner as singular as unexpected. He was engaged to preach at a church in London, and not until he was ascending the pulpit stairs did he recollect that he had by a dire mischance forgotten the necessary manuscript. He returned to the vestry feeling confused and agitated. "Pray, sir, what is the matter?" asked a woman who stood near. "I have not brought a sermon with me," replied Wesley. "Is that all?" said the woman kindly, placing her hand on the shoulder of the tremulous preacher, "Cannot you trust God for a sermon?" Wesley was benefited for life by that gentle rebuke. He boldly entered the pulpit, "preached with great freedom," and never after read a discourse before a congregation.

* We do not endorse our contributor's opinion upon this point, though we are perfectly agreed with him that spiritualism is an evil thing, from which children of God should turn away.—C. H. S.

"A little child shall lead them."

BUCKINGHAM in his *Palestine* says, "The little children, just able to toddle along themselves, are employed in driving, at their own slow pace, the lambs a little younger." A little child in such a case makes a capital shepherd for the little lambs; he cannot go too fast for them, and therefore there is no fear of their being over-driven. Is not this very beautiful? In the family of "the Great Shepherd of the sheep" there is work for babes in grace: even the newly born may fulfil the commission, "Feed my lambs." No one need be discouraged because of his spiritual feebleness and littleness, for these things may even qualify him tenderly to guide those who are weaker still. Poor, trembling, tottering saints have yet a work to do in the green pastures where the lambs lie down. Let them seek to bear a part of the gentle Shepherd's labours.

How lovely is the sight of a Christian boy leading his play-fellows to Jesus! How sweet to see a sweet girl telling her little companions about the Redeemer. Dear children, act out the pictures in your lives, and be little shepherds and shepherdesses for Jesus.

C. H. S.

The Joy of the Lord is your Strength.

SING, brother, sing both loudly and long!
Sing, brother, sing, there is strength in a song!
Sing, and thy heaviest burden grows light:
From his innermost joy comes the Christian's true might.

Sing, brother, sing when you fight with the foe,
There's nought like a song to give weight to a blow;
For your enemies vanish, they cannot stay long,
When you scatter their hosts with the stroke of a song.

Sing, brother, sing when at ploughing you toil,
There is nought like a song to break up hard soil;
And the gloomiest valley grows joyous ere long,
If you wake up its echoes with voices of song.

Sing, brother, sing as heavenward you rise;
The lark through the air sang his way to the skies,
And nothing of labour he felt as he rose,
For the charm of his music made effort repose.

Sing, brother, sing a sweet song in the night;
Sing, and about thee the gloom shall grow bright,
The weariest darkness will cease to feel long
When you stud the dark sky with the stars of a song.

Sing, brother, sing on the tempest-toss'd main,
Fling to the storm-blast thy happiest strain;
'Twill hearten some brother who trembles in fear,
And come back with his blessing thy spirit to cheer.

ALFRED BAX.

A Journey to Mentone with Mr. Spurgeon.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 281.)

DECEMBER 8, 1879.—Having walked to the Pont St. Louis this morning before breakfast, we saw a good illustration of the believer's safety in Christ. A pair of doves flew out of the clefts of the rock, but returned almost immediately, having apparently seen the falcons that were high up in the air ready to swoop down upon the pretty creatures whose only protection against their cruel and powerful foes was to hide in the rifts of the rugged rock. So, timid saint, when the bird of prey seeks to destroy thee, fly to the cleft side of the Rock of Ages, for there and there alone shalt thou find perfect security and rest.

Dec. 14.—To-day being the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, there was a grand procession through the old part of the town at the close of the afternoon "service" in the church dedicated to this ridiculous dogma. In addition to the usual array of priests, acolytes, images, candles, etc., there were nine-and-thirty females, varying in age from three years to seventy, all dressed in semi-bridal costume, and carrying long candles. As they passed slowly through the narrow streets they chanted, or, to speak more correctly, the men howled and the women wailed a mournful dirge, which we were quite unable to associate with that

"Religion that can give
Sweetest *pleasures* while we live."

A more miserable performance throughout we have seldom witnessed. Whatever solemnity there might have been about the poor affair was effectually dispelled by the conduct of the boys who carried the large lanterns and candles, which for the greater part of the time were like the candle of the wicked, "put out," or like the lamps of the foolish virgins, "going out." Before the procession started from the church, clouds of incense were presented to the principal image of the Virgin just in the same way that we burnt pastilles in our bedrooms at night in order to send the mosquitoes to sleep. We were not informed whether this ceremony was observed for the same reason; if so, what a poor protector must Mary be to those who trust to her if she cannot even defend herself from the bite of a little gnat!

Dec. 16.—This morning we copied the following inscription from the first villa erected at Mentone in 1855 for the entertainment of strangers:—"Le Soleil, Le Climat Doux et Salubre, et L'Eau De La Mer, Réunis Constituent Les Principaux Remèdes Créés Par Le Bon Dieu; Louanges A La Gloire Du Bienfaiteur Suprême Qui A Daigné De Nous En Favoriser," which being interpreted is:—"The sun, the soft and salubrious climate, and the water of the sea combined, constitute the chief remedies created by the good God: thanks to the glory of the supreme Benefactor who has deigned thus to favour us." We heartily join in this ascription of praise, for Mentone is a hospital for the sick, and a place of rest for the weary.

Dec. 18.—At the cemetery this afternoon we saw many curious and even amusing decorations of the graves of the Mentonese and their visitors, but one design especially interested us. It was the representation of two hands clasped beneath the image of the risen Saviour. What a beautiful thought—husband and wife, parent and child, or brother and sister, reunited at the feet of their ascended Lord! This may have been only a delusion on the part of those who put it up, but it is the sure and certain hope of the children of God. They will meet again to be no more parted for ever, and their reunion will be perfect bliss because it is consummated at the glorified feet of him to whom they owe their all.

Dec. 22.—A little before seven o'clock this morning we had a very clear view

of the Island of Corsica, and a few minutes afterwards realized, as we had never done before, the beauty of Malachi's prophecy, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." As the bright, warm, wide wings of the natural sun were outspread our beloved patient felt their healing influence, and thousands of others blessed the Lord for another morning's light and heat. In like manner Jesus comes to heal all that fear his name. We were somewhat surprised to find that, as the sun gradually emerged from the bosom of the waves, Corsica, which had been so distinct a little while before, completely faded out of sight. Yet just thus is it when the Sun of righteousness arises upon one who fears his name; all other objects become dim, and pass away, and he sees "no man save Jesus only." We could not help thinking of the contrast between the land of Beulah, where we were, and the frost and fog-enveloped country we had left a few weeks before. The air was so clear that we could see this island, although it was a hundred miles distant, and the mountains on it, which were twenty miles further from us: indeed, a lady in the hotel asserted that she could see the chimney-pots on the houses, and the smoke issuing from them. This was more than we could credit. Mr. Spurgeon said that she might just as well have told us that she had seen a woman going across the back yard to get a jug of water, or that she had smelt the bacon that was being fried for breakfast in one of the kitchens. Still, the objects within range of our vision made us feel as if we were with Bunyan's pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains; but by faith we saw much that our mortal eyes could not perceive. Across the sea of time we caught a glimpse of the land that is very far off, and the everlasting mountains of the heavenly country; but presently, like the island at which we had been looking, even these objects disappeared from view as the Sun of righteousness arose upon us in all his glory, and then we had "The Best of All Sights" as we experienced in our own souls the truth of the text of the short sermon written by Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone, and published this week, "But we see Jesus" (No. 1,509 in *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*).

Dec. 23.—To our great joy Mr. Spurgeon was well enough to go to-day to Mr. Thomas Hanbury's wonderful garden at Mortola, where we afterwards spent many happy hours of our sojourn abroad. At various times we picked up the following illustrations, and notes of interest. Mr. Hanbury showed us a kind of gourd, the seeds of which are furnished with a sort of parachute, which enables them when released from their shell to travel some distance. By this means the plant may be propagated over a wide area; and just thus does the gospel win its way in the world; the living seed is like a bird or winged insect, all we have to do is to set it flying, trusting to the Spirit, that bloweth where it listeth, to carry it to the spot where the Lord will cause it to germinate, and bring forth fruit. Every Christian should not only sing—

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,"

but by personally scattering the good seed of the kingdom should help it to extend its blessings far and near.

On another occasion the esteemed owner of the garden pointed out to us a plant, the leaves of which are eaten by the Arabs to keep them awake. Some Mahommedans were of opinion that the plant belonged to the opiate family, and accordingly "a committee sat upon it." Their decision was that "the faithful" might still continue to chew it, especially as it had the futher property of making those who ate it good-tempered as well as lively. We were all sorry to learn that there was not much likelihood of this peculiar shrub becoming acclimatized in England, as otherwise every church and chapel-yard might be filled with specimens of it, so that the congregations might pluck some leaves to keep them awake while listening to their ministers, and to make them good-tempered when going to their homes There is, however, in every land where Jesus is known, "a Plant of renown," whose virtues far exceed those of any other plant which God has created.—We also saw several magnificent flowering aloes, which, having produced their one splendid blossom, were dying away. It

seems but a small return for a life's work to have but one flower, and then to die; yet how many lives are there that come to an end without so much as one bloom or bud of grace appearing upon them! In another sense this aloe is a grand illustration of the man who has said in the strength of the Lord, "this one thing I do," who has given all his powers to the accomplishment of that one object, and who has succeeded in attaining it, well content to pass away with the conviction that, whatever other lives have been, his certainly has not been a failure. One thing done, and that done well, is better than a thousand begun and left unfinished.

As we entered the garden, and again as we left it, we drank some of the fresh cold water that flows out of the very heart of an olive, reminding us of him who is the true Olive, and who when on earth stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Each Christian, too, should have a well of water springing up within him, and rivers of living water flowing out from him, and so should be like this olive-fountain standing by the wayside, and inviting the inhabitants of the place, and all passers-by, to partake of the cooling stream.—On our way home we passed the cold part of the road, which is almost always in the shade as far as a rough cross, erected on a little mound, and thus felt the force of Mr. Spurgeon's remark, "It is all cold till you come to the cross." There is no warmth of light and life and love for a guilty sinner until he comes to the cross, and trusts in him who there died, "the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Dec. 24.—Christmas Eve at Mentone was made as much as possible like Christmas Eve at home, by a happy gathering around a huge Christmas tree, to the furnishing of which every guest had contributed more or less, and by addresses from the three ministers in the hotel,—not the least interesting of which was the one delivered by the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, who on this evening, to the great delight of the whole company, appeared at the *table d'hôte* for the first time after his enforced absence of several weeks.

Dec. 25.—*The weather being so bright and hot*, we went for an excursion up the Gorbio Valley, at the entrance of which we saw some of the ingeniously-constructed houses of the trap-door spider. Since our return we have had the pleasure of reading a most charming book,* in which the habits of these clever little insects and the equally wise harvesting ants are fully described. It appears that there are in various parts of the world no less than 215 species of the trap-door spider, of which 36 belong to the Mediterranean region. These *Territelariæ*, or under-ground weavers, as their name signifies, are so called because of the beautiful nests, sometimes twelve or fifteen inches long, which they make in the earth. The construction of these silken homes is very wonderful, especially so in the case of the double-branched nest in which the spider has one of its trap-doors by which it can escape along the free passage when one of the corridors of its house is invaded by an enemy. The entrance to the nest is very carefully concealed by a door which on the outside is made to resemble as closely as possible the surrounding soil, and inside is lined with several folds of fine silk. During the daytime this door is usually kept closed, but at night the spider holds it a little way open, and watches for any stray ants, beetles, flies, or other insects that may come near. When one of them approaches close enough, Madame *Cteniza* or *Nemesia*, for the lord and master of the establishment is rarely to be seen, darts out her two forelegs, drags the unwilling captive into her pretty parlour, the door swings back on its hinges and closes up the nest, and the lady of the house and her family make as good a supper as they can of the prey that has been trapped. If it be possible, Mr. Moggridge's description of the harvesting ants is more marvellous than what he writes concerning the trap-door spiders. He furnishes undoubted proof of the truth of Solomon's words, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways

* *Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders.* Notes and observations on their habits and dwellings. By J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S. L. Reeve and Co., 5, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." They build granaries several inches underground, collect and store away their winter's food in large quantities, and even take precautions to prevent the seeds they have gathered from germinating and so becoming unfit for them to eat.

Horses and carriages cannot go all the way up the glorious Val de Gorbe, as the little piece of highway that should unite the road from Mentone with that from Gorbio is left unfinished, although the trouble and expense of completing it would be slight compared with the amount which has been already laid out upon the part that is made. How exactly this is like a great deal of Christian work, which is all but completed, and yet the small portion that is unfinished spoils all the rest! Whether it was left incomplete through want of money, or from a lack of union on the part of the two parishes that here join, or from any other cause, there stands the unfinished road as a monument to the folly or obstinacy of some person or town unknown. The Christian worker who begins to build without counting the cost, or who leaves his work unfinished through a fit of jealousy or laziness, or a want of resolution or perseverance, must not be surprised if he becomes the object of the ridicule of those who suffer through his neglect. Some attempt too much, and achieve nothing; forgetting that a small thing completed is of more service than a large one left only half done. It is better to leave a finished cottage as a memorial of the builder's industry and skill than an uncompleted castle at which every man will shake his head in scorn, and every boy will cast a stone in derision. Jesus said, "It is finished," before he bowed his head and died, and each of his true disciples will seek to be able to say with him when rendering up his account to the Father, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

One of our favourite songs at Mentone was the lively chorus so well known at the Tabernacle :—

"Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God."

To-day we had a singular illustration of the appropriateness of this admonition. Mr. Spurgeon had told the coachman to return for us at three o'clock, forgetting that it was the depth of winter here, and that the days were almost as short as in foggy, frosty England; so about half-past one we made tracks homewards, our one anxiety being to "walk in the light" till the carriage came to pick us up, well knowing that five minutes in the shade would probably mean five weeks more illness for the beloved pastor who had, we hoped, become convalescent. As the sun gradually descended behind the mountains we were compelled to descend the valley with him so as to keep in his warmth, for in the shade there was a hard frost. Through the good hand of our God upon us our object was attained, and the threatened danger averted; but our fears had taught us that spiritually our safety lies in walking in the light of God until the chariot comes to bear us to our home in the city that hath no need of the sun to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. Those who would comfort themselves with the sweet words of the apostle John, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," must remember that there is a condition attached to the assurance, which is this—"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light."

Dec. 31.—One of the ladies of our party this morning was regretting that she had so few opportunities of speaking French, as almost every one in the hotel talked English. She made us think of the children of God who, having acquired the language of Zion, find but few of their friends or acquaintances who can converse with them in it.—A friend who had come over from Cannes to spend a day or two with us, told us of rather a good remark which he overheard in the railway carriage as he came along. Some Americans were going to Monte Carlo, and as they were passing through one of the tunnels near that

famous gambling place, one of them complained that there was no light in the carriage, when a lady who was with them observed that she supposed the railway company knew that they loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. Many a true word is spoken in jest.—We closed the year with a short praise and prayer-meeting, a little before midnight, in which about twenty friends of various denominations heartily united.

Jan. 1, 1880.—This afternoon some of us went to the opening of the new schools, which Mr. Hanbury has erected for the children of the three parishes of Mortola, Grimaldi, and Ciotti. They are situated on the Corniche Road, *just opposite the cross* before mentioned. The position of the schools, and the surroundings of the inaugural ceremony were very suggestive, but we have only space just to mention the thoughts that passed through our mind, leaving our readers to work them out for themselves. We have no respect for emblems of themselves, but for once we will forget the superstition which has encrusted that of the cross, and use it in all simplicity. We felt that, as the school was to be for the children of the three villages, so in a higher sense all who would be truly educated must meet at the cross and learn there. We rejoiced that the people began the year by gathering at the cross, and we were especially charmed by the sight of a young mother nursing her babe beneath its shade. The proceedings were all conducted in Italian, but we could understand enough of what was said to make us wish "God-speed" to this most praiseworthy effort to supply the rising generation of this part of Italy with sound, unsectarian education, free from the interference of the priests.

Jan. 4.—To-day we drove again to Bordighera, the city of palms, the place which is a good illustration of what a Christian should be, for it is "always in the light," or at least it basks in the sunshine long after all the neighbouring towns are enveloped in shade. On our way we stopped at Ventimiglia, and went in to see the old temple of Juno, which is now a Roman Catholic church. We also visited the Domo, but we were most of all interested in inspecting the ancient baptistery in the rear of the cathedral. This massive structure is similar to many others in Italy, which were built and used until men "changed the ordinance." The whole appearance of the place proves that those who erected it contemplated nothing but the immersion of adults, although a font with an extinguisher-like covering on the top of it has since been placed in the centre, and even this has been discarded, for on the morning that we were there we saw a basin out of which the precious drops had been recently taken for the observance of man's perversion of God's ordinance. The baptistery at Ventimiglia is doubly interesting to the pastor of the Tabernacle Church, not only because of its testimony to the truth of his practice as a Baptist, but also from its having been the scene of a triumphant vindication of his principles. At a social gathering at Mentone, at which Mr. Spurgeon was present, a certain facetious gentleman gently ridiculed believers' baptism. It was a matter of surprise to many that he did not at once get the answer that he might have been sure he would receive sooner or later. The party broke up, however, without anything having been said upon the question, but it was arranged that the next day all of them should visit Ventimiglia. The other "lions" of the place having been examined, Mr. Spurgeon led the way to the baptistery in the crypt, and when all the company had gathered round the old man who was explaining the objects, Mr. Spurgeon said to his anti-immersionist friend, "Mr. ——, you understand Italian better than any of us, will you kindly interpret for us what the guide is saying?" Thus fairly trapped, the assailant of the previous evening began, "This is an ancient baptistery. He says that in the early Christian church baptism was always administered by immersion, etc., etc." The crypt at once rang with laughter, in which the interpreter joined as heartily as any one, admitting that he had been as neatly "sold" as a man well could be. He is not the only one who has been taught that the combatant who crosses swords with Mr. Greatheart may not find the conflict to his permanent advantage. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

Notices of Books.

The Family Prayer and Sermon Book; designed for general use, and specially adapted for those prevented from attending public worship. By the Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Strahan and Co.

Two noble volumes, a treasure in any family. We have no delight in written prayers, but if people must have them, let them be composed by Dr. Vaughan. As for the sermons, they have, of course, the Church of England tone; but they are nevertheless rich, instructive, impressive, spiritual, and gracious. The work would make a most suitable wedding present, and both externally and internally would be of great value to the newly-formed household. Dr. Vaughan's great powers have been well spent in writing such a help for family devotion.

One Hundred and Fifty Years of Baptist Life at Waltham Abbey. By W. Jackson, Pastor. Elliot Stock. Price Sixpence.

A manual of special interest which must have cost the compiler great labour. We rejoice in the issue of such little histories. Baptists should make it a point of honour to purchase and preserve them. Waltham Abbey has many sacred memories, dear to every Baptist heart.

The London Hymn Book for Prayer Meetings and Special Services, Edited by C. Russell Hurditch. J. F. Shaw and Co.

We made a mistake last month in supposing that "The enlarged London Hymn Book" had supplanted the original "London Hymn Book." Here is the capital little collection, and we are happy to repeat our praise of it. At twopence it is cheap to the last degree.

From Death into Life; or, Twenty Years of My Ministry. By Rev. W. Haslam. Morgan and Scott.

We reserve this for further notice. This life of Mr. Haslam during his first twenty years of ministry is more charming than any novel. We quoted from it in a sermon, selecting the incident of our friend's conversion while preaching. This is a narrative which must do great good. It is after our own heart in almost every respect, and we wish that thousands may read it.

Through the Eye to the Heart; or, Plain Uses of the Black Board, and other Visible and Verbal Illustrations in the Sunday-school and Home. By the Rev. W. F. Crafts, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Teachers may make good use of this treatise. Some will repeat the actual examples, and be wise to do so; others will make lessons of their own, and be wiser still. It should be immediately placed in the Sunday-school library. It costs 3s. 6d.

The Oxford Bible for Teachers, in seven facsimile editions: containing The Helps to the Study of the Bible (which is also issued separately). Henry Frowde, 7, Paternoster Row.

We have already heartily commended Mr. Frowde's Bibles once or twice before, and, with the small type editions now before us, we emphatically repeat our praise. We do not see what more can be done in the production of Bibles. These specimens, with "The Helps to the Study of the Bible," are done up in a box, and are really right royal and yet cheap. If you wish to buy a new Bible, and want the very best, write to the publisher for a catalogue.

Adam, Noah, and Abraham: Expository Readings on the Book of Genesis. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

The more of such books the better. Dr. Parker is always sparkling and fresh. The *exposition* of this work is not of the critical or doctrinal kind, but consists of sketches of life and character, strikingly drawn by a vigorous hand. We hope the publishers will be able to give a large selection of equally valuable works on portions of the Bible; and if they do, "The Household Library of Exposition" will be a great success.

The Ten Commandments; with Explanations for the Young. By A. T. S. Partridge and Co.

A thoroughly plain, practical, searching book for children. There should be one in every family.

The Importance of accuracy in the Study of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. E. W. BULLINGER. A. Rufus, 10, South Street, Finsbury, pp. 46, Price 6d.

A SMALL pamphlet on a great subject. It seems to have originated in a lecture delivered before a Sunday School Association, and so much good information and sound reflection are compressed into a little space that Sunday school teachers would find it valuable as a class book. We all know that the plenary inspiration of Scripture finds little favour among modern thinkers and broad-church divines. A plea for the reverent study and a protest against the slip-shod reading of the Bible comes with peculiar appropriateness from the lips of the scholarly author of "a critical lexicon and concordance to the English and Greek New Testament," of which, learned authors like Trench, Westcott, Vaughan, and Angus speak approvingly. The illustrations Mr. Bullinger selects are very effective. At the outset he notices an article on Stephen, in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, to which the well known initials A.P.S. are affixed, wherein the genial, light-hearted Dean of Westminster impeaches the historical accuracy of the famous *defence* in the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles in no less than twelve particulars, and holds up the whole of the speech of Stephen, "as a protest against a rigid view of the mechanical exactness of the inspired words of the Old Testament." To each of these points there is shown to be an easy reply within reach of any attentive reader of our authorized version, except in one instance where the original language is appealed to. Dean Stanley's fourth stricture is couched in these terms. "The godlike loveliness of Moses (Acts vii. 20), not simply, as according to Exodus ii. 2, the statement that he was a goodly child." Mr. Bullinger informs his young friends that the Hebrew word in the Pentateuch is rendered in the Septuagint by the very Greek word used by Stephen (ασ*τ*εῖον) as it is also in Gen. vi. 2, and Heb. xi. 23. Much to the purpose likewise is the following observation: "It is inconceivable that Stephen could have made any such blunders as have been frequently alleged by many, when we consider that he was speaking in the presence of the Sanhedrim, which comprised the most learned men in the whole nation; men who were masters in Israel, who knew every word of the law and the prophets by heart, and even the very number of letters in each book;—or that in the presence of such men his misstatements should have gone uncorrected, if he had been guilty of making the alleged inaccuracies. On the contrary, we read, 'they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.'"

As an instance of precision on the part of the sacred writers which demands attention on the part of studious readers, we are asked to notice the form of expression used in a text that sorely grieved Adam Clarke, Hartwell Horne, and Dean Alford, viz., Exodus xii. 40, "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years." Observe, it does *not* say that the Israelites *sojourned* four hundred and thirty years in Egypt. The time they *dwelt* there was only two hundred and fifteen years. But it *does* say in Exodus vi. 4, "the land of Canaan, the land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers." So then they *sojourned* in Canaan; they *dwelt* in Egypt; they were strangers in each; and the whole period covered by both was four hundred and thirty years, dating from the call of Abraham: Gen. xi. 31: Acts vii. 2.

The advantages however that Mr. Bullinger propounds as a stimulus to accuracy are by no means limited to the solution of difficulties. More than half his lecture is devoted to the beauties which challenge our admiration. He draws particular attention to the name of the Lord, and to the different names and combinations of names in the Old Testament by which Jehovah will be known. So, too, with reference to the designation of our blessed Saviour in the New Testament, whether he be spoken of as Jesus or as Christ; as Jesus Christ or Christ Jesus; as the Son of man or the Son of God, there is a certainty that what is written is not written at random. With so many instructive lessons in such a narrow

compass we consider sixpence well invested in the purchase of this book, though it is merely stitched in a paper cover.

The World of Moral and Religious Anecdote. By E. Paxton Hood. Fifth thousand, 6s. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a new and cheap edition of Mr. Hood's remarkable collection of incidents. We long ago perused these odd, piquant, and notable stories, and we were greatly amused; but we cannot say that we ever thought much of the production so far as the usefulness or even the religiousness of some of the stories is concerned, for certain of the anecdotes should have been suppressed. Our friend could have done better than create such "a universe of undigested and unorganized anecdote." Still, having growled our growl, we are bound to add that we should have been sorry to have missed either "The World of Anecdote," or "The World of Religious Anecdote," with which we have beguiled many a pleasant interval of leisure.

Regeneration: its Conditions and Methods. By Robert Craig, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

We were prepared most heartily to recommend this simple but able exposition of the great fact of regeneration, until we came to the author's explanation of his relation to the question of infant sprinkling as "*a preparatory means of regeneration*"—whatever that may mean. It would be amusing, were it not sad, to see the attempts of good men to defend what they must feel to be an ordinance that needs apology. For instance, our author has all through his treatise been insisting that regeneration is spiritual, being accomplished by the Holy Ghost in the soul, and involving an entire change of character and life; but what then of his infant baptism as a means of regeneration? "Why," says he, "infant baptism is one of the preparatory means of regeneration. It is more than a form; *it is a means of grace.*" Now, this might be supposed to be but a careless way of evading the charge of believing in baptismal regeneration, and yet continuing the ordinance, were it not that a little further on our author says, as a logical conclusion from this, "Until children depart from the fold by *open* wickedness, proving unbelief and rebellion, we think they should be regarded as *lambs of the flock of Christ, requiring to be fed, but not to be converted.*" Could anything be more like baptismal regeneration? and yet this comes from the same pen which has just told us that "With the growth of priestcraft the tendency was to exalt the importance of ritual, and lower the evangelical conditions, *until faith and obedience were kept out of sight, and water-baptism became the ecclesiastical method of regeneration.*" It is the same writer who has just assured us that "The claims of priests to peculiar sanctity and diffusive grace are closely connected with the claims of baptismal regeneration, *and the superstitious ideas of the efficacy of water-baptism.*" When will men deal fairly with the word of God, and their convictions of truth? When will they learn to listen to the teachings of the Bible rather than to the traditions of men? Whenever that time comes, then will they learn not merely to hold, but also to act upon the belief of this writer, who in strange self-contradiction says, "To be baptized into Christ is *by faith to be identified with him in his death, burial, and resurrection.*"

Various Views of the Higher Christian Life. Practical Discourses by Wm. Dent, Primitive Methodist Minister. With an Introduction by Rev. W. Antliff, D.D. London: Bemrose & Son.

In looking through these discourses we have seen little that could be positively objected to as unscriptural, and yet we instinctively feel that their tendency is undesirable, not to say unhealthy. There is a smack of perfectionism which seems to us to run strangely counter to the warning of the Apostle John, "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves," &c., &c. It may be our poverty of spiritual life which thus keeps us from these heights of Christian perfection; but we find that we rise most when we have lowest thoughts of ourselves, and we are strongest when we cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." There may be brethren to whom these discourses will be as "fat things full of marrow"; if so, we rejoice that our opinion will not prevent their enjoyment and profit.

Works of William Paley, D.D. Evidences, Horæ Paulinæ, and Natural Theology. Ward, Lock and Co.

We need not criticise works so well known as those of Paley; it will be sufficient to say that this bulky volume at 3s. 6d. is a marvel of cheapness. Type and binding are excellent at the price; the marvel is that such a work can be produced for the money.

God's "Ten Words." A course of lectures on the Decalogue. By the Rev. Walter Senior, B.A. Dickinson.

Well worthy of study. We could not subscribe to all the writer's views, but he delivers himself reverently and thoughtfully, and he has something to deliver of the best sort. No volume within our knowledge better shows the bearing of the ten commandments upon the life and society of the present age, and no writer has more fearlessly touched the vices and follies of the period.

Wheat from the fields of Boaz. By the Rev. Arthur G. Thomas. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Nearly all the subjects in Scripture which refer to the culture of wheat are here taken in order, and a very great deal of excellent information is thus put into a handy shape. The chapters are well condensed, and full of matter. The book ought to command a large sale.

The Book of Job. Illustrated with fifty engravings from drawings by Sir John Gilbert; and with explanatory notes and poetical parallels. Nisbet and Co.

Art never exercises itself to better purpose than when it sets forth the works or the word of God. In the printed page the Lord's meaning is seen by the studious mind, but the skilful pencil makes it vivid, and enables us almost to see the scene of which we read, and so to feel how real it was. We are not enamoured with all Sir John's drawings, but in his own line he is a master, and in this case he has made some very happy essays at illustrating the symbols and scenes of the ancient book. It is a drawing-room volume, worthy of any table in the land.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by Canon Spence and Rev. Joseph Exell. Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Kegan, Paul & Co.

In exposition and in homiletical help this commentary is very rich, at least so far as this volume goes. At 12s. 6d. the book is, if anything, too cheap. Quite a number of authors have worked together to produce this first volume, which deals with parts of Scripture greatly needing exposition. Preachers must have mistaken their calling altogether if they do not find it easy to think out a sermon after consulting "The Pulpit Commentary." We wrote off for Ruth at once (price 5s.), and we hope soon to see Samuel. Homiletical expositions appear to be the order of the day: we have before us at least three distinct forms of them and they are all good. Nothing is more annoying than to consult a work which turns out to be made up of common-places or mere speculations; but we have done so many a time. In this case we have fresh thought and solid learning, and the whole turned to practical account, so that a workman is furnished with materials made ready to his hand.

Lip Sins: or Cannibal Propensities. By the Author of "God's Tenth." W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

A sharp and needful rebuke to those who indulge in gossip and slander. Our author dwells on "the cannibal propensities in Christendom," meaning by cannibalism the tendency of many to eat up God's people as they eat bread, and the biting and devouring of one another, which is too common in society. Our author hits it very hard: we only wish he was able to slay the evil against which he bears testimony. Public men have much to complain of in the way of lying and slander, and none more so than C. H. S.

Select Sermons. By Thomas Chalmers. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

Capital sermons, no doubt, but why produce them in such a mean and poverty-stricken manner? The pages are cut too small, and the whole appearance of the volume is poor. As for the matter, Chalmers is a classic among divines, and needs no praise from us.

The Closing Days of Christendom. By Burlington B. Wale. Partridge and Co, 9, Paternoster-row.

The last question put by the Apostles to their Lord, "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" has been repeated in every subsequent age; and has received the same reply, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Events unfulfilled may be better known by those which have already occurred, and times and seasons which are yet future by those which are past; but it must still be left for days to speak and multitude of years to teach wisdom with respect both to times and events that have not yet transpired. There are few from whom we could expect better guidance into the obscurity of the future than from the author of this book, on account of the reputation he has gained for Scriptural knowledge and Biblical acquirements. We follow him gladly in all his researches, but are checked, and proceed with more cautious steps when we find them selected and directed in support of a particular and apparently pre-conceived theory. We may go far with the author even in this respect, and be less disposed to deny than to admit his most advanced positions, although we do not share in his full confidence in them. Suffice it to say that we have here millennial views of the strongest type, with the failure rather than success of the present means of grace for the conversion of the world, the return of the Jews to their native land, the first resurrection, and the personal appearance of Christ in Jerusalem. Many passages of Scripture seem to have a new and more forcible meaning when adduced in defence of these views; and others, it must be confessed, seem to be deprived of their true signification. Prophecies, for instance, are literally or symbolically interpreted as the argument requires. The Old Testament prophecies are more literally interpreted than the New. Ezekiel's temple is to be literally interpreted, and the Epistles to the seven churches in the Book of Revelation are symbolical of successive periods in church history to its close. These observations need not deter any from the perusal of a volume which cannot fail to fill them with solemn and profitable reflections upon "the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter."

Sermons. By the Rev. William Braden. James Clarke and Co., 13 and 14, Fleet-street.

While there is much to admire in these sermons, we can hardly fail to be understood when we confess that they are not altogether to our taste. The originality of thought and literary culture and tender sensibilities which we admire in them, cannot compensate, in our esteem, for the want of evangelical fulness and fervour. We say *fulness*, because although the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel are contained in them, they are in small proportion to the sentiments which are either indirectly suggested by them, or may be gleaned elsewhere. We have, at most, the things which accompany salvation, rather than salvation itself.

God's Great Cry to His People. By S. B. Brown, B.A. London: Morgan and Scott.

Mr. Brown has written a most powerful and searching pamphlet on the need of Christian separation from the Babylon of self-seeking and fleshly gratification. While not accepting all his applications of his central principle, we feel indebted to him for emphasizing a truth too liable to be forgotten. If there be any drawback to its excellence it is in the fact that its severe self-scrutiny is likely to encourage those who are already morbidly introspective, and to discourage those who most feel the imperfection of their Christian character. May the author's highest hopes be realized, and may our fears be falsified; if so, no one will be better pleased than ourselves.

Bob and I; or, Forget-me-nots from God's Garden. By J. J. Theobald. James Clarke and Co.

In this little book a doctrine very like the restoration of lost spirits is taught, and a sort of purgatory hinted at. Beside this, it appears to us to foster a superstitious belief in voices and dreams, and therefore we think that Bob and his friend would not be welcomed by our readers.

Robin's Carol, and what came of it. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

INTERESTING account of dinners given to poor children through the agency of the Rev. Charles Bullock. We could wish that tens of thousands of "robins" might have such dinners.

Rambles in Bible Lands. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

BOOKS of travel in the Holy Land are almost numerous enough, yet we are thankful for this addition. Dr. Newton has travelled with his eyes open, and those who read his book will not find it difficult to keep their eyes open too. It is well illustrated, and neatly bound.

The Eccentric Club. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

A THOROUGHLY eccentric book. None but an eccentric person would ever have printed it, or published it. We are afraid its readers will be confined to those who are members of "The Eccentric Club," and those who ought to be such. The book was written in the middle of nights when the author could not sleep: we tried to read it at the same time, and found that we *could* sleep.

Land of the Mountain and the Flood: Scottish Scenes and Scenery delineated. By Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE next best thing to seeing Scotland is to be able to read Mr. Marrat's chatty, fresh, and copiously illustrated book. It makes no pretensions to be exhaustive or profound, but it is lively, interesting and attractive. Pen and picture are most pleasantly employed to set forth the natural and historical features of the "land o' cakes." This would make a pretty prize or gift-book, and it cannot fail to teach and interest its readers.

Leaves from the Banks of Severn. By A. L. WESTCOMBE. Partridge & Co.

WE have been well rewarded for examining these "leaves." They come from a health-giving tree, and deserve to be scattered far and wide. On temperance, non-resistance, and godliness these verses are sound teachers; and, withal, the poetic element is present in a more than ordinary degree.

The Temperance Witness-Box. Compiled by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

A NEAT little volume of evidence in favour of temperance by witnesses selected from doctors, the press, brewers, publicans, statesmen, soldiers, employers, judges, police, sailors, poets, bishops and clergy. The book ought to convince many who are at present on the wrong side of this important question. We wish it a very large circulation.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. Alfred Holmes, 21, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a very useful periodical, and well adapted for distribution.

The Missing Link Magazine: or Bible work at home and abroad. Stock.

THIS Magazine is always full of information as to the work of Bible distribution, and the mission of Bible women. The spirit of its editor is faith—expectant faith. Good must follow such a believing testimony.

Handbook of the Church of Scotland. By JAMES RANKIN, D.D. Blackwood.

OUR author is an out and out Established Church Presbyterian, and upon most points between himself and the Free Church takes the opposite view to that which we hold. We have been amused at seeing how the worse can be made to seem the better reason, and the better the worse. The book contains much information, but it is as one-sided as it can be, and that one side is not ours.

Cannon-street Baptist Church, Birmingham: its History from 1737 to 1880. By J. E. HALE. Elliot Stock.

WE ought to have a Baptist Historical Society to preserve these memorials. We are pleased to see Christians taking a reverent interest in the history of the churches to which they belong, and we thank Mr. Hale for his diligence in preparing this record. It will interest all who remember old Cannon-street Chapel.

Gabriella: or, the Spirit of Song. By the author of "The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl." Hodder and Stoughton.

A CHARMING little story, telling of the power of sacred song to minister to a mind and soul diseased, and lead to Jesus Christ. Such story books cannot be too widely circulated.

The Vacant Chair; or, fallen among Thieves. London: Sunday School Union.

AN exciting story of adventure among Italian brigands, Turkish slave dealers, and Arabs; ending, however, in the orthodox, "They - lived - happy - ever-afterwards" fashion. Not very strong, long, or wrong; but somewhat goody.

Mary Ashton: a True Story of Eighty Years Ago. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

A DEEPLY interesting tale for the little ones: so marvellous that we should have doubted its actual occurrence but for the title. Well and simply told, and needing no formal moralizing to apply its teaching.

Tevelsie Manor. By Mrs. H. H. B. PAULL. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

AN excellent story, teaching the necessity of patience, self-conquest, and control of temper. The only drawback to a very interesting style is a careless and slipshod manner, and the introduction of slang phrases, which our young folks are only too ready to repeat. With these exceptions, the tale contains nothing but what is both able and admirable.

The Prince's Box; or the Magic Mirror. A Tale for the Young. By CHRISTINA N. SIMPSON. James Nisbet and Co.

IF the little folks should during the long winter evenings call out, "Do, please, mamma, tell us a pretty story, all about a fairy"; well, here is one with an instructive and useful "moral," upon the duty of listening to conscience, the wickedness of injustice, and the blessings of a policy of peace as contrasted with the mischiefs of "Imperialism." A capital little book of its kind.

The Siege of Vienna: a Story of the Turkish War in 1683. Translated from the German by J. LATCHMORE, Jun. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant.

A THRILLINGLY interesting story from a page of history little known to the many. From it young people will learn what the religion of the false prophet is; how the word *Turk* came to be a synonym for rapine and savagery, and why a German-speaking people held back from the godless work of bolstering up "the sick man." Without any pretensions to be a "religious" book, it has a healthy tone, and many a boy will read it with unflagging interest to the end.

Florence Walton; or, a Question of Duty. By MAY F. MCKEAN. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

AN interesting story showing the temptations to worldliness which many a young Christian has to encounter; and how these may be overcome by stern adherence to Christ's commands. Well written, and capitally illustrated, forming an excellent gift-book for young folks.

Joan the Maid: Deliverer of England and France. A Story of the Fifteenth Century. By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." London: T. Nelson and Sons.

AN ingenious attempt to make attractive and admirable the old story of Joan of Arc. We do not much admire the literary style of the book. It seems at first sight to be written for young folks, but the style is so involved as to demand the closest attention and deepest sympathy in order to understand it. Here are power, beauty, pathos, philosophy, theology, and history all strangely mixed together, and the result, while flattering to the author's powers, is severely puzzling to the reader. Half the ability here displayed, if only the style could be made clear and transparent, would be far more effectual than it is now. How we wish writers would not be too clever! It would make them doubly interesting and doubly popular if they could be understood by ordinary folk.

Notes.

On *Friday evening, May* 14, the eleventh annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the Lecture-hall under the presidency of C. H. Spurgeon. The Orphanage choir sang at intervals selections from Mr. Charlesworth's Service of Song, "*Valour and Victory.*" Friends would find these "services" very useful for their choirs: they are cheap and excellent. The report referred to the fact that, through the agency of the mission, churches have been formed at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, and St. Mary Cray; and then described the present position of the work at Tooting, Southgate, Teddington, Bell Green, North Cheam, Pope Street, King's Langley, Tiptree, Great Warley, Brentwood, Stratford, and Isleworth. The treasurer, Mr. R. Hayward, read the balance-sheet for the year, which showed receipts £183 11s. 9½d., and expenditure £167 3s. 0½d. Special attention was called to the fact that the pastor had furnished £96 of the income of the mission, and requests were made that he should be somewhat relieved of this burden. If all churches would maintain a vigorous lay-agency, much might be done for districts destitute of the gospel, and the present distress would be greatly relieved.

The same work as that which is done by the Country Mission for the suburbs is done for London itself by our TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION, which held its meeting on *Monday, May* 24, in connection with the prayer-meeting. Mr. Elvin, the secretary, stated that in the five months since the beginning of the year 1,004 services had been conducted by members of the Association. The pastor cordially commended the work as one of the cheapest and most direct forms of carrying the gospel to the people. Messrs. Cox and Hunt gave interesting reports of their evangelistic labours. We have to find a large proportion of the money which is needed for the carrying on of this admirable effort, and we shall be very glad if more friends will share with us the privilege of supporting its operations. We do not mention in this magazine the donations given to this work because our space is limited, but the mission is a labour of love to the workers themselves, and therefore there should never be any difficulty about the expenses of halls, bills, etc. Evangelists will visit any London churches which will write Mr. Elvin.

On *Tuesday evening, June* 1, we presided at a happy gathering in RYE-LANE BAPTIST CHAPEL, PECKHAM. This was held for the double purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the pastor's settlement, and presenting to Mr. Congreve, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, a bust of himself, executed by one of the members of the congregation. We were right glad thus to show our hearty love to a neighbouring church, and our esteem for Mr. Congreve, towards whom we feel much gratitude because he has always cheerfully helped our sick poor, and we have seen among our members, our students, and our own servants the result of his medicine in relieving cases of sickness which had every appearance of consumption.

On *Friday evening, June* 4, the ROYAL HAND-BELL RINGERS, Poland-street, London, gave an entertainment to the Tabernacle Sunday-school, as the commencement of a series of similar gatherings of Sunday-scholars. The pastor presided, and at the close of the entertainment, expressed his hearty approval of the manner in which Mr. Duncan S. Miller and his merry men had combined useful moral lessons with the sweetest of music and the happiest of talk. No greater treat could be given to a Sabbath-school. It is important that our children should be attached to the school, first by its holy Scriptural teaching, and next by its becoming to them a place of cheerful enjoyment. Let pastors and teachers show the children that there are pleasures unalloyed by the roughness and sin which the people of the world too often mix with their mirth. Too often *excursions* have thrown the young into doubtful company, and we would beg all leaders of our schools to see that what is done in this direction really answers its end, and is not perverted to evil results.

On *Monday evening, June* 7, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. The pastor presided, and spoke in praise of the object of the society, which is to supply clothes to the families of poor pastors, missionaries, and colporteurs. Addresses were delivered by Pastor H. R. Brown (whose church has formed the first auxiliary of this society), and Messrs. W. Olney, J. W. Harrald, and Stubbs. We hope next month to give extracts from the annual report.

On *Wednesday evening, June* 9, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMONS TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall. The chair was taken by C. F. Allison, Esq., our last elected deacon;

addresses were delivered by Messrs. Murrell, Carr, Charlesworth, Goldston, Perkins, and Dunn; Mr. Cornell's report stated that upwards of 17,000 of the Pastor's sermons had been circulated by the Society during the past year, many of them going to places where no gospel preacher is labouring. By supplying these sermons to those who lend them out from door to door their usefulness is greatly promoted. This is a capital idea, and it is vigorously carried out. Many of our readers may be glad to know that such a society exists; some may help, and on the other hand some may be helped by it. Write to Mr. Cornell at the Tabernacle.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION.—Miss Higgs asks us to mention that flowers and texts are much needed for the Flower Mission. She says:—"We have several applications from City Missionaries who find that the flowers give them an easy introduction into houses where otherwise they would not be received, and we are sorry not to be able to let them have as many as they want." Hampers should be sent off, *carriage paid*, addressed to

The Secretary of the Flower Mission,
Metropolitan Tabernacle,
Newington,

in time to arrive on Wednesday morning. Surely those who have an abundance in their gardens will help our poor Londoners to see a flower, and will aid our beloved sisters by this means to spread the sweetness and perfume of the Rose of Sharon. All our societies delight us. Each one seems to be the best: but assuredly the Flower-mission is the pink of them all, or as the lily among all the beauties of the Tabernacle garden.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. G. Goodchild has accepted the pastorate of the church at Pole-street, Preston. Mr. A. Hewlett has removed from Shepton Mallet to Wick, N.B.; Mr. J. Markham from St. Alban's to Shefford, Beds.; and Mr. W. A. Davis from Melton Mowbray to Rushden. With all that is being done for the Orphanage we get a little jealous lest our first-born child, the College, should be forgotten. To train ministers must ever remain the noblest work to which we have been called. There is none like it.

On *Friday afternoon, June 4th*, the students paid a fraternal visit to their brethren at the East London Institute, Harley House, Bow. The President of the Pastors' College addressed the united assembly, and wished Mr. and Mrs. Guinness abundant blessing upon their noble work. It was a feast of true brotherly love.

The midsummer vacation will extend from June 24 to August 9. We have already filled up all vacancies that are likely to occur for some time, and therefore other applicants must wait awhile.

Our son Thomas sends us good news of his health.

Mr. H. Marsden, late of Mansfield, reports his happy settlement at Kew, "a very healthy place just outside Melbourne"; and sends good tidings of our brethren Clarke and Garrett. Mr. H. Wood informs us that his health is much improved, and that the Lord is blessing him at Saddleworth.

Our former student, Mr. Carey B. Berry, has been obliged to come home from Jamaica for a short time, on account of the state of his health. He is greatly benefited by the voyage, and is now collecting funds for necessary repairs and alterations to his chapel. He deserves to be kindly received and aided.

Mr. Lyall sends us an account of some of the difficulties that have to be encountered in the Cameroons, West Africa. Two of his native assistants were returning from Victoria, and when near home they encountered a tornado. The lightning struck the boat, and killed four of the eight men on board, including the two teachers, who were both excellent young men. Some time later, Mr. Lyall himself had a somewhat similar experience, though providentially on that occasion no lives were lost. He was going to visit a place eighty miles distant, when his boat was caught in a tornado. For nearly three hours they could do nothing but drive before the storm, and when it was over they were glad to rest and dry their clothes and provisions. During the night "the tail end of several tornadoes" swept over them, and in the morning they only escaped being destroyed by another by running out to sea, a proceeding which was accompanied with very great risk. We are not surprised to hear that "this settled the Batanga journey." Mr. Lyall says that he has been laid low with fever and dysentery twelve times, and that his wife has suffered so much from the same causes that she is obliged to return to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are holding on at Bakundu, but they suffer greatly from fever.

Mr. Maplesden reports that he is gradually getting acclimatized in Madras, after

a very painful experience of tropical rheumatism, fever, dysentery, boils, and a slight sunstroke. Mr. and Mrs. Blackie have suffered in a similar manner, though to a smaller extent, in Bombay. We rejoice, however, to learn that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, good progress is being made in both these important Indian stations.

Mr. Mann writes us a full account of his two shipwrecks, and his two nights and two days upon the deep, and we are glad to learn that he has been able to telegraph to his parents from Cape Town, saying that he has arrived "Well." Mr. Hamilton has already written to say that his friends will see that their new pastor shall be supplied with all he needs as far as it is in their power.

Mr. Batts has been presented with a plot of ground, and £100, towards the erection of a Baptist chapel at Walmer, Port Elizabeth. May South Africa become full of true gospel ministers!

Evangelists.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton are still hard at work in *Birmingham*. One of our friends who has been with them says that the fifty days' mission has brought a pentecostal blessing, and that the town is stirred to its very centre.

Pastor G. T. Bailey writes of the services at *Smethwick* as follows:—"Large audiences have gathered each evening, and a steady work of conversion has been going on, for which we magnify the Lord. Not the least pleasing result of the work is the beneficial effect it has produced on the minds of Christians. Many wanderers have been brought back, and some who were suffering from spiritual declension have been restored. When we see results like these it is a grand testimony to the power of the simple gospel as proclaimed by our brethren.

At *Smallheath*, *Heneage Street*, and *Circus Street* chapels the evangelists had crowded congregations, and many conversions; but the crowning blessing was reserved for the Town Hall and Curzon Hall meetings. Our brethren have had unusual difficulties to surmount in Birmingham, but the latest report from them is, "We have now reached high tide, but it is all of grace." Just as we are making up the "notes," Pastor W. G. Hailstone sends us a long and interesting account of the campaign at Birmingham. He mentions with special pleasure a service held in his chapel, at which 1000 working-men who do not usually attend any place of worship were present. He says that the secret of the blessing that has rested upon the work is that every day at noon the lecture-hall of the Young Men's Christian Association has been filled with believers, praying for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. His only fear in connection with the evangelists' visit to "the metropolis of the Midlands" is that the thank-offering to be sent to our funds will not be at all proportionate to the good which has been received, in consequence of the great expense necessarily incurred in laying siege to such a large city.

Mr. Burnham is working away with his usual diligence and earnestness. He has had great blessing at Winslow, Naunton, Charlton Kings, and Long Melford, but we cannot spare space this month to mention the details of the services.

Orphanage.—The Girls' Orphanage has made grand progress since last month's magazine was issued. The general contributions up to the date of closing the lists, *i.e.* June 14th, amounted to £976 4s. 1d., which in addition to the other sums previously acknowledged—H. E. S. £500, and the Deacons £310, made a total received of £1,786 4s. 1d. Our list of *promises* now stands as follows:—C. H. Spurgeon, £500; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £500; H. E. S., a second £500; Samuel Barrow, Esq., £600; the Deacons, £690; W. R. Rickett, Esq., £1,000: so that up to the time of writing we see our way to more than £5,500 of the £11,100, which is the lowest contract for the first block of buildings. When the tenders were opened we found that our estimate of £8,000 was short of the mark, and therefore we arranged to leave for six months the erection of the houses at each end, so that we might engage to spend only £8,000. As funds are coming in, and it will be advantageous to build the whole at once, the entire block will be proceeded with. God has helped us, and he will. The work can only be done by the hearty help of all our brethren, but this we feel sure the Lord will move them to render. Therefore the word is—"Forward."

After writing this we are able to add another word. By God's wonderful help we shall accomplish, we see clearly that we shall complete, this work with a leap if friends continue to do as they are now doing. Our heart is exceeding glad.

Stockwell Orphanage Band of Hope.—On March 31, and April 7, two lectures were given by Professor G. R. Tweedie, on "*The nature and properties of Alcohol*," and "*Are Alcoholic Drinks Food?*" Mr. Tweedie's genial delivery, and his chemical experiments, rendered

the lectures both amusing and instructive. The boys much enjoyed them.

COLPORTAGE.—The general secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, writes as follows :—

Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I am glad to be able to report that in two new districts £40 a year have been guaranteed for colporteurs. One is in the locality of Horley, in Surrey, and the other at Norwich, while we expect to start another at Islington in connection with our friend, Mr. F. A. Jones. As this addition to our staff will mean an increase of expenditure from the general fund, we hope that our friends will support our action in this extension by sending in at once liberal contributions. A gentleman who has had a colporteur for about six months, writes me to say : "I have seen him once a month and am quite satisfied, not only from his statements, but from other sources of information, that he is well qualified for his duties, and is discharging them most faithfully and successfully. He is most acceptable to the people. Altogether, I am most thankful to feel we have such a man in a neighbourhood where there is most ample scope for his labours. *I shall hope when I can see my way to apply to you for another man like him.*" Thus the work is appreciated by those who see its efficiency and success, but it can only be maintained by regular and liberal aid to our general fund.

The following description by the colporteur himself shows how he can push his work in the most unlikely places. "Before commencing my labours in this district, I was determined to visit all public-houses as well as private ones. The first public-house I came to I entered, and sold some books, and spoke to the inmates upon the salvation of their souls. I have found it rather a hard task to gain the affection of some of the landlords, but I believe that in almost every case I succeeded in doing so before I left, and in most cases I sold them some books and received an invitation to call again.

"In a village I entered a public-house. It was crowded with men, I must say of the 'baser sort,' many of whom seemed to have fallen as low as possible. I could scarcely see across the room for tobacco smoke, but made my way into the midst of them, and called order in a kindly manner, and then apologized for intruding. The next thing I did was to try and make them understand that I was a friend, which I succeeded in doing. The poor men seemed astonished as I told them of the love of Jesus, and what he had done for them, and what he would do if they would only accept his offers of mercy. One man said, 'Sir, we are not used to have men of your stamp coming into a place like this, and speaking of the love of Jesus.' I then tried to show them that they were the very men Jesus died to save—he came to save the lost, and surely I must not be above bringing my Master's message. I then sold them a great many *Bibles and Testaments*, and other good books, and went round and shook hands with them all, giving each a tract. I then proceeded to another public-house, and had much the same experience; *sold out my pack.*"

In addition to such work as this, the colporteurs visit the sick and dying, canvass every accessible house to push the sale of books, and often give simple gospel addresses. We cannot all go as these men do, and visit the neglected and outlying districts, but we may help to support them in their work by our prayers and donations. The Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, will attend to all communications directed to him at Pastors' College, Temple Street, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A request to preach in *Scotland* was obliged to be declined, although it was pressed with this plea :—"We have a kind of right to this, for the fact is that you have to consider us part of your wide parish. Your sermons are regularly read among us. The various branches of your work are as well known here as in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. You and your work are remembered at the mercy seat by many who love the gospel, and have never had the pleasure of hearing you. Your name is dear among the households of this district. You are in a great measure our minister, and I do think that once in a lifetime a people have a right to ask that they see the face of their minister."

Two young men in *Wales* write to tell us that they were led to commence a Sunday-school through reading our sermons. They began in two workmen's houses, where they had on the first Sunday three scholars in one house, and two in the other. Soon they had to engage three more houses, and now they have erected and filled a building in which 250 can be taught, and they distribute weekly from eighty to ninety copies of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 12th, twelve ; 29th, twenty ; May 13th, fourteen ; 27th, twenty-two ; June 4th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	2	0	0
Mr. H. B. Evanson	5	0	0
G. W., Thankoffering	5	0	0
Friends at Birmingham, per Mr. Blocksidge	1	4	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Elias	3	0	0
Mr. D. Knowles	1	1	0
J., and M. A. G.	5	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Robert Stevens	19	19	0
Collection at Bootle, per Pastor Z. T. Dowen	4	0	0
Collection at Hillsley, per Pastor N. T. Miller	1	9	0
Mr. Geo Harris, Thankoffering	10	0	0
Collection at Heneage-street, Birmingham, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone	1	10	10
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	10	0	0
Miss Samson	0	5	0
No. 583,915	25	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	5	5	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	10	10	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	0	5	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Colonel Griffin	10	10	0
Mrs. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mrs. Goldston	1	1	0
Miss Goldston	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. Golding	2	2	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Friends, per Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mrs. Jane Matthews	0	10	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Hull	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. John Houghton	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson	10	0	0
The Misses Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. Alderman W. McArthur, M.P.	25	0	0
Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., M.P.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	10	10	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hazell	4	4	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Thos. Banson	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 16	38	13	4
„ 23	42	7	4
„ 30	34	4	0
June 6	32	18	3
„ 13	12	1	9
	160	4	8
	£406	6	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Elisha Taylor	5	0	0
M. C.	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Horsburgh	24	19	5
Mr. James Jackson, thankoffering	1	1	0
A slice of bread and butter for Mary and Maggie	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	0	14	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
A few friends, Banff, per Mr. James Smith	1	4	0
Executor of the late Miss Pycock	50	0	0
Sarah Rimell	0	5	0
Miss Jane Dobson	0	2	6
Mrs. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Collection at Communion Service of Essex Baptist Union	2	11	11
Mr. M. White, Berbice	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. James, per V. J. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Salvage	0	5	0
A Family of Five:—			
M. C. F. 1 0 0			
A. E. C. F. 1 0 0			
H. C. F. 1 0 0			
J. E. F. 1 0 0			
H. C. F. 1 0 0			
	5	0	0
James Harvey, Esq., for one year's support of a boy in the "Merchant's House"	25	0	0
Master Walter Oakley	0	1	0
Master Frank Oakley	0	1	0
Mr. R. Wilson	0	10	0
A Reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, May 31	2	2	0
M. C. Aberdeen	1	0	0
Dod (stamps)	0	1	0
R. A.	0	5	0
"A great sinner"	0	1	0
A reader of the "Christian Herald," J. N.	0	2	6
Subscriptions per F. B. T.:—			
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Miss Smith 0 5 0			
Miss Emily Smith 0 5 0			
Mr. Ingle Thoday 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. J. B. Simonds 0 5 0			
	1	15	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. D. Watson	0	5	0
G. H.	1	0	0
Psalm xxxi. 19	0	2	0
From the far north	0	5	0
D. Mesilloth	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Parsons	2	10	0
Mrs. Walton, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Baptist Sunday School, Rothesay	0	8	0
Mr. F. F. Gilbert	0	5	0
Collected by Master and Miss Hilgendorf, Waihola, New Zealand	3	0	0
P.O.O. from Shaftesbury	8	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Dickey	2	2	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. John Houghton	20	0	0
Readers of "The Christian"	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mr. S. Nutter	1	1	0
A lover of Jesus, A.	0	5	0
A well-wisher, Edinburgh	0	2	6
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Stamps from Newmarket	0	1	0
Mrs. Spence	0	12	0
Mrs. Jane Matthews	0	5	0
Mrs. Cunningham	1	12	6
Mrs. Fortune	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Hayne	0	10	0
Mrs. Jee	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	13	5	7
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Miss Barnes	0	10	0
Arran	0	2	0
Fruit of John Ploughman's Almanack	0	2	6
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Proceeds, Services of Song by Orphanage Choir:—						
Masonic Hall, Camberwell, per Mr. Childs	3	0	0			
Baptist Chapel, Acton, per Rev. C. M. Longhurst ...	7	4	8			
Town Hall, Woburn (including Donation, £1, Mrs. Parker), per Mr. W. Clarke	5	5	3			
Baptist Chapel, Dunstable (part proceeds), per Mr. Scroggs	12	0	0			
Grove-road Chapel, Victoria-park (part proceeds), per Rev. W. J. Inglis ...	3	0	0			
				30	0	11
Annual Subscriptions:						
Mr. R. Harding				1	1	0
Mr. B. Balderston				1	0	0
Mrs. Bright				0	10	0
Durweston Chimers				0	10	0
				£243	6	4

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Sundry Vegetables, J. H. Bath and Alfred Parker.

CLOTHING:—12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Dickens; a Roll of Tweed Cloth, 47½ yards, J. M. Mackenzie, Esq; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 6 linen and 3 coloured Shirts, Eliza.

FOR BAZAAR:—A Scripture Quilt, Miss Hughlings; 5 Balls Twine with Knitted Covers, 5 needle Cases, 2 Cotton Cases, 3 pincushions and 3 pairs Flower Cards, Anon.; 2 Scarves, 6 Petticoats, 7 Aprons, 1 Dress, and 3 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Gloag; 6 Chemises, a pair of Worked Slippers, Sarah; a Gold Chain, from "One who has lately found the pearl of great price"; a Gold Albert, from George Wren; a Gold Albert, from G. H. Bateman.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING.—12 Chemises and 12 Pinafores, Mrs. Wilkinson; 12 Skirts and 12 Pinafores, Miss Nellie Withers; 18 Skirts and 8 Flannel Petticoats, Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce; 4 Holland Pinafores, Miss Higgs; 12 Dresses, 13 Skirts, 12 Flannel Petticoats, 12 Handkerchiefs, 13 Pinafores, 12 Night Dresses, 6 Chemises, and 12 Comb Bags, Ladies' Working Meeting, Highgate Road Chapel, per Mrs. Coxeter; 3 Chemises, Miss Dalton; 30 pairs Boots and 30 pairs Slippers, Messrs. Cridland and Rose.

GENERAL:—A small Iron Bedstead, Mrs. Durrant; a packet of Leaflets, Mrs. Carey.

ERRATUM last month.—Annual Subscription, Mr. Francis Fisher, £1; entered twice.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pateman	0	2	6
Mrs. Popham	1	1	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Mr A. H. Beard	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader, Montrose	0	6	0
Mr. Elisha Taylor	5	0	0
S. J.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dobson	1	0	0
The Misses Lavelle	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Grace	1	1	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Thankoffering from E. C., Thame ...	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Tyrrell	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Penny	5	5	0
H. P.	0	1	6
Miss M. Butcher	1	1	0
Stamps from Islington	0	5	0
Mr. W. Letheren	0	10	6
A constant Reader of the Sermons ...	0	10	0
M. G. H.	1	1	0
W. R. L.	1	0	0
R. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Summerfield	1	0	0
An Invalid	0	1	0
Two Sisters at H. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. Guicklett	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Guilford	3	1	2
Mr. George Norton	5	0	0
A. B. C.	5	0	0
Mr. H. D. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. L.	0	2	6
Alpha	0	5	0
A. D.	5	0	0
Mr. William Pedley	5	5	0
Islander	0	10	0
The Orphans' Friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Cuthbertson	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
"Faith"	1	0	0
Friends at Croydon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Oakford	1	0	0
Mrs. Walden	0	5	0
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	5	0	0
Miss Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. A. Benham	5	0	0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	11	0	0
S. H.	0	10	0
Miss T.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harrington	0	1	0
Mr E. Goodman	1	0	0
M. Brown	0	8	0
A Penitent	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Powell	1	2	0
Mr. J. H. Field	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mr. John Leslie	3	0	0
Mr. George Whitehead	1	0	0
Mr. Sydney Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Mannington	1	0	0
Mrs. A. M. Barker Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. Petter	2	10	0
Southampton	0	10	0
Mr. George Wansey	3	3	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. T. R. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Virgo	2	0	0
J. (monthly)	0	1	0
Mr. J. Tadgell	1	0	0
Jemima Wales	0	5	0
Mrs. Edwards, a special thankoffering	5	0	0
Mrs Robertson Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. John Nuttall	2	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
A Sympathiser	0	1	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Emma	0	5	0
Mrs. Darby	1	0	0
Mrs. James Perrin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
No. 583,915	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Keely	0	5	0
T. G.	0	10	0
Mr. M. Stubbings	1	0	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. D. Watson ...	0	5	0
Ann Hall	0	10	0
M. C.	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. E. Sheffield	5	5	0
A Pair who are "Happily Married" ...	1	0	0
Miss M. Green	0	5	0
Mr. E. Mundy, thankoffering	1	0	0
Ettap	0	7	6
Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. William Jackson	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Rev. G. R. Kennedy	1	1	0
N. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. Coutie	0	10	0
Mrs. Walton, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
E. H.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hunt	5	0	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
From Zenana Mission House, Surat ...	2	0	0
H. W.	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Young	0	10	0
A Friend, per M. A. W.	0	10	0
From Alford, Lincolnshire	1	0	0
A Constant Reader of the Sermons ...	0	5	0
An Invalid	0	2	6
Thankoffering for a Special Mercy ...	0	2	6
One in Somerset	1	7	6
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Menzies	0	5	0
Miss English	0	5	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Lucy Spencer	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian"	0	18	6
Mr. George R. Green	1	0	0
Harriet	0	10	0
H. H., Aberdeen	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Rothesay ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Anne Wyllie	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	5	0	0
Miss Sarah McMurtry	1	0	0
X., Norwich	0	5	0
M. W.	0	5	0
J. S. E.	0	2	0
Mr. J. H. Blackmore	0	10	0
N. M. B. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
J. J., Wolverhampton	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
M. D. Grant	1	0	0
Captain H. McKay	5	0	0
G. and H. W.	0	10	0
Thankoffering from Ottery St. Mary ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	2	10	0
Mrs. Gordon	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. R. Hoskin	1	0	0
Rev. James Brown	1	0	0
Miss L. M. Drayton	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Yule	1	0	0
Mr. Russell, instead of a legacy ...	5	0	0
Mrs. William Monnery	10	0	0
From an Orphan Girl	0	5	0
"Hope"	1	0	0
A Thankoffering indeed, Scotland ...	1	0	0
Collection in Eaglesfield Mission Hall	1	6	8
A Friend	0	3	10
The Misses Heap	0	5	0
E. M.	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader, A. B.	1	0	0
Easter Ross	0	5	0
Miss Mee	0	3	0
J. and E. C.	0	10	0
"An Aged Pilgrim's Corner-stone" ...	100	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	50	0	0
Mr. John Barran, jun.	20	0	0
Rev. F. H. Roberts	5	0	0
Weekly Offering at Richmond Chapel, Liverpool	5	16	0
Mr. Alexander Christie	5	5	0
Mr. George Osborn	1	1	0
Miss Osborn	0	10	0
Mc.C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	5	0
Mrs. Nicholson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moffat	2	2	0
T. B.	5	0	0
E. O. B.	10	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	10	0
Those who wish to be well married ...	0	10	0
Durweston Election Ringers	0	10	0
Mr. W. W. Grant	1	0	0
Darby and Joan	2	2	0
Stamps from Chepstow	0	1	11
Two Friends	1	0	0
Mr. John A. Hart	1	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Cook	2	0	0
A Twenty Years' Reader of the Sermons, who owes it as a debt for the benefits received therefrom	100	0	0
An Invalid, Putney	0	5	0
J. J. Hamilton	0	2	6
	£561	3	1

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Harborne	5	0	0
W. Hill, Esq., for Harborne	0	10	6
Gloucester and Hereford Association, for Ross	15	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ...	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	17	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
R. Cory, jun., Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	10	0	0
Samuel Barrow, Esq., for Horley ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	3	15	0
Oxfordshire Association for Stow and Aston	10	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, per S. Pinsent, Esq.	7	10	0
Nottingham District:—			
E. Gripper, Esq. 1 1 0			
Manager of the Nottingham Brick Company ... 1 1 0			
J. E. Ellis, Esq. 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Bell 0 10 0			
Mr. Grundy 0 5 0			
Mrs. Hollewell 0 2 0			
	3	19	6
Hereford District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Walgrave	10	0	0
Cinderford, Newnham, and Bowlash ...	2	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	3	6	8
Mrs. Allison's Class of Working Men at the West End	2	6	5
Sale of Hymns per Mrs. Bevis	0	17	6
	152	5	7

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Thomas H. Olney, Esq.	10	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
R. May, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. T. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. E. Russell	1	0	0
E. B.	7	14	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
W. G. McGregor, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Mr. C. Carpenter	1	14	0
Mr. F. Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	0	10	6
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. Llewellyn	1	1	0
J. Marnham, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Miss Sansom	0	5	0
No. 583,915	25	0	0
Z.	0	5	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Rowley	0	0	6
C. F. Allison, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
Mrs. Brander	1	0	0
Mr. F. Culverhouse	0	2	6
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. H. Williams	5	0	0
Mr. T. Batts, Auckland, N. Z.	2	0	0
Mr. George Osborn	1	1	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian"	2	10	0
Lucy Spencer	0	5	0
Captain H. McKay	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	2	6
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mills (two years)	2	2	0
John J. Rodgers, Esq.	1	1	0
	£20	17	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham	25	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Miss Sansom	0	5	0
Balance of Collection at Charlton Kings, per Mr. Burnham	3	7	0
Collection at Winslow, per Mr. Burnham	0	10	0
Collection at Naunton and Guiting, per Mr. Burnham	0	12	6
Collection at Chepstow, per Mr. Burnham	0	10	0
"Recently saved"	1	0	0
Proceeds of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services at Wrexham	10	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
	£45	0	6

Not included in above lists:—Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, No. 583,915, £15. Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, No. 583,915, £10. For distribution of Sailors' Sermon—T. G., 10s; A Sailor's Friend, 3s; Mr. George Osborn, 5s; Mrs. E. Bowes, 10s. For extra treat to the Orphans—Mr. D. McKercher, £2. For the Leach Fund—A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Hawick, £1.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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

1879-80.

Trustees.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, *Treasurer.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.	THOMAS H. OLNEY.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.	B. WILDON CARR.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.	HENRY SMITH.
WILLIAM MILLS.	CHARLES F. ALLISON.

Hon. Consulting Physician.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

J. C. WORDSWORTH, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.

Hon. Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

THOMAS C. PAGE.

Head Master.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

Printed for the Orphanage by

ALABASTER & PASSMORE, FANN STREET, E.C.

ELEVENTH REPORT, 1879-80.

(THIRTEENTH YEAR.)



N reviewing the progress of the Orphanage, the many interpositions of a gracious Providence compel our ardent gratitude for the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord, and inspire us with renewed hope for the future. The necessities of the work have been fully met by our heavenly Father. The stewards of his bounty evidently account it a joy to minister to those who are cast upon his tender Fatherhood. As the President could neither mistake nor resist the call to undertake the work at the commencement, so at every stage of its history he has witnessed tokens of the Lord's approval.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following table figures :—

Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual 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
9	From April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	From Apr 1,1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244
11	From April, 1879, to March, 1880	41	568	41	324	244

Number of Girls received—80. Total number—598.

Experience has proved the wisdom with which the guiding principles were determined at the outset. We enumerate them for the information and guidance of friends.

The Orphanage is constructed on—

1.—THE COTTAGE HOME SYSTEM.

The advantages of this system are obvious. While a strict military discipline can, perhaps, be more easily maintained on the Barrack System, there is a danger to the children we must all deplore, from the entire absence of the family influence. Children need something more than a roof and four walls to shelter them; they want a home where the virtues of a Christian character shall be fostered and developed. To ignore social instincts and filial reverence by massing hundreds of children together in one huge building is to incur a grave responsibility, if not to provoke a failure fraught with the most lamentable consequences. On the other hand, when an Institution is adapted, as far as possible, to compensate the loss of parental influence and control, one of the essential elements of success is secured.

In our case the adoption of the Cottage System proved advantageous for raising the means to establish the Institution. When it became known that Mrs. Hillyard's gift of £20,000 was not available without considerable sacrifice, it was determined to leave the investments undisturbed as the nucleus of a Foundation Fund, the amount required for the purchase of land and the erection of the buildings being cheerfully subscribed by the liberality of friends interested in the undertaking. Thus the first house was given by the late Mrs. Tyson, in commemoration of her 25th wedding day, and is called the "Silver Wedding House." The second is the gift of a city friend, and is called "The Merchant's House." The third was erected by the joint liberality of Mr. William Higgs and his employés, and is called "The Workmen's House." The fourth is the gift of the Olney family, and forms a fitting monument to the late Mrs. Olney, and is called from her Christian name, "The Unity House." The central houses in the terrace were erected from the fund subscribed by the Baptist Churches of Great Britain, as a testimonial to our beloved President, and these two are called "The Testimonial Houses." The next house owes its origin to the contributions raised by the ministers who were trained in the Pastors' College, and is called "The Students' House;" and the last was raised by the Sunday School Children, and is called "The Sunday School House." Besides the above, there are the following buildings, raised by the generous contributions of friends, viz., the Dining Hall, Play Hall, School-rooms, Laundry, and Infirmary, making together a picturesque group, which, as a monument, attests the value of prayer, the benevolence of the Christian public, and the goodness of God.

2.—IT IS NON-SECTARIAN.

Fatherless children between the ages of six and ten are eligible for admission irrespective of their denominational associations. In view of the necessity which bereavement implies, sectarian distinctions are

of no account. If all the sections of the Christian Church were able to make adequate provision for their own orphans, the case would be different; as matters are, our doors are open to receive the most necessitous, who need and seek the fostering influence of the Orphanage. The following table shows at a glance the catholicity of the Institution :—

DENOMINATIONAL TABLE.

Denomination.	Girls.	Boys.	Total.
Church of England	14	190	204
Baptist	7	128	134
Congregational	3	65	68
Wesleyan	4	62	66
Presbyterian		13	13
Roman Catholic		2	2
Brethren		1	1
Moravian		1	1
Bible Christian		1	1
Not Specified	2	104	106
	30	568	598

The children are taught the truths of our common Christianity, and we endeavour to surround them with a gracious atmosphere, but we are more anxious to instruct them in the knowledge of Christ than to indoctrinate them with the peculiarities of any denomination. Our absorbing aim is the conversion of the children to Christ. Their relation to the Church is a matter which we can leave to be determined in the future.

That children are received from all the Evangelical Churches adds emphasis to the plea for contributions towards the maintenance of the Institution, and it is with pleasure we record the fact that help is received from members of every branch of the universal Church.

3.—CANDIDATES ARE SELECTED BY THE COMMITTEE, NOT ELECTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

By this arrangement the greatest need outweighs all other considerations, and the poorest succeed in gaining admission. Where elections are determined by votes, those who command the most influence and money gain the day. Only those who have canvassed for the election of a child to an Institution, and know the expense entailed, and the anxiety and fatigue involved, can fully appreciate the relief to a poor widow which this system affords. Beyond the small expense incurred in procuring the necessary certificates, and the cost of sending the child to the Institution on his election, no other outlay is required. A few shillings at most will cover the whole expense.

As an honourable body of Christian men, the Committee are pledged to the execution of the provision of the Trust Deed in this respect, and we see no reason to fear any departure from this principle in the future. The Institution must always exist for destitute Fatherless Children.

4.—THE INSTITUTION IS OPEN TO ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY.

When a family is bereft of the bread-winner, the poverty involved may differ in degree, but in every case the widow is an object of pity, and the fatherless children claim compassionate regard. In very few instances is the provision for their maintenance at all adequate, and but for the asylum an Institution like this affords, the children must suffer from the altered circumstances of family life. There is but little to choose in this respect between the widow of a tradesman and the widow of a labourer; indeed, it often happens that the poverty of the former is more acutely felt, and tends to a more certain demoralization. The families of professional men are least of all able to cope with the difficulties of their altered circumstances.

The supposed danger of training together the children of various classes may seem to some an objection to our method, but our experience proves the difficulty to be more apparent than real. The best schools of America embrace scholars from every section of the community, to the mutual advantage of all concerned. The following table shows to what extent the different classes of society have benefitted by the Institution to the present time :—

TABLE OF CLASSES.

Ministers, Missionaries, &c.	21
Solicitor	1
Physicians and Surgeons	2
Merchants and Commission Agents	5
Manufacturers and Tradesmen	72
Shopkeepers and Salesmen	91
Journalists	2
Accountants	6
Law, Bank, and Commercial Clerks	59
Commercial Travellers	11
Schoolmasters and Professors	10
Cab Proprietors	2
Farmers	4
Mechanics	142
Shopmen	12
Postmen	4
Fireman	1
Railway Officials	9
Policemen	6
Soldier	1
Mariners and Watermen	18
Gentleman	1
Labourers and others	104
Cases of two children from the same family	14
	598

5.—THE INSTITUTION IS OPEN TO CANDIDATES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Rowland Hill once defined the boundaries of his parish to be the coast lines of the United Kingdom. The area thus described indicates

the extent of the operations of the Orphanage, as the following table will show :—

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES.

LONDON.

Balham	5	Kensington	2
Barnsbury	2	Kentish Town	6
Battersea	6	Kilburn	6
Bayswater	5	Kingsland	2
Bermondsey	49	Lambeth	48
Bethnal Green	3	Lewisham	3
Bloomsbury	2	Limehouse	3
Borough	7	Marylebone	12
Bow	13	Mile End	4
Brixton	17	Newington	9
Camberwell	21	New Cross	4
Camden Town	2	Norwood	3
Chelsea	5	Notting Hill	5
Clapham	5	Peckham	14
Clapton	2	Pentonville	2
Clerkenwell	5	Pimlico	2
Dalston	1	Poplar	3
Deptford	4	Shadwell	1
Dulwich	2	Shoreditch	2
Finsbury	2	Soho	1
Hackney	11	Southwark	15
Haggerston	1	Spitalfields	1
Hammersmith	1	Stepney	5
Hampstead	2	Strand	2
Haverstock Hill	1	Streatham	1
Holborn	7	Stockwell	2
Holloway	5	Stoke Newington	1
Homerton	2	St. Luke's	2
Hornsey	1	St. Pancras	3
Horselydown	4	Walworth	31
Hoxton	6	Wandsworth	10
Islington	17	Westminster	7
Kennington	4	Whitechapel	3
TOTAL	435		

NOTE.—Of the children received from London, the poorer districts furnish the larger proportion.

COUNTRY.

Bedfordshire, Bedford	1	*Essex*, Colchester	2
Berkshire, Reading	7	„ Dunmow	1
„ Slough	1	„ Coggeshall	1
„ Wargrave	1	„ Ilford	1
Buckinghamshire, Winslow	2	„ Leyton	1
Cambridgeshire, Cambridge	1	„ Leytonstone	1
Cheshire, Chester	1	„ Maldon	1
„ Birkenhead	1	„ North Woolwich	2
Derbyshire, Derby	1	„ Paglesham	1
Devonshire, Bideford	1	„ Stratford	1
„ Devonport	2	„ Walthamstow	1
„ Exeter	1	„ Witham	2
Dorsetshire, Poole	1	*Gloucestershire*, Bristol	3
Durham, Stockton	1	„ Gloucester	1
Essex, Barking	1	„ Nailsworth	1
„ Boxted	1	„ Painswick	1
„ Braintree	1	„ Stroud	2

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Hampshire, Lymington	1	*Northamptonshire*, Northampton	1
„ Christchurch ...	1	„ Brackley ...	1
„ Romsey	1	„ Oundle ...	1
„ Winchester	1	„ Thrapstone ...	1
Herefordshire, Ledbury	1	*Nottingham*, Retford	1
Hertfordshire, Redbourne ...	1	„ Sutton	1
„ St. Alban's ...	1	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1
Kent, Charlton	2	„ Chipping Norton ...	1
„ Chatham	2	„ Kidlington	1
„ Deal...	1	„ Witney	1
„ Eynsford	1	*Rutlandshire*, Uppingham ...	1
„ Gravesend	3	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1
„ Greenwich	9	*Somersetshire*, Bath	2
„ Maidstone	3	„ Taunton	2
„ Margate	4	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1
„ Northfleet	2	*Suffolk*, Aldborough	1
„ Ramsgate	1	„ Halesworth	1
„ Rochester	1	„ Ipswich	3
„ Sittingbourne	1	„ Southwold	1
„ Woolwich	3	*Surrey*, Addlestone	1
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	1	„ Bletchingley	1
„ Bolton	1	„ Croydon	8
„ Liverpool	2	„ East Moulsey	1
„ Morecambe	1	„ Godstone	1
Lincolnshire, Boston	1	„ Kingston	2
Middlesex, Arlington	1	„ Sutton	1
„ Barnet	1	*Sussex*, Bournemouth	1
„ Ealing	1	„ Brighton	2
„ Edmonton	1	„ Hastings	2
„ Finchley	1	*Warwickshire*, Coventry ...	1
„ Hampton-Wick ...	1	„ Quinton	1
„ Harrow	1	*Wiltshire*, Chippenham	1
„ Hendon	1	„ Warminster	1
„ Hounslow	1	„ Wroughton	1
„ Whetstone	1	„ Calne	1
Norfolk, Holt	1		
TOTAL	155.		

NOTE.—106 provincial towns, representing 32 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 155 children.

Wales, Blaenavon	1	*Wales*, Hay	1
„ Llanelly	1	„ Swansea	1
„ Haverfordwest	1	„ Builth	1
TOTAL	6		

Ireland 2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	435
Country	155
Wales	6
Ireland	2
	598

Of the 41 boys who left during the year, 27 were sent to situations; 11 were returned to their friends; 2 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers, and 1 was removed by death.*

6.—THE CHILDREN ARE NOT DRESSED IN UNIFORM.

As far as possible no two boys are dressed exactly alike, thus preventing a peculiar garb from becoming a badge of poverty. An antique costume may be very picturesque in the eyes of some, and a uniform dress may have a certain charm for others; but, as it marks them out as charity children, and condemns them to a monotonous sameness in appearance, we think ours the more excellent way. Experience proves that the best broad cloth which money can buy is by far the most economical dress for a boy; besides, the variety we are thus enabled to secure goes a long way towards preventing the children from becoming "Institutionized."

A glance at our boys is sufficient to prove that their individuality is not sacrificed to a common type, and that they are free from what has been aptly called "a workhouse appearance."

7.—AS TO EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

While we seek to impart a sound English education, we always keep in view the necessity and importance of a religious training. In addition to the ordinary subjects of a plain and useful education, we include Drawing, French, Music, Shorthand, and Elementary Science.

Drawing Examination.

The number presented in March, 1879, was 182. Of these 60 passed as "satisfactory," 72 as "proficient," receiving certificates, and 36 as "excellent," receiving "certificates and prizes." These results entitled the Institution to the sum of £13 18s. from the Science and Art Department.

In March, 1880, we presented 200 boys, but the returns have not yet been received from the Department.

At the time of issuing this report, the results of the Science Examination, when we presented 190 boys, have not yet been ascertained.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the Head Master and his assistants, the service being taken occasionally 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,

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* The story of his last days is told by the Head Master in No. 5 of "The Stockwell Orphanage Tracts," which are admirably adapted for enclosing in letters, and which may be had of Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster at the rate of 3s. per 100.

No. 1. "Love Jesus and live for heaven."
„ 2. "Apt to Teach," for Sunday School Teachers.
„ 3. "Little Dicky."
„ 4. "To those who are happily married, or hope to be."
„ 5. "Sunshine in the heart."

*** Friends would greatly help the Institution by making them widely known.

and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, when addresses are given by ministers 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 staff of 25 earnest teachers, and Mr. C. Carpenter presides over the Evening Service. All these good friends, who labour with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement. By these arrangements the members of the staff, who are with the boys all the week, find a welcome relief, while the influence of our earnest voluntary helpers is of the most salutary kind. At the last Scripture Examination of Sunday Scholars, our boys gained three prizes, also six first-class and ten second-class certificates. Those boys who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band," and meet twice a month. At the present time there are 47 in full membership.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed except by order of the doctor, but 173 are pledged abstainers at the present time, with the approval of their friends. Band of Hope meetings are held every month, when the children receive instruction from competent speakers and Lecturers. Professor Tweedie has rendered important service by giving Lectures on Alcohol, illustrated by chemical experiments and diagrams.

8.—THE INSTITUTION IS SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The revenue of the Capital Fund yields less than one-fourth of the income required for the maintenance of the Institution, the remainder being subscribed by loving friends, to whom the ability to contribute is regarded as a sacred obligation. No paid collector has ever been employed to solicit contributions, nor have we resorted to the expedient of puffing advertisements. The wants of the Institution are spread before our heavenly Father in prayer—

> "And He who feeds the ravens
> Will give His children bread."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, but they have been duly acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the 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 parcel*. 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.

The principals of a ladies' boarding school and their pupils keep up their admirable custom of making shirts for the boys. If their generous contributions are supplemented by working associations and private friends, the supply will always be equal to the demand. We commend this example to young ladies, for besides doing good service to the orphans, they will themselves profit by acquiring the art of shirt making.

The Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach produces more than the average yield of flour and potatoes, under the skilful farming of our friend, Mr. Toller. Another farmer in Kent has sent us a portion of his potato crop, and several millers have forwarded a sack of flour occasionally. Puddings and potatoes form such important articles of diet, that we shall be glad if other Christian farmers will remember our orphan children from time to time. A good friend at Reading has dedicated a pear tree to the Orphanage, and proposes to send either the fruit or the money realized by its sale.

During the past year 35 Services of Song have been given by a Choir of Orphan Boys as under, and realized £386 19s. 3d. after defraying all expenses :—

LONDON AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Camberwell, Chelsea, Dalston, Edgware Road, Greenwich, Hampstead Road, Lee, Shooters' Hill, Shoreditch, and Stoke Newington.

PROVINCES.

Bath, Bristol, Cambridge, Chipping Norton, Chatham, Cheltenham, Cowes, Dover, Deal, Evesham, Folkestone, Hereford, Leighton Buzzard, Liverpool, Newport, I. W., Portsmouth, Stratford-on-Avon, St. Alban's, Sittingbourne, Southend, Sandown, Southampton, Stroud, Witney, and Waterbeach.

The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, and therefore the Lord's people will not question that they should help in carrying it out. 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. 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. While commending the work to our heavenly Father in prayer, we deem it right to lay before the stewards of His bounty the necessities and claims of the Institution.

Report of the Medical Officer.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I have the honour to submit to you my first Report, with a classification of the cases under treatment during the past year. We have at present 244 boys and 30 girls. The health of the children will, I think, compare favourably with similar institutions; and, up to the present time, we have providentially been spared the graver complications that are not unfrequent in similar large gatherings of children. I attribute this, in a great measure, to the care that is bestowed

in immediate isolation of infectious cases, for which our cottage system provides; to the advantage of a spacious, well-ventilated infirmary, wholly detached from the main buildings; and to the rigid system of allowing no child to leave for a holiday without a medical inspection, and again on returning, in addition to a guarantee from the friends that the child has not come into contact with any infectious case.

In regard to vaccination, every care is taken, on the admission of a child, that it shall show sufficient evidence of vaccination, and if over seven years of age shall undergo re-vaccination. Special precautions are taken to prevent the admission of dirty heads, as, in my experience, they are a sure forerunner of the bugbear of institutions, viz., sore heads, which, for months, baffle the skill of nurses and doctors. Epilepsy, ruptures and visual defects are rejected, and, as far as possible, no child is admitted unless in a condition physically to face the battle of the little world upon which he enters.

The death-rate of the total admissions, since the opening in 1869 to the present time, is very low considering the class of persons from which the children are taken. The fact of the children being orphans upon the fathers' side will explain that some other than natural causes must have left more or less hereditary predisposition to disease. It is a curious fact that, amongst the Jewish children at Norwood—of which I am also the medical officer—I have never seen a case of consumption; and this I attribute to the fact of the disease never having been introduced into their community. A great many arguments pro and con will offer themselves to your consideration, and many theories are advanced as to their immunity from this terrible scourge.

In regard to sanitary arrangements, all that modern appliances can suggest has been carried out by the Trustees, and upon the completion of the Girls' Orphanage many more will follow. It must be allowed that some few delicate and undesirable cases are admitted, but beyond my province; and this can only be explained by the President and Trustees being blessed with large hearts and *liberal* ideas, so that a case of true merit is rarely cast adrift. A house has, when necessary, been taken at the seaside during the summer, where delicate cases have been sent, and with very great benefit to the children.

During the first six months of a child's admission our troubles usually commence—sore heads, eruptions, &c.—and this may fairly be attributed to the change from poverty and squalor to good food and pure air, with the climatizing process which they have to undergo. I would commend to visitors the photographs of new admissions, and ask their comparison with the faces when they leave the Institution, as a proof of the change that care and education will produce. I especially approve of the plan of playing without caps, when the health will admit, of all children of a robust constitution. The covered playshed is an incalculable boon in wet weather. The open playground, covered with asphalte, is an objection, as it offers a large condensing surface. It is dirty in wet weather, and in dry weather it gives off a quantity of dust, deleterious alike to the eyes and air-passages.

The case of Bray was very sad. He died of consumption. The only satisfaction was that his religious training had smoothed all pains and

regrets in entering upon his new life. He remained under treatment about eight months, and, thanks to the kindness of Miss Moore, I feel that the care bestowed on him in the Infirmary prolonged his life considerably.

One poor child, Drake, met with a severe accident, through his own folly, by falling across a piece of iron, necessitating an immediate operation. His injury was of such a nature that it was undesirable to allow him to remain an inmate.

The following are the cases that were admitted to the Infirmary :—

Accidents	3
Boils	2
Bronchitis	3
Broken Arm	1
Catarrh	16
Chicken Pox	2
Chilblains	3
Eczema	2
Febricula	4
Itch	2
Neuritis	3
Ophthalmia	1
Phthisis	2
Ringworm	12
Small Pox (sent away)	1
Sore Heads	21
	78

My best thanks are due to Mr. Charlesworth, who has been ever watchful to render me every possible help in administering to the well-being of the children. My warmest thanks are due to you, Mr. President and Gentlemen, for the uniform kindness and confidence displayed. I have the honour to be, Gentlemen.

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SOPER,
283, Clapham Road.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of*_____ *pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Orphanage.*

The Girls' Orphanage.

THE fact that we have not been able to assist poor widows whose families consisted of girls only, led to the determination to extend the Institution as soon as the Lord's hand should be seen directing us. There was no desire, however, to precipitate the work, but to go on with the Boys' Orphanage, and wait for the opportunity to move, which, we felt, would come sooner or later. As narrated in the last report, a series of Providential circumstances plainly indicated that the time had fully come for commencing the Orphanage for Girls. Mrs. Hillyard, whose generous gift of £20,000 enabled us to commence the work, sent the first £50 towards the new undertaking, and the President added a similar sum from the Testimonial Fund subscribed in celebration of the 25th year of his ministry. Three other friends followed the example thus set, and a fourth generously gave a cheque for £100. At this juncture the neighbouring property, known as the Hawthorns, was offered for sale, and secured for the sum of £4000, and the intermediate plot was transferred by the freeholder to the tenant on the express condition that it should be sold to us for the purposes of the Institution. After some little delay, in consequence of a demand being set up for a price never contemplated by the original vendor, this plot was also secured, the entire purchase-money being contributed by friends. Thus far the way was made clear; and, as the newly acquired house was admirably adapted for a temporary Orphanage, it was resolved to open it at once, and 30 girls have been received. It was with no small degree of satisfaction we discovered that the original deed was so framed as to admit of the extension of the scheme to include girls under the one trust. But what seemed to us an accidental circumstance was really the provision of a gracious and all-wise Providence. As soon as we were fairly committed to this new enterprise, the Lord's hand was seen in a no less remarkable manner. Six sums of £500 each were promised towards the erection of the six houses, as shown in the engraving, but as there are school-rooms also, the contract amounts to £11,100, which is more than we expected; and, as we cannot go into debt, we have decided to leave the two end houses for the present. Then we must provide for roads and drainage, also Bath, Play-hall, Infirmary, Dining Hall, and Furniture and School Apparatus, before the scheme is sufficiently complete to admit the 250 girls contemplated. Here is a grand opportunity for Christian friends to come forward and assist in making the Stockwell Orphanage a complete Institution for 250 fatherless boys and 250 fatherless girls. We believe the money will come as the necessity arises. Past mercy forbids a single doubt. Our treasury is the bounty of God, and therefore our motto is, "The Lord will provide."

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1880.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations :—			
General	2,330	5	10
Collecting Boxes and Books	629	1	6
Services of Song (less expenses)	386	19	3
	3,346	6	7
„ Legacies	4,532	17	8
„ Annual Subscriptions	163	12	2
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs and Insurance)	1,348	14	1
„ Donations —Girls' Orphanage	5,295	11	7
	14,687	2	1
Balance at Credit, 31st March, 1879	696	3	4
	£15,383	5	5

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	1,441	16	8
Provisions	2,554	3	2
Clothing	1,281	18	9
Washing, Soap, &c.	80	5	6
Fuel, Gas and Water	450	4	5
Books and School Requisites	75	1	0
Gardening and Sundries	33	5	4
Medical Expenses	79	13	1
	5,996	7	11
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	400	10	5
„ Furniture (including that at "Hawthorns")	680	10	8
„ New Store-room, Repairs, &c.	651	17	4
„ Poor and General Rates	97	15	3
„ Purchase of "The Hawthorns" and Land in rear for Girls' Orphanage	5,483	10	0
	13,310	0	7
„ Balance at Credit March 31st, 1880	2,073	4	10
	£15,383	5	5

We have examined the above Account, and compared the same with the Books and Vouchers, and find the same correct.

WILLIAM HIGGS,
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
THOMAS GREENWOOD, } *Trustees.*

WM. IZARD,
W. W. BAYNES, } *Auditors.*

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys & Girls.

Application for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children, between the ages of six and ten, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. As the number of most necessitous candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form; if a form be granted, the questions must be fully answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible.

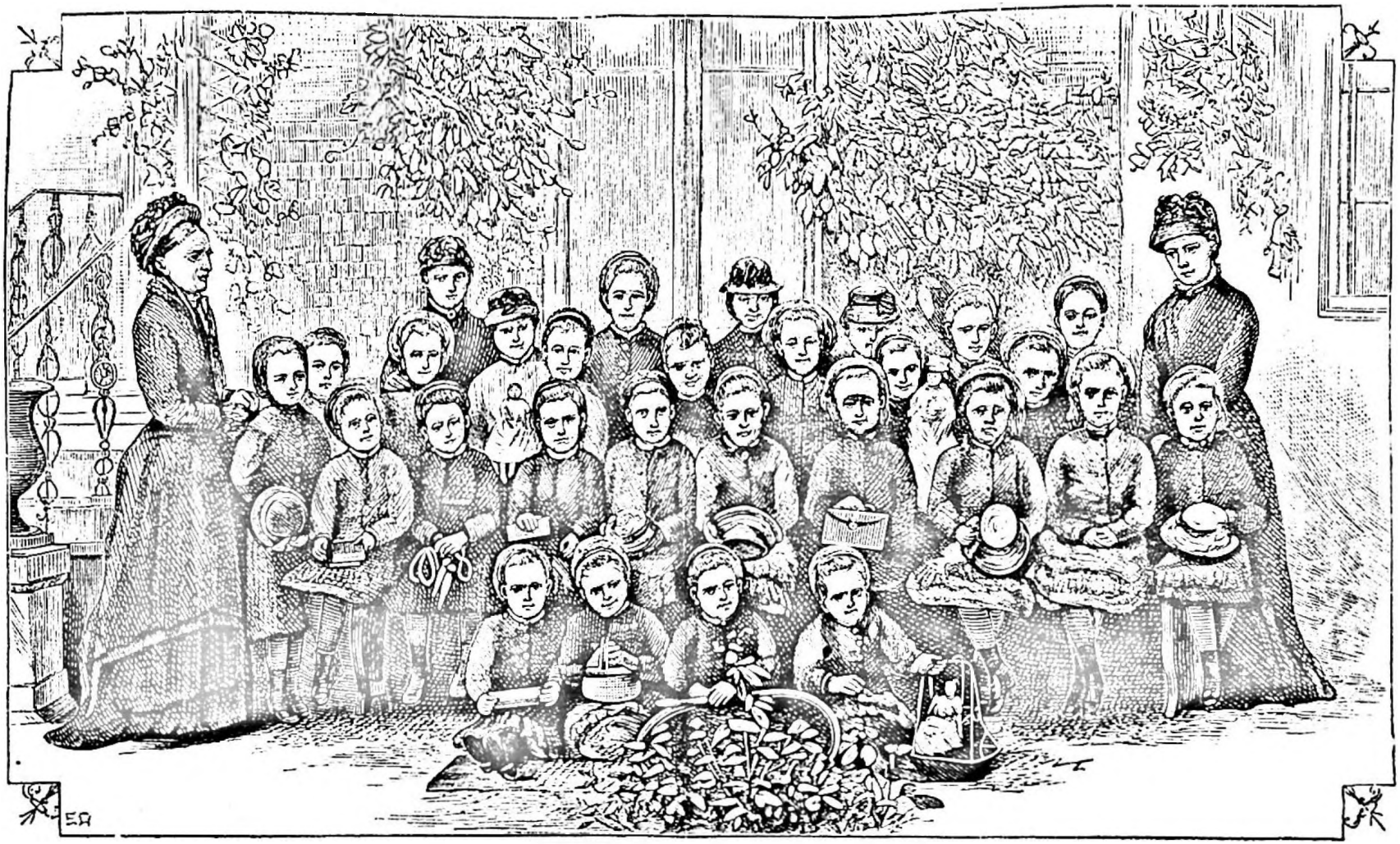
If the case is entered on the list of candidates, **the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries.** Should these be satisfactory, **the child appears before the Committee in due course, and if among the most needy and deserving at the time, will probably be recommended for admission to the Institution, as soon as there is room.** Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees at any stage if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees maintain **the strictest impartiality** while considering the claims of the various applicants, and **the greatest need always has the loudest voice** with them.

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 must be addressed to **the Secretary, F. G. Ladds, Stockwell Orphanage, London, S.W.**

The Institution is mainly supported by spontaneous gifts, a number of donors sending as regularly, year by year, as if they were pledged to do so. An increase to the number of subscribers would greatly cheer the President's heart. *Will not the reader of this Report become a helper?* Subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by **C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Balham, S.W.** Gifts of Food, Stores, Clothes, Books, Toys, and useful articles are always welcome, and should be directed to

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master,
The Orphanage, Stockwell, London, S.W.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped, directed envelope.



OUR FIRST FAMILY OF GIRLS AT THE "HAWTHORNS."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1880.

Fuel for Heart Flames.

PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, 1880, BY PASTOR W. WILLIAMS, OF UPTON CHAPEL, LAMBETH.

"I'LL master it," said the axe, and the blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw, and with relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface until they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside. "Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you would not succeed, I'll show you the way"; but at his first stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" said a flame of fire. They all despised the flame, but he curled gently round the solid bar, and embraced it, and never left it, until, under his irresistible influence, it was so melted as to take the form of any mould you please. If hard hearts are to be won for Jesus they must be melted, not hammered. If God has entrusted his omnipotence with any creature it is with one whose heart is full of burning love. Cold logic can be met with counter arguments; at rhetoric sinners can smile; but love baffles, perplexes, overcomes. The argumentative sledge-hammer and the sharp critical saw doubtless have their uses, but for soul-winning give us the flame.

> "Love took up the harp of life; and smote on all the chords with might:
> Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

No power has been found so effective as love for taking self-trust and

self-righteousness out of men. It was Christ's method in saving each one of us.

"If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But *mercy* has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin."

Fire is the favourite emblem of God. It is one of the few symbols of the old dispensation which he has retained under the new. He calls himself "a consuming fire." Jesus Christ is like "a refiner's fire." He showed himself to his servants, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and John, in the midst of flames. Daniel, describing his vision of him, says, "His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire, a fiery stream issued and came forth from before him." Of the vision, which created the apostle of Patmos into an immortal bard, we read, "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." The disciples baptized into the Holy Ghost were baptized into fire, and thenceforth a hot stream of truth, like a lava-current, issued forth from their hearts. He who is "the everlasting burnings" counts as his choice servants those who are most full of the spirit of burning. "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." Nearest the eternal throne, in the innermost circle, fly the seraphim—or burners. The presence of God is no fit place for cold spirits, but for those who flame with holy love and all-consuming zeal. Oh! that in *us* might burn

"The pure flame that seraphs feel."

Of the first Baptist preacher our Lord said, "he was a burning and a shining light." Blessed eulogy! may it be earned by each one of us. "Burning and shining"—our very ideal of a minister: a hot heart with a clear head: impetuosity and prudence blended: zeal and knowledge linked in holy wedlock. "Burning and shining"—the two wings with which the angel of the church should fly—love and terror, gospel and law, Sinai and Calvary. "Burning and shining"—the force of madness under bit and curb, and the reins in the hands of reason. This is what we need; for this we study; and, with yearning hearts, for this we pray. The motto on David Brainerd's banner, and the prayer in David Brainerd's heart, ever was, "Oh, that I were a flaming fire in the service of my God." To this prayer every heart cries "Amen." Some of the members of our conference, already illustrious as soul-winners, prove that they have received the answer. Oh, for all to realize it! We are the pastors of churches with over forty thousand members; could we all be as a flame of fire in the service of God, setting fire to the hearts of forty or fifty thousand more, such a fire would be kindled as would before long burn sin down to black ashes, and refine this polluted earth to the pristine purity of Paradise. Lord, thou hast already made some of our number "burning and shining lights,"—"Hast thou but one blessing, my Father? Bless me, even me also, O my Father." As in the sight of God we can say this is our *supreme* desire. Our normal state we wish to be a white glow of fervour; our passion for the glory

of God we would ever have at the heat of a blast furnace. "We should soon be dead," says some one. No, that does not follow. There is a lightning which melts the sword on the warrior's thigh, but leaves the scabbard uninjured. The bush burned, but it was not consumed. Although "a burning and shining light," John could have stood many years preaching, even in the open air, if Herod had but spared his head. Our danger is not, we fear, in having too much fire, but too little. We have as our model him who could say, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up"; and while we profess to be his followers we dare not rest satisfied with the "icy torpor" and "decorous coldness" which are, alas! the usual temperature of too many professors. We do not wish to be for ever praying for the smouldering embers to be blown into a flame, for we covet a steady furnace heat, and no mere fitful zeal, which, like the fire from the horse's hoof, dies in the moment of its birth. To how many enthusiasts might be truthfully applied a sentence we culled from a paper a few weeks ago: "*Etna is again tranquil, and its summit is once more covered with snow.*" Rather may our zeal answer to Longfellow's description of the lighthouse:—

> "Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
> Year after year, through all the silent night,
> Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
> Shines on that inextinguishable light!"

While we desire not mere fitful zeal, neither do we desire dull uniformity, for this is obnoxious to God; but we cry for that power which shall help us to speak words fitted to be the vehicles of divine life; a power which shall fill us full of intense conviction, and make our probabilities grow to certainties,—a power which shall make us preach sermons quivering with painful earnestness, and full of thoughts and truths that shall penetrate like needle points. We pray for that fire to which the highest wisdom will offer no remonstrance, and concerning which the most timid anxiety will feel no apprehension; which suits alike gentle or rapturous spirits, for it need be none other than calm. We are not the lightning of the world, but the light. We wish to feel none other fire than that which will control the studies of the intellect, the flights of the imagination, and the impulses of the heart, and direct them all to one grand end: the fire which shall make our preaching energetic, forceful, and enable us to explain, argue, defend, adorn, and urge divine truth, so that men shall be charmed by its beauty, and conquered by its might. We covet the fire which shall make our prayers to be the mighty upheavings of our soul; the selfsame fire that Moses saw at Horeb, which made a common bush in the wilderness luminous as a planet in the firmament.

The title of our paper assumes that we all have somewhat of this fire in our hearts. Were not this the case we might pile on the fuel to no purpose. But, brethren, can we not say we have it? Its origin was divine. It was kindled when as sinners we were brought face to face with "the Sinner's Friend." Then did we feel the touch of the living coal from off the altar, kindling a fire on "the mean altar of our heart," firing us with holy ardour, and at the same time consuming pride and self-esteem. Then did "our hearts burn within us," and we trust they

have done so more or less ever since. While this fire is mysterious as to its origin, its perpetuation is not so great a mystery. Conversion is from God alone, but growth of character is a co-operative process. This fire is not self-sustaining, it is of the nature of fire to live upon fuel. If love and zeal are to be preserved they must be fed, and God expects us to gather, as the priests for the altar fires, the fuel to feed them. Ah! herein is the secret as to why the fire sometimes burns so low; our fidelity to our trust has not been what it ought; for instead of supplying the fire with material to feed its flames we have often allowed the chilling influences of the world to damp it. Most of us know the sad experience of preaching with the fire burning only amid grey ashes. The fiery utterances of Jesus or Paul have often lost their heat while passing through our hearts, and have fallen upon our torpid hearers to no effect. We cannot expect much blessing while this is the case. If the gospel is to have a mighty effect upon the congregation it must pass through the fire of an intense spiritual life in the preacher; and this life we feel we must have. Our waking up from lethargic coldness, or remaining in it, is the dread alternative which will produce hundreds of cold or warm churches and thousands of dead or living church members. Blessed hour when this fire shall visit our lukewarm and useless fellow Christians! But there is little probability of its doing so except through ourselves. Is it not imperative, then, that we seek it, if only for the sake of our churches? But what a boon will it be to us also! What *purifying* force there is in consuming zeal and passionate love of souls! How it burns up all unworthy and selfish motives! How it severs the dross from the gold! Like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all other enchantments of the soul; like the Master's scourge of small cords, it expels the buyers and sellers from the temple of the heart, and, more than that, this sacred fire will transmute into its own pure essence all the elements of thought and feeling, and purge out every desecrating thing. Not only has this holy fire a purifying, but also an *educating* force; by it the soul is transfigured, and made to enjoy a grand outlook. It awakens the intellect as nothing else can; it quickens the sensibilities of inferior minds, and makes them capable of exertions and achievements which, without it, they would never have dreamed of. John Howard had no commanding intellect, but what he had was illuminated with divine light, and thus his name became immortal. Thomas Chalmers had always an intellect so commanding as to grasp a planet in its span; but it needed the grace of God to so illuminate the mind of Chalmers that he could write his astronomical discourses, and grasp, not a planet merely, but myriads of worlds as a boy handles his marbles, and move "like a strong swimmer in a starry sea." Divine fire in the soul kindles a light in the intellect, elevates every natural faculty, and makes it a handmaid to the Spirit of God; it burns every band that ties the tongue, and makes men orators who else were dumb. This, too, will give us the most attractive characters. It is said that the slopes of a volcano supply soil so fruitful that the richest vines flourish best upon them: when the heart is full of holy fire the life is sure to be adorned with the rich graces of the Spirit, productive of that fruit which glorifies our Father in heaven.

And yet to have the heart throb with a mighty pulse of love—to have a holy passion thrilling and burning in every artery and vein will, in all

probability, involve much trial. Every cherished idol of the heart must submit to the action of this fire. It will consume all that is consumable. Upon sin in the soul it will have no mercy. It will probably involve, too, the scorn of some whose friendship we fain would cultivate. It was this divine energy, and not much learning, that made them brand Paul a madman. Grand insanity! But if we possessed it, neither the world, nor much of the professing church, would see its grandeur. Many speak highly of burning Luther and seraphic Whitefield now that they are gone, who would call them fanatics if they were with us to-day. Around the statues of heroes on pedestals they twine their laurels and roses, but they make martyrs of them if they step down to real life.

We must not be surprised at those who, possessing the ineffectual light of the glow-worm, call a man a fool or fanatic if he preaches with fire-winged energy and bids men flee from the wrath to come as though he believed in its reality. But come what may, honour or dishonour, are we not willing to suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake? For our joys we depend not upon the smiles of men, and by their frowns we will not be dismayed. At any cost we will seek that power which shall help us to live to a purpose, that inward energy which shall make our every sermon to be as the breath of the Eternal. And this we can have: we are not making a sublime flight after the impossible. Others have had it, and why not we?

"Shall God be less miraculous than what his hand hath formed?"

The method of divine operation is from less to greater both in nature and grace. We should expect the church to enjoy greater blessings now than any she has yet received. The blessings of the Pentecost shall be more than repeated. The grace needed to make a successful ministry did not exhaust itself upon the apostles, nor yet upon such men as Baxter, Whitefield, and McCheyne. There is a mighty reserve with God, by which he can make his ministers of to-day even more mighty than those of the past. Let us believe that the possibilities of our life are vast.

Thus far our endeavour has been to fan the flame; let us now gather a few materials to feed it. Our difficulty is not to find fuel, for this is in rich abundance, but to abstain from gathering too much, since overmuch fuel placed on a fire is apt to smother rather than to help.

Here one word of caution is needed. Please do not think, when we mention matters which should inspire us, that we slight the work of the Holy Spirit. No! all the fuel would be nothing without him, for it will only burn as he kindles and nourishes the fire. The fire is his, but he will have the material to work upon. Scientific men are asking "What is to be the fuel for coming ages?" "What will our great-great-great-grandchildren sit around instead of our household fire?" One authority suggests as a source of heat, when coal is exhausted, the beating of the tidal wave on the shore. Happily the Christian church need not trouble itself with any conjectures as to the fuel which is to feed *her* fires. The light and love invested in the covenant of grace ages back will never be exhausted until every elect soul glows with love to God, and every redeemed wanderer is lighted back to his Father's home.

Brethren, does not even nature speak to us upon this matter of

earnestness in our Master's work? The sun is earnest; in his path he never lingers, in his course he never halts: the stars never falter in their race, never swerve from their round; the sea is constant in its ebb and flow, unchanging in eternal change. All nature says, "the King's business requires haste"; and the man who is not in earnest when about "the King's business" is out of gear with the universe, and is a blot in the creation of God.

"Oh! ever earnest earth, doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling his great will, with all thy morns and evens,
Teach me thy earnest ways, that mine, as thine,
May be a life of steadfast work and praise."

Our age speaks to us, we live in the cumulated light of succeeding ages. We enjoy privileges which our fathers won for us inch by inch through centuries of stern and noble conflict. Astronomers say it would take a wider and intenser sky than ours to reveal some stars; and not until the dome of the new heaven shall cover the new earth can the full lustre of the deeds of many of our dauntless forefathers appear. They struggled against oppression, and fought and bled, and many of them even died to win for us the precious legacy of privileges which we hold to-day. Are we not unworthy sons of these noble sires if we do not make the most of them?

Our age, too, is telling upon ages yet to be—nay upon eternity itself.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand, yet awful time.
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

Angels, the glorified elect, God himself, are all beholding our use of those privileges which have been purchased for us by the blood of many a noble saint. Can we, then, do other than give every nerve and sinew of the body, every faculty of the mind, every emotion of the soul to the work committed to our trust?

Is there not inspiration, too, in the memory of our early vows? "*He gave himself for me.*" When for the first time this sentence sunk into our hearts, had we possessed a thousand lives we should have laid them all at Jesus' feet. We solemnly vowed that henceforth we were not our own; our all we laid upon the sacrificial altar.

"Loved of our God, for him again
With love intense we burned."

Right gladly were we "buried with Christ in baptism unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Our song then was—

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

With no slight feelings of emotion do some of us remember the hour when we were told we could come into college. It seemed like a third birth to us, for we were born to yet another life. To have been made

millionaires could not have half so moved us. We fancied the cherubic host envying us. "We were like them that dream." Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing; then said we among the *people*, The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Another cord of love then bound the sacrifice and secured it more surely to the altar than could a cable chain. Again and again we said—

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

* * * *

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee."

By the memory of these our consecration vows is not the flame fed with abundant fuel?

You will not misunderstand us if, with considerable reservation and reluctancy, we mention one fact that has frequently given impetus to the Christian life of each one of us. We refer to the kindness and love shown to us by our President. The soldiers of Garibaldi were ever ready to face "frost, famine, and iron showers of death" out of love to their heroic general. And when we think of what our Leader has done for us, and the consequent obligation we are under to him, our hearts are fired, and we long to do a work worthy of a connection with such a man. If a soldier's love to his leader has done and dared so much, well may our love of higher origin, and grander type, to the Leader of Israel's host, inspire us with nobler instincts and more heroic service.

We who are younger members of our conference, are often anxious lest we should tarnish the good name earned for our college by earlier men. The dread of this possibility arouses all the enthusiasm of our natures, and we say, "By the help of God, it shall not be." If we cannot maintain the position earned for our alma mater by older men through being men of extraordinary talents, we will maintain, and if possible increase it, by having our ordinary talents supplemented and utilized by extraordinary grace. Victories already won do not lead us to dream of repose, but rather make us ambitious to gain the laurels of yet grander triumphs, and so they are fuel to feed our inward fires.

Time forbids our entering into details as to our responsibilities; but perpetual stimulus is to be derived from the fact that so much depends upon our fidelity to our work. Visions of the awful destinies to be decided at the approaching judgment startle us; and the dread possibility of being there, with the blood of souls upon our skirts, makes us sometimes plead with and preach to men in a frenzy of solemn earnestness.

But there is nobler inspiration to be derived from thoughts about Him whom our souls love, and communion with *Him*. If the inward flame burns low, we know of no fuel to feed it better than fellowship with Christ. It is thus his love becomes ours, and there is no power to constrain like the love of Christ. At difficulties it smiles, for it measures them all against *his* power, and not against its own. As one writer says, "Tell love of rivers, and she answers, 'I can swim';

remind her of awful precipices, the guardian walls of capacious and terrific sepulchres, and, spreading her golden pinions, she replies with laughter, 'I can fly'; tell her of burning deserts, on which no palm tree throws its shade, through which no river rolls, and her courage bursts into uncontrollable enthusiasm as she recounts the story of her past endurances." A royal and mighty force is the love of Christ. It can command our energies far more than law. It can give more momentum to our efforts than aught else. If we would be full of divine energy let us labour after a strong sense of the love of God in Christ. All the love of eternity meets here as in a focus, and if we only seek full and deep communion with it our lives will not lack the holy fire. Our souls are seldom cold and dark unless we fail here. I have read of a diamond which, if held for half an hour in the blazing sunlight, and then taken into a dark room, will emit for just half an hour the light it has absorbed. If we are to be lights in the world, we must first let the light soak into us through fellowship with Christ.

Love will save our lives from monotony wherever we be placed, for about it there is an eternal freshness; and if we are called to suffer poverty or shame it will help us to rejoice therein.

There is one other thought which ought ever to arouse our spirits and inspire our hearts with zeal and courage in our holy warfare. *We are on the winning side.* Victory is surely ours. Even *politically* we shall be victorious. All the just and right principles that are dear to us as Nonconformists shall not only be recognised, but enthroned. Truth has been victorious all along the line, for God is with it: but one day it will exercise supreme influence. We shall no doubt have many a hard battle yet to fight, but the issue is certain. Let us, then, be ready for the conflict.

"Hark! 'tis the martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Our foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms;
Prepare the helmet, sword and shield;
The conflict calls us to the field!"

Far more glorious is the divine assurance that Christ shall reign the wide world o'er. This is the desired object of our lives, and it shall be gained. The immutable purposes of the almighty God are with us, and failure is impossible.

"For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar."

By faith we drink in the spirit of this golden day, and catch glimpses of the coming glory. The morning cometh, and soon the gloom shall be purged from off the dark places of the earth, the heathen nations lifted with a lever of gospel light, and the whole moral world transformed into a vast commonwealth of love. At such a prospect, where is the heart that does not burn? Victory, certain victory; it is as coals of juniper to feed the flame. May we burn on until blazing seraphim bear our spirits home, and engulph them in the light of God!

Mr. Frothington's Sermon.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"WELL," said Brown, "there's no finding fault with Mr. Frothington's sermon this morning, for I am sure it had nothing in it which could offend anybody." "True," answered Smith, "there was nothing in the sermon to offend because there was nothing at all in it. It was the essence of vacuum, delivered with great elegance and dignity. Look at those holes which the swallows have made in the sandbank; take the sandbank away and you have the sermon which we have heard. When we were boys we used to talk of dining upon roast nothing and no turnips, and this morning's sermon brought the meal vividly to mind: there was not a single thought in the whole discourse, from beginning to end. I do not believe that the greatest master of metaphysics could discern the thinnest possible thread of connection between the text and the sermon. Having given himself so wide a range the preacher ought to have imported some commodity from the east, west, north, or south; but he had neither drug nor diamond, cheese nor coffee, in the whole shop. He talked, and talked, and talked, and reminded me of the child's windmill in the garden which goes round and round, but never grinds anything."

Smith's description of Frothington's sermon may apply to a great many more besides that by which his Sunday was wasted. Benches grow very hard, and even the cushions have rocky lumps in them as we sit under certain ministries. It does not occur to dreary preachers that it is necessary that there should be real instruction in their prelections. If they ever felt that need they would dig, or beg, or borrow, or steal, or invent something or other, and would never have the face to come before an audience with an altogether empty mind. To us it seems to be a primary rule of homiletics that, however a sermon may be arranged, composed, and delivered, *there ought to be something in it.* It is an impertinence to call together a hundred or so of reasonable people, and invite them to sit still and listen to the merest commonplaces: commonplaces so bare that one is ready to wish to be deaf that we might never hear them again. As the husband, when he saw the old dish brought up time out of mind, exclaimed, "Cold mutton again," so might many patient hearers cry out against stale meat; only the dish is not so good as cold mutton. Some precious doctrine, some stimulating exhortation, some cheering experience, ought to be brought forward on every occasion. We are invited to a gospel feast, and there ought to be something to eat. No one has a right to invite his friends to dinner, and set them down to a bare board. However white the cloth, and neat the napkins, and clean the china, and bright the knives, empty dishes disappoint you. A sermon with nothing in it is worse than useless, and he who has delivered one such should feel that he has sinned too much already, and should offend no more. Our fear is that empty platitudes weary men of hearing the gospel, drive intelligent persons into heresy, and make sensible hearers either quite silly or half mad. Dear Mr. Frothington, in the name of all that is good and holy, do say something when you preach, or give up the business. Set up as a tailor, and make coats without cloth; but sermons without instruction in them should never be forced upon a Christian congregation.

Sayings from the Sea.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. 3.—"Pump up!"

SPLASH goes the water everywhere. Splash, splash on deck and bulwarks. The crew paddle about barefoot on the slimy boards and scrub and clean in all directions. But is not water precious on board a ship? Is not this a wilful waste of the priceless liquid? Nay, for the pump communicates with the deep, blue sea, and this stream is from the ocean. Hence the lavish use of water. There are leagues of ocean stretching on every side, and fathomless deeps beneath. Pump up! Pump up! Flood the decks with briny water! With all your pumping you can make no difference to the sea. This is a deep we have to do with, and its resources are inexhaustible. We may place pumps fore and aft, and work them to their full capacity, but the flow of water never stops till we stop pumping.

Is it not even so with God and the ocean of his grace? Is it not the case with the Bible and its promises? Is not the Holy Ghost poured out without measure? "Thy judgments are a great deep." The sea of God's mercy, too, is about us and around us, and his compassions fail not. Let us test them every day, and trust him every hour, and we shall never find him or his promise falling short. There is an ocean of love about and beneath us, so let us draw on it to our heart's content, and "pump up." My friend, if thou goest without a blessing, the fault remains with thee. "Ask, and it shall be given thee." Pump up, and the streams shall flow.

One morning, as the pumps were working fore and aft and I was thinking of the impossibility of making any difference to the mighty deep, a threatening cloud arose, and soon the tropical shower poured down as though to say from him who causeth the rain to fall, "I have a supply in reserve; there are stores above as well as reservoirs beneath. If the liquid below should fail, I can distil abundance in yon heavens." Thus is it with God's love. If it were possible to drain the ocean of eternal mercy, the windows of the skies would pour us down new blessings, dropping "as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." Pump up, pump up, despairing one! Believe that the Lord is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that you ask or even think. Imagine and request the greatest mercies possible, and God will still exceed your thoughts. "My God shall supply all your need." Pump up! Pump up! Is thy pump in working order? Hast thou the spirit of prayer? Or is the valve of thy desire out of gear? Dost thou ask amiss? The secret of successful pumping consists in drawing the water up by means of a vacuum. Thou, too, must practise a kind of holy suction. Go empty to thy God. Thy emptiness shall make a channel for his fulness. The admission of thy need will secure him as a friend indeed. And if thy needs increase a thousandfold, still the fulness of him that filleth all in all cannot be impoverished, much less exhausted. Ask on, ask on. Pump up! Pump up!

"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?"

Samuel Kilpin of Exeter.

BY J. L. KEYS.

SAMUEL KILPIN was born on January 4th, 1774, at Bedford, where his father, an ironmonger, was for fifty years an honoured and active member of the church assembling in the old meeting-house, formerly John Bunyan's. For thirty years he faithfully served the office of deacon of the church, and to the letter as well as in the spirit he fulfilled the apostolic injunction (1 Timothy iii. 8—12): having first been proved and found blameless, he ruled his children and his house well. The character of his wife was equally consistent with the divine portrait: she was "grave, sober, faithful in all things."

The God of all grace has elected to work by human instrumentality, and in the case of the Kilpin family the fruits of the parents' holy example, scriptural teaching, and fervent prayers were seen in the early conversion to God of each of their ten children. Time will not permit, or we should like to linger in this Puritan home—pardon, gentle reader, the apparent anachronism—if only to look at some of the pictures of home scenes drawn from memory by the loving hand of the younger Kilpin in after years. One, however, we will transfer to our paper, it is so quaint and New-England like.

THE GOOD DEACON AND THE ROD.

"Mr. Gilpin has been heard to say, that he had no conception of anything so affecting or abiding as his dear father's method of reproof of sin. All the children were assembled and seated in due order, the mother in the midst of her young group. The father would then enter with a rod in one hand and the Bible in the other. He read different portions of Scripture on the crime which had been committed, and endeavoured to convince them that it was a bitter thing to sin against God, and although the rod would not alone change the heart or conduct, yet God had given it in charge to the parent, with the assurance that he who spared the rod spoiled the child. All then knelt reverently, whilst the holy parent wept over his sinful child, and sought pardon through the blood of the Saviour. This mode of punishment was so effectual, that a repetition of it was very seldom necessary. No children could more revere the memory of their parents, or anticipate with greater pleasure a joyful meeting in the regions of blessedness."

The good deacon's home was ever open-house for the ministers of the gospel, whom the children were taught to consider it an honour to assist in any way. John Howard, the philanthropist, was a frequent visitor at the house, and young Sam an enraptured listener to the good man's anecdotes; and we think we can perceive the beneficent influence of this association upon the after-life of him whom we may call the philanthropist of Exeter.

CONVICTION, CONVERSION, CONFESSION.

As Mr. Kilpin's life was consecrated to the service of his God and Saviour from his youth, it will be well to trace the early indications of divine grace. These his biographer gathered from his own memoranda, many of them written in the margin of a large Bible, which happily

escaped the flames when he burned most of his papers during his last illness. He thus wrote :—

"I remember having very strong religious feelings at four years of age."

"Matt. v. 22. 'Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.' Whilst at play, I once called my brother, 'Fool.' The first most powerful convictions I ever had were from this text. I was about six years old, and was reading Dr. Watts's hymns :

'And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother fool!'

'Then,' I exclaimed, 'I am lost!' and with much anger against the doctor, I threw his book into the fire. It is nearly forty years since that period, but I have never again felt angry against the doctor!"

"When seven years old, I was left in charge of the shop. A man passed, crying, 'Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each.' In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command, and taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My keen-eyed, wise mother enquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth.

"The lamb was placed on the chimney-shelf and much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish. Continually there sounded in my ears and heart, 'Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie.' Guilt and darkness overcame my mind, and in sore agony of soul I went to a hay-loft (the place is now perfectly in my recollection), and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated mercy for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft, from a believing application of the text, 'Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' I went to my mother, told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burnt the lamb, whilst she wept over her young penitent."

This he deemed the period of his conversion to God. The bias of his will and affections were turned towards Christ. He prayed in his name, spiritually, in faith and hope; and received a token of acceptance through the Saviour.

In another place he says, "When I was some months more than thirteen years old, I well remember the time, it was on the evening of December the 4th, 1787, forty years ago, I was invited to attend the Methodist love-feast. Mr. Jenkins preached. Deep conviction pierced my soul. Here I might write a volume, but no; from that period I have been a poor saved sinner, a child of providence." His sister, younger than himself, nearly at this period became a new creature in Christ Jesus. She says of that night, "At half-past nine o'clock I heard a knock at the door; it was my brother Samuel. He entered in deep distress, exclaiming, 'Can you, my father, my mother, forgive your rebel son?' He went to bed, but had no rest. I carried him some water; he thanked me, and observed, 'I am afraid there will be a time when I shall call for a drop in vain.'

"That night it might be said to our parents, salvation is come to your house. We were very dear to each other, and much united in feeling. Next to the salvation of my own soul was the desire for that

of my dear Samuel. My heart's desire to God was for his salvation. Never, no, never, can I forget that night whilst memory lasts. The effects will endure throughout eternity.

"For twelve months he was under the power of dreadful temptations; his mind was so harassed that peace had left his bosom, not to be restored until Christ revealed himself to his wounded soul as the hope of glory. All his pious friends encouraged him to join the church, which he did soon after. He then set about his Master's work with joy. We had a delightful revival in the church and congregation. He soon collected together from twenty to thirty young persons, saying, 'Come with us, and our God will surely do you good.' Oh, how many delightful meetings were held for prayer, and conversation with our dear minister. My dear brother was made useful to the conversion of souls at that time. Would to God we could see many such young converts labouring with ardour in the same good cause."

Young Kilpin's natural amiability, lively temperament, and the vein of humour which ran through his character, made his worldly associates loth to lose his companionship; but he was enabled by divine grace to resist every allurement, and to manifest by his life and conversation that he was on the Lord's side.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Ere long young Kilpin felt called to preach the gospel. Referring, in a letter to a friend many years after, to his experience at this period, he said: "As to my first impressions relating to the ministry, when young, such was the horror of my mind, and so determined was I *not* to be a minister, that my anxiety brought on a weakness in my stomach, which refused to retain anything I had eaten, during one year, and reduced me almost to a shadow. Hours have I spent in the fields, under hedges, by night and by day, praying that the great God would not send me into the ministry, but deliver me from the delusions of the devil; but the Lord wonderfully brought me out, forced me out, and wonderfully has he helped me, and kept me to this hour; to him be all honour and praise for ever and ever."

His pastor, the Rev. Samuel Hillyard, and the church to whom his intense desire to win souls, and his earnest longings and wrestlings for their salvation, were a source of joy and strength, invited him to exercise his gifts for the ministry. They unanimously decided that it was his duty to give himself to the work of the Lord.

Preserved among Dr. Rippon's correspondence in the British Museum is a letter, dated March 19th, 1794, written to Dr. Rippon by Deacon Kilpin, the father, in which he says, "God is calling upon us to make a living sacrifice for the temple service. Our third son (living), Samuel, aged about twenty years, has for eighteen months or two years past been much exercised respecting the work of the ministry. We strive as much as we dare to turn his mind, lest it should not be of God; but the church encourages him (he has exercised before them at church-meetings, &c.), and last Sabbath they unanimously recommended him to Bristol Academy, which he is to enter this Christmas."

Of young Samuel's early "exercises" in preaching the Word he has left only the following memoranda:—

"The first time I ever attempted to open a text was to a poor villager; I preached about three minutes, from Matthew xxvi. 10.

"At a prayer-meeting at Elstow I attempted for the first time to speak in public, from, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Here the great and blessed God employed me as an instrument in the conversion of an old man, who gave decided evidence of a change of heart."

At Bristol Academy Samuel Kilpin gained the confidence and esteem of the honoured tutor, Dr. Ryland, who perceived in him those gifts and earnest longings for the salvation of souls which promised great usefulness.

After five years' residence with Dr. Ryland, he received an invitation from the Baptist Church at Leominster to become their minister, which he accepted.

"The church and congregation were few in number. An endowment there had the same effect as such sources of income have had on dissenting churches in many other cases. It had a tendency to paralyse the efforts of the living, and to create undue influence and patronage. Every method that could be devised appears to have been employed by the young minister to enlarge his boundaries, and he was blessed to the conversion of many souls, but his extensive views and desires aimed at greater usefulness."

PULPIT NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

"Soon after the commencement of his ministerial labours, several apparently trivial circumstances gave an entire change to his academic style of preaching. He was in the habit of studying closely, and writing nearly the whole of his sermons, to which he made reference during the time of their delivery. Thus furnished, he visited some part of Wales. Immense congregations assembled. He was told that they did not like any but extemporaneous preaching. For this he was not prepared; but by condensing his subject he lessened the appearance of his notes. With a trembling hand he placed his remarks in the Bible so neatly, that when he stood in the pulpit, his fears vanished, and joy succeeded. This, however, was followed by a hard cough, which, to his dismay, released the concealed paper and sent it into a current of air, where it floated as a kite over the heads of the people, and occasioned a general scramble! He breathed a momentary prayer for aid, when with good humour he was enabled to say, 'So let Dagon fall: we will seek higher assistance.' This pleased the congregation, who almost shouted with joy. He was enabled calmly to collect his thoughts, and the sermon was made a blessing.

"Mr. Kilpin used to relate another amusing anecdote connected with this Welsh tour. The front of his head became bald at an early age, and he had adopted the fashion, then in vogue, of covering it with powder. A mourning ring, lately presented to him, also glittered on his finger. One day, thus equipped, he observed a marked coldness in the humble auditory he was addressing. A Welsh brother was to follow him in the pulpit, and he delivered an animated address on conformity to the world. Among the proofs of this, Mr. Kilpin with dismay heard him enumerate powdered heads and ringed fingers! The people

evidently were at no loss in making the application, and Mr. K. found himself decidedly an object of dislike. At the close, even his religious principles were audibly questioned by some of his late hearers, in no measured terms! Without stopping to enquire how far the last discourse was to edification, Mr. Kilpin at once resolved, like the apostle, to remove the stumbling-block from his brother's way. Nor was this difficult. Drops of perspiration already stood upon his brow, so that the application of a handkerchief at once reduced his head to its primitive simplicity! He made a good humoured remark, and was proceeding to draw off the offending ring, when the warm-hearted people, touched at these proofs of Christian feeling on his part, crowded towards him, and grasped his hands with such energy that the ring was bent by their manifestations of reconciled feelings, so that he had considerable difficulty in completing the sacrifice. This was a useful lesson to him on the importance of a minister's avoiding all appearance of foppery.

"But he had more pleasing circumstances to recall this Welsh tour to his remembrance. One was as follows:—A violent thunder-storm drove him for shelter to a cottage, the kind inmate raked the scattered embers together to dry and cheer him. It was evening. He heard feeble groans. On enquiring the cause, he found that a poor aged grandmother was apparently near death. He entered her room. On finding that he was a minister, she hailed him as sent of God for her consolation and direction through the valley of the shadow of death. She had been praying for such a guide.

"The family, consisting of two or three generations, soon assembled, and a more delightful sight could scarcely be witnessed. The message of mercy appeared to be blessed, and Mr. Kilpin often mentioned his decided confidence that some of this poor Welsh family would compose a part of his crown of rejoicing in glory.

"At another time whilst preaching, but not in his own pulpit, he mentioned the great God by the name of 'the Deity.' A sailor, who was listening, immediately started from his seat, and exclaimed aloud, 'Deity, well! who is he? Is he our God-a-mighty?' The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat, with the remark, 'Yes, my friend, I did mean the Almighty God.' The sailor rejoined, 'I thought so, but was not quite sure—I never heard that name before.' The humbled minister replied, 'You had a right to enquire; I was to blame; whilst delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood.' 'Thank you, sir,' was the sailor's reply; and he looked as though he would have devoured the remaining part of the sermon. After the service, he begged pardon for the interruption, and, with a sailor's frankness, requested the kind gentleman to take some refreshment with him, to make it up!

"This incident led Mr. Kilpin to very serious reflections relative to his important office. He stood between the living God and dead sinners, who were on the verge of death and hell. He thought that one sermon might be the means of rescuing souls from eternal misery, or might prove a savour of death unto death. What an awful and responsible situation! Here is a poor sailor, with scarcely any means of information

relative to the importance of his soul, consequently one of the most important persons in the house of God ; he is interested in the subject, when, by my employing language which he does not understand, his mind is taken from awful realities, and fixed on searching out the meaning of words.

"From this period our young minister was determined, in the strength of God, to lay every talent at the foot of the cross, and he deemed it an infinitely superior honour to be employed by the Holy Ghost in the conversion of a poor sailor, than to obtain the mere applause of the universe.

"When about to preach before ministers or others, upon public occasions, he wrote on the top of his card or notes, 'Present the Lord Jesus Christ, fear Him and love the people.'"

AT LEOMINSTER.

Leominster was the scene of Mr. Kilpin's labours for fourteen years, and both among the people who looked upon him as their pastor, and in all the villages around, he put forth all his strength to bring men to God. This exposed him to opposition and persecution of various forms, and ofttimes at the hazard of his life he strove to rescue souls from death. Upon one occasion a party, who were wrongly styled gentlemen, unchained a vicious mastiff-dog, and leading him to the preaching-room, hounded him on to attack the preacher, who was standing on the floor. The dog entered, apparently with the intention of obeying its master's orders, but the mild, good-humoured countenance and voice of the preacher arrested him, and when the poor creature was patted on the neck, and told to lie still, he peacefully took his station at the feet of his new friend, whence no one could remove him, until the service was concluded. This was a severe reproof to his cruel masters.

"At another time, on returning home, a group of men sent a bull-dog to attack the mouth of his horse, and, had not the animal by a sudden plunge extricated himself and his rider from this danger, serious injury to both would probably have ensued. Eggs, stones, sticks, and various missiles, with the music of brass pans, frying-pans, tongs, etc. often surrounded him. Mr. Kilpin's pleasant, cheerful mind and manner helped him through many difficulties of this kind, and prevented much mischief. These labours were continued until he left the neighbourhood."

Soon after his settlement as pastor he married Miss Wyke, of Eton, by whom he had four children, of whom three died in infancy under peculiarly painful circumstances. One of the most marked traits in his character was his love of children; their society had a special charm for him, and many young hearts were won to Jesus by his loving and earnest labours. Very acutely, then, did he feel the loss of his own little ones. Years after he thus wrote to a friend :—"I have often wept, but I was enabled not to murmur. These things made me an old man in experimental preaching: these trials did me more real good than all my studies and all my mercies."

During his stay at Leominster Mr. Kilpin published sixteen tracts, which had a wide circulation. Several persons of his congregation were offended at some of their contents, although no names were

mentioned, nor was personal reference made to anyone. At length Mr. Kilpin's mind was so exceedingly pained from various causes that he resigned his pastorate.

MINISTRY AT EXETER.

One of the tracts just mentioned reached Exeter, where its author was altogether unknown. Although the tract was without name either of author or place, yet some remarkable providential circumstances led to the discovery of the writer, and Mr. Kilpin received an invitation to supply the vacant pulpit of the old-established Baptist church at South Street, then in a very low state, and on October 25th, 1812, he preached his first sermon there, and this led to the conversion of a soul. Mr. Kilpin's choice of residence was a marked instance of his fidelity to his divine Exemplar: he sought for a house in that part of the city which was considered to include some of the worst of its inhabitants. No sooner had his family taken up their abode therein than he licensed the kitchen, and fastened the following notice on the front gate:—"Reading and morning prayers from eight o'clock until half-past eight every morning. Neighbours of all classes are respectfully invited to attend. Preaching every Wednesday evening." On the next morning a large placard covered this notice, drawn up in profane and blasphemous terms, personally directed against himself. This sight brought his friends around him with entreaties to desist, while mockery in all its varied forms assailed him. We are not told what *words* he used in reply to the prudential counsels of his friends; but "actions speak louder than words," his arguments were very pronounced: he procured licenses for two or three other rooms, remarking that the devil was alarmed for his kingdom. The conservative policy of the fiend was, as usual, at fault, and the leader of the opposition saw a largely increased attendance at the preaching station, as the result of the publicity given to the efforts of the soldier of the cross to pull down the enemy's strongholds. Best of all, the Spirit of God crowned his servant's labours, and many, who came to mock, went home to pray. At South Street, too, the congregation and the church increased rapidly, owing to the unremitting zeal of the pastor.

STRIFE AND DIVISION.

"About this time," says Mr. Kilpin's biographer, "the spirit of antinomianism awfully prevailed in the neighbourhood. Discord and separation entered every church and congregation, and harmony fled from among Mr. Kilpin's charge. The grieved pastor, unable to bear the contention, tendered his resignation, and left the city in search of another spot where he might peaceably preach the gospel. Several invitations to other churches followed him; but his friends rallied, took courage, and gained a large majority, who begged him to return as their pastor. To this he acceded, upon condition that those who were discontented would retire. About sixty members left the church for a newly-raised society, congenial to their altered taste, and one hundred of the congregation followed. A short time after, Mr. Kilpin wrote to a friend:—'The poor people absolutely prayed me back again to my place. Notwithstanding we have dismissed a great many, yet our congregation is just as large as the chapel will contain.

We have more at prayer-meetings, and I have had more, many more, at my house for the season of the year than usual. The Lord is breaking out afresh, and with power.'"

He had to seek a larger house, and this was very soon too small to hold the people and children who came to the various services. Every morning he preached to about sixty children, besides some neighbours who would also come; he catechised three different classes of young people every week, held meetings every night except Saturday, and filled up the afternoon of every day by visiting; every hour from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night was thus occupied. When writing these details to his friend, Dr. Ryland, he added, "Sometimes the views I have of the glory of God and Christ Jesus in the gospel, and the importance of souls, quite overpower me, and I should not wonder if you were to hear that I am suddenly gone into another world."

(To be continued.)

A Striking Conversion.

ABOUT a hundred and twenty years ago Dr. Conyers was vicar of Helmsley, and the ambition of his life was to become a pattern village pastor. The parish was a very extensive one; but with surprising energy the Doctor set to work, and soon proved to an admiring world what one pair of hands can achieve when they belong to a person who can labour with self-denial. The poor and the sick were visited to have their sorrows lightened, and their wants relieved, and schools for boys and girls, young men and maidens, were provided as they had never been before in that part of the country. The church became well attended, week-evening meetings for prayer and general improvement were instituted, and the outside world was loud in its praises of the indefatigable pastor. Still, however, Dr. Conyers was not happy, and, unable to divine the reason, he fasted more rigidly than had been his wont, and on the communion-table of the church signed covenants by which he bound himself to be more holy and more diligent in serving Christ. A man in such a condition may be deluded by fatal error, but he may at the same time be treading the very border-line of the land of liberty. It so happened with Dr. Conyers. He was a diligent reader of the Bible, and one day, while searching the Scriptures, truth which he had never understood before entered his soul, and he felt like a new man. Amazed and overwhelmed with delight at the goodness of God, the vicar could not restrain his emotion. "I went up stairs and down again," he tells us, "backwards and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy and crying, 'I have found him! I have found him!'" He did more than vent his gratitude in private, however; he announced to the congregation the particulars of his recent experience, giving out for his text the words, "By grace are ye saved." Conversions became very numerous, for God was with his servant. After labouring zealously for twenty-seven years the good Doctor was taken to rest four hours after preaching his last sermon.

John Moughman's Pictures.

WE have now in the press a second book by John Ploughman, which we think will amuse and interest our friends. At about the same time we shall issue a new edition of the first book, which will then make 300,000. It may be thought that such books are of small utility, but we have received continual evidence to the contrary. Persons who read the quaint proverbs of John Ploughman are induced to read Spurgeon's sermons, and by this means are led to Christ, while others are helped on in the paths of temperance and thrift. "John Ploughman's Pictures" is our new shilling book. We give a short specimen chapter:

HE HAS A HOLE UNDER HIS NOSE AND HIS MONEY RUNS INTO IT.



This is the man who is always dry, because he takes so much heavy wet. He is a loose fellow who is fond of getting tight. He is no sooner up than his nose is in the cup, and his money begins to run down the hole which is just under his nose. He is not a blacksmith, but he has a spark in his throat, and all the publican's barrels can't put it out. If a pot of beer is a yard of land, he must have swallowed more acres than a ploughman could get over for many a day, and still he goes on swallowing until he takes to wallowing. All goes down Gutter Lane. Like the snipe, he lives by suction. If you ask him how he is, he says he would be quite right if he could moisten his mouth. His purse is a bottle, his bank is the publican's till, and his casket is a cask: pewter is his precious metal, and his pearl* is a mixture of gin and beer. The dew of his youth comes from Ben Nevis, and the comfort of his soul is cordial gin. He is a walking barrel, a living drain-pipe, a

* Purl.

moving swill-tub. They say, 'loth to drink and loth to leave off,' but he never needs persuading to begin, and as to ending—that is out of the question while he can borrow two-pence. This is the gentleman who sings—

He that buys land buys many stones,
He that buys meat buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
He that buys good ale buys nothing else.

He will never be hanged for leaving his drink behind him. He drinks in season and out of season: in summer because he is hot, and in winter because he is cold. A drop of beer never comes too soon, and he would get up in the middle of the night for more, only he goes to bed too tipsy. He has heard that if you get wet-footed a glass of whisky in your boots will keep you from catching cold, and he argues that the best way to get one glass of the spirit into each boot is to put two doses where it will run into your legs. He is never long without an excuse for another pot, or if perchance he does not make one, another lushington helps him.

Some drink when friends step in,
And some when they step out;
Some drink because they're thin,
And some because they're stout.

Some drink because 'tis wet,
And some because 'tis dry;
Some drink another glass
To wet the other eye.

Water is this gentleman's abhorrence, whether used inside or out, but most of all he dreads it taken inwardly, except with spirits, and then the less the better. He says that the pump would kill him, but he never gives it a chance. He laps his liquor, and licks his chaps, but he will never die through the badness of the water from the well. It is a pity that he does not run the risk. Drinking cold water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, but this mighty fine ale of his will do all this for him, make him worse than a beast while he lives, and wash him away to his grave before his time. The old Scotchman said, 'Death and drink-draining are near neighbours,' and he spoke the truth. They say that drunkenness makes some men fools, some beasts, and some devils; but according to my mind it makes all men fools whatever else it does. Yet when a man is as drunk as a rat he sets up to be a judge, and mocks at sober people. Certain neighbours of mine laugh at me for being a teetotaller, and I might well laugh at them for being drunk, only I feel more inclined to cry that they should be such fools. O that we could get them sober, and then perhaps we might make men of them. You cannot do much with these fellows, unless you can enlist them in the Coldstream guards. As long as drink drowns conscience and reason, you might as well talk to the hogs. The rascals will promise fair and take the pledge, and then take their coats to pledge to get more beer. We smile at a tipsy man, for he is a ridiculous creature, but when we see how he is ruined body and soul, it is no joking matter. How solemn is the truth that "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life."

There's nothing too bad for a man to say or do when he is half-seas over. It is a pity that any decent body should go near such a common sewer. If he does not fall into the worst of crimes it certainly is not

his fault, for he has made himself ready for anything the devil likes to put into his mind. He does least hurt when he begins to be topheavy, and to reel about: then he becomes a blind man with good eyes in his head, and a cripple with legs on. He sees two moons, and two doors to the public-house, and tries to find his way through both the doors at once. Over he goes, and there he must lie unless somebody will wheel him home in a barrow or carry him to the police-station.

Solomon says the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty, and that the drinker does in no time. He gets more and more down at the heel, and as his nose gets redder and his body is more swollen he gets to be more of a shack and more of a shark. His trade is gone, and his credit has run out, but he still manages to get his beer. He treats an old friend to a pot, and then finds that he has left his purse at home, and of course the old friend must pay the shot. He borrows till no one will lend him a groat, unless it is to get off lending a shilling. Shame has long since left him, though all who know him are ashamed of him. His talk runs like the tap, and is full of stale dregs: he is very kind over his beer, and swears he loves you, and would like to drink your health, and love you again. Poor sot, much good will his blessing do to anyone who gets it; his poor wife and family have had too much of it already, and quake at the very sound of his voice.

Now, if we try to do anything to shut up a boozing-house, or shorten the hours for guzzling, we are called all sorts of bad names, and the wind-up of it all is—"*What! Rob a poor man of his beer?*" The fact is that they rob the poor man *by* his beer. The ale-jug robs the cupboard and the table, starves the wife and strips the children; it is a great thief, housebreaker, and heartbreaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf bottom upwards. In a newspaper which was lent me the other day I saw some verses by John Barleycorn, jun., and as they tickled my fancy I copied them out, and here they are.

"What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And give him good victuals instead!
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Or at least you are soft in the head.

"What! rob a poor man of his mug,
And give him a house of his own;
With kitchen and parlour so snug!
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

"What! rob a poor man of his glass,
And teach him to read and to write!
What! save him from being an ass!
'Tis nothing but malice and spite.

"What! rob a poor man of his ale,
And prevent him from beating his wife,
From being locked up in a jail,
With penal employment for life.

"What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And keep him from starving his child!
It makes one feel awfully queer,
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild."

The Divine Revelation:

AS INTERPRETED BY SUNDRY DIVINERS.

CURIOSITY is a common instinct of mortals. Secret things always challenge scrutiny. Men lay in ambush for discoveries of the future: and yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a prejudice against prophetic studies is very prevalent among devout and intelligent Christians. While we sincerely regret that prejudice, we intensely sympathise with those who entertain it. Our heart revolts at the visions and voices of modern seers, as though forsooth they were soothsayers, every man of them. Is there not more of Babel than of Pentecost, more of confusion than of concord, in the utterance of their tongues? For the personal coming of our Lord Jesus Christ we do most earnestly look, as the blessed hope of each believer, and, indeed, of the whole church. Ah, bright promise! Ah, ravishing prospect! It lies in the core of our heart, it flows out spontaneously in our prayers: but the events that are foreshadowed we dare not attempt to forestall. Precepts and examples are delivered to us in Scripture with a kindly admonition: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Not so "the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Their *moral* is faith and patience, not activity and enterprise. If I had a dream of the future it would *not* be my duty to fulfil it. Joseph's dream of future ascendancy did not prompt him to resist his brethren when they sold him to strangers; nor did David stretch forth his hand to slay Saul, although the cause of right was on his side and he had already received a prophetic anointing as the destined king of Israel. They both waited patiently on God till he brought about his own plans in his own way. Besides, our folly may be just as palpable in *watching* the course of events as in trying to shape them. All precedents go to prove (as old Master Bridge states it) that "when God intends to fulfil his promise by giving any special blessing to believers he doth put first the sentence of death upon it, and upon all the means that do lead unto it." A promise of a great seed like the stars of heaven and the sands of the sea-shore is given to Abraham; but before it is fulfilled Abraham's body loses much of its vitality, and Sarah ceases in the order of nature to expect children. Those, therefore, who think, as Dr. Cumming once did, that *The Times* newspaper would help him to interpret prophecy, do err most seriously. If anyone should tell you that the purchase of a large interest in the Suez Canal, or the acquisition of the island of Cyprus by the British nation, are links in the chain of events by which the Jews shall be planted again in their own land and recover the heritage of their forefathers, give no heed to such idle gossip. It is notorious enough that there are editors of magazines who trade on the credulity of dreamy sentimentalists, and cater for their morbid taste with cuttings from the daily newspapers which are supposed to lead up to the fulfilment of prophecy. Many of these are too foolish to be worth refuting. *Commercial dishonesty*, we have been told over and over again, is *a sign* of the *last days*. We do not dispute it. But so also is marrying and being given in marriage. The tone and temper of many of these periodicals are sensational and pernicious. Not

so the early fathers of the Christian era, such as Irenæus, Augustine, and Jerome; they tread reverently on holy ground. We feel shocked at the presumption of those who pretend to discern all mysteries so clearly that they can demonstrate them infallibly, and then demand our acquiescence as a matter of course. Prophets seem to be well-nigh as plentiful as poets nowadays: howbeit the survival of the fittest leaves but a small remnant of either. Cicero in his "Ethics" utters a fierce invective against retail trade, which quotation has remained famous. Times are changed since Julius Cæsar was Emperor of Rome; but notwithstanding the changes, were the sentiment of Cicero translated into harmony with present circumstances, we feel persuaded that our leading manufacturers, merchants, and professional men, would endorse it. There are the tag and tail in every department, that bring discredit on an entire community; cadgers who work on credit without capital, and rely on small commissions; promoters of bubble companies, whose system of peculation throws a shadow over legitimate enterprise; legal advisers, who were never licensed by any law court; doctors of medicine, who lack a diploma, and the like, even a long list. In literary circles likewise the scribblers who strive to construct a reputation out of other men's researches are numerous. Theology is a distinct section, to which the small fry are specially partial; and those of a speculative turn of mind are much given to dabble in prophecy. We feel that it is impossible to utter too earnest and emphatic a warning against the paltry comments of petty pamphleteers, who debase the grand and heavenly imagery of the Book of Revelation into a drivelling series of circumstantial details about events which, if they did once happen, fail now to kindle in our breasts a spark of interest; or the pretentious auguries of those who affect to furnish a chart by which we may look into futurity, and chronicle the successive phenomena in the order in which they will hereafter transpire. Unawed by the wrecks of previous adventurers, recruits are never wanting to put forth on fresh voyages of discovery.

Still, the Book of Revelation is as good and gracious as any other book of the entire Scriptures, even if it does not in some respects surpass each one; for is it not the complement of the whole volume? "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." Herein we have the imagery of the law and the temple, of priests and seers, of angels and apostles. All sacred history throws distinct shadows athwart its pages, and it gathers up all that precedes it into a grand climax. The visions of Patmos take a wide sweep. The desolation of the wilderness and the glory of the holy city, the gorgeous ritual of the Levitical dispensation and the terrible array of armed hosts going forth to battle, are alike familiar in the description which John writes of the things that he saw; while in rich melody the song that Moses sung when the tribes of Israel encamped on the eastern shore of the Red Sea blends with the song of the Lamb, when all the company of the redeemed from among men assemble on Mount Zion. Did we hear Jesus speaking to us from heaven in these chapters, as his disciples once heard him speaking to them on earth, how frequently might it be told of us as it was of them, "Then remembered they that it was written"—so often are we

conducted back to Ezekiel, Daniel, or Zechariah. "Without this book," it has been wisely said, "the Scriptures had been like a house without a roof." But as for us, we seem to leave the principalities and powers in heavenly places, and come down among the potsherds striving with potsherds of earth, when we lay aside "*The Book of Revelation*," and take up volumes of conflicting opinion about the Book of Revelation. Up yonder there is a bright cloud of glory, down here a black fog prevails. The heavenly light is too strong for our weak vision; but we are bewildered by the glare of torches carried about by the prophetic link-men, who cry, "Lo here, and lo there."

It simplifies matters a little if we keep in view the three prominent systems of interpretation, commonly known as the *Preterist*, the *Progressive*, and the *Futurist*. The first of these supposes that the Apocalyptic visions were fulfilled immediately, as the destruction of Jerusalem supplies them with a climax. The second supposes that during eighteen centuries the panorama has been gradually unfolding, and that this nineteenth century will witness the final crisis. The third urges a double claim on our attention by contending that, while it belongs to the last days, the entire scene is to be accepted as literal and prosaic. This is a rough description of the several hypotheses, and these admit of numberless deflections and ramifications. No one will be surprised to hear that on whatever author you happen to pounce, you will be sure to find that he is positive as to his own accuracy. With the key in his hand he will conduct you into all the chambers of imagery. He can thread his way among the stars of heaven as we traverse the streets of our city. Unfortunately for one and all of them, and for the solutions they propound, we do not any of us become enraptured with their enthusiasm; for we have no need to wait till we hear arguments on the other side; their own case, as they state it, breaks down; they fail alike to show cause why the verdict should be entered in their favour. Be it cordially admitted that great authorities can be quoted, ancient or modern, for any notions, whether sensible or silly. That, alas, will not help us; we are as bewildered as we were before.

Three treatises are now lying before us for review, and these represent more than three solutions of prophetic Scripture.

"The Seven Seals unveiled." By Thomas Palmer, of Sydney, Australia. London: Elliot Stock. Price 3s. 6d.

"How to interpret the Apocalypse! A refutation of Rev. G. Guinness." By R. Govett. Norwich: Fletcher and Son. Price 8d.

"The closing days of Christendom." By B. B. Wale. London: Partridge and Co. Price 5s.

We can afford to speak a kind word for each of the authors without expressing any partisanship. We have pictured our colonial brother as a dear old gentleman brimful of benevolence, who, while he utterly mistakes the literal meaning of the "Parables" he tries to interpret, overflows with faithful expositions of the gospel. That Præterist theory would be palpable to everybody if it were worth anything; but we imagine it has only to be read to be rejected. When a friend shows you a portrait, and you see his face and his photograph at the same time, depend upon it there is not much likeness if you do not detect it at a glance.

Mr. Guinness is an earnest Christian worker. We have more than once commended his substantial volume, "*The Approaching End of the Age*," as a monument of scholarly labour and a mine of scientific research. But herein is its weak point. Why should this one portion of the Bible require such an array of learning, and need that the heavenly orbs should be illuminated with so many side lights of earthly kindling, when all the rest of the sacred volume is addressed to those who renounce the wisdom of this world, being taught by the Spirit of God?

Mr. Govett is an aged disciple, and a profound student of the Scriptures. We presume he is identical with the Rev. R. Govett, jun., M.A., curate of St. Stephen's, Norwich, whose exposition of "*The Revelation of St. John, literal and future*," dates back nearly forty years. He appears to have been a man of war from his youth, so partial has he always been to polemics. In those days he was refuting Dr. O'Sullivan, and in these days he is refuting the Rev. G. Guinness. There is plenty of force in his arguments, for he is mighty in the Scriptures, and in logic he is no mean assailant. Here is a specimen. "The designation of the book given by our Lord himself is the Revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto him to show unto his servants what must shortly come to pass. Now '*apocalypse*' in Greek and '*revelatio*' in Latin both mean *the taking off of a veil*. The future is by nature veiled to us. The apocalypse is the taking off that veil. But if so, it must be literally taken, wherever absurdity does not follow. . . . . Absurdity is disproved wherever in the past any like action of God or Christ has been testified in Scripture. . . The apocalypse, then, is not allegorical; for if it be, it is no taking off the veil, it is putting on one: men and God are at variance about this book. They assume that it is enigma, and several are the books besides Mr. Guinness' which profess to explain the Revelation and call it the unveiling of the apocalypse. . . . If it is veiled, it is not a revelation; if it is a revelation, it is not sealed." We are not surprised to find Mr. Govett asking, "When you speak of the Apocalypse as a continuous history of the church, in what sense do you speak of the church? Do you mean the one mystic body of Christ gathering during this dispensation by the Holy Ghost, the spiritual members united to Christ the risen Head? No; for that is not treated of by profane history. Do you mean the various assemblies of believers scattered throughout the world? No; because for ages there were no such assemblies whom Christ could own as lights in heaven, or living corporate witnesses to him on earth. You mean, then, the history of Christendom, or of the Christian dispensation." We are fain to recognize in our venerable brother Govett such an one as Paul the aged, when we read on his first page, "*In this controversy, I trust nothing will fall from my pen derogatory to the character of my Christian brother* (*Guinness*) *in whose excellent work of sending forth missionaries of the cross I heartily sympathize. We agree in the great fundamentals of the faith, and are one in the belief of Christ's pre-millennial advent.*" Right royal words, dear friend; we thank you for them. Whether Mr. Govett has succeeded in substantiating his own rules of interpretation or not, he has certainly exposed the weakness of other theorists and shown the untenability of their positions.

Mr. Burlington Wale is a pleasant writer, and we give him full credit

for trying to please, though we can award him little praise or censure; it will be enough for us to echo his uncertain sound, for he has evidently not yet selected the school of thought with which he wishes to be classified. So far as we understand him, he neither admits nor disputes the soundness of the year-day theory, but he shows it a little favour, for he says rather timidly, "If we accept this system of prophetic interpretation, then without controversy many historic events within the last fifty years have fallen out remarkably in harmony with its anticipations." We need not point out the poverty of this argument, or the unseemliness of basing it on other men's premises. This is nothing to what follows. "Eschewing dates," he turns to the social and political aspects of the age, and finds in railways and steam-ships, in school-boards and technical institutions, in papal pretensions and democratic predilections, converging lines that characterize the closing years of the dispensation. He has long been convinced that the present dispensation has nearly run its course, and that the time of the end is near. In such case, we wish with all our heart he would be up and doing instead of hearkening to all manner of eaves-dropping and dreaming about its significance. But he backs up his impression with random readings from modern authors—a nosegay of fifteen or twenty different flowers of speech. Take a sample. The late Sir Robert Peel, who died about thirty years ago, is reported to have said in some speech—"Every aspect of the present times, viewed in the light of the past, warrants the belief that we are on the eve of a universal change." We must part with our senses before we can be imposed upon by such clap-trap. Are we to suppose that the great statesman was referring to the millennium? Why, in the tenth century an opinion prevailed everywhere that the end of the world was approaching; and many charters began with the words—"As the world is now drawing near its close." But that concurrence of expectation was a mere fleeting fashion; as a phenomenon it augured nothing. Illogical such a treatise as Mr. Wale's is sure to be, because it attempts to cull the choice parts of conflicting systems without committing the author to any conclusive verdict. Still it has its merits. As a neatly arranged compendium of facts and opinions, of criticisms and conjectures, it may prove a safe guide to the uninitiated, and give them a fair insight into the questions raised and the evidences relied upon by those who aim to make unfulfilled prophecy as popular as any works of fiction that are issued from our circulating libraries.

"The years go round,—the ages pass,
The people perish as the grass.
The years go round,—with cloud and sun,
With bloom of youth and life begun,
With toil and strife and eager thought,
And hope to brightest purpose wrought,
And work of love, and gloom of doubt,
And war's alarms, the victor's shout,
And bleeding wounds. As years go round
Is there no spot of holy ground
Where men may swear new brotherhood,
And pledge the world to larger good?

A truce of God, a kingdom blest,
In Christ's sure rule is manifest.
His cross the healer of our woes,
His throne more strong than all our foes.
Amid the tumult of our days,
When prayers are few and faint our praise,
I hear the voice of tranquil Faith,
The words that patient Wisdom saith:
'Go forth, nor dread the shocks of fate;
Fulfil the duties of thy state.'"*

The Gospel in Spain—Pontevedra.

BY MR. WIGSTONE, MISSIONARY.

ON beginning a work in a new place in Spain we have thought of what is said of leviathan, "Lay thy hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more"—a beast, a battle, and a ban. What a big *beast* it is, and most unreasonable. It wears armour offensive and defensive. The pieces of his shield are joined one to another, and are strong. His teeth are terrible round about; his breath kindles coals, and many a prophet of the Lord has disappeared before him. The *battle!* He goes at it coolly, his heart is as firm as a stone. Many mighty have been afraid at his rising, many have been cast down at the sight of him. Many have found spear and dart and habergeon to be useless before him. He has esteemed iron as straw. Arrows seemed useless upon him, and what availed sling stones? Just look at him moving himself. He makes the deep to boil like a pot. The *ban!* Yes, if you approach in your own strength, lay your hand upon him if you dare even do so much, but do no more.

Yet there is strength against him. He that made him can make his sword approach unto him. The Lord can help you to put a hook in his nose and prick his blasphemous jaws with a thorn. He can use him as a servant to bring about his own purposes. He can dry up the waters or drag the beast out of them, let him die a natural death, and expose him to the view of the curious.

To begin a war with the Papacy in any place in our own strength would be madness. We know this from experience, for we have four or five times commenced the fight with this popish whale; but in the strength of the Lord we can lay our hand upon him—remember the battle and do no more. The waters in which the monster sports himself are peoples, and the last tug we had with him was amongst the people of—

Pontevedra.

In this place the gospel had not been preached for centuries, perhaps never. When we proposed going to it we were advised, not to say intimidated—"Take care what you're about. Pontevedra is full of churches and priests: the Archbishop has a house there; it is very fanatical; it is an inland town, and you'll find it tough work." This we believed, but we have found "tough" work in every place, and we expect still to find it so. True, we have a house taken for two years, but the landlord little knows the hubbub that is about to take place. Leviathan will stir the waters. What will the Governor say? Doubtless the Archbishop will utter queer things. We don't know but the press may be hostile, and perhaps those who would most like to come may have their spirit swallowed up. Anyhow, let us go to the Governor and give him the notice the law demands. "Your Excellency, we intend to begin the preaching of the gospel for the first time in Pontevedra on Lord's-day, May the 7th, in San Telmo

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* The Truce of God, and other poems, by William Stevens. London: C. Kegan Paul, Paternoster-square. 1879.

Street." The whale begins to move. "Whatever do you mean, coming disturbing the place? I know you of old; I know the noise you made recently in Morgadanes, and forsooth you must come here also and begin your meetings on a feast day (every Lord's-day is a feast day in Spain) of all other days!"

"Your Excellency, if you were a tradesman you would specially endeavour to sell when most people were in the town; and when people are most free to hear we hold our meetings. At Morgadanes we kept the law—others gravely offended, and ought to have been punished."

His Excellency was in a rage.

"I prohibit you from singing, and your preaching must not be heard on the street."

"We always respect the authorities."

"You are obliged to do that."

"We do it with pleasure, for the word of God commands it."

"You must have no singing in your meetings."

"Your Excellency, we will give you official notice through the British Vice-Consul. We will sing and preach, and do everything the law allows."

The British Vice-Consul gave the official notice, but we were obliged to commence the meeting without hearing again from the Governor.

We had the first meeting on the day named, in our little meeting-place, the largest we could get. "Would anybody come?" Yes, about 250 crowded into it, and twice as many remained outside for want of room. We sang, prayed, read, and preached the glorious gospel of the blessed God. We had meetings every night during the week. Lord's-day and on Monday last we had a meeting each night, the crowd still keeping up. The Governor sent two men to keep the door, and the Mayor, a somewhat liberal man, sent two more. There was perfect order, and the attention was with interest. Perhaps you would like to see what the press said of it. Here is one good specimen. It is from the *Levez* of Monday, the 8th of May:—

"LATEST NEWS.

"Last night the Protestant pastors established in this capital preached here for the first time. A numerous public went to the house, too small for such a congregation, where the evangelical chapel has been installed, greedy to be present at a spectacle which, in addition to being gratis, offered to the *fomens peccati* the powerful stimulus of being prohibited by the church under pain of excommunication.

"Assisted by Article 11 of the Constitution now in force, and safe from the brutal assaults (referring, no doubt, to Morgadanes and Redondela) of fanatical crowds of other towns less cultivated, we believe that the propagandists of the religious reformation commenced by the Saxon monk may give themselves with all confidence to the exercise of their functions, certain that if they make no proselytes they shall at least be respected in the exposition of their individual opinions. The results of this preaching may be contrary to the interests of the propagandists. Who can tell, if, awakening the religious feelings of some hearer dormant through the abandonment of all spiritual practice, in order to his salvation, on hearing the words of the Protestant pastor who, according to the definition of Laboulaye, is 'a gentleman dressed in black, who says very good things,' on hearing, we repeat, of the faith of Jesus Christ, of his holy mother, the Virgin, of eternal punishment, of the Holy Ghost, and of a thousand other things which he had forgotten, he may not be converted into a most sincere Roman Catholic? We believe such conversions more possible than perversions to Protestantism. The thing essential to-day is to kill that indifferentism in which we lie; and perhaps the establishment of the evangelical chapel may be the providential means of fulfilling that mission. We believe these pastors have chosen a bad country to augment their flock. At least, from us they will gain little. But these meetings will not keep up, the interest is but curiosity, the people have little real care for the gospel."

You are not far wrong, we do not expect the meetings to keep up as you see above described; nor have we the slightest desire to give a wrong impression. In Corunna thousands came at first; and the same was the case at Vigo; and in other places we have had crowds; but soon the meetings decrease, and it would be a wonder if they did not. There is no religious foundation laid as yet in Spanish towns; there is great persecution in every meeting in Spain. Even in the Pontevedra, this being the third week of the meetings, one man has already lost his work because of attending the meetings. Not a single government employé in Pontevedra dare set his foot in our meetings, and we expect half of them would like to come; but if they did it once they would not do it a second time, as government employés; they would be dismissed at once from the service. One man in Vigo the other day was ejected from his house through the Jesuits. Another believer had priests and a crowd before her window insulting her at a tremendous rate; another, favourable to us, when it was known he had obtained a good situation on the railway, lost it immediately. Our people are made martyrs. It needs backbone to continue an open confession of Christ to-day in Spain, and no wonder congregations are not crowded. But if we had fair play in this country hundreds would continue coming besides those who now dare to come.

Come, now, praise God with us that the gospel has been preached to hundreds in Pontevedra; if you do not, we intend to do it alone. Yes, if only what our eyes have seen, and no more preaching and listening could possibly take place, we would praise God for ever for it. See that crowd, sir, see the open Bible, hear John iii. 16 preached from. The people heard about *God's good will;* its negative side being that no man should perish in hell, and its positive that men should live for ever in heaven; that it was for anybody and for everybody. all through Jesus Christ crucified, the motive power being love, and God the Alpha and Omega of it all. I am sure you must rejoice with us; and let us praise the Lord together.

But this is like beginning a battle with a whale. Keep off a moment, and see how it tosses. That commotion is enough to sink a ship. How Rome roars! Every day there was a meeting to take the house from us. No stone has been left unturned by the priestly party.

"Have they been able to eject you?" No, for God has prepared the way, and has given us a firm footing. The landlord is far from being a Christian, but he says he would rather cut off his hand than throw us out after giving his word. The governor begged him to do it; his political party, the Carlist party, threatened to cast him out if he did not; but he remains firm. We owe this, in the providence of God, to John H. Stone, Esq., an English gentleman in Pontevedra, who has done all in his power for us.

The Archbishop of Santiago, what has he not said? He came to Pontevedra, and has been preaching every evening. What a filthy mouth he has. I dare not repeat his words; they offend modesty. Rome is smooth, if she thinks smoothness useful; violent, if violence can further her ends; filthy, when filthiness stands her in stead; false, when falsehood serves her turn. When we quote historical incidents in England as to this beast, we are told its nature is changed, it no more spouts fire; it does not make the deep boil, it is very peaceable. Cardinal Newman in his speech in London, recently called us his "Protestant brethren"; and who dare say a word against his Eminence? Only last week the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago spoke in another strain. We are glad he said as much as he did. We prayed when he came that God would defeat the Council of Ahithophel, and the archbishop's words were a stone which he threw up, and it fell upon his own pate. He never was so unpopular before. Everybody speaks against him; the press, shackled as it is, has spoken somewhat freely. Let us listen to a single example of what it has said. We quote from *The Annunciador* of May 17th:—

"*The Annunciador* is not at liberty to examine the doctrines the Cardinal Archbishop puts forth to his hearers from the pulpit; but it is free to protest

in the name of public opinion against every unbecoming word which proceeds from his lips; and, although with real sorrow, it will fulfil its duty on this point.

"To say to the faithful from the sacred See that Protestants are *dirty*, *shameless*, and *indecent*, and other such things, is not becoming in a Christian, nor can a cultivated people allow it, which desires the free discussion of thought, without forgetting the respect which persons deserve. His Eminence has no right to insult anyone, neither inside nor outside the house of God, because the civil law prohibits it, good manners condemn it, and his own character as a prince of the Church forbids it.

"Neither ought the Cardinal to say, nor even insinuate, that Protestants wish to divide the Spanish nation to make them servants of another nation; and this language is not to be permitted, for it may be considered as an attack upon the fundamental law of the country, and a stirring up of the people, which we do not wish to describe.

"If these and other phrases proceeded from the lips of a Protestant pastor we are certain that the authorities would not have kept silence, and if they are reprehensible in the one, there can be nothing acceptable in them in the mouth of his Eminence. Pontevedra is a religious people, but it detests violence as much as it loves suavity; and it will be well for all to accustom themselves to address it in becoming and prudent forms of speech."

This paper tells you that the Archbishop calls us dirty, shameless, and indecent; he advised the people to stone us and spit in our faces. Another newspaper says his historical quotations were not very correct; another asked him to give both sides of the subject, and public opinion is greatly against him. Now, at Arteijo when the priest burnt the Bible we might have been told not to judge of the Church of Rome from village priests; when three priests led the mob against us at Morgadanes we might be told not to judge from second-rate men: and when the Redondela priests led the mob they might have said something similar. Such an excuse cannot be made in this instance. *This* is the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago de Campostella. He ordered all Bibles and books to be delivered up to him to be burnt; said many wicked things, *some* of which we have named. What say you, my friend, is not this whale the old unreasonable beast still? Leviathan has not changed, and if you say it does not move quite so violently, we reply, it is getting old and infirm. Do you say, Ay, but the *results* of your labour? We speak as to wise men. The gospel is preached. The Lord hath declared "My word shall not return unto me void." He who sows to day will reap some day; and we commend the matter to God, hoping to see fruit in Pontevedra, and asking you to help us to pray for it. To pray for it, ay, and to pay for it, too. As to means, we need means. If you think the work we are doing is good, help us with your money; but if you give, give as a king, because *it pleases* you; remembering that the King of kings, who can do without either us or you, will reward and delight in the kingly giver.

[Our brethren, Wigstone and Blamire, who are thus in the front of the battle, can always be reached by us. In their valour for Christ we greatly rejoice. Nothing will please us better than to send them the means of supporting themselves and their families, and discharging the expenses of their meeting-places. They are doing for Spain all that any two men can do, and the Lord has blessed them, and will do so. While they are firing the gun let us hand them ammunition. We will give more about this work next month, till we wake up our readers to care for Spain.—C. H. S.]

Holy service on behalf of poor ministers.

THE Christian love of the church meeting in the Tabernacle manifests itself in many ways. Like the tree of life in the celestial city, it bears twelve manner of fruits, and yields its fruit every month. One of its least known but most useful developments is the society for providing garments for the families of poor ministers. This grew out of an association which made up boxes of clothing for foreign missions, and the society has not altogether forsaken its first love, for this year it has sent out two parcels to Delhi for the native girls of the mission in that city. The home need has however been so pressingly felt that raiment has been given with no stinted hand to the households of forty-eight ministers, and five colporteurs; this raiment consisting not only of flannel and linen garments, to which ladies' needles contribute so much, but comprising hats, coats, boots, and apparel of all kinds, to meet the varied wants of the families assisted; to this should be added 666 yards of dress material for the ministers' wives to make up in their own way. These gifts have exceeded in value the sum of £240, and how many pounds' worth of pleasure and comfort they have bestowed our ready-reckoner does not enable us to estimate.

To many brethren it seems a very humiliating fact that any of our ministers should be in need of clothing, and we agree with them that in every instance in which the pastor's poverty is caused by a want of liberality in the people, it is humiliating, not to say disgraceful. Such cases there are, and we grieve over them. We know useful, earnest, and successful preachers, whose people might with ease double their stipends at once, but it never occurs to them to think upon the matter. The salary given is not equal to the wages of an artisan, and the poor pastor is pinched and cramped, and forced to great deprivations, in his endeavour to avoid the dishonour of debt. His table is poorly furnished, his library is bare, his coat is shabby, and his heart is heavy, and yet he is surrounded by an affectionate people, who never think upon the fact that he is half starved, for if they did think of it they would alter it at once. Farmers who grow nearly all that they consume in their own housekeeping are very apt to set a high value upon money, and judge the minister to be well off on £80 or £100 a year, because they unconsciously assume that he has no more to buy than they have, whereas every morsel that he eats has to be purchased out of the scanty quarter's allowance. The evil is caused by want of thought, and not by want of heart: it *is* caused, however, and the sooner the want of thought comes to an end the better for all concerned. How we wish that in every congregation some one good man or godly woman would have a mission, and that mission the poor pastor's decent maintenance. It would roll away a great reproach from many a church if the minister, whose spirit is crushed by poverty, could be cheered by a sufficiency, and so delivered from the gnawing care which eats up a man's energy, and makes his ministry as lean as himself.

At the same time while we would not needlessly make any man a martyr, it is no dishonour to the church that when sacrifices are needed she has self-denying men ready to make them. It is the glory of a poor denomination that its gifted sons are willing to accept her ministry and the hard fare which it involves. Where the scantiness of the population and the poverty of the church necessitate a choice between a poor minister or none, it is an honourable fact that gracious men are to be found who for the joy of serving Christ Jesus their Lord are ready to endure hardness. Were there no such willing sufferers the gospel might lack one of its most convincing proofs, but these men set before the most careless an argument of self-denying enthusiasm which the candid are unable to resist.

It is plainly the duty of Christian people to help those who for the Lord's sake are bearing the burden and heat of the day. They have given the most conclusive evidence of their sincerity, and they ought not to be allowed to

bear a single ounce more of pressure than the necessities of the case lay upon them. If any needy ones in all the world ought to be relieved, these are among the first claimants. Here there can seldom be imposition, for we know the men and their communications. Their want does not arise from vice or extravagance; their incomes are well known, and their expenses can be accurately gauged, and hence there is no danger that any will receive too much. Our brethren in the ministry ought not to be allowed to want any necessary, and assuredly they should not be left short of raiment, for this is likely to bring a public reproach upon them and upon their churches. If an appeal were made to any one of our readers for any minister whom they know, and a little shoeless child of his family were pointed out, we are sure that no *Sword and Trowel* friend would be able to refuse help; yet there are hundreds of godly preachers in such a plight, and it needs no great imagination to realize their daily tribulations. The wife, too, has to take the heaviest share of the load, and it is easy to picture the anxious mother who sees the youngsters' garments dissolving in rags, feels her own weary heels very near the ground, and marks her husband's Sunday coat descending from stage to stage of seediness. What is to be done for the poor lady? Help the good woman at once is the universal answer. But how is it to be done? Sympathy is all very well, but it is only worth as much as the metal which can be melted out of it.

Our excellent Mrs. Evans and a hearty band of working ladies have made this dire necessity the subject of their thoughts, and something practical has come of their meditations, for they have rigged out 236 children, and made 1,848 garments for them and their mothers. The ministers themselves have been enabled to keep up a decent appearance by being supplied with new coats and other apparel, and thus all the members of the family have rejoiced together, often wondering how the clothing should have been made to fit them so well, without their having been measured for it. No one who has spent all his lifetime in easy circumstances can readily conceive the joy which the receipt of a parcel of clothing will bring into a poor minister's household; we cannot convey a better idea of it than by quoting from letters received during the past year of the Society's operations. J. C. writes:—"Last evening on my return home from preaching I found to my joy that the parcel had arrived quite safe, and had you seen how I was met by my dear children, and welcomed home to share their joy, you would not have easily forgotten it. The youngest came running to me saying 'the parcel is come, the parcel is come': all were full of joy and glee, and, though it was growing late, sleep had departed from them. No Christmas festivities could have filled a home with greater merriment and gladness than mine was filled with last night: the dear children clapped their hands again and again, and my dear wife and myself joined most heartily with them. And now, here comes a pause, for I know not how to write the remainder of this letter. I am at a loss: to say 'thank you' is easily done, but to use words to convey my feelings, and those of my dear wife, is quite impossible. We are filled with gratitude, and please accept our warmest and most sincere thanks for your valuable and seasonable present." J. E. S. says:—"Your letter arrived this morning. The list was too much for us, and moistened eyes and a full heart hindered my reading it aloud to my dear wife; but when the parcel came even our babe crowed with delight, at seeing its parents so happy. Truly these things cause great joy; prayer has been answered, Matthew vi. 30 has been fulfilled, and I have a reply to unbelieving fears. The articles sent are just what we needed, and we are all well clothed without getting into debt, blessed be God; and, lastly, the loving and sympathizing way in which our appeal for aid has been met has endeared the friends of the Tabernacle to us, and led us to trust in and thank our promise-keeping Father, who has not and will not forsake us in our times of difficulty. We do most heartily thank you. If the friends to whom God has given much only knew the burden they lift from our shoulders through your noble society, and the pleasure they give us in this way, you would soon be deluged with

materials from loving hearts who would feel that it was more blessed to give than to receive."

Those who would like to have a finger in this pie can do so in several ways. "Money answereth all things," and it can be forwarded in various forms to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, but articles of clothing are equally valuable, and so are materials. Some of our shop-keeping friends help much by contributions of goods; and others might do the same if they would send on remnants and articles which are out of fashion: poor ministers wives care little enough how people are being dressed in Paris, so long as they can appear decently among the good people of Little Silkington. One Welsh friend among other valued gifts sent a number of waterproof coats, and perhaps no gifts have been so welcomed as these by the ministers. A man who has many miles to tramp over country roads is glad to be spared the misery of getting wet through, and preaching in his damp clothes. It is certainly bad for the parson to be dry in the pulpit, but he thinks it no improvement to be wet before he gets to it. Remnants do not long remain unused if they once drift into the hands of Mrs. Evans and her armed band—armed we mean with scissors and needles, and fast-going sewing machines. Even half-worn suits are not despised, but they are not so good as new, and when they get beyond the half-way house, and are nearly worn out, they are more suitable for other needy ones than for ministers. No fault will be found whatever the gifts may be: the best will be made of them,—all donors may be sure of that.

Perhaps these few words will find out and stir up some other workers like Mrs. Evans in other churches, who will do the like service to preachers of small incomes. If so, this mode of doing good will soon be carried on to the full of the demand; and it will be well for the good ladies to be in communication with each other, so that none of our worthy brethren may be left out in the cold, and none may have double turns till help has gone all round. Mrs. Evans will, we know, be very glad to be communicated with. These remarks of ours will bring her quite a company of applicants for her parcels; we only hope that there will be a balance kept up by an equal force of donors coming to the rescue.

C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

The Sunday Scholars' Companion. Being a selection of hymns for use in school and public worship. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

This hymn book has been used in the Silver Street Sunday School for more than seventy years, and it now appears in an enlarged and improved form. It is a good and cheap book, and strikes us as better adapted for children than many other hymn books which have come before us. We cannot say that we think it perfect, but it is worthy of high commendation, and great pains have been taken with it. The profits go to the school, and therefore we hope they will be large. The children's poet has yet to be born, and till he comes we suppose we shall have to "gather at the river," and hear the youngsters threatening to "*plough the fertile meadows.*" Our farmer friend, whenever he hears the school singing in that fashion, always mutters "he'll shoot them if they begin ploughing his meadows." We do not think the boys and girls will fulfil their terrible threat, but it seems a pity to make a whole school sing such nonsense.

Ellerslie House: A Book for Boys. By Emma Leslie. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

This authoress knows well how to write so as both to interest and instruct the young. There is a strong, vigorous tone about the whole story: a keen perception and discrimination of character, and withal a lively style which sustains the interest until the last page. Its lessons are all in the line of honesty, truthfulness, and godliness, and could not fail to be useful. It has our heartiest word of recommendation.

The Sure Foundation; or Thoughts on the Believer's Safety. By the Rev. Ernest Boys, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co.

The author of these sweet, sententious, expository addresses has set himself to "lift up the hands that hang down and confirm the feeble knees." The Little-Faiths and Much-Afraids are not yet an extinct race, and so long as they exist we rejoice in such a true Barnabas, or son of consolation, as Mr. Boys. His thoughts are clear, tender, and inspiring, and expressed in chaste but powerful language; while his arguments are saturated with Scripture and fragrant with the presence of Christ.

Sermons Preached at Margate. By the late Rev. H. W. Butcher. With brief Memoir. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A small but characteristic memorial of a good minister of Christ. The sermons are short, but suggestive; clear and transparent, without being elementary; and throughout there is a savour and unction which tells of practical godliness, and fellowship with Jesus.

The King of Men. The blank in his history, its filling up, and its lessons. By Robert Kerr. Houlston.

Here most wise and profitable use is made of the period of our Lord's obscurity at Nazareth. The points are admirably handled as to our Lord's being in obscurity, and poverty, practising industry, and finding in his retirement mental improvement and spiritual culture. As much as possible is made of our slender knowledge of the young carpenter at his work; and working men especially will do well to study "the King of Men" as a humble working man.

The Family Text Book. By Rev. Archibald Macdougall. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

There is more originality and utility in this volume than the title may seem to indicate. Though one of a numerous class of text-books, it is unique both in its character and design. A Bible subject is selected for each day of the year, and a series of Scripture quotations, in which it is taught or illustrated, is given. These Scriptures are about eight or twelve in number, and are judiciously chosen. The book is well adapted for family reading, for Sunday-school instruction, and for private use. It serves also, on account of its copious index, for a book of reference, in which the principal texts referring to any subject of Scripture teaching may be seen at one view.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Vol. X. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

If anyone departs from the generally received standard of Biblical interpretation, and from the prevailing sentiments of the denomination to which he belongs, he must expect to meet with adverse criticism from those who still adhere to the faith once, and as they consider, for ever, delivered to the saints. He begins the encounter, and challenges to the conflict, and he has no reason to suppose that less courage and zeal will be displayed in the defence of old opinions, than in the introduction of new ones. Complaint is here made, that in a former number of this magazine the editor affirms that he "constantly meets in the 'Expositor' with a secret unbelief which he dreads more than open infidelity," and it is alleged "that more recent illustrations may be found of the same narrow spirit." "Simply," it is added, "because most of the gentlemen who write in the 'Expositor' dissent from the narrow and unscriptural dogma of inspiration which he maintains," and simply we may add because they dissent from the theory of an atonement and a justifying righteousness which he maintains. If "simply because" applies to such differences, it will be difficult to discover to what differences in theological belief it will not apply. Neither does it become those who remove the ancient landmarks to charge those who wish to retain them with "a narrow spirit," since it would equally apply to all who have any definite views of Scripture truths, or make any distinction between error and truth. Much critical and correct Biblical instruction, we admit, may be gained from "The Expositor," but little help, we fear, to evangelical doctrine, and to the promotion of the great end for which all inspiration was given.

The Twelve Tribes Identified, and England's Success fully accounted for. Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

Our author contends earnestly against the Anglo-Israel mania; but does it really require serious answer? We suppose it does, but the necessity painfully proves the folly of the age. We cannot say that we are much in love with the writer's own philosophy. He destroys with vigour, but as a builder we cannot quite see his design.

Lays for the Cottage; or, Rhymes from the Loom. By Jeptha Young. Stroud: J. Elliot, High-street.

Rustic rhymes. We have seen many worse than these; they are charged with good and kind intent, and have an occasional flash of genius in them.

Trees of the Lord: or, Emblems of Christian Life: with Illustrations. By Charles Shergold. London: Elliot Stock.

If these addresses or sermons on trees are a specimen of Mr. Shergold's ordinary utterances, happy is that people to whom he ministers. It is one of the most fresh, stimulating, suggestive series of papers we have ever read: with a true poet's insight into, and power to reveal the teachings of nature, the writer discourses most sweetly and spiritually of God's lessons in the trees of the field. Here is a specimen of the style.

"To her lovers, nature is always beautiful: beautiful in all her moods, aspects, and seasons: beautiful, when, like a queenly corpse laid out in state, she lies down for the long wintery sleep: beautiful, when at the voice of spring, gliding like an angel of light all over the land, sounding the trumpet of resurrection, which none but she can hear, she rises again, clothed in garments profusely embroidered in flowers: beautiful when summer follows, giving to the delighted eye every shade of verdancy, with rapid change from brightest to deepest shades of green, relieved by blossoms of every hue, sweet harbingers of fruit, till in the earth a garden doth 'arise in loveliness, surpassing fabled Eden,' girded with its broad belt of blue, like a sapphire setting to an emerald gem: and beautiful when autumn comes,

'With less of perfume, but mellower glory,'

like the stately march of an orient army, with the splendour of blazing banners, and the wealth and pageantry of olden story . . . . . Beautiful, too, in all her forms, from the sparkling dew-drop of the morning to the golden splendours of noon-day sun. Beauty is seen in the loveliness of woodland scenery, where the trailing tresses of the slender fir, the dark green plumes of stately pines, and the rich colour of the copper beech, mingle with trees of lighter leaf and larger girth, and gleam in the commingling glory of heath and gorse on forest plain, clad with delicate green and drooping tasselled gold: it carpets the fields with verdancy of surpassing richness, and flings its mantle over wide-spread meads, silvered with dasies, or gilded with buttercups: it clothes the valleys with rich fertility, empurples the hillsides with graceful clustered vines or groups of peach and plum, and crowns the mountain's brow with the translucent coronal of everlasting snow: it dances in the crystalline wavelets of restless rivers as they sweep gracefully down the vale, softly kissing with their rippling waters the blushing flowers that fringe their borders, or clasp a wooded islet in their shining arms, and smiles through the mirror of placid lakes, whence shines the pictured moon

'Pearled round with stars:'

it glistens in the naked purity of ocean pearls and sparkles in the bright lustre of mountain gems: it rolls in mighty billows of ambient clouds and glows in the azure sky,

'Radiant with million constellations tinged,
With shades of infinite colour
Studded with stars unutterably bright,'

hung like diamond lamps in the mighty vault of heaven,

'Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls
Until the sun's broad orb with glowing
Radiance bedims all other light.' "

Surely the man who can put such poetry into prose is a worthy inheritor of the mantle of a James Hamilton.

Sermons, and Notes for Sermons. Preached at different times by the late Rev. W. A. Salter, of Leamington. Elliot Stock.

There is nothing extraordinary about these sermons — they are readable, scriptural, and instructive. The notes do not lack suggestive thought. The book is well worth its price, and to those who were acquainted with the author it will have special interest.

The Christian Preacher: Yale Lectures for 1879-80. By Howard Crosby. London: R. D. Dickinson.

These lectures to preachers are mainly taken up with the personal aspects of the minister's work and life. The most of the matter is only emphasizing of what we have already heard again and again; while the remainder is advice directed principally—we should think—to American preachers. The warning not to combine Stock Exchange speculation with the preaching of the gospel strikes us as rather ludicrous, at least, to Baptist ministers in England, where many are not able to do more than feed and clothe themselves and families. The best lecture, we think, is the fourth: that on the "Minister's disposition, manner, and habits."

Student's Commentary on the Bible. Vol. III. Edited and Abridged by J. M. Fuller, M.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A condensation of the famous "Speaker's Commentary," for which men who have short purses will be grateful. It will not be so popularly useful as Matthew Henry and other devotional expositions; but for learned criticisms and elucidations it will prove invaluable to real students. We are glad that Mr. Murray has seen fit to issue such an epitome of the greater work: he will doubtless increase rather than diminish the sale of the complete Commentary.

Has Man a future? or, Materialism and Christianity contrasted. By T. Tyler. London: W. Poole.

A very ingenious and, we believe, fair contrasting of the Materialistic and Christian systems. Without attempting to be philosophical the writer is nevertheless a very keen detector of the shams and sophistries of materialism, and succeeds in showing that its objections to Christianity are either founded upon misunderstanding or fallacy. It is not too learned, nor too long, to be read by the mass of readers, and we wish it a speedy and large circulation.

China's Millions. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor. Morgan and Scott.

The ardent advocate of missions to the Chinese: a vigorous periodical. The organ of the China Inland Mission.

The Christian Treasury: Vol. for 1879. Groombridge and Sons.

Full of spiritual food.

House and Home: vol II. 335, Strand.

Pleads for sanitary reforms and urges methods for promoting thrift and domestic comfort.

The Illustrated Missionary News. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The best missionary magazine extant.

We heartily commend to our readers all the serials issued by *Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin:* for they are all of a high class. Their re-issue of Roberts' Holy Land presents a grand opportunity for obtaining a splendid work in portions within the reach of all purchasers. The volume of Daily Devotions is very useful.

Robert Raikes: a History of the Origin of Sunday Schools. By Alfred Gregory. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Robert Raikes: and his Scholars. By Mrs. H. B. Paull. London: Sunday School Union.

The occurrence of the Centenary year of the foundation of Sunday Schools has called forth a mass of literature upon the subject of which these books are specimens. Each is in its own way, though very different from the other, excellent. For fulness of detail, and general excellence of treatment Mr. Gregory's life of Raikes is at present unrivalled. It deserves to reach a twentieth edition, and is a remarkable memento of a remarkable man. Mrs. Paull's smaller and differently designed little volume is calculated to excite interest in young readers concerning the early days of Sunday Schools.

Bible Readings from the Acts of the Apostles. For Mothers' Meetings, etc. By Mrs. Frederick Locker. The Religious Tract Society.

Ladies do well to cultivate the elegant accomplishment of an easy, graceful rhetoric. The knack of reading distinctly, regulating the voice properly, and rendering the sense transparently, may be acquired with a little pains, and exercised much to the pleasure and profit of social circles. This book is written on purpose to be read aloud. The matter is good, the subjects are well selected, the type is remarkably clear, and the punctuation has been carefully attended to. But our author would have pleased us better had she adopted a style of composition rather less like a course of sermons. The appeals and exhortations that are pushed into such prominence would no doubt be very suitable if she were addressing the meeting herself; but they need modifying when they are intended for common stock in a society where the one who reads and the others who listen sit on the same level. "Ah! my dear friend," or "Oh! my dear friends," are terms of address significant of emotion in the one case, but savouring in the other case of affectation. Need we apologize to Mrs Locker for thus hinting at a little blemish in her classical elocution, when there are so many beauties to challenge our admiration?

Epiphanies of the Risen Lord. By George Dana Boardman. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 549, Broadway.

These are eloquent discourses on the various occasions when Jesus showed himself to his disciples after his resurrection from the dead. They abound in word-painting. The chapter entitled "*indirect testimonies*," if in some degree supplementary, has a special interest; and the commentary on the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, with which Dr. Boardman closes the volume, deserves careful study, although to our taste his curious episode on being "*baptized for the dead*" rather mars the beauty of the chapter. Albert Barnes found a much simpler explanation of that passage. London publishers might find this book popular in the old country.

Who are the children of God? By Horace Noel. W. Mackintosh, 20, Paternoster-row.

The night is far spent: the day is at hand. By Rev. George Lovely. W. Hunt and Co.

Elementary books: milk for babes: pure milk! Good people who never venture to read great volumes may glean much information from such large tracts as these. You can buy them for about a shilling each, you can read them through at a sitting, and you can circulate them in a class of society where evangelical truth does not often find ready admission.

Gospel Truths. By Benjamin Wills Newton. Houlston and Son, 7, Paternoster-buildings.

Four sermons or lectures on leading doctrines, carefully thought out and clearly uttered. They were each published separately a long time ago, but they are now issued together in a revised edition. There are 100 pages in limp cover, price 1s.

The Sinner and his Saviour. By Thomas S. Shenton, Canada. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

Among the elegant articles offered for sale at "Fancy Bazaars," we remember to have occasionally seen a patchwork-quilt. "Very handsome and very useful," we have said, "but what a deal of labour must have been expended upon it." Here is something of the same kind in the form of a book. Salvation by faith in Christ is the subject. It is spread over a wide surface, for there are more than forty chapters in this one volume; but they are not all written by one author. Selections in prose and verse from various writers, extracts from sermons and anecdotes from biographies, are sewn together, and by skill, taste, and industry are fashioned into a patchwork of evangelical illustration. Great pains have been taken to make it attractive; we hope it will attract many souls to the Saviour.

The Apostles of our Lord. By Rev. A. M. Symington. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d.

An instructive volume. By no means exhaustive, but full enough for popular use. When you wish for a summary of the Biblical facts referring to any one of the apostles, you have it here. Mr. Symington writes well, and gives a great deal of teaching in a small space.

The Old Testament, a living Book for all ages. By Austin Phelps, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

These are very clever sermons, full of surprising utterances and forcible statements, and yet somehow or other we do not care much about them. They are evangelical and earnest, and yet they strike us as having in them more flash than flame, more sound than savour. We say this, however, with great diffidence, for the author is a doctor of divinity, and a man of wide reputation, and these discourses are certainly of a very high order, though they are not much to our taste.

History of the Jews. By H. H. Milman, D.D. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. seem determined to rival Bohn's Library of former years. Milman's is an elaborate work, but it seems to us to cut down the glorious Old Testament narrative to the dimensions of an eastern romance. There is not much real breadth in these broad church writers; they can hardly tolerate a miracle.

The World for Christ: or, the evangelistic baptism indispensable to the church for the conversion of the world. By Rev. James Gall. Morgan and Scott.

We must have seen this book before under another title. It has a strong heroic tone about it, but it is so indiscreet in its utterances that we are not favourably impressed by it. The more we look into it the more we demur to certain of its statements, and yet for all this, we earnestly wish that our people could and would go the full length of Mr. Gall's teaching. Assuredly more personal service is needed, and should be rendered to our divine Lord.

Memoir of the Rev. John Graham. By his brother, Charles Graham. John F. Shaw and Co.

The memorial of an able ministry carried on in Ireland, London, Australia, and Brighton. Nothing very striking occurred in this useful life, or at least nothing of the sort is here recorded, but it maintained a high level of consecrated zeal. Incidents are few, and there are no very brilliant sayings to relieve the monotony; but the mere chronicle is rich as an example of holy ardour and perpetual industry. A brother's love has done its best with the story, but a little touch of real fitness for the task of a biographer would have been invaluable. A much better book ought to have grown out of so notable a subject.

Assent and Dissent: or, the Prayer-Book in the light of history and Protestant truth. By Samuel Pearson, M.A. Elliot Stock.

In a good but firm spirit our author sets forth the errors and shortcomings of the Book of Common Prayer. Our own views thereon are well known. Romanism within the Establishment has been shielded and fostered by that book, and until it is revised we shall not see a thoroughly Protestant Episcopal Church in this land. Revised it never can be till the Episcopalian denomination ceases to be patronized and enslaved by the State. Good men within her pale dread this event, and yet it would be an infinite blessing to her and to them.

My Message in Switzerland: being some thoughts on "What the Spirit saith unto the Churches." By Rev. A. H. Herbert Palmer, B.A. William Hunt and Co.

It can scarcely be an important circumstance that these sermons were preached while their author was a chaplain in Switzerland, and it seems to us an utter absurdity to publish them under such a title. The discourses are upon our Lord's messages to the seven churches in Asia, and they reflect credit upon the preacher. We do not observe anything very striking, but the sermons are gracious and earnest, and make pleasant reading.

Protestant Foreign Missions: a universal survey. By Dr. THEODORE CHRISTIEB. Nisbet.

AN important book. A compact mass of information upon mission work everywhere. One of the best handbooks for those who take an interest in the conversion of the heathen.

The History of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord considered in the Light of Modern Criticism. By Dr. F. L. STEINMEYER, Professor of Theology in Berlin. T. and T. Clark.

WE welcome every orthodox contribution to this weightiest of subjects. This learned history will, we hope, be of essential service to those who have been staggered by the dreamings of Strauss. Never having partaken of the poison, we are not qualified to value the antidote aright. We never thought it worth a believer's while to trouble himself about what Strauss might say; but for the sake of unbelievers it is a happy circumstance that when learned men assail the word of God there are others equally learned raised up to fight with them. Much that is deeply profitable is given forth by Dr. Steinmeyer, and our more learned and critical brethren will rejoice in him. Much that is mischievous is exposed and disproved, and those who are battling with errors imported from Germany will also be glad of his important aid.

New Grammar of French Grammars. By Dr. V. DE FIVAS, M.A., F.E.I.S. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

RATHER out of our line; but, so far as we can judge, a first-rate French Grammar. It is very strongly bound, and costs 3s. 6d.

Wayside Notes; being Unfoldings of the Truth of God amidst the Burden and Battle of Life. By GEORGE COWELL. W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street.

A GREAT treat for brethren of the thoroughly Calvinistic school. Modern men will turn up their noses, but those who delight in the deep things of God will find here treasures which enrich the heart. We have heartily enjoyed reading these simple, savoury discourses. This is a bulky volume, and very full to be entitled "Notes": the title strikes us as being specially inappropriate, for the discourses are given at full length. In all else the book is first-rate for the use of believers who love sound doctrine and holy experience.

Notes.

DURING the early part of July the Editor has been resting at the hospitable mansion of James Duncan, Esq., of Benmore. Two services upon the Lawn were attended by great masses of people from the country all around, and from the example of former years it is hoped that many were led to Jesus by hearing the word of God in the sweet eventide of the Sabbath beneath the open arch of heaven.

We have been persuaded by many friends to remove to a dwelling upon higher ground, and therefore we have resolved to rise to "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Towards the end of this month all letters should bear the new address. On the top of the Delectable Hill we trust that the fresh breezes may tend to give health and prolong life. "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence."

On *Friday evening, July* 2, the teachers and friends associated in celebrating the Robert Raikes' Centenary concluded the week's proceedings by meeting at the Lord's table in the Tabernacle. Brethren from many lands were there, of various languages, and of differing Christian denominations, but the prayers and praises of the evening proved that one Spirit was in all and over all. United in one body and living with one object, it was most fitting that these believers in Jesus should meet at the great family feast, and openly declare their common love to the one glorious sacrifice. Christ has not two bodies, but one body, neither are there two lives within the body, but one only. Where there is life in a body there must of necessity be fellowship: the hand cannot refuse to commune with the foot, nor the foot with the eye; it is not a matter of choice but a necessity of vitality. All the members of the mystical body of Christ which are in a healthy condition are in constant communion the one with

the other, because they are in fellowship with the one living Head, and his life fills the whole system. This blessed fact of the abiding fellowship of all spiritual men is very dear to us in these times of strife and division. The prayer of Jesus was heard, and all those whom the Father gave him are one even as he is one with the Father.

College. — During the past month several of our brethren have sailed for the United States or Australia. Our coloured brother, Mr. T. L. Johnson, whose health has become re-established during his stay in England, has returned to Chicago; and Mr. J. Wilkins, late pastor of the church at Maidenhead, has gone to Boston, U. S. A. Messrs. McKinney and W. Ostler after taking rest here are now returning to the States. Mr. F. G. Buckingham, of Woodborough-road church, Nottingham; Mr. G. W. Pope, recently assistant minister with Mr. Silverton, at Exeter-hall, Nottingham; and Mr. D. M. Logan, an earnest brother, who for a time attended certain of the College classes, have all left this country with the hope of finding suitable spheres at the Antipodes. It gives us much pleasure to commend them to the friends with whom their lot may be cast: they are all good men and true. Mr. Logan will probably pursue his business and preach the gospel too: the more of such labourers the better.

Mr. J. N. Rootham is removing from Stourbridge to Barnstaple. Mr. E. H. Edwards, one of our Medical Missionary Students, has recently passed the final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine at Edinburgh University.

The following students have just accepted pastorates:—Mr. S. Lyne, Chenies, Bucks; Mr. W. Sexton, Boston; and Mr. H. C. Lake, East Street, Southampton.

Our students are away for the holidays. We have some twenty fresh men coming in August. This first work of ours in training men for the ministry still retains the first place in our heart. Nothing can be more important than to fill the pulpits with earnest men who love the gospel of Jesus. Our friends will not, we hope, permit the College to languish. Natural humanity leads many to help an Orphanage who would never aid a College, and it is therefore mainly to intelligent Christians that we must look for aid in this enterprise,—we say "intelligent" because there are many pious people who still seem to think that ignorance is a better qualification for the ministry than knowledge. We believe that only the Spirit of God can make a minister or cause saving results to follow upon ministry, but we conceive that a good education is a valuable talent which grace can enable a man to use both for the glory of God and the profit of the church. Those who hold sound doctrine ought to know how to defend it in these evil days. We have from time to time raised the standard of our students' education in accordance with the growing knowledge of the age, but we remain entirely dependent upon the Holy Spirit even as aforetime. If learning necessarily took men off from dependence upon God we should loathe it, but so far as we can see, ignorance and self-confidence have considerable affinity, while grace makes men humble, however much they know.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been resting for the past month, both of them having been nearly exhausted by their long and successful campaign at Birmingham. Nothing can be more encouraging than the success of these beloved brethren. Ministers of all the Christian denominations in Birmingham rejoice in their labours, and are now ingathering their converts. Some twelve hundred gave in their names as having obtained a blessing. These names, with the addresses, were forwarded to the different pastors that they might look after them. Thus our evangelists work with the churches and for the churches. Aid will soon be needed for this branch of service, which the Lord has made to yield abundant fruit.

Mr. Burnham, in conjunction with our venerable friend Jonathan Grubb, of Sudbury, and Pastor J. Kemp, of Bures, has recently laid siege to three Suffolk villages — Melford, Lavenham, and Glemsford. Every evening for a fortnight congregations numbering from three to eight hundred gathered in the open-air or halls, and listened with eager interest to the word of life. One of the chief workers at the services was a man who was converted during the evangelist's previous visit. Many other instances of blessing were brought under Mr. Burnham's notice. Our brother reports that these villages are ripe for evangelistic effort, and the enthusiasm evoked is really marvellous. The only opposition came from a church clergyman, a hyper-Calvinist minister, and the performers at a circus! Successful services have since been held by Mr. Burnham at Driffield, Nafferton, Scarborough, (where he found many gracious evidences of the work of

Messrs. Smith and Fullerton), Cranswick, Hull, Southwell, Cheltenham, Charlton Kings, and Sheepshed. Most of these engagements were either anniversary services or evenings of sacred song, as circumstances were scarcely favourable for a long series of meetings. The usefulness of Mr. Burnham is attested in all places. We were pleased to see the newspaper of the Society of Friends highly commending his work.

Mr. Parker has been spending his holidays in the north of Ireland, holding evangelistic services. We trust our friends in that region will lend him their aid. May God bless all such workers!

ORPHANAGE.—When we made up the "Notes" for last month's magazine we were able to report the receipt of contributions and promises amounting to about half the £11,100 needed for the first block of buildings. Most of our readers are already aware from other sources that before June closed we had not merely half but more than three-quarters of the sum required; and all will rejoice with us that at the present time we have considerably over £10,000 in hand or promised for this object.

Monday, June 21. This memorable day was observed at the Tabernacle as a day of supplication and thanksgiving. It was the time set apart, in connection with the College Conference, for special simultaneous prayer all over the country, and at morning, noon, and night many found it good to be with our brethren at the throne of grace. It was agreed that the day of prayer should be a day of thankoffering, and throughout the livelong day we sat at the receipt of free-will offerings from our beloved people. It was a day to make a man die of joy and gratitude. The friends poured in continually, each one bringing a gift to the Orphanage. The amounts as a rule were small, but when they were counted up we found that over £900 had been added to the funds. This was done most lovingly, for in every case kind words went with the gift. We felt exhausted with excess of blessing. The poorest gave as gladly as the richest: all felt it to be a joy to bring the Lord a portion, and where self-denial was needed to accomplish it the joy was all the greater.

On reaching home that evening the first letter we opened contained a promise of £600, and we went to our chamber half dead with the excitement of the day, and burdened with a sense of unworthiness of mercy so great and love so generous.

Tuesday, June 22, was the day fixed for the Annual Fête at the Orphanage, and the laying of the first stones of four of the girls' houses. During the greater part of the morning heavy showers threatened to overthrow our plans, but by-and-by the sun shone out again, and the only effect of the rain was to keep away a few friends, for whom we otherwise could scarcely have found accommodation. The afternoon proceedings commenced with a procession of the orphan boys and girls, headed by the band of the Children's Home, Victoria Park. At three o'clock a dense crowd gathered around the memorial stones. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. Canon Hussey, Rector of Christ Church, Brixton, the President explained that the first stone to be laid was that of "The Sermon House," which was to be the joint gift of himself, the author of the sermons, and Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, the publishers. The stone was then duly laid by Mrs. Spurgeon, who used the same silver trowel which she employed at the foundation of "The College House" of the Boys' Orphanage on June 19, 1868. It was a great joy to see the beloved sufferer thus able once more to appear in public. All the Tabernacle friends were the happier for her brief presence. Mr. Spurgeon himself laid the next stone, that of "The Limes," erected by Mr. W. R. Rickett in memory of five beloved children; and in doing so, called special attention to this practical and useful way of making a memorial, and of manifesting a holy submission to the Lord's will. Mr. Samuel Barrow had promised £600 towards the erection of a house, but not satisfied with this noble contribution he asked for a number of collecting books, and went to work in such admirable style that, as will be seen by the cash lists, he has made up the amount from himself and his friends to between £1,600 and £1,700. After Mr. Barrow had addressed the assembly, the Vice-president introduced Mrs. Barrow, who then laid the stone of "The Olives." Our honoured Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Higgs, had been selected to lay the first stone of "The Trustees' House," and in doing so he explained that the Trustees had promised to defray the entire cost of the house, schoolroom, paving, draining, etc., their contribution in the aggregate amounting to £2,220. Mr. Wm. Olney then delivered one of his stirring speeches, and the afternoon engagements concluded with the doxology and benediction.

It was a second day of joyful excitement to the Pastor and President, who found himself utterly spent. The love of

the people displayed itself in eager rushes to give their contributions to him. Assuredly no crowd was ever more eager to receive an alms than these friends were to give of their substance to the Institution for poor orphan girls.

In the evening the rain again descended, but a large open-air meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Barrow; and two other meetings were held in the covered play-hall and the dining-hall, Messrs. James Stiff and Wm. Olney being the respective chairmen. It is hardly possible to tell even the names of all the speakers, as we had to run from one gathering to another, and give a short address at each, but as far as we can remember, the following ministers took part in the meetings:—The President, C. H. Spurgeon; the Vice-president, J. A. Spurgeon; the President's father and son, J. and C. Spurgeon; and the Revs. Charles Bullock, B.D., H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., Newman Hall, LL.B., G. B. Ryley, A. G. Brown, and W. Cuff. The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by a capital concert by the members of the Southwark Choral Society, under the able leadership of Mr. Courtenay.

An analysis of our building fund lists shows that the following is our present financial position: — Received for "The Sermon House," C. H. Spurgeon, £500; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £500: received for "The Olives." Mr. Samuel Barrow and friends, £1,623 8s.7d.: received for "The Trustees' House," £1,570, promised by trustees £650: received towards general building expenses, £3,627 3s. 7d. Promised, W. R. Rickett Esq., £1,000; A Friend, £600; and various smaller amounts, £131 5s. 0d., making a total of £10,201 17s. 2d., in addition to bricks, slates, timber, etc., from various donors. We have, therefore, felt perfectly justified in giving the order for the erection of the end houses, which we had postponed, and as soon as possible we shall arrange for the laying of the two memorial stones, when we hope the remaining £1,000 to complete the contract will be in hand or promised. Surely after doing so much our readers will not let us ask again for the last thousand. A splendid instance of the power of willinghood only needs the finishing stroke. Glory be to God for ever and ever. Our heart rejoices in the Lord.

Colportage.—Mr. Jones writes: "The only note of progress this month is in connection with the appointment of a colporteur for the new district of Arundel, Sussex, where he will work under the superintendence of Rev. R. Halley, the Congregational minister. We trust that much blessing will accompany the effort in this very promising field of labour. I should like, also, to say that I fear some of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are misled by the large sums which often appear under the heading of District Subscriptions, and imagine that our Association is very well off for funds: but it should be remembered that the larger the sum total of subscriptions for districts, the more we have to add from our General Fund, which at the present time is much behind the average receipts."

Personal Notes.—The following testimony comes from *Pennsylvania*:—

"Dear Brother,—Your sermons have always proved a blessing to me. I am a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, trying to work for the Master. In dark seasons your words have brought light. Encouragement follows in the wake of discouragement, and illumes my soul with heavenly beams. Others in our town and community, who read your sermons, find them to be a source of joy and comfort to their souls. Your words are heavily freighted with good news from the heavenly country, bringing with them refreshing seasons from the Lord. My dear Christian mother reads them with delight, treasures them in her heart, and feasts upon them, especially the sermon, 'A woman of a sorrowful spirit' (No. 1515)."

Similar tidings reach us from *Kansas*:—

"My dear sir and brother,—though never seen, yet greatly loved, in the blessed Lord. Pray pardon me, a poor American missionary, the few years of whose life-service have been given to the home missionary work, sometimes in the city and sometimes in the country, for craving a little of your time to say how much real food for his soul he has received from your discourses. They have, whenever I could get them, afforded me delight and edifying next to the blessed Word itself, notwithstanding I am a Methodist; and I have felt sure that the few of your sermons, lectures, and various articles which have fallen into my hands, were so many extra blessings from the kind Father. They are greatly prized, and well taken care of; some time since a friend who once sat under your ministry gave me some copies of *The Sword and the Trowel*, which I greatly prize."

Pastor W. Norris, of Calcutta, sends us the following letter from one of his friends:—"My dear Mr. Norris,—To understand the little episode of which I spoke, you will need to be informed of our situation and circumstances at the time. It was about June, 1857, a little after the first terrible outbreak at Meerut. At Barrackpore, sixteen miles from Calcutta, were five native regiments. We had a full regiment of Sepoys in the city, called the Calcutta militia; and Sepoys partly garrisoning the fort and on guard at the mint. Our European force was half a regiment in the fort, and a half at Dum Dum, to whom the government would not deal out ball cartridges. The authorities were dallying with the danger, pooh-poohing every warning, and assuming an attitude of supine indifference. They refused to arm us, or allow us to organise ourselves for the defence of our wives and children, and declined our offers of volunteering. They even mocked our anxiety by inviting us to swear ourselves in as special constables, and ordered us a supply of wooden staves to meet disciplined troops armed with muskets and bayonets!

"In these circumstances the Sepoys at Barrackpore laid plot after plot for the sack of Calcutta. The time fixed upon was when the native guards at the fort and over the mint used to be relieved, for at such times the relieving Sepoys and the relieved Sepoys formed together twice the usual number. A rocket discharged into the air was the preconcerted signal to apprise their confederates in Calcutta of their approach, and in two or three hours the city would have swarmed with bloodthirsty mutineers, whose numbers would have been swollen by prisoners let loose from the gaols, the fanatic Mahommedan population about town, and all the rabble and canaille who were waiting to repeat the atrocities of Meerut and other places.

"Sunday after Sunday was appointed for the execution of the plot, and Sunday after Sunday were their hopes disappointed—and how? Not by the wisdom of men, for we were in profound ignorance of this at the time; but by the watchfulness of those 'eyes' which 'run to and fro throughout the whole earth,' to show the Lord strong in the behalf of those whose hearts are perfect towards him. The means employed were the periodically recurring thunderstorms, which used to take place exactly at the time when the designs of the mutineers were to have been developed. It was on one of these occasions, on a Sunday evening, when the rain was pouring in torrents, and the dense darkness of the night was only relieved by vivid flashes of lightning, and we were prevented from going to chapel, where indeed there was no meeting held on account of the weather, that we agreed to meet around the domestic altar, and to enjoy one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Little did we know how close was the terrible danger which the storm was averting. Many of my dear wife's family lived with me, and one of us read a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on Providence. It was a wonderful sermon, and it did us yeoman service. It brought God close to us, and made us feel that the divine arm was closing in around us. Twenty-three years have elapsed since then, and yet some of the words of that discourse have not been forgotten, so deep was their impression, and so spirit-stirring their tones of lofty cheer. Even now, at this distance of time, they are as fresh in my recollection as if I had heard them but yesterday. We heard, as it were, the rush of the mighty wings of Providence, like those of a guardian angel, sweeping past us. Mr. Spurgeon closes a magnificent passage with the following apostrophe, which thrills me even now as I recall it: 'Providence, thou ever rollest on; thy revolving wheels never cease their everlasting circles!' The unconscious truth which lay in these words, and their singular adaptation to our surroundings at the time, were profoundly, yet somewhat after a mystic fashion, *felt* by us then; it was only afterwards that they were clearly discerned and fully appreciated, and we saw eventually how the wheels of Providence had indeed revolved for our safety, and borne us beyond the reach of imminent peril."

An Indian agent of the London Missionary Society writes:—"In common with many all over the world I have long been a reader of your sermons. Your fifteen-hundredth came to hand a short time ago, and I read it to a delighted European and native audience here a Sunday or two since. A few days subsequent to that I had a visit from a young Brahmin graduate, a B.A. of the Madras University, to whom I had previously given some of your sermons to read. I gave him 'Number 1,500,' and to-day he has sent it back with a note which is somewhat of a curiosity, and, as such, I have resolved to send it to you. I think you will be pleased as well as a little amused with this Brahmin's critique; so excuse my taking this liberty. I wish I had two or three hundred of your fifteen-hundredth for educated Hindus."

The following is the critique referred to:—"Dear sir, I send by the bearer the

sermons you gave me the other day. The few minutes I have been reading these sermons daily were spent very agreeably. I always considered Dr. Spurgeon the best orator. I see even the best can improve; as Dr. Spurgeon excels all orators, so his fifteen-hundredth sermon excels all his other sermons. I doubt very much whether himself can deliver such another sermon, but that is going too far. I envy those that hear personally Dr. Spurgeon preach."

O that God would by the sermon convert many of all nations, and he who is no doctor will be willing to be called either an orator or a babbler if men are but saved.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: June 17th, eleven: July 1st, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. A. A. Rees	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. William Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Alexander McKenzie	1	0	0
Collection at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor H. Knee	4	2	0
Maria Gooding	0	5	0
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	4	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	1	10	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0
Collection at Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster	3	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith	10	0	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Miss Nay	0	5	0
Collection at Uley, per Pastor W. Ewens	1	2	0
An afflicted Missionary in India	0	10	0
Master Do-the-same	0	0	6
Mr A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Mr. H. E. Lester, per Pastor J. Bradford	3	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. George Bell, per Mr. Logan	0	5	0
Mr. William Fowler, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. John Hill	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Doggett	3	3	0
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Allberry	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:			
Mr. E. Weeks	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	2	0	0
Half-yearly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. A. C. Watson	3	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 20	41	12	0
„ 27	36	0	0
July 4	30	11	0
„ 11	37	9	8
	145	12	8
	£250	3	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. E. A. Phipson	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
J. K. L. B.	2	0	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
A thankoffering from Greenock	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hobill	3	3	0
Miss Ann Lucas	0	10	0
"Mrs. Nuggleton"	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
E. H., Croydon	0	10	0
Miss M. E. White	1	0	0
Mrs. Bird	1	0	0
Miss Eggleston	1	0	0
Miss Anderson	1	0	0
Miss Ollard	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
A Friend in the North	0	10	0
Collected by Master N. G. Bridgman	1	3	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	0	18	0
Miss Cleghorn	1	0	0
Collected by Louisa Richards Lake	0	13	0
Thankoffering for little Ernest	2	0	0
Collected by Ollie Rossiter	1	15	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. Martin John Sutton	2	2	0
Mr. John Leach	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin T. Woodeson	1	5	0
Mr. William Woodeson	0	12	6
Mr. T. Gregory	0	5	0
Mr. P. Davies	0	5	0
James Withers	0	5	0
Rev. E. Porter	0	2	6
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
Harriett Cooper	0	1	1
	5	19	2
Collected by Master Beilby	0	16	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	2	0
Elizabeth Timson	0	5	0
Charles H. Spurgeon Shanks	2	0	0
A small offering from J. A.	1	0	0
E. B.	46	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. James	1	0	0
Miss Mary McNaghten	0	10	0
Mary Fraser	0	2	0
J. A., Perth	0	1	1
Collected by Miss Keys	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss E. Cook	2	0	0
Mrs. Bale	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. North	1	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Allard	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Thirtle	0	7	6
Collected by Miss M. M. Bayley ...	1	2	6
Collected by Miss J. Blackmore ...	0	9	6
Miss Mary Bateman	0	10	0
Mr. A. Johnstone	0	10	0
P. L. H.	0	5	0
A well-wisher, T. A.	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bell	2	0	0
Master J. Bell	0	6	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	1	6
Mr. Hutt's Saturday Evening Bible Class, Reading	12	12	0
Firstfruits of cucumbers	0	12	8
T. W., Selby	1	0	0
Rev. R. Harding	0	11	0
Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. H. Johnson's Bible-class :—			
Miss H. Fothergill	0	10	0
Miss K. M. Ash	1	0	0
Miss B. Luke	0	7	3
Miss A. Dollimore	0	5	0
Miss A. Baldwin	0	5	0
Mr. Arthur Willis	0	3	6
	2	10	9
Cornwall Road, Brixton, Baptist Sunday School	1	4	0
Moiety of Collections on Hospital Sunday at Dalston Junction Chapel, after Sermons by Rev. V. J. Charlesworth and Rev. W. H. Burton	10	10	0
J. Wright	0	2	0
N. B., stamps	0	0	6
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
Mr. H. Muir	0	4	0
Mrs. Heaps	0	2	6
Mr. Duncan Fisher	0	10	0
A well-wisher, Shrewsbury	0	2	6
From Lynn	0	1	0
One of the Lord's children, A.D. ...	0	1	6
J. M., Edinburgh	0	2	0
A Reader of the "Christian Herald" ...	0	2	0
Mr. John Smith, Elgin, N.B.	0	2	6
Cork, Ireland	0	5	0
A Friend, Dalyramplo	0	5	0
A Widow, Glasgow	0	2	0
Mrs. Hobbs	0	4	0
Mr. H. Dunbar	0	5	0
Mrs. John Lord	0	7	3
Mrs. Magovern	5	0	0
Mrs. Smith, Whitchurch	0	1	6
Janet M. Loren	1	0	0
A Widow, Sussex	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Collected by J. W. Clarke	0	4	9
Collected by Miss Ellen Foster	0	18	0
Collected by Miss Nunn	0	17	10
Collected by Mrs. Ellis	2	12	8
Collected by Miss Swain	0	15	2
Collected by Mrs. Butler	0	11	6
Collected by Mrs. Oxenford	0	12	2
Collected by Miss J. Johnson	0	14	2
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	1	17	9
Mr. John Clay	0	10	0
From Peterhead, E. D.	0	2	6
A feather for summer bonnet	1	1	0
M. A. S.	0	1	6
Per J. T. D. :—			
E. and H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Ottle	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Walker	1	1	0
A Widow's mite, Folkestone	0	5	0
From Sedgbergh	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Doggett	6	6	0
Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Mrs. Healey	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Ware	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Powell	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. E. Frisby :—			
Mr. W. C. Rabbits ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Newman 1 1 0			
Mr. Cunliffe 1 0 0			
	3	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Mackrill	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Brook	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Doerter	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Taylor	0	12	10
Collected by Mr. Knight	2	13	6
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Blackwell ...	1	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Ryan	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Evans	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Hickenbotham ...	4	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Shortman	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. Thomas	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Monk	1	3	0
Collected by Miss Price	0	8	8
Collected by Miss Scott	0	0	9
Collected by Miss Durrant	0	18	6
Collected by Mr. William Verry ...	1	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
G. E.	5	0	0
Annual subscriptions collected by Mrs. H. Hutt, Reading :—			
Mr. Bracher 1 1 0			
Mr. Goodacre 1 1 0			
Mr. Colebrook 1 1 0			
Mr. E. P. Collier 1 1 0			
Mr. H. Hutt 1 1 0			
Mr. Callas (1879) 1 1 0			
Mr. Callas (1880) 1 1 0			
Mr. Julian 1 1 0			
Mr. C. Hoffman 1 1 0			
Mr. Bragg 0 10 6			
Mr. Craft 0 10 6			
Mrs. Goodacre 0 10 6			
Mr. Blake 0 10 6			
Mr. Hookham 1 1 0			
Mr. Sage 0 10 6			
	13	2	6
Waste paper sold from Mr. Hutt's office	0	8	8
K. W. C., per J. Wingfield, Hurst	0	7	0
	13	18	2
Stamps from Bridgwater	0	10	0
Rev. Thos. Curme	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. A. Tenton	10	0	0
Stamps from Blairgowrie	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader, Peterborough ...	0	5	0
Mr. James Horton	1	1	0
Y. E.	1	0	0
L. K. D.	1	17	6
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Mr. R. Woodford	5	0	0
Mr. John Cooke	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. John Symon :—			
Mr. John Symon ... 0 10 0			
Mr. W. B. Alexander ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. W. B. Alexander ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Anna McHardy ... 0 10 0			
Mr. T. Hutchinson ... 0 2 0			
	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Braik	2	0	0
Rev. C. A. Ingram and friends ...	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Bott	1	0	0
A. W. L. J.	0	2	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	50	0	0
A sister in Christ	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Faulkner	1	5	0
J. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Margaret Sheppard, New Zealand	1	0	0
Mr. J. McDonald	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Lemon Booth	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Briginshaw, Wokingham:—			
Mr. H. Weeks 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Weeks 1 1 0			
Mr. Danning 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Heelas, sen. 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Heelas, jun. 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Briginshaw 1 1 0			
Mrs. Skerritt 1 1 0			
Mrs. Wright 0 10 0			
Mrs. Clare 0 5 0			
	8	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Napier	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. F. Jackson	1	5	0
Miss Murrow	0	1	0
A Lover of Jesus. A.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Knowles	2	18	3
Clara Fitch	1	0	0
"Firstfruits," less 6d. paid for registration	0	9	6
"Every little helps"	0	2	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Mr. H. W. Barclay	5	0	0
Mrs. Horsman	1	0	0
A Friend to the Orphan	0	2	6
Mr. A. Whatley	0	10	0
Mrs. Coles	1	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Stamps from Eccles	0	3	0
Stamps from Edinburgh	0	2	0
Lady Fanny Howard	1	0	0
Collected by Miss B. R. Wheeler	0	2	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Maria Wade	1	2	0
Collected by Miss Kate Wade	0	16	0
Young Women's Bible Class, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Stiff	1	0	10
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, June 30	2	2	0
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	15	0
Mr. W. Kelley	0	5	0
Friends at Gospel Hall, Bouler-street, Liverpool, per Mr. J. B. Edis	2	10	0
A Friend, T. J. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Edwards, per J. A. S.	0	2	6
Mr. W. D. King	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. T. Summers	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:			
Mr. G. Barrett	0	10	0
G. F. P.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waight	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	4	0	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Jamaica	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Half-yearly Subscriptions:			
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	2	0	0
Collecting Boxes (as per list below)	151	13	7
Collecting Books (as per list below)	81	1	1
The Orphans' Collecting Cards, per Mr. Charlesworth (as per lists below):—			
Girls	18	15	8
Boys	74	10	7
	£707	10	5

List of Books:—

Miss Jephs	2	16	0
Miss F. Boyle Charles	0	18	0
Mrs. E. R. Tiddy	4	0	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	4	5
Mrs. Willis	3	2	0
Mrs. Abbott	2	10	0
Mrs. Evans	1	10	0
Mrs. Bowles	0	15	6
Mrs. Kidman	0	12	0
Mrs. McDonald	1	11	0
Master T. Webb	0	2	8
Mrs. Cowie	2	10	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	3	10	0
Mrs. Allum	1	17	6
Master F. B. Horn	0	4	7
Master G. Paine	0	10	6
Mrs. Ewin	1	11	0
Mrs. E. W. Saunders	2	0	0
Miss Burden	0	18	6
Miss Skinner	8	4	0
Mr. A. Viney	0	2	0
Master J. Anderson	0	5	3
Master J. Taylor	0	2	8
Master Albert Marshall	0	13	6
Miss Cann	0	6	0
Mrs. Halsey	0	3	9
Miss Stopp	0	2	4
Mrs. Martin	0	2	0
Master G. Abraham	0	1	2
Master R. Abraham	0	9	1
Master T. Abraham	0	1	3
Master W. Hutchison	0	0	9
Miss Day	0	10	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	12	0
Mrs. Tarlton	0	4	0
Miss Mann	2	10	0
Mrs. Hockey	1	0	0
Mrs. Mott	2	6	0
Arthur Moore	0	14	6
E. Baskett	1	3	6
L. A. S.	2	12	0
Miss Mackay	0	17	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	2	6
Miss Nisbet	1	7	0
Miss Spurdens	0	16	0
Mr. C. Miller	0	17	0
Miss Bonsor	0	15	6
Miss Ward	1	5	0
Miss Cockshaw's pupils—			
Misses E. and J. Toogood	1	2	0
Miss Stuffer	0	11	0
Master London	0	11	0
Miss Wyld	0	7	6
Miss Allen	0	8	0
Miss Pope	0	5	6
Miss Cruse	0	3	4
Miss Fraser	0	3	7
Miss Mulvey	0	3	1
Miss Simmons	0	1	0
Miss E. Trott	0	11	3
Master C. Neville	0	14	6
Miss Leworthy	0	16	8
Miss Turner	0	6	0
Mrs. Hubbard	0	19	1
Mr. Weekes	1	16	6
Mrs. Conquest	0	3	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	15	0
Miss M. A. Wells	1	0	0
Miss J. E. Cockshaw	2	10	0
Mrs. Turner	0	7	6
Miss S. E. Cockrell	2	2	0
Mrs. Wicks	0	3	6
Miss Mary Gillett	0	6	0
Miss Rosie Ritchie	0	6	0
Mrs. Barrett	0	16	6
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Master T. Ambrose	0	6	0
Mr. Howes	0	4	6
Miss Fryer	0	15	6
Mrs. Parker	3	10	0
Mrs. Hill	0	6	0
Mr. Kemp	0	8	6
Mrs. Padley	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Fairey	1	16	0
Miss Goslin	1	5	0
Mrs. Brewer...	0	10	2
Miss Rogers (donation)	0	17	6
	£81	1	1

List of Boxes:—

Master G. Rose	0	1	9
Master Chamberlain	1	0	6
Mr. Nightscales	0	15	1
Master B. E. Ward	0	6	3
Master F. Rose	0	2	5
Mrs. Towell	0	5	2
Mrs. Towell	0	5	4
Mrs. Middleton	0	6	0
Master J. Knight	0	3	7
Master E. Everett	0	2	9
Mrs. Lightfoot	0	7	1
Mrs. Gladwin	1	5	4
Miss James	0	4	8
Miss A. New	0	5	7
No name	0	13	3
Miss Perry	0	1	3
John Cunliffe	0	2	11
Miss Atley	0	4	5
Miss A. Beckwith	0	0	8
Master G. Knight	0	4	1
Miss K. Richardson	0	1	4
Master A. Allum	0	3	11
Miss C. Williams	0	1	5
Miss M. J. Pugh	0	8	5
Miss A. Bull	0	3	9
Miss E. Chandler	0	10	3
Miss S. Cook	0	0	10
Miss E. Dockree	0	0	4
Master R. Middleton	0	5	3
Master H. Brightwell	0	1	10
Miss L. Hubbard	0	3	2
Miss Stuart	0	6	6
Master A. Frisby	0	2	6
Miss E. Patterson	0	1	1
Mr. Lawrence	0	8	6
Miss M. G. Tomkins	0	3	0
Mrs. Samuel	0	12	9
Mary Furlong	0	2	3
Miss Saintey	0	3	3
Mrs. Stewart	0	1	10
Mrs. Weare	0	8	9
Miss Spurrell	0	5	1
Miss Sharpington	2	4	11
Miss Bull	0	3	7
Miss E. Snelling	0	0	6
Miss E. Marshall	0	3	2
Miss Clara Chate	0	2	3
Miss Ridley	0	4	1
Miss Minnie Kemp	0	2	0
Master A. Groom	0	2	0
Miss Underwood	0	10	9
Miss Besfer	0	6	0
Miss Harbison	0	4	3
Mr. D. Norman	1	0	8
Miss E. Aldridge	0	5	10
Miss Luxford	0	3	10
S. and A. Middleton	0	2	2
Miss V. Pitt	0	2	4
Mr. Mills	0	3	6
Miss A. Wagner	0	4	0
Miss E. Bull	0	3	6
Miss Limebeer	0	11	2
Miss Seward...	1	6	11
Arthur Kemp	0	0	11
Ida Bowser	0	1	2
Master A. Green	0	2	9
Jane Chate	0	3	6
Fanny Smith	0	5	3
Mrs Ranford	0	4	0
James Dowsett	0	2	5
Miss Sadler	1	6	9
Miss Florence Tuffnell	0	6	6
Mrs. Hillen	1	4	3

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Messenger	0	1	11
Miss K. Boot	0	2	5
Miss Wilson...	0	15	4
Charles Burrage	0	7	10
Mrs. Weekes	0	3	11
Master C. Hayes	0	1	6
Miss F. Capel	0	8	11
Miss F. Capel	0	11	9
Master E. S. Davey	0	13	11
Miss Wayre	0	2	6
Master E. Marsh	0	5	3
Miss Errington	0	12	0
Master G. Dupont	0	6	6
Masters Barr	0	18	0
Miss T. Ince...	0	12	6
Miss Pugh	0	3	3
Master Hutchison...	0	0	8
Miss Cornforth	0	7	5
Miss Bennington	0	15	4
Miss Stocks	0	18	8
Collected by Miss Marshall in Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard's workroom	0	8	10
Miss Hamler	0	4	5
Miss Dibley	0	11	6
The Misses Alice and Lillie Brewer ...	0	9	3
Master W. Turlton	0	3	3
Master E. Oxford	0	3	6
Mrs. Mallison	0	2	3
Mrs. Mellor	0	5	8
Masters T. and H. Lardner	0	10	6
Miss S. Sidery	0	13	9
Miss K. Snelling	0	1	8
Miss Lanchbury	0	11	1
Mr. W. Perkins	0	3	0
Master W. Hoare	0	4	11
Master T. Frisby	0	2	1
Miss Atkins...	0	12	10
Miss Ackland	0	10	7
Master S. Delacourt	0	6	3
Miss A. Betambeau	0	6	7
Serjeant-Major W. Smith	0	16	0
Miss L. Toms	0	12	6
Miss Frisby	0	6	0
Miss Ferrar	0	16	9
Miss E. Stevens	0	8	7
W. J. Smith...	0	5	11
Mrs. Lawrence	0	7	8
Miss A. Cox...	0	4	4
Miss L. Allen	0	4	2
Mrs. Hopkins	2	5	3
Miss Morgan	0	6	0
Mr. Cairns	0	3	11
Miss C. Drew	0	11	6
Joseph McKee	3	6	10
Mrs. Moore	0	2	4
Master B. Chisholm	1	0	4
Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, per Miss Buswell	0	5	8
Miss E. Baxter	0	18	2
Miss E. Everett	0	11	10
Miss Badenoch	1	16	0
Miss Humphry	0	8	0
Miss Fry	0	5	5
Miss E. Miles	0	1	2
Master Ranford	0	18	1
Mrs. Medwin	0	7	5
Master W. Miles	0	3	0
Miss A. Dickson	0	8	0
Miss Paddon	0	2	0
Mr. Johnson	0	9	0
Mr. E. Cook...	1	3	3
Miss A. R. Wigney	0	14	6
Miss M. A. Warren	0	7	7
Miss Fuller	0	11	0
Master W. Blake	0	6	8
Miss Gillard...	0	7	6
Master W. Hubbard	0	7	9
Miss J. Hoare	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	2	2
Mrs. W. Burton	2	8	6
Miss M. Davie	0	5	2

	£	s.	d.
Miss H. Day	0	4	11
Master H. and C. Curtis	0	14	7
Master E. Patrick	0	0	8
Alfred Moore	0	0	7
Miss E. Viney	0	0	8
Mrs. S. Sanders	0	19	0
Master Blake	0	1	9
Master F. Coupées	0	4	4
Miss H. Baines	0	5	1
Mr. G. Shrewsbury	0	5	3
Mr. Buckmaster	2	11	6
Miss Wilkinson	0	9	3
Mrs. Fielder	0	5	7
Mrs. Richards	0	8	6
Miss A. Wells	0	6	6
Mrs. Fairman	0	18	0
Mr. J. A. Stead	1	2	3
Mrs. Rouse	0	12	1
Miss Weekes	0	7	6
Master P. Froud	1	7	8
Mrs. Baker	0	9	10
Miss Black	0	2	10
Miss Moon	0	5	8
Mr. G. Simmons	0	12	0
Master Allum	0	1	6
Miss E. Gardiner	0	4	6
Master E. Phillips	0	0	9
Miss Snell	0	17	9
Miss L. Chamberlain	0	9	11
Mr. W. H. Smith	0	5	0
Miss E. Atkins	0	11	2
Mrs. Culver	1	3	0
Master E. Horsley	0	0	5
Miss M. Cotton	0	4	5
Miss E. Dennis	0	5	7
Master H. Perryman	0	4	9
Mrs. Cowen	0	12	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	12	0
Mr. R. Speller and friends, including			
Mr. Turner, Sunday School 0 10 6			
Mr. Baker, Sunday School 0 10 6			
Milton Road Sunday School 0 10 6			
	5	0	0
Horley Baptist Sunday School, per Rev. B. Marshall:—			
Messrs. Jennings, Wood, and Carpenter 0 5 1			
Mr. Nye 0 12 1			
Mrs. Whitmore 0 2 0			
Miss Stacey 0 3 4			
Mrs. Flint 0 2 4			
Infants 0 5 4			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible Class 0 11 11			
	2	2	1
Miss T. Rogers	1	5	6
Mrs. Futcher	0	11	11
Robert-street Ragged School	0	11	1
Miss Curtis	0	8	10
Miss A. Goodwyn	0	9	6
Miss C. Davis	0	12	6
Miss Freeman	0	12	5
Miss C. Hughes	0	9	4
Miss Hughes	0	8	9
Mr. Brown	0	4	6
Miss Wheatley	0	14	6
Master C. Fern	0	6	6
Mrs. Albery	0	4	8
Miss Townsend	0	4	0
Miss Baulf	0	16	0
Miss Choat	0	11	4
Miss Evans	0	0	8
Miss Butler	0	12	9
Mrs. Prebble	1	12	0
Miss A. Thomas	0	3	4
Mr. Andrews	1	0	5
Miss Blake	0	2	2
Mr. A. Wilcox	2	10	0
Miss J. Hunt	0	12	10
Master E. Round	0	11	8
Mrs. Laker	2	9	9
Mrs. Salter	0	10	6
Miss Spreadbury	1	12	0
Mr. Pickering	0	5	1
F. and E. Godbould	0	7	11
Misses Edith and Florie Higgs	1	14	3
Miss Turner	3	16	9
Mrs. Wilson	0	7	3
Master A. Sedcole	0	8	3
Mrs Ellmore	0	4	3
W. and F. Weeks	0	5	8
Miss Cockshaw and pupils	1	10	11
Lecture-hall, Carter-street, per Mr. Morgan	0	5	6
Master S. Jennings	0	7	11
Mr. Jarvis	0	2	10
Mrs. Spencer	0	19	0
Mrs. Corrick	1	5	7
Mr. W. H. Reading	0	2	6
Mr. F. Last	0	11	1
Master J. Savage	0	3	1
No name	0	15	6
Miss N. Baskett	0	4	8
Miss Atley	0	3	8
Miss A. Corsan	0	7	0
Master H. Ackland	0	4	7
Mr. Porter	0	13	2
Miss A. Lines	0	4	10
Miss Wheeler	0	16	0
Master H. Mills	0	5	5
Miss Fremlin	0	19	9
Master J. Johnson	0	3	3
Miss S. Gubbins	0	12	0
Mrs. T. Goslin	1	15	0
Miss Powell	0	10	3
Master W. Jones	0	5	1
Master Elms	0	1	10
Master W. A. Phillips	0	0	6
Miss Larkman	0	2	6
Miss Mitchell	0	3	6
Miss A. Watkins	0	4	6
Miss Burman	0	7	9
Mr. Young	0	4	10
Miss M. Hudson	0	11	10
Master L. Nicholls	0	1	8
Mrs. Medwin	0	4	4
Miss C. Dale	0	4	6
Miss Lily Harrald	0	10	0
Master W. Doddington	0	16	9
Mrs. Tyrrell	0	15	4
Miss A. Boot	0	4	9
Miss C. Pain	0	8	8
Master H. Bates	0	5	4
Miss E. Cook	0	4	3
Mrs. Buswell	1	3	11
Mr. E. Kemp	1	2	2
Mrs. Patten	1	1	6
Miss A. Bowden	0	4	3
Mrs. Emery	0	2	9
Miss F. Perrett	1	15	0
Miss Lily Charlesworth	0	7	8
Mrs. Burnden	0	8	0
Mrs. Poole	0	8	10
Miss A. Stopp	0	5	0
Master T. Woods	0	10	0
Miss Hudson	0	7	10
Miss Taylor	1	12	6
Mrs. Hertzell	0	2	5
Miss Butcher	0	5	6
Miss J. E. Bowden	0	3	6
Miss Descroix	0	16	0
Miss Bowser	0	1	1
Mr. H. E. Nicholls	0	4	5
Mrs. Willis	0	11	6
Miss E. Martin	0	17	3
Miss F. Peters	0	6	3
Miss C. Nicholls	0	1	4
Miss Drake	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. Evans	0	5	4
Farthings, etc.	0	14	8
	£151	13	7

Girls' Collecting Cards.—Lillie Gould, £2 6s; Annie White, 10s 3d; Martha Olden, £1 5s 1d; Lilian Foreman, £1 1s; Ellen James, £1 1s; Julia Kirby, 13s 8d; Elizabeth Adams, £1; Emily Moore, 13s; Ellen Davis, 2s 3d; Hephzibah Eagleton, 7s; Edith Salt, 17s 7d; Ellen Ive, 5s; B. De Laiche, 6s 4d; Louisa Brown, 8s 6d; Sarah Eagle, 13s; M. A. Burrage, 11s 5d; Kate Ainger, 6s 6d; Minnie Marshall, 6s 7d; Elizabeth Bowyer, 1s; Clara Spear, £2 12s; Ada Willis, 10s; Lizzie Hart, 11s 6d; Laura Box, 10s; Eva Mears, 10s; Mabel Stevens, 17s; Nellie Adams, 8s.—Total, £18 15s. 8d.

Boys' Collecting Cards.—M. Wills, 12s; A. Anderson, 7s 3d; R. Bush, £1 1s; H. J. Moss, £1 6s; S. Tompkins, 18s; R. Cornford, 3s; T. Pearce, 12s 6d; John Turner, £1 4s; H. Baxter, 10s; G. Deacon, 10s; F. Bailey, 5s; J. Herrmann, 4s 4d; E. Gosling, 11s 6d; J. Nevill, 10s 10d; W. H. Weston, 13s; R. Bentley, 10s; F. Fisher, 8s 8d; W. Willis, 8s; C. Wills, £1 1s 1d; S. Gardiner, 10s; H. Wiggins, £1 12s 7d; J. Crook, 2s; T. Grinter, £1 2s; W. H. Birch, £1 5s; R. J. Phillips, £1 3s; John Rangecroft, 6s; Joseph Pearce, 18s 3d; F. Lake, 2s 8d; Y. A. J. Simmonds, 10s 1d; W. J. Neal, £1 2s 9d; C. W. Thomas, 6s 9d; T. Poole, 11s; W. Davis, 10s; A. J. Morgan, 4s; H. Golding, 5s; S. Bell, £1 10s; E. Gregory, 7s; J. Ramell, 6s 11d; W. Whitehead, 13s 9d; A. J. Smith, 2s 7d; G. Barrett, 6s 2d; William Valler, £1 1s; G. Foster, 6s; H. Groves, 5s; M. Whitelock, 6s 8d; F. Part, £1; A. W. Gibson, £1; A. Foster, 10s 9d; A. Eldridge, £1 9s 8d; H. Fox, 7s 1d; P. Forbes, £1; J. Morgan, 2s; J. Croll, 4s 1d; C. Jones, 2s 9d; G. Richards, 3s; G. Hunt, 5s; W. Buckingham, 3s 8d; A. Jones, 12s 6d; E. Stickland, £1; C. A. Cooper, £1 7s; W. F. Gladwin, 3s 6d; E. T. Switzer, 2s; C. Heayes, 12s 11d; G. Buttfield, 13s; D. W. Childs, 13s 1d; C. Towell, 10s; A. Owen, 2s; D. A. Cheek, 7s 6d; H. Sully, 4s; C. H. Fletcher, 9s 5d; William Lake, 1s; F. Ruffhead, £1 1s; H. Weatherdon, £1; Herbert Smith, 1s; A. Beable, 2s 7d; C. Edwards, 5s; C. Davis, 2s 6d; T. Tilly, £1; A. Schultz, 10s; F. Reid, 2s 6d; Henry Wackrill, 18s 6d; J. A. Nearn, 9s 3d; Charles Bivand, 2s 6d; R. A. Hart, 4s 7d; F. R. Rouse, 16s; A. Willard, 6d; H. S. Waters, 9s 9d; R. E. Hart, £1; Henry Vardill, 7s 6d; V. Peckham, 8s; W. Dean, 6s; G. Glaysher, 5s; F. T. Baker, 18s; T. Hitch, 5s; A. Dear, 4s 6d; A. Davison, 5s 2d; W. G. Dillon, 2s 8d; H. Burnett, 2s 8d; F. Lansbury, 6s; P. E. Taylor, 11s 3d; G. Webster, 13s; P. Smith, £1 1s; W. Pettifor, 19s 3d; C. Edmonds, 12s; G. Stanley, 5s 8d; J. A. Mills, 4s 9d; C. J. Reddall, 3s; H. W. Whiter, 8s; W. Topley, 10s; W. C. Hobbs, 6s; D. Taylor, 6s 2d; T. Snell, 11s; H. Bell, 16s 6d; W. J. Fitch, 4s 7d; E. Barrett, 9s; Leonard Hart, 11s 3d; W. Madigan, 3s 6d; A. Lightfoot, 1s 9d; William Clarke, 5s 10d; F. L. Marendaz, 3s; E. Butler, 8s 3d; — Butler, for Mrs. Clark's, 3d; John Messenger, 2s 6d; F. D. Hawes, 3s; H. Goddard, 2s; A friend for tea, 2s; W. C. Willis, 2s 7d; W. T. Foulsham, 3s 9d; H. Brind, 9s 10d; A. J. Frost, 3s; S. Leggo, 6s; Charles White, 14s; F. R. Scott, 2s 6d; John Rees, 10s; J. Coman, 8s; William Hewett, 4s; H. W. King, 5s; A. Gardner, 10s; H. Hards, 3s; George Smith, 10s; E. A. Lewis, 3s 7d; Mrs. Lewis, 6s 2d; A. Hicks, 1s 5d; F. Buckley, 7s; Jas. Wilson, 1s; A. H. Wilkes, 7s 6d; T. Clinker, 5s 10d; E. G. Parker, 17s; Frank Pitt, 6s 7d; V. L. Morton, 2s; H. Brock, 4s; Frank Corpe, 8s; Walter Stroud, 2s 6d; John Cornwell, 4s 6d; H. E. Ward, 8s 4d; H. G. G. French, 3s 7d; H. Sayers, 8s; Henry King, 5s; H. Campbell, 5s; L. P. Hearle, 1s 6d; J. S. Head, £1 1s; F. B. Gregory, 3s; W. Goodman, 3s; H. Coxhead, 2s 6d.—Total, £71 10s. 7d.

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—Provisions.—31 Loaves, Mr. Bonner; 8lbs. Fresh Butter, H. Mitchell, Esq.; 110 Pork Pies, Mr. Crosher; 56lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; some Lettuces and other Vegetables, Mrs. Parker; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a quantity of Gooseberries, Mr. J. Vince; 6 boxes of Figs, "A Friend in Kent."

Clothing.—143 Bows for Boys, Mrs. Moore.

For Sale-room.—Engraving, "Christ leaving the Prætorium," Miss Vawles; 3 Dress Caps, 6 pairs Babies' Shoes, 6 Napkin Rings, 3 small Work-baskets, with Cotton, &c., the Misses Gosling; 16 articles for Bazaar, Mrs. Seamman; 15 Knitted Balls, Mrs. Eyre; a large Scrap Book, J. E.; a Gold Chain, Miss C. Rossall; a parcel for Bazaar, Mr. S. Copping; a pair Baby's shoes and Pincushion Cover, Miss S. Dover; a Cotton Mat and pair Baby's shoes, Miss M. Oakley; a set of Artificial Teeth, Mrs. Morley; 1 Antimacassar, 1 Knitted Ball, 2 Mats.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—Provisions.—5 Cakes and 3 Loaves, Mrs. Buswell; 400 Eggs, A. Doggett, Esq.; quantity of Rhubarb and Lettuces, Miss Higgs.

Clothing.—Dress and Over-skirt, Mrs. Ewan; 4 Pinafores and 2 Skirts, S. A. Silvester; 12 Chemises, "A work of love for the Girls' Orphanage"; 6 Frocks, 3 Capes, G. P. E.; 7 Flannel Petticoats, 7 upper ditto, 1 Woollen ditto, 4 pairs Stays, 12 Pinafores, 4 Night Dresses, 3 pairs Drawers, 11 Chemises, 1 Doll, 17 yards of Calico, Mrs. Stiff's Young Women's Bible Class; 13 Skirts, Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 6 pairs Socks, Miss Edwards; 12 Chemises, Mrs. Hall and Pupils.

General.—Sundry books and papers, "From a friend"; 34,000 bricks towards a new house, Messrs. Wills and Packham.

Erratum.—Acknowledged in June number, "Girls' Orphanage, G. A., £1"; should be "G. A., a Sermon reader, Thame, £1."

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pyle	2	0	0	Miss Seymour	1	0	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0	Mr. G. A. Ford	1	0	0
Miss E. Chenoweth	10	0	0	Mr. W. J. Large	5	0	0
Mrs. Hannington	1	5	0	Mr. Gregory	2	2	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	2	0	Mrs. and Miss Drew	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dalton	1	0	0
Miss Cox	1	0	0
Mr. A. Clarke	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett	2	2	0
Mr. S. Weekly	5	0	0
Mr. Romang and friends	5	7	6
"Thankoffering"	1	0	0
Miss Viney	1	1	0
Mr. B. Buckmaster	2	2	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster	1	10	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
Mr. G. Ely	1	0	0
Mr. W. G. Garner	1	0	0
Mrs. Chicken	1	1	0
Mr. Woolford and friends	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	2	0	0
Mr. Withers	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hockey	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Thorp	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lovell	2	2	0
Mrs. Curtis	1	0	0
Mrs. Alice Hill	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	5	5	0
Mrs. Nisbet	2	2	0
Mr. A. T. Nisbet	2	2	0
Mr. C. D. Nisbet	1	1	0
Miss Nisbet	1	1	0
Mrs. Jessie Hill	5	0	0
Mr. E. J. Figgis	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stockbridge	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brownridge	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Paine	2	0	0
Mr. Brown	1	0	0
Miss Grant	1	0	0
Miss L. Duncombe	1	0	0
Miss Hooper's Class	1	6	8
Mr. G. J. Russell	3	3	0
Mrs. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	6
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. Hill	2	0	0
Mrs. Paul	1	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Tubby	1	1	0
Mrs. J. T. Dunn	1	0	0
The Misses Francis	1	0	0
Mrs. Hooper and friend	1	5	0
J. Reid, Esq., per Mr. Croker	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	5	5	0
Mr. McCaig	1	0	0
Saturday evening prayer meeting, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Wells	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Rugg	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Rugg	1	1	0
Mr. Mulley	1	1	0
Mrs. Medley, for restoration to health of little daughter	10	0	0
Mr. Jabez Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Earl	3	10	0
Mrs. W. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moss	1	0	0
Miss Swain's Class	5	5	0
Mr. Hammerton	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blundstone	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman (collected by)	2	10	6
Miss M. Heath	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	1	10	0
Mr and Mrs. Reid	3	3	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	10	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Miss Trottie Goldston	0	10	0
Mr. G. Goldston	1	0	0
Mrs. Goldston	1	0	0
Master Gussie Goldston	0	2	6
Mr. S. J. Goldston	0	10	0
Mr. J. J. Spratt	5	0	0
Mrs. Robinson	1	1	0
Mrs. Battey	1	1	0
Miss Joan White	3	0	0
Miss Brightwell (collected by)	1	10	0
Miss M. Brightwell (collected by)	1	10	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Miss Wright and friends	10	10	0
Mrs. T. Scott	1	1	0
H. P.	5	0	0
Mrs. Wheatley	1	0	0
Miss Wheatley	1	0	0
Mrs. A. M. Thomas	10	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Mrs. Bedwin	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kelley	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Grose	15	0	0
M. A. G.	1	4	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	5	0
Mrs. and Miss Brayne	1	11	6
Mr. B. Vickery	1	1	0
Messrs. Brown, Johnson, and Latimer	5	5	0
Miss Pearce and sister	10	0	0
Mr. W. Hill	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pankhurst	1	1	0
Mr. James Buckland	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harris and children	1	0	0
Mrs. Thos. Hart	1	1	0
Mr. T. Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Manly	5	0	0
The Misses Everett	1	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	10	0	0
Mrs. Ellerington	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bantick	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Tomkins	5	0	0
C. B.	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins	10	0	0
Mr. Perkins	2	0	0
C. Z. C.	2	2	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
Miss A. Parker	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	5	0	0
Mrs. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Clewley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hawkey	10	10	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell	2	2	0
Thomas and Lizzie Blackwell	1	1	0
The Misses Black	5	0	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	1	1	0
Mrs. E. S. Boot	1	1	0
Mrs. Campbell	1	0	0
Mrs. Bevis	1	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
The Misses E. and A. Newman	5	0	0
Mrs. Stevens	1	5	0
E. A. S.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Culverhouse	1	0	0
Mrs. Culverhouse	0	15	0
Miss Hobbs and Friends	1	4	6
Mrs. Aggett	1	0	0
Miss F. Aggett	0	10	6
Miss Roan	1	1	0
Mrs. Brown and Family	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Rudd	1	1	0
Mrs. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Marsh, junior	1	1	0
Miss Russell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	2	0	0
Mr. W. King	2	0	0
Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gammage	2	2	0
Mr. John Smith	1	0	0
Miss Ida Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Seward	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	1	0	0
Mr. W. New	1	0	0
Miss Wade	10	0	0
Miss Maria Wade	1	0	0
Mrs. Buckley	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Greenfield	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	0	0
Mrs. Duncombe	1	1	0
Miss E. B. (Almshouses)...	1	0	0
J. C. and E. J. C.	1	1	0
Miss Janet Ward	1	1	0
Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school Teachers, per Mr. W. J. Evans ...	7	2	0
Mr. W. Dring	2	2	0
Miss E. J. Watts	1	1	0
Mr. C. Russell	5	0	0
A Free Gift	2	5	0
Miss Brand	1	5	0
Mrs. Young	1	7	6
F. E. P.	2	2	0
Stonehouse, Gloucestershire	1	1	0
Mr. Watkins	1	5	0
Mr. Edwards	5	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. Wayre	5	5	0
Mrs. Hill	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coveney	1	1	0
Miss Fells	1	0	0
Mr. White	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Miss Greenway	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Burgess	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas	1	1	0
"Gratitude"	1	0	0
Miss Farmer	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Stevens, junior	1	1	0
Mr and Mrs. Stevens	10	10	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward	1	1	0
Miss Osborne and her class	2	16	6
Mr. Doyle	2	0	0
Mr. R. C. Howard	1	1	0
Mrs. Goslin	5	0	0
Mrs. Grose	1	0	0
Mr. Haynes	1	0	0
Mr. Clarkson	1	0	0
"For Christ's sake"	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Miss Pitman	1	0	0
Mrs Tubby	1	1	0
Mrs. Norman	2	2	0
Miss Norman	1	1	0
Mr. E. W. Grimwade	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. Dipple	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
J. B., Oxford, per Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard	1	1	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mr. Sexton	1	1	0
Mr. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Mr. A. Apps	1	0	0
A sick friend	1	1	0
Mrs. Catley	1	0	0
Mr. Evans and Friend	2	0	0
Mr. E. Pearce	2	2	0
Mr. Lawson	2	2	0
Annie and Lettie Boswell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0
Master W. Chamberlain	0	10	0
Miss Lizzie Chamberlain...	0	10	0
Mrs Gwillim	1	0	0
Mr. W. Adair	1	0	0
Mr. S. Irwin...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Irwin	1	0	0
T. P. Coe	1	0	0
Mrs. Spalding	1	0	0
A Scotch Presbyterian	1	0	0
Mr. Bilborough	0	10	0
Mr. Hudson	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander	0	10	0
Mrs. Latimer	0	10	0
Miss Latimer	0	10	0
Mrs. Searle	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. R. Hellier:—			
Mr. R. Hellier	5	0	0
Mrs. R. Hellier	1	1	0
Miss Hellier	0	10	6
B. G. Wilkinson, Esq. ...	2	2	0
J. S. Prockter, Esq. ...	1	1	0
A. Cohen, Esq., M.P. ...	1	1	0
William Darnell, Esq. ...	1	1	0
G. S. Knight	1	1	0
Messrs. J. and W. Peacock	1	1	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	1	1	0
John T. Daintree, Esq. ...	5	0	0
W. S. Priter, Esq.	1	1	0
J. H. Tarrant, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Bullers	1	1	0
Messrs. Wolland Brothers	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gathercole	0	10	6
Mrs. Reid	1	1	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	1	1	0
Miss Figg	0	10	6
Mr. Shepherd	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. John King	1	1	0
J. C. Francis, Esq.... ...	1	1	0
Mr. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. Coe	0	10	6
Mrs. Hy. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. J. H. Colls	1	1	0
Miss F. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. T. Drake	1	0	0
			43 10 0
Miss Searle			0 10 0
Mr. Tyler			0 10 6
Mr. Barton			0 10 0
Mrs. Barton...			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Stone			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Allum			0 10 0
Miss Errington			0 10 0
Mr. W. Telfor			0 10 0
Mrs. A. Jones			0 10 0
Mrs. M. D. Parford			0 10 6
E. C.			0 10 0
Mrs. Broughton			0 12 0
Mrs. McDonald			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Burton...			0 10 0
Mr. Hill			0 10 0
Miss Sadler			0 10 0
Mrs. E. Haul			0 10 0
Mrs. Moore			0 10 6
Miss M. Earl			0 10 0
Miss M. McFarlane			0 10 0
Miss Susie K. Olney			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Cornell			0 10 6
Mrs. Reed			0 10 0
Mrs. M. A. Burman			0 10 0
M. G., a Widow			0 15 0
A Thankoffering			0 12 6
Mr. and Mrs. Bates			0 10 0
Miss Woods			0 10 0
May and her mother			0 10 0
Miss Darkin			0 10 0
Miss A. K. Olney			0 10 0
Mr. H. Hollobone			0 10 0
Miss M. Finlayson...			0 10 0
Miss Rawlinson			0 10 0
Two sisters			0 10 0
Mrs. Thorne...			0 10 0
Miss Morrison			0 10 0
Miss A. Ockenden			0 10 0
Miss Strugnell			0 10 0
Mr. H. Gillett			0 10 0
Sundry small amounts, per Mr. Bartlett			0 17 4
Master Arthur and Harry Frisby ...			0 10 0
Mrs. Fisher			0 10 0
Mr. Everett			0 10 0
Mrs. Ellison...			0 10 0
Mrs. Stone			0 10 0
Mr. G. Green			0 10 0
Miss Jewell and friend			0 16 0
Miss Keys			0 10 0

	£	s.	d.
Some of Madame Blim's Class	0	12	0
Miss Price	0	10	0
Miss Rhinds	0	10	0
A. W. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hards	0	10	0
Mrs. Ancient	0	10	6
A friend	0	10	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Hillen	0	10	0
Clara E. Boot and friend	0	17	6
Mr. Hibbert	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hall	0	10	0
Miss Stewart	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Gallant	0	15	0
Miss and Mr. Peters	0	17	0
Mrs. and Miss Spurdens and friends ...	0	18	6
Miss R. Hall	0	10	6
Mrs. Whitehead	0	10	0
Mrs. Crisp	0	10	0
Mr. Ching	0	10	0
Mr. Bayley	0	10	0
A. B.	0	10	0
C. and A. M.	0	10	0
Mr. E. A. Eldridge	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin and Miss Patrick	0	10	0
Mr. H. C. Robinson	0	10	0
Miss Cooper	0	10	0
Miss D. Cooper	0	10	0
Miss Cutting	0	10	0
Miss Stone	0	10	0
"Thou knowest"	0	10	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Roberts	0	10	0
K. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Cross	0	11	2
Mrs. Hooper, per Mrs. Taylor	0	12	6
Mrs. Pettit	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Priestly	0	10	0
Mrs. Drayson and friends	0	10	0
Mr. B. Corrick	0	10	0
Upper Gallery	0	10	0
M. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Lawson	0	10	6
Anonymous, per Miss Bonser	0	10	0
Mrs. Wingate	0	10	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
Mrs. C. H.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Davis and J. and L. Weeks ...	0	15	0
Mr. W. Rodgers	0	10	0
Mrs. Watts	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowen	0	10	0
E. W.	0	10	0
W. J. O.	0	10	0
Mr. Crane, jun.	0	10	0
Miss Hunt and children	0	10	0
J. Alderton	0	10	0
Mr. Bloomfield	0	15	0
Miss J. Smith	0	10	0
Miss M. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Tilley	0	10	0
Miss Cownd	0	10	0
T. Keys	0	10	0
Miss Howard	0	10	0
Miss Jarman	0	10	0
Mr. Sage	0	10	0
Mr. T. Fry	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Sparks	0	10	0
Mrs. Powell	0	10	0
Little Tom and his Nanna	0	15	0
Mrs. Capel	0	10	0
Miss A. Northcroft	0	10	6
Mrs. Love	0	10	6
Miss F. P.	0	10	0
Miss Julia Choat	0	10	0
Miss Jessie Moore	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
Miss E. Morse	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Anstey	0	10	0
Miss E. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Grear, and Miss Grear and Friends	0	14	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting:—			
Miss Ringeley	0	9	0
Miss Ivimey	2	0	0
Miss Bracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. Harrington	0	7	10
Mrs. Darwin	0	1	6
Mrs. Pool	0	14	0
Miss Mallett	0	16	6
Mrs. Tibbey	0	1	6
Mrs. Hadby	0	4	1
Mrs. Guoy	0	1	1
Mrs. Read	0	2	3
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	5
Mrs. Long	0	2	0
Mrs. Hallier	0	5	0
Mrs. Powell	0	3	4
Mrs. Terry	0	1	0
Mrs. Richards	0	4	0
Mrs. Wolley	0	7	3
Mrs. Dashmead	0	2	1
Mrs. Chettle	0	5	0
Mrs. Mere	0	12	0
Mrs. Batchelor	0	2	8
Mrs. Christmas	0	5	0
Mrs. Fielder	0	2	9
Mrs. Bann	0	8	2
Mrs. Cock	0	1	1
Mrs. Cooksey	0	3	6
Mrs. Ball	0	1	6
Mrs. Lane	0	9	0
Mrs. Crane	0	2	0
Mrs. Parry	0	3	0
Mrs. Dougall	0	2	9
Mrs. Burnham	0	4	4
Mrs. Gurney	0	1	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	0	3
Miss Skinner	0	10	6
Miss Marchant	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Broadway	0	5	0
Miss B. Fremlin	0	5	0
Miss May Dillimore ...	0	7	0
Mrs. Ward	1	6	0
	13	12	7
Mr. W. P. Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. Grant	0	10	0
Miss Chilvers	0	10	6
Mr. C. Marsh	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. J. Perry	0	10	0
Mr. Bowker	0	10	0
Eittap	0	10	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. Scard	0	5	0
Miss Daintree	0	5	0
Mrs. Watts	0	5	0
Miss Watts	0	4	0
Not useless	0	8	0
Miss Hanson	0	5	0
Miss A. Frisby	0	5	0
Miss F. Frisby	0	5	0
Master T. Frisby	0	5	0
Willie and Alice	0	5	0
H. M. S.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mills and sons	0	5	0
Mrs. Dee	0	5	0
M. S.	0	5	0
William and Susannah	0	5	0
Miss Mary Mayse	0	5	0
E. S., "A pensioner on God's bounty"	0	5	0
M. J. C.	0	5	0
Mr. F. Cricket	0	5	0
Mrs. P. Scaley	0	5	0
Mrs. Howard	0	5	0
Miss A. Sowdon	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Chapman	0	5	0
Mrs. Horsepool	0	5	6
"A brick for the Girls' Orphanage" ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Pyne	0	5	0
Mrs. Fuller	0	8	0
Mrs. Appleby, Millard and children ...	0	8	3
Miss Offord	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bowker	0	5	0
Miss M. Field	0	5	0
Miss Alderton	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilcox	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Birch	0	7	6
Miss Cannon	0	5	0
Mr. Snowden	0	5	0
Miss Browne	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Alderson	0	5	0
Mr. A. V. Small	0	5	0
Mrs. Fairman	0	5	0
Miss Ely	0	5	0
Miss Skinner	0	5	0
Mr. T. Mason	0	5	0
Mrs. Hudson	0	5	0
Miss French	0	5	0
Miss E. Hampson	0	5	0
Miss A. Frame	0	5	0
Mrs. Bird	0	5	0
Mrs. Benstead	0	5	0
Mr. H. Middleton	0	5	0
Mrs. Mead	0	5	0
A Friend	0	8	0
Miss A. E. Boot and friends	0	16	6
Mrs. Oliver Prentice	0	5	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
L. O.	0	5	0
Mrs. Alderton	0	5	0
Miss J. Scudder	0	5	0
Granny, Oxford	0	5	0
Nellie Gilchrist	0	5	0
Lizzie Lindsay	0	5	0
Miss Larkman	0	5	0
Miss Cornell	0	5	0
Mr. G. Webb	0	5	0
Mr. John Peakman	0	5	0
Mrs. John Peakman	0	5	0
Mr. Payne	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Heath	0	5	0
Charlie, Maggie, and George Miller	0	6	0
Mrs. Green	0	6	0
Mr. Cook	0	5	0
Miss Dove	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Doddington	0	7	0
E. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Tyrrell	0	5	0
Mrs. Elsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Howell	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. McGuffie	0	5	0
M. E. M.	0	5	0
Miss Scudder	0	5	0
Mr. Froggatt	0	5	0
Miss Alder	0	6	0
Mrs. Bailey	0	7	6
Mr. H. Ely	0	5	0
Mrs. Shurmer	0	5	0
Mr. S. Albury	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davie	0	5	0
Mrs. Mathews	0	6	6
Mr. C. J. Rhodes	0	5	0
Miss Moore	0	5	0
Mr. R. Veyzey	0	5	0
Mrs. Newbatt	0	5	0
Mrs. Lane	0	5	0
H. B.	0	5	0
Mr. Hood	0	5	0
Miss Hudson	0	5	0
The Orphan's Mite	0	5	0
Mr. Gilberd	0	5	0
Mr. T. Mitchell	0	5	0
Miss Stennett	0	5	0
Mrs. Patrick and three children	0	5	0
Miss Timms	0	8	0
Emily, Annie, Josephine, and Bertha Tyson	0	5	0
Mr. Beeden	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Day	0	5	0
Miss Swain's Class	0	6	0
Miss Messent	0	5	0
Miss Dale	0	5	0
Mrs. Armstrong, Almshouses	0	5	0
Mr. Mayers	0	5	0
Miss E. Fry	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Spence	0	3	0
Miss H. Wallington	0	5	0
Miss Allen	0	5	0
Miss Satchwell	0	5	0
"A Friend to Orphan Girls"	0	5	0
Mr. T. Clark	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Rink	0	5	0
Mrs. Rushton	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Gibson	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Raybould	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler	0	7	6
Miss May Northcroft	0	5	0
Miss Williams	0	5	0
Miss Johnson	0	5	0
Miss E. Funnell	0	5	0
Mrs. Dunscombe	0	6	6
Mr. B. Baker	0	5	0
Mr. Jago	0	5	0
"Two Orphans"	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Boswell	0	5	0
Miss R. Woodington	0	5	0
Mr. John Cracknell	0	5	0
Miss Hallett	0	5	0
L. and E.	0	5	0
Mrs. Horner	0	5	0
Mr. Powell	0	5	0
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Miss Sarson	0	6	0
Mrs. Wigney and friend	0	7	0
Miss P. Glass	0	4	0
"Three little brothers Cairns"	0	3	0
The Misses Pausey	0	3	3
"Two orphan boys," per Mrs. Moore	0	4	6
Mrs. Dawson	0	3	0
Mr. S. Patrick	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Cornforth	0	3	0
Miss A. Wheatley	0	3	0
Miss N. Wheatley	0	3	0
Mrs. Hart; Almshouses	0	3	0
"A Member"	0	3	0
Miss Gillard	0	3	0
Master McKensie	0	4	0
Mrs. Chilman and children	0	4	0
Mrs. Vernon	0	3	0
Mrs. Warren and Miss Woodington	0	4	6
Mr. Foreman and friends	0	3	6
S. J. Challis	0	3	0
E. N. and friend	0	4	0
Miss J. Bishop	0	4	0
Miss Pilton	0	3	0
Mrs. Hall and sisters	0	4	6
Mrs. and Miss Ward	0	3	6
Miss Woods	0	3	0
Mrs. Pitt	0	3	0
Mrs. Goody	0	3	0
Mr. T. Barrett	0	3	0
Mrs. Wickstead	0	3	6
Miss Hood	0	3	0
Mr. Reid	0	3	0
Miss Daniels	0	3	0
Mrs. Mayne	0	3	0
Mr. J. Last	0	3	0
Miss Adams and friend	0	3	6
Miss Jennie Pearce	0	3	0
Miss M. Turner	0	4	0
Mr. Eldridge	0	3	0
Miss James	0	3	6
Miss Hollobone and friend	0	3	0
Mr. Birdsey	0	3	6
Ada, Lizzie, and Emily	0	3	0
A. Loydell	0	4	0
Miss Thorne	0	4	0
Mrs. Chittock	0	3	0
Miss Damer	0	3	0
"A Member"	0	3	0
Miss Miller	0	3	0
Miss Stewart's Class	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waite	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Herridge	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	0	2	6
Lizzie	0	2	6
E. M. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Parr	0	2	6
F. W.	0	2	6
Miss Pope	0	2	6
Mrs. Benbow	0	2	6
Mrs. Appleton	0	2	6
"A widow's mite"	0	2	6
Tottie	0	2	6
Miss Bate	0	2	6
S. H.	0	2	6
W. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Carter	0	2	6
E. M. N.	0	2	6
Miss Hill	0	2	6
Mrs. Sideway	0	2	6
Mrs. Butcher	0	2	6
Mrs. S. A. White	0	2	6
Miss R. Rowland	0	2	6
Mrs. Tullett	0	2	6
Miss Darby	0	2	6
Mrs. Batchelor	0	2	6
M. D.	0	2	6
Mrs. Apps	0	2	6
Mr. Godwin	0	2	6
Nellie and Elsie Boot	0	2	6
Miss Howard	0	2	6
Mr. Clow	0	2	6
E. M.	0	2	6
Miss S. Higgleton	0	2	6
Mrs. Akers	0	2	6
Mrs. H., Waterbeach	0	2	6
Mr. S. R. Johnson	0	2	6
Miss Collis	0	2	6
Mr. A. Collis	0	2	6
Mr. Capon	0	2	6
Mr. E. Morley	0	2	6
Ann Auld	0	2	6
Mrs. Kettle	0	2	6
Mrs. Catley	0	2	6
Mr. H. Hook	0	2	6
Mr. T. J. Rowland	0	2	6
G. A. S.	0	2	6
Annie Brewer	0	2	6
Lillie Brewer	0	2	6
Alice Brewer	0	2	6
Miss Leyson	0	2	6
Mrs. Maxwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Alder	0	2	6
Miss R. Phillips	0	2	6
Mrs. Ryan	0	2	6
Miss E. Hamilton	0	2	6
Mrs. Parker	0	2	6
Mr. W. C. Denham	0	2	6
Miss Dacy	0	2	6
Mr. W. Shorter	0	2	6
Mr. Clarke	0	2	6
Mr. Fleming	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison	0	2	6
Mr. Woods	0	2	6
E. Raybould	0	2	6
Miss White	0	2	6
Mrs. Cartwright	0	2	6
Mrs. Vears	0	2	6
S. Andrew	0	2	6
Miss Nuding	0	2	6
Mrs. Mayers	0	2	6
Miss C. Z. J.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pemberton	0	2	6
Rosina Brewer	0	2	6
Mrs. Williams	0	2	0
Mrs. Ayling	0	2	0
Mr. F. Taylor	0	2	0
Walter and Louisa	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Mabey	0	2	0
Mrs. Day	0	2	0
Mrs. McGuffie	0	2	0
Miss P. Guy, Almshouses	0	2	0
Miss A. Rawlings	0	2	0
Sarah J. Boyce	0	2	0
Mrs. McGlashan	0	2	0
Mrs. Ward	0	2	0
Misses Amy and Annie Hill	0	2	0
Miss Glass	0	2	0
Miss E. Lethbridge	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Adkins	0	2	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Reece	0	2	0
Mrs. Fielder	0	2	0
Miss Yarwood	0	2	0
Miss Marshall	0	2	0
Miss M. S.	0	2	0
Mr. J. Blackford	0	2	0
W. C. F.	0	2	0
Miss C. Ashford	0	2	0
Mrs. Brewer	0	2	0
Emily	0	2	0
Mr. Robson	0	2	0
Mr. S. T. Trickett	0	2	0
Miss E. Harris	0	2	0
Mrs. Morris	0	2	0
Mrs. Richardson	0	2	0
Mrs. Watkins	0	2	0
Miss Broster	0	2	0
Miss Chaney	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Plowman	0	2	0
Mrs. Upham	0	2	0
Thomas	0	2	0
A. C.	0	2	0
S. A. F.	0	2	0
Mrs. Read	0	2	0
Mr. E. Read	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Read	0	2	0
Mr. Margetts	0	2	0
Mrs. Pain	0	2	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	0
Mrs. Strong	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Butler	0	2	0
Mr. Millican	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Vero	0	2	0
Mrs. Wattle	0	2	0
Mr. Keen	0	2	0
Mr. Harber	0	2	0
Miss J. Larner	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Meyers	0	2	0
For Trustees' house—			
Intended legacy discounted	400	0	0
Mr. William Olney (2nd donation)	50	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	200	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney (2nd donation)	100	0	0
	750	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	500	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	500	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	20	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wheateroft	100	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	20	0	0
T. H., Forest Gate	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	1	0	0
A. D.	5	0	0
Mrs. Gillmore	1	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. James Bester	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Wall	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0
Miss M. P. Drake	1	0	0
Mrs. H. P. Waters	5	0	0
Mr. N. Pearce Sharman	10	0	0
Felthorpe Baptist Sunday-school	0	7	0
"I will pay my vows"	0	5	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. T. Wen	1	7	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	1	0	0
Mary Bowen	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Hunt	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
M. W., Laceby	0	5	0
J. C. G.	5	0	0
Miss Gittins...	5	0	0
Mr. James Annandale	30	0	0
Mr. William Mathewson...	21	0	0
Miss Jane M. Lang	1	0	0
B. A. M.	1	0	0
Mothers' Meeting at Creek Street ...	0	7	3
Mrs. Turnbull	2	0	0
Miss M. Kensett	0	5	0
Mr. F. A. Atkins	0	2	6
Mr. Philip Davies	50	0	0
Miss M. Johnston	1	0	0
Mr. F. Cooper	1	0	0
Miss Marshall	0	5	0
Rev. J. S. Exell	1	1	0
R. W.	10	0	0
Mrs. S. Hasler	1	0	0
From Braintree	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	1	0	0
E. H. B.	10	0	0
Mr. John Serjeant...	1	1	0
Dr. and Mrs. Cowdy	1	0	0
One Brick	0	1	0
T. H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	10	0	0
S. C. (second brick)	50	0	0
General Dalyell	20	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Lowe	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Lowe	0	5	0
Mrs. Pringle...	3	0	0
A few Friends, Kelso, per Mrs. Dods...	1	0	0
A working-man, Dumfries	2	0	0
Miss C. Coleman	1	0	0
M. P., Dundee	0	5	0
A. W., Buckhurst Hill	1	0	0
Mr. P. A. Feathers	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Lines	0	10	0
Ann Bird	0	10	0
Charlotte Russell	0	2	6
Collected by Rev. C. Welton, Driffield :—			
Rev. R. Bryer 0 5 0			
Mrs. Eames 0 2 0			
Mrs. Hurd 0 5 0			
Rev. G. Lee... ... ... 0 2 6			
Mr. Wrangham 0 5 0			
Rev. C. Welton 0 2 6			
	1	2	0
Dr. Joseph Plimsoll, R.N.	1	0	0
Mr William Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Keith	1	0	0
Messrs. Henry Fisher and Co.	5	0	0
V. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. Jacob	1	0	0
Mr E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. D. Stewart	0	5	0
Mrs. Crighton, "In Memoriam" ...	2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Beswick...	0	3	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker, to go with "Bray's Bricks"	0	10	0
Collected by Master F. A. Smith ...	0	17	6
P. C., and I. C.	0	10	0
M. T.	0	10	0
Mary Ann Mooney...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Turner	5	0	0
Maria Gooding	2	0	0
From a Friend	1	0	0
J. R.	2	0	0
A Thankoffering	2	0	0
Mrs. Pretheroo	1	0	0
E. M. Morris	0	1	0
An invalid sister	0	2	6
A little old Brown bird	0	5	0
Ruth Morris...	0	10	0
S. Tulcher	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Keating	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Nellie Withers, Reading :—						
Mr. and Mrs. T. H. W. (Tilehurst)	10	0	0			
Mrs. George Palmer ...	5	0	0			
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0			
Mr. J. Sutton	1	1	0			
Mr. James Withers ...	1	1	0			
Mr. A. Sutton	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Huntley	1	0	0			
Mr. W. J. Palmer... ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. John Leach	1	0	0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	0	10	6			
Mrs. Charles Simonds ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Huntley	0	10	0			
Mr. W. H. Toomer ...	0	10	0			
Mr. R. Toomer	0	10	0			
Mr. H. Sutton	0	10	0			
Mr. A. Palmer	0	10	0			
Mr. Lewis Cooper	0	10	0			
Mr. S. Rosling	0	10	0			
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Exall	0	5	0			
Miss Austie	0	5	0			
Mrs. Lousley	0	5	0			
Mrs. G. Ward	0	5	0			
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	5	0			
Mr T. Gregory	0	5	0			
Mr. Joseph Morris... ...	0	5	0			
Mr. S. Stokes	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Collier...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Percy	0	5	0			
Mr. Searle	0	5	0			
Mr. Charles O. Rogers ...	0	5	0			
A Friend	0	3	0			
Mr. James Leslie	0	3	0			
Mrs. Barton	0	2	6			
Mrs. Dawbarn	0	2	6			
Mrs. Ward	0	2	6			
Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6			
Mrs. Chesterman	0	2	6			
Mrs. Mackness	0	2	6			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6			
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6			
Mr. Staples	0	2	6			
Mr. Hunt	0	2	6			
Mr. Watford	0	2	6			
Mr. Higgs	0	2	6			
Mr. Wyly	0	2	6			
Mrs. Winter...	0	2	6			
Mr. Fawcett...	0	2	6			
Mrs. Silver	0	2	6			
V.	0	2	6			
Mrs. Burton	0	2	0			
Mr Deacon	0	2	0			
Mrs. Shepherd	0	2	0			
Mr Simmons	0	2	0			
Collected in single shillings	0	9	0			
Miss Nellie Withers ...	1	11	6			
Sale of work	1	13	9			
				37	4	3
Invergordon Free Church congregation	32	7	9			
Friends in neighbourhood of Invergordon	5	17	6			
Mrs. Cameron, Saltburn ...	0	2	6			
Mrs. D. Munro, "Gow," Saltburn	0	2	0			
				38	9	0
Mr. B. Gregory				1	0	0
Mrs. Tunbridge				0	10	0
R. H. B. D.				0	10	0
Miss Armstrong				2	0	0
Mr. G. A. Calder, per Mrs. Spurgeon...				21	0	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill				1	1	0
Miss M. C. B. Cave				1	0	0
S. M. K.				0	5	0
Miss Spliedt...				5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
E. J. and A. K. J.	0	15	0
Mr. John Bagshaw	10	0	0
Mr. J. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	10	10	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Hollis	1	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Tucker	30	0	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mr. Stephen Gammon	3	3	0
From Aberdeenshire	0	2	6
Mr. W. Maxwell	0	5	0
Mr. S. Brown	3	0	0
Mr. W. Cruickshank, Dunkeld	1	0	0
Mary Jenkins	0	10	0
Mrs. Anna Evans	5	0	0
Mrs. Annie Clark	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	3	6
Mrs. Freeman	1	0	0
Mr T. B. Maddox	0	2	6
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Spurgeon	5	0	0
Miss M. Broomhall	0	10	0
D. Wallis	0	7	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
Mrs. Ellen Johnson	1	0	0
Mr John Lewis	1	1	0
Miss Ann Lucas	0	10	0
Miss H. Felle	0	5	0
A poor watchman	1	0	0
Isaiah xlii. 16	1	0	0
First earnings	0	4	0
Mr Donald Grant	5	5	0
Mr Geo. Wright	1	0	0
Mr E. Mounsey	10	0	0
Mr. Geo. Buckingham	3	0	0
A sincere Well-wisher	0	2	6
Mr. Alfred Grose	0	10	0
Mr Edward Taylor	1	1	0
M. K.	0	2	0
S. A. Silvester	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis and family	4	4	0
Miss Alldis	1	1	0
Miss O'Leary	0	2	6
M. A. Burrows	0	5	0
Harriet	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	0
Collected by H. S. N.	0	11	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss Coppins and friends	1	0	0
Miss Hunt and friends	1	15	0
Mr Edward Petts	0	10	0
Mr. John Coutts	1	0	0
E. F. Cooper	0	5	6
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
H. Barrett	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Charles Smith	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
C. G.	1	0	0
M. C.	0	5	0
S. T.	1	0	0
H. D	0	5	0
Mrs. Bailey	0	2	0
S. C.	0	1	0
Per C. H. S.	0	2	6
Mr. R. C. Cooking	5	0	0
Towards Trustees' House (Mr. B. W. Carr)	10	0	0
A. G.	1	0	0
Miss J. M. Henderson	0	10	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Yorkshire	1	0	0
A Friend in Aberdeen	0	2	7
Mr. Edward Cannon	5	0	0
Mr. S. Wain	1	0	0
A poor factory girl	0	2	0
The Misses Kemp	5	0	0
Stamps from Hadlow	0	2	6
Mr. W. Bookely	1	0	0
M. P.	1	1	0
Rev. E. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. James Pearce	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Dick	2	0	0
Mrs. Ann Owens	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Robert Ryman	0	18	0
C. A. Whitaker	1	1	0
J. S., N.	0	5	0
Miss Barnes	0	7	0
Mr. G. Gale	1	0	0
Mr. John Cigar	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Pocock	0	10	0
M. B.	1	0	0
A little one who wishes to do something for the Lord	0	5	0
Per Miss Lizzie Culver:—			
Rev. S. F. Bridge 0 5 0			
Miss Phœbe Grace Genowen 0 5 0			
Mrs. Gurney 0 10 0			
Miss Lizzie Culver 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Miss Evelyn Davis	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thomas	1	1	0
O. D. D. and friends	1	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Kilborn	0	5	0
F. H. and M. H.	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Rev. W. Fuller Gooch	1	1	0
Mr. H. Mansell	3	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred Darby	10	0	0
Mr. Charles Carter	1	0	0
Mr. William Gates	0	10	6
Miss F. E. Wells	0	10	6
"A little help"	2	2	0
Proceeds of temperance drink sold to guards and drivers	0	5	8
Mrs. J. Robertson	2	0	0
Rev. H. Wilkins and friends	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Shirley	0	15	0
Mrs. E. Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	5	0	0
Mr. Alfred Pearson	1	1	0
Mr. Archibald Macnicholl	1	0	0
Miss Houghton	5	0	0
Infant Class, Braintree Baptist Sunday School	0	3	3
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. Alexander Watts	0	10	6
Miss Maxwell	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Keep	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Smith	1	1	0
Mr and Mrs. F. H. White	0	10	0
Mr. John Briers	5	0	0
Mrs. Eliza Rogers	1	0	0
Georgie and Horace Ballard	0	6	6
Mr. G. Barrett	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. James Ramage	3	10	6
Milton Sunday School, per Rev. A. H. Collins	0	10	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston	0	2	6
Mr. John Hasler	0	10	6
Mr. J. Kemp-Welch	20	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith	0	10	0
From Carshalton	2	0	0
From Appledore	0	10	0
E. D. S.	5	0	0
Mr. George Atkins	0	2	6
A Sister in Christ	0	2	6
Contents of a dear deceased daughter's purse	2	1	4
Miss Eliza Deacon and friends	1	0	0
From St. Leonards	0	2	6
H. Green	0	1	0
M. L. and C. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Hill	0	10	0
Miss Lewin	0	6	0
A. R.	0	2	6
A Widow's mite	0	5	0
Mr. H. White	1	1	0
A Friend	0	0	6
Miss E. B. Aldridge	0	2	6
Messrs. Mills Brothers	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A young believer	0	5	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Summers	5	5	0
Young hopeful	0	1	0
A poor member	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. William Hawkins, Pennsylvania...	5	0	0
Somersetshire	20	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Mrs. G. Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. Lawrence	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	2	0
Miss Curling	10	10	0
No name	1	0	0
Miss Mary Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Gosling	1	0	0
Three brothers Chisholm	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Lanthois	0	4	0
Mr. E. V. Sunbry	0	5	0
J. T. H.	1	0	0
Miss J. C. Harden	0	2	6
Mrs. Woodhall	1	0	0
Mrs. Pullen	0	5	0
Camberwell Bus Driver	0	10	0
Subscriptions, per ditto	1	5	0
J. T.	0	5	0
Alice	0	5	0
Master Bun	0	2	6
Mrs. Stiff	0	2	6
Mrs Hayward	1	0	0
Mary L. M. G.	5	0	0
Margaret	0	2	0
Miss Whiting	0	2	0
Miss Seamark	0	2	0
From Natal	0	10	0
E. B.	0	2	0
Per Rev. J. T. Wigner:—			
Mr. B. Webb	10	10	0
Mr. E. Hughes, in memory of Ernest Edgar Bray ...	25	0	0
Mr. H. Temple	1	1	0
Rev. J. T. Wigner... ...	1	1	0
	37	12	0
E. F.	0	10	0
Miss Leech	0	2	6
Mrs. Hunt	0	2	6
Mrs. Love	0	2	0
Mrs. Steere	0	1	0
E. S.	0	2	6
W.	0	10	0
Two friends...	0	2	0
A friend	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. James Kidder ...	0	18	0
Mr. Robert Miller	25	0	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	0	10	0
Messrs. Millington and Hutton's employés, per H. Reading	0	14	6
Mr. Wild, Harlington	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chapman	1	1	0
Mr. R. N. Stephens	1	0	0
One penny per week subscriptions ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Wright	0	5	0
Miss Day	0	5	0
Mrs. Turner	0	2	6
Mrs. Jane Brown	1	0	0
Two very little fingers in a very large pie	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Charlesworth ...	1	4	0
Mr. James Stiff	10	10	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Pastor J. A. Brown	1	10	0
Ada Joy	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Johnson	1	0	0
Per Mr. Carr	0	2	0
Mrs. Barker	0	5	0
Miss Chandler	0	10	6
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mrs. Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott, jun....	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. Lott	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Mortimer, per Rev. J. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. Courtenay, sen.	0	10	0
Mr. Brock	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Shaw	1	0	0
Little Annie	0	2	0
Staines	0	2	0
Scutchings	0	2	0
Isabel	0	2	0
E. Corsin	0	2	0
A thankful wife	2	0	0
S. Simpson	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
A. S., Gray's Inn	1	0	0
S. G.	1	1	0
James Jackson	0	10	6
G. F. P.	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Nellie and Percy Fowler	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dowsett	5	0	0
Mr. Parker	1	0	0
Miss Waine	1	0	0
Lucy	0	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
J. C. Bath	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
C. D. Eldridge	0	10	0
E. Wicks	0	5	0
Miss Bridge	0	1	0
Mrs. J. T. H.	1	0	0
E. B.	0	1	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mrs. Rough	0	9	0
C. G.	0	10	0
Arthur	0	1	1
Little Girl	0	5	0
M. F.	0	2	6
Mr. Brewer	0	2	6
Mr. Jolliffe	0	2	6
Mr. Rhodes	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
Mary	0	1	0
B. M.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
C. B.	0	2	6
C. F.	0	1	0
E. N.	0	5	0
E. L.	0	2	0
C. Winter	0	1	0
Student's Daughter	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A. D.	0	10	0
Friends	0	1	2
Mr. Challis	0	2	0
Three Friends, Thankoffering for the Lord's Mercies	6	2	6
Mr. F. White	0	5	0
Mrs. Essex	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gardiner	0	5	0
A Friend, North End, Fulham	0	6	0
Caroline Fitt	0	2	6
Ticket, No. 1	5	0	0
Ticket, No. 2	5	0	0
C. Ware	0	10	0
Willie and Lottie	10	0	0
Marianne Cornish	1	0	0
Mr. R. D. Lown	5	5	0
Miss Maud Bridge	0	5	0
Collected by Sarah J. Wardell	0	7	0
Mrs. Shepherd	1	1	0
T. W. S.	0	17	6
Dr. Habershon	5	5	0
M. J.	0	2	0
Collected by Thomas Charlesworth ...	0	11	0
H. M. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Hooper	0	10	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
C. F. E. G.	0	4	0
M. W.	0	5	0
Annie Edwards	1	0	0
Miss S. Abbott	2	0	0
Miss Dibley	1	0	0
A grateful friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Reed	0	10	0
Mr. Potier	5	0	0
W. L. C. B.	10	0	0
Small sums given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage	1	11	6
A Scotch Sermon Reader	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Forfar	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Scott	0	2	0
Miss F. E. Craig	0	10	0
Two Friends	0	7	6
Mr. George Gray	2	2	0
Theodore and little May	0	6	0
A Thankoffering, E. J. F.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lennox	2	0	0
Mr. W. Knox	5	0	0
Mr. W. Marshall	0	5	0
Messrs. Waltham Brothers	5	0	0
Mrs. McLachlan	1	0	0
H. W.	5	0	0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wilson	5	0	0
Sister Clara	0	2	6
The Birds in Paradise	1	7	6
Mr. James Higgs	25	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	10	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
Mr. W. Deas	1	0	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	0
Collected by Philip L. Kitchen	0	15	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	5	5	0
J. E. B. (S. Africa)	5	0	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	3	3	0
A Servant	0	5	0
A Brother in Christ	1	0	0
Mr. F. Gamman	1	0	0
J. T.	0	5	0
Thankful to God for mercies received	0	2	6
Mr. John Ashworth	0	7	6
A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	10	0
Miss E. Summers	0	1	0
Mr. R. Morgan	2	2	0
A poor widow's Thankoffering	0	5	0
T. H. J.	0	10	0
A few bricks for the girls	5	0	0
A. E. Sinkler	0	1	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson and family	0	8	0
M. May	0	1	0
Mrs. W. Appleton	1	1	0
From Brechin	0	5	0
Per J. T. D.:—			
Mr. Corsan	1	1	0
Mr. A. G. King (old coin)	1	6	6
Mr. J. Seby	0	2	6
	2	10	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Hutchison	0	5	0
Mrs. Ambrose	1	1	0
Mr. Brackett	2	0	0
Mrs. Stringer	0	10	6
Miss Maggie Stringer	0	10	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Jeremiah Colman, Esq., per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	25	0	0
Mrs. Newman	0	2	6
Mrs. Shaw	0	2	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	10	0
Mrs. Willis	0	10	0
A Friend, per J. T. D.	5	0	0
Mr. Shepherd	1	1	0
Mr. Parker	5	0	0
Master A. G. Dunn	0	3	6
A. D.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Martha Smith	1	0	0
Mr. James Turley	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Thompson	5	0	0
The Earl of Kintore	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watt	0	10	0
Mr. James A. Pollard	0	5	0
Miss Nay	0	10	0
Mr. J. Piggott, per Mr. Chisholm	1	0	0
Mr. H. L. Rutter	1	0	0
Miss Ada Rutter	0	2	6
Master H. Rutter	0	2	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. John Goslin	1	0	0
Miss Coe	1	0	0
Mrs. George Smith and sister	0	10	0
Mrs. Hopkins	0	12	0
Mr. Fisher	1	1	0
Mrs. Munday	1	0	0
Mrs. Spurdens	0	2	0
Mrs. Kassen	0	10	0
A Widow's mite, Lizzie	0	2	0
Mrs. Holton	0	10	0
Mrs. Withery	0	10	0
Master Ernest Dougharty	0	10	0
From an invalid in an almshouse	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. G. Creasy, per Rev. H. Knee	1	1	0
A Widow's mite	0	1	0
A Friend	0	0	6
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Master E. C. Higgs' Rifleman	0	10	0
Rev. C. Evans	0	10	6
Mr. Thomas Kent	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Hunt	0	5	0
Miss Passenger	0	10	0
Mr. Batty	0	10	0
Miss Mather	0	2	6
Mrs. Healey	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkey	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Master John English	0	2	6
Two little boys	0	2	0
"Many happy returns"	0	10	0
H. G.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Knight	10	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Two Friends	0	7	6
Mr. E. T. Stringer	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Hopkins	0	6	0
Miss E. Williams	0	6	0
Miss Price, per Rev. H. Tarrant	0	10	0
Mrs. Parris, per Rev. W. H. J. Page	1	0	0
Miss Robins	0	5	0
Mr. E. Bowen	0	2	6
Mr. J. Mather	0	10	0
Mr. W. Tofield	0	10	0
Mr. T. Parsons	0	3	0
Lottie Goodwin	0	3	0
Mr. Whitford	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Pike	0	10	0
Mrs. Rankin	1	0	0
Mr. Pullin	0	10	0
Miss Townsend	0	8	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	10	0
Mrs. Hawkes	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Miss Bedwell	0	5	0
R. J. P.	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	6
Miss Scott, per Rev. J. Samuel	1	0	0
Sarah, per Mr. Court	1	0	0
B.	1	0	0
J.	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Parker	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell	2	2	0
A Friend	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Johnson...	0	2	6
R. P.	0	5	0
S. H.	1	0	0
J. T.	0	2	6
J. S.	0	2	6
Mr. Arthur Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. Scott	0	1	0
E. V. Horn	0	2	0
M. A. C and wedding ring	0	2	6
Mr. S. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. James Cotton	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	5	0	0
E.	0	2	0
A. W....	0	0	6
Susannah	0	4	0
Mr. Charles Round	0	10	0
Mrs. Parsons	0	2	6
Mrs. Price	0	2	0
Mr. Stephen Foster	0	10	0
Mr. Wells	1	1	0
Mr. George Davidson	0	7	6
Mr. P. I. Payne	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mr. George R. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Williams	5	5	0
Miss E. Baldwin	0	10	0
One of the domestics	0	2	6
Mrs. J. White	1	0	0
Stamps from Lapwade	0	5	0
N. C. A.	2	0	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
C. G.	0	1	0
Mrs. Brookes	0	2	6
Mr. J. C. Goslin	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
A. S. and M. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Mackenzie Grieves ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barkman ...	0	2	0
	2	1	6
Janet Pether and Friend...	0	3	0
Stamps given to Mr. Spurgeon	0	1	1
Mr. Henry Marfell	10	0	0
E. J. T.	0	5	0
Thankoffering for mercy received ...	5	0	0
Mr. James H. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Edmonds...	5	0	0
Mrs. De K.	0	10	0
Mrs. Foreman	0	1	0
Mr. William Coe	0	10	0
Mrs. Tunstall	1	0	0
Mr. Moule	0	2	6
Mr. Chilvers...	1	1	0
Mr. Draper	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Millar	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Sadler	0	10	0
Miss H. M. Brown...	0	10	0
Miss E. Burrows	0	2	6
Miss Ann Henderson	1	0	0
Mrs. Freeman	2	0	0
Mr. David Duke	0	10	0
The Misses Sprot	2	0	0
Mr. A. Norman	5	5	0
Mrs. C. F. Maitland	10	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood (second donation) ...	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Thorpe	1	0	0
Mr. John Freshwater	2	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald," Blockley	0	3	0
Miss Mary Mack Wall	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Beith	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Catherall	2	2	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	12	0
Mr. J. McMaster	1	0	0
Miss C. C. Smithe	1	0	0
Ellen Sargent	0	3	0
Bertie, Effie, and Edie	1	1	0
Croydon Ragged Schools...	0	5	6
From Swansea	1	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. A. Edgley...	1	1	0
"Feed my lambs," M.K....	0	10	0
E. R.	0	5	0
C. W.	0	1	0
Ann Higdon...	0	1	0
Y. E. S.	0	2	6
Mr. George Wright	0	2	6
A Scotch banknote	1	0	0
"A sinner saved by grace," per Mrs. Evans	5	0	0
Hanover Congregational Church, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley	5	0	0
Mr. John Hill	5	0	0
Miss Clarke	1	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	2	2	0
Ellen Grounds	0	1	0
S. A. E. I.	0	2	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," New York	1	0	0
Mrs. Hawes	5	0	0
Miss Hopperton and Servant	0	15	0
J. (monthly)	0	1	0
Stamps	0	1	0
Mr. John White	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Miss Elizabeth Pugh	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Dixon	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary East	1	0	0
Brick for No. 2	0	1	0
J. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	5	0
Miss Cove	0	4	0
Miss E. Davy	1	0	0
W. H. S. M....	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. J. Crocker	1	0	0
Mrs. Binck	0	10	0
Mrs. Allan	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Wagstaff	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Farmer	1	1	0
E. S.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fox (a corner stone) ...	100	0	0
Miss Annie Tutcher	1	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	4	0
Stamps from Canonbury	0	10	0
Mr. D. Reynolds	0	10	0
C. W.	1	1	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nancolas	0	10	0
Theresa Dade	0	3	0
Adelaide Bennet	1	0	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. A. Westwood	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Rhyl	1	0	0
In Memory of "Beecie," Montrose ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Meadows	0	10	0
Miss Westrope	1	0	0
Mr. John Ward	10	10	0
From Abergavenny	1	0	0
Stamps from Aylsham	0	3	6
Mr. James Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. A. McDonald	1	0	0
Mrs. Agnes Scott	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	5	5	0
Mrs. West	0	1	0
Mr. Johnston	0	2	6
An aged believer	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mrs. H. M. Grange	1	1	0
Miss E. J. Burnett...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Roberts	0	2	0
Mrs. Threlfall	1	0	0
A Lover of Jesus. A.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Boston	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	2	10	0
A Sermon Reader, Edinburgh, less 8d. paid for registration	0	19	4
A Sermon Reader, Ayr, less 8d. paid for registration	0	9	4
Mr. J. T. Godwin	2	2	0
E. S., Crosland Moor	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rad	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman	0	15	0
An Invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Dr. W. Braugham...	2	10	0
Mrs. Coles	1	0	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Sermon Readers, per Mrs. S. Gibson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Binns	0	5	0
H. E.	0	2	6
H. M. F.	0	2	6
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
Mr. George Shand	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Alice Sleigh	1	3	0
Mr. T. Coustas	1	0	0
A working man's wife	0	2	6
Per Mr. Fullerton :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. Cope ... 3 0 0			
Miss F. Cope 0 10 0			
Master S. Cope 0 5 0			
	3	15	0
Mr. James Collins	0	13	2
Mr. W. J. Thompson, per Rev. W. C. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Osborn...	0	1	6
Mr. Dean	0	5	0
E. D., per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon... ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Telfor	0	10	0
"Dorton"	1	0	0
"A friend"	0	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Hawgood... ...	5	0	0
Per Mr. Murrell :—			
Mr. Lamont 5 0 0			
Mr. Holland 1 0 0			
Messrs. Gowland 5 5 0			
Mr. R. Evans 20 0 0			
Mr. W. Evans... ... ... 10 10 0			
Mrs. W. Evans 3 3 0			
Mr. S. Walker 5 5 0			
Mr. G Toller 10 0 0			
Mr. Oxley 2 2 0			
Mr Bingle 1 1 0			
Messrs. Scott and Denham... 2 2 0			
Mr. Hammond 1 1 0			
Mr. Finch 1 1 0			
Mr. McNamara 1 1 0			
Mr Drill 1 1 0			
Mr. Tracey 0 10 0			
Mr. Drew 0 10 0			
From Polly 0 10 0			
	71	2	0
Per Mr. Samuel Barrow :—			
Mr Samuel Barrow ... 600 0 0			
Mrs S Barrow 50 0 0			
Mr. R. V. Parrow 50 0 0			
E. Catchpole, Esq. ... 25 0 0			
Messrs. Boutcher, Mortimore and Co. 21 0 0			
Messrs. Oastler, Palmer, and Co. 21 0 0			
Messrs. A. Cohn and Co.... 21 0 0			
Messrs. Page, Draper, and Co. 21 0 0			
Messrs. T. J. and T. Powell 21 0 0			
Arthur Cohen, Esq., Q.C., M.P. 21 0 0			
Messrs. Pocock Brothers ... 21 0 0			
William Delay, Esq. ... 21 0 0			
A Bristol Friend 21 0 0			
Cyrus Legg, Esq. 21 0 0			
Herbert Tritton, Esq. ... 21 0 0			
Messrs. De Clermont and Donner 21 0 0			
Messrs. Schloesser Brothers 10 10 0			
Messrs. Hepburn and Sons 10 10 0			
Messrs. W. J. Davies and Son 10 10 0			
Messrs. Fisher, King, and Co. 10 10 0			
Messrs. Whittard, Crisp, and Co. 10 10 0			
Messrs. W. & J. Strong ... 10 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Schweder and Co.	10	10	0
Messrs. Dyster, Nalder, and Co.	10	10	0
Messrs. H. Caldwell and Son	10	10	0
Messrs. Schrader & Michell	10	10	0
Messrs. Livingstone, Inglis, and Co.	10	10	0
Messrs. Bevington & Morris	10	10	0
Messrs. Dixon, Sons, and Taylor	10	10	0
Messrs. Goad, Rigg, & Co.	10	10	0
Mr. A. Berbe	10	10	0
Mr. S. B. Bevington ...	10	10	0
Mr. B. Nichol on	10	10	0
Mr. S. Barrow, jun. ...	10	10	0
Mr. G. W. Williams ...	10	10	0
Mr. S Thompson	10	10	0
Mr. George Vicars... ...	10	10	0
Outsider	10	10	0
Messrs. Boutcher, Mortimore, and Co	10	10	0
Messrs. John Tullis & Son	10	10	0
Mr. A. H. Howard ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Howard	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Downing and Son	7	0	0
Alderman Cotton, M.P. ...	10	10	0
Messrs. Anning and Cobb	10	10	0
Mr. Henry Eschwege ...	10	10	0
Mr. John Carter	5	5	0
Mr. John Isaacson ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. Corderoy ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. B. Waterlow ...	5	5	0
Mr. J. H. Seaman ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Bray	5	5	0
Mr. T. L. Corbett	5	5	0
Mr. W. Harrison	5	5	0
Mr. William Izard ...	5	5	0
Mr. H. Montagu	5	5	0
Mr. H. B. Sylvester ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. T. Rabbits ...	5	5	0
Mr. R. Bennett	5	5	0
Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mr. George Wilson ...	5	5	0
Mr. E. Wood	5	5	0
Mr. John Bennett	5	5	0
Mr. A. Hardy	5	5	0
Mr. James White	5	0	0
Mr. Cleeve W. Hooper, jun.	5	5	0
Mr. T. T. Wood	5	5	0
Mr C. H. Gray	5	5	0
Mr. Jas. Garnar	5	5	0
Mr. W. H. Cox	5	5	0
Messrs. Geo. Mathews and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. J. Brach and Sons	5	5	0
Messrs. G. Gibbs and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. N. Fisher and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. W. Brach and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. G. R. Herron and Sons	5	5	0
Messrs. C. H. Baber and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Thos. Legg and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. Powell and Sing ..	5	5	0
Messrs. Prockter and Bevington	5	5	0
Messrs. Thos. Holmes and Son	5	5	0
Messrs. Hicks, Nash and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Flack, Chandler, and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. S. M. and J. B. Benson	5	0	0
Sir F. Herschell, Bart., M.P.	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. Mote	5	0	0
Messrs. Hugh Brown and Son	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Cleeve W. Hooper and Sons	3	3	0
Messrs. John Brown and Co.	3	3	0
Messrs. Samuel Barrow and Bros.' men	2	16	7
Messrs. Heydemann and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. Friedlaender and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. Pearson and Poole	2	2	0
Messrs. Kitchin and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. John Burt and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. James Lord	2	2	0
Mr. Pascall	2	2	0
Mr. H. Bone	2	2	0
Mr. G. Morris	2	2	0
Mr. James McRae	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. McGregor	2	2	0
Mr J. W. Janson	2	2	0
Mr. Ewd. Cordey	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas	2	0	0
Mr. Hausmann	2	0	0
Mr H. Featherstone	2	2	0
Mr R. Ramsay	2	2	0
Mr. C. Underwood	2	2	0
Mr. T. Wilshire	2	2	0
A Friend	2	2	0
Messrs. Reis	2	2	0
Mr. Hy. Robinson	2	2	0
Messrs. Atkinson and Bray	2	2	0
Messrs. A. Salomon and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. T., G. A., and J. Bacon	2	2	0
Messrs. F. Honischer and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. Moeller and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Ecroyd	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wilkins	1	1	0
Mr. W. Penny	1	1	0
Mr. D. Van Whye	1	1	0
Mr. John Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. James Warnington	1	1	0
Mr. J. Putter	1	1	0
Mr. J. McCallam	1	1	0
Rev. — Greenough	1	1	0
Mr. H. Philcox	1	1	0
Mr. H. Line	1	1	0
Mr. H. Braybrook	1	1	0
Messrs. J. Mathews & Co.	1	1	0
Messrs. Whiting and Webb	1	1	0
A Friend	0	10	6
Mr. Huxhams	0	5	0
	1576	11	1

Mr. Ronald, and friends at Aberdeen, per Mr. Samuel Barrow:—

Mr. Ronald	5	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. Millar	1	0	0
J. C.	0	10	0
A. U.	0	10	0
Mr. William Henderson	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Fiddes	0	10	0
Mr. James White	1	0	0
Mr. William Gordon	0	10	0
T. R. Watson	0	10	0
J. O. Macqueen	0	10	0
Mr. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. Durno	0	10	0
A. C. Barker	1	0	0
J. Lorimer	0	10	0
Mr. George Rose	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mowat, senior	1	0	0
Mr. A. Mowat	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Stevens	1	0	0
Mr. Alexander Lyon, jun.	1	0	0
J. V.	0	10	0
R. G.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Murray	5	5	0
A Boy's Birthday Offering	0	10	0
A Lady Invalid	1	0	0
J. Webster	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Murray, Woodside House	1	0	0
Mr. Stolart J. Mitchell	0	5	0
D. Parker Evans, Bristol	1	0	0
Mr Robt Lumsden	1	0	0
Mr John McGregor	1	0	0
Messrs. John Blackie and Sons	0	10	0
Mr. George Dewar	0	2	6
Mr. Edward Savage	0	2	6
Mr. J. Begg	0	10	0
Mr. William Davidson	0	5	0
Mr. William Scott	0	5	0
Mr. John Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. David Williamson	0	5	0
Mr. A. Williamson	0	2	6
Mr. J. White	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Sangster	0	5	0
Mr. James McIntosh	0	2	6
Mr. George Milne	0	2	0
Messrs. L. Smith and Son	0	5	0
Mr. James Ronald	0	10	0
Mr. James Davidson	0	5	0
Mr. Edward Stevens	0	2	0
Mr. A. Webster	0	5	0
Colonel Kirby	0	10	0
J. A.	0	2	6
D. M.	0	5	0
A. B. C.	0	10	0
Mr David Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. George Hunter	0	5	0
Mr. George Robb	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	6
Major Ross	0	10	0
W. D.	0	2	6
The Misses Spark	0	10	0
Mrs. William Mowat, jun.	0	10	0
J. Williamson	0	2	6
Received by "Free Press" office	1	5	0
Dr. Jackson	1	1	0
	46	17	6

Annual Subscriptions:—

Mrs. G. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
A. N.	1	0	0
Sums under 2s. (as per list below)	3	15	2
	£6031	8	1

Sums under 2s.—Master Morgan, 1s; Miss Peters, 1s 6d; Wm. J. Hardingham, 1s; Mrs. Charlotte Hardingham, 1s; Robt. J. Hardingham, 1s; Mrs. Ramsey, 1s; "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," 1s; Mrs. Weare, 1s; Mrs. McManns, 1s; A. P., 1s; Mr. Johnson, 1s; "A Widow's Mite," 1s; Mrs. Dickinson, Almshouses, 1s; "Three little ones," 1s; C. M., 1s; Miss Pye, 1s 6d; Miss Anthony, 1s; Mrs. E. Young, 1s; Mr. F. Ball, 1s; "A Friend," 1s 6d; Mr. G. Cornforth, 1s; Esther Hatt, 1s; A Widow's Mite, S. P., 1s; "Minnie's Money Box," 1s 4d; E. P., 1s: Mr. F. Fanner, 1s; Miss E. M. Cook, 1s; Mrs. Case, 1s; Harry Chandler, 1s; G. E. Rose, 1s; C. Rose, 1s; Albert Rose, 1s; Widow and Orphan, 1s 6d; Mrs. Skeel, 1s; Mrs. Rycroft, 1s; Mrs. Emery, 1s; Mrs. Wilkinson, 1s; Miss Laura, 1s; Mrs. Grancy, 1s; Mrs. Wrayford, 1s; Mr. G. Hancock, 1s; Mr. J. Wright, 1s; John and Emma Brown, 1s 3d; Miss A. Brooker, 1s; Miss Wicks, 1s; Master Bush, 1s; J. E., 1s.; Miss Smith, 1s 6d; "A young Convert," 1s; Sydney Boulding, 1s; Mrs. Perkins, 1s; Mrs. Sadler, 1s.; Mr. Viner, 1s; Harry Edwards, 1s.; Mrs. Steer, 1s; Miriam Please, 1s 6d; Mrs. S. P. Milson, 1s; Mrs. Dawson, 1s; F. P., 1s; Mrs. Grimes, 1s: Rebecca Miles, 1s 4d; Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, 1s; Mr. Lanning, 1s; Sundry amounts under one shilling, 8s 3d.—Total, £3 15s 2d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions for districts only partially support the particular colporteur for whom they are given, and usually need supplementing by general subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Mrs. Clarke, for Cheddar District ...	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Bulwick ...	10	0	0
Cinderford and Bowlash District ...	2	10	0
Yorkshire Congregational Union for Skipsea	10	0	0
Charlton-on-Otmoor district, per Rev. W. Hackney	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Hogbin, for Birchington district	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	65	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea district	10	0	0
For Nottingham district:—			
Mr. Guy 1 0 0			
Mrs. Douglas 0 10 0			
Mr. Nelson 0 10 0			
Mr. Taylor 0 10 0			
Mrs. Rainbow 0 5 0			
Mrs. Hazeldine 0 5 0			
Mrs. Dickenson 0 5 0			
	3	5	0
Malmesbury district, per Rev. J. L. Phillips	10	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Tiptree, per Rev. H. Hugell	10	0	0
Carter-lane, Collection for Harborne district	1	0	0
Mr. R. Green, for Harborne district ...	0	10	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Eythorne district	7	10	0
North Wilts district	6	5	0
Bower Chalk district	6	10	0
South Birmingham Colportage Association, Smallheath district	10	0	0
Hadleigh district	10	0	0
Kettering district, per G. E.	5	0	0
Chippenham district, per Rev. H. B. Bardwell	10	0	0
	£285	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Neville Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Worthington	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Muller	0	10	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	5	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. H. Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Long	0	10	6
Miss E. P. Hinton	0	5	0
R. H. B. D.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	4	0	0
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
A Well-wisher (T. A.)	0	5	0
Mr. G. Gastrell	0	3	0
W. S.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing (annual)	1	0	0
Mr. Monteith	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown (half-yearly) ...	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	25	0	0
Miss Wright	1	1	0
Mrs. L. Howell	1	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. A. Whatley	0	5	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
	£83	4	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Annie Rivers, per Mr. Fullerton ...	0	4	3
H. E. S.	5	5	0
A well-wisher, T. A.	0	5	0
W. S.	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
	£15	16	9

ERRATA.—"Thankoffering, £20," and "Thankoffering from Mrs. Holmes, £2 2s.," in June magazine, should have been entered—"Thankoffering from Baptist Churches, Northampton, for services conducted by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, £20;" and "Thankoffering from Mrs. Holmes, per Pastor J. Spanswick, £2 2s."

Received by Mr. Spurgeon, but not included in above lists:—Mr. S. Oakley, £1; Mr. Peter Watson, £2; Dr. Brougham, £2 10s.; for Hospitals. W. S., £10; Mr. Arthur Briscoe, £25; for the Poor. Mr. W. Hawkins, £5; for Sermons. W. S., £10; for Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association. Ellen Sargent, 2s.; for Sailors' Sermon. Received after the lists were closed:—Mr. T. Coop, for various objects, £100.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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, 1880.

The Covenant.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He will ever be mindful of his covenant."—Psalm cxi. 5.

IT is a wonderful thing that God should enter into gracious covenant with men. That he should make man, and be gracious to man, is easily to be conceived; but that he should strike hands with his creature, and put his august majesty under bond to him by his own promise, is marvellous. Once let me know that God has made a covenant, and I do not think it wonderful that he should be mindful of it, for he is God that cannot lie. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Hath he once given his pledge? It is inconceivable that he should ever depart from it. The doctrine of the text commends itself to every reasonable and thoughtful man: if God has made a covenant he will ever be mindful of it. It is to that point that I would now call your attention with the desire to use it practically.

For God to make a gracious covenant with us is so great a boon that I hope every one here is saying within his heart, "Oh that the Lord had entered into covenant with me."

We shall practically look into this matter, first, by *answering the question,* What is this covenant? Secondly, by *putting the enquiry,* Have I any portion in it? And thirdly, by bidding each one say, "If indeed I am in covenant with God, then *every part of that covenant will be carried out,* for God is ever mindful of it."

I. First, then, WHAT IS THIS COVENANT?

If you go to a lawyer, and enquire how a deed runs, he may reply, "I can give you an abstract, but I had better read it to you." He can tell you the sum and substance of it; but if you want to be very accurate, and it is a very important business, you will say, "I should like to hear it read." We will now read certain passages of Scripture

which contain the covenant of grace, or an abstract of it. Look to Jeremiah xxxi. 31—34: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord. But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." Print every word of that in diamonds, for the sense is inconceivably precious. God in covenant promises to his people that, instead of writing his law upon tables of stone, he will write it on the tablets of their hearts. Instead of the law coming as a hard, crushing command, it shall be placed within them as the object of love and delight; written on the transformed nature of the beloved objects of God's choice. "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts,"—what a covenant privilege this is! "And I will be their God." Therefore all that there is in God shall belong to them. "And they shall be my people." They shall belong to me; I will love them as mine; I will keep them, bless them, honour them, and provide for them as my people. I will be their portion, and they shall be my portion. Note the next privilege. They shall all receive heavenly instruction upon the most vital point. "They shall all know *me*." There may be some things they do not know, but they shall all know *me*. They shall know me as their Father; they shall know Jesus Christ as their brother; they shall know the Holy Spirit as their Comforter. They shall have intercourse and fellowship with God. What a covenant privilege is this! Hence comes pardon, "For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." What a clean sweep of sin! God will forgive and forget; the two go together. I will forgive their iniquity and remember their sin no more. All gone—all their transgression blotted out—never to be mentioned against them any more for ever. What an unutterable favour. This is the covenant of grace. I call your attention to the fact that there is no "if" in it, there is no "but" in it, there is no requirement made by it of man. It is all, "I will" and "they shall." "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." It is a charter written in a royal tone, and the majestic strain is not marred by a "perchance" or a "may be," but dwells always on "shall" and "will." These are two prerogative words of the divine majesty, and in this wondrous deed of gift in which the Lord bestows a heaven of grace upon guilty sinners, he bestows it after the sovereignty of his own will without anything to put the gift in jeopardy, or to make the promise insecure.

Thus I have read the covenant to you in one form.

Turn over the pages a little, and you will come to a passage in Ezekiel. There we shall have the bright-eyed prophet—he who could

live among the wheels and the seraphim—telling us what the covenant of grace is. In Ezekiel the eleventh chapter, nineteenth and twentieth verses, we read: "I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh that they may walk in my statutes and keep my ordinances, and do them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

You will find another form of it further on in the thirty-sixth of Ezekiel, beginning at the twenty-fifth verse. How intently ought you to listen to this! It is a deal better than hearing any preaching of mortal man to listen to the very words of God's own covenant, a covenant which saves all those who are concerned in it. Unless you have an interest in it you are indeed unhappy. Let us read it. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." This word always comes in at the close: "I will be your God." In this form of the covenant, I call you again to witness that God demands nothing, asks no price, demands no payment, but to the people with whom he enters into covenant he makes promise after promise, all free, all unconditional, all made according to the bounty of his royal heart.

Let us just go a little into detail about this. God has made a covenant with certain people that he will do all this for them, and in each case it is of pure grace. He will take away their stony hearts: it is clear from this promise that when he began with them they had stony hearts. He will forgive their iniquities: when he began with them they had many iniquities. He will give them a heart of flesh: when he began with them they had not a heart of flesh. He will turn them to keep his statutes: when he began with them, they did not keep his statutes. They were a sinful, wilful, wicked, degenerate people, and he called to them many times to come to him and repent, but they would not. Here he speaks like a king, and no longer pleads, but decrees. He says, I will do this and that to you, and you shall be this and that in return. Oh, blessed covenant! Oh, mighty, sovereign grace!

How came it about? Learn the doctrine of the two covenants.

The first covenant of which we will now speak was that of works; the covenant made with our first father Adam. This is not first in purpose, but it was first revealed in time. It ran thus: you Adam, and your posterity, shall live and be happy if you will keep my law. To test your obedience to me, there is a certain tree—if you let that alone you shall live: if you touch it you shall die, and they shall die whom you represent.

Our first covenant head snatched greedily at the forbidden fruit and fell: and what a fall was there, my brethren. There you and I, and all of us, fell down, while it was proven once for all that by works of law no man can be justified; for if perfect Adam broke the law so readily, depend upon it, you and I would break any law that God has ever made.

There was no hope of happiness for any of us by a covenant which contained an "if" in it. That old covenant is put away, for it has utterly failed. It brought nothing to us but a curse, and we are glad that it has waxed old, and, as far as believers are concerned, has vanished away.

Then there came the second Adam. You know his name: he is the ever-blessed Son of the Highest. This second Adam entered into covenant with God somewhat after this fashion:—The Father says, I give thee a people; they shall be thine: thou must die to redeem them, and when thou hast done this—when for their sakes thou hast kept my law, and made it honourable, when for their sake thou hast borne my wrath against their transgressions—then I will bless them; they shall be my people; I will forgive their iniquities; I will change their natures; I will sanctify them and make them perfect. There was an apparent "if" in this covenant at the first. That "if" hinged upon the question whether the Lord Jesus would obey the law and pay the ransom: a question which his faithfulness placed beyond doubt. There is no "if" in it now. When Jesus bowed his head and said, "It is finished," there remained no "if" in the covenant. It stands, therefore, now as a covenant entirely of one side—a covenant of promises, of promises which must be kept, because the other portion of the covenant having been fulfilled, the Father's side of it must stand. He cannot, and he will not, draw back from the doing of that which he has covenanted with Christ to do. The Lord Jesus shall receive the joy which was set before him. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." By his knowledge shall the Christ who became God's righteous servant justify many, for hath he not borne their iniquities? How can it be otherwise than that they should be accepted for whom he was the surety? Do you see why it is that the covenant, as I have read it, stands so absolutely without "ifs," "buts," and "peradventures," and runs only on "shalls" and "wills"? It is because the one side of it that did look uncertain was committed into the hand of Christ, who cannot fail or be discouraged. He has completed his part of it, and now it stands fast, and must stand fast for ever and ever. This is now a covenant of pure grace, and nothing else but grace: let no man attempt to mix up works with it, or anything of human merit. God saves now because he chooses to save, and over the head of us all there comes a sound as of a martial trumpet, and yet with a deep, inner, peaceful music in it—"I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." God observes us all lost and ruined, and in his infinite mercy comes with absolute promises of grace to those whom he hath given to his Son Jesus.

So much, then, with regard to the covenant.

II. Now comes the important question—"HAVE I ANY PORTION IN IT?" May the Holy Ghost help us to ascertain the truth on this point. You that are really anxious in your hearts to know, I would earnestly persuade to read the epistle to the Galatians. Read that epistle through if you want to know whether you have any part or lot in the covenant of grace. Did Christ fulfil the law for me? Are the promises of God, absolute and unconditional, made to me? You can know by answering three questions.

First, *Are you in Christ?* Did you not notice that I said that we were all in Adam, and in Adam we all fell? Now, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Are you in the second Adam? You certainly were in the first one, for so you fell. Are you in the second? Because if you are in him you are saved in him. He has kept the law for you. The covenant of grace made with him was made with you if you are in him: for as surely as Levi was in the loins of Abraham when Melchisedek met him, so were all believers in the loins of Christ when he died upon the cross. If you are in Christ you are a part and parcel of the seed to whom the promise was made, but there is only one seed, and the apostle tells us, "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." If, then, you are in Christ you are in the seed, and the covenant of grace was made with you.

I must ask you another question, *Have you faith?* By this question you will be helped to answer the previous one, for believers are in Christ. In the epistle to the Galatians you will find that the mark of those who are in Christ is that they believe in Christ. The mark of all that are saved is not confidence in works, but faith in Christ. In the epistle to the Galatians Paul insists upon it: "The just shall live by faith," and the law is not of faith. Over and over again he puts it so. Come, then, do you believe in Jesus Christ with all your heart? Is he your sole hope for heaven? Do you lean your whole weight, the entire stress of your salvation, on Jesus? Then you are in him, and the covenant is yours; and there is not a blessing which God hath decreed to give but what he will give to you. There is not a boon which out of the grandeur of his heart he has determined to bestow upon his elect, but what he will bestow it upon you. You have the mark, the seal, the badge of his chosen if you believe in Christ Jesus.

Another question should help you; it is this,—*Have you been born again?* I refer you again to the epistle to the Galatians, which I would like every anxious person to read through very carefully. There you will see that Abraham had two sons: one of them was born according to the flesh; he was Ishmael, the child of the bondwoman. Though he was the firstborn son he was not the heir, for the Scripture says, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." He who was born after the flesh did not inherit the covenant promise. Is your hope of heaven fixed on the fact that you had a good mother and father? Then your hope is born after the flesh, and you are not in the covenant. I am constantly hearing it said that children of godly parents do not want converting. Let me denounce that wicked falsehood. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and nothing better. They that are born after the flesh, these are not the children of God. Do not trust in gracious descent, or in holy ancestors. Ye must be born again, every one of you, or you will perish for ever, whoever your parents may be. Abraham had another son, even Isaac: he was not born of the strength of his father, nor after the flesh at all, for we are told that both Abraham and Sarah had become old; but Isaac was born by God's power, according to promise. He was the child given by grace. Now,

have you ever been born like that—not by human strength, but by power divine? Is the life that is in you a life given by God? The true life is not of the will of man, nor of blood, nor of natural excellence; but it comes by the working of the eternal Spirit, and is of God. If you have this life you are in the covenant, for it is written, "in Isaac shall thy seed be called." The children of the promise, these are counted for the seed. God said to Abraham, "In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," and that was because he meant to justify the Gentiles by faith, that the blessing given to believing Abraham might come on all believers. Abraham is the father of the faithful, or the father of all them that believe in God, and with such is the covenant established.

Here, then, are the test questions:—Am I in Christ? Am I believing in Jesus? Am I born by the power of the Spirit of God according to the promise, and not by the fleshly birth, or according to works? Then I am in the covenant; my name stands in the eternal record. Before the stars began to shine the Lord had covenanted to bless me. Or ever evening and morning made the first day, my name was in his book. Christ before the world's foundation struck hands with the Father in the council chamber of eternity and pledged himself to redeem me, and to bring me and multitudes of others into his eternal glory; and he will do it, too, for he never breaks his suretiship engagements any more than the Father breaks his covenant engagements. I want you to get quite sure upon these points, for, oh, what peace it will breed in your soul, what a restfulness of heart to understand the covenant, and to know that your name is in it!

III. This is our last point. If indeed we can believe upon the good evidence of God's word that we are of the seed with whom the covenant was made in Christ Jesus, then EVERY BLESSING OF THE COVENANT WILL COME TO US. I will put it a little more personally—every blessing of the covenant will come TO YOU.

The devil says, "No, it won't." Why not, Satan? "Why," saith he, "you are not able to do this or that." Refer the devil to the text; tell him to read those passages which I read to you, and ask him if he can spy an "if" or a "but"; for I cannot. "Oh," says he, "but, but, but, but, but you cannot do enough, you cannot feel enough." Does it say anything about feeling there? It only says, "I will give them a heart of flesh." They will feel enough then. "Oh, but," the devil says, "you cannot soften your hard heart." Does it say that you are to do so? Does it not say, "*I will* take the stony heart out of your flesh"? The tenor of it is—I will do it: I will do it. The devil dares not say God cannot do it. He knows he can enable us to tread him under our feet. "Oh, but," says he, "you will never hold on your way if you begin to be a Christian." Does it say anything about that in the covenant further than this,—"they shall walk in my statutes"? What if we have not power in and of ourselves to continue in God's statutes; yet he has power to make us continue in them. He can work in us obedience and final perseverance in holiness: his covenant virtually promises these to us. To come back to what we said before: God does not ask of us, but he gives to us. He sees us dead, and he loves us even when we are dead in trespasses and sins. He sees us feeble, and unable to

help ourselves, and he comes in, and works in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure, and then we work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. The bottom of it, the very foundation of it, is himself, and I say he finds nothing in us to help him. There is neither fire nor wood in us, much less the lamb for the burnt offering, but all is emptiness and condemnation. He comes in with "I will" and "you shall," like a royal helper affording free aid to destitute, helpless sinners, according to the riches of his grace. Now be sure that, having made such a covenant as this, God will ever be mindful of it.

He will do so, first, because *he cannot lie*. If he says he will, he will. His very name is, "God that cannot lie." If I am in Christ I must be saved; none can prevent it. If I am a believer in Christ I must be saved; all the devils in hell cannot stop it, for God has said, "He that believeth in him is not condemned." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." God's word is not yea and nay. He knew what he said when he spake the covenant, and he has never changed it, nor contradicted it. If, then, I am a believer I must be saved, for I am in Christ to whom the promise is made: if I have the new life in me I must be saved, for is not this spiritual life the living and incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever? Did not Jesus say, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life"? I have drunk the water Christ gave me, and it must spring up to everlasting life. It is not possible for death to kill the life that God has given me, nor for all the fallen spirits to tread out the divine fire which Christ's own Spirit has cast into my bosom. I must be saved, for God cannot deny himself.

Next, *God made the covenant freely*. If he had not meant to keep it he would not have made it. When a man is driven up into a corner by some one who says, "Now you must pay me," then he is apt to promise more than he can perform. He solemnly declares, "I will pay you this day fortnight." Poor fellow, he has no money now, and will not have any then, but he makes a promise because he cannot help himself. No such necessity can be imagined with our God. The Lord was under no compulsion: he might have left men to perish because of sin; there was no one to prompt him to make the covenant of grace, or even to suggest the idea. "With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him?" He made the covenant of his own royal mind, and having made it, rest you sure he will never run back from it. A covenant so freely made must be fully carried out.

Moreover, *on the covenant document there is a seal*. Did you see the seal? The grand thing in a deed of gift is the signature or seal. What is this—this red splash at the bottom of it? It is blood! Yes; it is blood. Whose blood? It is the blood of the Son of God. This has ratified and sealed the covenant. Jesus died. Jesus' death has made the covenant sure. Can God forget the blood of his dear Son, or do despite to his sacrifice? Impossible. All for whom he died as a covenant substitute he will save. His redeemed shall not be left in captivity, as if the ransom price had effected nothing. Hath he not said, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"? That covenant stands secure, though earth's old columns bow, for despite to the blood can never be possible on the part of the Father.

Again, *God delights in the covenant*, and so we are sure he will not run back from it. It is the very joy of his holy heart. He delights to do his people good. To pass by transgression, iniquity, and sin is the recreation of Jehovah. Did you ever hear of God singing? It is singular that the divine One should solace himself with song; but yet a prophet has thus revealed the Lord to us: "He will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." The covenant is the heart of God written out in the blood of Jesus, and since the whole nature of God runs parallel with the tenor of the everlasting covenant, you may rest assured that even its jots and its tittles stand secure.

And then, last of all, oh thou who art in the covenant, thou darest not doubt but what God will save thee, keep thee, bless thee, seeing thou hast believed on Jesus and art in Jesus, and art quickened into newness of life. Thou darest not doubt if I tell thee one thing more: if your father, if your brother, if your dearest friend had solemnly stated a fact. would you bear for anybody to say that he lied? I know you would be indignant at such a charge; but suppose your father in the most solemn manner had taken an oath, would you for a minute think that he had perjured himself and had sworn a lie? Now turn to the Word of God, and you will find that *God, because he knew that an oath among men is the end of strife, has been pleased to seal the covenant with an oath.* "That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." God has lifted his hand to heaven and sworn that Christ shall have the reward of his passion, that his purchased shall be brought under his sway, that having borne sin, and put it away, it never shall be a second time charged on his redeemed.

There is all of it. Dost thou believe in Christ? God will work in thee to will and to do of his good pleasure; God will conquer thy sin; God will sanctify thee; God will save thee; God will keep thee; God will bring thee to himself at last. Rest thou on that covenant, and then, moved by intense gratitude, go forward to serve thy Lord with all thy heart, and soul, and strength. Being saved, live to praise him. Work not that you may be saved, but because you are saved—the covenant has secured your safety. Delivered from the servile fear which an Ishmael might have known, live the joyous life of an Isaac; and moved by love of the Father, spend and be spent for his sake. If the selfish hope of winning heaven by works has moved some men to great sacrifices, much more shall the godly motive of gratitude to him who has done all this for us move us to the noblest service, and make us feel that it is no sacrifice at all. "We thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." If you are saved under the covenant of grace, the mark of the covenanted ones is upon you, and the sacred character of the covenanted ones should be displayed in you. Bless and magnify your covenant God. Take the cup of the covenant and call upon his name. Plead the promises of the covenant, and have whatsoever you need. Amen.

Samuel Kilpin of Exeter.

BY J. L. KEYS.

(*Continued from page* 400.)

IN the year 1822, the chapel in South-street, Exeter, where Mr. Kilpin preached, most unexpectedly threatened a speedy fall. The foundation had given way. Some smugglers, who had lived in the vicinity, undermined it many years before, when forming a cave in connection with their own houses, to secrete the articles of their unlawful traffic. Surveyors pronounced the danger imminent, and the chapel had to be at once closed. This was so unlooked for an event that no previous preparation to raise funds for rebuilding had been made. There was no alternative; a chapel must be erected: the people subscribed according to their ability. Mr. Kilpin laid the first stone, and, committing his church and his many loved works to the care of the great Shepherd, he set forth "with anguish" upon a six months' collecting tour. Soon after his arrival in London he thus wrote to his wife: "Here I am a religious mendicant! driven from my beloved home, solitary and alone, a wanderer, with a life of vagrancy for a season in view. He who sees all things can alone describe my conflicts. I cannot conceive that my poor nerves can remain unbroken a fortnight. This I must refer to him. I can scarcely venture to think on home, sweet home. I expect to die a martyr to this dreadful business, but I dare not resign my office while my flock are in such circumstances; it would be cowardly to retreat at such a period."

The receipt of this letter determined his wife immediately to join him, and greatly was her sympathy and help needed; for every day he felt the burden of this uncongenial business increase, and tears and prayers mingled as he poured out his soul before the Lord day by day for his scattered flock, and for daily patience, strength, and grace. It must not be inferred that he was unsuccessful in his appeal. On the contrary, he met with much sympathy and generosity; but the coarse and unfeeling remarks of some upon whom he called, who taunted him with "the degradation of begging," "the duty of a shepherd to reside with his flock," "the disgrace of such employment to a minister and a gentleman," and even with "over cupidity in his proceedings," so acutely pained him that, his biographer assures us, his health was irreparably injured. His wife hurried him from London to a place of quiet and rest, until his mental and physical powers were sufficiently restored to permit of his returning to his loved employ at Exeter. Towards the £1,800 required, £1,300 had been raised, a large proportion by the pastor, who had paid every farthing of his own expenses from his own purse. He had the reward of every successful preacher who has to do with chapel building, namely, that of having the interest of the unpaid cost deducted from his salary!

LITTLE BETHEL—THE REFUGE CHAPEL.

"What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits," thought a certain rich man whose ground brought forth plentifully. "This will I do," said he; "I will pull down my barns, and

build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." "What shall I do?" was the question of Samuel Kilpin, "my house congregation yields precious souls delightfully. . . . If I do not obtain a chapel here, I must worship in the yard . . . . Last night my house was like a wood of souls; it was literally crammed. My prayers are more and more ardent about a chapel." He could not say, "This will *I* do; *I* will pull down my barns and build greater;" for he was often without a shilling by reason of devoting nearly the whole of his income to relieving the poor with food, medicine, and garments, and hiring houses in which to preach the gospel in the surrounding hamlets. He had to draw upon the Bank of Faith, and say, "THE LORD shall open a way himself." This gracious Lord would often point his steward to his big cheque book, and then honour his servant's faith, so that he endorsed the draft in this fashion:—"The Lord has seen my steps, and has opened a way into a large garden, where are some skeleton premises. I have taken these premises on a lease for eighteen years, for £21 per annum. My further plan is, to establish Sunday-schools, and to make it a kind of depôt or rendezvous for Sunday-school children. I sometimes weep and tremble with fear, and have said to myself, 'Make out your bill, and lay it before the Lord.' I have done so, as Hezekiah did, and I have cash in hand to begin with. In him I implicitly trust to accomplish his and my purposes."

The providence of God, in a manner truly wonderful, led to the possession of this garden, and here Mr. Kilpin erected a small chapel and a place for occasional worship, also a small cottage as a residence for himself and family. A chain of remarkable providences directed every step in the progress of this work, and the means were supplied by degrees, a considerable part by those who once had opposed his plans. Mr. Kilpin's son, a fine youth, was the assistant and steady companion of his father's labours, sorrows, and enjoyments. With pleasure they anticipated the opening of the new chapel. They named it Little Bethel, and the dear child toiled with great joy through the labours of each day.

When all seemed fixed, according to human apprehension, when the building was reared, the garden cultivated, and the cottage was waiting to receive the inmates, death entered. First, the healthful, sprightly son was snatched away, and then the beloved wife. Disease left the faithful servant deprived of strength. But the childless widower stood weeping and looking upwards towards him who said, "In me is thy help found."

The chapel was opened on Christmas Day, 1818, on which occasion Mr. Kilpin preached from Psalm cxxvi. 6. After a short absence from home, rendered necessary by the shock his heavy affliction had given to his mental and physical powers, he resumed his labours of love and works of faith, both at South Street and among the poor at the Garden Chapel, as he called it. Encouraged by the practical sympathy and prayers of a friend who often rendered him help in his work, he opened a School of Industry for Girls, and soon had a daily attendance of ninety girls, under the care of two paid governesses. In the meantime Mr. Kilpin married a Christian lady, who gave herself to the work of the Lord among the young with a consecration not a whit less entire than

that of her husband. "Though the subscription to the schools last year," writes Mr. Kilpin at this period, "did not amount to four pounds, yet I ventured, and got through it without anything like a burden that was grievous. To work hard, pay rent, and bear incidental and accidental expenses, will, I trust, be always a luxury. We have such a show of sweet faces that puts me and mine in raptures." Again and again does the good man, though often straitened for ways and means, express his intense joy as he gathered around him his three or four hundred children and their poor parents, and was enabled to give them an occasional "treat," and to many of the little ones hats and bonnets, or warm cloaks and coats. Besides, and above all this, he was frequently cheered by hearing of signal cases of conversion from the ranks of the most hopeless, and by remarking a great moral change in the whole neighbourhood.

With perfect truthfulness could he write, "The poor hang upon me as a sort of medical, spiritual father," for among his many labours he included that of a "doctor." For some years his study door was open from ten o'clock till one, to admit all who came on business relative to their souls or bodies; and a very considerable medical practice he must have had if we may judge from the fact that he spent more than ten pounds a year in drugs alone, the raw material of a quantity of potions, pills, and powders which we almost tremble to think of. But who shall say how many were "made perfectly whole" where the Great Physician was always called in in consultation by a beloved disciple?

THE MODEL TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

From the commencement of his ministry Mr. Kilpin devoted both time and money to the work of tract distribution. In all his walks and journeyings he had a tract and a suitable word for those he met, and in this way he systematically gave to individuals with his own hand ten thousand tracts a year. This he accomplished by making it a rule to give away one hundred every five miles. He also employed and paid two agents, one for the city and the other for the surrounding country, in the same work. Of volunteers in this labour of love he also had a devoted band; "Fourteen young people," he writes, "as dear to me as my life, to whom I lend tracts. They go to poor houses all over the city, to sick chambers, the hospitals, the asylums, and anywhere. They lend, and read, and pray; when they are asked for a tract, they always give. To support this, when I had money I spent it, when I had none the Lord raised me up friends." His anxiety to win souls made him quite an expert in catching opportunities, and his biographer says that a volume might be written of the success with which it pleased God to bless his efforts. It would indeed have been a matter of surprise if this had not been the case, when the receipt of a parcel of tracts from a friend could call forth such emotions as find expression in the following lines to the donor: "Nothing but a sight of your person could equal the joy of your parcel, so welcome, so bountiful. I had viewed my little stock of tracts, and thought of Monday for a good pull, and my mind was made up. But when I saw your parcel I felt I was a nabob in wealth, and hung over my riches as a miser over his bags, or a little emperor his kingdom; or as a profligate determined to spend!

I took them into my study, and, kneeling down, implored the influence of the Spirit of our God to direct the distribution, that he would influence my hand and touch my mind to direct the little silent preachers. He, my dear sir, is, and must be, the great Agent in that business. We have no benevolent wishes equal to his gracious designs."

After a time Mr. Kilpin proposed to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society to establish a Depository for the sale of its publications, without any expense to the society. He devoted the room he had built for his deceased son's study to the purpose of a depository, and conducted the work with his accustomed zeal and indefatigable attention, making the work of the society known very widely, establishing several auxiliaries, and directly and indirectly contributing to a largely increased sale and distribution of Christian literature.

THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

In the year 1826, two objects engaged much of Mr. Kilpin's thoughts and prayers. One was an institution for the reception and education of the children of poor ministers of different denominations, especially the orphans of missionaries. He sent a letter to different magazines, requesting advice, plans, &c., but it was admitted only into one. From personal friends and various ministers he also sought direction; but not one encouraging letter did these appeals elicit, although his plans were partly arranged, and provision was made in some measure for a commencement. For ten years did he persistently wrestle with the Lord about the matter: he was not, however, permitted to realize a direct answer to his prayers. The other object was the establishment of an orphan-house for girls. This project the Lord was pleased to accept. The way was in a remarkable manner made clear. A house was erected in the garden near his refuge-chapel and cottage, and he lived to see thirty-six orphans admitted, some of whom gave evidence of being savingly converted while under its roof. He was exceedingly fond of the children, and they were equally attached to him, their loving attentions affording him great solace and joy in the period of his declining days and infirmities. After his decease his widow had the sweet satisfaction of receiving answers to her devoted husband's prayers, and eight children and orphans of ministers formed part of the family of eighteen under her charge at the time Mr. Kilpin's memoir was committed to the press.

LAST DAYS. "THE RULING PASSION."

Mr. Kilpin had now reached his fifty-fourth year. Thirty years he had spent in the ministry with unflagging zeal and earnestness; but his heavy afflictions, and the anxieties consequent upon his many works of usefulness, had made visible inroads upon his naturally strong constitution, and his physician, apprehensive that a crisis was approaching, enjoined complete repose for a time, and he went to Teignmouth, with the intention of staying for eight weeks. Instead of the rest and improvement he had hoped for, acute suffering was there his portion, for dropsical symptoms came on rapidly, and dissolution threatened. As soon as there was some abatement of the disease he was taken home, and after a while rallied sufficiently to be able to preach occasionally, notwithstanding that his sufferings were very great. He now proposed

to the church at South Street that they should appoint an acceptable assistant minister, to which they assented, and for a few months the two pastors worked harmoniously together, when to the regret of his people, the most of whom were his spiritual children, he resigned his pastorate, recommended them to elect his fellow-labourer to the sole charge, and exhorted them to rally round him, and lovingly uphold him in the work of the Lord. "I will enter into another bishopric," said he, "which does not possess one farthing as a fund or income; yet my Saviour is the Head of the church, and he never starves his labourers. His heart and purse are large."

Immediately Mr. Kilpin commenced enlarging and farther fitting up his Garden or Refuge Chapel, adding a gallery and "erecting pews." Before this was completed a little church was formed, composed of four persons—Mr. Kilpin, his wife and servant, and the matron of the orphan-house. The orphans were the only human witnesses. Mr. Kilpin's language was, "O Lord, give me to gather a church from the world; send whom thou wilt send." He did not know of one individual that would unite with them, or take a sitting as part of the congregation. He looked to the Saviour alone. Before long there was good evidence that out of weakness the Lord's servant was made strong, for converts were added to the little church to the number of twenty-eight, and he declared that he "never experienced so much uniform enjoyment of God as in these services"; "it was heaven on earth." The congregations, composed almost entirely of strangers, increased so much that several enlargements of the chapel were rendered necessary. Mr. Kilpin openly refused members of other churches, declaring that his "intentions and prayers were directed to the quarry of nature, by the power of the God of Abraham, from its stones to raise up children to him." No little self-denial must have been required, both on the part of the members and congregation at South Street, and on that of their devoted pastor, to restrain the former from making the Garden Chapel their home, for his soul yearned for their welfare, as the following extract will show:—"On the divisions of the paper which covers his parlour study, every pew in the chapel was marked, with the names, in shorthand, of their occupants, lest one should be forgotten. Here he daily presented his petitions to God for the spiritual prosperity of each dear object, according to their various situations and wants, as far as he knew their characters, temptations, and trials. Many of these pastoral marks still remain."

Samuel Kilpin had now almost finished his course, for he was only permitted to continue in his Lord's vineyard for two years after entering upon what he called "a new era in his life" at his "dear Little Bethel at St. Sidwell's." His last year's sufferings are described as "very dreadful," and he had to be drawn from room to room, or to the chapel, where he would often persist in preaching; his body wracked with pain, while his spirit received such divine support that he could say, "Blessed be thy holy name, O Lord, for the sweet enjoyment I this day have received in preaching on the wisdom, power, and justice of God in the salvation of souls. My own soul basked itself into holy, intellectual, scriptural ideas. Never did I love the divine character more."

On the last Sabbath he spent on earth he particularly desired to see every member of his little church. He addressed each; many prayers were offered; but it did not appear that he himself, or they, considered this as a parting scene. On the following Thursday, being persuaded that he was fast nearing home, he requested his "station family" to assemble. This included the orphans and matron. They surrounded his bed, and he fully explained the nature and effects of his faith in Christ, and wished it to be distinctly understood that Jesus Christ was alone the foundation of his hope. This, he said, was his dying testimony. Christ was all his hope and joy, his blood and righteousness his only plea. He was enabled to receive the Saviour with his whole heart for a whole and complete salvation; and as a guilty, weak, and helpless worm, was waiting at the foot of the cross. Then rallying his remaining strength, he said, "Christ and his cross is all my theme, and ever has been since I was converted. I have preached him crucified nearly forty years. Let all the children learn that sweet hymn, 'Christ and his cross.' Let no fine things be said of me after death. If anything is said, let it be—

'HE WAS A KIND MAN.'"

He was frequently heard conversing with his God until, without a struggle or a groan, he fell asleep in Jesus, on September 17th, 1830. Thus passed to his reward one who was counted "eccentric" and "an enthusiast" by many in his day; but who became all things to all men that he might win souls to Christ, and who in looking back upon his past life said, "I have worked hard, and suffered much contradiction of sinners, and of professors, against myself, and have sunk—I recall the word—not sunk, I have sown all my patrimony, which was considerable. I entered not into the ministry for a livelihood. I would not have turned my back to any man of business. I might have had an honourable, a lucrative trade, if I had chosen it when young; but my heart burned within me, and I gave my soul to God, and with all its energies I have laboured in his vineyard."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In concluding our sketch of the Exeter pastor and philanthropist, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment that no account should have been preserved of the history of the chapel, orphanage, and schools subsequent to the death of their consecrated founder. Anticipating that our readers would naturally ask the question which suggested itself to our mind upon the perusal of these memorials, we sought for such information as would enable us to fill up the blank, but all to no purpose. All we can learn is that the refuge chapel no longer exists, that the orphanage declined after the widow of its founder had passed to her reward, and that the building itself has been removed. But although these earthly houses have been dissolved, there remains a building of God, not made with hands, the temple of the living God, and built into its everlasting walls are living stones, who shall say how many?—taken out of nature's quarry by the instrumentality of one who was a worker together with God; and these, with multitudes who have believed through their word, shall be to the praise of the glory of his grace for ever and for ever.

From Kabul to Kandy.

BY J. GELSON GREGSON.

ON the fourteenth of last November I started on a long walk through the Khyber Pass, and across the scientific frontier into the wild mountain passes of Afghanistan. The object of my journey was to visit our soldiers in the various camps of war which guard our line of communication between Peshawur and Cabul. About the political aspect of the war I have nothing to say. With the right or wrong of the war I have nothing to do. I only knew that I had a pressing invitation from an earnest Christian officer, Colonel Ball Acton, commanding the 51st Regiment at Jellalabad, to visit our soldiers, and hold evangelistic and temperance meetings in the different camps, and it is a matter of some satisfaction for me to know that I was the first Protestant minister to pass up the line of communication to Cabul. On my return in January I met the chaplains, who had been attached to the Khyber division of the army. In every camp I had meetings, visited the hospitals, and distributed papers and tracts to the men. At Jellalabad I remained a week, holding meetings every night in camp. The meetings reminded me of the former campaign, when the noble Havelock held meetings at Jellalabad. The dirty mud city has gained the glorious name of the "Illustrious garrison of Jellalabad," on account of the brave and gallant defence made by Havelock's regiment, the 13th Light Infantry. The day I entered Cabul I heard General Macpherson's guns roaring in the distance. It was the 10th of December, a day never to be forgotten by the Cabul force at Sherpore. Just as I entered the camp, an old friend came up and said, "You're lucky to get in. Macpherson is fighting the Kohistanees on the other side of the hill," and then took me off to the mess to have something to eat, which was very acceptable after a weary ride of fourteen miles, and after the hard fare on the line of march. There is no need for me to dwell on the anxieties and dangers of the siege of Sherpore, where we were shut up until the 25th of December, when Gough's Brigade marched in from Safed Sung. But I cannot forbear mentioning with devout gratitude the good providence of God, which saved us from being cut up on the 11th of December, and repeating the disaster of Isandula at Sherpore. When an officer rode into camp with the news that our guns were taken and the 9th Lancers cut up, the most determined felt that our position was a very critical one. At that time we had somewhere about five hundred British soldiers, and about the same number of native troops, to defend the camp against 30,000 Afghans, led by Mahomed Jan. Wounded men limped out of hospital, and fever-stricken patients crawled on to the bastions, to die, if need be, in the defence of the camp. There was no panic or excitement, but a determined resolve to die in the defence of the place, rather than trust the treacherous Afghans on any terms they might be disposed to make. Most providentially the Afghan army attacked the Bala Hissar instead of Sherpore, tempted by the ten lacs of rupees and hundred tons of powder which Mohammed Jan knew to be there. What a blessing that we were not worth so much as the rupees in the estimation of the

Afghans. All that night we could see the bright flashes of the volleys of musketry as our brave Highlanders, of the gallant 72nd, held the mountain gorge against overwhelming numbers, and saved Sherpore from destruction. All through those dreary days of the siege I visited the sick and wounded in the crowded hospitals, and spent many pleasant hours reading God's word and praying with the dying. I often repeated Sankey's hymn, "Hold the fort," as I visited the different wards, which often brought tears to the eyes of the poor fellows, who always asked "When is Gough coming?" Yes, we were anxiously expecting Gough's brigade. Only the other day I had a letter from a soldier invalided going home, who had time to write and thank me for my visits in Sherpore, and called to mind the anxious days when we were unwounded, and how I used to repeat:

"Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near,
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer my comrades, cheer."

I returned to India with the first convoy of sick and wounded that left Cabul, and reached Peshawur on the 22nd of January. At first I was afraid that my detention at Sherpore would prevent me from visiting Southern India, but I am thankful to say that I visited nearly all our large stations and presidency cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. At Allahabad I found our good brother Stubbs just starting upon his work in that large station, the capital of the north-west provinces. At Calcutta the Baptist chapels were without pastors, and the work at low water mark.

In Bombay, the first student from the Tabernacle, the pioneer of the Pastors' College in India, our good brother Blackie, is working away with an earnest spirit, but I regret to say in weak and feeble health. Bombay presents a most attractive sphere, but unfortunately, since Mr. Urquhart's return to Scotland, the church has been drifting into Methodism. At Madras I found our good brother, Maplesden, working away with a deal of Spurgeonic go, and rescuing the church from dissolution. The congregations are very encouraging, and many baptisms have given evidence of the fidelity of the message of salvation preached to the people. Our good brother needs a stronger body, or some one to take care of the weak one he possesses. He has suffered a great deal from fever, brought on from careless exposure to the sun, which he couldn't understand until fever set in. I don't think that knocking about in the sun is dangerous, unless men go out without a "solar topee," a hat made of pith, about the size of the roof of a small cottage. If there's anything in the head worth keeping, it's worth while having a good thatch over it, to prevent the brains from being scorched up. When travelling through Southern India I felt the heat so intensely that I had to rub ice on my head to keep it cool. The carriage was like an oven, and the passengers like burnt cinders. A poor lady was taken out dead, from heat apoplexy, between Tuticorin and Trichinopoly, which gave fatal proof of the danger in travelling when the thermometer is over 100 degrees.

The American Episcopal Methodists have taken the wind out of our

sails in Calcutta, and many who were once members of the Baptist churches are now working heartily with the Methodists. While I wish our Methodist brethren God speed in their work, I long to see our Baptist churches, not only in Calcutta, but throughout India, working with all the vigour and energy of the Methodists instead of indifferently, allowing them to empty their chapels throughout the country. I feel sure that the men from the Pastors' College will not only hold their own, but revive the churches which are now happily under their pastoral charge. The Pastors' College is to be congratulated in supplying the pulpits of five of the most important churches in connection with the Baptist Mission in India. May their number speedily increase, until every English congregation is provided with an earnest evangelist from the Metropolitan. It will be hard, uphill work for several of these churches to recover the ground which has been lost; and a little timely pecuniary assistance would greatly cheer the faithful pastor in his arduous work of rebuilding the walls of the spiritual sanctuary placed in his charge.

On reaching the most southern part of India, Tuticorin, I felt that I could shout for joy that I had been permitted to work my way from the snows of the Hindoo Koosh in Afghanistan to the blue waves that dash upon the coral coast of Tuticorin in Southern India, and had opportunities for preaching the gospel and giving temperance addresses in the chief stations and cities in the empire, to large audiences of almost every nationality in India. Although I cannot say that every man heard "in our own tongue wherein we were born, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, the wonderful works of God"—I can say that Punjabees, Bengalees, Parsees, Madrasees, Europeans, Eurasians, the dwellers in Asia, and the inhabitants of Ceylon heard the glorious news of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in our English tongue, in which they had been educated; and I commend this vast sphere of work in India to the consideration of the Pastors' College, that the English-speaking people of India may have the gospel sent to them as well as to the natives of the land. Men and money will be needed for the work, and we believe that both will be forthcoming from the Tabernacle.

The Baptist Church at Colombo forms a gratifying contrast to our work in India. Our good brother Stevenson has two chapels under his charge, and crowded congregations; and we are disposed to believe that under similar circumstances, results just as encouraging may be anticipated in India.

May we not ask for evangelists for the English-speaking community of India, who can reside in our large stations and take up a work that loudly calls for workers, and that will abundantly repay the labourer for his toil?

There are hundreds of Europeans and Eurasians in India who never hear a gospel sermon from year's end to year's end. I met a man on my recent tour, who told me that he had not attended a Christian service for five years. Ritualism, which abounds in every station in India, deludes the soul, and heathenism chills the soul. It requires burning zeal to keep the love of Christ warm in the heart out here in India. Men soon

sink into cold unbelief, and begin to think that all men have a good chance of being saved, if they are only sincere—the Hindoo and Mussulman just as much as the Christian, or they take refuge in the *dismal hope* that there is no eternity—after death, nothing. If it is the duty of the church to send missionaries to the heathen, it is just as much the duty of the church to send evangelists to European unbelievers. Carey realized this, and built Lal Bazar Chapel; Chamberlain realized this, and preached to soldiers in Agra; John Parsons and Samuel Lawrence realized this in Monghyr and Benares; and Andrew Leslie realized this, and was the means of leading one of the governors to a knowledge of Christ, whose life was so clear and true that a Mussulman said of him—"That if all Europeans lived as he did, missionaries might leave the country," and that man was the late Sir Donald McLeod, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub.

Having travelled from Kabul to Kandy, I find a pressing want—evangelists for the English-speaking people of this vast empire, and I appeal to the Pastors' College to inaugurate the mission. May the Lord send the men and the money to carry on the work.*

Calvin's Courage.

CERTAIN libertines had resolved to partake of the Lord's Supper whether Calvin would allow them or not. The action of the holy man is thus described by the historian:—

"When the liturgies were concluded, Calvin came down from the pulpit and took his stand before the table. Lifting up the white napkin, he displayed the symbols of Christ's body and blood, the food destined for believing souls. Having blessed the bread and wine, he was about to distribute them to the congregation. At that moment there was seen a movement among the libertines as if they would seize the bread and the cup. The reformer, covering the sacred symbols with his hands, exclaimed, in a voice that rang through the edifice, 'These hands you may crush; these arms you may lop off; my life you may take; my blood is yours, you may shed it; but you shall never force me to give holy things to the profane, and dishonour the table of my God.' These words broke like a thunder-peal over the libertines. As if an invisible power had flung back the ungodly host, they slunk away abashed, the congregation opening a passage for their retreat. A deep calm succeeded; and the 'sacred ordinance,' says Beza, 'was celebrated with a profound silence, and under a solemn awe in all present, as if the Deity himself had been visible among them.'"

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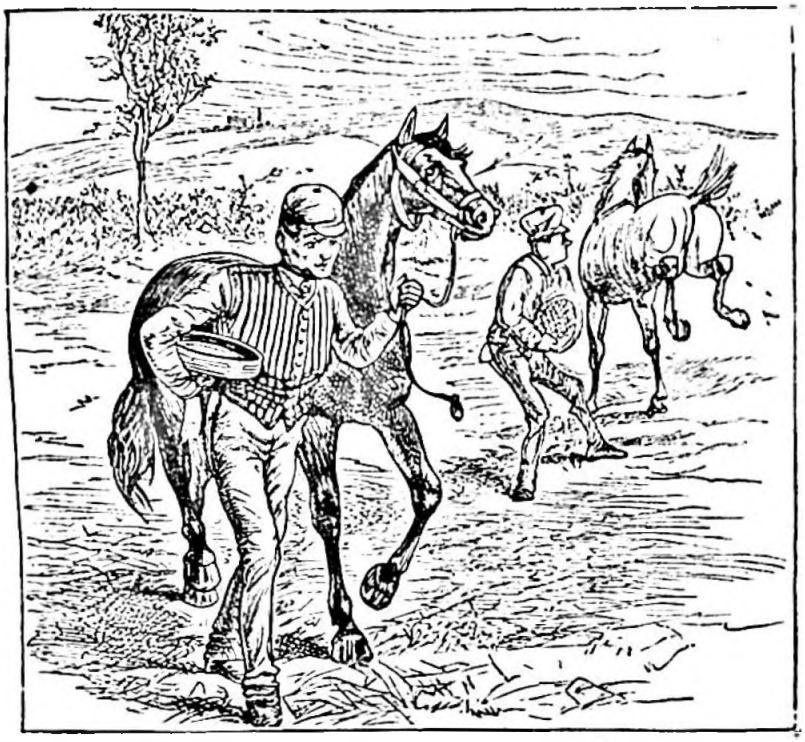
* How gladly would I respond to this appeal! Alas, I have not the funds. Money left to the College, which I hoped thus to employ, has become matter of litigation, and will, probably, never come into our coffers. If this most blessed work is to be attempted, the Lord will influence some heart to supply the silver and gold. What enterprise can be more full of hope than the evangelization of India through the English churches on the spot?—C. H. S.

The Tormentor baffled.

ONE would hardly have thought it worth an author's while to compose a treatise upon "*The Art of Tormenting*;" yet such a book exists and contains many ingenious instructions by which masters, husbands, wives, and friends may torture their servants, relatives, and acquaintances to an intolerable degree. To quote any of the writer's suggestions in these pages would be useless, since none of our readers wish to learn the science of plaguing others. The ingenious writer, a lady, by the way, does not recommend the clumsy methods of Roman emperors and Popish inquisitors, by which it is possible to torment the bodies of men and allow the mind and spirit to remain at peace; but she deals with subtler arts, by which the mind can be lacerated beyond all cure while yet no wound is seen. To torture the heart and spirit of a man is far more cruel than to tear his flesh, or break his bones. One sentiment in this amusing treatise struck us as singularly instructive to those who are the victims of malicious criticism: the author says, "Be very careful daily to observe whether your patient continues in good health, and is fat and well-liken; for, if so, you may be almost certain that your whole labour is thrown away. As soon, therefore, as you perceive this to be the case, you must (to speak in the phrase of surgeons when they hack and hew a human body) immediately choose another subject. All the pleasure of tormenting is lost as soon as your subject becomes insensible to your strokes." We are almost reconciled to being corpulent as we read these lines. Herein is wisdom. Patience baffles malice: the malicious themselves confess their defeat; what can we do better than to offer the passive resistance which is seen to be so effective? Let us no longer gratify our enemies by taking notice of their cruel observations and venomous insinuations. If we are callous we at once defeat them: there can be no virtue in cultivating a sensitiveness which makes us vulnerable. The more we smart, the more they will scourge; but a back of leather laughs at the cat-o'-nine-tails. By doing our best at all times we shall be able to defy all the criticisms of onlookers, who, doing nothing themselves, have all the more leisure to find fault with our honest endeavours. In all probability we shall never succeed in any one instance in pleasing all who call themselves our friends; and as to our enemies, they will never be gratified unless they see us guilty of gross folly; therefore our wisest course is to make sure of being right in the sight of God, and then to proceed in a straight line with firm tread, whether we offend or please. The desire to inflict pain is ingrained in some natures, and against these there is no defence except a manly insensibility. As chemists plunge a fabric in a solution of alum and thus enable it to defy the flames, so should we immerse ourselves into the consciousness of desiring to do right before God, and we shall be superior to the fires of slander. We are not able to abate the fury of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; but if we can walk in the midst of it unharmed the result will be equally harmless and far more sublime.

Over against the art of tormenting let us set the philosophy of enduring; our bane and antidote are both before us.

C. H. S.



A Horse which carries a Halter is soon caught.*

WITH a few oats in a sieve the nag is tempted, and the groom soon catches him if he has his halter on; but the other horse, who has no rope dangling from his head, gives master Bob a sight of his heels, and away he scampers. To my mind, a man who drinks a glass or two, and goes now and then to the tap-room, is a horse with his bridle on, and stands a fair chance of being locked up in Sir John Barleycorn's stables, and made to carry Madame Drink and her habit. There's nothing like coming out fair and square, and standing free as the air. Plenty will saddle you if they can catch you; don't give them the ghost of a chance. A bird has not got away as long as there is even a thread tied to its leg.

"I've taken the pledge and I will not falter:
I'm out in the field and I carry no halter;
I'm a lively nag that likes plenty of room,
So I'm not going down to the 'Horse and Groom.'"

In other concerns it is much the same: you can't get out of a bad way without leaving it altogether, bag and baggage. Half-way will never pay. One thing or the other: be an out-and-outer, or else keep in altogether. Shut up the shop and quit the trade if it is a bad one: to close the front shutters and serve customers at the back door is a silly attempt to cheat the devil, and it will never answer. Such hide-and-seek behaviour shows that your conscience has just enough light

* Inserted as a specimen of Mr. Spurgeon's new volume, "John Ploughman's Pictures," price One Shilling.

for you to read your own condemnation by it. Mind what you are at, don't dodge like a rat.

I am always afraid of the tail end of a habit. A man who is always in debt will never be cured till he has paid the last sixpence. When a clock says "tick" once, it will say the same again unless it is quite stopped. Harry Higgins says he only owes for one week at the grocer's, and I am as sure as quarter-day that he will be over head and ears in debt before long. I tell him to clean off the old score and have done with it altogether. He says the tradespeople like to have him on their books, but I am quite sure no man in his senses dislikes ready money. I want him to give up the credit system, for if he does not he will need to outrun the constable.

Bad companions are to be left at once. There's no use in shilly-shallying; they must be told that we would sooner have their room than their company, and if they call again we must start them off with a flea in each ear. Somehow I can't get young fellows to come right out from the black lot; they think they can play with fire and not be burned. Scripture says, "Ye fools, when will ye be wise?"

> "April the first stands, mark'd by custom's rules,
> A day for being, and for making, fools;
> But, pray, what custom, or what rule, supplies
> A day for making, or for being, wise?"

Nobody wants to keep a little measles or a slight degree of fever. We all want to be quite quit of disease; and so let us try to be rid of every evil habit. What wrong would it be right for us to stick to? Don't let us tempt the devil to tempt us. If we give Satan an inch, he will take a mile. As long as we carry his halter he counts us among his nags. Off with the halter! May the grace of God set us wholly free. Does not Scripture say, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing"?

"Well struck, parson!"

IN the middle of the last century Henry Venn was one of the most godly curates in the City of London, but during his student days at Cambridge he had been more famous for cricket-playing than for studious industry. After taking part in a well-contested game between Surrey and All-England, he stated to his disconcerted friends that he would play no more. He was about to settle in the ministry, and therefore resolved that he would never again earn the compliment, "Well struck, parson." He kept his word, and became what he termed "a public brother in Christ." Things harmless in themselves, if indulged in without discretion, may prove injurious to the character of a minister, who, above all things, should set forth Christ in his daily life. A good man will suspect danger when he earns the compliments of the world.

Sayings from the Sea.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. 4.—"Heave the Log!"

HEAVING the log on board ship is an hourly operation, by means of which the speed of the vessel is ascertained.

A line is flung overboard, marked at certain distances with knots. This line runs out astern till the sand in the glass runs down. It is then hauled in, and the officer on watch readily reckons the number of knots the ship is making every hour, and registers the speed in the log book. The special use of this operation is that, should the sun refuse to shine, and thus prevent the captain taking his daily observations, the approximate distance travelled can be arrived at by adding together the number of knots recorded every hour. I have sometimes noticed, too, that heaving the log serves to show the officer in charge that his ship should be making more progress with such a breeze, and induces him to spread more sail. It is difficult, even for an accustomed eye, to compute the rate of progress through the waves by simply looking at them, so that some accurate mode of ascertaining it is indispensable.

May we not all learn a lesson from heaving the log? Those who love the Lord are on their way to Zion, and, as far as time is concerned, we are all travelling at the same rate; but what progress are we making in the divine life? It is the fault of many that they are utterly careless about this matter. Apparently contented that they have been redeemed, they do not "press forward," nor do they seem to realize that they have not already attained. They jog along at a snail's pace, and do not wish to be hurried, forgetful that "the King's business requires haste."

Others there are who do not recognize that they are making but little headway, and seem sublimely ignorant of the fact that they are moving more slowly than they should. If they are sailing towards perfection they will make a long passage, and no mistake, for they are all behind, and won't believe it.

Is not this for want of heaving the log? If they would but compare their slow-paced lives with that of Jesus, or even with those of earnest workers of our own day, they would perceive their shortcomings, and press with vigour on.

Let us, therefore, heave this log of *comparison*. Do we go about "doing good"? Are we ever about our Father's business? Are we meek when persecuted, and generous when despised? Is it our delight to bind up broken hearts, and dry the widow's tears? Is the cup of cold water often in our hand for Jesus' little ones? Do we pray for our persecutors; do we forgive our foes? What do we more than others? Our Saviour did all this, and ten times more, for us. Are we not ashamed that we follow him "afar off," when we should tread close behind?

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?"

The disciples were not without their failings, but do we travel as well as they? Have we John's intimacy with Jesus, and holy love for Christ? There is room on Jesus' breast for our heads as well as his. Do we know anything of Peter's holy boldness and sacred daring, which made him come to Christ across the billows, and follow him to the judgment hall? Have we the consecration of the holy women who ministered unto him of their substance? Can we break alabaster boxes on his blessed feet, and pour out the costly ointment? Could we part with our last mite for his dear sake?

We can hardly hope to sail like the apostle Paul. How he ploughed the waves! But do we all keep pace with the woman who did what she could? Some ships are so constructed that they walk the waters, like things of life. They are built on elegant lines, and with a view to speed, in the yard of some famous builder, and when they come into the contest many a little barque cannot compete with the fast-sailing clipper, and therefore evades the race. So we feel with regard to Christ, our Master. Built by the hand divine that piled the universe, and launched upon this sea of human life, he cannot be equalled. Still let us strive. Let us so run that we may obtain. This holy rivalry will increase the speed of all.

Peter and John "ran both together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre"; but Peter ran the faster for the competition, and came to the goal sooner than he would otherwise have done. Up, up, ye servants of the Lord. Comparison shows that you are slowly creeping where you should be hasting, and the time is short. Since Bible times there have lived men and women whom we should do well to copy. Are there not in your homes and families, or at least in the circle of your acquaintance, choice spirits, whose godliness and zeal, or whose patience and prayerfulness, chide your lagging footsteps? 'Tis well, if by heaving this log of comparison we become dissatisfied with ourselves, and cry for greater grace.

I would have you, too, "heave the log" of *meditation*. Some Christians continue to go slowly because they never think that they might and could go more quickly. The snail knows nothing of the fleetness of the roe, and therefore does not long for it, and there be some who do not perceive that they are outstripped, and so do not pray for greater speed. They seem constructed to be slowcoaches, and have no desire to travel by express train: lacking the desire, the thing itself will never come to them. Surely this arises from thoughtlessness. Meditate, dear friend, on the flight of time; listen to your beating pulse; hark to a thousand calls to service; consider the doom of the lost, and the possibility of saving souls. Remember your light and knowledge. Do not let your lantern be a dark one, nor your fig tree fruitless. Burn the napkin in which you have wrapped your talent, and never buy a new one.

Has Jesus cast the evil spirit out of you? "Go home to your friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for you." Has he made you see, and bidden you go your way? Follow him "in the way," praising his holy name and his healing hand. Call to mind the many opportunities you have let slip like water through your fingers, and resolve to improve the next. If your soul is in a sluggish condition,

and lies like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and you have only just recognized that it is so, neglect not your advantages any longer—set all sail, and speed towards heaven. "Heave the log," and wonder that with so many sermons, with God's Word and Spirit, with Christian friends or godly parents, you make so little progress in divine things. Rest not till matters are mended.

Just a word to my unconverted reader. You are not sailing with us at all. You are on another tack, and your end will be death unless you turn. I would counsel you, too, to reckon how fast you are going. You are *rushing* to ruin. Perhaps now on the brink of destruction. O that God would check your heedless pace! O that you could realize your sad position! Without God and without hope in the world! Trust in Jesus, sinner. Trust in Jesus and all will be well. Forsake your sins and cling to the cross, and we shall yet anchor side by side in the port of peace.

Christian, urge thine onward way;
Cut the billows; let the spray
Dash like earth clods from the plough:
"Pressing forward" on thy prow,
Never satisfied with "now."

Christian, "heave the log" once more,
Spread thy canvas, haste to shore:
Do not other ships remind,
By the track they leave behind,
Thou hast but to seek and find?

Christian, vie with all who fain
Jesu's likeness would attain;
Love, like John, shall win the race;
Love *will* have the foremost place:
Grow in this and every grace.

Some Results of Open-air Preaching.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THOUGH open-air preaching is confessedly as old as Christianity itself, the present ought to be considered its golden age; for street evangelists never enjoyed such opportunities of proclaiming the gospel in the street and field as are theirs in this favoured Victorian age. When, after a long period of proscription, the practice was revived in the middle of the last century by the founders of Methodism, the preachers, in addition to possessing the necessary gifts, had need to be men of mettle, as well as of sufficient physical strength to hold their own when the ground was disputed. Not seldom were they subjected to ill usage, and when they obtained a hearing at all it was in spite of the insults and clamour with which the ignorant crowd sought to drown the words of those who brought them the gospel of life and peace. Even until the first years of the present century this ribald coarseness was characteristic of most English out-door congregations; but, as a rule, this state of things has passed out of fashion, for though a terrible number are still degraded and profane, the majority are for the fair play which allows a man to have his say. The fact is, that during the

fine weather the people enjoy the open air, and often find pleasure at an out-door assembly when they would not enter a building. The public are becoming alive to the importance of the subject: bishops are advocating the practice in their charges, and city missionaries last year held between four and five thousand meetings in their districts. How else are the main body of Londoners to be reached? Bethnal-green contains a population of about 120,000, and we are told that on a certain Sabbath morning no more than 905 were in attendance at public worship throughout the entire parish! This is a somewhat startling fact, showing that, if not spoken to in the street, hundreds of thousands in London will not be spoken to at all concerning their best interests.

There was a time when open-air preaching was in vogue at the great English universities; and in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1797, there appeared a curious engraving of "the stone pulpit in the first quadrangle at Magdalen College, Oxford, styled by Pointer one of its curiosities." In Jones's "Life of Bishop Horne" this antique institution is thus referred to:—"A letter of July the 25th, 1755, informed me that Mr. Horne, according to an established custom at Magdalen College, in Oxford, had begun to preach before the University on the day of St. John the Baptist. For the preaching of this annual sermon a permanent pulpit of stone is inserted into a corner of the first quadrangle; and so long as the stone pulpit was in use—of which I have been a witness—the quadrangle was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching might more nearly resemble that of John the Baptist in the wilderness; and a pleasing sight it was; but for many years the custom hath been discontinued, and the assembly have thought it safer to take shelter under the roof of the chapel. Our forefathers, it seems, were not so much afraid of being injured by the falling of a little rain, or the blowing of the wind, or the shining of the sun upon their heads."

As a rule, the Established Church, during the whole of the eighteenth century, regarded preaching out of doors as disorderly, or uncanonical. This was so thoroughly the case that a certain clergyman who, in 1798, was appointed to preach to a company of soldiers in camp, was somewhat puzzled how to proceed, especially as he could come across no book to help him out of his difficulties. Forty years before, a Lincolnshire rector had issued a volume of sermons on military worship in the field; but, being on an uncommon subject, none save the curious had ever heard of the book. The Methodists were resisted as enthusiasts because they dared to act independently of the prejudices of the people.

Our purpose is to give a few instances of good results which have come as the reward of open-air effort. The first shall be the case of Mr. E. H. Kerwin—Mr. Charrington's helper in East London—who in a letter to our friend Mr. Kirkham has told his own story.

He says that in September, 1868, he started for Doncaster races, playing cards in the train all the way to Peterborough, when a young lady presented him with a tract which made a good impression on his mind. He then proceeds:—"Soon after reaching the racecourse, and just on the other side of the grand stand, my attention was drawn to a

group of men with a banner, upon which was a text of Scripture. They were singing and preaching. I had often seen this before at race-meetings, and always ridiculed such conduct, and even then thought what fools they were. I considered it was blasphemy to be talking about God and Jesus on a racecourse. However, the text displayed upon the banner I could not forget, and it left a very uncomfortable feeling within. The few words I heard of the preaching seemed to make me feel even worse, and I thought I had better clear out of it; so went and stood opposite the grand stand. Some time after I was watching the horses start for the Leger, when I again espied the preachers, who had come over close to where I was standing. This was more than I could endure; and as soon as the race was over I quitted the course with anything but kind feelings towards the preachers. I returned to Manchester very downcast. I rode up with betting men, whose conversation I hitherto had delighted in, but it seemed to be awfully repugnant now. I went so far as to get into another compartment, but that was also filled with the same class of passengers, and so I rode on to Manchester in a most mournful mood. I seemed to care for nothing. I was to have stayed ten days longer, but returned to London the day after. Other circumstances the Lord used to follow up the impression made upon me; and in November, less than two months afterwards, I was converted to God. Surely God's hand can be seen in all this, and you can understand my desire to stand and tell the story on the Doncaster racecourse."

In past years, during the rectorship of the Rev. R. Maguire, Clerkenwell-green was a spot much frequented by open-air preachers, the rector and his assistants having held as many as three services on the ground every Sabbath during the summer weather. It was a convenient centre, because, in all directions, there were narrow courts and populous streets, swarming with those for whose benefit the services were intended; and though there were poverty and squalor enough to be seen, the people betrayed some shrewdness in posting themselves up in all that was written in the papers concerning them and their habitations. We shall never forget a Sunday afternoon's exploration of the several poor colonies, and the heartiness with which the sensational over-colouring of *The Daily Telegraph* was resented. The poor people maintained that neither themselves nor their houses were so bad as they were represented; and remembering that "Jack Ketch's Warren" belonged to a former generation rather than to our own, we were disposed to agree with them.

In the course of our experience we have found that this "Man and dog fight" style of writing about the poor and their surroundings irritates and injures the people, and, consequently, does more than a little in checking the progress of Christian work among them. Honest and sober artisans may even lose their work if employers find that they are living in a neighbourhood notorious for many crimes and shortcomings which live only in the fancy of wonder-loving correspondents. Besides this, the preacher, or the tract distributor, will be made to suffer for other men's sins, as once actually occurred on the very spot of which we are speaking. On a certain occasion, some years ago, the City Missionary who held frequent open-air services was accompanied by a

friend, who in his own effective way gave a suitable address. Unluckily, however, both for the preacher and his hearers, there stood among the crowd the reporter of a local paper, a man who had mastered the "graphic" style of writing now so greatly in demand. He pictured the scene with some skill, showing how the auditory were in the main unwashed, how some were insufficiently clothed, and how one woman, half-dressed, sat at her open window to correspond with a slovenly fellow below, who reclined at ease in a tub of vegetable refuse. The paper entered every house, and everybody's indignation glowed at white heat. Naturally, every woman whose conscience told her that on the day in question she had given slight attention to her toilet declared herself to be the offending person; and, woman-like, all determined that the libel should be replied to in a manner worthy of the prestige of Clerkenwell. The writer of the notice of course kept out of sight, but it was far otherwise with the innocent preacher, who became a scapegoat for others' sins. When he approached the court on the following Sabbath the people were waiting for him in battle array, armed with stout brooms and pails of dirty water; and had it not been for the timely warning given by an indiscreet female sentinel at the entrance, who commenced bullying before the game had begun, the poor preacher would have been severely handled. So much for the "graphic" descriptions of sensational reporters.

At the week-night gatherings on the Green the numbers varied from two to four hundred, while on Sunday evenings they ranged from seven hundred to two thousand. "The results of these gatherings are known only to God," wrote the friend who conducted them. "That they were of great good to many who attended them I am sure. I have seen the strong man weep, and even from Irish Romanists my ears have often been saluted with a hearty 'God bless you!' I cannot speak positively of conversions to God; but I can declare that the surrounding places of worship had large accessions to their numbers. Drunkards also have been reclaimed, and much that may be termed outward reformation has resulted from the preaching of the Word of God to the perishing multitudes out of doors, who, had the churches been quite empty, would, nevertheless, not have entered them." We learn from the above that the surest way of filling empty pews is to preach to the people out of doors. The preacher above referred to was, for example, once stopped in the street by a reformed drunkard, who had heard him "speak on the Green many a time;" and from whom it appeared that the preaching, and the reading of "Poor Mary," had "done the job" for him—that is to say, had, through the divine blessing, effected his reformation.

The above are examples of the efforts put forth by the agents of the London City Mission. For many years after the establishment of the society, these open-air services were not undertaken; but happily, the pressing needs of London have obliged the committee to alter their rules. A missionary is no longer regarded as an innovating sectary because he expounds a text in the street to a crowd perishing for lack of knowledge.

Especially before the erection of the new meat market, West Smithfield was also a convenient area which was frequently used by various open-air preachers. There, over the ashes of many a Protestant martyr,

the gospel was effectively preached to a generation which is not altogether free from the dangers of Popery, especially as manifested in its twin sister Ritualism. Here, we may fain hope, many unknown trophies were won by the City missionaries. We can, at least, give two examples.

The first is that of a notorious drunkard who so grossly ill-used his wife and children that they frequently wished never to see his face nor hear his footstep again. When out on his drunken bouts he would frequently stop away for days together, and this continued to be the case after his wife became a Christian woman. He grew increasingly bitter in his behaviour from anger at his wife's conversion, and especially tried to hinder her attendance at the City missionaries' open-air services. At length, on a Sabbath morning, after preparing himself for a day's outing as usual, he locked the house door, and knowing that his wife was at the meeting, he went thither to carry the key, and before leaving the room heard words which reached his heart. He went again to the evening meeting, and through the blessing of God became a changed character; he was henceforth as sober and as kind as before he had been improvident and cruel.

The same preacher, while using Smithfield as his field of action, was also instrumental in changing the heart and life of an aged infidel, who had spurned the gospel and given earnest attention to the works of Thomas Paine and the French Deists of the last century. He had refused tracts; for with the usual candour of his school, he thought it beneath him to study two sides of a question so vitally important as religion. "I claimed the right of conversing with him," said the preacher. "After a while he gave me permission to stand on his doorstep, to speak the word to the dwellers in the court; and, while himself listening to the Word, it was applied by the Spirit. To my great joy, he told me that he could now give up all things for Christ."

Some years before his death, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel conducted open-air services in the vicinity of Coldbath Fields prison, and did so with much success in association with the missionary of the district. Through the blessing of God the change wrought in one woman led to the conversion of several others; and several, who were received into fellowship at John-street Church, were the fruits of this out-door effort. The woman referred to became instrumental in the conversion of her husband, and then the happy couple set about extending the blessing to their next-door neighbours. These people had been low-minded, worldly pleasure-seekers; railway excursions and public-houses constituting for them the chief charm of the weekly Sabbath. They never thought of going to church, but they were pressed to attend the open-air service, and there they were turned from their course of folly. The man, who was a foreman in the yard where he was employed, now endeavoured to influence the men under him to lead sober lives, and to give attention to the gospel. Who will despise open-air preaching when results like these can be traced to its agency?

Another striking case which came under the notice of Mr. Noel and the missionary he superintended, related to a married woman, who with her husband was greatly averse to religion. One Sabbath, while sitting at her open window, she heard a discourse about Christ's ability to save to the uttermost, and she afterwards confessed that the words went like

arrows to her heart. On her conversion becoming more manifest the husband opposed her in every way, and otherwise behaved more like a madman than a rational being. He was drunk for days together, he broke the furniture, and even attempted personal violence, meanwhile declaring, with that horrid hardihood which occasionally reveals the astonishing depravity of the human heart, that no God should convert *him*, and no Saviour should save him. The wife steadfastly held on her Christian course, praying for her husband, and honouring her profession.

There can be no manner of doubt that Lincoln's-inn-fields is one of the finest sites in the metropolis for open-air preaching; and many instances of good effected have been recorded. Some years ago we mentioned in this magazine the case of an old man, a subject of real misfortune, who, after having determined to end his miserable existence by suicide, was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by what he heard a preacher say, in a corner of the great square, about doing oneself no harm. On another occasion, while a City missionary was preaching, a young woman approached, and throwing herself down at his feet, said in the hearing of those around, "I have been wandering about without a home these two days, and now was on my way to the river to put an end to my sorrows; but I heard you preaching, and saying, 'Jesus Christ was the rest of the weary'; and I am very weary, and wicked, and want rest; so I listened a few minutes to your discourse, and then something told me to come and tell you. I have done so, and don't feel now that I could jump into the river." This poor creature was taken to the workhouse, when it further transpired that she had been obliged to leave her situation because a swollen hand had prevented her from working.

In the days we are speaking of the only opposition to open-air preaching in the West-end of London came from the low Irish, who received their instruction from the priests. This is the generous return which popery makes in a free country for the liberal toleration which we accord to it. Nor are the priests quite satisfied with the second-hand services of those they hold in thraldom; for occasionally one of their fraternity will appear before the preaching stand, and brandishing a stick or an umbrella, work himself into a state of fierce excitement. The opposition in colonies about Great and Little Wild Streets has been known to assume a more violent form, reminding us of the risk and outrage which gathered around the early Methodist preachers in the last century. The lowest of the population will listen with comparative decorum to the preachers; but whether in the persons of the degraded or the educated, Romanism is bitterly opposed to the gospel.

In the crowded districts of the East-end the open-air preachers are able to give a good account of their labours. Small matters, such as a costermonger lending a barrow for a pulpit, and his lamp to enable the preacher to read after sunset, are, after all, great encouragements which are thankfully recognized. If open green spots are scarce, there are many out-of-the-way places, some of them more or less sheltered, where large congregations may be accommodated; and the testimony of many shows how heartily they appreciate the services. "I and my husband sat by the window and listened," said one woman on one occasion; "for our clothes are so bad that we cannot go to a place of

worship." "I never now go to a place of worship," remarked another; "I used when young, but I run round to the arch, having one child at my tail, and two at my side, and there I listen for a few minntes comfortably, then run home and put 'em to bed. I has no bonnet or shawl, and so I'm rough and ready."

While the poorest of the poor have the gospel preached to them in this way, others of a different social standing are sometimes encountered in the parks. At the conclusion of a service in Greenwich-park, some years ago, a Mahometan gentleman handed up a note to the preacher, and afterwards walked home with him for the purpose of making enquiry concerning the gospel. He was thoroughly versed in the Koran, was a native of Egypt, and as a protégé of the government pursued his studies at London University. This stranger was very eager for instruction.

One of the City missionary band was once holding a service at Wandsworth, and during his address he noticed that a well-dressed woman was weeping the whole time. On being spoken to afterwards she remarked, "I'm the vilest wretch in the world. God be merciful to me a sinner." She then confessed that for four years she had been living in adultery, and that rather than continue such a life she would die. Some time previously she had been a member of a Christian church, and had been drawn astray by a man whose money she supposed would render her happy. She now accepted a respectable situation, lodged with a Christian woman, and confessed to the preacher, "I don't know where I should be now had I not heard you in the open air."

Another rather remarkable instance of reformation, speedily followed by death, was that of a youthful thief in North London, who commenced his career of crime at fourteen by robbing his mother for the sake of getting money to spend in tobacco. Like some others of his class, drawn more by curiosity than by any desire to amend his ways, he attended the open-air services of a City missionary, the consequence being that he called on the preacher and said, "Sir, I want to give up stealing, and will do anything you tell me for the sake of getting an honest living." He had so taken to heart what he heard, that he could no longer pick pockets and keep an easy conscience. He went into a reformatory, but soon after became seriously ill, and he died in Guy's Hospital. Though in his last hours his sins pressed heavily upon him he showed signs of true penitence, and it was believed that before his departure he underwent the great change.

The current report of the Open-air Mission is well worthy of the careful perusal of all who are concerned in the progress of the gospel among the most negligent classes. The published accounts refer to all quarters of London, to the provinces, and to the Continent, where open-air preachers from England sometimes try the difficult experiment of speaking to the people through an interpreter. The facts collected embrace a large field, and refer to the ordinary street services, to the London markets as they are on the Sabbath, and to the work done on the racecourses of the country by tract distributors as well as preachers. The races are awful scenes, Windsor being put down as "the most blackguard" in the black list; and the following characteristic

anecdote from the royal borough will enable us to understand how, even on such ground, the gospel pearls are not always cast before swine. "At the June Races a poor man took a book, and after reading a page brought it back to the missionary, saying, 'I am not worthy of this, sir; give it to some one else.' He was shown that it was not his worthiness, but the worthiness of Jesus, that made him fit for heaven. But he shook his head, saying, 'Sir, I am one of the blackest sinners, one of the greatest rogues and villains on the face of the earth; I am not fit to live.' 'I am glad to hear you say that.' 'What, sir?' in a tone of astonishment, 'glad to hear me say that?' 'Yes, because I don't believe I should get such a confession among that mass of people on the racecourse; and Jesus came to seek and to save sinners like you.' 'No, not such a wretch as me. Why, sir, I've run through a fortune. I'm an old licensed victualler.' 'No matter; Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.' He was in a dreadful state, both soul and body; but said he would keep the book, and read it too." Who can tell the result?

From what has been said it will appear that open-air experience is quite as diversified as ordinary work in the pulpit. In many cases the practice offers a change which judicious pastors should often give to their people; for sometimes in the summer season, and in certain places, a congregation may easily be collected out of doors when the stragglers would not assemble in the best appointed building. Some years ago, when visiting a popular watering-place in the east of England we found that an evangelical clergyman, who held a neighbouring benefice, made a practice of holding a week-night service on the cliffs just outside a picturesque fishing village. Being drawn thither on one occasion we found the congregation as mixed a group as any student of human nature could desire. There, on one side, sat the delicate invalid lady in her travelling chair; there were also the ordinary complement of sea-side visitors, with a number of village children and their elders, the fishermen and their wives. The rector, who was an evangelical of the strictest type, addressed his hearers as his "beloved people," prayed without a book, and preached without notes. Such a service was well calculated to be of the most profitable kind, even by the mere holiday makers; a sermon on the Saviour's love, heard under such circumstances, would be likely to be remembered. The preacher merely went to the summer visitors instead of waiting for them to come to him; and to judge from appearances, he gained the approval of everyone. This admirable method is now largely adopted, but we fear that in some instances the least efficient preachers are left to do this out-door work, while those who could make it a real power are shy of attempting it.

The painstaking historian of open-air preaching would be able to enrich his pages with many facts and references we have not been able to notice; for the subject appears to be as wide as the world, and as ancient as the human race.* The oldest assemblies we read about were held in the open-air; and the same was the case with some of the most successful sermons ever preached. The promoters of the crusades

* Those who desire an instructive paper upon "Open-air preaching" should read the second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students." Price 2s. 6d.

aroused the enthusiasm of the people beneath the canopy of heaven; the agents of Wickliffe followed a similar plan for the enlightenment of the peasantry; and both the promoters and the enemies of the Reformation understood that a mighty power could be at work outside the walls of the churches.

This subject might be illustrated with many incidents quaint, pathetic, or otherwise. How various, for example, were the adventures of Whitefield; and what could be more sad, as well as ludicrous, than Wesley's dialogue with Beau Nash, when that veteran fop ruled the fashionable world of Bath with all the authority of a local prince? Preachers of all grades will find out-door preaching a thoroughly bracing exercise; and while themselves gaining strength and experience, they will be casting the gospel net into deep waters where the heaviest draughts of fish may be taken.

Vanquished by Prayer.

A STORY of how Father Taylor, of Boston, conquered by prayer used to be told by a Mr. McDonald, who was for a long time one of his members. He said,—

"In the year 1838, seven of us sailors from the frigate *Brandywine* came out of the navy yard, all ripe for a jolly time. We drank our first grog in Wapping-street, near the yard; and after we had crossed Charlestown Bridge, and were in Prince-street, on the Boston side, we took our second grog. Then we were ready for mischief. 'Where can we raise hell most?' said I. 'I don't know,' says one. 'Let's have a lark with Father Taylor,' I said. 'Agreed!' said the rest, 'if you'll be spokesman.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I'll ask for a Bible.' So we bore away for the sailor-preacher's, which was only a few score rods down the same street. I rang the bell, and said, 'We wished to see Father Taylor.' He came down; and as he entered the room we were taken all aback, and could not gather headway enough to get out of his way. He ran slap into the fleet of us seven. We thought we could touch our hats to our superiors to perfection; but, when he bowed to us so handsomely, it left us shivering in the wind. He kept getting better, and we kept getting worse. 'Bless you, boys, bless you!' came with such power and sweetness, he seemed so glad to see us, that he captured us all. We began to sweat, and longed for deliverance. I at last plucked up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. 'A Bible, yes; everyone of you shall have one.' Worse and worse. Oh, if we were out of this scrape, thought we all, we'd never be caught here again! 'Now,' said Mr. Taylor, addressing me, 'Brother, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray.' Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before, nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It was a nail driven home tight. It brought peace to my mind, and salvation to my heart."

For a score of years it sustained him; and to his dying day he rejoiced that he ever made that cruise, and got this compass, and light in the binnacle, from his "lark" with Father Taylor.

The Disciples—Judas Iscariot.

By C. A. Davis, Bradford.

"HAVE not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" This lurid gleam Jesus, a year before the betrayal, flashed into the near future of the disciples. A forewarning it was which might well have awakened alarm in one who was not under the fascination of a secretly-cherished master sin in the soul; but the conscience of the man for whom it was intended was already so deadened that he could gaze along the path thus terribly revealed before him without recoiling.

The first mention of Judas links to his name the stigma of his crime; even the cold catalogue runs—"and Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed him." Not once in the New Testament does he appear without the mark on his brow. Like Cain, he wanders through the gospels as one who has no proper right and place there, an outlaw, a fugitive, and a vagabond, a dark figure moving across those plains of light, and every one that finds him brands him. He is like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, whose name scarce occurs without the curse mark "who made Israel to sin." The Evangelists ever couple with the mention of this man the crushing monotony of reprobation "who also betrayed him;" "who also was the traitor;" "he it was that should betray him, being one of the twelve." For a man's sin thus to dog him as an evil fate, cleaving to him like the shadow of hell, is fearful.

His father's name we learn, from John vi. 71, was Simon. His title Iscariot is the Greek spelling of two Hebrew words Ish Kerioth, a man of Kerioth, a town of which name belonging to the south of Judah is mentioned in Joshua xv. 25. A village called Kuryetim still exists in the locality. If this was the birthplace of Judas, he was the only one from Judea among the twelve disciples, all the rest being Galileans; and from what we know of the especial narrowness of the inhabitants of the metropolitan district, we might anticipate the hard worldly conception of the Messiahship which, leading Judas to join Christ's company for sordid advantage, became the occasion of his ruin. Beyond these two facts of his father's name and his birthplace we know nothing of his home and early life. There were, doubtless, the usual rejoicings at his birth, yet it was afterwards said, "Good were it for that man if he had never been born." His parents fondly named him after the royal tribe of Judah, to which apparently they belonged, little imagining that the name they were giving their babe would become a synonym of reprobation for all time. It is well we cannot pierce the impenetrable obscurity that veils the future.

The child grew, and passed through boyhood into manhood; like the other disciples, he was called, left his home for Jesus, companied with him all the time he went in and out among them, and witnessed for him; he shared with the rest the office of apostleship, partaking of their labours, perhaps of their shame. He even held an important position amongst them, for whether by his own request, or at the unsolicited appointment of his comrades who recognized in him some practical sagacity and business tact, he was made treasurer of the common fund—"he had the bag, and bare what was put therein." This trust he converted to his own profit; "he was a thief," wrote John afterwards; but it was unknown at the time to the disciples, who appear never to have suspected him of unfaithfulness.

Like them externally, his inward state was very different from theirs. The fair show covered inward rottenness. He had in his heart a master sin still unsubdued; he was covetous. And this sin survived all the holy influences in which he moved (and never were holier granted to any man), and converted the daily context of his life and the circumstances of his sacred office into food for his besetting passion.

His apostasy was predicted, as Peter notes, in the Book of Psalms. It was foreseen by Jesus, who knew the viper he was nourishing in his bosom. We have already alluded to the Master's first warning uttered at Capernaum on the day after the feeding of the 5000. This was at the paschal season a year before

the Crucifixion. The merciful premonition was fruitless: the reigning sin held its sway in the disciple's heart; at the next anniversary of the festival the betrayal was accomplished.

Very little beyond the incident just mentioned is told concerning Judas till we come to the last week in the Saviour's life; then we are able to trace very minutely the figure of the traitor as it appears and reappears in those bright and dark scenes.

On one of the evenings of that great week Jesus reclines at the supper table in Simon's house at Bethany. The company is noteworthy, for it includes not only Jesus with his disciples, but Lazarus, only a few weeks ago raised from death. Mary has risen from her place, and presently a sweet aroma is perceived to fill the room; all eyes, turned in the direction whence the fragrance comes, meet on Jesus, behind whom Mary is seen wiping with her hair the sacred feet she has anointed with spikenard. It is an act of grateful, uncalculating affection to the Restorer of her brother's life, an act of worship to her Lord who she knew was soon to die. It has been recognized ever since as the lovely type of enthusiastic devotion to Christ. But the serpent glides under those sweet flowers; to the griping spirit of Judas there was no fragrance; he saw only foolish womanly fanaticism and waste of money. His mind ran up the sum of the commercial value of the spikenard. "It might have been sold for 300 pence and given to the poor." Pious cant to cover dishonest greed. He had the bag; all money bestowed on Jesus ought to pass through his fingers, part of it to cleave to them; and he saw with chagrin this gold diverted by a romantic sentimentalism into another channel, and escaping his clutches. Jesus gently rebuked the aspersion, and casting his shield over Mary declared that her act should have immortal renown. There is the first scene. On the one hand Adoring Love struggles for adequate expression; on the other greed grinds its teeth muttering, "Why this waste?"

The second scene quickly follows. "Then," say Matthew and Mark, "Judas Iscariot went unto the chief priests, and said, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" Did malignant selfishness suddenly leap forth hideous at the sight of self-sacrificing love? Did the fierce resentment of Judas flame up at Christ's generous vindication of Mary? He has remonstrated; he is rebuked; he will be revenged. This state of soul beckoned to the powers of evil; it waved the signal flag in sight of hell; and at this juncture we read, "Satan entered into him." The purpose to betray his Master is now conceived in his heart; and charged with this secret inspiration from the abyss, he seeks the council chamber of the chief priests. And he will be welcome there.

The priests, whose hatred to Christ had latterly been fast approaching its culmination, and who ever since the great miracle of the raising of Lazarus, which had created a profound feeling amongst the people, had seen the necessity of striking a decisive blow if they were to arrest the rapidly growing popularity of Jesus, had finally resolved to apprehend him, and accomplish his destruction by bringing him before the Roman tribunal as a mover of sedition. But his seizure must be effected without risking an attempt at rescue by the people. How is this to be done? The door opens, and Judas enters. One of his own familiars turned traitor! What better can they desire? He stipulates for money, they for privacy, and the evil covenant is struck. "They were glad," we read, "and he promised." On their faces the evil gleam of satisfaction at this unlooked for solution of their perplexity: on his, the settling down of the lines of dreadful resolve as he feels himself at last committed to his plot. His liberty is surrendered; he is bound as their minion; henceforth no room for hesitation; an iron grip holds him; he is thrust forward to the dreadful work a bond slave to the devil. "He promised."

The third scene opens before us. It is the evening before the Paschal festival. In an "upper room" in Jerusalem—the table already spread for the Paschal supper—Jesus is seen washing his disciples' feet. Judas is there under-

going with the rest the symbolic cleansing. "He that has bathed," says the Master by way of interpreting the symbol, "needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean"; then after a significant pause he adds, "but not all." It is the first of the premonitions of the betrayal to be given that evening. An air of affecting solemnity pervades the room. The conversation at the table is presently marked with a dark emphasis on a quotation from one of the old psalms. "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me." This is the second hint. A few heavy moments pass and then a third and clearer sign is given. All see "trouble" on the Master's brow as he "testifies." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The disciples are fairly arrested. They look anxiously round, and discovering on one another's faces no look of detected guilt to solve their doubt, ask one by one "Lord, is it I?" "It is one of the twelve," says Jesus, "that dippeth with me in the dish. The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born." This is the fourth intimation, and after this awful thunder peal, Judas, with incredible hardness and well-dissembled innocence, "answered and said, Master, is it I?" He was answered briefly, "Thou hast said." It was the fifth sign. Meanwhile, perhaps while Judas was speaking, and therefore missing his query and Christ's reply, Peter has beckoned to John who is reclining next to Jesus, and prompted him to enquire who it is. The enquiry and answer seem to have been whispered, "Lord, who is it?" "He to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it:" and the sop, being dipped, is given to Judas; John and Peter alone, with the exception of the traitor himself, understanding the sign. It is the sixth. "And after the sop Satan entered into him." This is the second occurrence of this announcement. Satan had entered before to suggest the betrayal; now he re-enters to prompt its accomplishment; and what is the thought that has admitted him? "Ho, ho! does he single me out? Does he detect me before all? Does he brand me as traitor? Then I will *do* the deed." And even while he is resentfully thinking he is startled to discover his secret cogitations searched by the flaming glance of Jesus: "That thou *doest* do quickly." The seventh and final exposure to Judas of the evil purpose of his heart! The eleven misunderstood the meaning of this direction, supposing it to relate to provision or benefaction, since Judas had the bag: but he himself rose from the table and went immediately out. The darkness into which he stepped was symbolical of the black night of his soul, of the fell purpose he brooded, of the relentless horror of despair soon to seize him, of the doom finally to close over him. "*It was night.*"

He is gone, and Jesus breathes freely. His death, relieved of the dark shade of human treachery, assumes the heavenly glow of consecration, crowning with a halo of glory the Love which gave, and the Love which became the sacrifice for human guilt—"Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him." But while the memorial supper is being instituted, and the incomparable discourse of consolation uttered in the upper room, where is Judas? He shrewdly guessed that after supper his Master would seek the secluded grove of Gethsemane for devotion: "he knew the place, for Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples"; and he is with the chief priests arranging the sign of betrayal, and the force necessary to be employed in the seizure. This is the fourth scene; and by the time the band of men and officers with their weapons and torches can be got together, Jesus and the disciples are in the garden—dispersed as we know—eight at the gate, three more farther in, while Jesus alone in his insupportable anguish is engaged in the death wrestle of his direst agony. Strong outcries, which cannot be suppressed, rise on the still night; tears mingle with the gory sweat forced from him by the struggle with grief; until the victory is achieved, and calm and resolute he returns to the three disciples to find them sleeping. "Sleep on now," he says, "and take your rest; the opportunity for watching with your Master is over: the betrayer

is at hand." While he speaks a gleam of torches reddens the night, and from a crowd of armed men steps forward a figure recognizable to us in the torch-light. It advances to Christ: we hear the words, "Hail, Master" and a kiss. Indignant surprise and rebuke are blended in the response—"Judas, *with a kiss* dost thou betray the Son of man?" But Jesus disdains the sign, and presents himself to the gang. And now follows the brief dialogue which still conveys the impression of majestic surrender and involuntary homage.

"Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am he."

Judas, perhaps from that fear of the awful power of Christ which had looked out in his anxious directions to the band—"Hold him fast: lead him away safely"—had retreated from his momentary isolation in front to the shelter of their ranks, and "stood with them"; and now he with the whole company seized with awe went backward and fell to the ground. Thus the curtain falls upon the fifth scene.

The traitor's work is done. He has received from the chief priests the sordid reward of his treachery, and we see him no more till after Jesus is condemned to death. Then in the sixth scene he re-appears in despair with the price of blood in his hand, saying to the chief priest, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Hapless man! Does he imagine they will concern themselves with the mortal agony of one who has lent himself to be the tool of their malignity? They coldly spurn him in his ghastly misery, and in curtest phrase reply, "*What to us? see* THOU!" The thirty pieces of silver ring sharply on the temple pavement, and the unhappy man is gone with that bitter "THOU" rankling like an arrow in his heart.

Gone whither? We shudder as the curtain rises upon the seventh and closing scene. Black tempest rages in his soul. Rueful memories of the holy influences of those three sacred fatal years crowd upon him. Conscience, so long laid to sleep, is up and at work. His sin unmasked glares at him. Remorse pursues him: like a ship driven by hurricane on the rocks he is whirled forward to death.

Whither shall he go? The two accounts of his frightful end lead us to suppose that its scene was in that field to the purchase of which the cold Pharisees applied the betrayal money—"the potter's field"—some abandoned clay pit perhaps where fragments of the old scaffolding used in getting out the clay were still standing. Lo! hither, to this drear deserted spot, his frenzy drives him! See! a new and horrid employment of those beams and cords! In convulsive struggles the miserable life is striving yet shuddering to be gone. The cord strains. It is breaking! Oh, turn from the revolting spectacle. Let us not *see* the headlong fall! Alas! does not this human life go out in deepest gloom? It is a midnight uncheered by star or glimmering lamp. Vainly we strain our eyes to track that castaway soul along its dark, direful path beyond the bounds of time. Whither is he gone? We hear but one answering voice: "To his own place."

So closed the earthly life of Judas Iscariot. What was the motive that pushed him on to his stupendous crime? Such a presumptuous altitude of guilt is not reached at a leap. The subterranean fires glow and heave long in their sullen secresy before they rise in fury to make the volcano blaze in red ruin. In the case of Judas, as in the case of every sinner, a gradual preliminary process of subtle sin led up to the crisis. And here lies for us the warning of his life. If sin be tolerated we cannot foresee the lengths to which it may drive us. One timely glimpse of the end would make us recoil in horror from the seductive path.

Judas was ruined by the grovelling sin of covetousness. "He was a thief, and had the bag, and bare away (for such is the force of the word) what was put therein." For the sake of wretched drivelling money-love he pierced himself through with many sorrows. Not that the paltry £4 which he received as the

immediate price of the betrayal could have formed the inducement of his crime. His avarice contemplated greater gains than this. From the first probably he had joined Christ's company in the expectation of wealth to be derived from his connection with the national Messiah. He marked in his miracles the proof of his Messiahship, and foresaw in him the Monarch of Israel and Ruler of the world. Shrewd foresight led him to cast in his lot with Christ in his humiliation that he might profit by it when he rose to his greatness. He secured the position of treasurer while the office was small; it would be better worth his holding when the national resources poured into Christ's exchequer. But now three years were gone, and Jesus had disappointed him. Many a good opportunity had been allowed to pass. When the people would have made him king he avoided them; and latterly he had been constantly talking of his death. At this present Passover, moreover, the whole nation had given him a triumphal entry into the metropolis; yet, while their hosannas were ringing in his ears he wept! Instead of allowing himself to be carried to the throne on the flood-tide of their loyalty, he discouragingly wept! Judas fretted in impatience. His life was going for nothing. The visions he cherished were eluding him. When would Christ throw off this vexatious incognito and open up the long-looked for career of wealth and greatness? There seemed but one way to thrust the Master forward—by betraying him to his enemies. He would then be forced to display his superhuman power to deliver himself; a popular rising would be a thing accomplished. Judas would thus acquire the claim upon his Master due to one whose action had principally contributed to his advancement, and after suffering a little temporary displeasure, possibly, at the course he had taken to secure the end, his position would be made. Thus he allowed his love of money to prostitute the Redeemer's work to a scheme for his sordid enrichment. The Son of God was to be made a tool to gratify his avarice. He dared to betray him to enrich his own coffers, to lay hold on the miracle-working hand to carve out his wretched fortune; to harness the world's Saviour to the chariot of his greed for money.

And all this had gone on growing within him in spite of the pure heavenly teaching to which he constantly listened: in spite of the admonitions he heard to "take heed and beware of covetousness"; in spite of such awful picturings as that of the rich fool to whom it was said at the crisis of his fortune—"This night thy soul shall be required of thee." The siren voice of his besetting sin had sealed his ears to every other tone, and he was admonished in vain. And when on the last fatal night Jesus seven times tolled the warning bell it was of no avail: in spite of the interposition of a Saviour's arm he rushed on to his crime, and the betrayal was accomplished.

But *then*—when he found his calculations wrong—that Christ would not call for twelve legions of angels to deliver him; that he sheathed his superhuman power and refused to flash it forth against his foes; that his apprehension had resulted in his condemnation to death—Judas, at once deluded of his expected gains, and confronted with his ghastly crime, beheld his sin in all its enormity, and, seized with horror, threw himself headlong out of the world. Alas for so infatuated a career; for so awful an end!

We are apt to regard his guilt as supernatural, and beyond the reach of common men; and to lose the intensely solemn lesson we might otherwise gain. But this beacon is raised on a rock on which any of us might be dashed to pieces. Shall we describe this rock? It is *the allowing a familiarity with holy things to coexist with cherished sin in the heart.* It matters not what the sin is. If it be knowingly tolerated; if it be suffered to survive our prayers, to live on through our most solemn approaches to God; if it be fostered in secret, notwithstanding our public profession of service to Christ, it will form for us an appalling danger. Sin not in the possession of privilege. From the highest place in Christ's kingdom to the lowest in hell there needs but one headlong fall. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me: and lead me in the way everlasting."

Notices of Books.

The Man on the Top of the Ark, and other Gospel Parables founded on Old Testament History. By Alexander Macleod Symington, B.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Three charming little parables on the Flood, the Brazen Serpent, and the Cities of Refuge. Sunday-school teachers, and, for the matter of that, preachers might do worse than learn from these parables the value of a sanctified imagination in enforcing truth upon the mind and heart. The pictorial suits old and young, simple and sage alike, and here it is in its best form. "Thank you, Mr. Symington, let's have some more."

Origin of Sunday Schools. An Engraving by Lowenstein, from the Picture by R. Dowling, Esq. London: P. E. Reynolds, 27, Colcherne Road, West Brompton.

Mr. Robert Dowling is a Baptist artist of very high repute; he resided for many years in Tasmania, but has some time since returned to London: his father was pastor of a Baptist church in Colchester. The picture, which was recently exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery, and is now on view in the provinces, is a work of art of a high order. The engraving, (of which a print can be obtained for one guinea, and proofs from four to six guineas), is exceedingly well executed, and ought to be one of the most popular productions of modern art among Christian people. The scene is laid in a court in Gloucester where, on the Sabbath, boys are fighting and gambling, a religious pair are walking by in disgust, and Mr. Raikes and the vicar are meditating upon plans for the improvement of the little savages around them. The Sunday-school Centenary has not a better memorial, so far as art is concerned. Mr. Dowling should be encouraged to continue his artistic illustrations of such choice themes. Comparatively few painters will touch religious subjects, but yield to the fashion which prefers naked figures, or heathen gods, or mere trifles. If rich men who buy pictures would encourage artists who work with a moral and spiritual purpose much good would come of it.

Any Sunday-school in which six teachers take a copy will have an engraving presented to it to be hung in the school-room. The picture is dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury; and as we look upon a proof of it, we inwardly resolve to have it well framed that it may adorn one of the best rooms of our new abode.

Edition of the Oxford Bible for Teachers, printed expressly for the Sunday School Centenary. Henry Froude.

This is a splendid edition, printed upon thin paper to make the volume light, and very beautifully bound. Mr. Froude has added the same information as that given in other forms of his excellent fac-simile series of Bibles; we have here a biblical index, dictionary of names, concordance, and so forth, all most useful to teachers. This copy would make a noble present to a beloved friend whose heart is in *his* class,—we mean quite as much whose heart is in *her* class.

Sunday School Centenary Bible; or, Variorum Teacher's Bible. French morocco. 10s. 6d. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

A noble memorial of the Sunday School Centenary: a copy of the Scriptures such as the most learned and tasteful might be satisfied with. This volume combines a reference Bible, aids to students, and a selection of various readings. It is a singularly cheap, elegant, and useful edition of Holy Scriptures.

Wonders of Grace; or, the Influence of the Holy Spirit manifested in upwards of three hundred and fifty remarkable conversions. By Rev. Henry Woodcock. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We have before commended this little volume, but it is really so specially good that we feel called upon to mention it again. We have culled many an anecdote from it, and are therefore very disinterested when we point it out as quite a little mine of illustrative stories.

Capture of the Pirates, and other Stories of the Western Seas. By Henry Bleby. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

My Coloured Schoolmaster, and other Stories, and Scenes from Trans-Atlantic Life. Same author and publishers.

These are two books for the young. Mr. Bleby is a famous story-teller, and is evidently determined to make his calling and election sure in that direction. The boys will be much taken with him, and he will amuse and instruct them. Our Wesleyan friends are coming out vigorously in all forms of literary work, and we are glad to see it, for as a body they are soundly evangelical, and the modern dry rot has not yet got among them.

The Lillyvale Club and its Doings. By Edwin A. Johnson, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

Talks about Nature, Godliness, and much beside, in a series of letters written by an uncle and nephew, the one to the other. Not very original, nor very powerful, but tolerably attractive and wholesome. We wish something stronger and more solid were more regularly provided for our youth.

Crissy's Little Mother. By Emma Leslie. London: Marlborough and Co.

A pretty little story about a girl in poor circumstances and of ungodly parentage, who, nevertheless, lived a life of purity and self-sacrifice. A nice present for the girls growing up into young women.

John Lyon; or, from the Depths. By Ruth Elliott. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

A very exciting, stirring story, having for its subject the fascinations of drink and the efforts some are making to break its power over its victims. Full of incident, and full of writing that promises to be very powerful: some will think its facts overdrawn, but we fear no story can be more terrible and lurid than the facts in connection with this monster vice of drunkenness. May it be the means of staying the plague in many, and of healing others. It has our heartiest commendation.

Ragamuffins; or the Arabs of Love Lane. A Tale. By Jessie Sale Lloyd. John F. Shaw and Co.

Well written, but rather churchy. The tale invests with charming interest the work of ragged-school teaching, and it ought to stimulate all who read it to earnestness in that noble service.

Priscilla; or the Story of a Boy's Love. By Clara L. Willments. J. Clark and Co.

Emphatically a love story, but considerably better than most of its kind. If taken up by young people it is sure of a reading, and even those of riper years may be so charmed by its perusal that they will find it difficult to put it down. The tale is *rather* too sentimental for our matter-of-fact nature.

Avis Benson; or, Mine and Thine. With other sketches. By the late Mrs. E. Prentiss. Nisbet and Co.

Striking American stories, which will interest and benefit many.

Grace Ashleigh's Life-Work. By Mrs. Mary D. R. Boyd. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A story of domestic persecution, nobly endured by a Christian girl, who lives to see true religion triumphant in the household. This is a very elegant book, and most suitable for a present to a young lady.

Only Five: or Pussie's frolics in farm and field. By Ismay Thorn. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Will do very well for children five years old, but for no one who is a week older. It is no great fault in a book that it is exactly what it describes itself as being.

Harry Henderson: or, out of Temptation. A Story of Farm and City Life. By Mattie Dyer Britts. Philadelphia. American Baptist Publication Society.

A capital story. Story-books are generally the reviewer's bugbear; but this by its skilful and yet probable incidents must interest the reader. It has our heartiest recommendation.

The Ages before Moses. A Series of Lectures on the Book of Genesis. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D. London: Hamilton and Co.

THIS is, on the whole, a very sensible and independent view of the characters and events contained in the Book of Genesis, and of the instruction to be derived from them. The two first lectures are admirable guides to the interpretation of the ancient Scriptures. The first of these revives a much neglected principle of their interpretation, and the second shows the whole Old Testament to be a perspective gradually converging until it terminates in the coming of the Messiah. We are not quite sure that the author adheres closely to his own theory. He is drawn aside by the needless admixture of scientific discoveries with the inspired narrative. His exposition of the Mosaic creation is neither wholly literal nor wholly allegorical, but more of the latter than the former. Geology or no geology, the Mosaic narrative is to be taken, we conceive, in its own common-sense meaning. If there had been no geological science there would have been no attempt to explain away the six natural days of the present creation; nor is geology benefited, while Scripture is grossly mutilated by it. No sooner are we out of this mist, and away from the symbolical shadow that is cast over the simple narrative of the Bible, than we enter upon the clear perspective which it is our author's chief aim to place before us. The most forcible and appropriate sentiments are in his first lecture. They are such as these: "It is less of a compliment to the age in which we live than many suppose, to say that it is a critical age. The critical faculty has its own value, and is not to be despised. It has done, and is doing, good service in correcting errors, reforming abuses, and demolishing superstitions. But it is a very small part of a man after all. A great critic may be a very small man, and a very critical age may be quite an inferior one. The constructive faculty is much nobler in itself, and immeasurably more valuable in its results, for the obvious reason that it is a much nobler and better thing to build up than to pull down. It is an easy thing to destroy; and there are always destroyers enough. It requires skill and labour to erect a building; any idle tramp can burn it down. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pull it to pieces. This age is grandly constructive in things material. It has exceeded all others in the progress of invention and discovery, in the multiplication of the comforts and conveniences of life, and in the unlocking of the secrets of physical nature. Therein lies the true greatness of the present age. But in the higher region of things spiritual there has been but little development of the constructive faculty. Those whom the age delights to honour in that department are not the builders, but the destroyers; not those who open new windows in heaven, but those who are most assiduous in their efforts to close the old ones; not those who seek to build our knowledge of things spiritual on sure foundations, but those who are always trying to loosen the old foundations or to undermine them altogether. No one who has watched the signs of the times at all closely will be disposed to doubt that if there were issued at the same time two works on religious themes by authors equally well known and of equal ability, the one constructive and the other destructive, the one conservative and the other critical, the latter would have a very much larger sale, and attract much greater attention, than the other."

Self-culture and Self-reliance, under God, the means of Self-elevation. By Rev. WILLIAM UNSWORTH. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

YOUNG men cannot complain in the present day that they are neglected by the literary world. Books on self-culture, essays written with a view to stimulate to self-improvement, special classes for education in knowledge and character, have all been brought into requisition for their special benefit. Mr. Unsworth has chosen a well-worn theme, but he has managed to write with freshness and novelty. He is careful to give prominence to the spiritual element in the culture of man's nature, and he becomes therefore a most reliable guide and a safe friend to the young. We wish for this work a very wide sale.

Memorials of the Rev. W. Tasker, Minister of the West Port Chapel, Edinburgh. John Maclaren & Son, Edinburgh.

SHORT and sweet. Its only fault is its brevity. Far less worthy men than Mr. Tasker have been honoured with a more imposing memorial—but then his work is his memorial—which, however, deserves to be more fully recorded.

The Living Epistle: or, the Influence of Christian Character. London: W. B. Whittingham and Co.

SHORT, pointed, and powerful addresses on Christian character as a living testimony to the gospel and its power. There are many to whom the only "Christian evidences" are the evidence of a Christly character, and these it is the object of this little treatise to produce. May it be well circulated and exercise a great influence.

The Englishman's Bible: how he got, and why he kept it. By Rev. T. BOYES, M.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

A CAPITAL little book; crammed with facts about the Bible which we wish all our young folks would read. The ignorance with respect to the Scriptures is appalling: we trust that this effort to remove it may be very successful in securing many readers.

The Count Agenor de Gasparin. A biography, translated from the French of Th. Borel. Hodder & Stoughton.

IN this work the author has contrived to place before his readers, in a comparatively small space, the salient points in the history of that truly remarkable man, the author of the "Archives of Christianity." The Count, son of a peer of France, occupied in his early days a prominent public position under the régime of Louis Philippe. Upon the overthrow of that monarch the Count bade adieu to the capital with its heated atmosphere of party hate, and retired to Switzerland, where, as a writer and Christian lecturer, he devoted his life to the works which have won for him a European reputation. We are glad to make, through this very interesting little book, a more intimate acquaintance with the man who in France led the van, and for a time did battle single-handed on behalf of civil and religious liberty, and the separation of Church and State: whose life—to use the words of his biographer—was a battle waged in behalf of the Bible, the family, freedom of conscience, and the oppressed.

Our Indian Empire: its rise and growth. By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. Wesleyan Conference Office.

IT is important for many reasons that Englishmen should know the history of their Indian Empire. Mr. Shaw Banks here narrates the story in very readable language, and his book is lit up with capital engravings. To excite the missionary spirit, and to create a healthy feeling of justice towards our dependencies, it is essential that such histories as this should be widely read.

The Two Paths: or Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" briefly examined. By Rev. T. BENNETT, M.A. London: J. F. Shaw and Co.

WHEREVER the poison of Farrar's rhetoric has been imbibed, this little but trenchant volume will provide an antidote. Its author very happily combines strong conviction with the courteous treatment of his opponent; and nowhere retaliates in the fire and brimstone style of the book he examines. Men are, we hope, beginning to learn that restraint is sometimes the best evidence of power; and that the old proverb was right that said "a *little* pot is soon hot."

French Made Easy: Phonetic Method of Learning French. By DUNCAN SMITH. London: Haughton and Co.

IF learning French "without a teacher" be within the region of the possible, surely this attempt will be successful. Here, every example is accompanied by a pronunciation phonetically spelt; and it is impossible better to convey without speech the sounds of a foreign language. If we kept school we should from henceforth never attempt to teach French apart from this book, and we believe the compiler will make many a teacher lastingly indebted to him.

Better than Gold; or the Precious Blood of Christ. By H. D. Brown. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Eight excellent gospel addresses, setting forth the most essential aspects of Christ's atoning life and death. There is much freshness in our author's treatment of old truths. Seekers after Christ could not better be helped than by reading these papers; while to the young disciple they will afford instruction and stimulus.

Lebanon Leaves. By Ebenezer Palmer. Clement Sadler Palmer, 100, Southampton-row. Also, *Tendrils* in verse. By the same Author.

In the first of these a text is selected for each day of the year, and a poetic exposition and a personal application are added. The writing has evidently been the result of much reflection upon Scripture truths, and great enjoyment of them. Though not pretending to any high degree of poetic merit, the poems have sufficient rhythm to please ordinary readers. The sentiments will be appreciated by all who possess "like precious faith." The second volume is not equal to the first.

Nellie Arundel: A Tale of Home Life. By C. S. London: J. F. Shaw & Co.

If our young folks must have fiction, let it be of this sort. Plenty of healthy interest is excited: the characters are mostly natural and real, and a gospel fragrance pervades the whole we have read.

Lady Rosamond's Book: or, Dawnings of Light. The Stanton-Corbet Chronicles. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. London: J. F. Shaw and Co.

A long story, cleverly written in old-fashioned style; revealing the inner life of a convent three hundred years ago. The incidents are very ably interwoven so as to excite interest, while there is much skill and satire in the bye-play; the whole effect is to make the freedom-loving English heart disgusted with the pretences, the mockeries, the travesties of religion and the tyrannies and thraldoms of Popish religious houses. May it prevent many from being caught in the deadly toils of Roman Catholicism.

Sermons to Children. By the late John Gregg, D.D. Dublin: George Herbert.

We observed that a certain newspaper of heterodox predilections warned its readers against these sermons by Bishop Gregg, and therefore we were prepared to read them with considerable pleasure. They contain a very large number of stories and illustrations, but to our mind they are not pleasant reading. A sort of roughness appears to pervade them, which may be especially attractive to Irish children, but we scarcely think that English ones would be fascinated thereby; at any rate, we are not.

The Little Folks Holiday Album. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's "Little Folks'" volumes are wonderful. They contain such a wealth of capital stories and first-class illustrations that we do not know where to look for their like. This "Album" cannot be surpassed. The contents are marvellously varied, and yet everything is charming. Won't the little duchess be happy who gets this for a present.

How a Farthing made a Fortune. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen. S. W. Partridge.

A most useful book, illustrating the excellence of honesty, temperance, and piety. We advise all boys to get this magic farthing.

Letters to Children. London: Provost and Co., Covent Garden.

A baker's dozen of letters to children about the scenery of south-west England in general, and Bournemouth in particular. Chatty and cheerful, but a little slipshod in composition.

Gathered Clusters from Scripture Pages. By Lady Hope, of Carriden. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Specimens of Bible lessons. We suppose they are intended for the very little ones; they are sufficiently elementary, if not a little too much so. From the splendour of the volume outside we thought we had fallen upon poems again, and were greatly relieved when we found that it was only talks to the little ones. Baby talk is preferable to a great many so-called "poems." We are weary of skim-milk verses.

Notes.

Friends will please direct all letters to Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Dropping the editorial "we," I would remark that I have removed under the advice of a physician, and at the earnest desire of many friends, solely on grounds of health. If a worker, by God's goodness, becomes stronger, he can do more, and if he is graciously permitted to escape the attacks of disease, so that he is able to continue preaching at home through the winter, it will be to himself, at least, the cause of great thankfulness. Simple as the matter of change of residence may be, it has sufficed to create all sorts of stories, among which is the statement that "*Mr. Spurgeon's people have given him a house.*" My ever-generous friends would give me whatever was needful, but as I had only to sell one house and buy another, there was no necessity for their doing so. Having once accepted a noble presentation from them, and having there and then handed it over to the Almshouses, it would by no means be according to my mind to receive a second public testimonial. One friend who heard of my change of residence right generously sent help towards the expense of removal, but beyond this it is entirely my own concern, and a matter about which I should have said nothing if it had not been for this gossip. As the subject is mentioned, will friends kindly give us a house-warming by praying that myself and my dear wife may find the benefit we seek?

When the Wesleyan Conference was in full session I called at the City-road Chapel vestry upon a business errand, for I wished to see the manager of the refreshment department. The commissariat for the proposed visit of the Baptist Union was under discussion, and it seemed a practical thing to see how others attended to that matter. I hoped to steal in and out, and go home in quiet; but scores of hearty brethren pounced upon me, and in a few minutes Dr. Punshon was conducting me into the Assembly. The whole host of divines received me in a manner which melted me to tears, and bowed down my soul with a weight of love. The President spoke in chosen terms of affection, and invited me to address the Conference. I was utterly unprepared, but I cried for help to the Lord, and I trust that the word was not quite so broken and confused as it might have been. Then Dr. Osborn and Dr. Punshon spoke right warmly, and I left with a deep sense of gratitude for the generous reception. These brethren know that I differ from them in many points, but they love me none the less for speaking out plainly what I hold to be true. The remark was made that neither of us would be willing to ignore those differences, nor anxious for others to do so: but then we agree in many vital truths which are broad enough for mutual love to dwell upon and walk at large in. The whole scene was a spontaneous outburst of brotherly love in Christ Jesus —love which has a solid foundation. Both Baptists and Wesleyans *believe* something, and this is rather a rarity in these doubting times. We alike dread both the superstition and the rationalism of the age, and it is well that we should heartily unite in the defence of the essential doctrines of salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. I thank all the brethren, and again wish them the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The following resolution has been forwarded by the secretary of the Conference:—"That the Conference has much pleasure in receiving a fraternal visit from the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, and tenders to him the hearty assurance of the esteem and Christian love of its members. They rejoice in his long career of extensive usefulness, and they earnestly desire for him the continuance and increase of all spiritual blessings."

College.—During the past month Mr. James Young has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ilford, but remains with us till his term is completed; Mr. H. W. Childs has removed from Camberwell to Sudbury, Suffolk.

On *Tuesday, August* 10, the summer session was commenced with a visit to Park Hill, Streatham Common, kindly lent by our generous friend and deacon, Mr. W. Higgs. The weather was all that could be desired, Mr. Murrell and his band of helpers provided abundantly and in their best manner, and the whole proceedings passed off most happily. By bringing the men together, and giving them an opportunity to enjoy intercourse with the tutors in a pleasant manner, we hope that no ice is ever allowed to form, and College life is kept pleasant and simple.

Mr. H. F. Adams sends us notes of his progress in Toronto, and we greatly rejoice therein, and in the great work achieved by our brother Dyke.

EVANGELISTS.—Mr. Fullerton spent a few days with us while we were at Benmore. He went over to Dunoon, and preached with much acceptance. In company with Mr. Smith he has paid a visit to Dublin, and also to the Isle of Man, and they are now in full work again in Scotland, where they will be occupied for the next two months at Dumfries, Galashiels, Greenock, and Paisley. In a letter recently received, Mr. Fullerton tells us that reports of the most cheering character are arriving almost daily from Birmingham. God blessed their ministry there to many souls. The names of those who professed to be converted were taken, and the lists were sent to the various pastors whom they elected to hear, with the hope that they would look after them. We want to see the corn harvested, and this plan will, we hope, succeed by God's grace.

The Evangelistic Committee will shortly be meeting to fix our brethren's engagements for next year. Any churches or associations that wish to secure their services should apply at once, stating the time most convenient for a visit to them. Letters should be directed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, who will be glad to furnish information. This Evangelistic work is doing more for our Lord's kingdom than it would be possible for us to tell.

Mr. Burnham will shortly be visiting his old friends, the hop-pickers, in Kent. He asks for special prayer for a blessing upon the work. Help in furnishing free teas, etc., can be sent to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent. It is a wonderful opportunity for getting at the real poor, and feeding them with the gospel, while they also get a meal of daily bread, which some of them greatly need. They will go home to London with more knowledge of the gospel than they get for years in our great city, where hundreds of thousands never enter a place of worship.

Mr. Parker seems to have had a remarkable blessing upon his labours with Mr. Mateer at Carrickfergus, Omagh, and Londonderry. Large congregations were gathered in each place, and many professed to find the Saviour at the services. There is evidently a great and effectual door for evangelistic work in parts of Ireland, and indeed almost everywhere else if only the men and the means are forthcoming. Prayer should be offered daily for poor Ireland, which is rent and torn with dissension and violence, weakened by want, and ruined by the power of superstition.

ORPHANAGE. — The Girls' Orphanage Buildings are proceeding most satisfactorily. On October the 4th, at 2.30, we hope to see laid the memorial stones of the two end houses. These are to be called "The Reading House," and "The Liverpool House," in remembrance of the noble help received from these two towns, and we are searching for representative men to perform the happy task. Friends will, we hope, remember that about £1,000 are still needed to finish this work. Meanwhile, the boys and girls keep on eating like caterpillars, and we must find them in food; moreover, they do not spin cocoons as silkworms do, but need raiment also, and plenty of it. Boys are rare fellows for clearing up bread and butter, and we trust kind helpers will keep the mill going.

Should any mistake occur in the lists this month, friends will please forgive a man who is moving, and whose secretary is out for the holidays. Many amounts came in just after the lists were closed on Aug. 14, but they will be found in next month's magazine.

Tuesday, July 27th, was a gala day with our orphan children. By the kind invitation of our friends at Reading they were taken there for the annual excursion. The visit was a long-looked-for event. The orphan boys gave a Service of Song at the town hall some two years ago, when Mr. Martin H. Sutton, who kindly took the chair upon that occasion, promised to defray the railway expenses of an excursion to that neighbourhood: this summer saw the fulfilment of his generous promise. The boys and girls were accompanied by Mr. W. C. Murrell and Mr. C. F. Allison (who represented the trustees of the Orphanage). The weather proved most propitious; everyone seemed pleased, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The procession from the railway station, headed by the band from the Birley Farm School, and with flags and banners flying, seemed to take the town by storm. The day was spent at Erleigh Court Park, which was kindly lent by Mr. J. F. Hall. The arrangements were in the hands of Rev. W. Anderson, and Messrs. H. Hutt, P. A. Collier, and Moore, to whose exertions the success of the day is entirely due. To these gentlemen, to Mr. G. W. Palmer (who provided the children with a bag of biscuits each on their homeward journey), and to all our good friends, we are most grateful. May the cheers of the orphans ring in their hearts.

COLPORTAGE.—The present number of

colporteurs actually at work in the districts supplied by the Association is 70, and intimation has been received that four or five additional ones will shortly be required in as many new districts. It is encouraging to find this steady growth in the extension of the work. For all these new districts £10 a-year has been promised over and above what the society gives, which is the least sum for which we can undertake to appoint or maintain a colporteur in a district. It is to be feared that some of the districts which do not contribute £40 a-year will have to be discontinued, as it is necessary that either we or local friends should find annually from £50 to £60 for each man employed over and above the profit on the sale of books. The association engages to find all beyond the £10, but the limited amount received for the General Fund precludes more extended aid to the districts.

About £150 per month is required to work the association on its present scale without drawing upon the Capital Fund, but, during the last few months, the amount received from subscriptions and donations for the General Fund has not reached this sum by about one-third. Unless a regular income can be maintained the work will have to be curtailed, and some of the most needy districts discontinued, because they cannot furnish the full £40 a-year, and we are unable to help them. In some of these districts this would be a positive calamity, as the colporteur is the only evangelist and sick visitor in the locality, and by his withdrawal many souls would be left destitute of spiritual instruction and consolation. If every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* would send a contribution regularly, however small, the difficulty would disappear. Upon the work actually being accomplished much blessing is reported. Sunday newspapers and trashy books are replaced by the Word of God and good moral and religious reading, the sick and dying are visited daily, and the poor have the gospel preached to them in neglected and isolated places, and, above all, sinners are led to Christ.

Those who know the value of colportage always speak highly of it. Will our friends who only hear of the good results help us to maintain the present usefulness of the Association, and if possible to extend it? Contributions can be sent to the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E., from whom last year's Report can be had on application.

Personal Notes.—A somewhat venerable brother from the *North of England* called upon us recently, and told us the following pleasing story:—He said that he had a son who had greatly grieved him, and who had been like the prodigal. He derived much comfort from a sermon of ours on the return of the prodigal, in which we spoke of the joy of the prodigal, the joy of the servants, and the joy of the father; and he was stirred up to pray for the return of his boy, and sent a note to ask us to join him in prayer at our Monday evening meeting at the Tabernacle. That young man is a Christian now, and his father is so full of joy at the change that has taken place in him that he gave us a thankoffering of £5 for the College.

The Missionary Herald publishes a note from Pastor W. J. White, of *Japan*, containing the following interesting item:—"I have just completed a translation of Mr. Spurgeon's 1,500th sermon, and the Tokio local committee of the Religious Tract Society having accepted it, have it now in the press."

Sermon to Sailors.—Mr. Matthews, of the Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, finds sailors most eager for our sermon on "The Sea, the Sea, the Wide and Open Sea," and wants to give away a large quantity while the matter is fresh. He begs us to mention the work urgently, and we do so at his desire. The more sailors will read of the gospel the better for us all, but it is not every book or sermon that they will look at, and when they are in a mind for it they ought to be supplied without delay.

Bible Distribution.—We are glad to learn that Mr. Hawke, of the Bible Stand, has commenced the free distribution of the Scriptures at the Brussels Exhibition. He sends word that he wants help, and he certainly deserves it. Direct to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: July 29th, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Mr. T. Coop	50	0	0
Mr. Robert Hanbury	25	0	0
T. B. P., per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Collection at Tilehouse-street Chapel, Hitchin, per Rev. F. G. Marchant	9	15	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hull	1	1	0
A Worker	2	2	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ulverston	1	17	0
N. Y.	0	16	3
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	5	0	0
Miss E. Stringer	10	0	0
A thankoffering from W. M.	2	0	0
Mr. B. Buckmaster	2	2	0
Mr. Alexander Laing	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
W. T., Birmingham	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R.	10	0	0
Mrs. Samuel Barrow	2	2	0
Mrs. Samuel Barrow, from her mothers' meeting	2	2	0
Mr. S. Barrow, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	0	0
Mr. Cleeve Hooper	3	3	0
Mr. Blundstone	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	14	0	0
Annual Subscription:			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 18	34	9	4
„ 25	32	0	10
Aug. 1	27	1	3
„ 8	20	0	1
	113	11	6
	£280	13	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Collection after Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, at Benmore, Scotland	80	15	7
Friends in Scotland, per Mr. Spurgeon—			
Mr. Hugh Bell	2	0	0
Miss Nelson	0	10	0
Mr. Monson	2	0	0
Mr. Matthew Howie	1	0	0
Mr. H. Macpherson	1	0	0
An invalid	1	0	0
M. N.	100	0	0
	107	10	0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Arthur	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Price	1	10	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	18	10
Miss I.	2	0	0
Mr. William Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Haywood	1	0	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	1	0	0
Captain and Mrs. Welch, R.N.	5	0	0
Collected by James M. Dick	0	18	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
Mr. James Salmond	0	10	0
Captain A. McKetchie	1	5	0
Mr. Alfred Benest	0	10	6
Rev. J. T. Briscoe	1	0	0
W. J. F., "firstfruits of my earnings"	2	0	0
A footman	0	2	0
The earnings of a departed sister	0	5	0
"From Ernest Edgar Bray"	5	0	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	14	6
Mr. David Paton	30	0	0
Master Brown, and collecting box	0	9	0
Mr. J. C. Morton	0	10	0
Metropolitan Store	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	1	0	0
Mrs. Betsy Simpson	0	5	0
Dr. Beilby	4	0	0
Mr. John Emm	0	2	6
Miss Falconar	5	0	0
Mr. N. B. E. Baillie	1	0	0
R. Beck and E. Lewis	2	0	0
From Bridge	0	10	0
Lochee Boys' and Girls' Religious Association	1	5	0
E. D.	0	10	0
W. P.	5	0	0
Mr. George Merton	0	10	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Our wedding day	0	5	0
Z. D.	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	2	6
Mr. Richard Evans	10	10	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	2	6
A. B	1	0	0
Mr. Deen	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Everett	0	10	0
Subscriptions, per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Benson, jun.	0	5	0
Baby Benson	0	5	0
	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Clark	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Pearce and friend	1	0	0
A friend, per Rev. S. Mead, Adelaide	1	0	0
Stolen shilling restored, with interest	0	2	6
Mrs. G. M. Gaubert, Onglitch, Russia	0	12	0
A Leicester friend	0	3	0
Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0
Two friends, per Mrs. Rigby	0	6	0
A footman	0	2	0
Mr. Bloodworth, Cheltenham	1	1	0
Mr. Broadly and friends, Bradford	0	10	0
L. T. P.	0	3	6
Mr. Moore	0	2	0
Moiety of proceeds of Service of Song, Grange, per Mr. H. Phillips	0	10	0
By sale of Bath Chair	5	0	0
By sale of artificial Teeth	1	1	0
Mr. T. B. Willoughby	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, August 3rd	2	2	0
Miss R. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. Finch	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
J. Wright	0	2	6
W. Manktelow	0	3	0
F. Church	0	5	0
R. Ellett	1	0	0
J. Gallehawk	0	1	0
C. Ward	0	10	0
T. Pack	0	6	3
	2	7	9
Proceeds Annual Meeting, June 22nd, per Mr. Murrell:—			
Admissions	90	10	0
Refreshments	71	1	3
	161	11	3
A friend	0	10	0
By sale of S. O. Tracts	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Clacy	0	5	0
Per Mr. J. T. Dunn:—			
Mr. W. Ross	1	1	0
Mr. Bartholomew, Stone, near Dartford	1	1	0
	2	2	0
Box at Orphanage Gates	1	0	6
Master Walter Oakley	0	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
	£495	2	5

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—3 hats Gooseberries, Messrs. Thoday, Osborne, and Smith, per Mr. Ingle; 3 bushels Potatoes, Mr. J. S. Hawley; 1 sack Flour, Messrs. J. Westley and Sons; 30 quarts Milk, Mr. H. Doble; 33 Loaves, Mr. Bonner; "Some Apples for the little ones left behind," Mr. Boyce.

CLOTHING.—1 gross Boys' Bows, Messrs. Morley and Gray; a parcel of Clothing, a Widow.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—PROVISIONS.—A quantity of Cabbage and Rhubarb, Mrs. Beeson.

CLOTHING.—4 Nightdresses, 16 pairs Drawers, 1 Dress, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a quantity of Dress Material, Miss E. Haggas.

GENERAL.—30 Wool Bails, Mrs. Eyre; 20 boxes Sea Shells, Mr. Darkin, "Sea Shell Mission"; 40,000 Bricks towards a new House, Mr. Dean, Sittingbourne; 317 lengths 1¼-inch Floor Boards towards new Buildings, Mr. G. E. Arnold.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A poor widow	0	2	0
Stamps	0	5	0
Mr. William Smith	3	0	0
Friends at Blackpool, per Rev. John Spurgeon	2	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	11	14	8
F. H.	1	0	0
Mr. Mayfield	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Arthur	5	0	0
Mrs. George White	0	10	0
A Friend to Orphans, Miss H., per Rev. H. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. Clews and Friend	1	5	0
Mr. William Hill	1	1	0
Miss A. Moore	0	3	0
Edwin Silvey	0	2	6
Miss J. Sproule	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Keely	0	2	6
A. B. C.	5	0	0
Welsh Baptist Sunday-school, Cwmaman	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus (2nd donation)	10	0	0
Mr. Alfred Benest	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons, from B. R.	5	0	0
Miss J. M. Lang	6	10	0
Mrs. Willson	1	0	0
B. B. C.	0	3	0
Mr. D. Blair, per Rev. J. J. Irving	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Bydawell	2	0	0
Mr. James Renton, per B. W. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. Payne, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. George Fidel	5	0	0
Small brick	0	1	0
Mr. N. B. E. Baillie	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lutf	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Morton	0	10	0
Sermon Reader, Aberdeen	0	10	0
Ann Fyfe	1	0	0
S. E. W.	0	10	0
Stamps from Birmingham	0	2	6
From Bridge	0	10	0
J. M. (monthly)	0	1	0
Mr. W. Mills (towards Trustees' House)	50	0	0
W. L.	5	0	0
The Misses Weymouth	0	10	0
Miss Martin	2	0	0
Collected by Louis and Hugh Butcher	0	10	6
Miss Mary Pocock	1	0	0
A Reader of the Sermons	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
A. R.	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. John Craig	1	12	3
W. B.	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Hutchison	5	0	0
E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Lizzie's Bricks	0	10	0
H. K.	20	0	0
2 Chronicles xx. 20	0	5	0
Jane Davis	0	2	5
Mr. James Bakewell	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Symington	1	0	0
From a Cornish Methodist	5	0	0
George and Mother	0	15	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Mrs. Woodman	1	0	0
Mrs. Fuller	1	0	0
Rev. W. Fearon	1	0	0
F. H. C.	0	15	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	2	6
In memory of dear Caroline	0	10	0
Madame Joubert	1	0	0
Miss Joubert	0	5	0
B. L.	1	0	0
An Invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Mrs. Fox	0	3	0
Collection at doors, Denmark-place Lecture-hall, Rev. C. Stanford's, after Service of Song by Orphanage Choir	4	10	0
W. J. B.	2	2	0
Mr. G. E. Arnold	5	0	0
Mr. Griffin	0	2	6
Mr. James Hemington	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. G. Angus and Co., Newcastle, per Mr. Samuel Barrow	10	10	0
Mr. W. Silcocks	0	5	0
Mr. Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. G. W. Stokes	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
By Sale of Goods at Annual Meeting, June 22nd, per Mr. Murrell	40	0	0
	£252	8	4

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Cambs. Baptist Association, for Haddenham and Cambridge	20	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Cinderford and Bowlash District ...	2	10	0
Arundel District	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	17	10	0
Kettering District	5	0	0
Chesterfield District	10	0	0
Norwich District	10	0	0
For Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Harborne and Halesowen	5	0	0
	£125	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. T. Coop	15	0	0
Mr. William Angus	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lees	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Morton	0	10	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Miss E. Unwin	1	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	8	0
Mr. Blundstone	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	10	0	0
A Colporteur friend, per F. W. Whiting	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
East Ross	0	3	0
Thankoffering, W. M., for Ludlow colporteur	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Ryder	0	7	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Sent to Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0
Mr. C. F. Davisson, Onglitch, Russia ...	4	10	0
	£65	16	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Coop	15	0	0
Balance of collections at services held by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton in Birmingham	26	16	8
L. S., for Melford services, per Mr. Burnham	0	10	0
A thankoffering	50	0	0
Mr. A. Darby	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
	£102	9	2

Received for Country Mission—L. H., £10; Loan Tract Society—J. S., £10; Poor—J. S., £10; Sailors' Sermon—M. C., 10s., Miss Harling, 5s., "I'm a Poor Sinner," 2s. 6d.; Spanish Missions—Miss Barker, £1, Friends in Kirkwall, 7s. 6d., "I'm a poor sinner," £1.

ERRATA.—Girls' Orphanage Building Fund—Omitted, Mrs. Kelly, 10s.; Miss Wayman, 2s; Mrs. Russell, 2s. 2d. Received without names, £1 19s. 8d. (included in total of last month).
Mrs. Stevens, £1 5s., should be Mrs. Stuart; Mr. Evans and friend, £2, should be Mrs. E. Evans and friend; Mr. Hill, £2, should be Mr. J. B. Crisp; Mrs. Catley, £1, should be Mr. Dove. Collecting Box—Mr. E. Kemp, £1 2s. 2d., should be Master Ernest Kemp.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1880.

The Three Themes of Isaiah's Temple Vision.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR subject calls us to Isaiah vi. 1—8, where we find a vision granted to the favoured prophet Isaiah—a vision of so grand a character, and exercising so great an influence over its beholder, that he records the exact date of it,—"In the year that king Uzziah died." Such transcendently glorious manifestations come not every day, and therefore it is well to note their occurrence with a red letter. Perhaps the date was better fixed on his memory by a thought of contrast: Judah's king was dead, and then the prophet saw the living King sitting upon his throne. That dead king had intruded into the temple; but the eternal King reigns there, and fills the holy place with his train.

Let us read the passage—

"*In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.* THEN *said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.* THEN *flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?* THEN *said I, Here am I; send me.*"

Our one point just now is to mark *the three* "THENS." The prophet commenced his narrative by a note of time, and he makes his time-bell ring again and again—striking then, *then*, THEN.

The first "THEN" occurs thus:—the prophet was led to feel his own uncleanness, and the uncleanness of those among whom he dwelt. When was that? For it is important for us to feel the same conviction, and we may do so by the same means. Was it when he had been looking into his own heart, and seeing its dire deceitfulness, and the black streams of actual transgression which welled up from that inward fountain of depravity? He might certainly have said "Woe is me" if he had been looking there; but he was not doing so on this occasion. Had he been considering the law of God, had he observed how exceeding broad it is, how it touches the thoughts and intents of the heart, and condemns us because we do not meet its demands of perfect obedience? Assuredly if he had been looking into that pure and holy law he might have well bewailed his guilt, for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Or had he been turning over the pages of memory, and noting his own shortcomings and the sins of his fellows? Had he noted his own failures in prayer, or in service, or in patience? Had he watched himself in private and in public, and did the record of the past bring a consciousness of sin upon him? If so, he might well enough have lamented before the Lord and cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone." I might even say, had he been carrying out self-examination for a single day of his life, and had that day been the Sabbath, and had he been acting as the preacher, or had he been sitting under the most stirring ministry, and had he been at the holy feasts of the Lord, he might have found reason for confession. I will not judge all of my brethren, but I will make this confession for myself, that if I examine the best day I have ever spent, and the holiest hour I have ever lived, I can see even with my poor, weak eyes enough of sin in my holiest things to make me cry, "Woe is me! for I am undone." The best sermon I have ever preached is a sure proof to me that my lips are unclean, for when I come to examine it with care I discover a thousand defects.

But none of these things are mentioned here as the occasion for his humbling cry. When was it, then, that he had such an overpowering sense of his own unworthiness, and of the sinfulness of the people among whom he dwelt? It was "THEN,"—*when he had seen the Lord*. He had been permitted in vision to gaze upon the great King upon his throne, he had seen him in his infinite sovereignty, he had beheld his glory filling the temple, till the house was filled with smoke to veil the matchless splendour; he had heard in vision those sinless beings the seraphim, using their lips to cry in ecstasy, "Holy, holy"; and he had carefully observed that when they drew near to the awful majesty they each one used a fourfold vail with which to cover himself,—"with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet." Even they did not dare to look upon his glory, or stand before him without a covering. What with their cry of "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory," and their lowly posture while adoring, the prophet was humbled by their reverence, and wondered how or in what language he should ever speak with God. John in his gospel tells us that Isaiah saw the glory of God in the person of the Lord

Jesus. The posts of the door moved and trembled at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth, under the stress of those adoring cries which rose from an innumerable company of angels, of whom the seraphim may be regarded as representatives. It was the sight of the thrice holy God which made the prophet say, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips."

Oh, my dear brethren and sisters, if you have never seen God, if you have never had a faith's view of him, you have not seen yourselves: you will never know how black you are till you have seen how bright he is; and inasmuch as you will never know all his brightness, so you will never know all your own blackness. Learn, however, this lesson, that for you to turn your face away from God in order to repent is a great mistake; it is a sight of God in Christ Jesus which will breed humiliation and lowly confession of sin. Dream not that you are to stay away from Christ till you sufficiently lament your sin; it is a grave error and a grievous folly, for nothing makes sin to appear so exceeding sinful as a view of the glory of God in Christ Jesus. No, your face must be towards your Father's house, and you must hopefully resolve to arise and go to your Father, or you will never cry, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." Yes, and I will venture to say that the nearer the prodigal came to his father the more he repented; and when his face was hidden in his father's bosom, and kiss after kiss saluted him, then his repentance was deepest of all. O poor hearts, if you cannot come to Christ *with* repentance, come to him *for* repentance. If you want to feel "Woe is me," come and see the glory of Jesus and the holiness of the great God, and then will your knee bow and your heart tremble. There is no road to repentance so short and sure as to remember your God, and enter spiritually into his presence. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up," "THEN said I, Woe is me!"

Now, is there any man here that says, "I have had intimate communion with God"? Brother, we will listen to your speech and judge of your pretensions. Did I hear you say, "I am a man that lives very near to God. I walk in the light as God is in the light, and enjoy a higher life than other Christians"? Brother, your speech is as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal, for no man who has come fresh from God ever speaks in tones of self-congratulation. What said Job? "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii. 5, 6). This was the experience of a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil; and if you have really entered into communion with the Lord the same humble emotions will fill your breast. No man has seen the Lord, high and lifted up, if he exalts himself. When we are favoured to know the Lord we are humbled *then*, and not till then.

You see the man trembling: in himself unclean, and conscious of it, and surrounded by a people as unclean as himself, and it is while he stands in that condition that we meet with our second "THEN." "*Then* flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged." "Then," that is, not when this man was full of joy and rejoicing, but when he said "Woe is me"; not when he was living in the sublimities of boastful self-consciousness, but when he was crying "I am undone;" "*then* flew one of the seraphims." *When he was consciously unfit, the Lord commissioned him;* when he felt his uncleanness, when he owned the ruin of his nature and the sad estate of his people, *then* it was that the seraphic messenger touched him with the living altar coal.

Brethren, do you so much feel your sinfulness that you are afraid that the Lord will never use you in the conversion of sinners? I am glad of it. Are you conscious that your lips are not worthy to speak for the holy God? Then I know you feel that if ever God should save a soul by you, he must have all the glory of it; you feel that it is a wonder of grace that you are saved yourself, and if ever others are saved through your means, you confess that it will be a miracle of divine power. In all this I rejoice, for your hour of acceptable service has begun. I have noted in my own experience that whenever I have been most blessed in the winning of souls, it has generally been just after I have endured a thorough stripping in my own heart, or when by soul trouble I have been brayed as in a mortar among wheat with a pestle till I seemed ground into dust. Trial has preceded triumph. A wider field has been opened to me by the breaking down of my hedges. I have shrunk into self-oblivion, and then the Lord has moved me to speak in a burning manner to his glory.

I remember a foolish person coming to me once after I had been preaching, and he said to me, "You said you were a sinner when you were preaching." I replied, "Yes, I did, and I meant it." His answer was, "What right had you to preach if you are a sinner?" "Well," I replied, "my right to preach lies in the Lord's command, 'Let him that heareth say, Come,' but I think little of right, for I preach because I cannot help it, and I preach to sinners because I am a sinner myself, and feel a sympathy with them. If any man needs to be daily saved by Christ, I am that man, and therefore I delight to describe the salvation which is so dear to me. Sometimes, when I have been myself in bondage, I have preached in chains to men in chains, but made music with my fetters, by commending Christ when I could not have said a good word for myself." Why, methinks that a man who has taken medicine and has recovered is the very man to extol it to others; yea, and if he still feels that in some measure the disease is upon him though its deadly power is taken away, and if he feels that every day he must drink the healing draught and wash in the healing bath, he is the very man continually to tell of the abiding power of that ever-precious heal-all which meets his case. Even when we walk in the light with God, still the precious blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, and still we declare from our own experience its gracious power.

My dear brethren and sisters, I want this to encourage you, if you feel unhappy in your work for the Lord. If you feel very much cast down, and are crying, "Woe is me!" do not, therefore, cease from your service. If you did not get on last Sunday, when you tried to preach, if you blunder every day with those unclean lips of yours, if you have

been unsuccessful in working among the people with whom you dwell, or if you have not succeeded with the children in your class, or with your own children at home, now is the time to seek the blessing, now is the time to pray for it in hope. "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar." The seraph does not come with live coals from off the altar to men of pure lips who never were undone, for such are exceedingly satisfied without altar coals; but when the chosen servant of the Lord is deeply conscious of his unworthiness, then shall the Lord inspire him from above. It is his delight to fill empty vessels, and to put his treasure into caskets which contain nothing of their own.

Very briefly let us now speak of the third "THEN." "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." Hear ye not to-night the voice which never ceases to cry in the church, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" O that we may be ready to respond to it! Alas! we feel reluctant to answer, "Send me," because we feel that we are undone, and our lips are unclean; but oh, beloved, if while sitting here the angel shall bring the live coal from off the altar, one of those coals wherewith our Great Sacrifice was consumed, and touch each lip with it, and say, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged," then we shall leap to our feet and cry, "Here am I." Knowing that we are now clean in the sight of God, through that altar which sanctifies all that it touches, we shall have all our fears removed, and then will grateful love burst out into the cry of full surrender and complete consecration. "Here am I; send me." Here is a man full of leprosy, and there is a healing bath. Jehovah Rophi cries, "Who will go and publish the news of healing, sure and effectual?" He makes no answer because he is himself still full of disease; but the moment he has stepped in and perceives that he is cleansed, he shouts, "Eureka, I have found it," and begins at once to publish the joyful tidings. He longs for opportunities to tell his story. He rests not day nor night, but incessantly publishes salvation.

> "Then I will teach the world thy ways;
> Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
> I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
> And they shall praise a pardoning God."

"Here am I; send me." Who among you will say this in reference to missions abroad, or holy works at home? I expect to hear it come from those who love much because they have had much forgiven. The coal which purges will also fire your lip and burn the bonds which restrain your tongue. The love of Christ constraineth us. How can we be silent? The beam out of the roof and the timber from the wall would cry out against us if we did not witness for our Lord. Others may be able to be silent; as for us, we must cry out, "Here am I; send me." I could most heartily wish that more of you deeply felt your unworthiness till it filled you with anguish, and that you felt anew the altar's purifying flame, for then would you be fired with fervour and

enthusiasm, and a great work would be done for my Lord. Fresh from a sense of sin, you would pity careless sinners; newly blessed with a sense of sacrificial cleansing, you would earnestly point men to the Saviour, and the fire which kindled your life would communicate itself to many hearts.

These are the three "thens": "then," when I had seen God, I said, "I am undone"; "then," when I felt I was undone, the seraph brought the burning coal and touched my lip; and when that lip was touched, and I was purged, "then" I said "Here am I; send me." May this be a word in season to many, *then* will they be blessed, *then* will we rejoice together, and *then* will God be glorified.

Baptismal Regeneration.

BAPTISMAL regeneration is one of the most baneful heresies contained within the covers of the Prayer Book. Subtle theological explanations or evasions are sometimes offered by theologians of this doctrine, but they are *caviare* to the multitude. It is our mournful and settled conviction that millions have been misled into the most fearful and hurtful superstition by the language of the baptismal service. There is no need to introduce the *odium theologicum* into the discussion of any abstract subject; but none the less do we submit that, in view of the practical heathenism which has resulted from the inculcation of this dogma, moral indignation is emphatically called for. Let any evangelical at least recall the spiritual condition of hundreds of English hamlets; let him ponder over the dim, dark notions of salvation and God which thousands of the peasantry cherish; let him multiply in imagination the picture which Tennyson draws in the "Northern Farmer," until he has some faint conception of the widespread darkness which this teaching has produced, and if he is not angry with a righteous wrath he will have reasonable ground to doubt the depth and sincerity of his own beliefs. This is not a doctrine which may be handed over to the transcendental region of spiritual metaphysics; it is eminently potent and practical, and, as we think, for little but evil. It behoves all lovers of the human race to fight a *hocus pocus* rite of this kind to the death, for it contains within it the essence of the narrowest sectarianism and schism. Baptismal regeneration tries to determine the eternal and primal fact of man's divine sonship by what may be an accidental ceremonial; and by implication it leaves millions of the human race, for whom Christ died, starving in the cold of utter estrangement. The very statement of its essence, namely, that a child of God is made by the application of water in a Christian sacrament, is as shocking to the understanding as it is opposed both to the intuitions of the enlightened heart and to the broad purposes of the gospel. The intrinsic superstition of this doctrine is by itself a full justification of the stand made by Nonconformists in repudiating the Book of Common Prayer as an authority for Christian truth and teaching.—*From Samuel Pearson's "Assent and Dissent."*

Edward Goff, the Coal-heaver Philanthropist.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, KINGTON.

NOT a few of the great benefactors of mankind have been persons of humble origin, who have paved their way to distinction, and won a wider renown by habits of industry, faithfulness, and perseverance. Not a few great families have been founded by men who have risen in this way to positions of trust and eminence in the State, while many of the most stable of our large business firms have been established by men of this character. In the cases of numbers of these, their success and their distinction have been owing to their character, and to the principles of true godliness which guided and encouraged them in all their enterprises. Faith and prayer supplied energy to their endeavours, and were the pillars of their success.

Some, too, who have never risen to greatness, have been no less distinguished for their humble piety, their simple-mindedness, and their earnest devotion to the cause of God and of his people, and to the welfare of humanity at large. Such was Edward Goff.

Mr. Goff was born in the village of Huntington, on the western border of Herefordshire, in the year 1738. His parents were poor, belonging to a class immensely important to the material interest of the country, but who have been too often under-paid, under-fed, indifferently housed, and sometimes grossly neglected, and treated more like brutes than men and women. The state of things, however, has greatly changed with the farm labourer since Edward Goff's father toiled and moiled on the Herefordshire fields for his scanty pittance, and the blessings resulting from the philanthropic efforts of his son have made their mark in the bettered condition of the labouring poor of the neighbourhood, who have reaped both earthly and heavenly good from the seed he sowed.

Young Goff enjoyed no advantages of education himself. There was not a day-school in the parish, nor nearer than the neighbouring town of Kington, and the circumstances of his family, as well as the custom of the times, required that at an early age he should turn out to work in the fields. Huntington is rather a pretty village, but, lying off the main road, it is comparatively out of the world. Its chief feature is the ruins of a large border castle, dating back to the time of William I. The principal residence is occupied by a descendant of Sir Samuel Romilly, a man who was equally distinguished for his eminence as a lawyer and his advanced Liberal sentiments as a member of the legislature, and who was himself descended from a French Protestant family which quitted France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

In this village Edward Goff spent his earlier days, working as a farm-servant until he was twenty-five years of age, when he left his native place for the metropolis. He must have possessed more energy and enterprise than his fellows to have ventured to London, walking the whole distance, with no knowledge either of reading or writing. He soon obtained employment at one of the wharves on the Thames, as a coal-heaver, so that the celebrated W. Huntingdon, S. S., was not the first of this craft who made himself distinguished.

Before leaving home for the great city young Goff had begun to feel the power of eternal things. He had learned something of his sinful state, and of his danger thereby, and something, too, of him who calls the weary and heavy laden to come to him. He had begun to seek the Lord as his God. This good work was commenced through the prayerful efforts of a kind-hearted woman who claimed him as her nephew. She was one of the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the eternal kingdom. Her humble efforts proved a blessing to him, and through him to thousands. She lived to a good old age, saw her nephew a rich, but still a humble and God-fearing man, and received many tokens of his grateful love, which served to cheer her old age, and helped to smooth her pathway to another world.

Though occupying, as we have seen, a very lowly position, young Goff soon won the good opinion of his employers, and as time rolled on, and the same steadiness, diligence, and fidelity marked his character, he rose by degrees to a place of trust in the establishment, and after some years his employer rewarded his integrity and general industry and punctuality by turning over the retail part of his business to his hands. He still pursued the same plodding course of diligence, and such were his economy and thrift that after a further period he was able to take over the entire business, and to become the owner of the whole concern—wharves, barges, horses, and other property.

One habit, which he acquired when young, was continued through the whole of his long life, and to this he owed very much of his success. It was the habit of early rising. The old proverb,

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise,"

was true in his case, in part, at least. He grew wealthy, his health was so well sustained that when upwards of seventy, when many men are worn out and next to useless, he was still able to take the lead in his business, and set an example of diligence and perseverance to his neighbours and workpeople.

He was never a wise man, in the sense of being learned or clever, but he had a large share of plain common-sense and business shrewdness; he had, too, what is vastly more valuable than even these: he feared God, and walked in his ordinances and commandments, making it his pleasure to serve him, and he found that "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Though Mr. Goff so sadly lacked education in his youth, he acquired the art of reading, and was well acquainted with the works of such evangelical writers and preachers as Dr. Watts, John Newton, W. Romaine, A. Booth, G. Whitefield, C. Wesley, and Rowland Hill. In the great truths of the gospel he rejoiced, and highly esteemed the faithful preachers of the word of every name.

In his old age he usually retired from his counting-house about mid-day for an hour or two, spending the time in reading or brief repose, and afterwards returning to attend to business until the evening.

He could never make much progress in either writing or arithmetic, and was never known to write a letter, while his drafts on his banker were signed with difficulty; but this want of education was far from

leading him to undervalue its advantages, as has been the case with some who have risen in life. On the other hand, he made its promotion one object of his life, and one purpose to which he devoted his substance. This was especially the case in his native village and county. In fact, it is this which has caused his memory to survive the lapse of time, and has handed down his name as a benefactor of his country.

Mr. Goff was very careful in his habits, and self-denying in his mode of life, so much so as to have been deemed parsimonious by those who were ignorant of his real character; nevertheless, he was liberal to the cause of God, and often lent money, or became responsible for money to a large amount, to help people in their straits. Sometimes he had to suffer the penalty, and to "smart for it." Once, by pledging his word on behalf of a professed friend, he was burdened with an enormous debt, which weighed him down, and drove him to his wit's end to know how to pay it. Yet he never yielded to the force of example, too often followed in such cases, nor adopted any of the unworthy tricks which more pretentious men have practised in like circumstances, to evade obligations. He steadfastly adhered to his engagement, and punctually fulfilled it.

Mr. Goff was a man of social tendencies, one who valued the comforts of a plain and homely abode, and especially esteemed those whose friendship was founded on principle and character. He never married, though he highly estimated the excellences of many females whose acquaintance he enjoyed; and when, in his last illness, some of them ministered to him with much ready kindness, he showed his esteem for their character by substantial gifts. He had a considerable circle of select friends—men whose views, temper, habits, and aims were like his own, and who sympathized with him in his philanthropic endeavours. In aiding the cause of humanity, and furthering the kingdom of Christ, he found a true pleasure, and was ever ready to support with his purse the preaching of the gospel, the extension of Sunday-schools, and the various Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies. His great delight was the service of God, and fellowship with the Lord's people, however poor and despised and lowly they might be. The faithful ministers of Christ were the objects of his deepest sympathy and warmest affection, and his love for God's house and public worship exceeded all other delights.

His own wants were few, and the requirements of his simple mode of life far from numerous. A friend once intimated to him the propriety of his having more domestic accommodation and comfort, when he replied, that he had devoted himself, and all he possessed, and might acquire, to God, and that he doubted if he did not even then spend more on himself than he ought to do. The reader, however, will acquit him of extravagance and self-indulgence when it is stated that he seldom kept more than two or three rooms in his house for his own use, and that his furniture, like his food, his dress, and his manners, was plain and homely to a surprising degree. How widely different the case of many whose religious profession is far more pretentious! With a great many self stands first, and God's share is utterly insignificant, albeit they sing, loudly enough—

> "Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The self-denial and devotion of Mr. Goff have more admirers than imitators, the number of those who act upon the words of our Lord, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, being all too small, although they profess to glory in the fact that they are not their own, but have been bought with a price.

The religious character of Mr. Goff possessed several excellences. His knowledge of his own heart was deep, and his examination of himself, his actions and his motives, searching and thorough. If he did not attain to such a measure of joyful assurance as some have enjoyed, and if in some respects his temperament was sombre, as though a cloud rested on his spirit, his faith was firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages, his hope was only in the cross, and his life evinced that the world was crucified unto him, and he unto the world.

He was no singer, but he loved the songs of Zion, his favourite poet being Dr. Watts, whose hymns were meat and drink to his soul, as they had been to thousands before, and as they will be wherever there are those who love to join their cheerful songs with angels round the throne.

At the age of seventy-two Mr. Goff retired from active business life, with a very considerable fortune. This was not heaped together at the expense of leaving present duty undone. Indeed, he had been scattering in various ways, and God had fulfilled his word, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." For some years he had sought occasional relaxation from the toils of a large business by visits to Brighton and to his native village, and now these visits were more frequent and protracted, and the leisure afforded him ample time to commence or promote various plans for the advancement of education in his native county, and in the border districts of Monmouth, Worcester, and Brecknock.

He had already, in 1792, erected a substantial school-house and master's residence at Huntington, and provided in part for the support of the school; he had largely contributed to a similar school in London, and to others in Brighton and in various parts of the West Midlands. He now perfected his scheme for the founding of others, and for the more ample and permanent support of those already established. Huntington, as his native village, had the largest share of his consideration, and a special participation in his bounty. His now frequent visits were marked by the distribution of large sums of money among the necessitous poor, and especially among the needy followers of his Lord and Master. This was the case, too, at Hay, in Brecknockshire, an old town on the southern bank of the Wye, looking across the river to the hills of Radnorshire. Here a school was founded, as also at Tenbury, in Worcestershire, and Raglan in Monmouthshire. Among other schools in Herefordshire there is one at Peterchurch, a large parish in what is known as "The Golden Valley," within sight of the Black Mountains, in a deep valley, among which stands the famous Llanthony Abbey. In passing, we cannot help remarking that a certain erratic son of the Church of England has made Llanthony Abbey his headquarters and the centre of his operations, whence he goes forth to pursue his mission, adopting all kinds of methods to obtain his ends, uniting sometimes a simple evangelism with a monastic garb, a Romish

title, an air of sanctity, and priestly pretensions, to gull the public and obtain support for his institution.

It is not a little interesting to notice the changes that have taken place, and the advance that has been made in the direction of peace and goodwill, in some of the localities where the Goff Schools have been founded, some of them in neighbourhoods which possess considerable historic or other interest—Huntington, for instance, which occupies a place on what for generations was debatable ground between the Welsh and the English. The castle was a stronghold of defence and a centre of warlike operations for centuries, and scarcely an acre of ground is there which has not been watered with the blood of the contending races, or sown with the bodies of the slain. This state of things has long passed away; and in Goff's birthplace, and where the endowed school now stands, a source of light and instruction and blessing to hundreds, there remains no trace of former feuds and warfare, save in the ruins of the once frowning castle, in the slopes and moat of which children play, and geese nurture their broods, and in the fields around where cattle graze and sheep fatten.

Raglan, too, in Monmouth, that most beautiful of English counties, shows a similar advance in the right direction. Its castle is described as "a peerless ruin," as "a romance in stone and lime," and as "The most perfect decorated stronghold of which this country could boast." It was the refuge of Charles I., after the battle of Naseby, for about two months; and three years later was stormed and taken by Fairfax for the Commonwealth.

When Monmouthshire was a Welsh county Raglan had its choir of song and bardism, whose motto, "Deffro! mae ddyd" (Awake! it is day), has received a noble response and fulfilment in the conduct of the school established by Goff's trustees, by means of which, for more than half a century, the youth of both sexes in the village and neighbourhood have been taught and prepared for places of usefulness in society, and where in connection with the same institution, the light of the gospel has shone to guide many to Christ, and train them for Christian service in the church below and in the sanctuary above. This is the proper place to mention that it was the plainly avowed intention of Mr. Goff, and a point strongly insisted on during his life, and never knowingly departed from by his trustees, that the teachers employed in his schools should be men of decided Christian principles and character, who should be capable of giving instruction to the children in the doctrines and duties of the Christian faith, and of training them up in the principles of Bible truth. This was a laudable design, and providence has graciously smiled upon it, as thousands can witness.

It commonly came to pass that the instruction given to the children brought out very strongly the ignorance of the parents; and in this way the Christian zeal of the teacher led him to seek to enlighten the darkness of the rural mind, and to direct the enquiring to the Saviour of the lost. In many cases there was grievous need for such efforts, for in most places the parish ministers were either ignorant or careless, or both, and sometimes they sinned yet more by adding ungodliness to indifference. Methodism and the two forms of Congregationalism—Baptist and Independent—were only feebly represented in the towns,

while the villages were left almost entirely to the tender mercies of men who were high and dry, and, it is to be feared, dark and dead. It happened, therefore, in almost every case, and I rather think there was not a single exception, that where Goff's schools were established the standard of the cross was uplifted, Christian congregations were gathered, and the ordinances of the gospel instituted, souls were saved, and the light of pure Christianity shed around. Thus the schools were a double blessing to the different neighbourhoods; and they ministered, too, to the effective agency of the church; for many of the teachers became pastors of churches, and some of them have occupied prominent spheres, while others still remain faithful, earnest, and approved ministers of Christ. It is remarkable, however, that though Mr. Goff was not a Baptist, or, at least, not a member of any Baptist church, the teachers have generally been of that denomination, and such as have become ministers have been or are, like the present trustees, attached to that body. Huntington, I believe, is the single exception.

Mr. Goff died at the age of seventy-five, while on a visit to Hay, having spent a week in his native village, at the house of the schoolmaster, who was also the minister of a Congregational church in the same place. He attended Mr. Goff in his last illness, ministering to his comfort, and witnessing the steadfastness of his faith in Jesus, and his hope of eternal life through Christ's merits. Mr. Goff often desired him to read the Scriptures and engage in prayer with him, manifesting special delight in Psalm lx., and Isaiah lv., especially in verse eleven of the last-named chapter: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." His last hours were calm and peaceful, his soul finding its strength and resting-place in the word, grace, and covenant of his God.

His whole life after his conversion had been marked by self-denial, profound humility, simple reliance on the finished work of Christ, confidence in the God of his salvation, resignation to his will, and habitual prayerfulness of spirit, which continued to the last moment of his earthly sojourn.

A short time before his death, he said, "I am a poor creature; let nothing be said of me. What I have done is not worth a thought. Put me in a plain coffin; let there be no plate, and let not the expense exceed three pounds." His sympathy and regard for the poor were shown in the desire he expressed that he might be carried to the grave by eight poor men, and that each should receive a guinea for his trouble. The arrangements of the funeral were, according to his desire, in all respects simple and unostentatious, and while none were specially invited, refreshments were provided for all who came.

By his will he left £12,000 for the support of the various schools, and besides liberal gifts to some who had attended him in his declining years and last illness, and legacies and pensions to a number of relations and friends, he gave between £4,000 and £5,000 to different religious and benevolent institutions, to the number of thirty in all. This number included ten schools in London, Swansea, Brighton, etc.; five benevolent institutions; eight hospitals, infirmaries and asylums; two neighbouring congregations; the British and Foreign Bible

Society; the Religious Tract Society; and the Baptist, London, and Moravian Missionary Societies.

Thus this good man lived and died, and though never fitted to take a place among those of noble birth, or among the great and illustrious of earth, he let his light shine in his own sphere, by a simple faith in Christ, by walking humbly with his God, by fulfilling the duties of his station, by serving the Lord in faith and sincerity, and by devoting himself and all he possessed to the glory of God and the good of mankind. His life was largely filled up with honest toil and business effort, in which principles of integrity and uprightness were as manifest as untiring industry and rigid economy; his hours of leisure were spent in the service of his Saviour, in the teaching and training of his soul for the higher service above, and in ministries of love to the poor and needy, while his accumulations, as we have seen, were wisely distributed, to advance the cause of godliness, alleviate the sufferings of the distressed, and to assist in training the young for usefulness on earth and happiness in heaven. His affections were set on things above, and the secret source of all his hope and joy and strength and good works was the hidden life with Christ in God. The Holy Spirit was his teacher and guide, Jesus Christ the foundation of his trust and hope, and God his everlasting portion.

Would that every young man in London, and in all the towns and villages of this empire, might read this brief sketch, and set the example of Edward Goff before his eyes and his heart! "What can I do? what can I be?" I hear you say. Nothing at all unless you try; and trying will not well succeed unless you pray. But, praying and trying, you may accomplish much. Edward Goff had not a very grand start. Walking to London, dressed in plain country attire, with no learning, not even knowing how to read or write, and beginning his London career as a coal-heaver at twelve shillings per week, surely this was not a very auspicious commencement; but the praying and the trying were added, and thus he succeeded. His charity began at home, though it did not stop there. He worked, and did not grumble and whine at his hard toil, his poor fare, and his scant wages. He spent little, if anything, on luxuries, such as tobacco and cigars, beer and wine; he learned to deny himself in small things, until it became a habit, and in the capability it afforded him of saving and giving, he found a real pleasure. None of his money was spent in attendance at theatres or other haunts of vice: Sabbath breaking cost him nothing; and he never invested his hard earnings in cheap jewellery and other superfluities which contribute to the "get up" of many young men. He did not value himself on the material, cut, or finish of his clothes, nor upon the style of his hair, the curl of his hat-brim, or the creak of his boots. He valued himself more on his strong arm, his honest purpose to succeed, his warm, guileless heart, and his faith in him who has said, "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat." And when he had succeeded, and had grown rich, he did not measure himself by the length of his purse, or the number of his barges and horses: he knew that such things are no gauge of character and worth, and that, "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool."

Try, then, young man, to *be something*, and then you will *do something*. Remember it is the *being something* that must come first. Strip off the shell and husk of vain desires and useless habits; lay your whole being at the feet of Christ to be transformed by him and moulded anew, and then, through praying and trying, you will succeed. Would, too, that the rich triflers on life's highway would heed the teachings of Edward Goff's life! Don't laugh, and certainly don't sneer, because we wish to send you to school to a coal-heaver. You shall have a humbler monitor if you will,—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." Remember, you may have a great name, and yet be nothing as to any real use for God or man. You, too, must learn at Jesus' feet, who sunk his greatness for awhile that by humble service and works of love crowned by a vicarious death he might raise us on high and make us "vessels unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." God give us each one to learn that lesson: "For to me to live is Christ."

The Burials' Bill.

AT last Nonconformists have gained the exercise of their right to bury their dead in the national grave-yards. The concession was so long in coming that there remained no room for grace in making it, and no opportunity for thankfulness in receiving it. That has been yielded which could not have been withheld, and this is the sum of the matter. However, the struggle is over, and we are grateful for it: one less cause of stumbling now remains among Christian men.

Our earnest desire is that in no instance may anything be said or done at the grave which would be unworthy of our principles, or contrary to Christian charity. We cannot enter the grave-yard with the tramp of victors, for our dead are with us and must be borne along at a more solemn pace. In the tombs of our brethren let us bury the past; let Englishmen sleep side by side upon the lap of earth, and in their sacred quiet rebuke the foolish fears which have hitherto divided every cemetery into two hostile camps. Controversial subjects are out of place amid the chastening sorrows of bereavement: they may be wisely left for more seemly occasions. It would be wise on the part of every Dissenting minister to officiate in the churchyard exactly as he would have done in the plot of land near the meeting-house. Let him make no allusion to the parliamentary conflict, but act as though he felt himself at home in the enjoyment of what has always been his right. Let him seek the comfort of the mourners, the conversion of the careless, the edification of believers, the glory of God, and nothing else.

Here and there wild spirits will indulge in taunt and sneer, but we feel confident that from our brethren, as a whole, the clergy will receive nothing uncourteous or unkind. We would render this change so little unpleasant that our Episcopal brethren may desire greater ones. We are not Red Indians or Nihilists, and we can lay our deceased relatives in the tomb without wantonly insulting those from whom we differ, ay, and without causing them a single justifiable regret at our presence in their consecrated enclosure. Our hope is that the civilities of the grave-yard may lead on to courtesies, and these to intercourse and knowledge, and these again to esteem and Christian union; and these to happy times in which strifes between Christians shall be impossible.

C. H. S.

Tasmanian Tabernacles.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE is little wonder that Tasmania should be sometimes called "The garden of Australia." Free in great measure from the hot winds of the neighbouring continent, and abounding in mountains and rivers, it forms a favourite resort for holiday-makers and pleasure-seekers, who have endured a partial roasting on "the other side." Its climate is well-nigh perfect. There are, of course, some very hot days in summer and some severely cold ones in winter; but such extremes are not lasting, and certainly not injurious to health. Another charm of the colony is its comparatively English appearance. Having been longer settled than most of its neighbours, and under different circumstances, the houses and farms appear quite home-like.

As to hospitality and generosity, I can only say that Tasmanians quite equal Australians. I could not well say more. Most of my readers are familiar with the name of our good friend Mr. Gibson, who has done so much to further the Lord's word in his native island. They know, too, of his intention to build two houses of prayer in connection with the ministry of the brethren from the College whom they invited to labour in Tasmania.

Let me say a word or two about the places in which Messrs. McCullough and Harrison are working, and about the work itself. Deloraine is situated some forty miles from Launceston, and is the terminus of the Western Railway. It stands picturesquely on the banks of the little river Meander. There is a gothic church on a hill near the river, and a substantial and handsome bridge spans the stream. The Meander is not navigable, for it abounds with fallen trees—"snags," they term them. Nearly all the inhabitants of Deloraine seem to go out fishing in the season. Men, women, and children sally forth in the summer evenings, and in consequence the supply of fish is not equal to the demand. However, one need never be without "bites," for the mosquitoes swarm near the water. A mile or so from the town is forest scenery of the grandest sort: there are gigantic gums and luxuriant tree ferns, flowering shrubs and aromatic plants. In the midst of all this one comes suddenly on an open place, partially cleared by some industrious settlers. Crops of wheat or potatoes grow amongst the stumps and fallen limbs of monstrous trees, and here and there the blue smoke curls out of blackened logs, which the fire has yet to dispose of. All around are hills of considerable altitude, frequently snow-capped.

Many of these mountain tiers are supposed to be auriferous, and one may often see the smoke rising from the encampment of a prospecting party searching for gold in payable quantities. Tasmanian gold fields are now very profitable, but there are none in this particular district. The settlers can find more certain and satisfactory employment in producing timber, and grain, and wool off the hills than in procuring precious metals out of them.

Although this place is undoubtedly "beautiful for situation," I regret to say that it has remained, to a great extent, benighted and ungodly. The gospel light seems, at times, to have been almost quenched. The

little Baptist cause has been hampered and hindered by dissension and inconsistency. Nor have the Wesleyans or Presbyterians been more successful. Very little spiritual work has been done beyond the results accruing from the occasional efforts of Mr. Varley and other evangelists. The majority of the inhabitants are professedly "church"; that is to say, they attend the gothic structure on the hill on Sunday, and go in for racing, coursing, and dancing through the week. The district, too, abounds with Roman Catholics.

To this, in one sense, unpromising field of labour our brother Harrison went, shortly after our arrival in Tasmania. Six months ago I had the pleasure of introducing him, and now I have the greater joy of noticing that he is respected and beloved by all who know him. His advent of course created some jealousy. One of his greatest troubles is the fact that other denominations show no desire to co-operate, or even fraternize. As soon as it was announced that the services were to be regular and continued, there arose quite a band of prophets, who gave out that the effort would collapse in a few weeks or months at most. Thank God, they were false prophets, and now that half-a-year has passed there is every prospect of success, and many encouraging signs.

I can hardly record a sudden and surprising revival, but there is abundant evidence of the power and approval of the Master. Several have been converted, and more are enquiring the way to Zion. An engineer on the railway, with whom I chatted once without knowing that he attended the Deloraine Hall, bore voluntary and valuable testimony to the power of our brother's ministry. "Why, sir," said he, "it was really wonderful last night—the way he put it—he didn't leave them a corner to hide in; no mincing matters, and all so plain and earnest. I wish he had kept on an hour longer."

This same man told me that he notices a great change in the township. Acquaintances of his who never went to any place of worship attend the hall, and though not savingly converted are yet wonderfully improved. Is not this the sort of work we want, which like the leaven shall yet pervade the whole lump? Christians, too, are being fed. A recent arrival from another place of worship remarks that the change he experiences is about comparable to that which a horse enjoys who is lucky enough to get turned into a clover paddock for a "spell," after having had nothing but chaff and hard labour for some time.

Tasmania and Australia, as well as Deloraine, will yet have occasion to rejoice over our good brother. His stern denunciation of sin, his earnest entreaties to the sinner, his fund of anecdote gleaned from personal experience in the old country, and above all his evident piety and prayerfulness, will do wonders yet for Christ and God. How I did enjoy a prayer-meeting under his conduct a short while back! He urged the people to wrestle earnestly, and set them the example; and then he struck up a lively hymn, for he has great gift for singing as well as preaching, and in this the congregation joined right lustily. Short prayers followed from both men and women. There was no waste of time. One after the other the people told their wants, and pleaded for a blessing. Perhaps without rising from their knees, they would sing a verse of some revival hymn. There was no address. All was over within the hour, and it seemed to me that our friend had hit on the

right way of conducting a prayer-meeting in that particular place. The plan is different from any I have been accustomed to, but one could not help seeing that the spirit of prayer was there, and what more can be desired? On Thursday night they have a regular preaching service, and a Bible-class another evening, so the Monday is devoted entirely to prayer for a blessing on the previous day's labours, and on future effort.

Our best friend and heartiest supporter at Deloraine is Mr. S., the miller. The gospel has done much for him, and now it seems his one desire to spread the truth. He promises an American organ for the new church, and intends to set aside to the Lord's work the proceeds of a threshing-machine which he lets out on hire. Is not this an example which might be followed by many business men? The Pastors' College has some such helpers, I know, and if Christians generally would arrange to give the income from certain plots of ground or certain branches of business to the Lord, they would be none the poorer, and the cause would be all the richer.

Wednesday, June 9, was a grand day with us. The walls of the new building had been appearing above the ground for some time, and on my return from Hobart Town we arranged for laying the foundation-stone.

Of course, our good friend, Mrs. Gibson, was to perform the ceremony. We had a fine day, and a good muster. It was rather too cold, though, for much speaking in the open. We all had great pleasure in listening to Mr. William Gibson, jun., who aids his father and mother in this good work. We rejoice that he preaches the gospel, as he did on this occasion. The people were deeply moved as he spoke of Jesus' love, and of consecration to his service. "Have I a warm heart," he said, "it must beat for Jesus; have I wealth, or influence, or talent, it must all be laid at his dear feet." Such words as these, backed by the fact that the walls he spoke from were being erected partly at his expense, could not fail to tell, nor were we surprised to see wet eyes amongst the audience.

The evening meeting was pleasurable and profitable. Mr. Gibson, sen., as chairman, told the people of how his wife and he had been led to send home for preachers, and how the right men came to hand at the right time. He assured them his one desire was to spread the gospel, and to give all the glory to God. Messrs. McCullough, Williamson, and Harrison gave addresses, not of the usual public-meeting stamp, but of a soul-saving sort.

By the way, I may mention here, that our friend Williamson has lately come to Perth from New South Wales. He is one of our own men, and one of the best. So at this meeting we had three Spurgeonites and a little Spurgeon! I am glad to say we had a good deal, too, of the Tabernacle spirit in the meeting, and I trust it will ever be so.

On the following Friday (June 11) we repeated the ceremony at Longford, only four miles from Perth. The building here is to be of the same sort as the Deloraine Tabernacle. It will hold about 300 persons, and has provision for a gallery. The front is somewhat ornamental, and all will be good and substantial. We are hoping that the buildings will be ready for use in October next.

Although June 11 is nearly midwinter, we were favoured with quite a summer's day. Longford being a more thickly populated and longer settled district than Deloraine, we had far more people out, and quite an enthusiastic meeting. A. J. Clarke, from Melbourne, was with us, and spoke with his usual earnestness. Mrs. Gibson again officiated at the stone, laying it with a silver trowel, which is yet to be finished and engraved.

The Assembly-rooms were crowded to excess at night, as indeed was the Temperance-hall for the tea-meeting. Longford friends had taken no end of pains to provide quite a sumptuous repast. I for one enjoyed the whole proceedings, though, of course, I had enough to do. Perhaps this was why I did enjoy it so. It made me very happy to see friends taking an interest in the work which is very dear to me. They put me in the chair, and it was my duty so to arrange as to get some seven or eight speakers, besides singing and praying over within two hours or so. The speakers aided me by talking briefly and to the point. A Primitive Methodist minister and a Wesleyan offered their congratulations, and then McCullough, Harrison, Wm. Gibson, jun., Clarke, and Williamson followed. Earnest, glowing words they were. Really I shouldn't have been ashamed of such a meeting in the Tabernacle—(with C. H. S. in the chair, of course). Local critics said they didn't remember seeing so much talent on the platform at Longford before. Certain it is that never has so determined an effort been made to tell sinners there of the gospel of the grace of God, and any talent or gift of speech displayed was certainly directed to that one object. One great encouragement is the fact that other denominations do not oppose or even keep aloof. Sad is it that it should be otherwise anywhere! There is certainly a self-called non-sectarian party which goes about doing—mischief, and trying to lead the Lord's dear people "in a better way." Under pretence of aiding the work they really damage it, and it is plainly no fault of theirs if the title of "Sheep-stealers" is not applicable to them. Our brother McCullough has some encouraging instances of the power of the gospel, in reformed homes and renewed hearts. He is, and deserves to be, much beloved by the people, is constantly visiting them, and gets a large and attentive congregation on Sunday afternoons.

A communion service is held every Sunday morning after preaching, in the Temperance-hall. There are two week-night meetings, and a Sabbath-school has just been commenced.

Altogether our brother has much to encourage him. We hope great things for Longford. How long these two pastors will remain in these places we cannot say. Possibly, when the causes are fully established, the Pastors' College will furnish some fresh men to continue the work while the pioneers commence in larger and more important towns. Certain it is that the Lord has smiled upon our efforts thus far, and thanks to *his* goodness, and the Messrs. Gibsons' generosity, we may yet see greater things accomplished. "Much wants more" is and should be true with us when God has blessed us. "Tasmania for *Christ*" is our great desire; not for the Baptist denomination merely, though we may be pardoned for wishing to see that advancing, believing that it is as likely to achieve the great end as any.

I close by reminding my readers, and especially those who worship at the Tabernacle, that our connection with the mother church is by no means severed. We ask for your prayers, and expect your interest. We, of course, shall never cease to love the dear old house at home, and we believe that just as we find intense delight in watching the working and marking the movements of the dear pastor and people of the *great* Tabernacle, so you favoured folks who can or must endure the fogs will gladly hear from time to time of the *little* Tabernacles in Tasman's Land.

We have the same Saviour, the same gospel, the same Spirit. May we not hope for a portion of the same blessing? Brethren, pray for us.

"There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

Review of our Work.

WHEN in the quiet of our sick room we read of such work as this which is recorded above, done in Australia in connection with our son and our students, our courage revives. The splendid generosities of the Gibson family, and others of our helpers in various parts of the world, are cheering evidences that the Lord knows how to provide for his own work. God bless these noble helpers, and make them partakers of our joy! All along the line we see wonderful progress, and work done which fills our soul with holy delight. We have enough success to fill the cup of a hundred servants of God to the brim, and yet we have not a drop which we could waste in self-glorying.

Bearing the banner onward before a great host we find hand, heart, and head all taxed to the utmost; sometimes, indeed, beyond their power of healthy endurance. What is it when the crippled leader lies prone in desperate pain, and absolute mental inability! Then, indeed, we cry out of the depths, and our voice is as of one in great agony.

At such times the shortness of funds and the failures of individuals become sources of worry. Of course, men will disappoint us, but faith in God will prevent our making too much of the occasional calamity. As for lack of money, the enemy hisses in the ear, "What will become of the College and the Colportage? They are not cared for by your friends as once they were, and one of these days you will find students and book-hawkers looking for their weekly moneys and none will be forthcoming!" Such a moment fell on us the other day, and forebodings fashioned themselves in horrible forms; but on a sudden we sat up in bed and laughed—fairly laughed. We saw springs rising in a desert. All around us we marked the smiling water leaping upward, and rippling to the music of silver bells. God's resources are unfailing. He has never failed a believer, and he never will. How we revelled in the thought of sure supplies, which we knew were on the way! They have not come yet, but they are on the road. Faith sings, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Therefore do we bless God for all things, and out of weakness we are made strong.

C. H. S.

Representative Quakers.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ALTHOUGH the term "Quaker" is never used by the Friends themselves in their common intercourse, the word has so long ceased to be an expression of contempt that we may nowadays use it without fear of giving anyone offence. If they have almost outlived themselves, the Quakers have certainly outlived their traducers, until a man who should suspect them of harm would risk being himself suspected of the uncharitableness which springs of ignorance and folly.

It is universally admitted that the Quakers are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth; and it is possible that in the course of a few more generations their system will live only in the fragrant memories which many of them will leave behind. They will pass away because their special work is done, but yet we grieve to lose them. Some time ago a striking illustration of this melancholy fact happened to come under our own notice while stopping in a flourishing Hertfordshire town. The parish church, standing in its green, well-filled graveyard, was interesting as well as picturesque, but hardly more so than the Friends' meeting-house, also standing in a grass-grown area, not disfigured by dilapidated vaults and tombstones, which at the best, on the average, scarce commemorate the departed longer than a hundred years. The congregation of this sanctuary was once, doubtless, numerous and respectable; but when we first became acquainted with the place, the faithful company of the olden time had dwindled down to one solitary elderly gentleman, as perfect a type of antique Quaker respectability as pen or pencil could portray, or imagination could conceive. Sabbath after Sabbath he might have been seen slowly and thoughtfully wending his way to first-day meeting; and then, when he died, the house was closed for want of even one worshipper to maintain its simple service.

The Quakers have seldom been understood by ordinary people in the outer world; and hence, at various times, from the seventeenth century down to our own day, the most astonishing misrepresentations have gone forth, and occasionally under the authority of distinguished writers. Thus, in the time of William III. we find one wise author accusing them of atheism; while another blasphemous scribbler, equally well informed, describes them as "a set of people that are outrageously mad." The latter was an anonymous foreigner, who visited England near the time of the Revolution; and while he takes care to tell us that the women preach, and that the men would as soon put on a surplice as take off their hat by way of salutation, he ungallantly adds, "not a Quakeress that I or ten thousand others know, ever shows the least civility to anybody." If you wanted to arouse the ire of an orthodox woman, you needed only to show her a gay ribbon; for scarlet flaunted before an angry bull would not be more effective. "The moment the *precheuse* perceives a ribbon, her spirit and her fury catch fire, and, mounting on a tub turned upside down, with her pointed bonnet and crying face, she begins to sigh, tremble, murmur, quake, and snuffle, and break out into downright nonsense." What could the

general public be expected to think of the society when unprincipled scribes, who were ignorant of theological terms, indulged in diatribes like the above sample?

In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1768, the public were entertained with a translation of one of Voltaire's letters, wherein the volatile Frenchman gave an account of a visit paid to a representative Quaker, who, having retired from business, resided in the vicinity of London. Fancy such an authority as Voltaire examining the tenets of a religious society, and talking with insolent freedom about Scripture, the Christian ordinances and fanaticism, and even about being enraged at his informant's impiety. The Quaker honoured with this singular attention "was a fresh-looking old man, whose constant health was the result of his temperance, and not giving way to disorderly passions." He was noble and engaging, and was dressed according to the fashion of his order "He received me with his hat on his head, and approached me without the least motion of complaisance," says Voltaire; "but there was more politeness in the open and humane air of his countenance than there is in the custom of drawing one foot behind the other, and carrying in the hand what is made to cover the head." The two appear to have dined together, and in the account given of what the Quaker said, we have a tolerably fair summary in a brief space of the religious opinions of his sect. Still, a man must present a ludicrous picture when he sits in judgment on what he does not understand, and with authority pretends to pity or to correct. Though the Quaker had reason to pity his visitor, we do not find that he did so; but, on the contrary, behaved to him with all the complaisance of one of nature's gentlemen.

Even Voltaire might have had the wit to judge of the despised system by its fruits, if he had not the generosity to give the people their due in other respects. Some ten years after the account of the above interview appeared, or in 1779, there were 4,000 persons in the English jails, and not one Quaker among them. Further than this, when the depravity of the times had found vent in the horrors of the French Revolution, a contemporary writer, speaking of the Quakers, said, "I cannot learn that any one of them, in any age, was ever tried at the old Bailey, or that they fail in trade, compared with the people of other sectaries, or with those of the Established Church." Is it also true that they enjoy greater exemption from sickness than other sections of the community? We know of an instance of a married couple who lived together at Gainsborough for over half a century without having once employed either doctor or apothecary.

As regards their love of peace and their civil transactions with savage tribes in the New World the testimony borne to the conduct of the Quakers is equally satisfactory. "I believe it is a fact," says an anonymous correspondent, writing in 1803, "that the Indians bordering on Pennsylvania will enter into no treaty without first taking the opinion of the Quakers." Their hatred of war and violence has more than once been magnified by their enemies into a spirit of disloyalty; and yet, in the long run, our honest friends have always had the best of the argument. What a patriotic Quaker would really do, if England's shores were in danger of invasion, we cannot say; but an example can

be quoted of one who was comforted in his declining days by the reflection that he had supplied the army of George II. with 150,000 pickaxes and shovels. While the thought of swords and muskets would have pricked his conscience, he was willing to supply the sappers and miners with such implements of war as might have been used in the arts of peace.

Especially in the unquiet times which characterized the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, the Quakers were subjected to a good deal of calumny by persons who seemed to suppose that patriotism consisted in abusing others who failed to see eye to eye with themselves. They had their trials peculiar to the times of war and revolution, but their steadfast adherence to principle never weakened, and their friends multiplied faster than their enemies. In 1806, some capital was made out of the trial of a person, said to be a Quaker, for cruelty to a dog; and just about the time that the culprit was proved to be no Quaker at all a supplementary story was circulated of another broad-brimmed deceiver, who, after having effected reconciliation with an adversary, "insidiously" heated a poker at the "wrong end," and then invited his friend to stir the fire!

The general letters emanating from the yearly and quarterly meetings in the time of George III., while speaking of abounding mercies, do not omit mention of troubles peculiar to the times. The "sufferings," as they were called, "for tithes, and those called church-rates," amounted in 1787, to £6,241; and the amount had more than doubled in 1810, while in addition to loss of goods, a number of young men belonging to the society were imprisoned under the Militia Act then in force. In such times the civil and the ecclesiastical laws were such that the Quaker youth had to be trained to endure hardness even to the extent of imprisonment for conscience' sake; and while some suffered the horrors of a prison cell, in preference to serving in the army, others were troubled by rapacious churchmen, empowered by the law to appropriate people's goods against their will, and so to bring robbery for burnt offering in opposition to the Word of the Lord. In 1803 there died at Lotherdale, in Yorkshire, an approved Quaker preacher named Brown, who, with several others, had been confined for years in York Castle for non-payment of tithes, the prosecutor having been Dr. Markham, Vicar of Carlton, who appears to have preferred his dues, salted with a little revenge, before a quiet conscience and a peaceful spirit. In times of trouble the general letters of the Quakers were pervaded by the best and most scriptural of advice, such as, "to use moderation in their manner of living; and in this way to seek relief from the increasing expense of the times rather than by engaging in more extensive and often hazardous schemes of trade."

In introducing to the reader's notice some examples of representative Quakers, some of whom bear historic names, while others are little known, we will begin with their earliest historian, William Sewell, and their ablest apologist, Robert Barclay.

William Sewell, who was born in 1650, and died in 1725, belonged to a family of English Brownists, who sought refuge in Amsterdam during the persecuting times of the seventeenth century. His father, who was a surgeon and free citizen of the Dutch city, and his mother,

who appears to have been a Dutch woman, both died while William was young, but not before they had carefully trained him in Quaker principles, of which they were among the earliest professors in Holland, The education of the young Quaker is said to have been indifferent, probably in consequence of the early death of his parents; but while serving in the humble capacity of a stuff manufacturer's apprentice he showed the most extraordinary diligence by mastering the Greek, Latin, French, English, and the High Dutch languages, chiefly while employed at the loom. This uncommon industry, joined to good natural endowments, soon brought him into notice, and he commenced a literary career by translating works into Low Dutch for the leading booksellers of Amsterdam. His History of the Quakers, which he subsequently dedicated to George I., was a work he perfected with laborious care, his object being to dissipate the false notions that were prevalent throughout Europe concerning the singular sect to which he belonged. "Of the English copy," says an anonymous critic writing in 1812, "it cannot properly be called a translation; it may be truly said that, as the production of a foreigner who had spent only about *ten* months in England, and that about forty years before, the style is far superior to what could have been reasonably expected." The chief object of the historian was to tell the truth, in opposition to the "Historia Quakeriana" of the German, Gerard Croese, whose work, as a strange farrago of truth and error, was widely read, and what was worse, was believed by the scholars, who had no means of testing the genuineness of its statements.

Sewell left a son, who, inheriting his father's qualities, made fair promise to reflect lustre on the family name; but in the course of providence the hopes entertained in regard to this young man were suddenly blighted. Having set sail to attend the annual meeting of the Friends in England he was shipwrecked, and lost a dear friend whom he endeavoured to rescue from a watery grave; this accident so preyed upon his young and susceptible mind that he was never afterwards what he had been. Between the family of Sewell and that of the Penns of Pennsylvania a close friendship existed; and in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1785, is a Latin letter written by the historian to a youthful son of the founder of the Transatlantic State, who died three years afterwards.

The celebrated Robert Barclay was contemporary with Sewell, having been born in 1648, at Gordonstown in Scotland. The family was both ancient and honourable; but in consequence of the reckless extravagance of the Apologist's grandfather they were so reduced that David, his son, served as colonel in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. After his return to England this David also fought on the Royalist side in the civil wars; and this fact may account for the friendship which, in all political weathers, seems to have existed between the Barclays and the house of Stuart.

Robert, the eldest son of David Barclay, received about as liberal an education as the times could afford; perhaps the only mistake consisting in sending him to Paris, where he narrowly escaped being caught in the meshes of Romanism and ruined for life. Under the care of an

uncle, however, who was rector of the Scots' college in the French capital, Robert made rapid advances in learning; and at the same time his freedom from sordid ambition was seen in his refusing a tempting offer to become his relation's heir, on condition of his remaining in Paris. The fact is that father and son, at the same time, were passing through mysterious spiritual ordeals which would influence their own lives and generations after them. The youthful Robert, who was still searching conscientiously for the truth, was being drawn from the safe anchorage of his native Calvinism into the treacherous currents of popery; the father, during an illegal imprisonment, was led to embrace the doctrine of the Quakers, who, as a denomination, had only recently been established in the country. In a brief space both David and Robert embraced the same faith.

Had Robert gone over to Romanism he would perhaps have remained in Paris, and there have yielded to the seductions of fashion and gaiety; but as a convert to Quakerism he set about mastering the Greek and Hebrew languages; Latin and French, in addition to his native tongue, being already his own. Besides such studies, he gave laborious attention to the works of the Christian fathers, and also to ecclesiastical history. No wonder that he became an Achilles in controversy, a man well grounded in the faith, who was not to be frightened from his position by the rough usages and penalties of the times. In common with conspicuous Friends he was arraigned before the magistrates, and in turn was committed to prison. The authorities saw in their plain dress and sober talk, then characteristic of all religious professors, and not peculiar to Quakers alone, treason to the ruling powers; and Barclay's earliest works, such as "Truth cleared of Calumnies," etc., were prepared for the purpose of correcting the prevalent errors concerning his people. He and his father, who both died within a short time of each other, are represented as having lived in patriarchal simplicity. They enjoyed much domestic peace—the younger in association with his wife, Christian Mollison, and their hope of immortality was unclouded. The denomination was favoured indeed in having at the outset of its career such a man of might for an apologist.

One of the most extraordinary passages in Barclay's life was his walking through the streets of Aberdeen arrayed in sackcloth and ashes, for the purpose of calling the city to repentance; and the explanation he offers of this transaction is so singular in its terrible honesty that we should hesitate before setting it down to the score of fanaticism. He tells how the command came from the Lord, how the burden thereof "was very great," and at first almost insupportable. "And some whom I called," he continues, "to declare unto them this thing, can bear witness how great was the agony of my spirit; how I besought the Lord with tears that this cup might pass away from me; yea, how the pillars of my tabernacle were shaken, and how exceedingly my bones trembled until I freely gave up to the Lord's will." The object of taking "this signal and singular step" was to call the people to repentance; the situation being one which he was "as unwilling to be found in," as the most ungodly were unwilling to turn from the error of their ways.

Though Robert Barclay was well acquainted with the royal family of

the Stuarts his friendship for that unfortunate line never led to any compromise of principle. He was on familiar terms with Charles II., James II., and Elizabeth Princess Palatine of the Rhine; and he appears to have been a welcome visitor at the court of each of the royal personages. It singularly happened that his last visit to London occurred in 1688, only just before the ill-fated king's final departure from the country. James and his friend were talking together at a window, when the former in a melancholy mood remarked that the wind was favourable for the Prince of Orange to come to England. At such a prospect the Quaker was probably no better pleased than the unhappy man who was destined to become a fugitive to the end of his days; but with superior sagacity he answered, "It is hard that no expedient can be found to satisfy the people."

It is said of this greatest writer which Quakerism has produced, that he was never known to be angry, and that his moral character from first to last was above reproach. Though his fine constitution succumbed to a fever at the age of forty-two, only four years after his father's death, Robert's three sons and four daughters were all living half a century after his own departure. The last survivor of this interesting family was a mercer near Bow church in Cheapside; and according to common report, he entertained at his house George I., II., and III. on Lord Mayor's Days, when those exalted personages visited the city. The last-named monarch harboured so strong a partiality for the kind-hearted, out-spoken Quaker—who addressed his king as "George" and his queen as "Charlotte"—that he would have him visit the court, where young David, as son of the mercer, might have become a courtier. Instead, however, of allowing so promising a genius to waste his talents in a desert air, the far-seeing trader sent David to Lombard-street in preference to St. James's, where he founded the banking-house which still bears his name.

David Barclay, the last surviving grandson of the Apologist, died at Walthamstow in 1809, having reached the age of eighty-one years. Like his father and grandfather, he is described in *The Gentleman's Magazine* as "one of the most benevoleht and upright of men." He retired early from business, and spent the last thirty years of his life in promoting schemes of practical philanthropy. In the locality where he resided he set up a house of industry, which benefited many poor families; and in a time when British subjects held slaves he proved himself more just and humane than the law. Thus when an estate in Jamaica, well stocked with slaves, fell to his share, he immediately emancipated all the negroes at an expense to himself of £10,000. David Barclay's own agent proceeded to Jamaica, hired a vessel in which he carried the late slaves to the free States of America, and there established them in various trades. They prospered abundantly, and repeatedly sent testimonials, expressive of their gratitude to their benefactor in England.

(*To be continued.*)

Comfort and Encouragement for Great Sinners.

BY THOMAS BROOKS.

I HAVE something to say for the comfort and encouragement of poor sinners. Ah, sinners! Christ is willing to bestow the best gifts upon the worst sinners. Take one text for all; it is a sweet one, and full to the point in hand: Ps. lxviii. 18, "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Christ hath received gifts, as a steward, from the hand of the Father, to dispense them among men, yea, among the rebellious, the worst of men. If there be here at this time any rebellious sinner, or rebellious Sabbath-breaker, or rebellious drunkard, or rebellious curser, or any other sort of rebel, let such rebellious sinners know that Christ hath received gifts "even for the rebellious." "That the Lord God might dwell among them." That is, that the Lord God might have sweet fellowship and communion with them.

Here is yet another Scripture. "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." "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." I, that have heaven to give, and peace to give, and pardon to give, and grace to give, and myself to give; I, that have tried gold to enrich you, and white raiment to clothe you, and eye-salve to anoint you, "I stand at the door and knock; if *any man* will open the door, let him be never so guilty, never so filthy, never so unworthy, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

Lord, at whose door dost thou stand knocking? Is it at the rich man's door, or at the righteous man's door, or at the humbled man's door, or at the weary and heavy-laden man's door, or at the mourner's door, or at the qualified or prepared man's door? No, says Christ, it is at none of these doors. At whose, then, O blessed Lord? At the lukewarm Laodicean's door, at their door that are neither hot nor cold, that are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." These, says Christ, are the worst of the worst; and yet if any of these wretches, these monsters of mankind, will open the door, "I will come in and sup with them, and they with me."

I have read a remarkable story of a great rebel that had raised a mighty party against a Roman emperor. The emperor upon this, being much provoked and stirred in spirit, made a proclamation, that whosoever brought in the rebel, dead or alive, should have a great sum of money. The rebel, hearing of this, comes and presents himself unto the emperor, and demands of him the sum of money; whereupon the emperor reasons thus, "If I should now cut him off, the world would say I did it to save my money;" and so he pardoned him, and gave him the great sum of money, notwithstanding all his former rebellion. Oh! shall a heathen emperor do thus to a rebel that was in arms against him, and will not God do as much for poor rebellious sinners? Surely he will. What though thou hast been in arms against God, and mustered up all the strength and force thou couldst, even all the members of thy body, and faculties of thy soul, against God, and Christ, and holiness, yet

know that the King of Israel is a merciful king; he is a God of pardons; he delights to make his grace glorious, and therefore is very willing to show mercy to the greatest rebels, to the worst of sinners. Witness Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, the thief, Paul, and others. The greatness of man's sins does but set off the riches of free grace. Sins are debts, and God can as easily blot out a debt of many thousands as he can a lesser debt; therefore let not the greatest rebel despair, but believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall find that "where sin hath abounded, there grace shall superabound," etc.

A Pastor's Prayer for his Church.

"Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine."—Psalm lxxx. 14.

WITH yearning heart we breathe a prayer,
That else consumes our soul;
'Tis love divine hath lodged it there,
And will this prayer control.

Visit, O God of hosts, this vine,
'Twas planted by thy care;
Clusters of fruit, through grace divine,
May all its branches bear.

Great Husbandman, spare not the knife,
Remove each lifeless bough:
And every branch possessing life,
Oh! purge, and purge it now.

Great Sun of love, arise and shine,
This vine to fructify;
The joy be ours, the fruit be thine,
Thy love to magnify.

Celestial Dew, for Jesus' sake,
In rich profusion fall;
Oh, let no branch be desolate,
But fruit hang rich on all.

May life through every fibre run,
Let not a branch remain
Unvisited by dew or sun,
Or barrenness retain.

May stem, and bough, and bud, and spray
In healthy vigour grow.
Like sacred sap from day to day
Command thy grace to flow

Then in the chalice of thy love,
Oh Saviour dear, divine!
We'll give to thee, in worlds above,
The fruit of this thy vine.

W. WILLIAMS, of Upton Chapel.

George Müller's experience regarding Baptism.

ABOUT the beginning of April, 1830 (writes Mr. Müller, of the Bristol Orphan Houses), when I was twenty-five years of age, I preached at Sidmouth, England. While I was there I heard three Christian women converse on baptism. One of them had been baptized after she became a believer. After they had conversed some time they requested me to give my views on the subject. I replied that I did not think it necessary for me to be baptized again.

Upon this, the woman who had recently been baptized asked me, "But have you really been baptized?"

I answered, "Yes, when I was an infant."

"But have you searched the Scriptures on this point and prayed over it?" "No." "Then," she replied, "I beg you not to speak of it again until you have done so."

It pleased God to impress me with the importance of this remark. For just then I was in the habit of exhorting many who heard me to accept nothing as true which could not be proved from the Word of God. Notwithstanding, I often spoke against the Baptism of Believers without having ever examined the Scriptures concerning it, or prayed over it. I at once resolved, with the help of God, to examine the subject, and in case I should find infant baptism grounded in the Scriptures, to defend it with all zeal; but if I should be forced to acknowledge believers' baptism as scriptural, then to defend that as the truth of God, and to be myself baptized.

As soon as I found time I set myself to the investigation. At first I prayed again and again that God would give me his teaching on the subject. Then I began to read the New Testament with special reference to the question. But I had no sooner began than a multitude of objections suggested themselves to me.

1. Many pious and learned men are unable to agree on this point; is it not manifest, therefore, that on this question it is impossible to come to any satisfactory result?

To this I answered, if the ordinance of baptism is revealed in the Word of God, why cannot I be enlightened in regard to it? For the Holy Spirit still acts as teacher in the Church of Christ, as he did anciently.

2. Very few of my friends have been baptized. Most of them are opposed to believers' baptism, and will turn against me.

If all forsake me, but only the Lord accepts me, I may well be satisfied.

3. I shall certainly lose half my income.

As long as I am willing to serve the Lord faithfully, he will not suffer me to want any good thing.

4. People will call me a Baptist, and I cannot agree with the Baptists in everything.

But I can be baptized, and still not necessarily go with the Baptists in everything.

5. I have been a preacher many years, and shall have to confess publicly that I have been in error if I accept believers' baptism.

But is it not far better to confess that I have been in error than to remain in it?

6. Even if believers' baptism is right, it is too late now to submit to it. I ought to have been baptized as soon as God gave me faith.

Better would it be to follow the command of Jesus now than to persevere longer in the neglect of it.

As soon as I reached this state of mind, I saw in the Scriptures that none but believers should be baptized, and that immersion is the only true baptism. The passages which especially convinced me of the former was Acts viii. 36-38—the baptism of the eunuch. The passage which made clear the latter was Rom. vi. 3-5—"Buried with him by baptism." Shortly afterwards I was baptized. I was greatly blessed in the ordinance, and have never for one moment regretted the step.

Before closing, permit me to say a few words in regard to the difficulties which in the outset seemed to me to surround the baptismal question.

1. It is my firm conviction that of all the truths revealed in the Holy Scriptures none is clearer than the truth in regard to baptism—justification by faith not excepted; and that this truth is obscured solely because enquirers are not willing to let the Bible alone decide the question.

2. Not one of my real friends in the Lord has, as I feared, turned against me. On the contrary, most of them have since been baptized themselves.

3. Although I have lost worldly goods by being baptized, still the Lord has richly compensated me for the loss.

Finally, my example has led many to examine the question of baptism, who, as a result of their examination, have been baptized on the profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. As this truth was made clear to me from the Word of God, I felt it my duty to speak on this as on the other truths of the Bible; and in the twenty-three years of my residence in Bristol more than a thousand believers among us have been baptized.—Extracted from *The Victorian Freeman.*

Strange Noises in New Houses.

IN entering a new house of the modern order it takes time to get acquainted with all its pipes for water and gas and sewage, and all its arrangements for working bells and bolts and ventilators. One is apt to be alarmed at the flow of water in a direction which is perfectly correct, and to be in trepidation because gas will not turn off where it was never meant to do so. Many of the fears and tremblings of new beginners in the divine life spring from a similar cause. Everything is new to them; emotions and desires which are perfectly natural to their young life are quite surprising to them, and though calculated to give confidence to the instructed they arouse suspicions in new beginners. They don't know the working of spiritual apparatus yet, and are confused and confounded by the simplest inward movements. They had better not be in too great a hurry to condemn themselves, but wait till they are more at home in the heavenly life, which is all plain to him that understandeth and safe to him that trusteth in the Lord.

C. H. S.

A Journey to Mentone with Mr. Spurgeon.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Concluded from page* 349.)

JANUARY 12.—This morning three of our company took advantage of the continued bright weather (our diary notes that we have now had forty fine days in succession) to ascend to Castellare, a little city set on a hill. On our way up we passed Villa Mount Carmel, but saw neither the prophet Elijah nor any cloud even as large as a man's hand. As we came in sight of the mountains that shut in Mentone on the north, we noticed that wherever there was a little spot unreached by the rays of the sun the snow that fell several weeks ago remained unmelted. So, thought we, is it with hearts unwarmed by the Sun of Righteousness, they continue cold, hard, and dead.—During our climb this morning we saw and heard more birds than we had done before since we left home. The merciless or mercenary sportsmen apparently cannot endure the sight or song of the sweet little creatures that are the charm of our English woodlands and forests. A writer who has spent several winters in the Riviera says:—"The poor little birds have a bad time of it in the South of France. Many a day have I felt grieved, when walking through the market, held until 11 a.m. in the town, at seeing robin-redbreasts, linnets, doves, pigeons, blackbirds, and thrushes all lying mingled with snipes, woodcocks, and pheasants, on the stalls." The only hope of their being preserved from extermination lies in their withdrawal to higher regions, and more secluded groves than those frequented by the man with the gun. This was the plan that the Lord adopted for himself, and recommended to his disciples when persecutors sought to destroy them. When the people of Nazareth would have cast him down headlong from the hill on which their city was built, he passed through the midst of them and went to Capernaum to do there the mighty works which he could not perform in his own country. Some of the early Christians would have been wiser if they had remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye to another"; for some of them seem to have been so anxious to be enrolled in the noble army of martyrs that they did not exercise common prudence, and in certain instances went out of their way to court persecution. There are times when it is necessary for a Christian to stand like the brave, with his face to the foe, determined to die rather than fly: but it is well for him to recollect that it is one thing for him to be cast into the den of lions as Daniel was, and quite another to hunt up the old roaring lion or one of the lesser beasts of prey, and imitate the performer at the menagerie by putting his head inside the animal's jaws. Being sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves we are to be "wise as serpents" as well as "harmless as doves."

Jan. 13.—The weather to-day was illustrative of a frequent experience of the Lord's people, for while a hot sun shone brightly overhead a piercingly keen wind was blowing all around us. How often do believers who are basking in the light of God's countenance feel at the same moment the cutting blast of affliction or adversity, temptation or persecution!—In the afternoon we visited the quaint little town of Roquebrune, which, according to the local legend, was built on the top of the hill which now forms its most efficient rear-guard, but slipped down one night in a huge solid mass, the houses, churches, castle, gardens, and everything on "the brown rock" remaining intact, only some hundreds of feet lower down in the world. Like most other legends this needs to be taken with a good many grains of salt.—Over the door of one of the houses we observed a rough painting of the Virgin Mary with a serpent writhing under her heel, the substitution of the mother of Jesus for her divine Son and Lord being the result of the Romish version of Genesis iii. 15, "*She* shall bruise thy head," a version which, we are sorry to be informed, has long had the great weight of the British and Foreign Bible Society's support in

many Popish countries. We trust that this venerable society will yet see its way to refuse help to all but the purest versions. Why not?

Jan. 14.—While waiting for friends outside Dr. Bennet's garden this morning we picked up some crystals of peculiarly fine formation. One of them especially we wished to take home, but feared it would be too heavy; so Mr. Spurgeon suggested that we should weigh it in the scales which we had at the hotel, to see whether such an addition to our luggage would be permitted without extra charge. As these scales were only intended for letters not exceeding an ounce, and the stone weighed several pounds, they were of no use. This simple illustration reminded us that it is impossible to weigh infinity in our tiny thought-scales; it can only be done by him who hath "weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," whose "understanding is infinite."

Jan. 15.—Taking advantage of another "morning without clouds," we drove to the little principality of Monaco, "the rock of joy," name sadly suggestive to many of the joy they have lost through visiting the gaming-tables, which enable the Grimaldi princeling to take rank side by side with the millionaires and monarchs of Europe. When we reached the plateau before the prince's palace, we found that the mistral was blowing so fiercely that we were glad at once to return to a calmer and *purer* region.—On our way back, we noticed some terraces that, through neglect, were falling down, and so not only destroying the vines and fig-trees planted upon them, but also endangering the terraces above, which leaned for support upon them. It is thus, too, in the moral world; the effects of evil are cumulative. He who neglects salvation ruins others as well as himself. Parents often inflict irreparable injury upon their children, as well as upon themselves, by their indifference or opposition to religion. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, not only did evil in the sight of the Lord, but he also made Israel to sin by the idolatrous example which he set both for his subjects and his successors.

Jan. 17.—Walking through the town this morning, we were deeply affected by the sight of the burden on the head of a poor Mentonese woman. She had been out gathering fuel for her fire, and was returning home bearing a bundle of *withered vine branches.* As we looked upon them we were reminded of our Saviour's solemn words, "and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned;" and we prayed, "Lord, cause us to abide in thee, and do thou abide in us; so shall we bring forth much fruit, and glorify the Father who is in heaven, and thus shall all men know that we are living branches, vitally united to the true Vine." Graceless professors, like fruitless vine-branches, are good for nothing but to be burned.

Jan. 19.—Yesterday a fine breeze sprang up, and soon the paths of the sea seemed crowded with ships, though for several days previous not a sail had appeared upon the unruffled waters. This afternoon, however, dark clouds overspread the sky, and the wind became so boisterous that quite a little fleet of vessels ran for shelter to Mentone. Thus do sinners, when conscious of their danger, seek to enter the harbour of refuge for souls in distress. So long as all is fair or calm, they have no thought of fleeing to Christ; and some do not seek a shelter until the storm of divine wrath breaks upon them, and they find that they have waited until it is too late for them to escape. Others beside the Jews have realized the meaning of the Saviour's terrible prophecy, "Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins." It will be in vain to look for a hiding-place when the thunders of the day of judgment burst upon the guilty and unbelieving.—Some days elapsed before the ships above-mentioned were able to put to sea again, and their enforced idleness taught us that sometimes the truest progress will be secured by the observance of needful rest. If the vessels had left the harbour while the wind was unfavourable, they would have lost time, and they might have been driven on the rocks, or sunk in the depths of the sea; and Christian workers and warriors will often gain more by standing still to see the salvation of the Lord than by starting on an enterprise when circum-

stances are inauspicious. When temptation is howling around us, like a raging storm, our safety will consist in lying within the harbour of refuge, trusting to our anchor to preserve us from drifting into danger. Occasionally the sailor must go to sea in the teeth of the tempest; and there are times when the child of God must dash forward in spite of all opposition, or he will be counted unworthy of the name he bears. Doing this, he shall have the special presence of his Lord, and extraordinary grace shall be given to supply his unusual need while he sings—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through."

Jan. 21.—To-day our quiet retreat was disturbed by the noise of the young men who had been chosen by the conscription for military service. They marched or drove about the town, beating drums, waving flags, and singing and shouting as though they were returning from victory, forgetting the old soldier's caution, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." After all, they had not much cause for glorying, for they had only attained to the dignity of becoming possible targets for an enemy's bullets, or of being themselves participators in the wholesale slaughter of their fellow-creatures. Had we been liable to the conscription, we should have rejoiced if the lot had *not* fallen upon us: our happiness would have consisted in our being preserved from apprenticeship to "the gunpowder and glory business"; but the Mentonese conscripts were of another mind, they were even proud of the bonds with which they were bound, like those who are led captive by the devil at his will, who glory in their shame.

Jan. 27.—The finest day during our stay in the sunny south was spent in driving to Castiglione, the mountain city of which we had a distant view from the top of Castellare. The ascent was so circuitous that at one time we could count no less than eight different roads, over which we had travelled. As we saw the zigzag track by which we had reached the far-away town, we had a faint idea of the feeling we shall have when we arrive at the celestial city among the everlasting hills, and, looking back upon the devious windings and twistings of our pilgrim path, exclaim, "He hath led us by the right way to the city of habitation."—The higher we ascended the purer and stronger did the air become; and, in the same way, the nearer we are to the summit of the mount of communion with God the sweeter and clearer is the atmosphere in which we walk.—From the wall of the old town we had a magnificent view of the snow-clad mountains of the Maritime Alps.

Jan. 30.—This evening a telegram arrived from the deacons asking Mr. Spurgeon to delay his return for another week, as the weather was so dreadfully bad in England. Most providentially the Pastor was induced to consent to this proposal, for the last week in Mentone was a season of unbroken sunshine, while in our island home it proved to be the worst and last of the long winter, so that when we did come back there was little or no risk of another relapse. The change was so remarkable that we could only bless the Lord for so graciously caring for his servant, and bringing him once more to his loved work under such happy auspices.

Jan. 31.—To-day we drove through Ventimiglia, and some distance up the valley of the river Roya, to view the wonderful rocks that rise, like a colossal fortress, some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea. The road had been so much mended that it was exceedingly difficult to travel over it, and reminded us of the way that the "modern thought" gentlemen have cut up the gospel track until it is scarcely possible for any poor sinner to travel over it to reach "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—While walking along the side of a little stream we discovered maiden-hair ferns and violets growing in rich profusion, although it was the last day of January. The violets betrayed their

presence by their sweet perfume, just as Christians should make themselves known by the fragrance of their graces, and by their resemblance to the fairest flower in all the universe, the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys. —Before we returned we went to inspect the village church. For some time we could not find an entrance, until, passing round to the back of the building, we saw a key hanging upon the door, and thus obtained admittance. We thought at once of Bunyan's key of promise, which is as effectual for opening the gate of mercy as it was for unlocking the door of Doubting Castle. On coming away we hung up the key, so that those who came after us might find it, and let themselves in as we had done. This little church, so easily accessible to all who wished to enter, seemed to be an emblem of the Saviour, and brought to our mind Dr. Bonar's hymn commencing—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest.'"

Sunday, Feb. 1.—This afternoon Mr. Spurgeon preached in the French Protestant Church to an audience almost as mixed in nationality as that which the apostles addressed on the day of Pentecost. In the evening we had a short service at the hotel, for the purpose of bidding farewell to our friends who had to leave for England on the morrow. We had hoped to have accompanied them, but under all the circumstances we were well content to wait a little longer ere we took our long journey.

Feb. 4.—While we were sweltering in the heat the news came from home that our dear ones there were pinched with frost and enveloped in fog. We could sympathize with them, for in days gone by we had experienced the inconvenience and discomfort; but the Mentonese could understand very little of what our friends were enduring, for their sunny shores are seldom visited by fogs and frosts. Just so, Christians cannot sympathize with their fellow-believers in their trials and temptations unless they have themselves felt the same. This is the glory of our sympathizing Lord that "in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—We were amused at some of the newspaper notices and letters concerning the fog. One correspondent suggested that people should light their lamps in the day-time, and leave their blinds up, so that the poor wayfarers in the streets might not be altogether lost. This would be a new and very useful way of letting our light shine before men; perhaps some people will try it when the fogs come on again.—Some one described an incident which we commend to the notice of all Christians who think their talents and opportunities are so small that they cannot do anything for Jesus. A gentleman was standing close to Hyde Park afraid to venture across it to his usual place of business, and asked aloud if anyone could lead him to the spot to which he wanted to go. "Oh, yes," said a blind man, "I can, and I shall be pleased to do it. The fog makes no difference to me, I can see as well to-day as when all is bright and clear; come along with me, and I will take you across in safety." If a blind man can lead one who can see, surely there is not one child of God too weak to be of service to others who just need the help he can give.

Feb. 5.—Dr. Bennet gave us this morning a good illustration of the need of a pilot to those who are sailing over life's stormy sea, hoping to reach the port of eternal glory. During the Crimean war a French troop-ship sailed from Toulon with twelve hundred men on board, but without a pilot. In trying to pass through the Straits of Bonifacio the vessel ran aground, but not a life was lost. There are strong currents running in these straits, and at various points the wind at times sweeps down with great force, and unless the captain knows the track very well, or has a pilot who can tell him where to seek shelter, he is almost certain to get into difficulties. The men who had been wrecked were

taken back to Toulon, and a month afterwards another large vessel was fitted out and sailed, this time with fifteen hundred men, but the captain was foolish enough to go again without a pilot; and the result was that just at the spot where the former ship was lost this one struck, and went to pieces, and not a man was saved.—After this recital Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Hanna (the Scotch Free Church Bishop, whom we were privileged to hear most Sunday mornings during our stay abroad), Dr. Irving (Secretary of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions), and three other friends took a pilot, and went by sea to pay a farewell visit to Mr. Hanbury's wonderful garden and palace. Two of us preferred to go "afoot," as Paul went from Troas to Assos. Before we started we were told that if we kept close by the shore we should find the old Roman road very pleasant and comfortable, although some of our informants were a little in doubt as to whether it would take us all the way that we wanted to go. It certainly was a good hard road for a short distance, but soon the track was more fitted for the feet of wild goats than for human beings, however clear their heads or steady their nerves; and further on the only path was up in the air or down the face of a precipice, the first sight of which was quite enough for us. As speedily as possible we retraced our steps, and clambered up over rocks, stones, bushes, and other obstacles until we reached the high road near the cross to which we have several times referred. Our experience taught us that in other things beside religion, "the old Roman road" is a very dangerous one, and that the best path for all to take is the King's highway, which leads those who tread it past the Cross to the heavenly paradise and palace whither they are bound.

In a company which comprised the son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, a learned American doctor of divinity, and the Editor of this magazine, it will be readily believed that words of wit and wisdom flowed as freely as water from a mountain spring. As, however, there was no "chiel present taken' notes," the record of the day's proceedings cannot be "prented;" but we must find room for Dr. Hanna's story of the good old lady who on her death-bed was asked, "What would you say, if after all God has done for you, he should let you drop into hell?" "E'en as *he* likes," was the reply, "but if he does, he'll lose mair than I'll do," meaning that he would lose the glory of his name by the failure of his word.—Just outside Mr. Hanbury's garden we saw some specimens of the *Bombyx Processionalis*, or processional caterpillar, a most destructive little creature. The moth deposits its eggs on branches of fir, lime, or other trees, and when they are hatched, the caterpillars spin a cobweb nest, in which they can live during the day in safety from their feathered foes. At night they sally forth and attack the defenceless tree which has afforded them shelter, and unless their depredations are discovered in time, soon destroy it. When they have done all the harm they can, or have been disturbed, they move off in procession to another spot, where they repeat the same process of nest-building and tree-devouring. As soon as they are detected, the branch on which they have settled should be cut off and burned, and in doing this care must be taken not to handle the caterpillars, or the fine, sharp hairs which cover their bodies will cause much pain and irritation. The sharp measures necessary for the saving of trees assailed by these insects remind us of the command of our loving Lord to cut off the offending hand or foot lest it should cause the ruin of the whole body and soul for ever.

Feb. 6.—To-day we again visited the Gorbio Valley, but did not repeat our Christmas-day experience, for the day was long as well as bright. Close by where we halted for lunch, a man was ploughing a little plot of ground, a few feet wide and a dozen yards long, with a couple of oxen. As we looked upon the heavy burdens upon their shoulders we felt that their owner could not say as our Master did, "My yoke is easy;" and we realized something of the meaning of the passage, "I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them." We saw also what Paul meant by the expression, "true yoke-fellow," and the command, "Be ye not unequally yoked

together with unbelievers." When oxen are yoke-fellows, they must be thoroughly of one mind, they must take equal steps, they must work together and rest together, they must share their burdens, and in all things sympathize with one another.—On our way back we noticed a house that was intended to be painted blue, but the artist evidently had not colour enough to complete it as he commenced. At the bottom it was a dark indigo, in the middle it was azure, and the top was like diluted London milk, thus resembling some professors who lay on religious colouring very thickly at first, but gradually weaken it until they appear in their own naked ugliness. True Christians "grow in grace"; and "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Sunday, Feb. 8.—This afternoon we had some difficulty in finding a convenient resting-place near at hand, although we need not have troubled ourselves at all about the matter, for close by was a beautiful garden, which the kind owner had placed at Mr. Spurgeon's disposal whenever he chose to make use of it, and nearer still was a pleasant olive-garden belonging to the hotel, where we might have gone every day if we had liked, but which we had never entered until this afternoon, being thus a type of those Christians who do not live up to their full privileges as believers until they are about to depart to their distant home.—Our farewell communion service was attended by twenty-five brethren and sisters in Christ. It was good to be there.

Feb. 9.—A little before noon we started on our long journey home. For several hours we had the pleasure of passing by daylight through the fine country which we had before traversed, much to our regret, in the dark. We now saw what delightful scenery we had missed, and were glad that we had another opportunity of admiring its loveliness. A pleasant ride brought us to Antibes, which we have since learned was the scene of a terrible railway accident eight years ago, because "in the darkness of the evening the danger signals were disregarded" by the engine-driver. How many souls are lost through disregard of the danger-signals held forth by the Lord's servants, and by God himself in his word!—On a hill close by stands the Hermit's Chapel, which will always be associated in our mind with a saying of Frère Richard, the old monk in charge of the place,—"I would go anywhere to build organs for the glory of God." What a grand sentiment, if it were always connected with a worthy object! "I would go anywhere to glorify God."—Near Cannes we had a magnificent view of the islands of Marguerite and Honorat, the latter being named after the holy man who founded a celebrated monastery there. In this school of the priests, St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, was trained, and according to tradition the patron saint of the Emerald Isle learned amongst other things from good St. Honorat the art of banishing serpents, vipers, and other noxious reptiles from his adopted country. Would to God that all viperous spirits could be banished from the island which our Hibernian friends still claim to be the

> "First flower of the earth,
> First gem of the sea."

Two inscriptions in the abbey are worth preserving. In the lavatory, upon a marble slab, in Latin, is the following:—"O Christ, let thy right hand, which cleanses inside and outside, cleanse within what this water cannot cleanse." In the monks' refectory is this modern but model motto:—

> "Leave all for God,
> And you will find all in God."

At Frejus we were greatly interested in the Roman remains, which carried our thoughts back to the days of the early Christians, some of whom may have been martyred in the amphitheatre, of which only the ruins are now to be found, while the faith for which they died is daily winning its way among all nations under heaven.—For a considerable time we rode along through the Esterel mountains, whose red porphyritic rocks and brilliant green pine forests

were a charming contrast to the sombre silvery olives with which we had become so familiar and friendly. At one time these Esterelles formed an almost impenetrable lurking-place for the escaped convicts from Toulon, and other evil-doers from the neighbouring country, but all that has been changed since Stephenson's iron horse found its way into this region.—While we have been writing our steed has been rushing along, and here we are at the end of the first stage of our journey, Marseilles. Since we were here before we have met with an illustration of the old saying, "'Tis better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Here it is—"The unpleasantness of the harbour of Marseilles is well known, but it may not be as well known that this very ill odour of the waters prevents a great danger to the shipping which has escaped the perils of the Mediterranean. Some fifty years ago an effort was made to purify the waters of this port; and the Marseillais delighted in the fragrant sea-odour, so unwonted and strange to them. Alas! ere long swarthy sea-captains began to perceive that the hulls of their ships were being perforated by thousands of sea-worms, whose ravages the foul water had kept at a distance; and the danger to the vessels lying in the port became so great that at last the purification of the harbour had to cease, and the foul waters returned to taint the atmosphere, but to banish the destroying worms."

Feb. 9—11.—Our long story is nearly at an end. When we left Marseilles the last trace of daylight had disappeared, so we had to occupy ourselves as best we could by the light of the carriage lamps until we turned in for the night. The temperature of our sleeping-car taught us another lesson. Our friends who returned a week before we did wrote that, notwithstanding the large fire which was kept up all night, the cold was so intense that ice was formed on the windows. The attendant did not seem at all conscious that a great change had taken place in the weather, and as a consequence he heated the air to such a degree that Mr. Spurgeon was scarcely able to breathe. It is just thus with some who are supposed to minister to our comfort spiritually, they have zeal without discretion, they take no thought of changing circumstances, they pile on their elocutionary fuel until we are almost roasted alive, when we ought to be calmly resting, or else they go to the other extreme, and because somebody wanted a window open on a hot summer's day, they let out the fires and fling wide the doors in the middle of a winter's night. "To everything there is a season."—When we reached Paris at ten the next morning, it was so fine that we did not stay as we had intended, but crossed the city, and pushed on at once to Boulogne. After a good night's rest there, our usual experience in crossing the channel, and a quick run from Folkestone to London, we arrived at home greatly benefited by our three months' experience as travelling companion to our beloved Pastor and President.

Notices of Books.

Katie's Counsel; and other Tales. By a Clergyman's Wife. *When the Ship came Home;* and other Stories. By J. W. Dungey. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

Two of the National Temperance League's shilling collections of tales illustrating the evils of strong drink, and the benefits of abstinence from it. They cannot be too widely circulated, nor too often read by our lads and lasses.

Brave Janet: the story of a little girl's trials and victories. And *The Children's Trusts.* By Alice Lee. Sampson Low and Co., 188, Fleet-street.

Two capital stories for children. The first shows how much good can be effected by one noble-spirited little girl, and the other points out the need of treating children of different dispositions in such a way as to develop or direct their peculiarities for their own and other people's benefit.

"Is it Utopian?" A plea for evangelization of the masses by voluntary lay help. By the Rev. CHAS. BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster-buildings.

THE more the question of lay agency can be stirred in the Church of England the better. Among ourselves, we know nothing of the distinction between "clerical" and "lay," and the doctrine of everybody working for the Saviour is fully received. We wish, however, that our practice was in perfect consonance with our profession. If all Christian men and women would be up and doing, winning souls on all hands by all means, how soon would the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose! Mr. Bullock does eminent service by continually stirring up Christian people upon matters vital to the health of the church and the salvation of the world.

Mediæval Missions. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 28, George Street.

THESE lectures touch upon a subject which will be entirely new to the majority of our readers. Few, indeed, know anything of those early missions by which in the church's somewhat declining days she yet proved that the life of God was still in her. This field can only be cultivated by great labour and research, but its fruit is exceedingly precious. The scope and the reward of scholarship are in this case all but boundless: the one matter of Chinese history alone promises to open up a library of romance in connection with Christianity. The chief value of these lectures will, in our judgment, lie in their power to stimulate missionary zeal: we both hope and believe that scores among the flower of our youth will be led to emulate Columba, and Aidan, and Anskar, and the like.

Morals without Fables. By JOHN E. EAST GRAY. John Gray and Co., 5, Goldsmith's Row, Gough Square.

THOSE who have a taste for terse sayings and witty sentences will find here a rare twopennyworth. Take a specimen: "Said one, 'I thought I had a friend. I *tested* him; and, alas! I have *detested* him ever since.'"

Steps through the Stream: or, Daily Readings for a Month. By MARGARET STEWART SIMPSON. With an Introduction by M. F. BARBOUR. London: Nisbet and Co.

FOLLOWING on the lines of Miss Havergal, the authoress of this little book of Daily Readings has produced a very sweet, quickening, stimulating volume. There is much of the same scripturalness of treatment, delicacy and refinement of feeling, and deep personal piety which so distinguished the sweet singer now so recently gone from us; and we trust that the work may secure an extended sale, and be of much spiritual blessing to God's believing people.

Sermons Doctrinal and Practical. By MORGAN DIX, S.T.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York. London: R. D. Dickinson.

THIS book answers to its title. It is full of evangelical teaching, elucidates Christian truth in a clear, bold, and forceful style, and is well illustrated. If not in the front rank as to suggestiveness, the sermons are free from platitudes, and are profitable reading.

Heaven and Home. A book for the fireside. By J. M. LANG, D.D. London: Nelson and Sons.

THESE short, interesting addresses on the various aspects of home and personal life are of no mean order, and would furnish suggestions for many discourses if rightly used. The style is clear to the last degree: imagination, poetry, taste, are all evidenced: and though the doctor tries his hardest to spoil his "pot of ointment," with his infant-sprinkling "fly," he by no means succeeds. There is one spot on his sun, and yet it is a sun, and no mere blaze of gas.

Tom's Heathen. By JOSEPH R. BAKER. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A CLEVERLY written, able, character sketch; full of intense interest, but free from unhealthy excitement. A story showing the terrible nature of a course of selfish sin, and how bitterly remorse may "poison the whole after life." A healthy story, free from feverish incident and melodramatic detail is such a rarity that we cordially welcome "Tom's Heathen."

The Life and Times of George Lawson, D.D.; with glimpses of Scottish character from 1720 to 1820. By the Rev. JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton and Co.

WE are right glad to see a new edition of the life and times of Dr. Lawson, for many and many a time have we been amused and refreshed by reading its sparkling pages. Years ago our esteemed friend, Dr. Macfarlane, of Clapham, who is the author of this first-class biography, made us a present of it, and since then we have read it again and again, dipping into it here and there, always to our amusement and edification. As Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will always remain a model of all memoirs, from its admiring, homely chattiness, so will "The Life of Dr. Lawson" ever remain supreme among Christian literary men as a model of how a man's portrait should be drawn. We seem to know Dr. Lawson; in fact, he is one of the most intimate of our acquaintances. We have been awed by his wisdom and convulsed by his oddity, charmed by his piety and delighted with his common-sense. We always thought that Dr. Macfarlane had been one of his pupils, and now that we find out our mistake we are full of wonder that such a life could have been written by one to whom its subject was unknown. Not for depth of spirituality, or for high religious experience, should we turn to this volume; but for incidents of thorough interest, lumps of salt to season life, or bits of nutmeg to spice its flow, we come hither hopefully. For an hour's healthy relaxation, commend us to this memoir. Dr. Lawson is a man of learning, but not a pedant; a sound theologian, not a bigot; a devout man, but thoroughly human and like ourselves. We turn again and again to the records of his life, and always feel ourselves the better for it. The present edition is adorned with many fresh plates, which cause such worthies as the Erskines, Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, and others, to live before our eyes. Here is a specimen passage, neither above nor below the general average:—

"Dr. Lawson's call to Selkirk had been unanimous. There was only one individual opposed to it, who took every opportunity to annoy the young minister. On one occasion, when on a diet of pastoral visitation, he came to this person's house, and being desirous of conciliating him, he entered into conversation with him in a very frank and friendly style. His mildness, however, had no mollifying effect; this person watched every opportunity to contradict and find fault with him. At length, captiousness had the effrontery to assert that the young minister had actually told a lie since entering the house, when he meekly said, 'I am not aware of having committed so grave a misdemeanour as that with which you charge me.' 'Yes,' rejoined the man, 'you have, for, when I asked you to stay and take tea with us, you replied that you would not, and yet you have done both: is not this something like telling a lie?' 'You must have read the story,' answered Mr. Lawson, 'of the angels in Sodom, who, when Lot pressed them to enter his house and lodge with him during the night, refused, and said, "Nay; but we will abide in the street all night;" and, instead of doing so, when Lot pressed them much, "they turned in unto him, and entered into his house: and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." Now, do you suppose that these angels told a lie? No, they only changed their mind; and so I too have changed my mind, and have remained to partake of your fare.' This proved a silencer to the individual, who had, in his conceit, opined that he had caught the good man in a snare. The youthful Samson showed that the withes wherewith he was bound were as tow when it toucheth the fire."

"It was seldom, if ever, that anyone got the better of Dr. Lawson in free and easy conversation. A worthy farmer once rather posed him, upon the occasion of one of these visits. He had been asking the farmer why his son was not present. 'He is out, shooting the crows,' was the reply. 'And why does he shoot the crows?' he asked. 'Because they destroy the grain,' said the farmer. 'The crows have as good a right to the grain as you,' rejoined Dr. Lawson. 'Ay, sir,' replied the farmer, 'but they do not pay any rent.'"

The Christian Contemplated. By William Jay. A new edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

This work is an old established favourite, a sort of classic among evangelical Christians. The name of William Jay was a great power with the last generation, and its influence still abides. Choice matter, clear style, and a sanctified spirit, go to make up one of the most profitable volumes which these latter days have produced. The price is five shillings.

Sevenfold Blessing; or, Perfect Salvation through the Blood of Christ. By Rev. James Gosset Tanner, M.A. Shaw and Co.

Good, very good. Pure gospel in simple terms. The statements are clear, and the truths practical: babes will here find the unadulterated milk of the word. Although we cannot discover any great originality of thought or expression in this little volume, we are well content to meet with sound doctrine sweetly unfolded. If men of Mr. Tanner's school are multiplied, they may yet save the Church of England.

"*Clear the Way*"; *or, Hindrances to Missionary Work Considered.* By E. J. Whately. John F. Shaw.

Miss Whately pleases us by her common-sense zeal. Zeal without prudence burns down the house it should warm. Prudence without zeal refuses to light a fire on the hearth for fear of a conflagration. Zeal and prudence together keep the family comfortable, and create no perils for the household. Most sensible and seasonable are Miss Whately's remarks on the hindrances to missions. Our large societies would be wise to aid the circulation of so earnest and wise a book; it would stimulate interest in the great work, quiet many fears, prevent absurd expectations, and correct mischievous errors. The title of the book, "Clear the Way," was the ancient war-cry of Irish chieftains, and the esteemed writer does her best to obey the watchword by removing difficulties, and we thank her for her hearty endeavour.

Sunday Readings for a Year: or, Two Hundred and Eighty Scripture Titles and Symbols of Christ. By James Large. Hodder and Stoughton.

If we were in a critical humour we might discover many vulnerable points in these Sunday Readings, but we do not feel called upon to treat them in that fashion. Two hundred and eighty Scripture titles and symbols of Christ are expounded and commented upon so as to furnish instructive reading for the fifty-two Sabbath evenings of the year. The mere list of titles would be very useful to some ministers, and would suggest to them a series of discourses. The portions are not all equally well written, or equally interesting; but the desire to instruct, to comfort, and to lead to Christ is everywhere conspicuous. We do not think that anyone who should purchase this volume upon our recommendation could possibly regret it: some would rejoice over it as those that find great spoil, and others would turn it into raw material to be used up in their work.

Is life worth living? An eightfold answer. By John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., B. Sc. E. Marlborough and Co.

A fine book. The author possesses a manly spirit, chastened by a lowly faith. Bravely he cheers the coward into courage, and chides the murmurer into content. His work is well done, and is of a high order of literary effort; but we like best its firm faith and bright encouragement to souls half-blinded by the smoke of life's fierce battle. Success to you, good brother Clifford!

The Handy Book for Bible Readers. New and enlarged edition. Religious Tract Society.

Really a mine of information upon the most important subjects. The times are happy in which publishers addict themselves to the preparation of such condensed information. We hardly know what more could be added without redundancy: if the reader has not in this one little volume everything he might have, he has yet enough to help him to get more; and this for the bulk of men is enough.

Practical Reflections on every verse of the Holy Gospels. By a Clergyman. Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

This volume is dedicated to the "Assistant Curate of St. Alban's, Holborn," which is pretty good evidence that "a clergyman" is one of the High Church school. Traces of this fact will be found here and there in "The Reflections;" but when these are allowed for, there remains a mass of godly, unpretentious comment worthy of any man's reading. Baptismal regeneration and sacramentarianism are brought in where there is supposed to be a peg to hang them upon, but these are not very numerous in the four gospels: hence the quiet, and almost commonplace exposition pursues its gracious way along a road in which we can generally accompany it. When we say "almost commonplace," we do not quite mean what these words might imply, for the exposition does not consist of mere platitudes. The book makes no effort to be original, profound, or striking: it consists of observations which appear to be just what would occur to any reader of the Scripture, and yet if they did so occur the individual would be a very superior man. The basis of the book will be found in the pious and profitable "Reflections" of Quesnel — a work which has always been valued by devout minds. The author does not claim originality for the other observations, but in this modest statement he goes further than he needed to have done, for there is a considerable measure of freshness in his simple but suggestive notes. It does us good to read genuinely godly works by men of schools of thought from which we differ; it sets in motion a new set of ideas, and brightens up our old ones. We shall put this volume on our shelf with thanks to the anonymous author for the pleasure he has afforded us, and with the prayer that grace may lead our brother in Christ into yet clearer light.

Words of the Lord Jesus Christ arranged in order of time. Nisbet and Co.

A new edition of a capital little pocket-book of Scripture passages, all of them being the spoken words of the Lord Jesus. It must be to some readers a great advantage to have the diamond sentences of our Lord thus arranged in one casket; as for us, we like them best *in their settings*, which often enhance their brilliance.

Waymarks for Wanderers: being Five Addresses delivered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By W. Y. Fullerton, Evangelist. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

A little book upon the prodigal son. The theme has been often descanted on, but this treatise is not a repetition: it is full of freshness and originality. What is better, its earnest pleadings and plain gospel statements are sure to be useful to seeking souls, and we commend it for wide distribution by those who wish to lead others to the home above.

Ponrooly; or, the Gospel winning its way among the women in India. By Clara M. S. Lowe. Morgan and Scott.

An unvarnished tale of work for Jesus among Indian women. Sadly, sweetly interesting, especially to ladies who are asking, "What can we do for our Lord?" The faith and devotion of the Christian Englishwomen who do Zenana work is truly apostolic, and the proofs of their success are gratifying to the last degree. A very effective help to the rekindling of missionary zeal would be the scattering of this little book on every hand.

Life, Lost or Saved. By Selina Ditcher. Seventh thousand. London: James Nisbet and Co.

A book that has reached its seventh thousand requires no commendation to make it sell. Earnest, ultra-evangelical addresses upon religious topics make up this little volume: and to those who love the plain story of Christ and his salvation it will be precious. If there is any weakness it is in the references to opposing theories. Why need "Essays and Reviews" and Dr. Colenso be put up, just to show how elegantly they can be knocked down? Orthodox divines too often do the advertising for heretics, and turn bill-stickers to the devil. Why should they? We are getting tired of ghost-hunting.

Dear Old England: a Description of Our Fatherland. By JANE ANNE WINSCOM. James Nisbet and Co.

HAPPY young England to be taught thus pleasantly! One while the tree of knowledge bore thorns and crabs, but now it is a dainty tree, beflowered as with golden lilies of pleasure and befruited with rarest apples of delight. *Geography*—have we really been taking in a whole jar of that verjuice? Yes, and we thought that we were out a-gipsying, roaming from town to town, o'er dale and hill. Ah, me! This is not the geography which made our little head ache, and caused school to be a torture both to the teacher and the taught.

How to read the Bible: a Series of Bible Readings, embracing the whole of the Scriptures. Compiled by JOHN T. BRISCOE. Baptist Tract Society, Castle-street, Holborn.

AN outline of the contents of the Bible. Chronological order is observed, so that the student may know the relation to each other of the various books, in the matter of time: this must be useful. The little summaries of history are carefully done, and much labour has been well spent in condensing information upon the authors of the sacred books. The Society which publishes this work would have given the author a chance of success if it had issued the the work in better form. A summary of contents of the Bible, however well executed, is not the most popular reading in all the world; but when the letterpress is old-fashioned, and the style of production twenty years behind the age, it is a great hindrance to the sale.

"*Oakhurst Manor.*" By ANNETTE LYSTER. Sunday School Union.

A TALE of school-boy life, sound, and true in its teaching; a safe present for a thoughtful lad.

What Ireland needs: the Gospel in the Native Tongue. With Preface by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

LIKE all the other productions of Mr. Bullock's fertile publishing arrangements this is eminently gracious and practical. Alas, poor Ireland! Thou hast need that he who makes all things new should lay his hand on thee. The reminiscences of the two Bishops Gregg will be welcomed by those who knew them, and by all who have watched the history of evangelism in Ireland during the last thirty years. Prayer for Ireland ought to ascend to heaven day and night. Whether "the native tongue" of Ireland, like the sacred Welsh, has unknown charms latent within it we cannot tell; but the gospel in any language is the cure for all ill, and the seed of all good.

"*My Cousin and I.*" By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Sampson Low & Co.

A BRIGHT little book. Refreshing and healthful as a sea-breeze. Miss Phelps does not bewilder us with imaginative fancies in this charming story, but gives us the matter-of-fact history of two girls, who by reverse of fortune are compelled to labour for their own maintenance, and who succeed in securing for themselves an honourable independence. We cordially commend to all young ladies a thoughtful perusal of the brave doings of "My Cousin and I."

Notes.

THE Editor has been haunted by the fear that no magazine could be prepared for October, for he has been racked with pain, and mentally unable to attend to any duties requiring thought. Seizing little intervals of comparative ease, page by page the work has been done in a broken sort of way. Friends must be pleased to overlook blunders and shortcomings, having compassion on their willing servant whose utter incapacity has been his deepest grief. Oh, for power to pursue our work! Troops of orphans, students, colporteurs, and evangelists seem to march through our poor brain both sleeping and waking. All must be left with the Lord. Where could they be better?

Heartily do we welcome the Baptist Union to spend its autumnal session in

London. May the Lord be in the midst of all its assemblies. The first engagement of the Union is to visit the Stockwell Orphanage. It was most kind of the Committee so to arrange. On Monday afternoon, Oct. 4, at 2.30, Mr. George Palmer, M.P., will lay the memorial stone of *the Reading House* of the Girls' Orphanage. The town of Reading has led the way in constant kindness to the Orphanage. At one time it gets up a bazaar, and year after year it gives the children a fête. The pastor of King's-Road vies with his leading helpers in aiding us, and the great firms of the town, such as Palmer and Sutton, are equally hearty in the cause of the orphan.

Our beloved brother, Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown, is at the same time to inaugurate *the Liverpool House*. By his means Liverpool has done grandly for us. We hardly think Mr. Brown would like us to tell what big, brotherly, whole-hearted deeds he has done for us. He has acted magnanimously. God bless him! Bless him in resting as well as in working. It was meet that he should in some way or other be manifestly linked with this work, since in the most quiet, unostentatious manner he has always done more than his share of it.

Now that our Baptist brethren are coming to the Orphanage, will they please note that the money given to the Boys' Orphanage by the denomination has procured shelter for 21 ministers' sons, and it may be worth their consideration whether some such interest might not be wisely secured in the Girls' Orphanage. At any rate, beloved brethren, you are expected at the Orphanage with great delight, and though the sick President may be denied the joy of seeing you, his heart will be crying, "Welcome, welcome!" Oh that the good Physician's hand may give us back our limbs again, free from anguish and weakness, and then we shall weep for joy at the sight of the rising walls of the Girls' Orphanage.

All goes well at Stockwell. Never so many children in residence before; never better in health.

THE BOOK FUND.—We hope that the quiet, but eminently useful, work carried on by Mrs. Spurgeon is not forgotten by our friends. The book-needing minister is always writing, and book-parcels are always going out; but friends have been sea-siding and continental-tripping, or hay-making and harvesting, and so Book-funds and other good things have not been remembered. When they are all home again friends will say, "Let us see how that admirable Book-fund is getting on." The needs of ministers in other matters besides books have pressed heavily just lately on our beloved wife, whose personal afflictions have made her tender for the trials of others.

On *Friday evening, Sept.* 3, the Annual Meeting of the GREEN WALK MISSION was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-Hall. A letter from the pastor was read regretting that an attack of rheumatism kept him away. Earnest prayer was made for his speedy recovery. In his absence Mr. William Olney presided. A report of the last twelve months' work was read. The following is a short summary of it:—The year has been one of much spiritual blessing. It has been the exception to hold a service at which some new case of the Spirit's work has not been discovered. The particulars of from forty to fifty persons, who have seen the president of the mission as enquirers have been recorded. Many other hopeful cases are known to other workers. Most of these persons have joined the church at the Tabernacle. Several of the sons and daughters of the workers have professed faith in Christ. The report recited a week's work in the mission, consisting of Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday evening services in the Concert Hall, Green Walk; and gave particulars of the Sunday-school, Mothers' Meeting, Tract Society, Open-air Services, Dorcas and Benevolent Societies, etc. It mentioned the encouraging attendances both indoors and out. The people help in supporting the work, and the weekly offering is well sustained. Our admirable fellow-worker, Mr. W. Olney, jun., conducts this work splendidly. The great want is a fit place to meet in. In Bermondsey there are hundreds of thousands who never enter a place of worship, and are altogether untouched by religious agencies. This brother and his workers can touch them, and could move them if he had a place whereon to plant his lever. Christian merchants of Bermondsey, will you let the people perish in utter heathenism? If you cannot preach, can you not provide a large, plain building for those who can preach?

On *Friday evening, September* 17, the annual meeting of our home EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. We had hoped to have presided, but the return of our illness prevented us, and our place was ably supplied by our good friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell. We are informed that the meeting was the largest the Association has held, and that

it was very successful in every respect. Mr. Elvin, the energetic secretary, reported that during the year 1448 services had been conducted by members of the Association on the Lord's day, and 1135 on week-nights, or a total of 2583, whereas last year the number was 1767, and in 1878 it was 1084. These figures show that the Association is getting a large share of the confidence of the churches of the metropolis, and supplying a great need. There are 118 speakers and singers, more or less engaged in this work, and they have spoken or sung 3148 times since the last annual meeting. The total cost of all this good work has been £141 6s. 2½d., towards which, with the help of various friends, we have contributed £100. As the work continues to grow it is very necessary that the income should increase in the same proportion. Donations may be sent to Mr. G. E. Elvin, 30, Surrey Square, Walworth, S.E. We cannot imagine an agency which does more gospel preaching in proportion to its expenditure, and we are pleased to bear witness that it is no uncertain doctrine which is taught, nor is it proclaimed by cold hearts. We rejoice in this Society, and shall always be glad to help it personally, and to be the channel for the help of others.

College.—During the past month Mr. T. Whiteside has been accepted by the committee of the Home Mission for work in Athlone, and Mr. H. Wallace, for St. Helier's, Jersey. Mr. J. Scilley is going to Coleraine; Mr. W. Gillard to Appledore, Devon; Mr. G. H. Kemp to Alford, Lincolnshire; and Mr. W. Thorn to Loose, Maidstone.

Mr. H. E. Stone is removing from Arthur Street, Gray's Inn Road, to the Nottingham "Tabernacle," and our earnest prayer is that he may prove a great blessing to that town; Mr. W. Hobbs from Norwood New Town to Hamilton Road, Lower Norwood; Mr. G. D. Cox from Sittingbourne to Melton Mowbray; Mr. R. Herries from Consett to S. Shields; Mr. J. J. Irving, formerly of Swadlincote, has settled at Maidenhead; Mr. J. Foster, late of Wick, at Waterbeach; and Mr. H. W. Taylor, late of Redruth, at St. Alban's.

Mr. F. A. Holzhausen, of New Basford, has sailed for Canada; and Mr. N. Rogers, late of Stratton, has become pastor at Jamestown, S. Australia.

Mr. A. J. Clarke, of West Melbourne, continues to send us good tidings. He has baptized 69 persons, and has received 87 into the church since he arrived; and his chapel is about to be enlarged so as to seat 950 people. As we should expect with such a pastor, all kinds of evangelistic work are prosecuted with great vigour. He also reports well of Brn. Bunning at Geelong, Marsden at Kew, Clark at Ballarat, and Garrett at Brighton, all of whom are having much success in winning souls. Our son Thomas was at Melbourne on July 18, when the Town Hall was crowded, and Mr. Clarke says, "hundreds could not gain admission."

Sad news from Jamaica.—Our readers will have seen from the denominational and other papers accounts of the terrible hurricane which recently swept over a great part of Jamaica. Many of the stations of the Baptist Missionary Society have suffered most severely, and amongst others Mount Hermon, where our Bro. J. J. Kendon and his newly-married wife were on the eventful night of Aug. 18. We have received the following letter, which will speak for itself:—

"It was a hurricane of more than usual violence. Our dwelling at Mount Hermon was a part of the chapel partitioned off. I did not for a moment think the storm would last as long or rage as violently as it did; and accordingly went down often into the chapel to fasten up windows, doors, &c. I did not advise Mrs. Kendon to dress (she had gone to bed early, as the day was so dull and gloomy), but she got up and put on a thin dress, thinking all would soon be over. During the evening two of our servants were driven into our dwelling. The out-houses were wet through, and had fallen down on one of them. The storm continued to increase, so, not knowing how soon the ceiling would be down, I delayed no longer, but, taking Mrs. K. by the hand, went forth, not knowing whither I went. The wretchedness of that hour pen cannot describe! We went through sleet and wind to an under part of the dwelling, between two massive walls. I found there two young men, terror-stricken. They cried, 'Massa, pity us! Lord, save us!' with such earnestness as they had never manifested before. All round was open, we could see the lightning, and feel the wind. I expected every moment some flying splinter would strike us, and to go out into the open was, I knew, sure destruction. After some time we heard shouts, 'Minister, minister, where are you?' and, between the gusts, we went forth through pools of water and long wet grass to a little house four feet square, strong and compact, and into that we

gathered for shelter. I was surprised at the calmness I felt then—no fear. We sang, with trembling, quivering voices, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' That has grown common and stale in English ears, but let them once view a hurricane of that nature, let them sit on a cold, wet bench, with garments dripping wet and feet clad only by thin slippers filled with water, let them hear the snapping of boughs, the roar of thunder, the crash of stones falling and rolling all around, and then the reality of faith will be seen. Old-fashioned hymns will have a fresh halo, and become doubly precious. For five hours we could not move. I was tolerably well protected, but Mrs. K. was badly off. At last daylight came; never more eagerly desired and welcomed. I went round the premises, and found the chapel destroyed, two walls down, the roof shattered, pulpit smashed. A part of the house (a lean-to) was standing, but filled with sand and plaster and water; we cleared these out, lit fires, dried clothes, and thus began as well as we could to throw off the ill effects of such a night. Three of our members were buried in the ruins of their houses and killed, and I hear on every side accounts of houses by scores demolished, and families rendered homeless. All provisions are destroyed, and without immediate help many must starve. *England must come to our help.* I shall take a list of all our people who have houses down, and I think from report they will number one out of every five or six. To-day our service was exceedingly solemn and impressive, we began and ended with the doxology. The people are ruined. It will be years before they reach the state of comfort of former times. England never knows such scenes. She should show her gratitude by helping those who do suffer thus, and this I trust she will do. Pray for us that we may bear patiently the heated furnace. From yours in gospel bonds, "J. J. KENDON."

Our brother, Carey B. Berry, who is over in England for the benefit of his health, also informs us that three of the chapels connected with his station,—Sligoville, Passage Fort, and Kitson Town—have been completely destroyed: and Mr. James Tilley, a former member of the Tabernacle church, writes that his chapel and house at Oberlin are in ruins.

We shall be very glad to receive contributions for either of our brethren who have suffered in this terrible time of visitation. The calamity is of sufficient dimensions to call for a national subscription, but meanwhile we ought to be helping at once cases which are so well known and so closely bound to us as these are.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at *Galashiels* have been a great success, the whole town seems to have been moved, and many were led to decision. Just in the midst of the meetings unusual solemnity was given to the services by the arrival of tidings of the death of the absent Pastor, Brother Chas. Hill, who had gone to Saltcoats for the benefit of his health, but was suddenly called home to be for ever with the Lord. We are greatly grieved to add that he leaves a widow and five children unprovided for. What is to be done? The Orphanage can no doubt find a home for a boy, but much more is wanted. What painful want comes before us, and when our best is done how much sorrow remains!

Our Evangelists have since visited Selkirk, Dunoon, and Wick; and this month they go to Paisley.

Mr. Burnham has been labouring among the hop-pickers in *Kent* during the past month until summoned to what proved to be the death-bed of his wife. From our inmost heart we sympathize with this beloved and useful brother. May the comforts of the Spirit abound towards him! He asks us to say that he is fully engaged up to June next year.

Mr. Parker has been preaching and singing in *Dublin*. Thus England, Scotland, and Ireland have been simultaneously visited by members of our College Society of Evangelists.

ORPHANAGE.—The total amount received or promised for the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund to Sept. 14 is £10,416 3s. 7d.

The quarterly meeting for collectors, which we had intended to incorporate with the stone-laying, will be held a little later in the year. Full particulars shall be duly announced.

We have decided not to hold the proposed bazaar in aid of the furnishing of the new institution until next year. We shall then want it well done, and therefore we announce it now, that the time may be long enough. If we live till Christmas, 1881, we hope to see a great help given to our funds by a Bazaar, and it will be at the time when we anticipate pressing needs!

COLPORTAGE.—Last month we reported seventy colporteurs actually at work, and we are glad to say that the following additional districts have been added to the

list:—Norwich, Islington, Sunderland, and Swaffham (Cambs). Some difficulty is found in getting men qualified for the work. Applicants are numerous, but really suitable men are rare. The tact and ability requisite for gaining access to all classes of the people, and making good sales among them, combined with such experience in Christian work, as will enable a man to utilize every opportunity for acting as an evangelist, are only occasionally met with. Men who fail in other kinds of business, or who look upon colportage as a stepping-stone to some higher post, are unlikely to succeed in this laborious and most difficult work. But a man full of zeal and love to Christ, who sees the evil of the hurtful literature which abounds, and the advantage and importance of trying to substitute that which is good and helpful, and who longs for the opportunities to work for Christ which are presented by colportage, and for which previous experience has qualified him, may apply for appointment as a colporteur, with hope of success. Should there be no vacancy when the application is made, we are glad to have the names of such men recorded against they are needed.

The quarterly reports received from the colporteurs this month are unusually interesting and encouraging, and speak of sinners brought to Christ both by the written and spoken word. Good has been accomplished both by the roadside and in the field; in the cottage, and chapel, and also in the open air. Think of over seventy men at work every day whose sole business it is to scatter the truth and speak to men about the interests of their immortal souls! Pray for them, for they ask your prayers; help us by your gifts, for they are needed, and will encourage us in the work.

The following is a brief extract from the letter of our colporteur in a recently-started district:—"One village where I have been three times only, the people seem almost ready to eat me, pack and all. It is a very poor place indeed, but the last time I was there I sold three Bibles and four Testaments, besides a few other things, and have hymn books and Bibles to take next time. A poor old man told me the other day he was very thankful to God that I had come to visit him. He showed me a tract that I had given him two months before, which had led him to Jesus; he had entirely defaced it with using it so much. I am glad to tell you that our services are well attended, the chapel is almost packed, and men who have never been before are coming regularly to hear God's word."

We are at this present moment so ill supplied with funds for the general work that we are slowly but surely eating up the capital, and unless we have increased subscriptions the President will feel burdened in spirit. This load he desires to cast upon the Lord, whose glory is the one aim of the society. Surely the Lord's people will be moved to keep this work going; or must we step by step retreat, abandon station after station, and leave many villages with their last light quenched? It must come to this before long if we fail to enlist the sympathy of our brethren in this enterprise. And yet—No, it cannot be.

Personal Notes.—A missionary to the Karens, who is the editor of a monthly paper circulated in Burmah, is commencing the translation of our sermons for the Karen Christians, of whom he says there are now 20,000 baptized believers. The first to be translated is "The Unknown Ways of Love." (No. 1293).

A friend who was staying at Buxton recently tells us that two ladies who were there had distributed more than a thousand of our sermons to the visitors, workmen, and servants whom they met. Only one person refused to accept the sermon offered, giving as a reason that his physician would not allow him to read it!

Our son Thomas writes:—

"I received a visit in Geelong from a man who produced from his pocket a torn and discoloured copy of the *Australasian*, dated June, 1868, which contained a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, entitled, 'The Approachableness of Jesus' (No. 809). To this sermon my visitor attributed his conversion. He lived alone about twenty miles from Geelong, and had not entered a place of worship more than four or five times in twenty years, and had taken to drink until delirium tremens seized upon him. When partially recovered, with not a human being near, his eye lighted on the newspaper. Then he read the sermon, which went to his heart, and 'Sir,' said he, 'I've never touched the liquor since. I can't tell you how grateful I am to your father, but I thought the best way for me to do honour to the father was to tell his son of the blessing the printed word has been to me.' The good man told us that he had lent the paper a good deal, but it seems almost past it now, its yellow pages hardly hold together. Almost daily am I hearing

such happy testimony as this. It did Bro. Bunning and myself so much good that I thought the preacher would like to hear it too, and *Sword and Trowel* readers can share the joy."

A brother in Christ in *Massachusetts* writes to us:—"A gentleman gave three volumes of your sermons to an Irish boy; he gave them to a friend of mine, and this friend was anxious that I should read them. I did not want to read the dry stuff, but she pleaded so hard that I took one to please her. I had only read a few lines when I was convicted of sin, but I was about two years before I received the assurance of forgiveness. One day, as I was reading your sermon on 'The Blood' (No. 228), light came, I understood what faith was, and I believed, and was saved. I do all the good I can with your sermons by lending them to others, and praying to the Lord to bless them."

"A poor hard-worked, underpaid country evangelist" writes:—"I have a wife and four children, and an income of £60 a year. When I received my month's salary I sat down quite disconsolate, for I had a doctor's bill to pay, as well as bills for provisions, coals, shoes, &c. I was indeed under the shadow, but I took up your magazine, *The Sword and the Trowel*, for March, and, in reading your short sermon, 'Under his Shadow,' the dark cloud seemed to pass away. My heart was cheered in the fact that he who has been my help will shelter his family beneath his divine wings."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 19th, fifteen; 30th, eighteen; September 3rd, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, per Rev. W. Thorn	0	2	0
Mr. A. C. Apperly	2	0	0
Mrs. De K.	0	10	0
A friend, per Rev. G. Wright	5	0	0
Collection at Rugby Baptist Chapel, per Rev. H. T. Peach	5	12	6
Mr. T. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
A sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Stamps, from Glasgow	0	1	0
Mr. Edward Dyer	0	10	0
Mr. Charles Ball	10	0	0
Mr. Henry Speight	0	10	6
Mr. Johnson, Abingdon, per Mr. A. Wood	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. Herbert Trotman	2	0	0
Collection at Clarence-street, Landport, per Rev D. Asquith	1	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	2	0	0
Mr. Charles E. Tidswell	0	15	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Rev. S. N. Honan	2	0	0
A friend in Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	10	10	0
Mr. Holdron	1	0	0
Miss E. Antliss	0	6	6
Mrs. Stone, per Mr. G. H. Carr	1	1	0
Collected by Rev. J. T. Almy, Ryde	2	0	0
Mr. F. W. Brackett	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 15	35	6	6
„ 22	40	0	0
„ 29	45	8	0
Sept. 5	30	0	0
„ 12	30	7	6
	181	2	0
	£258	11	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mundy, per Mr. G. Cox, Bath	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Walker from friends at New Cross, per Rev. D. Honour	1	5	6
Master Frank Oakley	0	2	0
From friends in Eskdalemuir	0	5	0
M. Bloxeidge	0	1	0
Per Rev. W. V. Young, Tring:—			
Collected by Miss L. J. Smith 12 2 3			
Collected by Miss Mead 7 9 6			
Collected by Mrs. Chapman 1 8 3			
	21	0	0
Mrs. Lawman	1	0	0
Miss Lawman	0	10	0
Mrs. Hayter	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Vernon Peskett	0	16	0
"Staines"	0	2	0
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	2	6	10
"A sympathizer for the orphans"	0	1	6
"Yorkshire Crown," per Mr. Hyde	0	5	0
Mr. Richey Lundy, per Rev. W. Fearon	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Lewis	2	2	0
E. H. G.	2	0	0
Mr. A. Thomson	0	5	0
Mr. P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Anderson	1	3	6
A Sermon Reader	0	2	6
Mr. G. Steele	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Long Preston Baptist Sunday-school ...	0	10	6
A Sermon Reader	0	2	0
Mr. G. Beaven	0	2	6
Mr. T. W. Smith	1	1	0
An Invalid	0	10	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
A brother, Bankhead	0	2	6
F. E. B.	0	10	0
Friends at Wantage	1	1	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
An aged lady in Nottinghamshire ...	10	0	0
A thankoffering, E. A. B.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mr. C. A. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hogg	2	0	0
Miss A. D. Milne	0	5	0
E. H. J., firstfruits	0	3	7
E. K., Scalford	0	1	0
Mr. Charles Ball	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	17	6
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	2	0	0
An unknown friend	0	5	0
A poor member	0	0	4
Mr. William Cork	0	1	0
An early and aged friend	5	0	0
Miss Marrow	0	2	0
Messrs. E. Akrill and W. Grainger ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Orde, per Rev. T. Newland ...	1	0	0
Lydia Little	1	0	0
W. S.	1	0	0
A friend, per Mrs. Price	1	0	0
Mary Ewart	1	3	0
Mr. W. J. Francis	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer	3	0	0
Mr. Andrew Richardson ...	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Lacy	1	0	0
James Withers	0	5	0
Harriett Cooper	0	1	1
Mrs. Bodman	0	1	1
	5	7	2
"One long dead"	0	2	6
Miss E. Antliss	0	6	6
Annie Leeder	0	2	6
Mr M. Howie, thankoffering for a good harvest	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. J. Farmer ...	0	17	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. Durrant	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	12	0
Collected by A. H. Powell, per Mrs. Dormer	0	17	1
"J. H."	0	5	0
Mrs. M., per R. Bush	0	2	0
Collected by Master Brooker	0	19	2
"Five months' interest," per J. T. D.	0	2	9
By sale of photograph	1	1	0
Westmoreland-road Sunday School, per Mr. Shepherd	1	16	10
Mr. Albert Smith	1	1	0
Miss S. Hadland, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Collected by Rev. J. T. Almy	1	0	0
Kilmarnock Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, per Mr. James Adam ...	5	5	0
Stamps, "Aberdeen"	0	0	6
"A sixth," from a friend	0	3	4
	£126	6	7

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—2 sacks of Potatoes, Messrs. Wills and Packham; a small basket of Plums, Mr. Mummery; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 3 bushels of Potatoes, J. S. Hawley; a hamper of Plums, Mr. Field; 20 sacks of Potatoes, part produce of Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, James Toller, Esq.; bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

CLOTHING.—6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Rogers; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 24 pairs of Socks, Mr. Pitts; 4 pairs of knitted Socks, Agnes and Maggie Ellis.

GENERAL.—6 Comb Bags, Agnes and Mary Ellis; a large quantity of Loom Damask, for Table Cloths, "Albany"; 360 Magazines, "Little Folks," &c., Mr. Southwell; 18 articles for Sale-room, Mrs. Lott; Tea for the Orphan Children and Staff on the occasion of their excursion to Brighton, Rev. J. S. Geale, and friends at Queen's-square Chapel; 12 gross of Trouser Buttons, T. Loveridge.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING.—3 Night Dresses, 11 Pinafores, 9 Pocket Handkerchiefs, 2 Comb Bags, from the little girls of the Baptist Chapel, Twickenham, per Mrs. Brown; 12 Hats, Miss Nellie Withers; 6 Chemises, Mrs. Lamb.

GENERAL.—2 large Dolls, Julia and Minnie Rose; a Patent Bedstead and Spring Mattress combined, also small Bed and Bolster, Mr. C. S. P. Wood.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. P. Green, Patras	1	10	0
Mr. Higgins	0	10	0
Mrs. Higgins	0	10	0
Miss E. A. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Janet Corrie	0	7	6
A friend, Limerick	2	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
L. S. S., Berwickshire	0	2	6
J. Y. M. G.	0	2	6
An aged lady in Nottinghamshire ...	10	0	0
Mrs. M. Edwards	0	2	0
Mr. W. Robinson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0
Mr. George E. Nell	5	0	0
Mr. William Godfrey	5	0	0
J. (monthly)	0	1	0
Mr. D. Burgess	0	5	0
Katherine Shanks	0	2	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Miss S. A. Way	1	0	0
Bradford, Yorks.	0	5	0
Friends at St. George's Hall, Ramsgate, per Rev. John Spurgeon :—			
Sums under 5s.	1	14	6
A friend to Rev. J. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. Kent and family ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Day	1	0	0
Mr. C. Day	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Hinds ...	1	10	0
Mr. Henderson (a thousand bricks)	2	2	0
E. E.	5	0	0
	12	16	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Sherlock and friends	0	8	6
First week's takings of new house ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
"17th April, 1872"	5	5	0
Mr. James Frost	5	0	0
Mr William Howard	1	10	0
Mr. William Mingins	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1	0	0
E. D. A., thankoffering from a sermon reader	1	0	0
Sir S. M. and Lady Peto	5	0	0
Mrs. M. A. F. Carter	10	10	0
Rev. W. H. Robertson, Pennsylvania...	0	4	1
Mr. T. Romang	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Boston	0	10	6
Mr. J. Bragg	2	0	0
Miss Dean, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
	£76	18	1

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
South Wilts District, Warminster ...	15	0	0
S. S. Maunder, Esq., for Wolverhampton	16	13	4
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ...	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	10	0	0
Joseph Eccles, Esq., for Preston ...	10	0	0
E. S., for Church, Gresley	10	0	0
G. M. Hammer, Esq., for Deptford ...	10	0	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
East Devon Colportage Mission, Ottery	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Bell... ...	10	0	0
High Wycomb District	4	0	0
Witney District, per R. Abraham, Esq.	20	0	0
A friend, for Kent...	31	7	0
Ringwood District	10	0	0
For Crawley District:—			
A few members of Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	1	0	0
Sale of Hymns, per Mrs. Bevis... ...	0	16	0
	£178	16	4

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
E. B.	1	0	0
A friend, Scotland...	1	0	0
Mr. J. West...	0	10	0
The Misses Challinor	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mr. F. Cockrell	1	0	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. D. J. Watkins, Collecting Box ...	0	9	4
Mr. Rawley, for Tracts	0	1	0
Mr. T. W. Smith	1	1	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel" ...	0	10	0
H. T. Green, Esq., M.D....	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Ball	5	0	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Izard	1	1	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	1	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay, New Jersey ...	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Eliza Stockford	0	2	6
A small thankoffering for present mercies, from the Knowle	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	2	10	0
Sir S. M. and Lady Peto	5	0	0
Mr. James Brown	0	10	6
	£50	2	10

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Teare	2	0	0
A friend, for Mr. Burnham	25	0	0
Mr. Charles Ball	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	2	6
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	10	7	1
Mrs. Dobbs	0	10	0
A friend in Scotland	10	0	0
	£52	19	7

Received by Mr. Spurgeon for Girls' Orphanage Building Fund—Necklace, pair of bracelets, and pair of earrings, in emeralds and pearls, from H. C. For Spanish Missions—Mr. G. Steele, 10s. Sailors' Sermons—An invalid, 2s. 6d. Poor Ministers' Clothing Society—Rev. J. J. Kendon, £1 1s.; Mr. C. Ball, £5. Country Mission—Mr. C. Ball, £5. Evangelists' Association—Mr. C. Ball, £5. Loan Tract Society, Spurgeon's Sermons Tract Society, Ladies' Benevolent Society, and Ladies' Maternal Society—Mr. C. Ball, £1 each.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1880.

Sweet Fruit from a Thorny Tree.

GATHERED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN our heavenly Father "puts his hand into the bitter box" and weighs out to us a portion of wormwood and gall in the form of bodily pain, we very naturally ask the reason why. Nature suggests the question at times in petulance and gets no answer; faith only asks it with bated breath and gains a gracious reply. Our Lord has a right to do as he wills with us, and his dispensations are not to be challenged as though he were bound to give an account of his doings at the bar of our bewildered reason. Still, with the full persuasion that the Lord ever acts in love and wisdom, we may enquire into his design, and so far as experience can help us we may see what comes of the suffering which he inflicts. What are the "comfortable fruits of righteousness" which are produced by watering the soul from the bitter lakes? What are the jewels of silver and gold with which we are adorned when we come up from the Egyptian bondage of pain and weariness? I, who have of late been a prisoner of the Lord in the sick chamber, would witness my confession as he enables me.

Pain teaches us our nothingness. Health permits us to swell in self-esteem, and gather much which is unreal; sickness makes our feebleness conspicuous, and at the same time breaks up many of our shams. We need solid grace when we are thrown into the furnace of affliction: gilt and tinsel shrivel up in the fire. The patience in which we somewhat prided ourselves, where is it when sharp pangs succeed each other

like poisoned arrows setting the blood on flame? The joyful faith which could do all things, and bear all sufferings, is it always at hand when the time of trial has arrived? The peace which stood aloft on the mountain's summit and serenely smiled on storms beneath, does it hold its ground quite so easily as we thought it would when at our ease we prophesied our behaviour in the day of battle? How have I felt dwarfed and diminished by pain and depression! The preacher to thousands could creep into a nutshell, and feel himself smaller than the worm which bored the tiny round hole by which he entered. I have admired and envied the least of my Lord's servants, and desired their prayers for me, though I felt unworthy of the kind thoughts of the weakest of them. We are most of us by far too great. A soap bubble has a scant measure of material in it for its size, and most of us are after the same order; it is greatly for our good to be reduced to our true dimensions. It is comfortable to be small, one has more room and needs less, and is better able to hide away. When storms are out a low bush or narrow eaves may shelter a sparrow, while a larger bird must bear the beat of the rain and the wind. To be nothing, and to feel less than nothing, is most sweet, for then we cower down under the great wings of God as the little chick beneath the brooding hen, and in utter helplessness we find our strength and solace. Nothing goes but that which ought to go; the flower falls, but the seed ripens; the froth is blown away, but the wines on the lees are perfected. When nought remains but the clinging of a weeping child who grasps his Father's hand, nought but the smiting on the breast of the publican who cries "God be merciful to me a sinner," nought but the last resolve, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," no real loss has been sustained, say rather, a great gain has come to the humbled heart.

Heavy sickness and crushing pain shut out from us a thousand minor cares. We cannot now be cumbered with much serving, for others must take our place, and play the Martha in our stead; and it is well if then we are enabled to take Mary's place as nearly as possible and lie at Jesus' feet if we cannot sit there. With me it has been so. That beloved congregation and church, I could do nothing for them, I must *per force* leave them with the great Shepherd and those dear associates whom he has called to share my burden. Those orphans, how could I watch over them? Those students, how could I instruct them? Those colporteurs, how could I provide for them? What if funds run low? They must do so; I could not increase the flow of the brook Cherith, nor even find out a widow of Zarephath, whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil should never waste. The Lord must do all or it must remain undone. The weary head could only exaggerate the need; the sinking spirits could not suggest a supply. All must be left; yes, *must* be left. The reins drop from the driver's hands, the ploughman forgets the furrow, the seed-basket hangs no longer on the sower's arm. Thus is the soul shut in with God as within a wall of fire, and all her thought must be of him, and of his promise and his help; grateful if but such thoughts will come, and forced if they come not just to lie as one dead at the feet of the great Lord and look up and hope. This cutting loose from earthly shores, this rehearsal of what must soon be done once for all in the hour of departure, is a salutary exercise, tending to

cut away the hampering besetments of this mortal life, and make us freer for the heavenly race. It is well to have the windows shut which look towards earth and its cares, that we may be driven to that fairer prospect which lies on the other side of Jordan. This is not the natural effect of pain, but when the Spirit of God works by it the help that way is wonderful.

Sickness has caused many workers to become more intense when they have again been favoured to return to their place. We lie and bemoan our shortcomings, perceiving fault where it had in healthier hours escaped observation, resolving, in God's strength, to throw our energies more fully into the weightiest matters and spend less of force on secondary things. How much of lasting good may come of this! The time, apparently wasted, may turn out to be a real economy of life if the worker for years to come shall be more earnest, more careful, more prayerful, more dependent upon God, more passionately set upon doing his Lord's business thoroughly. O that we could all thus improve our forced retirements! Then should we come forth like the sun from the chambers of the east, all the brighter for the night's chill darkness, while about us would be the dew of the Spirit, and the freshness of a new dawning. Sickness would be as a going into the desert to rest awhile, or as a bath from which a man arises with shining face. O that it might be so with me! My Lord, vouchsafe it for the sake of the many to whom these hands must yet break the bread of life. They say that pearls are bred in the oyster by disease; may our graces be such pearls. Falling leaves enrich the soil about the forest tree, would God that our weeping autumns would yield us fairer springs, and larger growths. May the divine Spirit cause it so to be! If but one or two of his people shall profit by my keen pains I will thank him heartily.

Pain, if sanctified, creates tenderness towards others. Alone it may harden and shut up the man within himself, a student of his own nerves and ailments, a hater of all who would pretend to rival him in suffering; but, mixed with grace, our aches and pains are an ointment suppling the heart, and causing the milk of human kindness to fill the breast. The poor are tender to the poor, and the sick feel for the sick when their afflictions have wrought after a healthful fashion. One could have wished to give the gruff, unsympathetic boor a twist or two of rheumatism, were it not that our experience would make us for pity's sake spare even him. Surely they who first founded hospitals were not always well themselves. Grief has been full oft the mother of mercy, and the pangs of sickness have been the birth-throes of compassion. If our hearts learn sympathy they have been in a good school, though the master may have used the rod most heavily, and taught us by many a smart. To those who are teachers of others this is of the first importance, for none can bear with the infirmities of others if they have not been made compassionate, and filled with a fellow-feeling for the faint and the trembling. The keys of men's hearts hang up in the narrow chamber of suffering, and he who has not been there can scarcely know the art of opening the recesses of the soul. Instinctively the believing sufferer turns to the Lord Jesus, because he has been tempted in all points like as we are; and in a lesser degree he naturally looks most hopefully to those of his brethren who have been most compassed

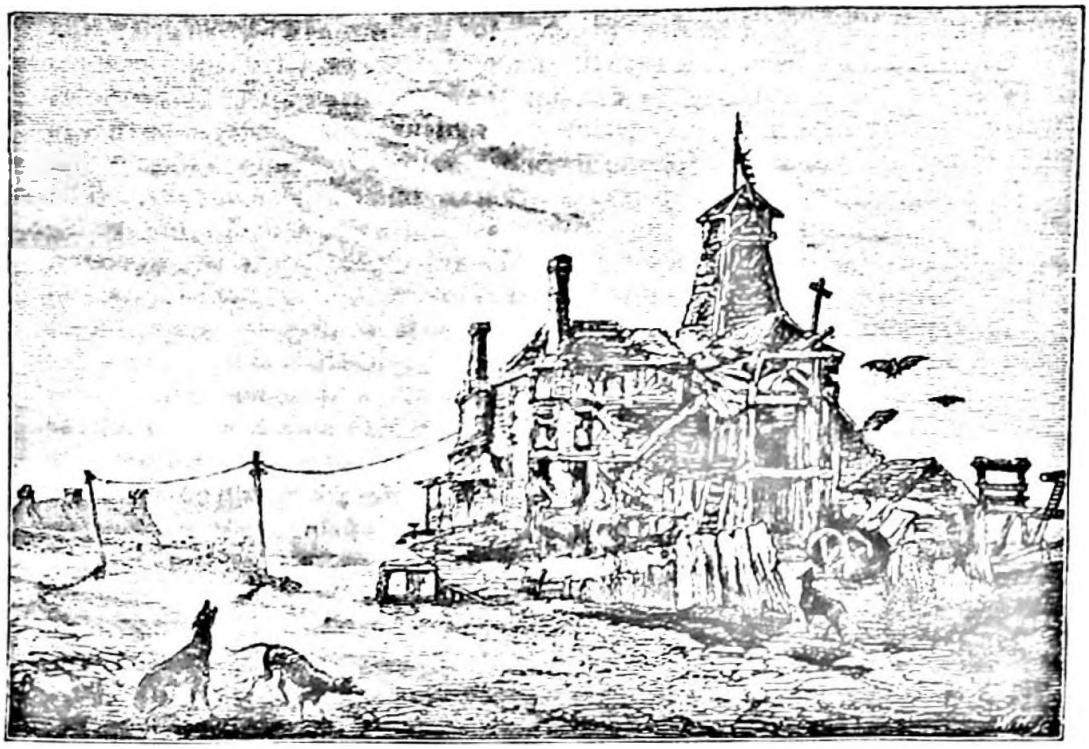
with infirmity, and most familiarised with anguish. Happy is the man who has been afflicted if the Holy Spirit shall thereby make him a son of consolation to the mourners in Zion.

I find my scarcely-recovered mind cannot continue this meditation much longer, and therefore, omitting a score of thoughts which would naturally suggest themselves to any devout person, I will only add that *pain has a tendency to make us grateful when health returns.* We value the powers of locomotion after tossing long upon a bed from which we cannot rise, the open air is sweet after the confinement of the chamber, food is relished when appetite returns, and in all respects the time of recovery is one of marked enjoyment. As birds sing most after their winter's silence, when the warm spring has newly returned, so should we be most praiseful when our gloomy hours are changed for cheerful restoration. Blessed be the Lord, who healeth all our diseases. JEHOVAH ROPHI is a name much treasured by those who know the Lord that healeth them. Gratitude is a choice spice for heaven's altar. It burns well in the censer, and sends up a fragrant cloud, acceptable to the great High Priest. Perhaps God would have lost much praise if his servant had not much suffered. Sickness thus yields large tribute to the King's revenue, and if it be so we may cheerfully endure it. Bow down frail body and faint heart, if in the bowing ye can yield what ye had never produced if ye had stood erect in manly vigour. Bruise, Lord, the spice, which else had kept its sweetness slumbering and useless.

This is not a hymn, but yet it has heaven's poetry within it, even this agonizing cry, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt"; and it is a delicious result of trial if in this hearty utterance we learn to imitate our Lord, and to have *fellowship with his sufferings.* Here a great ocean opens up before us: pain may aid us in communion with our much suffering Lord. Anything is a boon by which we are made more fully to be partakers with him. But we cannot pursue the theme. As when the mariner in northern seas forces his way through an ice-blocked strait, and sees opening up before him a boundless sea, even so do we perceive great truths to which our subject leads the way; but our vessel has so late been tempest-tossed that we can enter on no venturous voyage, but must cast anchor under the shelter of Cape Fellowship, and leave our readers to push onward into the blessed depths. May the good Spirit fill their sails, and bear them into the expanse of holy fellowship.

"There's sunlight at the cross."

WE toiled up a cold ascent, shivering in the shade, and we were cheered in doing so, for on the summit stood a cross gleaming in the sun. No sooner had we reached that cross than we were in the full warmth of an Italian day. Courage, poor sinner; press forward to the cross of Jesus; sunlight is there, and all the genial summer of God's love shall smile around you. Believe and live.—*From "The Spurgeon Birthday Book and Autographic Register."*



The Deserted Claim.*

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

EVER since the first discovery of gold in Victoria, Ballarat has held a foremost place amongst the mining centres, and has even gained the title of "The Golden City." Many portions of the town are undermined and honeycombed with tunnels, while the adjoining country seems turned inside out by the exertions of the early diggers. Much of the yellow earth which has been upheaved has been washed over and over again, and even now plodding Chinamen may be seen working over the soil which has long ago been abandoned by Europeans.

But much of the romance of the diggings has departed. Deep-sinking and quartz-mining have taken the place of lucky finds and alluvial washing on the surface. Powerful machinery and immense capital are now required to trace the reefs and follow the lodes.

Three years ago I visited a famous mine, which has now almost ceased to yield. Attired in miner's costume, we descended some 500 feet, and then proceeded along a tramway worked by horses for two miles or more. I remember how surprised I was to find that such an invasion of the very bowels of the earth was necessary in order to obtain the precious metal. The tunnel followed the bed of an ancient creek, and there was plenty of mud and slush, but very little gold to be seen. Such tremendous labour and expense for so small return was hardly

* The woodcut (slightly altered) is copied by permission from *The Illustrated Australian News*.

likely to pay, and I therefore was not surprised to hear that operations would in all likelihood be discontinued, for the heyday of prosperity was over. Such has been the case in many instances. On this account it is no uncommon thing to see, on the outskirts of the golden city, weird-looking buildings, staggering with disuse and decay, above the mouths of abandoned shafts and deserted claims.

Our engraving is a fair representation of one of these wrecks. The fading daylight peeps through the shattered walls and falling roofs, while the deepening shadows throw a dismal gloom upon the skeleton which already looks black enough with smoke and age. Once the scene of bustle and activity, the wooden pile is fast falling to the ground. The machinery is motionless, and all is still as death. Busy toilers for gold have departed to luckier and likelier spots, and down below, as on the surface, silence reigns supreme. The pick and shovel are no longer plied amongst the mud and gravel. The powder blast no longer rends the quartz. The passages and shafts are filled with water now, and damp and darkness hold undisputed sway. O if that open mouth could speak, what tales it would unfold! It might relate how, in the early days, a few adventurers happened on a golden nugget there, and then went home with fortunes made. Perhaps it would narrate how then another band of seekers, emboldened by their predecessors' luck, digged deeper down, and worked with varying success, until at length the mountain's heart was pierced, and the gold all sucked from out its veins. But never could the gaping shaft tell us of all the hearts that fluttered when it gave an extra yield, nor of the thousand hopes that fell when successive "washings," or "crushings," proved unremunerative. To every claim there is a sad and romantic history. Its influence has extended far and wide. Homes have been ruined and hearts been broken through failure, or fortunes have flowed in until the happy shareholder went mad with over-joy and surplus wealth.

Hard-earned savings have been invested, and when the shaft was sunk, the money sank to rise no more. What chagrin has been caused to men who took their money out because they long had looked in vain for dividends, when they heard that the mine began to pay soon after they had parted with their shares. A week's further waiting, and they would have divided the spoil. On the other hand, imagine the gladness of the fortunate investor, who had only ventured on it as a "spec," and found it pay immediately.

Such are the ups and downs at the diggings. But I am speaking now of a claim which has ceased to pay. It stands to reason the richest must be worked out sooner or later. Earthly treasures are not inexhaustible. Ah, what is there terrestrial that is not quickly gone?

Learn, then, this lesson from "The Deserted Claim." Your brightest earthly joys will fade; *all* your golden hopes will not be realized. Worldly pleasures and earthly treasures cannot amuse and enrich you long. Your pulse will stop like this machinery. The wheel must soon be broken,—the silver cord will loosen, and you yourself like yonder tottering pile will moulder and decay. "Mortal" was inscribed upon your baby brow; and it is written, too, on every joy that earth affords. Sooner expect substance in a bubble than lasting happiness and unfailing satisfaction from creature sources: and if till now the golden sunlight

has ever lit your path, and your joys have known no break, this does not ensure that they "go on for ever."

Perhaps your former fortune in this golden mine should make you fear lest the future should bring a failure with it. Let "The Deserted Claim" speak loudly to all who are "not rich toward God." Pleasures and profits are fleeting things. Cling not tenaciously to such, but "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Heaven is *the* golden city. Entrust your soul's eternal interest to "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," and you shall have a share in the golden glories of that thrice happy place. O what a comfort it is in a shifting world to look forward to an eternal home,—a house which cannot be broken up, and a spirit which cannot be broken down. Many an earthly home once full of happiness stands now like the shattered structure we are writing of. The loving wife, or the busy husband has "departed this life." Perhaps the merry laugh of little ones has been silenced by the icy hand which chills the blood and stops the heart. The gold is all gone; the mine is worked out. The *house* remains, but the *home* is gone. It may well be called "The Deserted Claim." Oh, what a mockery it seems to call anything a *claim* on earth. We can have it but a little while, claim it as we will; and death will claim us soon. Are there not, also, many hearts and lives like this tumbling time-worn building? Broken and blasted with disappointment or disease: poverty and misery and sin have blackened them, and all the gold once found in wickedness and frivolity is gone for ever. *And so it ends!*

Unfortunately, our sketch is too true a representation of some churches, and many church members. Let me speak of the churches first. True, they are not altogether deserted and abandoned, but things are not as they used to be. The machinery is still there, but the wheels are rusty, and "getting the steam up" is quite an unknown experience. The vital force and motive power seem to have gone. What glorious fields there used to be! What golden treasures were hewn from the rock, and made into crowns for Jesus! How many precious nuggets were taken thence, and after being purified, were stamped in heaven's mint! Some of the present members can remember the former days. They can recall the earnestness of prayer, the attention of the congregation, the energy and zeal of teachers, and the constant additions of "such as should be saved." But what a change has happened! Internal dissension, or open inconsistency, has blighted all. A root of bitterness has sprung up, and the wild boar has trampled on the garden of the Lord. The pews are well-nigh empty, and the school half filled. The prayer-meeting is lifeless, and the ministry, consequently, more dead than living. Love, and faith, and hope have fled away. The three graces were *driven* out. All looks dark ahead, and gloomy within. "Ichabod" is written on the *debris* of a once prosperous cause. The glory has indeed departed, for the ark of God is taken. The "claim" is deserted, and what in gold-mining is the inevitable consequence of lapse of years is, in the church's case, caused by neglect of duty and disregard of the high responsibilities and privileges of Christian love and labour.

But I have a happier strain to close with. Having just revisited the

golden city, I find that gold mining is "looking up." Some even of the deserted claims are recommencing, while fresh discoveries occur continually. The depression of the last few years has ceased, and some two hundred and fifty new claims have started within a few months. It is hardly likely that every company will pay, but some are astonishingly productive. In certain localities it seems as though every householder was sinking a shaft in his backyard. Certainly one can stand at a street corner and count a dozen claims in full operation within a stone's throw. I noticed an inn situate on a road leading to one of these auriferous districts, which was named the "Revival Hotel." I am not certain whether the title referred to the recent start in mining matters or simply to the supposed refreshing which a visitor to its bar might obtain; but I felt pretty sure that no reference was intended to anything of a religious character. My thoughts, however, tended that way immediately, and this is the last moral from "The Deserted Claim." Cannot we hope for a revival amongst us, and especially in those churches which have become cold and lifeless? Cannot the gold fields be reworked? Are there no treasures still hidden? May not deserted posts and abandoned positions be taken up again with fresh ardour and firmer faith?

Work on, Sunday-school teacher; there are still some nuggets in your class. Toil on, weary worker, you shall yet strike a vein and reap a rich reward for years of patient labour. Let our earnest prayer ascend, "Lord, revive us." It is not a bad plan to begin in a fresh place and to strike out in new ground, but be sure the old is thoroughly worked out first. I like the idea of these companies sinking for gold in backyards at the rear of dwelling-houses, and turning cottages into mining offices. Do the same in working for Jesus. Begin at home. Look for the gold of the kingdom in your own family. Turn your house into a sanctuary: carry on business for Jesus on your own premises: never mind if it can only be in a small way. Christ often comes to cottage meetings. May the day soon dawn when every Christian enterprise will be "in full swing"; when instead of there being any deserted claims fresh ones will be springing up in all directions, and new enterprises be started for the King.

Look for it! pray for it! Then you will not be surprised, but grateful, "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Let us be thankful for the past, but by no means satisfied with it. Our praise for former mercies must mingle with our prayer for future favours as we exclaim—

"Hallelujah! thine the glory!
Hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! thine the glory!
Revive us again!"

Representative Quakers.*

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(*Continued from page 517.*)

ABOUT a century ago a celebrated passage-at-arms came off between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles; and as more than one version of the affair was given to the public after the death of the lexicographer, it is still enveloped with some uncertainty.

Miss Harry, in whose welfare Johnson at one time manifested warm interest, was the daughter of a West Indian planter, and, after coming to England to be educated, she was converted to the religious opinions of the Quakers through the instrumentality of Mrs. Knowles. After Miss Harry thus relinquished her communion with the Established Church she naturally became an object of interest and criticism, especially as she was acquainted with the chief of London litterateurs, and quidnuncs even told one another that the young lady had sacrificed a fortune of £100,000. As was always the case with him when anyone he cared for left the Church of England, Johnson was exceedingly angry, and, when conversing with Mrs. Knowles on the subject, he manifested rather more than usual of his accustomed violence. He frowned his blackest, and said the New Testament was the most difficult book in the world to understand; while the hapless convert was "an odious wench," who "knew no more of the church which she left, and that which she embraced, than she did of the difference between the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems." Boswell, who, to do him common justice, was desirous to give trustworthy notes of Johnson's conversations, was present at this discussion; and he has been rather unfairly blamed for having rejected Mrs. Knowles' independent account of what was said in preference to his own. Another version was also volunteered by Miss Seward; and the former dialogue, prefaced by uncomplimentary remarks on Boswell's unfairness, is sometimes reproduced from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1791, as the only genuine report. Speaking of these ladies, Mr. Croker says: "Had they been content to say that the violence of Johnson was a disagreeable contrast to the quiet reasoning of Mrs. Knowles they would probably have said no more than the truth; but when they affect to give the precise dialogue in the *very words* of the speakers, and yet do not agree in any one expression or sentiment—when neither preserve a word of what Mr. Boswell reports—and when both (but particularly Mrs. Knowles)

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* A correspondent informs us that the Friends are not diminishing in numbers, but are a growing community upon the whole. We would be the last to misrepresent the condition of a people whom we most sincerely respect, and, therefore, like the writer of this article, we should be pleased to stand corrected if we are in error. It is not with pleasure, but with regret, that we have accepted the widespread idea that Friends were becoming fewer, and therefore if it be a mistake we shall gladly publish a correction. Nothing could be further from our mind, or from the mind of Mr. Pike, than to say a single ungenerous word, or think an unkind thought of a company of Christians from whom we have uniformly received truest kindness. If any single observation should seem to be hard, or any statement should be incorrect, we would apologize beforehand lest we grieve one of the least of the servants of our Lord.—C. H. S.

attribute to Johnson the poorest and feeblest trash—we may be forgiven for rejecting both as fabulous; and the rather because Mr. Boswell's note was written on the instant . . . . while those of the ladies were made up *many years* after the event." At the same time Boswell is supposed to have been a little ashamed of the great man's ill manners, which naturally showed to the worst possible advantage in contrast with the Quaker lady's unruffled amiability. With forcible drollery, which more pretentious biographers could not have imitated, he says of his Quaker-hating idol: "I compared him at this time to a warm West Indian climate, where you have a bright sun, quick vegetation, luxuriant foliage, luscious fruits; but where the same heat sometimes produces thunder, lightning, and earthquakes in a terrible degree." It was all very fine for a man of Johnson's size and fame to roar about "the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems" not coming within the range of a simple Quaker girl's comprehension; simple faith can conquer difficulties which will not yield to the force of earthly philosophy.

If nine persons out of ten were asked to explain why Quakerism has so rapidly declined during the last century, the answer would perhaps be that as a religious system it has not been sufficiently aggressive on its own account. We have ourselves repeatedly heard what is probably true—that proselytes of the first generation are thought little of, are in reality scarcely looked upon as Quakers at all. Work of the best kind is certainly carried on among the poor; but we are not aware of any endeavours being made to add the names of the poor to the roll of membership.

Under such conditions decay must inevitably set in; and the denomination will come to an end at head-quarters, as it has already done at some of its local meetings. The society is too select in its tastes, and altogether too respectable, to be other than a small one. At the same time individual members have shown a burning zeal for the spread of their own opinions which, for the time being, produced a marked impression on the world. John Spalding, who died a young man at Reading in 1795, was one of the enthusiastic characters to whom we refer; and his untimely end is said to have been the result of "his unwearied endeavours to promote the cause of Quakerism, at the expense of ease, health, and every other consideration." This remarkable example of the power of faith to stimulate industry was strictly educated in Anglican principles; but eighteen months before his decease he astonished his friends, and perhaps disgusted them, by embracing principles about as far removed as possible from those he had been taught to regard as orthodox. He published a small work, "Reasons," for adopting the strange course he followed; and then he actually died in the service which was dearer to him than even life itself.

Another fine specimen of a travelling preacher who, however, held on his way until he was 89, was John Kendall, who died at Colchester in 1815. He was one of the earliest and most liberal friends of the Bible Society; and he not only composed a number of works for the enlightenment of the people, and provided suitable apartments for deserving indigent widows, but he travelled in Germany and Holland as a preacher of the word. Venerated by his own friends, he was beloved by the

people generally, and at the funeral a great concourse gathered around the grave.

In some respects the women preachers of Quakerism are more characteristic of the system than the men, at all events their individuality is more marked. Take, for example, the case of Catherine Phillips, the wife of a rich Cornish mine-owner, who died in 1795. Born in the Society she lived to adorn till age and weakness overtook her, and carefully educated for a course of usefulness, she resolved early in life that all her time and talent should be devoted to the gospel ministry. Her love to mankind, and the exalted notions she entertained of the exceeding glory of the gospel, enabled her to overcome such obstacles as would have cowed a more timid nature. In days when travelling was notoriously difficult, she not only visited nearly all the meetings in England and Ireland, in company with a young Irish woman who was fired with like enthusiasm, she even crossed the Atlantic to visit the Society in America; "thus," as a contemporary account tells us, "foregoing ease and affluence for a very arduous and laborious service." Her speaking powers in public astonished "a dignified clergyman" who, on one occasion, listened with admiration; and at another time a sceptical tutor "took two youths, then under his care, with him, on purpose, as he said, to convince them of the futility of all pretensions to inspiration; but owned that he left the assembly with very different impressions to those with which he entered it." She possessed a considerable knowledge of medicine, and also of botany; but all was made subservient to the advancement of the gospel of Christ. She was the author of several works, but during the latter years of life disease crippled the body, and partially beclouded the mind which had done such eminent service in opposing licentiousness, covetousness, and fanaticism, and in promoting true godliness in the world.

A similar example of feminine devotedness was seen in Deborah Derby, who died in 1810, and who for thirty out of the fifty-eight years of her life was "a very acceptable minister." She also resigned the quiet and affluence of her English home to travel in America, and she was accustomed to address large congregations other than the Friends. In one of the few glimpses we get of her domestic life, we see her seated at her own breakfast-table, reading a chapter of the Bible, addressing the company "in a very solemn and affectionate manner . . . . apprehensive of her approaching dissolution."

As a rule, the Quakers have excelled in those commercial pursuits to which they have put their hand; and, as a number of them have been eminent bankers, we will refer to two or three examples.

The Lloyds, who long since made their mark at Birmingham as provincial bankers, belonged originally to one of the oldest families in Montgomeryshire. Their ancestors resided for eight centuries at Dolobran, and before the conquest of the Principality by the English they were powerful chieftains in those parts. In 1662 the head of the family embraced the principles of Friends, which subjected him to heavy fines, besides ten years' confinement in Welshpool jail. So far was he from complaining, however, that he strengthened others in the faith dear to himself; and when, after the Revolution of 1688, his liberty became enlarged, he removed to Birmingham, and he must have been at the

height of his prosperity when the father of Dr. Johnson presided at the single book-stall supported by that opulent town. A great-grandson of this veteran, who became related to the Barclays by marriage, was born at Birmingham in 1748, and, after living with his wife for fifty years, he was long remembered as an earnest Christian, an anti-slavery agitator, an active philanthropist, and an accomplished scholar. As a lover of peace, he is stated to have "deprecated the unwise measures which the ministry of Lord North in 1775 were contemplating for stifling opposition to its will in the North American colonies. When all negociation seemed fruitless, and the overbearing conduct of the minister had determined Dr. Franklin to depart, when the horrors of civil war and the disunion of the empire seemed inevitable, Mr. Lloyd and his brother-in-law, Mr. David Barclay, did not consider affairs so irretrievable as not to warrant another attempt at reconciliation." Through such pressure it seems that Dr. Franklin and Lord North had another interview, the last sought by American statesmen until the States became an independent republic; but had counsels of Friends prevailed history might have recorded a different result.

As a philanthropist Charles Lloyd was a liberal patron of schools, without regarding their denominational distinctions; and he was one of the chief benefactors of the Birmingham General Hospital. As a student of the Scriptures, he knew by heart a very large portion of the Bible, while he was also well grounded in theological literature. He was likewise well acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics; and one of his lighter recreations consisted in the translation of their works. Speaking of his last hours the writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, from whom we have already quoted, says: "The consolation he derived from hours of retirement, influenced him, particularly in the latter years of his life, to press upon others the sacred duty of watchfulness and prayer; and to the frequent and hospitable assemblages of children and grandchildren around him, his blessings and devout wishes were at times beautifully poured out."

Another banking family was that of Backhouse, of Darlington. Of one godly member of this family we gave an account in our magazine for June, 1872. One James Backhouse, who died an old man in 1798, is spoken of as a very superior man, liberal to the poor, and a valued adviser in many critical cases. The family of Fox, as bankers in the west of England, were also active philanthropists at Bristol in the early years of the present century. Charles Fox was formerly in business at Plymouth, and his widow, Sarah, a woman highly educated, took care that her charities "were only bounded by the extent of her fortune."

Local Quaker philanthropists, whose names are now scarcely remembered, have in their own way benefited their several localities. John Hull, a mealman, of Uxbridge, who died in 1816, not only gave largely to the poor, but he was mainly instrumental in securing the establishment of a free school in the town, and he was unweariedly active in procuring petitions against the slave trade. Zachary Clarke, of Downham, Norfolk, who died in the year preceding the last mentioned, also founded a school; and to prevent legacies to the poor being misapplied, he incurred great expense in collecting accounts of the charitable bequests in the county of Norfolk, so that many which had previously

been neglected, or misapplied, were recovered and dispensed in accordance with the wishes of the testators. Joseph Greenwood, who died at Coggeshall in 1820, left small sums to several friendly societies, and in other respects he was a good example of Quaker conscientiousness. At one time, being unfortunate, he compounded with his creditors; but after regaining his position, he repaid them in full both principal and interest. John Gough, the historian of the society, and his contemporary, John Rutty, are said to have raised by their writings the Quakers in the estimation of cultivated Irish circles. William Curtis, one of the most distinguished botanists of the last century, was the son of a Quaker apothecary at Alton, in Hampshire; while John Warner, one of the most accomplished horticulturists of the same period, wonderfully improved the cultivation of grape-vines in England. Joseph Fry, the good physician of Bristol who improved the manufacture of chocolate and soap, bears a name which has become a household word. Less known, but not less admirable in their characters and general relationships, were George Sims, a rare mechanical genius and linendraper of Canterbury, who died in 1791; Joseph Sparshall, the tradesman and philosopher of Beccles, who died in 1810; and numbers of others, who having died in faith, have taught us that they make the most of earth who lay up treasure in heaven. Even if the Society of Friends should ever cease to exist as an organization, it has done grand service to the cause of God, and of humanity, and it has conserved great truths which else might have lacked exponents in the cloudy and dark day.

The Everlasting Grumbler.

WHEN a man's soul is out of tune he makes discord with every string, and whatever finger he lays upon the chords murders a melody. If you want to murmur it is easy enough to do so: the very word suggests the readiness of the action, for it is only one dreary syllable repeated mur—mur. An inveterate grumbler abuses the wind for being in the east when all the vanes point in the opposite direction; the tenderest meat is tough, and the downiest bed is hard as macadam. You might think him a martyr if you did not soon perceive that he makes martyrs of all around him, and is himself a sort of arch-inquisitor, torturing everybody within his reach with a malicious inventiveness of fault-finding. If he were in heaven he would bewail the absence of a temple, and in the beatific state he would cry out because there is no more sea. We have almost laughed at the ingenuity of petulance, and we never saw it better pictured than in a choice morsel which we cut from an American newspaper. It is headed—

"THE CLIMAX OF MISFORTUNES.

"'Pet,' said the fond wife to her bear of a husband, as they drove along the broad road, 'so that farmhouse is your old birthplace and home. How you must love every bit of it! That queer old window'—'I fell out of it once.' 'That dear old moss-covered wall'—'Water's mean, and I fell down it once.' 'That romantic old fence'—'Got licked once for tearing my breeches on it.' 'That long emerald sweep of meadow'—'Used to have to rake it all day.' 'That tall, purpling wild cherry-tree.'—'Covered with ivy that poisoned my arms and legs, and laid me up for two weeks.' 'That broad, round-topped chestnut, with the old-gold blossoms'—'Neighbours stole all the nuts.' 'I spent my vacations over the lake, pet, and remember yon grotesque, vine-clad church.' —'Yes, that's where I first saw you."

Sacred Penmanship.

SERMON BY C. SPURGEON, PASTOR OF SOUTH-STREET CHAPEL, GREENWICH.

(Abridged from shorthand notes.)

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart."—2 Corinthians iii. 2, 3.

"SELF-PRAISE is no recommendation," and the "sounding of one's own trumpet" is not to be applauded. The apostle must show that he does not approve of such a method, and although he was in a position to boast of great attainments, yet he would not glory in himself. However, it fell to his lot to be charged with arrogance, and that which he most carefully avoided was brought against him as a crime. But are we not entitled as Christians to somewhat of boasting? We have surely a glory of which we need not be ashamed. As "children of God" we possess an inheritance concerning which we may well be proud. To us are committed the "oracles of God," and we still hold to the "faith once delivered to the saints." Ours is not a vain glorying, for it is of God. I would that every Christian were preaching so as to be heard by all around, not in the pulpit, but in the home, a sermon in which he made the cross of Christ his glory, and the blood of Christ his boast. False teachers had entered into the Corinthian church, and they had found it necessary to have letters of recommendation, but Paul needed no such introduction. Truth and righteousness recommend themselves in the work they accomplish. "Good wine needs no bush," and those who are blessed beneath a faithful minister are his best letters of commendation. In sending forth the seventy our Lord did not give each a letter of introduction, but rather endowed each with power to do good, and their works and words were to stand them in stead thereof. Paul's converts were his epistles, as we call books the works of writers now, and these were put down as the apostle's seals to his ministry. Our translation admits of another rendering, namely, "Ye are our epistles written in *your* hearts," and this would imply that Paul had been enabled to pencil something in the hearts of others which could be read by all men; and it is with this idea I shall deal in speaking about sacred penmanship.

I. First, observe, THE REQUISITES FOR WRITING. Figures are often used to set forth the Christian life, and none, I think, does so more clearly than that beneath our notice, "Ye are our *epistles*." We are likened to trees, for we need planting, nurturing, watering, and pruning before we can bear fruit; stones, for there has been the quarrying, setting, polishing, and building wrought upon us; lights, where trimming and sustaining is so much required to render us clear and bright; and now epistles, written so that all men may read us. The accessories must be provided, however, for a letter to be written, and let us briefly notice these—pen, ink, and paper.

In the third verse we have the *pen:* "forasmuch as ye are declared to be the epistle of Christ *ministered by us.*" Here is the instrument in the hand of God. The church was divided, for one said "I am of Paul," another "I am of Cephas"; but these good men were only ministers by whom they had believed, the pens whereby God through his Spirit had written upon the fleshy tables of their hearts. Among these instruments there must ever be a variety. The rough and rude can, however, be made to write well. Paul, though he was not eloquent of speech, but somewhat blunt, had power to get hold of men's hearts, and he wrote upon them, with dark, indelible lines, great truths. But God has another pen. Apollos could speak with eloquence of diction, and finely pencil the Scripture, so that the Jews were mightily convinced that Jesus was the Christ. John was another such instrument. Soft in love, sketching in poetry the wonderful revelations he had of "the better land," he would win hearts for Jesus. Or yet again, see how Peter suits the bold, round-hand writing which God would have inscribed upon the hard tables of Jewish minds. He stands forth to declare the whole counsel of God before the Sanhedrim, the murderers of Christ, without fear. Luke, his friend, however, is the pen that the Spirit uses to write the small-hand of detail. Thus is it the Master uses varied tools to inscribe his own will upon men's hearts. Oh, Lord, point us, if need be, with cutting, so that we may be pens in thy hand to write upon others' hearts.

Then there must be the *ink.* The sacred fluid is the Spirit of God. "Written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God." The mysterious influence that flows through us is not of earthly manufacture. It is the pure Spirit of the living God; it never mars or discolours, but adds glory to the heart upon which it flows. Words penned by this agency shall not die, for the marks of grace are indelible, it being the Spirit of the *living* God. It is truly an invisible ink, but when held to the fire of divine love shall become apparent, and it can never fade; a non-corrosive fluid, and yet it eats its way into men's hearts. What we want is a greater measure of this sacred writing power. Pray that the Father may send the Spirit upon you more abundantly.

The next requisite is the *paper.* It is not written upon stone, but "in fleshy tables of the heart." The *law* may be pencilled by God's finger upon *stones*, but his *love* must be written upon the tender heart. As Matthew Henry quaintly says, "Not upon the *fleshly*, but fleshy tables": that heart that God gives best receives God's writing. A soft heart best absorbs the ink, a living tablet best retains impressions. How is it with your heart, dear hearer? Has God ever written his name there? Lay bare the page, and let the Lord even now transcribe words of love and mercy upon it. Are you willing that it should be so? then shall you know his willingness, for he says, "I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh." Lord, write first in us, and then make us as the "pen of the ready writer," to make our mark on others.

II. Now I want you to consider, secondly, THE READERS OF THE WRITING. "Known and read *of all men.*" The writing is real, no fiction, for the author is Christ. We are the autograph letters of our

Lord, and bear his signature. The writing is clear, for we are "*manifestly declared* to be the epistle of Christ." The handwriting is legible, not shaky with doubt; no forgery through unfaithfulness, but the whole plainly penned in all the up and down strokes. Now, this document is a public one. Believers are the library for the world, they are a Christian literature; each saint is a volume to expound the grace of God. "Known and read of all men." We may consider the readers of this writing to be of three classes,—the *intelligent*, *interested*, and *inquisitive*. Many are real students of Christian character, desirous of gaining knowledge for their own good in spiritual attainments. If you see a person take down a book in a library, you soon judge whether he has been accustomed to study by the way in which he handles the volume; and so there are those who carefully review every syllable of a Christian's life, and read each line for their own edification. How anxious should we be to help such students by our example, living near unto the great Exemplar.

Then there are the *interested* readers; our friends who like to see if we make progress in divine things. The "first series" of Christian experiences are interesting, and are studied with deep anxiety by those who love young converts. The pastor reads to find out if such are increasing in the knowledge of God, growing in grace, getting stronger in love, and taking a deeper and firmer hold of the doctrines of Christ. The parent reads the heart of the child, anxiously seeking to see how far Christ's character is spelt out in the child's life. The teacher reads the scholar's, the friend the acquaintance's, the master the servant's, and the servant the master's too. Let us seek to please such as take a loving interest in us, remembering that the Lord himself is one of these readers; so may we strive to adorn his doctrine in all things.

The last class I have called the *inquisitive*. They only peruse to find fault. They look at the Christian character through smoky magnifying glasses, and sometimes they turn the volume upside down, and then complain that it is all a big mistake, and they cannot make it out. They pick out that which the follower of Jesus knows full well to be a flaw himself, and then ask the question, "Is this like a Christian?" Beware, dear hearer. Be careful, for men's eyes are always ready to detect a failing. Ours must be so correct an epistle that fault-finders shall find it difficult to gratify their morbid taste. The schoolmaster says to his boys, "Be sure you dot your i's and cross your t's"; and we too must be mindful of little things. If the Spirit of God has written upon our hearts, let us exhibit that epistle in our lives, so that we may be known and read of all men to the glory of our God. Amen.

The Corrupt Press and its Antidote.

THE growth of our national literature during the present century has gone beyond what the most sanguine could have anticipated in the good old times of war and dear provisions, eighty years ago. In the generation previous, Dr. Johnson noticed that a change for the better had come over the world of authorship since the dreary days when, on first coming to London, he was advised to procure a porter's knot rather than place any dependence on the pen. At the dawn of the present century the business of newspaper and periodical proprietors, and also that of general publishers, was far more extensive than it had been during the early days of George III., although it was possible even then to purchase a copy of all the books annually issued in London for less than £300.

The expansion of newspaper enterprise is even more striking than the growth of the book trade, as a few figures will prove. In 1799 there were sixteen morning and evening journals published in the metropolis, nine of which only appeared three times a week, and besides these there were twenty-two Sunday papers. The number of Sunday papers has fallen off, although Sunday readers have largely increased. The total circulation of newspapers in London was put down at 232,000 per week, a number spoken of as being "enormous" at the time, but which in our faster age does not amount to half the circulation of one Sunday journal. After adding to this number 250,000 for the provincial circulation, a writer of the period says—"What a wonderful idea is afforded of the agency and influence of the press in this empire, and how easily is it accounted for that we are the most free, and the most intelligent people on the face of the earth." This appeared wonderful to those who preceded us; but how vastly the press has multiplied its activities since then! The penny papers now issued on a single day in London alone exceed the number published throughout an entire week in all England eighty years ago. A single Sunday paper is now said to have a circulation 600,000.

This enormous extension of the traffic in newspapers appears to have had various results, some of which we may be glad to see, while others we deeply regret. The multiplication of cheap broadsides has considerably affected the trade of the patterers, or vendors of that street literature which flourished best during the era of the newspaper stamp. A generation ago patterers were at the height of their prosperity, murders and other sensational episodes being turned to profitable account. In those days this lowest class of street literature had its regular publishers in Seven Dials and elsewhere; and though the trade still remains, the opportunities are not the same as they were of old for securing a large circulation for this demoralizing sensationalism. A penny laid out upon a newspaper answers a better purpose, and sometimes purchases into the bargain a greater amount of sensationalism than the flaming broadside of lies purveyed by the patterers. The removal of the paper duty a few years later let loose a host of Penny Dreadfuls, which have since become so remarkable a characteristic of our own time. The scenes are shifted, and evil adapts itself to the opportunities of the time, and unless the children of light show an equal

amount of wisdom, the powers of evil will soon have possession of the field. Happily, this truth is now being fully realized, and literature of sterling value, sold at the cheapest rate, openly competes with poisonous concoctions.

Who is able to estimate the power of the press, especially the money-getting power of a corrupt press in the hands of adventurers, whose love of gain overrides everything like conscience and principle? Some years ago a publisher of street literature was able to retire with a large fortune, and he was but a sample of a class who won large sums in the same business. We are now referring to the lowest kind of traffic, that carried on by the street patterers; but great as that evil may have been in its day, it was as nothing compared with the vast stream of pernicious reading now published in the ordinary way and distributed by the respectable newsvendor, who would not touch a patterer with the hem of his garment. These sheets go forth by hundreds of thousands, and penetrate into towns, villages, and every corner of the land. The spread of education, from which, in the end, we expect such grand results, has so far helped to increase the circulation of what is bad; for, having learned to read, children buy the prints instead of merely gathering around the dealers' windows to study the pictures. This is so very natural that we need be neither surprised nor discouraged. The mind of man being prone to evil, the future bend of the tree is seen in the twig. The remedy is put in our hand by God, and we are responsible for the cure.

The cure simply consists in substituting the good for the bad, and it is to be effected in various ways. Colportage, of which we will speak presently, is doing a good deal; but in addition to this agency what are called Magazine Associations have been found exceedingly useful. One of the most successful of these associations has been in active operation at Fulham for eleven years, during which period about 200,000 periodicals have been sold, the value being upwards of £1,500. The secretary thus describes the working of the agency: "By the aid of a map, the parish of Fulham has been divided into districts, each containing from fifty to eighty houses. The assistance of about seventy honorary canvassers (mostly ladies) has been obtained, and one or more districts assigned to each canvasser. At the early part of December in each year a complete canvass of all the districts is made in the following manner. Each canvasser is supplied with a number of handbills and almanacks, and one of each is presented to every family residing in the parish. The canvassers are at the same time supplied with specimens of the magazines, which are exhibited to those persons to whom the handbills and almanacks are presented. Our object in this presentation of almanacks is, that it affords the canvassers an excellent means of introduction to residents in the districts, and subscribers are thus more readily obtained. Each canvasser is supplied with a memorandum book, in which has previously been entered the names of the streets, numbers of the houses, and as far as possible the names of the residents in the district, and the canvasser places against each person's name the title of the selected magazine. When the canvassing is completed the canvasser of each district makes out on a form supplied for the purpose a list of the magazines required, and on the 19th day of each month a messenger is sent to the residences of canvassers to collect the lists."

At first sight it may appear that operations of this kind interfere

with the legitimate trade of the booksellers; but on looking a little closer into the matter this will be seen to be a mistake. The association not only creates its own traffic by working up a connection which would never otherwise trouble ordinary booksellers, but it secures a class of customers such as tradesmen do not care to have dealings with at all. "It stands to reason," says Mr. G. S. Batty, of Fulham, "that it does not answer for a bookseller to send his boy to a back street with a half-penny magazine for Mrs. So-and-so, three pair back room. Indeed, when the effort was first made, I handed to a bookseller the names of about seventy subscribers to *The British Workman*, asking him to regularly supply them with the paper, but found that after the lapse of a few weeks nearly the whole of the subscribers had dropped off. To be successful, the attempt must be made by voluntary canvassers who are willing to take pains and trouble in the effort." This and a number of other similar associations throughout the country are supplied monthly with the periodicals they require at a discount off the full price of 25 per cent.; but in the case of some villages and rural districts it might be found desirable to draw the supplies from local booksellers.

For the country generally, however, colportage supplies the missing link, such an agency being alone capable of meeting the enemy on his own ground, and thus counteracting the evils of pernicious literature. During the past year the Metropolitan Tabernacle Association has had about seventy-two men in the field, and notwithstanding the prevailing depression in trade, the men have accomplished a noble work, the benefit of which must be felt by the country at large. The receipts have been £7,661, representing a circulation of 340,935 books and periodicals, while 203,000 tracts were disposed of. A perusal of the current Report will show that the colporteurs have accomplished a great deal of useful work besides merely selling their books; for as evangelists they pay numberless visits, and give thousands of addresses. In the purely agricultural parts of the country, as well as in the manufacturing districts, they carry on their operations, which in the end will bring about a second reformation. Our wonder is that Christian people do not more freely and more generally aid this most useful effort to do good. Why should the Society languish while God's stewards have funds in hand?

No doubt of it.

"DO you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" queried a man who prided himself on his intellect. Coleridge, to whom the question was put, reflected: "My friend, I have no doubt whatever that the story is true. I have been spoken to in the same way myself." The man of the inquiring mind retired for meditation.

He was answered according to his folly, which is often as good a form of reply as such quibblers deserve. Much of the beauty of the answer lay in the courtesy which said so little but meant so much. A hard word becomes all the harder by being softly spoken. To have called the man an ass would have shown great weakness, and betrayed warm temper, but Coleridge worded his remark well, and left the hearer to find out the sting for himself. Here is a lesson of practical common-sense which those who deal with sceptics would do well to learn.

Mr. George Smith and the Gipsies.*

MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, has undoubtedly taken his place among the leading philanthropists of the age, and we suppose that no one who has even cursorily read the daily journals can help being familiar with his name. In paragraphs, in letters written by himself, in leading articles, the man and his work have continually been coming to the front; and by simply pegging away at one reform after another, until the attention of parliament itself has been attracted, he has proved that no one need shrink from seeming impossibilities, which melt like snow in the sunshine when encountered by dogged perseverance.

As a practical philanthropist he understands from experience the condition of those whose hard lot he seeks to ameliorate; for when he was a boy, forty years ago, he served in a Staffordshire brickfield with a number of other youthful, unschooled comrades as luckless as himself. He nevertheless was able to claim relationship with an old Cheshire family; and his grandmother was one of those remarkable women who, in doctoring, in nursing, and in teaching the poor about the best things, was able to live as a blessing to an entire village. Mr. Smith is supposed to have inherited some of the finer qualities of this brave woman; and thus, by force of character, the child who was sent into a brickfield at seven years of age was enabled to overcome the deficiencies of education, and to work his way to the front. Though his surroundings were thus unpromising, he enjoyed from the first the inestimable blessing of religious instruction from a Christian woman who took him in hand, and the benefits derived have been both lifelong and ample. Had it been otherwise he might still have been grovelling in a brickfield.

About ten years ago, in a paper read at Newcastle, Mr. Smith described his early experience:—"At nine years of age, my employment consisted in continually carrying about forty pounds of clay upon my head from the clayheap to the table on which the bricks were made. When there was no clay I had to carry the same weight of bricks. This labour had to be performed, almost without intermission, for thirteen hours daily. Sometimes my labours were increased by my having to work all night at the kilns." For a night's work, when he would walk fourteen miles, and carry five and a half tons of clay to the brickmakers, he received sixpence; who wonders that he would be frequently laid aside by illness. He, nevertheless, showed himself able to rise above difficulties; and, with a wisdom rarely exemplified in the brickfield, the shilling received for working two nights a week was expended on self-improvement, sixpence having been paid to a school, and sixpence expended on books. His education has thus been equal to his need, and, considering the reforms he has since been engaged with, it was perhaps the best he could have received. He is able to sympathize with the juvenile slaves of the brickfield as no one else could have done. The

* George Smith, of Coalville: a Chapter on Philanthropy. Haughton and Co.
Gipsy Life: being an Account of our Gipsies and their Children. With Suggestions for their Improvement. By George Smith. Same Publishers.

same may be said of his work among canal boatmen and their families. The indignation with which his soul was fired, and which stimulated his exertions until an act of parliament was passed, was the result of his being personally able to realize the greatness of the evils condemned.

It was necessary that a sketch of the life and labours of this sturdy Primitive Methodist should be prepared; and although the volume which has just appeared is somewhat meagre, and betrays the unpractised writer by its grandiloquent style, it will secure many readers, and serve a good purpose.

The book written by Mr. Smith himself on gipsies and gipsy life is a more exhaustive work, into which the author has entered *con amore*. Having disposed of the brickyard children and the canal population, he has found a subject quite as absorbing in this "peculiar race of wandering, wastrel, ragamuffin vagabonds." While he has taken the gipsies in hand with the view of reforming them, or in the hope of persuading parliament to do something with them, he is not sparing in his use of adjectives to express abhorrence of their dishonest ways and lying tongues. Nor are the wandering tribes so great a mystery to him as they have been to many others, since he has arrived at the conclusion that they are "a pell-mell gathering of many thousands of low-caste, good-for-nothing, idle Indians from Hindustan." This opinion is founded on the traits of character still exemplified by this strange people, whose relationship with the pariahs seems to be placed beyond doubt. The pariahs are great flesh-eaters, and are filthy in their habits. The lascivious dancing of the young girls, who accompany their parents about the country, is also said to be characteristic of India. The same may be said of the custom of fortune-telling, which "is practised all over the East; but the peculiar kind professed by the gipsies, viz., chiromancy, constantly referring to whether the parties shall be rich or poor, happy or unhappy in marriage, etc., is nowhere met with but in India." While this may all be very well, Mr. Smith has no positive data for asserting that "John Bunyan was a gipsy tinker, with not an improbable mixture of the blood of an Englishman in his veins." John, as an inquisitive boy, one day astonished his father by enquiring if they were not of an Israelitish family; but to infer from this, or from the shape of the allegorist's forehead, that the Bunyans were gipsies is somewhat more than we are warranted in doing.

If the gipsies came from India in the fifteenth century, why did they leave their native country? This is a difficult question, which Mr. Smith, who has studied the subject thoroughly, answers as follows:—"The exodus of the gipsies from India may be set down, first, to famine, from which India, as we know, suffers so much periodically; second, to the insatiable love of gold and plunder bound up in the nature of the gipsies—the West, from an Indian point of view, is always looked upon as a land of gold, flowing with milk and honey; third, the hatred the gipsies have for wars, and as in the years of 1408 and 1409, and many years previous to these dates, India experienced some terrible bloody conflicts, when hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children were butchered by the cruel monster Timur Beg in cold blood, and during the tenth and eleventh centuries by Mahmood the Demon, on

purpose to make proselytes to the Mahometan faith, it is only natural to suppose that under these circumstances the gipsies would leave the country, to escape the consequences following those calamities, over populated as it was, numbering close upon 200,000,000 of human beings." This is a long sentence; but it is a fair illustration of the writer's "masculine grasp of the English language," to which his biographer calls our attention.

But the saddest part of the story relates to the present low moral condition of the gipsies; for, according to general testimony, they can hardly be said to be living in a civilized condition. The admirable series of engravings with which Mr. Smith's book is illustrated are themselves an eloquent portrayal of gipsy life, even more telling than written descriptions. In these drawings we see the nomadic tribes as they are in their daily life, housed like animals, and in so far as they are able, refusing to be bound by any laws, either divine or human. What they were centuries ago they continue to be to-day; and with the exception of such efforts as those of the late Mr. Crabbe, of Southampton, little has ever been done for their reclamation. With his usual energy and perseverance, Mr. Smith has done more than those who have preceded him to sound the depths of gipsy life, and he says: "It is my firm conviction that there is much more in connection with gipsy life than many people imagine, or is dreamt of in their philosophy. There is a substratum of iniquity lower than any writers have ever touched. There are certain things in connection with their dark lives, hidden and veiled by their slang language, that may not come out in my day, but most surely daylight will be shed upon them some day."

Mr. Smith is of opinion that an act of parliament ought to be passed to regulate gipsy life throughout the country. Their tents and vans he would have registered, and rules prescribed to enforce them in some degree to lead an outwardly decent life. The children, even while travelling, should attend school on the road, and carry a pass-book to show the number of times they have attended during the year; while duly appointed inspectors would have powers given them to see the law was obeyed. Such an act, if wisely enforced, would by its civilizing effects prepare the way for something better. The gipsy's wants are summed up in the gospel, and we should personally deprecate harsh measures, even for this crying evil. In the meantime, Mr. Smith has done good service in bringing this subject before the public, and we commend his volume to all who desire to have fuller information. May there not be among our readers bold and earnest spirits who could go to the gipsy encampment, and begin a crusade upon the Zingari? Some are looking out for a mission; is not this full of promise? Talk of heathen, here they are on the neighbouring common, in the next lane. Is there no hero who will venture among these Bohemians? Is there no brave sister who could shame the other sex by leading the way?

Joseph Barker.

THE story of Joseph Barker's life is one of remarkable interest. Unfortunately many still remember him best as Joe Barker, the infidel, though thousands rejoice that he was delivered from his unbelief, and died hoping in the Lord. The memoir from which we fashion our paper is for the most part autobiographical, and some portions appear to have been written while he was still a wanderer in the labyrinth of doubt. His nephew, in his editorial capacity, has not used a wise discretion in dealing with the material at his command, and has left several important links in the story to be supplied by the reader.

From faith to doubt and back again is the burden of the book, and the story is a sad one. While admitting the probability of a sceptical reader being influenced for good, we cannot lose sight of the possibility of damage accruing to the mind of young men who are not established in the verities of the gosped. Those who have broken loose from the moorings of faith may attempt to justify their sceptism by the infidelity of Barker, and discredit the reality of his change when he re-entered the fellowship of the Christian church. The re-espousal of the belief of his earlier years may be regarded by them as a mental aberration superinduced by the trial and disappointment of years, and not as affording any evidence of the truth of Christianity. We trust, however, the book may accomplish the end for which it is intended, and prove, in God's hands, the means of convincing many that infidelity is wholly irrational, and that only in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ can we find the basis of a sound morality, the bond of a true character, and the inspiration of a genuine benevolence.

There is nothing very remarkable in the history of Barker's early days, if we except the shifts and struggles of the family and his own waywardness. His parents were simple-minded Methodists, and "knew nothing of theology, nothing of controversy. Their simple creed was one God, one Christ, one hope, one religion, one heaven. To love God and all mankind, to shun evil and do good, to go through life with clean hands and pure hearts, rejoicing in hope of everlasting blessedness was all they cared about." And enough, too, one might well exclaim!

Under the influence of such a creed young Barker became religious without having, we fear, been really converted, and was introduced to the class meeting before he became a Christian in any vital sense. His description of this cherished institution of Methodism is surely a burlesque; its defects are exaggerated, and its advantages discredited. He says, "There is a great and constant temptation to people to profess what they do not feel; to say they enjoy that which they do not enjoy; to say they have a confidence or an assurance which they have not; and multitudes are overcome by this temptation. They wish to be believed to be something, or they are carried away by the force of example and prevailing custom, and use words which they do not understand, or profess enjoyments they never felt." The most ardent Methodist cannot deny this possibility; the most candid will admit that many yield to the temptation. On the

other hand it must be admitted that the class meeting is to many a means of grace, and is justified by Scripture precedent and precept. We are even prepared to admit that the restraint of confession as to the Lord's dealings is an element of weakness in some of our churches, and a decided loss to the tempted and sorrowful. It was in the exercise of his sacred ministry that David exclaimed, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Barker's objections to the class meeting apply with equal force to all our services, and especially to singing, for without doubt many sing language expressive of an experience to which they are total strangers.

Before he had become established in grace he commenced a course of reading which would have proved helpful, but, unfortunately, he fell in with some works which assailed the truths of Christianity, and he gave up the use of all theological terms which were not found in the Bible. When he threw away the "words" he stood in danger of discrediting the doctrines which had been thus formulated by the pious wisdom of ages. "Natural depravity," "The Trinity," and "Substitution" are not Scripture terms, but they express doctrines which are clearly revealed; and until the doctrines can be more aptly expressed their retention is forced upon us as a necessity. "The form of sound words" must be "held fast," for truth is best apprehended and retained by the verbal signs which fix it, and by which it is clearly expressed.

That Barker should have been suspected of heresy is not surprising, for in rejecting the husk it was feared he had despised the kernel which it held. Such was not the case, however, at this time, for he not only read assiduously Adam Clarke's Commentary, but also began the study of Greek and Latin to aid him in the quest of truth. He kept up his attendance at the class meeting, and preached on the Lord's-day. By intellectual assent he was a Christian, but he seems to have been utterly devoid of a joyous experience of divine things. He made himself familiar with the external architecture of the house without entering as a child at home to enjoy its shelter and repose. This is not so rare an experience as some may imagine. When subscription to the articles of a creed is accredited as sufficient evidence of the new birth, the essential elements of joy and stability are lacking.

His father's circumstances having improved, he was taken from the mill where he had been employed, and sent to a Methodist school at Leeds. Here he made himself familiar with the works of standard authors, and soon emerged as a regular local preacher. His orthodoxy was, however, suspected by some, for he was still hampered by his efforts to preach without using theological terms, if, indeed, he did not advance views which were actually erroneous. He claimed a degree of liberty for himself which was fatal to good discipline, and his teaching not conforming with the Methodist standard of faith his connection with that body was terminated.

At this juncture the Methodist New Connexion was started, and he joined that fellowship, believing that he "should have perfect liberty of judgment, of speech, and of action." But, as might have been expected, he did not find everything to accord with his views. The Separatist carried with them the traditions of the Old Connexion, and copied the bigotry with which they charged their former leaders.

Barker was not long before he felt the pressure of new rules, and discovered that the freedom from restraint he had long coveted was a will-o'-the-wisp he could not overtake. Had the leaders yielded the concessions he claimed, and sanctioned the eccentricity he demanded, he would have placed himself at the head of a schismatic party with an influence which would have wrought incalculable mischief. Writing of this period he says, "I have seen since, that a man may have too much liberty as well as too little; too little restraint as well as too much; and that a church without authority and discipline must inevitably lose itself in confusion and ruin. We are none of us fit for unlimited liberty." It is to be regretted that he failed to form this judgment earlier in life; it might have saved him from the humiliation of revolt from an accepted standard of orthodoxy, and secured to him, had he been sincere, years of usefulness in the ministry of the gospel.

Joining with other turbulent secessionists, who asserted their legal right to a chapel at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he became their minister, but the liberty conceded to the members soon degenerated into license, and a fresh secession only increased the mischief. "Several entered on a career of scepticism, and stopped not till they had reached its darkest extremes." His own resolution is thus stated: "I now resolved," he writes, "I would think aloud. I would search to the bottom of all things, and make known the results without reserve. I would throw off all restraints of prevailing creeds and customs, and enter on a career of wholesale and untrammelled investigation and discussion."

About this time he was busy in issuing pamphlets from his own pen, and set up a press to print them. Difficulties thickened, however, and his family was often brought into sore straits. To circulate his views more freely and fully he established a paper, called *The Christian*, the character of which justified another name. He says of his writings at this time, "in all these are passages which, in one's calmer and more candid mood, one is obliged to condemn." His confession of want of candour in the views he advocated lets in a little light upon the conduct of other Freethinkers. When honesty is sacrificed to polemics, the theories advanced must be discounted at their true worth.

Writing of a ten nights' debate with William Cooke in the Lecture-room, Newcastle, he says, "Neither party was in a state of mind to learn of the other. War, whether it be a war of words or a war of deadlier weapons, tends generally to widen the differences of the combatants. And so it was here. And one party certainly went further and travelled faster in the way of error after this exciting contest than he had done before." Men are not made Christians merely by being convinced of the historic truth of Christianity, for the agency of the divine Spirit is essential, and the heart rather than the intellect is the sphere of his operation. This was a lesson Barker came to learn at length, though he sadly missed it in his earlier years.

He now drifted into the fellowship of the Unitarians, published some of their books, and preached in their pulpits; but he found, on acquaintance, that they lacked the unity which comes from an assured belief. He says, "There was a gradual incline from the almost Christian doctrine of Carpenter and Channing, down to the principles of Paine and Voltaire. Down this incline I gradually slid, till I reached at last

the land of doubt and unbelief." It is impossible to read this confession without a shudder. Like a frail bark he was launched on the waste of waters, to drift without chart or pilot towards the dreary shore of the shadow of death.

Ill at ease with himself, and at war with the Christian faith, he only increased his restlessness by dabbling in politics. He would abolish the throne, and sweep away institutions the growth of centuries, and set up a model republic based upon universal suffrage; but his agitation landed him in Manchester jail, and he had to undergo a trial at the assizes on a charge of sedition and conspiracy. After a lengthy delay the Attorney-general withdrew from the charge, and he was set free.

He now renounced the very semblance of religion, and his so-called search after truth ended in his doubting whether there was any truth at all. His biographer says, "He was always adopting new opinions, always advocating something fresh, always shifting his ground, so that his followers never knew what to believe or what to reject. The fact was he could make the people believe anything, however absurd, and did make them believe everything he advocated, until they arrived at the same goal as himself, and believed nothing." It is no matter for surprise that his influence and popularity, vast as they undoubtedly were, began to wane when the people he had taught to doubt regarded him with distrust. Many found their way back into the Christian communions they had been foolish enough to leave, while others plunged deeper into the mire of disbelief. "In 1851," writes his nephew, "he sailed for America, and the country had rest."

One object he had in view in leaving England was to obtain a little quiet for calm reflection in the course he had been pursuing, for he was not satisfied with the changes which had taken place in his own views and ways of life. How could he be satisfied, one may well ask, with the dreary negations he had substituted for a positive faith, and with a moral character which had fearfully deteriorated! "I sought for comfort," he writes, "in a godless and Christless philosophy; but sought in vain. I tried to extort from nature some word of consolation, but not a whisper could I obtain. I tried to forge some theory of my own that might lessen the gloom in which I was wrapt; but my efforts were fruitless. I had 'forsaken the fountain of living waters,' and nothing remained but broken cisterns that could hold no water. I WAS WRETCHED!"

In central Ohio, where he made his home, he does not appear to have realized his desire, nor to have carried out his resolutions. He migrated beyond the limits of the States, to the unpeopled territory of Nebraska, and here he writes, "The difficulties, the perplexities, on the side of unbelief, were more distressing and embarrassing than those I had encountered on the side of Christianity. The further I wandered the blacker the clouds became, and the thicker the darkness."

If Christianity were false, surely it were better to enjoy the hope of the Christian than to endure the despair of the infidel. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is," and faith's rich harvesting ennobles character, and enriches the soul with blessedness and joy. From his dark experience the conviction was at length born, "that religion, whether founded in truth or not, was necessary to the

virtue and happiness of mankind." When he began to cherish this conviction, the feelings it engendered grew stronger every day, but strange to say, he was allured into undertaking a lecturing tour, a course which, for the time being, was fatal to his peace.

Accepting the post of lecturer to a freethinking congregation in Philadelphia for a period, he withdrew from the compact before the term expired. He says, "I had come to the conclusion that war with Christianity was not the way to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind, and I told my congregation so. And I also advised them, now they were about to be left without a lecturer, to go to some place of worship." This was a decided step in advance of any position he had hitherto reached, and it marked an important crisis in his history. The slave of the bad habit of faulty reasoning, he had a stern battle to fight with himself before he could weigh, with an impartial mind, the evidences of Christianity. It is a severe conflict, when the gospel struggles with the opposition of the heart; it is more than doubly severe when it has to force the citadel of the mind, the windows of which have been barred and barricaded by doubts. Such was his condition when, in 1860, he took ship at Boston to return to England that he might be "perfectly free to pursue whatever course a regard to truth and duty might require." His wife and sons appear to have held fast to their integrity during his mad wanderings, and when he stepped on board the vessel a letter was handed to him from his youngest son, in which this sentence occurs: "Father, dear, when you get to England don't dream that by any breath of yours, or by any paper balls that you can fire, you can ever shatter or shake the eternal granite foundations on which Christianity rests." These words had a powerful effect upon his mind, which was deepened by the experiences of the voyage.

On arriving in England he fell in with the Secularists again, and became joint editor of their publication, *The National Reformer*, but not being an out-an-out advocate of their views the arrangement soon terminated, and he commenced a paper of his own, and set himself the task of "writing on the Christian side as he had written on the sceptical." The study of the Bible with a new motive made it appear to him a different book, and he experienced emotions to which he had long been a stranger. "Father is coming right" was the joyous exclamation of the members of his family, who had rejoined him: but the process was very slow. He was led away again by his love of self-display and championed the cause of infidelity in a debate in the City Hall, Glasgow, with Colonel Shaw, and afterwards settled down as lecturer to a party of unbelievers at Burnley. He writes, "All the time I was at Burnley, my heart first and then my head were coming nearer to Christ and Christianity." At the grave of an atheist he offered the first prayer which he had breathed for many years and, shortly after when he had preached a funeral sermon on the occasion of the death of a former friend, who had lived and died in the faith and hope of the gospel, he declared himself a Christian. By this act he finally separated himself from the fellowship of the infidel party, and joined the Primitive Methodists, amongst whom he became a preacher; and laboured to the last, both in England and America, to repair, if possible, the mischief he had done by his opposition to the gospel. This, of course, was

impossible; he could only uproot here and there some of the noxious weeds he had sown; he could not destroy the seed-germs of the errors he had scattered broadcast on two continents; he could not recall the years he had wasted, although he honestly endeavoured to redeem the time which remained. Writing from America to Dr. Cooke, within six weeks of his end, he says—"I do, indeed, still cling to Christ. He is, in God, my all, my Teacher, Guide, Example, Saviour, and unfailing Comforter: and I live and labour, and spend all my time for him; and if I had my old strength and millions of money, all, I believe, would be his. When not tortured by bodily pain I am, as a rule, unspeakably happy in his love; when racked and tortured, patience and resignation are all I can boast." Sad, indeed, as his career was, he enjoyed blessedness and peace at the last, but his joy was chastened by the bitterness of regret.

The story of such a life has a voice for to-day, when the cherished truths of ages are rudely assailed by a reckless criticism and the rash conjectures of modern thought call in question the verities of the gospel. The confessions of Joseph Barker as to his decline, his fall, his experience, and his recovery should make our young men pause before they embark upon the stormy sea of doubt, and risk their happiness, their usefulness, and their eternal salvation. The book will have served a useful purpose if only one should rise from the perusal of its pages with the quickened resolution of the poet:—

> "Should all the forms which men devise
> Assault my faith with treacherous art,
> I'd call them vanity and lies,
> And bind the gospel to my heart."

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Some Curiosities of Popery.

A CHURCH which boasts of being the same in all ages, unaltered and unalterable, must not complain when judged of by the practices of its fastest friends. The contrast between the best and worst of Roman Catholics is of course as great as the difference between humble discipleship and selfish worldliness; but unfortunately the worthies of such a communion are good because they are inconsistent. They do not fairly represent their own system; and while drawing nearer to Christ, they have, perhaps unknown to themselves, been receding further from the pope. It is very easy to object that crime and sinful shortcomings are common to fallen human nature, and may thus creep into any society; but in the case of Rome the things most loudly complained of have been recognised, and have been tacitly, or even formally, licensed by the great ecclesiastical authorities. It has not been the custom with Rome to reprove her servants for being too worldly, too time-serving, or too ignorant; those who have been reprimanded by the scorpion whip of her inquisitors have been far different characters. The reason is not far to seek—Romanism will cease to be itself when it ceases to be corrupt.

We will begin with *bells*, for which the Romish church has long evinced an almost superstitious affection. Though, according to Southey, bell-ringing is one of the most harmless methods of making a noise in the world, he was not able to tell us anything about the origin of the custom. Mr. Gatty, an authority on the subject, says,—"In what country large bells did really originate it must be confessed is still involved in some obscurity. It has been supposed

that long before bells were known in Europe, they were used in Hindoo temples for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits; but the architecture of their sacred edifices does not seem adapted to the suspension of large bells; and our utmost enquiry leads us to the conviction that church bells were invented by the Christian church herself, and not at a very early period of her existence." Certainly bells were unknown in the primitive church, when Christians went softly and unobserved to their secluded houses of prayer; they came into existence as ecclesiastical appendages in a prouder era of liberty. In the hands of the hierarchy of the middle ages bells were made to serve a number of purposes, the majority of which are now obsolete in Protestant countries. The Ave Maria bell called on all to offer prayer to the Virgin Mary; but in the most benighted times there appears to have been a remnant who knew enough about the Scriptures to lead them to disobey the summons. "Whilst others direct their prayers to her," says Sir Thomas Brown, "I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering my own." The vesper bell was the signal for leaving off work to assemble at evening prayers. The Sanctus was sung when the priests came to certain words in the service; and the curfew, as everybody knows, was the summons to put out all fires and light and go to bed. The most solemnly touching of all must have been the passing bell, which in mediæval times told the parishioners that one, at least, in their midst was passing through the valley of the shadow of death to the eternal world. The solemn appeal which rung out loud and clear over fields, home, and workshop, was, "Pray for the dying," and if Romanism had done nothing less scriptural than that, we should not have cause to condemn her work.

Some time ago the London press dealt somewhat severely in its comments with a service which took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, in connection with a set of new bells; and we are not surprised that the public should be jealous of innovation in this direction when we remember the follies and abuses of past ages. We suppose that the custom of baptizing new bells still survives in Romish countries, although certain of the grosser observances may have been allowed to fall into abeyance. In the darkest times the bells were not only christened according to prescribed order, but regular sponsors were provided, just as though the sprinkling of a child were taking place; and these sponsors, while holding a rope, replied to sundry questions after the manner of an ordinary service. This foolish custom is said to have been invented by John XIII., who flourished as pope in the tenth century; and the ceremony is thus described by an anonymous writer of fifty years ago: "The bell is so placed that it can be easily got at; and then water, a whisk for sprinkling, salt, white linen clothes, holy oil, chrism, an incensoir with hot coals, etc., and a seat for the bishop are put by it. The bishop comes in state, sits on his faldistorium, and goes through various evolutions of putting on and off his head-gear, while he exorcises the salt and the water separately, and the salt and water together. He washes the bell with the salt and water, and after it has been dried he dips his thumb in holy oil and makes the sign of the cross on the outside of the bell and says, 'We beseech thee, O Lord, who has commanded Moses to make silver trumpets, that this machine may be consecrated by the Holy Ghost, so that all the snares of the evil one, hail, and tempest may be driven away.' Next he washes away the cross made with oil, and says, 'The voice of the Lord is over the waters,' which is repeated by the choir. Then after certain psalms he makes seven crosses outside with holy oil, and four inside with chrism, and consecrates the bell to the honour of some saint." The service concludes with prayer, incense, and gospel kissings, and "sundry evolutions with the head-gear"; but the form was not always precisely the same. The godfathers and godmothers of bells were usually persons of high rank, and a few years prior to the Revolution the ill-fated king and queen of France are said to have allowed their names to be associated with this superstitious folly. To give another illustration, *The Foreign Review*, for 1827, says, "We have strange misgivings that their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Angoulême and Berri have been

godmothers to sundry bells since the return of the Bourbons." Princes who yield to such follies prepare the way for their own fall by injuring their character for common sense in the estimation of the people.

A simple bishop may go through the farce of blessing a bell, but there are other customs no less absurd and no less grossly wicked which require the presence and action of the pope himself to be valid. Thus among the so-called "sacred ceremonies" is the blessing of *the Agnus Dei*—waxen images impressed with the likeness of a lamb, which are supposed to inherit extraordinary virtues, provided always that they receive the benediction of the pontiff during the first year of his sovereignty, or every seventh year afterwards. The ceremonial is very characteristic of a semi-pagan system. With the consecrated water chrism and balsam are mixed, being poured in crosswise, while the operator is also required to make the same sign repeatedly. In the prayer which follows special reference is made to the ram offered by Abraham in the place of his son, and to the lambs offered by Moses, as types of the Saviour. The pope then asks the Lord to "bless these waxen figures, marked with the form of a lamb, so that they may lay thunder, storm, and tempest, and drive away evil spirits." Arrived at this stage, the bishops, who have been standing around their chief, carry away the precious little figures to be dried, and for that purpose they are placed in silver vessels. More charm-making and mummery follow, and then the articles are fit for use. The deceived and benighted people greatly value these lambs, for they sincerely believe that the possession of such idols preserves men from injury by the powers of evil, while they assist women to get through their most trying hour with ease and comfort.

With tact such as we could not but admire if only it were exercised in a little better cause, the Romish system adapts its procedure to times, countries, and circumstances, so that the system, as a whole, is far more decorous and reasonable in England than in less enlightened empires. The object is of course to engender the belief that there is, after all, only a very little bridge separating Romanism from the Protestant communities. Very good care is taken that nothing shall occur in England which shall very severely shock our sense of propriety. A very humble miracle may occasionally be attempted for the sake of edifying "the faithful"; but anything so boldly enterprising as a winking Saint Peter, or a weeping Madonna, would not be thought of for a moment. Indeed, Romanists themselves who are sufficiently fortunate to be natives of Great Britain may not always really comprehend the nature of their own system. They judge the whole thing by the sample they are privileged to look upon, and, without knowing it, they form an egregiously incorrect estimate. To properly understand the papacy we must look at the system as it exists in France, Spain, and Italy. Writing on this subject some years ago, an able reviewer remarked: "We would beseech good Catholics, who tell us that *the superstitions* of which Protestants complain are *not* taught by the church, to tell us how they explain what thousands of Protestants have seen at Rome. There, under the very eye of the pope, it is folly to argue that anything would be *allowed* in the churches which is not *approved* by him. What, then, can be said of the practices, for example, in the Augustinian church? A few years ago, an image of the Madonna spoke to the sexton, and complained of being in an obscure corner of the church! The tale soon spread; and devotees, without number, came to worship, to beg for cures of disease, and to make the most costly offerings. We did not see the very first fervour of devotion, when, as we learned from others who did, the image was almost besieged; but we saw enough to pain, and grieve, and disgust us, for long after this 'speaking image' was bedecked with a costly necklace, presented by an admiring princess." One of the most curious things associated with these "speaking statues," as one authority assures us, is the fact that "the dirtiest, ugliest, and most misshapen images are always chosen as miracle-workers."

However iniquitous their tactics may sometimes have been, the Jesuits have at least always made good their claim to be considered an interesting body.

Perhaps nothing more clearly proves the apostasy of the Romish church than the existence in her midst of such an extensive, fanatically united, band of unprincipled conspirators. By clothing himself with the attributes of a pagan deity the pope has licensed them to do evil in the name of the church, and to become the plagues of society. Their assiduity is amazing, and perhaps it would be unfair to say that it is altogether selfish. For generations they seem never to have flagged in doing evil that evil might come, being always ready to encompass sea and land to make one proselyte. If impartially written their history would show that no lengths of absurdity, to say nothing of gross wickedness, were ever too extreme for a Jesuit. We will illustrate our assertion by a somewhat romantic circumstance which occurred more than fifty years ago.

In the third decade of the present century the Jesuits were extremely active in Germany, and they considered themselves to be abundantly rewarded for the prodigious efforts put forth by the success they achieved. Among their most distinguished converts were the duke and duchess of one of the minor courts. Having, as they supposed, found the truth themselves, these great personages set about the work of converting the gentlemen and ladies of their court with wonderful vigour. In such cases, when worldly advantage gives the casting vote in favour of change, there are usually no great difficulties to be overcome, and, with the exception of one obstinate maid-of-honour, the courtiers very readily yielded to the specious arguments used by the enemy. For some time this girl appeared to be invincible; she had been reared a Protestant, and a Protestant she would remain. When all arguments had apparently failed, there suddenly appeared on the scene a seemingly well-born and educated young gentleman from Vienna, and before many days had passed this chivalrous stranger avowed that he was deeply in love with the Protestant maid-of-honour. There was one difficulty alone in the way of a happy marriage, the youth was a Roman Catholic, and not even for the greatest of earthly prizes would he relinquish his faith or link his lot with that of a heretic. This staggered the young lady; natural affection and self-interest weighed where arguments had failed, and after some severe struggles with conscience she allowed herself to be called a Romanist. Of course, her experience verified the old Hudibrastic proverb; and, having been convinced against her will, she remained still of her former opinion. So true, indeed, was this the case, that the poor girl fainted on two occasions, first on making her recantation, and secondly, when for the first time she took part in the mummery of a procession. Having reached this stage, the youth for whom the sacrifice had been made came to congratulate the maiden on the happy change which had taken place in her condition. He then went on to explain that what he had done had been done to save a soul from death. As to marriage, nothing was farther from his thoughts; indeed, he was disqualified for such a connection by being a priest; and in proof of this fact he removed a fashionable wig from his head, and showed the bewildered young creature his tonsure! Was it possible for deceit, villainy, and stony-heartedness to do more to make human nature contemptible?

It would be very easy to increase the number of these illustrations, but we forbear. The more we look at popery the more shall we become convinced that it is a pagan branch grafted upon the Christian stock. By going low enough we may still find some of the old gospel truths within it, but still, in spite of all, the pagan shoot sucks away the sap, and turns it into wild growths which bring forth the fruits of death.

A Dream about Spanish Missionary Work.

HOWEVER shall I begin? I was thinking of writing the heading of this affair: "Spanish Missionary work a dream,"—but then I thought people will say Spanish missionary work is nothing but a dream. This I settled by making the change you see. But the word "dream" still remains. Will any say, "What nonsense have we here?" Let me remind you of Joseph's brethren; for neither could they bear the dreamer nor his dreams. Surely you will not wish to be like them. You are in danger of being classed among those who do not believe we live in the last days, for then young men are allowed, you know, to dream dreams. Does not this suffice? If you press me any further, I shall be obliged to do what other little men have done, to quote a precedent from a big man; so, by finding fault with one dream, you are in danger of having two opponents instead of one. Yes, two dreams; here they are, both about missionary work, the first general, the second about Spain, the one to justify the other.

I. Dream the First.—My dream is this: I have seen in vision the missionary spirit in England, now so given to slumber, marvellously quickened, awakened and revived. I have seen young men eager for the mission field, and old men and fathers sitting in united council to correct mistakes, to devise new methods, or to strengthen the old ones. I thought I saw from one end of England to the other the Christian church stirred with a deep sense of her duty to the heathen, Christian ministers full of pangs and sorrows on account of dying myriads, Christian men and women universally contributing liberally of their substance, while men fitted for the work pushed forward at the call of the great Lord of the harvest, to toil in the great harvest field.

I will now be more visionary. Supposing that there should be a number of young men who have been trained in the same sanctuary, nurtured in the same church, who should meet together to-morrow, and say one to another, "Now we are in business, we have just commenced in life, and God is prospering us more or less. We are taking to ourselves wives, our children are coming around us, but still we trust we are never going to permit ourselves to be swallowed up in a mere worldly way of living. Now, what ought we to do for missions?" And supposing the enquiry should be put, "Is there one amongst us who could devote himself to go and teach the heathen for us, as we most of us may not have the ability, or do not feel called to the work? Is there one out of twelve of us young men who has the ability, and feels called to go? Let us make it a matter of prayer, and when the Holy Ghost says, 'Separate So-and-so to the work,' then we, the other eleven who remain, will do this: we will say to him, 'Now, brother, you cannot stop at home to make your fortune or to earn a competence; you are now giving yourself up to a very arduous and earnest enterprise, and we will support you. . . . You go down into the pit, we will hold the rope. . . . Have you faith enough to go trusting that the Lord will provide? then we will have faith enough and generosity enough to say that your wants shall be our care. You preach for Christ, and we will make money for Christ. When you open the Bible for Christ, we will be taking down the shop shutters for Christ; and when you are unfolding the banner of Christ's love, we will be unfolding the calicoes or selling the groceries; and will pledge ourselves always to set aside your portion, because, as our brother, you are doing our work.'"*

This dreamer affirmed that his dream was needed, probable, possible, and required of us. But, you say, it was only a dream, a dream; so we say; but who can tell how much God had to do with that dream? and may it not have had something to do with—

II. Dream the Second?—In my dream, when the first dreamer, a certain

* "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," vol. for 1868, pages 219, 223.

Mr. Greatheart, which, being interpreted, is C. H. Spurgeon, brother to that Greatheart in "The Pilgrim's Progress," had finished his dream connected with his large church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, I saw in the same year, 1868, two young men making their first attempt to preach the gospel, as the first dreamer had desired. I saw till these two young men went to the church about which Mr. Greatheart dreamed, were nurtured by it daily in the college during the space of two years: such a space soon passes over in a dream. I dreamed that for six weeks the two students had prayer almost daily together about missionary work, and at last I saw them commended in the very church where the first dreamer dreamed, to the work of God in Spain.

To that land I followed the brethren, and lo, I saw it was a land of darkness, dark as the shadow of death. I dreamed that in Barcelona I saw them stand before multitudes in the open streets, handing out the bread of life. The scene changed, and anon I saw them making known the glad tidings of great joy in the villages round about Madrid. Yet again the surroundings are different, but Corunna was interesting to me. There I saw the grave of our warrior, who was buried "darkly at dead of night," and somehow at that place, as the brethren preached, in the confusion of the dream, at one time I heard the booming of the cannon of the law, with its awful peals as of thunder, and at others our brethren seemed to be transformed into doves, bearing in their mouth the olive branch of peace. I saw some amongst those present who trembled and turned to the Lord. . . . Or ever I was aware, as in a kaleidoscope, all was changed, we have left the town for the country, the noise of the city for the village peace (it is Arteigo where we are found), and now we hear no more of the terrible artillery. Here we see our friends engaged in ploughing up the land, but there seemed in the dream a singular mixing of heavy soil and human hearts. Afterwards the sowing went on, and the seed fell broadcast over the land. In due time some blades sprang up: one ear especially, with many grains, seemed to ripen fast, and anon, the brethren having gone, seemed in a singular way to become a man, standing before the open Bible, expounding the Word of God to those who attended his instruction. And now two scenes, mixing with one another, flit before the mind, when, at a quiet river side, this man and eight others were baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Our position seems to be ruled by the fairy's wand. We are now on a hill (I knew in my dream it was the Vigo Castle Hill). What a beautiful bay, the clear blue sky reflecting itself in those blue wavelets. How well these mountains that almost surround that bay deserve the name of the mountains of God. See Vigo nestled in that bosom of beauty—and lo, there are our friends again. It is the first meeting, and the place is thronged by the people who hear how the heavenly paradise may be gained by those who have lost the earthly Eden.

Anon we are no more in Vigo. How poverty-stricken Redondela seems. But now 'tis night; our friends pass to their new preaching place. See how they are hooted by the mob, but they enter safely, and preach. . . . . Again the scene is changed. In this other village the second meeting has lasted two hours, and the hearers and preachers leave the village house, where the preaching has taken place, mutually and heartily greeting one another. But, oh, we have seen the last of these men. See the stones hurled at them by scores! hark, the report of a gun! they shoot them! See the three priests commanding the mob. The dream seems to mix up scenes. I see them hooted, mocked, put to shame, but oh these stones! that gun! this lonely place! Surely this is the end. No! my eyes have opened wider; I see angel guards. They are safely through the fray of Morgadanes.

I awake: it is but a dream, yet withal a confused medley of what God has actually helped us to do. I almost wish to sleep again, and see that which is in the immediate future. But wherefore dream? the result might be just as hazy as what we just have dreamed. You tell me, "We know about Barcelona and

the crowds, about the preaching in the Madrid villages, of the little church at Corunna, and something of the work at Arteigo. We have heard of the little meeting at Vigo, we knew something of Redondela, and *now* you have told us about Morgadanes."

But, perforce, my eyes are heavy, I must dream again. This lumbering old diligence—a cab on the top of an omnibus. How it jolts! Friend, what town is that? Pontevedra. The bishop lives there just now, for the Protestants are coming. . . . What a change; one would think one was asleep.—"But will you let the house? The second story would do for a dwelling, and the lower for a meeting-place."

"Yes, let it, but for what use?"

"A Protestant preaching-place."

"Oh, there was a man let a house at Ferrol for such a purpose, and shortly after it was burnt down. They said the priests had a hand in it. The landlord at Vigo was excommunicated, the one at Morgadanes has been put to no end of trouble, stoned, and fined; the Corunna landlord was condemned to the seventh generation, and this very Cardinal Archbishop who has come to live here visited, when at Corunna, a house from which the Protestant family had been expelled, with holy water, or something like that, to chase away and cast out the demons, hobgoblins, and other choice spirits the Protestants were sure to have left behind. So said the local newspaper, at any rate."

"Never mind about the Archbishop, man. No real harm came to any of the landlords mentioned. True, one of them died after it, after it, *post hoc sed non propter hoc*, good friend."

"Well, I want the money, give me it in writing—two years and £80, at the rate of £40 a year, each month's rent payable in advance."

"Let us see—I almost feel asleep, dare we promise him £80? We have to pay the rent at Corunna, and that of the Vigo meeting place. Mr. Greatheart's dream? . . . Now we are alone, Blamire, we have the document, the Lord will help us to seats, platform and lights, let's go ahead. Now we must go into the preaching in Pontevedra, and write and ask Mr. Spurgeon to stir up those business fellows at home to make plenty of money, and send it on."

Dear, dear, the whole thing is a dream!

"A dream," you say, I should think it is a dream. I do wish you would wake up, you have nearly sent me to dreamland by talking away in your sleep like that. Wake up, man, and tell a fellow something he can understand.

"All right, I'll sponge my eyes and face, take a few sips of cold water; and here's at you—something you can understand. Are you one of those that won't permit himself to be swallowed up in a worldly way of living? Are you one of those who are going to hold the rope while we go down the well? Look here —'hold' hard. We have fulfilled our part of the dream. For seven years we have gone; and you have heard in a dreamy way what we have done, without committee or society—now, we are already at much expense. We should like to increase our expenses by commencing preaching in new places. We should like to increase our expenses by opening schools where there has already been preaching: and we should like to increase our expenses in many other needful ways. We are only two; we are nothing for this work. Do you not know that at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, Mr. Greatheart's college, there are a number of students who are thinking and praying about missionary work? Do you not know that we need some of them to live with us, learn the language, help us, take up places after we leave them, or begin new places for themselves? Do you not know that we have had conversation with them? Do you not see that, to some extent, dream the second is a fulfilment of dream the first? Do you think that our plainly stated purpose is merely a dream? Do you not think, if fulfilled, it would further fulfil Mr. Greatheart's dream? Don't despise dreamer the great, nor dreamer the little. Help us heartily that the dream may be fulfilled; and of any reward we get by it you shall have your share."

Repentance.

REPENTANCE.—Is this, *in its details*, sufficiently insisted on? It was the first summons uttered by the Forerunner and by Jesus Christ himself. And when St. Paul recapitulated to the Ephesian elders the main points of his two years' teaching at Ephesus, his retrospect is this; "Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21). He left them as a church capable of appreciating and feeding upon the advanced and sublime teachings of the epistle subsequently addressed to them. But he had qualified them for this by the fundamental truth, not of *faith* only, but of *repentance*. In nothing that is here urged is there the slightest intention to disparage the urgent earnestness with which many preachers press upon men the duty and the blessedness of *at once* accepting God's message of mercy and eternal life in his Son. Not for one moment is it intended to make of repentance a Saviour or a half-Saviour; nor to imply that God has prescribed a certain term of delay, or a certain measure of tears to qualify the sinner for the acceptance of his free and full salvation in Christ Jesus. But in the urgency with which, especially in mission and revival services, men are called on, then and there, to accept a present pardon and to come at once to Christ, is there not too often an ignoring of conviction of sin, of contrition, of confession (I need not, I hope, guard myself in using the term), of subsequent amendment, as indicative of a change of heart and mind, which alone can attest, by the fruits of holiness, virtue, and good works, the reality and value of the emotions excited? Is there not a tendency to rest almost, if not altogether, upon present emotion and sensation, without setting forth the heinous character of sin, and the prominence given in holy Scripture to deliverance from the *mastery*, as well as the *guilt* of sin, as a no less needed and a no less privileged blessing? Well do I remember that in the early days of my ministry, an aged and ripe Christian man, who listened Sunday after Sunday to a highly gifted and faithful preacher, said to me, "We don't hear enough about repentance." I hope the remark has been useful to me from that day to this. And if I may, in a letter such as this, refer to myself, without danger of being charged with egotistical allusion, I may add that I had, not very long since, an opportunity of learning that this depreciation of the importance of repentance is an error into which some excellent Christian men are falling. It fell to me, during a course of Home Mission Services, to address a large gathering of the rougher order of our people—men who seldom if ever entered a church. The closing part of the address consisted of a plain (I hope earnest and loving) invitation to them to accept, without further delay, the mercy of God in Christ—a present pardon. I tried, heart and soul, to preach the gospel as the good news of God. But the former part of the address was an endeavour to bring home conviction of sin—the sins of blasphemy, drunkenness, lewdness, wife-beating, neglect of children, improvidence, etc. An excellent lay friend called on me a few days afterwards, and expressed his satisfaction with all the latter part of the address, but regretted that I had said so much about their sins! It had seemed to me that it was a legitimate use of the law to prepare for the gospel, and that, if I wanted them to go to the physician, I must convince them of the reality and deadliness of their disease.

And when I read the blessings pronounced upon those who mourn for sin; when I listen to the stricken David, as he declares from the depths of his heart which the Spirit of God, bringing home the rebuke of Nathan, has broken—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise"; when I mark the teaching of St. Paul to the Corinthians, in the seventh chapter of his second epistle (verses 10, 11); when Messiah himself, speaking by his prophet, sets forth as a main feature of his mission, that he is sent to "bind up the broken-hearted," I can come to no other conclusion than that, if I would preach scripturally, I must preach conviction, contrition, confession, and the fruits of repentance; and that, however

great my earnestness in urging men to do "the work of God, by believing on him whom he hath sent" (John vi. 29), I must not so preach as to send men *per saltum* over stages of experience to which such frequent prominence is given in God's word.

Not for a moment would I deny that there may be and have been exceptional cases in which the work of grace has been very rapid, and even sudden. But I must confess to a great and grave distrust of emotional and sensational experience, under the high forcing of hot-bed processes, where there has been no experience of deep self-abasement for sin, and where, however great his joy, the sinner does not come to the cross—I say not with the *price*, but with "the *sacrifice* of a broken and contrite heart." Let me therefore urge you to utter often the summons, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel!" and often to go in detail into the subject of repentance, and often to use the law as the instrument of conviction, and so as the instrument of bringing them to Christ.—*From "Letters to a Young Clergyman," by the late Canon Miller.*

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Pictures. Passmore and Alabaster.

THOUGH this book has only been issued from the press a few weeks it is already in the sixtieth thousand, and is moving on to longer numbers.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. Price one penny.

THIS will be ready early this month. We hope our friends will like it so well that they will bring it under the notice of others.

Spurgeon's Penny Book Almanack will appear as usual; may it meet with the same favour as in former years.

Steps to Christian Manhood: being Daily Words for Young Men.

The Chain of Gold: a Manual of Prayer for Working Lads. By ROSALIND MARRYAT. London: Hatchards.

AT the risk of being considered ungallant, and after giving the authoress the fullest credit for good intent, we cannot bring ourselves to commend these little volumes. Books of prayers never were attractive to us, and the notion of working lads using these forms as aids to devotion seems to us extremely unlikely to become fact, and even if it were a fact, a far inferior thing to their praying in their own simple language. The same ability directed to other purposes might have produced a really good, sensible book.

Sermons preached in London. By Rev. W. A. GRIFFITHS. Elliot Stock.

THESE discourses are among the best specimens of the modern pulpit. The matter and the manner are of the highest order. There is directness and delicacy, pungency and pathos, and withal a sturdy orthodoxy as strong as it is enlightened. Mr. Griffiths has all the Welsh force and imagination, but it is well in hand and under control.

Christian Certainties: Five short Addresses. By Rev. GORDON CALTHROP. London: Elliot Stock.

IT is refreshing to find that in the Establishment there are men who believe that there are such things as Christian Certainties, and are not ashamed to say so. These addresses are of the true, manly, gospel, evangelical kind, so scouted in these modern times. May they be read far and wide.

The Age of the great Patriarchs from Adam to Jacob. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Vol. I. Sunday School Union.

ONE of the most instructive books which has of late come in our way, containing plenty of brain food for teachers. We could have wished that the work had been complete in one volume, for the division makes the books appear thin and unimportant, but we dare say the author knows how to do his own work better than we can tell him. We shall look for the second portion with considerable expectancy.

Young England: an Illustrated Magazine, for Recreation and Instruction. Vol. I. 56, Old Bailey.

Surely the boys will have papers enough soon. The evil caused by the vile trash sold to our youth ought to be much abated by such excellent literature as *Young England*. The Sunday School Union worthily rivals the Religious Tract Society in this department, though we do not think it quite keeps pace with it. We wish success to all these endeavours to supply entertaining and healthy reading to the thousands who through our Board Schools will grow up possessing the power to read.

Hand and Heart: an Illustrated Weekly Journal. Conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. Vol. V. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favourite attendant, once said—"Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom, "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly." We are half afraid that if the great wizard of the north could not keep Tom awake, even a volume of *Hand and Heart* would fail to do it; but we draw the line at Tom Purdie. No one else could feel drowsy over these lively pages, studded with bright engravings, and full of a marvellous variety of matter. This makes a grand book to place on one's shelves, for the young people and the servants to pull down on a winter's evening to amuse themselves with, without fear of mental or moral injury.

The Postman: a paper for the people, and house to house evangel. One halfpenny. E. Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey, London.

The Postman deserves our heartiest word of praise. If our readers want a paper to give away, which will be received with pleasure, and read with interest, they cannot do better than purchase a hundred of *The Postman*. It is very cheap at a halfpenny, and it is full of warm gospel life and love. We should like to hear of its being circulated by millions.

The Boy's Own Annual. London: "Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

The foul streams which supplied our youth with exciting reading became at last so conspicuous, as well as pestilential, that good men were compelled to counteract their baneful influence. Hence this capital boys' paper. It does not meet the case of the lowest order of boys, whose appetites crave the raw-head-and-bloody-bones story; but it admirably suits a more respectable order of lads, who would soon be tempted to the garbage shop if they could not be entertained with more wholesome dainties. This right royal volume, like its predecessor, is a mountain of interest, a mine of mirth, a fountain of instructive amusement.

The Girl's Own Annual. "The Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

What a tasteful volume! The Religious Tract Society has achieved as great success in catering for girls as for boys. *The Boy's Annual* is superlative, and this ranks with it. We do not think there was quite the same need for a girl's paper, nor did the need take the same form; but girls want instructive, entertaining reading, and here it is. Can anything surpass these volumes in their own line? Nothing, at present, certainly.

A Short Race well run; or, Recollections of James Ernest Blair. By his Father, the Rev. John Blair, Carnwath. Edinburgh: Oliphant. London: Hamilton & Adams.

The memoir of a holy child. James Ernest Blair was evidently developed mentally far beyond other boys of his age, but the development was accompanied with a moral restraint, and a spiritual perception far more wonderful. His sorrowing father has solaced his bereaved condition by penning his "recollections" of his boy, and we can well believe that, in many instances, their perusal has been a means of grace to young persons. We heartily congratulate our brother upon having been favoured with such a loan from the Lord.

Mr. Manby's Midnight Visitors. By Wm. C. Preston. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Manby's visitors were the reminiscences of his early days of mingled poverty and piety. As he had risen socially, he had fallen spiritually; but the mysterious visitors who came to him one new-year's eve were the means of bringing him and his whole family back to the Saviour, and to a life of great usefulness. This book might be put into the hands of any who seem to have left their first love to Christ.

Frank West; or, the Struggles of a Village Lad. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

A most improbable temperance story of a boy who passed examinations and entered the university, but who, in writing his own history, does not appear to understand one of the first rules of English composition. The book abounds with sentences of this kind, "When *a person* says *they* don't care, they have the most cause to care." The moral of the story is much better than its phraseology.

Adelaide's Treasure: and how the Thief came unawares. By Sarson. Wesleyan Conference Office.

A sad story founded upon facts, written, we suppose, to show how strangely God deals even with his own children in chastening. The style is generally good, though now and then somewhat stilted; but altogether the incidents are so sorrowful that we should not recommend desponding persons to read the book. A tonic may be good for one person, and yet not at all a dose to be prescribed to another. On the whole our taste does not run in the line of bitters.

Irish Priests and English Landlords. By the late Rev. George Brittaine. W. Hunt and Co.

This is a sad, strange story of the spiritual tyranny exerted by the priests in Ireland, tending to debase and degrade the nation. We are afraid it is only too true, and pray that this publication, and every other effort to break the thraldom, may be very successful. When shall the Christ take the place of the priest in that suffering land?

Wenzel's Inheritance; a Story of Bohemia in the fifteenth century. By Annie Lucas. Nelson and Sons.

A narrative based on facts. The struggles of confessors and martyrs cannot be too often rehearsed in men's ears, for nowadays backbones are scarce, and men seem made of wax or putty. Oh that the next generation might have a little grit in it! Perhaps such a story may help to strengthen those who peruse it; and yet it may be that young readers may be led to think history all a tale. We are not very sanguine as to the results of the best of semi-fictions, but we like the book and wish it a host of readers.

A Dweller in Tents. By L. T. Meade. W. Isbister, 56, Ludgate Hill.

If we must have stories we like them to have an air of probability about them, but this narrative is about as unlike truth as well could be. The author takes opportunity to sneer at the orthodox faith, and this by no means puts us on the best of terms with him or her. Cobbler, stick to your last: story-teller, tell your story, and let doctrines and churches alone till you understand more about them.

True to his Colours; or the Life that wears best. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham. T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

A good temperance story. The interest is sustained, and the teaching impressive.

Why do I believe? or the Bible historically true and divinely inspired. By By Mrs. J. B. Patterson. Religious Tract Society.

To a candid mind this will be very helpful in battling with religious doubts. The arguments are plainly put, and well worked out, but there is no tedious word-spinning or attempt at learning. Any youth will be able to follow the reasoning, and yet men of riper years will be well content with it. May the press produce such treatises in scores, and multiply copies by millions; they are the meal to cast into the pot of modern thought, into which the wild gourds of proud scepticism have been shred.

Who was Jesus? By CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

SOMEHOW we do not enjoy this book. The author has proposed to himself a peculiar design, and he has carried it out with great skill. We do not doubt that a certain measure of usefulness will come out of his plan and its execution, but we heartily wish that his great abilities had been turned towards a work more pleasant and more likely to be generally edifying. He takes the four evangelists as if they were merely human writings, and makes a narrative out of them. In so doing he brings out the illustrious character of Jesus, the Son of Mary, and leaves it to make its own impression, merely suggesting in his preface the question—"If such a case can be made out by a rational examination of the four evangelists, on the ground that their memoirs are merely human in all respects, who is Jesus, on the further supposition that those memoirs are divinely inspired records?" This is powerful argument when we come to its bayonet thrust, but all the other part of the gun will be lightly esteemed by the many. We are not among those who misunderstand the author's intent, or undervalue his aim; but we should have been far more his debtor if he had given us the story of Jesus, the Christ, and set before us the entire character of "God with us."

Christ the divine man; or, Deity veiled. By the Rev. H. E. VON STURMER, B.A. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

AMONG our best essayists we have seldom met with a higher style of writing than that which adorns this book: in fact, if anything, it is written too well, and is rather too ornate and polished. The doctrines taught, and the sentiments expressed, are not only orthodox, but warm with devout feeling towards the ever-blessed One, in whom manhood is glorified by union with the Godhead. The work contains many beautiful passages, and all through reveals the taste, the industry, and the culture of the writer; we trust that to many a reader it will reveal infinitely more, and make known somewhat of the surpassing charms of the Lord Jesus, who is our God and Saviour. We do not like the title: "Christ the divine man." Our Lord is no more a divine man than he is a human God; there should be no confusion of the natures by a divine who has passed the University, and has written so good a treatise.

The Life and Work of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M.A., Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness. Ward, Lock, and Co., Warwick-lane.

SOME "lives of Christ" are so written that they make us question whether their authors ever had any life in Christ; and yet they have been acceptable to professed Christians. Praise has been given for literary ability where it ought to have been refused because of doctrinal unsoundness; and in certain instances the little leaven has been forgiven because of the three measures of meal. This "Memoir of the Master" has been penned by a disciple, who reverently believes in him, and in the records concerning him. Mr. Malleson gives forth no uncertain sound; he writes of Jesus Christ as his Lord, and as divine, and he manifests everywhere the evangelical spirit of the true minister of Christ, and the devotion of the sincere lover of the Redeemer. His work is produced at a cheap rate, so that the working man may readily procure it, and read the gospels more profitably by its help. Messrs. Ward and Lock have done a great service to our holy cause by publishing so excellent a book. Scholars may not need it, but the common people will read it gladly. Illustrations are largely inserted, but we do not always see their appropriateness to the subject, and perhaps some of them had been better omitted; in other respects the volume is all we could wish.

"*England, Home, & Beauty*": Sketches of Christian Life and Work in England in 1878. By Rev. H. B. MACARTNEY, Jun., M.A. Shaw and Co.

FIFTY years hence these chatty letters about the Christian men of the times will be very interesting. They were written to an Australian friend by a clergyman who came home to England for his health. Personal references are always interesting, and these are the staple of the book. Dr. Parker is reckoned up somewhat unceremoniously, while others are praised quite sufficiently.

The Pulpit Commentary. I. Samuel. By the Very Rev. PAYNE SMITH, C. CHAPMAN, D. FRASER, and others. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

THERE was ample room for a comment upon Samuel, for there is scarcely anything upon that book worth mentioning. This noble volume fills the gap exceedingly well, and will be invaluable to all ministers. Some of the homiletical notes are by no means to our taste, and might be stigmatized as "much-ado-about-nothing"; but still the major part of them will be of great practical value to the student. We hope Mr. Kegan Paul will persevere in his admirable scheme till he has produced commentaries on all the books of the Bible; and we trust that he will in return meet with the large patronage which he deserves from the preaching confraternity. At fifteen shillings this is an exceedingly cheap volume, for it is full of matter, and much of that matter is condensed and compressed.

The Biblical Museum: a complete Commentary of the Scriptures on an original plan. By J. COMPER GRAY. Isaiah. Old Testament. Vol. VIII. Elliot Stock.

IT gives us great pleasure to see Mr. Comper Gray industriously pursuing his researches and stocking his museum. We might repeat concerning this volume all the commendations which we have given to its predecessors, but there is no need. As a popular, practical, suggestive exposition for teachers and diligent readers this work stands among the best. The binding of the volumes is in handsome Roxburghe, and the price of the Old Testament portions is five shillings each.

A Metrical Translation of the Book of Job. By H. J. CLARKE. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 6s.

A GOOD translation is in itself an exposition, and by the help of two or three such works a man who is no scholar may spell his way to the essential meaning of the most difficult book. Mr. Clarke has not given a literal rendering, which to our mind is often a species of literary murder, but he has used freedom of words in order to convey the author's sense. A poetical book demands a poetic license for its translator, and it must be accorded, or else the work lies cold in the shroud of literalism, and is no more its real self. The work of Mr. Clarke will aid those who desire to know what Job and his friends really meant in their famous talk upon the ways of God to man.

The Cup of Consolation. With an Introduction by Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. 3s. 6d. Hodder & Stoughton.

A COLLECTION of striking passages, mostly from poets, arranged by an invalid, so that they can be read from day to day. Many excellent "Readings" and "Portions" are used already, and this will not supplant any one of them. It will have its peculiar sphere, but that will not be a very extensive one.

No Sect in Heaven, and other poems. A Selection. Provost and Co., 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

THESE poems (?) are not at all to our taste. The selection is prefaced by the rigmarole, entitled, "No sect in heaven," which has always struck us as being a most stupid set of jingles.

The Human Body and its Functions. By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

PHYSIOLOGY is a fascinating and suggestive study, and when pursued by a mind filled with a profound reverence for the Creator and a fervent love to him, it will help to elevate and sanctify. In these lectures our friend, Dr. Paterson, has given the results of a large knowledge, in simple, untechnical terms, and in a charmingly descriptive style. We cannot conceive anyone reading or hearing these lectures without being mentally and morally improved. The claims of the body have too often been forgotten or despised, but science is now teaching us that mental states and spiritual emotions are largely affected by bodily conditions, and hence the importance of a due regard to the outer man. This little volume ought to sell by thousands; we can most sincerely and enthusiastically recommend it, and add that Dr. Sinclair Paterson is a great acquisition to our London ministry, and destined to be one of the most prominent leaders of the Presbyterian church in England.

Memories of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton MacGill. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, Princes-street.

It is difficult to realize that Dr. Hamilton MacGill has really passed away from us. What a dying world we live in! Some persons stamp their image upon your memory during a single brief interview, and, somehow, you seem to remain in hearty intimacy with them ever after. We only saw our good friend once or twice, but we had him in our heart almost as soon as we saw him, and we kept him there. Dr. MacGill was sweetness itself, but his strength was equal to his suavity. He impressed us as a fine man to be the secretary of a society; in fact, the right man for the place which he held. It is a great sorrow that he should be no more at his post. The Lord hath done it, and we bow our heads in reverent submission. This memorial is a worthy token of love, and all his friends will greatly value it,—when we say "his friends," we mean not only his brethren of the United Presbyterian body, but of all the churches of Jesus Christ. Hamilton MacGill belonged to us all. All who knew him esteemed him: how could they help it?

The Beloved Prince; a Memoir of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By William Nichols. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

Our rising youth cannot be too familiar with the story of Albert the Good. It has been often told, and there is nothing in it of a sensational character, and yet it wears an interest all its own. What with Mr. Nichols' cheerful writing, abundance of engravings, and handsome binding, "The Beloved Prince" finds worthy presentation to another audience of young Methodists and Dissenters, among whom his sorrowing Victoria always finds her most loyal subjects.

By the Sad Sea Waves; and Miss Priscilla's Summer Change. By Margaret Scott MacRitchie. James Clarke and Co.

This is the silliest book we have ever read. Perhaps this will induce some silly person to buy it.

The Gloucester Martyr: a Sketch of the Life, Times, and Martyrdom of John Hooper. By William Higgs. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

A brief and well-written memoir of Bishop Hooper, appropriately produced in connection with the Sunday School Centenary.

Pictures from the German Fatherland, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. Samuel G. Green, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

These pen and pencil descriptions of divers countries have become an annual institution with the Religious Tract Society. Sumptuous as they are, they are yet marvellously cheap. The present volume is as good as the former ones. We could not well say more, unless we remark that the engravings seem better than ever. Dr. Green is rather more tolerant of the superstition of Rome than we should be, and he makes rather more excuse for the performances at Ammergau than we like; but he is of a gentle spirit, and sees the better side of things. Some will greatly admire his charity, and so do we; but it might easily degenerate into something not quite so admirable. In other respects the book is exactly to our mind, and is a wonderful instance of what can be seen with a quick eye and an educated mind. Dr. Green carries much with him when he goes abroad, and therefore he brings much home. He has also excellent powers of description, and after reading his chapters, and looking at the pictures, one feels that he has "done" Germany much better than half the tourists. Christmas is coming, and this would make a first-rate Christmas present.

Miss Willard's Story of New England Life. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

We can only give negative praise to this American book. It has no bad points, no jarring discords, no evil tendencies; on the contrary, it extols the domestic virtues, and chronicles with somewhat tiresome triviality the pure, peaceable, and pious doings of a well ordered and well-to-do family in New England. It might have been attractive had the style been less laboured.

Found by the Good Shepherd: Bible records of conversion. By Dr. ADOLPH SAPHIR. Shaw and Co.

MR. MOODY was wont strongly to praise this book, and it deserved his approbation. Mr. Saphir is in doctrine heartily loyal to the old orthodox faith, and in spirit he is full of love and devotion. His quiet, humble style is a silver veil concealing sound scholarship and deep thought. This book would not have reached a tenth edition if it had not been rich in gospel truth wisely set forth in choice words. The price is 3s. 6d.

Notes.

WE spoke in great physical weakness and pain at the meeting of the Baptist Union, and we do not wonder that certain of our remarks were not thoroughly understood. Our desire for the union of all Christians is intense. We have no sympathy with isolation, bigotry, and division; on the contrary it is our joy to have, on every occasion in our power, joined in many united movements for the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom. No one has been laid under greater obligations to charity than we have been, for the generous courtesies of many denominations have been most heartily accorded us. This was not the point which we were driving at. The unity of Christendom is one thing, but the breaking up of the various religious bodies is quite another. Under the notion of creating union we are urged to be *undenominational:* that is to say, to complete the walls of Zion we are advised to pull down those lengths of the wall which are already completed. Certain "brethren," who are of all men the least united and the most sectarian, cry out against "system," "sects," "parties," etc., as if they were not themselves the fiercest of partisans. They do not practice or promote Christian union one hundredth part so much as those whom they stigmatize as denominational. It is a hollow cry intended to subserve the purpose of the sheep-stealers, who can prey best on scattered flocks. Unity is the pretence, but the breaking up of useful organizations is the object aimed at.

Some of our own brethren, who are far from being one with the Plymouths, are, nevertheless, fascinated by them, so far as to unite in their cry,—in their own instance a genuine though a mistaken one. But the idea, come whence it may, is preposterous. We are to become one by being broken into fragments! It seems to us that for believers to unite with each other for practical purposes cannot be an evil thing. If they find that by reason of divergent opinions they cannot work with one body of Christians it must be a wise thing for them to join with those who are of the same mind. Thus various regiments are formed in the one army, and we all pray that Christian love and the teaching of the Holy Spirit may so abound that these regiments will be more and more united and mingled, till even apparent division shall cease. To break up the ranks in order to unite the army would be a foolish procedure. It is true that there are too many denominations, and that it will be a glorious time when all divisions cease. To promote this end let every denomination disband itself when it perceives that it is not faithful to Christ and his commands; but let those who are united in Christ, and in his doctrine and ordinances, never dream of giving up their union with each other, or their defence of every word of their great Leader.

Let each Christian cultivate abounding love to all the saints, even to those whom he judges to be in error upon certain points. Let him work with all believers as far as he can, but let him obey the ordinances of the Lord's house, and maintain the faith once delivered to the saints. To do this he will find it needful to join to the fullest degree with those like-minded, for he may not for unity's sake pollute his conscience and be a partaker in superstition or error. Let him pray that the church to which he belongs may be taught the whole truth, and that all other churches may be instructed in the same manner, for this is the way in which all the churches will become openly one. We will do anything for love and peace except sacrifice truth, and disregard the will of the divine Lord.

The day on which the stones of the Reading and Liverpool Houses of the Stockwell Orphanage were laid turned out to be one of the wettest order. No one could attend the ceremony without an umbrella, and even under that protection there was great danger of getting soaked by the drippings of your neighbour's umbrella, which would persist in running down your back. Mr. Palmer, M.P., and Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown were not to

be hindered in their good work by the steady downpour, and we owe them both a great debt of gratitude for the whole-hearted way in which they entered into the matter. Reading has done gloriously, and Liverpool is not behind, for Mr. Brown, for himself and friends, presented a cheque for two hundred and fifty guineas. Unable to be present in the pouring rain, we were delighted to hear of the brave way in which our fellow-helpers stuck to their posts, though some of them wet to the skin; and we were greatly gladdened by the warm manner in which the Orphanage was spoken of by our saturated and satisfied visitors. A brighter day would have seemed better, but no doubt it was best that it should be otherwise. If it pleased the great Patron of orphans it ought to please us: surely the Father of the fatherless would do no hurt to those under his own peculiar care. We think it highly probable that the ministers and delegates will remember the Orphanage all the better, and will take care that the institution is never left high and dry for want of funds.

On the night of Sunday, October 17, thieves entered our study and plundered it. If, therefore, any letters received late on Saturday contained money they may have been stolen. We do not think that there were any such, but as our visitors threw all our papers and documents into indescribable confusion we cannot be certain. Any omission which may occur in our accounts for November or December may possibly be caused by this painful event. Our gratitude to God is great that no violence was permitted, and that no large sum of money was taken.

On *Wednesday evening, Sept.* 29, about 300 friends gathered in the College Lecture Hall, by invitation of the Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Association, to listen to "Illustrations of Old-fashioned Singing," by a select choir. Mr. S. Wigney, who had arranged for the evening's programme, made a few explanatory remarks to the young Christians present, referring to the characteristics of the old tunes, and calling attention to the beauty of their harmonies. He expressed his attachment to them, and the hope that a revival of their use both in the home and in the congregation might take place. The illustrations given by the choir consisted of a Lonsdale, Tranquility, Hampshire, Calcutta, Queenborough, Westbury Leigh, Bradley Church, Twyford, Refuge, Bermondsey, Leach, Gabriel, and Poland. The audience seemed much delighted in listening to the tunes of bygone days. For our own part, we like best a mixture of new and old, but certainly the old-fashioned times suited a fervour of devotion which is scarce in these days. Ridicule has been poured upon them, but it is principally by persons with more music than grace.

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 18, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY, was held in the Lecture-hall. The Pastor presided, and Messrs. W. Olney, Carr, and Moung Ediwin, a Karen brother, spoke on behalf of the society. During the year 235 poor women living around the Tabernacle have been supplied with a box of linen, visited, and relieved. What a sphere of service lies open to Christian ladies in connection with their poor sisters! Happy are they who take delight in compassion. Those who for Christ's sake sow in charity shall reap in mercy.

On *Tuesday evening, Oct.* 19, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall, under the able chairmanship of our good deacon, Mr. W. Olney. The number present at the tea was much larger than usual, and the meeting altogether was very successful. Mr. Woods, the energetic secretary, reported that 100 districts are now worked by 98 distributors, who visit 3,640 families every week, and carry to them the pastor's sermons. He also mentioned many encouraging cases of conversion which had resulted from the efforts of the visitors, and stated that a sick fund amounting to about £12 had been commenced during the year for the relief of special cases of distress. Mr. Harrald, the treasurer for the past year, presented the balance-sheet, which showed that the total receipts had been £55 12s. 4d., and the expenditure £50 16s., leaving a balance of £4 16s. 4d. in hand. At the last annual meeting, the society was considerably in debt. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Messrs. Dunn, Tomkins, and Bowker, and some of the distributors. It is no small joy to know that thousands of our neighbours are by this society brought into contact with one or other of the friends of Jesus every week, and have left in their houses an appeal to their hearts. Best of all is the fact that the sermons are read and that men's minds are, through divine grace, impressed by them.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. L. R. Foskett has settled at Shepton Mallet, and Mr. J. L. Bennett at Wood-green.

Mr. A. A. Saville has left us to continue the work commenced by Mr. Osborne at Carlisle. Mr. E. J. Parker has completed his college course, and now intends devoting himself to the work of an evangelist. He has a powerful and melodious voice, and sings the gospel most effectively.

Thanks to a generous friend, we have been able to send £50 each to our brethren in Jamaica, and smaller amounts are coming in. It must need a great deal to rebuild the chapels and houses destroyed, but every little helps. Still, another large sum, or several such, would help very much more.

To our intense regret our brother, Mr. Stubbs, is obliged to leave Allahabad. He is suffering from extreme debility, and must come home. We were rejoicing that so many of our students were prospering in India, and this is a dash of bitter in the cup. When Mr. Stubbs has returned and recovered, any home church will find in him a valuable pastor.

Our brethren in Spain report progress in Vigo, Corunna, Morgadanes, Arteigo, Pontevedra, and Villagarcia, and ask for our prayers.

Mr. Cook, Kingston, Ontario, sends us good news of his work, and mentions that over 100 of our sermons are being circulated by the young people of his church every week.

Mr. Harry Wood writes that the Lord has greatly blessed his labours at Saddleworth, S. Australia. The membership has been trebled, and the chapel debt paid off during his first year's stay, and he is now collecting money for necessary alterations.

By last intelligence our son Thomas was making a tour in Victoria and Queensland, preaching the gospel to large assemblies.

Evangelists.—The Scotch papers which have been sent to us, give good reports of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services in the north. Even the silver cornet seems to have been welcomed. One writer says: "On hearing it the prejudices of a lifetime melted away, and men, and women too, who before the evangelists came would with deep and cherished convictions have resented the introduction of instrumental music, were soon swelling with hearty chorus the grand volume of praise." The services at Galashiels are described as the most successful evangelistic meetings yet held in that town. At Dunoon large congregations gathered in the Burgh Hall and United Presbyterian churches, and much good was done. While making up the notes, our brethren write from Paisley that they are having splendid meetings in St. George's parish church every night. They are this month paying a long-promised visit to Leamington.

Mr. Burnham has been resting during the month, and trying to regain his spirits after his recent sorrowful bereavement. He hopes soon to be in full work again, but he is not strong.

Poor Ministers' Clothing Society—Mrs. Evans asks us to mention that she is very grateful for two parcels of old clothing received from "Readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*." They could not be acknowledged by letter, as there was no address sent with them. Suitable material for dresses, and under-clothing, and garments of all kinds, are very gratefully received by poor ministers' families.

Personal Notes.—A lady who is engaged in Zenana Mission work in *India* writes to us:—"One of my outdoor pupils is a Mahometan lady. On my first visit to her house I had a long talk about religion with her husband, who confessed that he was favourably impressed towards Christianity, but not converted. I lent him a volume of your sermons, and on my next visit he said to me, 'I have read half the book you lent me, and I like it very much. I think it will be the means of my conversion,' and then he exclaimed, 'If this preacher would only come to India, everyone would believe and be converted, and I do wish the whole world was converted to Christ.'" Alas! India needs far more than any human preaching. May God bless those who are labouring there, and give them abundant fruit.

At the close of a recent service in the Tabernacle two *Russian* ladies came into our vestry and presented us with one of our sermons in their own language. On the back of it was a list of nine other sermons issued by the same publishers. Thank God for opportunities to preach by the press in Russia.

The Editor of the French monthly, *L'Echo de la Vérité*, writes that the translations of our sermons recently published in *France* have been much valued. As an instance he mentions that a poor woman having read the sermon on "Lot's Wife," (No. 1,491), which had been lent to her, and thinking it was impossible to get another copy, actually copied it with her own hand from beginning to end, in order to be able to read it again and to lend it to friends. M. Andru says that he will print the translation of our sermon

on "Salvation by Works, a Criminal Doctrine," as soon as he has the money. The excellent friends who manage this work have everything requisite except cash to buy paper and pay for press work.

One of our students writes as follows:—"You will be glad to know that one sister here, who is to be baptized shortly, found peace while reading your sermon on 'Peace: a Fact and a Feeling' (No. 1,456)."

One of the members of our congregation writes that she was converted under our ministry, and at once commenced to send the sermons to her friends. She sends us the following letter from her cousin:—"My dearest cousin,—I will now answer your very kind letter. You will have some gems in your crown for all the comforting words you have spoken to me. We do not know how deep a word sinks into a heart, therefore we ought always to speak for Jesus, wherever we are. I have written to you to-day on purpose to thank you for your earnest pleadings to God on my behalf, and to tell you he has answered them. Last Sunday evening it was very wet. I wanted to go to chapel; but my parents thought it unwise for me to go, so I stayed at home. Looking into a drawer I saw a lot of Spurgeon's sermons. I commenced reading one, entitled, 'Peace: a Fact and a Feeling' (No. 1,456). As soon as I had finished, the light began to dawn on my soul. I see it all now. Instead of taking God at his word, I was trying in my own strength to become better. After I had read the sermon I went to my room, and poured out my complaint: Jesus listened, and renewed my heart."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, Sept. 30th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Nuttall	1	0	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Miss Goff	0	10	0
Miss Traill	5	0	0
Pastor B. Smith	0	10	0
J. B.	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Ardill, New South Wales	5	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom, New South Wales	3	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
M. A. N.	1	10	0
Mr. J. Hassall	1	0	0
Mr. W. Seth Smith	5	0	0
Banknotes from Lurgan	5	0	0
Collection at Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn, per Pastor R. F. Jeffrey	4	14	6
A member of the Church of England	0	8	0
Mr. J. Tritton	10	0	0
Mrs. Robins	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
"Emma"	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Chamberlain	1	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Collection at Shooter's-hill Chapel, per Rev. H. Rylands Brown	0	12	6
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Rev. G. Duncan	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mrs. M. J. Horwood	1	4	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
A sermon reader, Cookstown	1	0	0
A Christian lady, "for good works"	50	0	0
Mr. J. N. Crossland	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Meary	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	14	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	1	0	0
Mrs. F. M. Freeman	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 19	31	9	5
,, 26	11	12	6
Oct. 3	29	4	8
,, 10	27	7	0
	102	13	7
	£218	11	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Nuttall	1	0	0
Mrs. Traill	5	0	0
A lover of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
W. S. M.	0	2	6
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Leeson	3	0	0
Mr. John Surjeant	1	1	0
Mr. G. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. John Rennison	1	0	0
Miss Ann Aldred	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
R. Joyce and A. W. Bridges	0	2	0
Friends at Bradninch, per Pastor T. G. Strong	0	5	0
R. E. M.	0	7	6
Mr. R. Thomson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pearson	0	1	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	0	16	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings	50	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. East, Kingston, Jamaica :—			
Rev. P. Watson (2 years)...	0	10	0
Rev. T. Hutchins (2 years)	0	10	0
Mr. McWiney (2 years) ...	0	9	0
Rev. C. B. Berry	0	5	0
Rev. — Kirkham	0	5	0
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0
Rev. W. A. Tucker ...	0	5	0
Mr. Morton	0	4	0
Mrs. Webley	0	8	0
Mrs. Uter	0	4	0
Mrs. Graham	0	2	0
Miss Jones	0	1	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Mrs. Appleford	0	5	0
Miss Cuthbert	0	2	0
Rev. W. Dendy	2	0	0
Mrs. East (1879 and 1880)	1	0	0
	7	0	0
A poor member	0	0	5
D. McC., Silloth	0	2	6
D. P.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Lees	0	5	0
A servant	0	1	0
Miss Robertson	0	1	0
J. B.	0	10	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom, New South Wales	3	0	0
A friend, per Miss Pinnel	2	1	0
Miss Pinnel	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Knowles	2	18	3
Miss Rose Woollard	1	5	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	10	0
A sermon reader	0	2	6
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
T.	0	10	0
Collection at Hampden House Academy, Ashwater	1	16	9
E. J. C.	0	10	0
A. S.	0	5	0
Mr. G. A. Beavan	0	2	6
Janet Macfie	0	2	6
Mrs. E. H. L. Wilson, thankoffering for an abundant harvest	2	0	0
Thankoffering from Perth	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Moore	2	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
S. A. Silvester	0	2	6
Camberwell 'Bus Driver	0	10	0
"Firstfruits"	0	11	3
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. A. Pengilly	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	5	0
M. C.	0	10	0
T. E. S.	2	0	0
A Christian lady, "for good works" ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Nicholson	0	5	0
Children of Pastor G. Boulsher ...	0	10	0
A country minister	0	3	4
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
"Every little helps"	0	5	0
E. H., Croydon	0	10	0
From a friend	0	10	0
A friend, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. S. Case ... ... 2 hams and	0	7	4
From an orphan	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Barclay	0	1	0
Collections at Camberwell New Road Congregational Chapel, Rev. W. P. Tiddy's, after Sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	12	0	0
Collected by T. C. Burchett	6	3	0
Mrs. G. E. Sintzenich, proceeds sale of leaflets, "Queen's visit to Hospital for Sick Children"	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Kersey	5	18	6
Miss Brown, Boxmoor	2	10	0
W. S. Hobson	0	5	0
Boxes and Books received Oct. 4 :—			
Miss F. B. Charles... ... 0 12 0			
Mrs. Newman 0 11 10			
Mrs. J. E. Knight... ... 0 15 0			
Miss Evans 0 1 4			
Miss Livett 0 14 4			
Miss Descroix 1 12 0			
	4	6	6
A thankoffering to the Lord for his mercies to us, "A. B."...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. M. Cox	0	2	6
Mr. A. Chamberlain	1	1	0
Baptist Church, Henley-on-Thames, per Pastor J. M. Hewson	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Arthur Sears	0	6	0
Collected by Alice Appleyard	0	11	9
Mr. John Lamont, per W. C. M. ...	2	0	0
A friend, Stockton, per J. T. D. ...	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Cheyney	0	13	0
Three Yorkshire friends, per Mr. Charlesworth	0	7	6
Andrew Dunn, Esq., per Mr. Charlesworth	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Tilbrook	1	0	0
Mr. T. T. Clarkson	0	10	0
Mrs. F. M. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Bunting ...	1	15	0
By sale of photographs	0	6	6
Box at Orphanage Gates...	5	11	6
Sandwich, per Bankers, Aug. 31 ...	2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Oct. 2nd ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Mucklestone... ...	0	4	0
Quarterly Subscriptions :—			
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Master Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
Mr. Underwood 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. John Skinner	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
Mr. William Park	1	1	0
	£184	8	7

List of Presents (*Boys' Division*) :—PROVISIONS.—28lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 5 loaves of Bread, Mr. C. Russell; 2 sacks of Flour, James Nutter, Esq.; 6 hampers of Apples, Mr. Chesterman; 3 Hams, Mr. H. S. Case; a barrel of Potatoes, Mrs. S. M. Cocks; a sack of Potatoes, Mr. F. Higgins; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 5 dozen Savoys, Mrs. Parker.

CLOTHING.—6 pair of knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Traill; 30 Flannel Shirts, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; a pair of Boots from Reading, per Rev. W. Anderson; 6 pair of knitted Stockings, Mr. John Nuttall.

GENERAL.—135 yards printed Cottons, 23½ yards Dress Material, a few small Hose and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Mr. J. Pentelow; a Bed Coverlet, Anonymous; 6lbs. black Thread, 216 yards Llama Braid, and 14lbs. of Wool Mending, T. Olney, Esq.; a Rocking Horse, Mrs. T. Nixon.

List of Presents (*Girls' Division*) :—CLOTHING.—16 articles of Linen, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 22 Flannel Petticoats, 18 pairs Drawers, 16 Chemises, 11 Night Dresses, and 3 Frocks.

GENERAL.—A quantity of Haberdashery, T. H. Olney, Esq.; 20 yards Calico, 15 ditto unbleached, 12 yards Flannel, 35 yards Linsey, S. J. W.

Erratum last month.—Mrs. James Withers' list, Mr. J. Lacy, £1, should be Mr. J. Long, £1.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. John Skinner	1	1	0
Hanover Congregational Chapel, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley (2nd contribution)	5	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. T. A. Sleath, per Rev. J. Spurgeon	0	10	0
A friend, Hyson Green	0	1	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Morris	2	0	0
Mrs. Patston	1	0	0
Mrs. Parker	0	5	0
Mr. A. Woollard	10	0	0
Mr. C. McLeish, per Mr. J. McDougall	0	10	0
Mr. P. Baddeley	0	8	0
Mrs. McGregor	1	0	0
Nell	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	1	0	0
A birthday offering from Baby Percy	0	2	6
Miss L. Thompson and friends	0	17	6
Mr. John Green	1	1	0
Mr. William Williams	1	0	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
T.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Beckside Baptist Mission School, Beverley	0	15	0
Two friends	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	15	15	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Withers, Reading, for "The Reading House"—			
Mrs. T. Rogers, Roschill	2	2	0
Mrs. James Withers	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Collier	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	1	1	0
Mr. R. J. Grubb, Oxford	1	1	0
Mrs. Chaplin, Southampton	1	1	0
T. C., a friend	1	0	0
Miss Nellie Withers	2	10	0
Mrs. Charles R. Stevens	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Wheeler	0	10	0
Mr. G. V. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. E. G. Oakshott	0	10	0
Mr. C. B. Bartlett, Derby	0	10	0
Mrs. Piggott	0	5	0
Mr. W. Beer, Southampton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Harriet Cooper	0	6	7
Sarah Sadler	0	3	0
Mrs. Richardson	0	2	6
Miss Richardson	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Deane	0	2	6
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Jewell	0	2	6
Mr. James Holmes	0	2	6
Mr. R. D. Catchpool	0	2	6
Mr. Stamford	0	2	6
P. G.	0	2	0
T. H.	0	2	0
A real friend	0	2	0
Mrs. Grace	0	1	0
Mr. J. Seymour	0	1	0
	16	17	7

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. McGaw	0	2	6
Mr. Gordon	0	2	6
Miss J. Jordan	0	2	6
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
T. E. S.	1	0	0
Miss McEwan	0	5	0
Mr. J. Darlington	0	2	6
Mrs. George Wicks	1	1	0
J. S. N.	0	5	0
Camberwell 'Bus Driver	0	5	5
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mrs. Dale, per Rev. G. Dunnett	1	0	0
A sermon reader, Coupar Angus	0	5	0
J. M. (monthly)	0	1	0
G. C. R.	5	0	0
Liverpool friends, for "The Liverpool House," per Pastor Hugh Stowell Brown	252	10	0
Miss Butterworth	5	0	0
"My tobacco allowance"	0	4	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
C. W., Edmonton	5	0	0
E. C.	0	10	0
Per Pastor N. Heath, Gravesend:—			
Thankoffering boxes in chapel	3 11 0		
Contributions from Sunday-school	0 8 0		
Mr. and Mrs. Heath	0 14 0		
"Our four children"	0 4 0		
	5	0	0
A contribution from a wedding breakfast table	0	2	6
Donations received by Treasurer, at Orphanage, October 4:—			
George Palmer, Esq., M.P., for "The Reading House"	21 0 0		
Rev. A. Sturge, Dartford	1 0 0		
Mr. T. Bush	0 5 0		
Mr. Scott	0 2 6		
A friend	0 2 6		
Mr. Hiles, Bristol	2 0 0		
Rev. E. S. Neal	0 10 0		
Mr. Pearson	0 10 0		
J. O. C.	1 0 0		
Mr. James Yarrow	1 0 0		
Mr. Cox, Bath	1 0 0		
Mr. Collier	1 0 0		
Mr. P. Davis	0 10 0		
Mr. G. Finch	0 5 0		
Miss Underwood	0 2 6		
H. Rogers	0 10 0		
A friend	0 10 0		
Mr. R. Hindle	1 0 0		
Sundry small contributions	0 18 6		
	33	6	0
Mr. A. Chamberlain	1	1	0
A friend, Stockton, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. John Nicholson	5	0	0
Mr. E. Deane	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0
Mr. William Chapple, per Rev. E. Osborne	1	0	0
E. K., West Bromwich	1	0	0
	£451	4	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde District ...	10	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Perry Bar ...	5	0	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne ...	20	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham District	10	0	0
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Tiptree District, per Rev. H. Hagell ...	10	0	0
Samuel Barrow, Esq., for Horley ...	10	0	0
Cinderford and Bowlash District ...	5	0	0
R. Cory, Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, Hereford District	15	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick District	10	0	0
Mrs. R. Clark, for Cheddar	5	0	0
Mrs. Dix, for Maldon	30	0	0
Rev. F. A. Jones, for Islington... ...	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	65	0	0
Mr. J. S. Hockey, for Bower Chalk ...	6	5	0
W. R., for Ruddings and Ilkeston ...	7	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Eythorne Baptist Church	7	10	0
Accrington District	31	8	0
H. J. Lansdown, Esq., for Ottery ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea District	10	0	0
J. S. Hanson, Esq., for Worcester District	40	0	0
John Cook, Esq., for Hadleigh District	10	0	0
W. B. Wearing, Esq., for North Wilts District	6	5	0
Mrs. Mary Bullock, for Perry Bar ...	5	0	0
South Devon Union, for Kingsteignton	15	0	0
Mr. H. Shaw, Chesterfield	10	0	0
	£301	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tucker...	0	10	0
H. M....	20	0	0
Mr. R. H. Pomfret	2	0	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mrs. Hale	5	0	0
Mrs. Law	1	0	0
Rev. F. A. Jones	2	2	0
Mrs. F. Jones	2	2	0
J. C., Rotherhithe...	1	0	0
Mrs. Alfred Chamberlain	1	1	0
Mr. J. Nuttall	1	0	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. George White	1	0	0
Mr. E. C. Bromley...	1	0	0
J. W.	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	8	16	6
R. and I. M., Dorset	5	0	0
M. A.	0	10	0
Miss Way	1	0	0
J. B.	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
Mr. J. Vowler	0	5	0
Mrs. Stockford	0	2	6
Mr. W. Seth Smith	5	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. F. M. Freeman	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
M. C.	0	10	0
A Christian lady, "for good works" ...	10	0	0
Mr. John Potts	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
	£111	12	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Nuttall	1	0	0
Balance of collections, after services held by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, at Galashiels	6	11	3
Contribution from friends at Selkirk ...	1	10	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
A Christian lady, "for good works" ...	10	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
	£26	3	9

Received by Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle from a Christian lady, "for good works," £105 11s. 10d. (Bank notes, £80, and 650 francs). The amount was thus apportioned:—College, £50; Orphanage, £10; Colportage, £10; Evangelists, £10; Book Fund, £10; Poor Ministers, £10; and Country Mission, £5 11s. 10d.

Also received for Sailors' Sermons—Mrs. Gardiner, £1; a Sailor's Daughter, 2s. 6d. Spanish Missions—Mr. J. H. Eldridge, 5s.; T. E. S., £2; Mr. R. Armstrong (for the late James Armstrong, jun.), £10. Jamaica Cyclone Fund—E. R. T., 2s. 6d.; E. J. C., 10s.; C., £100; A. S., 5s.; Mr. Cockrell, £1.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1880.

Closing the Year.

THE old question, "*Watchman, what of the night?*" comes to us from many anxious hearts at the close of the year, even as it has done aforetime. The watchman's reply is given in a hoarse voice, for the fog has damped him, and the cold has entered unto the outer coats of his soul, though as yet, thank God, the central fire is burning on. He does not place great faith in his own judgment, and answers with trembling accents. Perhaps a younger and nimbler guardian of the night would give a merrier answer, but he who is muffled up to keep a little warmth within him, and feels the frost in every limb, is not likely to exaggerate in the direction of cheerfulness. Those "waits," across the road, who are being inwardly execrated by sleepy householders, may sing their carols, and blow their curious mixture of brazen nuisances, but the watchman's tone does not pretend to be musical, its only excellence is that it is gruffly honest. Truth to tell, the watchman is growing weary of the night and of all that comes of it, and is longing for the everlasting morning when he will exchange "watch and pray" for "rest and praise."

"Still, watchman, what of the night?" Well, the night is a mixture,—stars and clouds, glimpses of the moon and hidings of all light; winds, showers, cold gusts, and interludes of silver shining. It is not all well nor all ill. At best there is nothing to make a man covet the watchman's place, and at worst there is nothing so terrible as to drive the weather-beaten watcher from his post. Times have been worse, and it were well if they were better.

The happy signs are by no means hard to see, and therefore we leave them to be dwelt upon gratefully by fluent tongues. Our side of the

task shall be that which is least pleasing, and therefore least likely to be attended to. It is the watchman's duty to mention two things which seem to him to bode no good to the church of God. One is *the abounding doubt* among professing Christians, and mainly among a certain class of ministers who aim at being thought "intellectual." Young men from college, for lack of whiskers, display their critical ability as an evidence of their manliness, and that ability runs mainly in the line of evaporating the gospel from every text which contains it. Afraid of being unnoticed, they affect disdain of the old-fashioned truths which fed their fathers, and endeavour to win distinction by repeating at third hand the sophisms of sceptics who have been dead and buried for half a century. Older men have in some cases set them an ill example, but the youths have generally outrun their leaders, and having no discernment have leaped into the ditch from which wiser runners have started back.

It is not that there is in the churches an anxious investigation of the meaning of Scripture and a desire to conform all creeds to the Word of God: that were a hopeful sign indeed. But the foundations are assailed, the Bible is itself attacked, and its inspiration more than questioned. Once let this go, all is gone. Our great sheet anchor is the infallibility of divine revelation. Hence the vital importance of certain controversies in the Free Church of Scotland. It is not that a professor has said this or that of Holy Scripture, or that sundry expressions used concerning inspiration are to be deplored; but the weight of the sorrow lies in the spirit which could treat the sacred book irreverently, and lay it down upon the critical block to be chopped up as though it were a carcase from the shambles. When tutors set before young men the example of judging inspired Scripture as though it were the product of Burns or Byron, there will not come much good to the church of God from the institutions over which they preside. Most of the mischiefs of the churches commence in the colleges. These can be fountains of orthodoxy or sinks of heresy; and much will depend upon those who teach. O that in all denominations this matter were laid to heart!

Bereft of the very basis of truth, stripped of faith, and tormented by teachers of doubt, the church will soon be in a sorry plight unless her Lord shall visit her by his Spirit and give back to her the simple confidence in his word which is her strength. May those who know the truth stand fast, and this evil will yet be overcome.

A second and equally serious omen of ill, is *the worldly conformity* of the present day. We hear of dancing parties in Christian families, and we are told of indulgence in frivolities of the vainest order; it is even darkly whispered that among certain Dissenters the card-table and the theatre are no longer judged severely as once they were. If these things be so, the glory has indeed departed. Thank God, there is a remnant whose raiment is clean, but it is to be feared that many have defiled their garments. "Come ye out from among them! Be ye separate," is an old-fashioned text which some even among Nonconformists do not regard: they act as if they were eager to be conformed to the world, and to taste of as much of its pleasures as possible.

The watchman's heart is heavy as this last cloud chills him. He

more and more abhors the hypocrisy which would serve Christ and Belial. Let men be one thing or the other. If they love the world, let them follow after it, and not pretend to be Christians; and on the other hand, if they serve Christ, let them not put him to an open shame by their inconsistencies. The line of demarcation between the church and the world cannot be too definite, and he who goes about to shift it is doing the devil's business. Ye pastors, do your duty! Warn the flock, and make it uncomfortable for the wolves! Ye deacons and elders, cease not by your holy conversation to keep the young from dangerous pastures! Ye that love the Lord, see to it that ye grieve not his Spirit.

The watchman ends his husky talk by wishing at the close of 1880 to all who hear him,

PEACE FROM THE GOD OF PEACE!

Hymn of Special Thanksgiving for 1880.

O LORD, we glorify thy grace,
So rich, so full, so free:
Who in their trouble seek thy face
Thy power and love shall see.

Wide o'er the land a heavier cloud
Came year by year to lower,
And late our hearts with fear were bowed
Of yet a darker hour.

In opening spring our hope was bright,
'Twas bright in summer's bloom;
Then followed storm, and flood, and blight,
And shaded all with gloom.

Thy mercy with thy judgment strove,
But mercy won the day:
Against thy wrath rejoiced thy love,
And death for life made way.

Lord, when thy hand is lifted up
The scoffers will not see;
And when thy bounty crowns their cup
They bring no thanks to thee.

But we will bless thy glorious name,
Thy patient care we praise,
And to extol thy matchless fame
Our joyful anthem raise.

Enthroned beyond the starry host,
Amidst thine angels strong,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Accept our grateful song!

Hopton Rectory, Thetford,
4th Sept., 1880.

HENRY DOWNTON.

James Bundy, the Prisoner's Friend.

UNDER the above title a small work has been prepared by the Rev. W. R. Williams, and published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, which, though relating to a man who passed away more than sixty years ago, revives memories which the church must not permit to die. James Bundy was the friend of Wesley, and one of the earliest local preachers of the Wesleyan body. He was one of those remarkable self-taught men whose example of plodding and of earnest perseverance in well-doing we may all safely imitate. Born of poor parents at Dymock, close to the Forest of Dean, in 1750, he grew up as an ordinary peasant boy, without education, until he was old enough to leave home, and gain his own livelihood by tending cattle in the fields. While thus employed, he one day met with an opportunity which influenced the whole of his after life; he observed two strangers reading in the field, and one of these undertook to teach the young shepherd to read. The mastery of the art of reading was better to him than the acquisition of a fortune. He appears to have always led a moral life, and to have received early religious impressions.

Mr. Bundy was a trophy of the Methodist revival, and having himself experienced the great change, the convert was anxious that others should taste of similar blessing. He actively seconded the efforts of evangelists in his own neighbourhood, and shared in their persecutions. The fate of a lady persecutor is mentioned as having been one of the most singular occurrences of the revival. Forgetting the respect due to her sex, the rural Jezebel in question actually headed a mob of ignorant peasants who disturbed the religious meetings, but on her return from the unholy service she fell down dead at the threshold of her home. The sensation produced was immense, and the more so because it was whispered abroad how "her tongue, which had been employed in blaspheming her Maker, and in imprecating vengeance on his followers, was singularly affected, and swollen to such an unnatural size as to render her a hideous spectacle!"

Mr. Bundy settled in Bristol, and, while there engaged as foreman in a large brewery, he found himself in the midst of a religious revival. So long as he remained a servant he served his master with much faithfulness, and the great brewer even declared his belief that all the casks on the establishment were blessed, because "Bundy had prayed behind every one of them." He was privileged to become the means of blessing to his first master; but, when this signal service was acknowledged by a handsome legacy, the money was refused, for fear it should appear that he laboured for a mere earthly reward. When he eventually engaged in business for himself he was not more assiduous at his daily toil than he was at work of another kind. We are told that "he would rise at one or two o'clock in the morning, so that he might finish his work early in the day, and thus have sufficient time to visit the sick, or to be otherwise employed in the service of his Lord and Master."

Some very remarkable things happened to Mr. Bundy in the early part of his experience, things such as might lead to much curious enquiry, but which will be here passed over with bare mention. He once

broke down in an absurd attempt to fast during the forty days of Lent. He is believed to have prayed for the deliverance of George Lukins, "The Yatton demoniac," whose ultimate relief was regarded as a direct evidence of divine interposition. On one occasion Mr. Bundy returned home pale and worn, after having, contrary to urgent entreaty, spent the night alone with a sorely afflicted man, whose ailment was as mysterious as it was fraught with terror. "Relying on the presence and protection of the Lord Jesus," says Mr. Williams, "he met in his name the apparition which troubled this afflicted man; and, as the result, disclosed to the sufferer the cause of that alarming appearance which, night after night, had destroyed his rest. That cause was removed, and from that time this person began to recover, regained his former health and strength, and lived for several years afterwards."

Mr. Bundy became acquainted with John Wesley during the visits of the latter to Bristol, and, after serving for some time as a class-leader, he became, in spite of educational disadvantages, a local preacher of great acceptance. Many incidents of interest in connection with this part of his life are mentioned; but we will pass on to notice his more striking labours among the prisoners of the Bristol Newgate, a kind of service in which this earnest philanthropist proved himself a worthy compeer of John Howard himself.

Recognizing the value of such self-denial, the town authorities of Bristol allowed Mr. Bundy access to the jail at all times; and frequently after business hours—sometimes during the entire night—he breathed the tainted atmosphere of a felon's cell, "beseeching him to repent, and be reconciled to God." One of the first fruits of his labours was a notorious forger, named McNamara, who before his execution was brought into a state of penitence, which enabled him to die rejoicing in the Lord. Success stimulated further effort, for the zealous visitor was willing to sacrifice comfort, and to risk health, in endeavours to raise the fallen.

A most singular instance of the power of the gospel over the wild-beast nature of a hardened criminal was shown in the history of Richard Haynes, several of whose family, previous to his own execution, ended their lives on the gallows. Haynes, who was a large-boned fellow of tremendous strength, one night nearly killed his own father in the street, through mistaking him for an enemy; robbery and violence were his pastimes, as well as his every-day employment. This man, when at large, was a terror to the city, and when confined he was no less a cause of painful anxiety to his jailers. Such were his temper and Samson-like strength that, in spite of manacles and iron doors, none felt safe when he was in the house. One day when he broke loose, in a way nobody could explain, and armed himself with a large knife, a number of soldiers had to be called in to drive him back to his cell at the points of their bayonets. When Mr. Bundy first entered the dungeon of this dangerous subject "in the name of the Lord," he was eyed with terrible suspicion; but, after some perseverance, the prisoner "fell down like a great calf on the ground before that mighty word which breaks the rocks in pieces." The desperate criminal confessed that, though he had lived in three continents, no one had hitherto spoken to him on spiritual matters, and if Mr. Bundy came in the name

of God his visits would be acceptable. The first visit to Haynes was paid on November 2nd, 1799, "not without some fear," according to Mr. Bundy's journal, "because he seemed determined on committing murder." In a short time this strange man's animal violence seemed to abate; he knelt in prayer, and listened with seeming reverence to what was read to him. After this the apparently uncontrollable savagery of his nature again broke out, showing that, while the surface had been touched, the heart remained unchanged. Still persevering, however, the visitor soon saw enough to encourage him to proceed in lowly faith. Haynes learnt to repeat the words of the fifty-first psalm; becoming tamer, he was relieved occasionally of his irons, and Mr. Bundy, contrary to the advice of friends, resolved that he would pass a whole night in the robber's company. The philanthropist's experience through that night forms an episode of tragic interest.

To begin with, he successfully entreated the jailer to remove a portion of the heavy irons, which actually weighed the prisoner to the earth; and thus, at ten o'clock, with three securely locked and bolted doors between him and liberty, and with only a small light to relieve the horrid gloom of the cell, Mr. Bundy began to speak of the things of God. What next happened is thus described:—"Haynes suddenly started to his feet, as though then possessed by some evil spirit bent on preventing his good and effecting his destruction. Raising his hand that had been liberated, and grasping a large clasp knife, which hitherto he had concealed behind a stone in the wall in spite of the vigilance exercised over him, he fiercely advanced to Mr. Bundy, and, with a voice and countenance as of a demon, exclaimed, '*Now thou art in my power I will kill thee.*' Mr. Bundy, for the moment, thought that his end was come; but instantaneously, like a flash of lightning, as though a voice from heaven spoke unto him, these words passed through his mind: 'Thou couldst have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above.'" At once regaining self-possession, the visitor remonstrated with his murderous companion until Haynes threw away his weapon, burst into tears, and, sinking to the ground, begged to be forgiven. Then he asked if such a miserable creature as he was could be saved. His mental agony being also very severe, he wept while prayer was offered; and afterwards remarked, "My life has been nothing but sin. Lord, what shall I do? Oh that I had before now met with persons who would have spoken to me on spiritual subjects." Soon after this such a marvellous change became manifest that Mr. Bundy felt completely satisfied that one of the most degraded of men had become reconciled to God through Christ. He was tried, and, of course, was capitally convicted, to the great relief of the public, who knew more about Haynes's crimes than about the repentance which followed. He was hanged on the spot now occupied by the late David Thomas's chapel in Bristol, and, while justly characterized as "one of the most notorious felons that ever lived," he is also declared to have been "one of the mightiest trophies of divine grace ever snatched as a brand from everlasting burnings."

Though, perhaps, not quite so striking as the above, the adventures of Mr. Bundy in connection with the criminals of Bristol in subsequent years were sufficiently remarkable. William Carter, who was hanged

in 1816, and who at first "knew nothing of God or of Christ, of the spiritual nature of men, or of a future state of being," owed his conversion to the instrumentality of the same friend who had done so much for Haynes. The daughter of another criminal who forfeited his life he took into his own house, until she obtained a good situation, and settled comfortably. In one instance he went off suddenly to London, in the interest of a prisoner who was about to be tried for forgery; and, having saved the man's life by prevailing on the prosecutor not to appear, Mr. Bundy had, on his return, to refuse a £20 note, which the wife of the offender pressed upon his acceptance. He also visited the prisons of London, in one of which, at one time, he spoke of the things of Christ to no less than thirty felons under sentence of death; and his services were recognized in a letter from the Lord Mayor. With a mild face, beaming with love, there must still have been something in his eye to cow a robber; for, when he once happened to be stopped on the road, the highwayman asked forgiveness on hearing Mr. Bundy's frank and ready confession, "My friend, I have been to the gallows with many a better looking man than thou art!"

Such were the prison efforts of this active Christian philanthropist; but his work did not end with criminals. It is estimated that in his time he visited as many as forty thousand cases of affliction, including many of high social standing; and, owing to the esteem in which his services were held by all classes, he would frequently be aroused in the night to visit the chamber of sickness. In this sphere of labour his adventures were sometimes quite as extraordinary in their way as his experience in the prisons. While it must have been sweet to visit the saints in their last hours, it must have been equally painful to hear the backslider's confession: "The die is cast; I am for ever undone." A rich gentleman, on his deathbed, confessed: "I have been many years toiling to realize wealth, and have succeeded; but it has done me no good." The poor in their affliction, especially in severe winter weather, Mr. Bundy was constantly relieving; and, assured of his judicious discrimination, charitably disposed persons made him their almoner. He was, more than anything else, a man of prayer; and even in cases of severe sickness he had always more faith in the willingness and ability of the Lord to heal than in the power of medicine and doctors. "His views on this subject were peculiar," remarks Mr. Williams. "As in some other respects, so in this, he cannot be measured by any ordinary standard. What may have been justifiable in him we should not hesitate to pronounce unwarrantable in its general application."

If in some things he was singular in life, he was no less so in the manner of his death. His wish was to die alone with God, and his desire was granted. Acceding to his request, when the last hour arrived, his children left the room, when, after fastening the door, James Bundy prepared for the great change as deliberately as he would have done for an earthly journey. When his daughters re-entered the chamber they found their father quite dead, seated in his favourite chair. Overcome by the shock, one of the number looked on with the stare of insanity, and had to be removed to an asylum.

The life-story which we have thus rehearsed in a few words richly

deserved to be re-written; and, though many would have made a more sensational story with such materials at command, the veteran's grandson, Mr. Williams, has earned our thanks for doing his work calmly and well. He has made a small book, suitable for wide distribution, instead of an expensive work, intended to ornament a few library shelves. The facts of such a life-course ought to be known, and, according to our ability, such an example ought to be imitated.

"Warrambeen" Revisited.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

SOME of my readers will recognise the above name as belonging to a sheep station in Victoria, at which the writer stayed awhile early in 1878. There is nothing more enjoyable than a return to a spot where one has been welcomed and made glad before. I would rather travel over well-known ground to see old friends than seek the charm and novelty of fresh scenery and new faces. There are some spots of which we can well say, "I have been there, and still would go," and "Warrambeen" is one of these. I therefore hailed with intense satisfaction an opportunity of spending a few days with my good friend, Mr. A——, and was right glad to find that my dear Brother Bunning, of Geelong, could manage to accompany me.

Unfortunately the weather was anything but favourable, for even in Victoria there are some few months of windy weather. It will be hard for "stayers at home" to realize that July is one of these, though not the worst. Moreover, the season has been particularly wet and humid, so much so that the whole country round Warrambeen was in a state of complete saturation. We did not drive all the way from Geelong (thirty miles), as on my previous visit, when we had a break-down, but took train to within seventeen miles of our destination. Then we mounted a covered buggy, the two preachers sitting inside, and our kind host acting as Jehu. At a little township called Shelford, about half way on the road, we caught a glimpse in passing of the Presbyterian Church in which I preached when there before, and of some of the inhabitants who heard me then. Further on we came up with vehicles and horsemen making for the station, for we had arranged to hold a service at half-past two. We arrived about twelve o'clock, and found extensive preparations made for the entertainment of any quantity of visitors. In the large dining-room was a splendid "spread" for friends and acquaintances, while the apartment used as a church on Sundays was furnished for other guests. Although circumstances were very different to Abrahamic times, there seemed something patriarchal about such a gathering and such hospitality which did one's heart good to witness. The rising ground beyond the creek, which runs just in front of the house, was continually enlivened by the appearance of another buggy-load of people, or a fresh batch of equestrians, who had ventured out to hear the word in spite of the driving rain and oozy paddocks. Strangers would wonder where they came from, for houses are remarkably few

and far between in that part of the world, but we found that many had travelled ten or fourteen miles to attend the service. The reason for this wonderful interest is to be found in the fact that the honoured name I bear is a household word in the district, and Spurgeon's Sermons are prized and loved. The walls of Shelford Kirk often re-echo words which first rang under the Tabernacle roof and thrilled the hearts of a Newington audience, and the church at Warrambeen hears little else. Mr. A—— assures me that the folks listen to the read sermon as attentively as if it were being delivered extempore, and do not tire all through. "The *whole* sermon is read, as it would spoil it to omit any part." So said the reader.

I rejoice in that statement, for some time ago another reader told me that it was deemed advisable to omit some passages in which the preacher dealt somewhat severely with the Church of England and other matters. This was done on the ground that in a small audience plain speech might cause offence. I entirely disapproved of the plan, and therefore rejoiced to find that the sermons were so admired in this case that mutilation was never dreamt of.

A pleasing proof of the people's appreciation of Mr. A.'s services and C. H. S.'s sermons stands on the mantelpiece of the room in which we dined, in the shape of a very handsome clock and ornaments, presented by the inhabitants of the district, who share the benefit of Sabbath and week-day services held on the station. We were a very happy company at the mid-day meal. The minister from Shelford was with us, and many of his parishioners, and we were all in eager expectation for a spiritual refreshment in the afternoon. At 2.30 we repaired to the "shearer's hut" for service. The name may convey a wrong impression. It is a large building in which during shearing time the men sleep, with a dining-room and fire-place beyond. The sleeping department is fitted with bunks round the sides, and forms had been brought from the church which would have proved far too small. Our greatest inconvenience was lack of light, for the windows were not numerous. The cold found its way in through sundry skylights in the roof, which were probably made by the wind, and at the open door, whence we derived the greater portion of what little light we had. But eyes soon get accustomed to a gloomy place, and before long I could distinguish about one hundred and fifty earnest faces, betokening earnest hearts that were drinking in the word.

Was not that a splendid congregation in such an outlandish spot and under such adverse circumstances? It put me in mind of a remark made by a good man elsewhere, under somewhat similar circumstances. Said he, "It's the son of your father only that could get such a congregation." I felt this was indeed the case, and earnestly longed to use the glorious privilege and consequent responsibility to the Master's praise, and I tried to speak words that would benefit for ever my hearers' hearts. The God of my father was with us. The entire service was delightful. The opening psalm, friend Bunning's prayer, the Bible lesson, were hearty and helpful, and though I cannot speak for the auditors, I need not mind admitting that the after part of the service, as far as the preacher was concerned, was enjoyable and blessed. Who could help feeling happy when speaking of the love of Jesus to folks

who had come so far to hear it, and seemed to delight in the message? After the benediction had been pronounced I told them how glad I was to be with them again, and then Mr. Simpson, their pastor, expressed their pleasure and his own, and wished me every blessing. The place was soon alive again with returning vehicles and horses homeward bound, while some few remained till the morrow. The next day was spent in happy intercourse with friend Bunning and our kind hosts. I did not need much persuading to preach in the evening in the church. The news soon spread that there would be another meeting, and we had some folks from two and three miles round. I could not help remembering my former visit, and my first service in the same place. There was the same voice to lead the psalms, and some of the same faces looking up into mine. We had a joyful time together. Many were in tears, and I have heard since of impressions being made then that we may trust will deepen and increase. Mr. Bunning spoke a few earnest words on this occasion. I was right glad to have him with me, and he rejoiced to be again "with Thomas Spurgeon in the bush."

I have just heard from Warrambeen that many friends at Shelford and elsewhere were much disappointed at not hearing of our extra service, while some even at Teesdale, thirteen miles distant, declare they would have gladly come if they had been aware. What a hold the Pastor's sermons must have of these people's hearts that they become so eager to see and hear the Pastor's son!

Next morning we said farewell to Warrambeen and our kind friends. Unfortunately I could not make a longer stay. I should have liked as many weeks as we stopped days, but being *en route* for warmer weather I could not tarry. We mounted the buggy about 9.30, after we had commended one another to the Master's care, and Mr. A—— drove us towards Ballarat. Several miles at the start were anything but pleasant. All the fields were covered with water, and I could hardly realise that they were the same paddocks that I had seen in the summer time parched up and bare. Certainly the abundance of moisture is the lesser evil of the two, and will, probably, ensure greenness and fertility right through the hot weather. We soon got away from the almost treeless plains of Warrambeen, and then entered a wooded country with hills, and dales, and creeks, charged with the yellow earth that is washed from the diggings. At places there were remains of former searches for gold, but operations had been suspended. We reached the township of Buninyong in about three hours and a half, and had a hearty meal. Over the hills it had been very cold, and our appetites by this time were as keen as the frosty air. At Buninyong there were several friends glad to shake hands with Mr. Spurgeon's son, and there we took a final farewell of our friend and driver, who was returning that same afternoon. Thence we cabbed it to Ballarat, and were soon welcomed by our former student, William Clark, and his better half. Of a few days' sojourn in the "golden city" I will only say that the Lord favoured us abundantly. The Sunday evening service in the Academy of Music was attended by the largest colonial audience I have ever preached to (about two thousand three hundred), and the desire for blessing was evident in the rapt attention and devout feeling. The pastor's fourth anniversary was a great success. Our good brother

L. B. Brown, once of Hull, was with us, and delighted us with thoughtful, practical sermons, and the public meeting, on Tuesday, assumed a spiritual tone which is, alas! too seldom found in such anniversary gatherings. The previous Sabbath I had spent with Mr. Bunning at Geelong, and thus my trip to Warrambeen was preceded and followed by times of blessing which I could not omit from the narrative of the visit. If anyone by reading this finds a tithe of the pleasure I derived from "beating the bush" he or she will rejoice with me that earnest Christians are to be found in (to English minds) desolate and solitary places, that the name and work of the dear President is loved far and wide, and, better still, that Jesus' name is exalted and rejoiced in. If the reader, too, will put down Warrambeen—indeed, all the Australian bush—amongst other places and matters "to be prayed for," the writer will look out for the blessing, and let his friend the reader know, as opportunity occurs, of what the Lord is doing in the Southern World.

A Bit of "Modern Thought."

PATIENCE is a virtue; but some persons may be excused if they have ceased to exercise it in regard to the utterances of gentlemen of the "modern thought" order. Such trash and rhodomontade was never before written as that which has been penned by some of our "enlightened" philosophers and "advanced" thinkers; and, if publishers, instead of regarding such productions with favour, were quietly to consign them to the tomb of all the Capulets, they would be rendering a service to the community which only the philosophers and the advanced thinkers themselves, and those who desire to be considered philosophers and advanced thinkers, would fail to recognize and appreciate. Here is "a gem of purest ray serene":—

"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations."

Such is a specimen of the high-sounding nonsense, the metaphysical jargon, which is nowadays given forth so plentifully in the name of science. If all science is anything like this it is no wonder we so often hear it said that science and the Word of God are not in harmony with each other. Well may that be; for certainly the sweetness and light of the Scriptures are of a very different character indeed from the sweetness and light of our modern thinkers. Have nothing to do with any such rubbish, my reader; or, if you want to have to do with it, let your doing consist in pitching it into the fire. Turn, then, to your Bible; and drink from it of pure and limpid streams of life-giving water. You will discover no such matter as I have quoted in the Book of books; but there you will be amongst the sparkling fountains, beneath the bright sun, and under the fair blue sky of heaven's far-reaching dome. The stars will, no doubt, in due time "evolve"; but you need not trouble yourself about "differentiations" and "integrations" as you gaze upon their soft and lustrous beauty. Of the modern thought writer, if he is ever really awake at all, if he does not go dreaming throughout the whole of existence, it may be said, in the words of an ancient author—

Qui vigilans stertit,
Mortua cui vita est propè jam, vivo atque videnti.*

JOSEPH C. WITHERS.

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* "Who snores when he wakes; and whose life is rather death than life."

The Dublin Christian Convention.

THE Christian Convention is of a character totally distinct from the councils and assemblies of organized churches. It has no legislative power or authority, but is designed to bring together Christians of all evangelical communions, on the ground of their common brotherhood in Christ, for mutual edification in doctrine, and for stimulus and direction in the work and warfare of the gospel. That these ends are fully answered all will admit who have attended the meetings. To hold aloof from them under the notion that religious dissipation is the order of the day, and that it all ends in talk, is to forego a most important means of grace, and to disparage the well-directed efforts of many earnest Christians. It is impossible for a number of good men to meet together for prayer and counsel on "things touching the King" without obtaining a blessing: as it is impossible for Christians to receive a divine quickening without others becoming enriched thereby. From a Christian convention, rightly arranged and directed, visitors return to their respective spheres refreshed in spirit, and resolved, moreover, to do more for Christ in ministering to the souls of men. The conviction is accentuated that, however widely we may differ on church polity, ordinances, or minor doctrines, "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren."

If the Christian Convention is not fully justified by the expedients we have mentioned, the divine precept to "forsake not the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is," decides the question, and urges as a duty what, it might be presumed, we should secure as a privilege. Fellowship with more devout believers and more devoted workers than we admit or feel ourselves to be, not only rebukes our sluggishness, but acts as a wholesome tonic to brace our character, and as a spur to stimulate our Christian activity.

Having attended several of the principal Christian conventions of late, our judgment is fully confirmed as to their utility and importance. So recently as the month of October last we were in Dublin for the purpose of attending and taking part in the Seventh Annual Convention, and, in common with all who attended, we found ourselves greatly profited.

The meetings were held in the Christian Union Buildings, which were called into existence by a committee of ministers and members of all denominations, who were impressed with the necessity for combined efforts outside the churches. These buildings have been erected at a cost of £16,000, and are admirably adapted to the purposes intended. Mr. J. S. Smithson, the honorary secretary, has laboured with the most praiseworthy prudence and zeal in directing the work to its present issue, and he is most anxious that the inevitable debt incident to such a venture should be speedily removed. A friend has advanced £4,000 to discharge all claims, and he offers to give one-fourth of this amount if the remainder is raised by January next. Such an offer ought not to be lost.

The large central hall, with a smaller hall opening into it, is capable of holding upwards of three thousand people. In this building

every Sunday morning some fifteen hundred of the poorest classes in Dublin are supplied with a *free breakfast*, and then invited to remain for a short gospel service. This agency has proved an incalculable blessing to thousands. In the evening evangelistic services are conducted, under the direction of the general committee, when all places of worship are closed. In this way multitudes are reached who are beyond the range of the ordinary ministry, and the churches reap the benefit by frequent accessions to their membership. Bible readings and children's services are conducted weekly, and the Young Men's Christian Association have their library and reading-room, and hold their meetings in a convenient hall devoted to their use.

The annual convention is a feature of the work to which the committee attach great importance. Accordingly, at the commencement of the winter's campaign, Christian workers from all parts of Ireland are invited to meet their brethren in Dublin. Arrangements are made for three days, and brethren from the country find hospitality for the time. At ten o'clock each day there is a meeting for prayer, and from eleven to half-past two there is a general meeting, addressed by four speakers, specially selected. The subjects chosen are doctrinal, experimental, and practical; and the treatment they receive, though bordering on the sermonic style, may be described as that of an address.

In the afternoon there are sectional meetings, for reporting all kinds of Christian work, with a view of affording encouragement and direction to others. Every form of Christian activity has its special advocate, and the narration is an incidental plea for help, and a powerful appeal for imitation.

The evening meetings are strictly evangelistic, and though a large proportion of the auditors are Christians, many outsiders are drawn together to listen to the preaching of the gospel. At the last convention so great was the crowd craving admission, that overflow meetings had to be held in two of the neighbouring churches. The whole city seemed stirred by the activity and excitement incidental to the convention. The outcome of such a united effort cannot be estimated, for it overflows all parochial and civic boundaries, and affects populations remote from the centre.

The questions which struggled for expression and demanded an answer were,—Is not such a scheme as this possible in every town, and in every section of the communities of our large cities? Cannot ministers and members of evangelical churches unite in a common enterprise, and thus multiply indefinitely their power for good? Isolation means coldness and weakness, and therefore failure: union means warmth, strength, and success. Let us hold our own convictions with determined tenacity, but bury all our prejudices in the grave of a common charity. Men need a Saviour; the gospel which reveals and commends him is in our hands, and it is our duty and privilege to go forth in the spirit of the Master who came "to seek and to save the lost," and who said, in gentle rebuke of a jealous feeling toned by bigotry, "He that is not against us is on our side."

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secret Consultations with God through his Word.

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES OF STAFFORD.

2 Kings vii.

"THEN *Elisha said, Hear ye the word of the Lord; Thus saith the Lord, To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria.*"

Lord, may I always have an ear and a heart for thee, undulled by delight or despair. Grant me ever the attentive, obedient, docile spirit: even in the *worst straits* may I still be loving thee and listening for thee.

What changes, Lord, may happen in a round of the sun! "To-morrow about this time," many now in seeming health will be on the edge of, or within another world. It may be that *I* shall thus be. How should I lean upon thee! How walk with constant care and expectancy! "To-morrow about this time," perchance, the Lord will come. Oh, what a change! Come, dear Lord Jesus; yet save, oh, save sinners, save my unconverted friends!

Oh, rich, gracious, refreshing, joy-overflowing words to despairing Jehoram, to famished Samaria! Promise wonderful, and surpassing men's wildest dreams. Oh, Lord, thou, indeed, promisest as a God—so much! And so soon! "To-morrow about this time." So, dearest Lord, are thy promises to me. Soon—ah, how soon!—I shall (thou hast promised it) have heaven, "see his face," "be like him," "entered into rest," and "be for ever with the Lord." What is the change from Samaria besieged and perishing to Samaria in peace and filled with plenty, compared with the change from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven?

"*Then a lord on whose hand the king leaned answered the man of God, and said, Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be? And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.*"

"*The man of God.*" I crave the honour, I beg the character, I do, my God, implore thee most sincerely, grant me this proud distinction. Whatever I am *called*, let me *be* this. Lord, I am conscious of much unbelief; of the tendency to pray without expecting, without looking for effects. Often the heart salutes thy responses to prayer with a wicked surprise. Can the believer be so basely *un*believing as to expect as soon to see the heavens fall as the putting forth of thy power? Thou knowest.

Terribly, when hope and opportunity are for ever gone, wilt thou convince the infidel and the Atheist of the worth of thy gospel.

"*And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die?*"

When the king frets, and the courtier scoffs, and all despair, four

despised lepers become messengers of salvation! Thou makest thy selections as a sovereign, O Lord.

"*If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die.*"

May I ever be willing to endure any agonies rather than "fall unto the host" of thy foes.

"*And they rose up in the twilight, to go unto the camp of the Syrians: and when they were come to the uttermost part of the camp of Syria, behold, there was no man there.*"

Thou, Lord, dost *time* all things, as the movements of these lepers. May I not only do the right *thing*, but at the right *time* always. Also, while serving thee to the utmost, may I in addition often be (as they here) the *unintentional* instrument of thy glory. So thou art glorified I will be glad whether it arise by set purpose or accidentally.

"*For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said one to another, Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their life.*"

God has an infinite variety of means for accomplishing his purposes. Egypt's army is drowned, Amalek's host is beaten in regular fight, Sennacherib's slain at night by an angel, Syria's before led blindfolded into the midst of Samaria, and now fleeing pellmell at the approach of an imaginary enemy. Thus with careless ease God smites his foes. Who can doubt of his final victory? How triumphantly shall Satan and sin be smitten, while God's prowess and vast wisdom receive new and splendid illustration! Rejoice, my soul, in this *thy* God.

The sudden sound and rushing of a host in heaven! Methinks it would not affright my soul. The Syrian might flee, the rejector of Jesus; but should I not think it my long-expected Lord coming in glory! Oh, that sound *shall* be heard. But I fear not the invisible world. In this world all works my good: in the unseen, all that have power and might, God and his hosts, are my friends. Lord, I am safe.

"*And when these lepers came to the uttermost part of the camp, they went into one tent, and did eat and drink, and carried thence silver, and gold, and raiment, and went and hid it; and came again, and entered into another tent, and carried thence also, and went and hid it.*"

Since life is replete with surprises, enable me, Lord, to keep firm hold of thee. When I advance, lightly dreaming of sweet and bliss, I may often be, instead, confronted suddenly with terrors, or tremblingly proceeding, expecting to come upon an armed host, may find sudden plenty, relief, and good news. Lord, may my anchor hold well whatever wind blows or sea is out.

Temptations come, like the Syrians, against my soul, to spoil and destroy: like the Syrians, may they instead enrich and establish me. Out of the eater let meat come, and out of the strong sweetness. Lord, save me from the spirit that selfishly feasts and accumulates while others lie in poverty and famine.

"*Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household.*"

Purify my motives; save me from working, worshipping, or enjoying self, lest "some mischief come upon me." Grant me far higher and more Christlike impulses than such. Make my heart to well up with pure, disinterested love; may loyal devotedness to thee, and firm affection for fellow sinners, strongly hold and strongly urge in my breast. Selfishness, begone for ever!

"*So they came and called unto the porter of the city: and they told them, saying, We came to the camp of the Syrians, and, behold, there was no man there, neither voice of man, but horses tied, and asses tied, and the tents as they were. And he called the porters; and they told it to the king's house within.*"

Good news! Bear it to a famishing world. From the porter to the king may the tidings roll. Oh, for fiery heart, and a trumpet tongue—speech clear with sincerity, and loud with love. Loathsome, slow, self-loving as these lepers, how wholly unworthy am I, my God, to be thy messenger. Yet "the Lord wrought deliverance" by a Naaman,—oh, use *me*, impure and defiled as I am, to tell of deliverance to captive hearts, use *even me.*

"*And the king arose in the night, and said unto his servants, I will now shew you what the Syrians have done to us. They know that we be hungry; therefore are they gone out of the camp to hide themselves in the field, saying, When they come out of the city, we shall catch them alive, and get into the city.*"

Grant me, Lord, ever to be in the condition of soul that at once perceives and greets the earliest dawning of thy promises' fulfilling. I would not be "slow to believe," but quick of faith. What contemning of thy holy promise was here!

If I live in sin, far from God, I shall always doubt the best providence, my conscience telling me I deserve the worst, like shivering Jehoram here, not like exulting Jehoshaphat. (2 Chron. xx. 20.)

If I would obtain mercies, be ready to receive mercies, be early and keen-eyed to welcome mercies, I must live near thy pure heart, O God, the God of my mercy. Bring me thither; keep me there.

"*And they went after them unto Jordan: and, lo, all the way was full of garments and vessels, which the Syrians had cast away in their haste. And the messengers returned, and told the king. And the people went out, and spoiled the tents of the Syrians. So a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the word of the Lord.*"

The deeply-humiliated spirit going forth at thy token often meets surprises of goodness and the most unexpected delight. Lord, thou canst not bless my pride. Lay me *low*, and keep me *there*. What an experience for the sinful city and sinful king! Oh God, what is or ever has been the strength of sovereigns or cities? How completely are all such in thy power! Famine and plenty are thine abject slaves, coming and going at thy bidding. Why do not the cities and the sovereigns see this, and bow to thine eternal sceptre? The waggons of plenty rumbled up to the gates of Samaria at thy nod. Oh God, what lessons have the ages despised? *Yet* make them know thee. *I* would ever take *my* morsel as from thine own dear hand.

Messengers departing wary and apprehensive, and painfully on the alert, returned from Jordan on fresh steeds at furious gallop with wild shouting and hearts joy-overflown, eager to burst upon suspense-held Samaria and let a city loose. So, O Christ, returns an honest questioner from the rich territory of thy kingdom. So the true heart, O God, ever finds thee better than its fears. If I delight thee by my faith and purity, verily thou wilt surprise me with immeasurable mercy.

"SO," great, startling, irrational, too good to be true, *impossible* as the event appeared in prediction, it occurred "according to the word of the Lord." Is this amazing? Nothing *could* be so amazing as the *contrary would* be. But *this* is astounding in the extreme, that I should ever, O Lord, have two thoughts as to the fulfilment of any single word of thine. Sunset is not so sure to follow sunrise as fulfilment prediction when thou hast spoken. My heart may well clap her hands with delight. There is a rock beneath my feet, and not more stable is the Eternal Throne.

"*And the king appointed the lord on whose hand he leaned to have the charge of the gate: and the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died, as the man of God had said, who spake when the king came down to him. And it came to pass as the man of God had spoken to the king, saying, Two measures of barley for a shekel, and a measure of fine flour for a shekel, shall be to morrow about this time in the gate of Samaria: and that lord answered the man of God, and said, Now, behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be? And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof. And so it fell out unto him: for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died.*"

What a day for the city! What strugglings and furious heat amongst the starving crowd! The king's lord is trodden down, and his life trampled out in the wild excitement of the hour. Would God that the spiritually-starving millions of this world would display but a tithe of the earnestness of these Samaritans in search of heavenly bread and meat that endureth.

The chapter closes with a repetition of the history of unbelief to the fuller exposure of its shame, and to the greater glory of the faithfulness and power of God. Put down one by one the miserable particulars—as before, with the prophecy, so now nail the solemn fulfilment to Samaria's gate, where throng the disimprisoned crowds, and where are trampled the maimed and broken remains of him whose was the sneer. As I see not

only the prophecy of plenty, but the dreadful additional prediction to which unbelief had spurred God's prophet fulfilled with equal precision, I stoop humble and adoring in the awful light of God. Sure is thy word; high thy jealousy; inflexibly stern thy bearing towards unbelief. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Stand up for Jesus."

COURAGE and boldness in the cause of Christ are very important features of the Christian character, and very important elements of success in Christian work. "Be strong and of a good courage" was the charge given to Joshua when God called him to be the leader of the emancipated tribes from the wilderness into Canaan. He who commanded courage was ever ready to inspire it. Courage is needed in all life's battles, and no Christian can make a stand against the world, and the flesh, and the devil without it. Without it very little can be done, but with it, as it is sustained by faith in the almighty and ever-present Saviour, nothing is impossible. Many illustrations have been afforded of courage in the world's battles, and not a few in scenes of suffering, of patient endurance and hard toil for Christ's sake, have furnished worthy examples.

Boldness in avowing Christ, and putting on a profession of his name, and attaching one's self to his cause, is what is required of all who love and trust him. The annals of every evangelical denomination furnish examples of sterling Christian courage, and the young minister whose dying message to his brethren stands as the heading of this paper was himself an illustration of it.

D. A. Tyng was the eldest son of Dr. Tyng, of New York, and was born on the 12th of January, 1825, in a country parsonage, in Prince George's County. When his father removed to Philadelphia, Dudley was four years old, and soon commenced his attendance at Sunday-school, where he derived much good, becoming, in due time, a teacher, and afterwards the superintendent.

When he was seven years old his mother was taken away by death. What kind of a woman she was may be judged by her trustful language to her husband concerning their children. "My dear," she said, "give yourself no anxiety about my children; God will bring them all to himself." She had done her best to train them for the Lord; she had prayed for them, and she looked that God would answer her prayer.

Dudley was very forward as a child in all his studies, and at the age of fourteen he entered the University of Pennsylvania. Two years later his heart was won to Christ. He had a deep sense of the evil of sin, and of his own sins in particular; and once especially this showed itself in a way that must have been very affecting to his father, who thus relates the incident:—

"Late one night, when all the family had retired to rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet descending on the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had risen from his bed in sleepless sorrow. As he came into my room, and pressed his

arms around my neck, he said, 'Father, dear father, I cannot sleep; I am so sinful. Father, will you pray for me?' We knelt together in prayer; and I gave him counsel suited to his state of mind, and he retired to his bed again." After a time heavenly light dawned upon his mind, and the love of Christ was shed abroad in his heart.

When his college course terminated, he resolved to dedicate himself to the ministry of the gospel, and entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia. After labouring for one year as assistant to his father, he removed to Columbus, Ohio, and thence, two years later, to Charlestown, and in 1852 to Cincinnati.

Though a very young man, his ministry was greatly valued for its earnestness, and the thorough evangelical tone which pervaded it. His freedom from bigotry, too, commended him to the whole body of Protestants, so that when Dr. Duff, the great leader of the missionary band of the Free Church of Scotland at Calcutta, visited Cincinnati, Mr. Tyng was elected by the ministers present to express the sentiments of the Assembly to their distinguished guest. He performed this duty with much fervour and affection, concluding thus: "And now, dear brother, farewell! on earth we meet no more. But meet we shall, and our sorrow at parting is greatly lessened by the sweet anticipation that, when next we meet, it shall be where the thorny hedges which here divide the vineyard of the Lord shall not be found, and the names which mark our divisions shall all be unknown. When next we grasp your hand we shall not be Episcopalians, nor Methodists, nor Presbyterians, nor Baptists, but shall all be *one in Christ*, in heaven. Till then, farewell!" He then grasped the hand of Dr. Duff, while the strong emotions of the assembly manifested the earnestness with which they echoed the sentiments of the speaker.

In 1852 Mr. Tyng succeeded his father at Philadelphia. Some trials arose, however, growing out of differences on the slavery question. He took the side of righteousness, and a large portion of the people separated, and erected another place of worship, in which he ministered till the time of his sudden death, gathering the largest congregation in the city, and becoming the centre of an important evangelical movement. He was in the midst of the great revival, throwing himself heartily into the movements which grew out of it. He joined the daily prayer-meetings, and did much in drawing forth the energies of others. "Young men," it is said, "more particularly went to him to tell their anxiety, because they had the fullest confidence in his wisdom, and in the nobleness of his Christian character." It is remarked that he saw more enquirers during the revival than any other pastor in the city.

But his life's work was nearly done, though none could have anticipated its sudden and early close. In April, 1858, he removed with his family to the country for the summer, and on the 18th, after a morning's work in his study, he went to the barn, where the labourers were at work with a machine. While he patted the mule drawing the machine, his coat was caught by the wheel. His arm was dragged in, and, before the mule could be stopped, the cogs had ground the flesh from the bone from the elbow to the shoulder, and dragged the various vessels from the shoulder to the breast, so as to make a transverse wound deeper than the surgeon's finger could probe. The loss of blood was frightful,

but by skilful treatment the flow was stayed. The family had gone to Philadelphia, and only a servant remained with him in the house; but everything was done that could be done, though with little hope of success. Amputation afforded no relief, and it was evident he could not live. His mind, however, was stayed on the Lord, and his soul was calm in expectation of the issue, while the testimonies to the goodness and grace of God which came from his lips were striking and memorable. "Doctor," said he to the surgeon who attended him, "my friends have given me up; they say I am dying: is that your opinion?" The doctor replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the dying man, "I have something to say to you. I have loved you much as a friend: I long to love you as a brother in Christ Jesus. I cannot repay the obligation I am under to you unless I may be permitted to lead you to Jesus. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus, that you may be to me for ever a dear brother in Christ, and that you may be more useful than I have been."

When his father asked him if he had any message to his brethren in the ministry, he said, "*Father, stand up for Jesus.* Tell them, LET US ALL STAND UP FOR JESUS." As the final struggle grew near, he seemed to have lost consciousness. He did not know the voice of his father, nor of his wife; but when he was asked if he knew Jesus, he answered, in a strong clear voice: "*I know Jesus. I have a steadfast trust in Jesus, a calm and steadfast trust.*" When asked if he was happy, he replied, "*Oh perfectly, perfectly.*" And thus he fell asleep in Christ. On the day of his death, 18th April, 1858, his father was announced to preach the anniversary sermons of the schools connected with his church at New York. The teachers and scholars were to be addressed from the words in which Hannah dedicated her God-given son to the Lord: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord: as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." The service, necessarily postponed, received greatly added interest from the coincidence, and the event of Dudley's death afforded a very affecting illustration of the text, addressed to nearly two thousand scholars and teachers. The bereaved father could say: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I desired of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord," and so far from yielding to sorrow at his loss, he could rejoice and give thanks to God for his mercy. "His life is hid with Christ in God," said he; "and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory." And he added: "This is enough. It compensates for every care, it pays for every labour, it removes every sorrow, it explains every mystery, it wipes away every tear, it fills the heart with joy unspeakable. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Many thousands of people attended the funeral, and an address of great impressiveness was given, in which his dying message to his brethren was dwelt on with great pathos and power: "Stand up for Jesus." Referring to the last discourse which Mr. Tyng had preached, the distinguished preacher said to the sorrowing congregation: "Remember, bereaved ones, his last text, 'The door was shut!' How little you thought it was to be so soon fulfilled to him! His lamp was burning:

he was all ready. It has shut him in with his Lord. He shall go no more out. He is safe for ever. But you, beloved, are you ready? The door is open to you all: Jesus calls you to enter before it is too late. Let the call of your departed pastor be heard in your ears, saying continually, 'Come, enter in; make haste to come.' Remember, there is a day at hand when the Master of the house will have risen up and shut to the door; and many disappointed souls will stand without and cry, 'Lord, Lord, open unto us,' but will cry in vain; the Lord will not know them: they sought too late, the door will be shut for ever, the accepted time will be ended."

This case presents a fine example of a life early devoted to God, a life filled up with useful labour, a life spent in earnest and faithful service for Christ, a life richly imbued with the Spirit of God, consecrated, sanctified; a life in which we see verified the avowal of the apostle, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Would that every believer in Jesus was thus faithful! Would that all who hear the word of life would thus yield themselves to God, lest when the summons comes to depart from earth and enter the unseen world, they should be found unready, and be shut out for ever when the solemn crisis has passed.

The solemn message sent from the dying bed of Dudley Tyng awoke a cheerful and earnest echo in the heart of a Presbyterian minister, Mr. Duffield, who preached a funeral sermon the Sunday following Mr. Tyng's death, when his spirit-stirring hymn, which has become a general favourite on both sides the Atlantic, was sung for the first time.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner;
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.

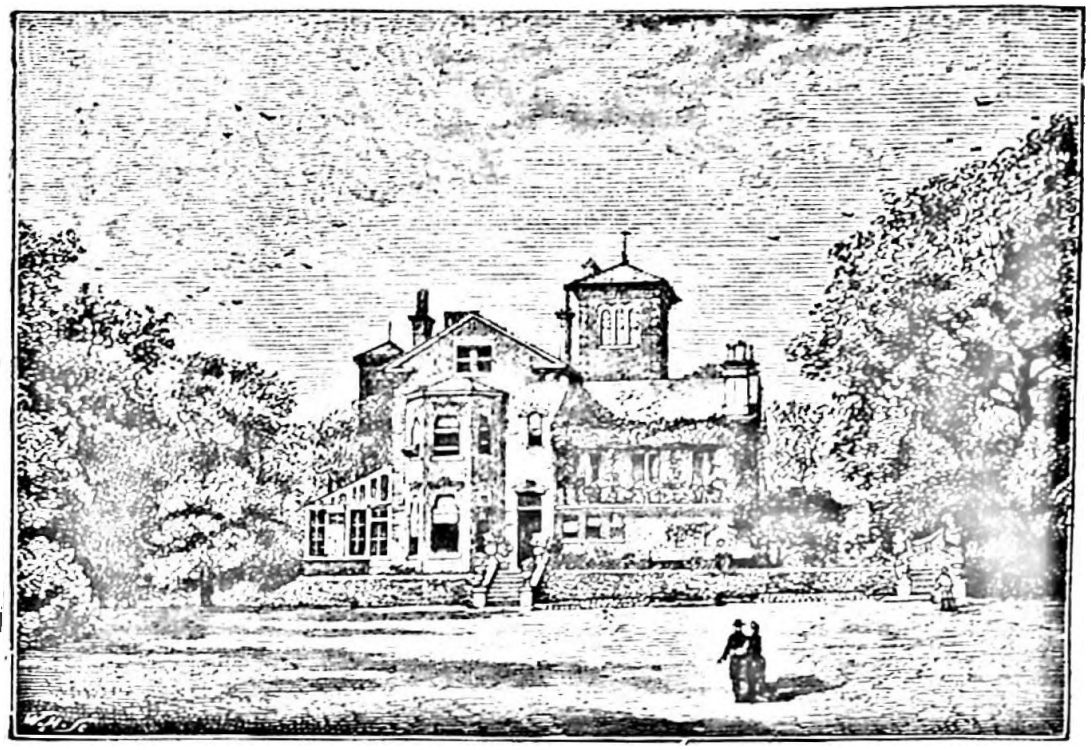
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally."

This earnest appeal from the lips of the dying one to "Stand up for Jesus!" commends itself to all. It speaks to the ministers of Christ. Jesus is their Master, under whom they serve; let them be faithful to him, and have courage in his service, standing up for him and his claims, as against the world and its fascinating power, the flesh and all its corruption, the devil and all his wiles. To every Sunday-school teacher, to every tract distributor, to every worker in Christ's glorious cause, the same appeal comes, "Stand up for Jesus!" Be true to him in holding fast the faithful word, and giving a clear testimony to his truth and worship. Be faithful to him in your life; "Stand up for Jesus" in that. Set your face against sin and worldly conformity, and let your daily life show that Jesus is your Master. Let that mind be in you which was in him, and let his claims, his honour, his glory, yea, let Christ himself, be before you always. And, finally, may all who would wish to stand *with* Jesus by-and-by, "Stand up *for* Jesus" now. Yes, come what will, in poverty and in affluence, in sickness and in health, in adversity and in prosperity, when the world frowns and when the world smiles, in life and in death, "Stand up for Jesus!"

R. SHINDLER.

Swinnock's Word to Hearers.

READER, is it not a privilege for thee to sit by the fire of the word, when many poor souls are freezing in the cold? for thee to walk in the light of the word, when many sit in darkness and the shadow of death? for thee to be clothed out of the rich wardrobe of the word, when many have their nakedness appearing to their eternal shame? Nay, what an advantage hast thou, that when thousands and millions have none to give them bread, but starve and famish, thou hast a table fairly spread and fully furnished with all sorts of food, both for necessity and delight! Yea, and if sickness hinder thee from coming down to dine or sup with thy brethren or sisters, upon that day of days, the Lord's-day, thy God is so tender of thee, that he sendeth thee somewhat up to thy chamber (alloweth thee his Bible and blessing at home) for thy nourishment and comfort: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."



Removing.

WE have often been advised to rise from Nightingale Lane to higher ground, to escape a portion of the fogs and damps which hang almost always over our smoky city. In the good providence of God we have been led to do so, and we are now upon the southern heights. We did not seek out the place, but it came into our hands in a very remarkable manner, and we were bound to accept it. We have left the three-windowed room on the right, which has been so long our study, and the delightful garden where we were wont to walk and meditate. Not without many a regret have we transferred our nest from our dear old home to the Hill of Beulah.

What a type of our departure out of this world is a removal from an abode in which we have lived for years! Many thoughts have thronged our mind while we have been on the wing from the spot where we have dwelt for more than twenty years. Our musings have worked out the parallel between our change and "the last remove," and here are the notes of it.

On such a day we *must* quit. There is no altering it; we must leave all the dear familiar chambers, and the cosy nooks, and comfortable corners. The matter is settled, and there is no altering it; therefore, take another look round, and prepare to say farewell. Just thus shall it be when the inevitable decree shall go forth, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." There will be no evasion of the order, no lingering, even for an hour, beyond the time. We are summoned by an authority which must be obeyed.

The warning being given, the dwelling becomes a mere lodging, a

place in which we are no more inhabitants, but transient visitors. The whole character of the house is altered, and we ourselves act a different part; the freeholder becomes a temporary tenant, and the child at home changes into an expectant traveller. Were we fully alive to the fact of our approaching death, our position in this body and this world would be far other than it often is; we should no longer regard ourselves as fixtures, but as strangers and sojourners, soon to be removed.

When the actual flitting is near, the furniture begins to be packed up, stores are arranged in cases, and all things are set in marching order. We have scarce a table to eat at, or a chair to sit upon, for we are on the move. So will our last hours call for a setting of the house in order, and a preparing to depart. Small comfort will earthly gear afford us then; in fact, there will remain nothing which we can rest upon, nothing will abide in one stay. Our hearts must cherish a good hope of a new and better mansion, or they will have a wretched time of it in the hour of departure.

We are going, and we leave the dear old house with keen regrets; it would be a pity if we could do otherwise, for it would appear as if we had been unhappy in our abode. It is natural that the soul should be loth to quit the body in which it has resided so long.

> "For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of this house of clay,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

The joy of the believer is that he will be no loser by his removal; he has elsewhere a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; he will not be houseless, but will enter into his everlasting habitation. Away there, on the hill-tops of glory, stand the mansions which Christ has prepared for them that love him. Shall we dread the hour when we shall take possession of our palace? Nay, rather let us look forward with joyful expectancy. This, indeed, is a notable part of removal experience, this looking forward to the new home. Our minds are up and away in the house which we are to occupy for the future, and this takes away regret at leaving the old abode. O to have one's heart and mind in heaven! Let us already sit in the heavenly places with Christ Jesus, for this he has raised us up together with himself.

Reader, when you have to remove from earth, have you a dwelling place in heaven? You are only a tenant at will to the great Lord of all, and you may have notice to quit at any time; if such notice came to-day, where would you go? Have you ever considered this question? Or will you take a leap in the dark? If you have no mansion above, is it not time you considered your latter end, and the dread alternative of endless joy or misery? A little thought may save a tempest of remorse, therefore sit still a while and consider the world to come. Remember, that both for this world and the next your best friend is Jesus, and that if you trust him he will surely save you. No time can ever be better for the beginning of that trust than this very instant.—*From Spurgeon's Almanack for* 1881.

Seed Sowing in the Hop-Districts of Kent in 1880.

BY WALTER L. MAYO.

LIKE most ministers, we are expected to "rest from our labours" for a few weeks in the summer. So, on receiving a most cordial invitation from the Rev. J. J. Kendon, of Bethany House, Goudhurst, to visit the hop-gardens, for the purpose of speaking to the pickers the word of eternal life, on the principle of the proverb, "A change of work is as good as play," we ventured to accept the invitation, and thus the month of September of this year found us, for the first time, in the midst of the large hop-growing district of which the village of Goudhurst forms a prominent centre. Before referring to the work itself, it is due to the reader to state why we are taking the place of one whose name is better known in connection with this mission, and whose description of it in former papers has won alike for him and the work the approbation of all sincere disciples of him who said, "As ye go, preach."

We shall all deeply sympathize with our honoured brother Burnham in that he was called away from the work to the bedside of his beloved wife, only just in time to speak to her ere she left for the home on high. This sore trial came upon him so suddenly, that he has been quite unnerved and unfitted for all mental exercise. Nevertheless, in answer to the earnest prayer of thousands to whom he was known, and by whom he was loved, he has been divinely sustained and enabled to rest upon the arm of Him who smote, knowing that—

"A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear."

To relieve our suffering friend we have consented to obey the injunction of our respected editor, long ago given to young ministers, namely, "Use the pen."

Having seen what a "Rambling Correspondent" had to say of the character of the hop-pickers, and the way in which they conducted themselves, we might have supposed it necessary to prepare for rough words, if not rough usage. But as we had heard a different account from those who were not ramblers, we went forward to the work without fear, not being surprised at the hearty, and even courteous, reception accorded us when we made our *debût* in the gardens. Thanks to the kindly warning given us, we did not let out this secret *there*, for be it known unto you, friendly reader, that these denizens of the courts and alleys of "big, black, ugly London," coming from attic, cellar, or lodging-house, when "visiting" in Kent, are quite as ready for a "bit of fun" as their more favoured West-end or suburban neighbours when "out for the season" at Ramsgate, Margate, or Hastings; and if they should discover that you are strange to the gardens, they will find ways to amuse themselves at your expense. Hence it is necessary to be wise as serpents, as well as harmless as doves.

We might record many interesting incidents as showing the variety of character met with. One or two only can here be given.

One morning, as we commenced the work of personal intercourse with the pickers, going from bin to bin, we came to one where a man and his wife were energetically engaged in unburdening the vines of their beautiful little cones. Very pleasant was the man while we spoke of the weather, the harvest, or the hops; but on offering him a little book about the way of salvation, we were at once told that he "did not believe in a lot of fellows coming round and saying they are saved," adding, with a good deal of vehemence, "I say there is no man in this world that can tell whether he is saved or not till the judgment day." On enquiring how he knew there would be a day of judgment, he said, "Oh! the Bible tells us that." His appeal to the Bible, of course, gave us common ground, it being easy to show that the knowledge of salvation was as plainly taught therein as the fact of a day of judgment. As we opened the Word and read from 1 John v. 9-13 and 19-20, he changed his tactics, and began charging the professors of religion with hypocrisy, a common mode of parrying the blow from the sword of the Spirit when lovers of sin are driven into a corner. We find the illustrated gospel tracts, and children's books and cards, very

useful in opening the way for conversation. On presenting a book entitled "The redemption that is in Christ," to a young man who was busy filling his bin, he remarked that it was little use looking anywhere else for redemption. On inquiring if he was trusting in the work of Christ for salvation, we received an affirmative reply. Further conversation led us to the conviction that he was a child of God. Then, as though he thought he had not been true to his colours, he said, "I tell you what I am, sir; I'm a Catholic," which led us to assure him that, whether Catholic or Protestant, if he rested entirely upon the mediation of Christ for salvation he was safe. He said "That's it, sir," as we passed to the next bin, where we found a whole family engaged at work. The elder branches being too busy with the branches of the vine to enter freely into conversation, we turned towards a little boy who was doing his small part towards filling the bin, and giving him a picture-book, asked him his name. "Cornelius, sir," said he. "Oh, indeed," we replied, "why, that was the name of the man who sent for Peter." The name of Peter caught the ear of the Catholics at the bin just left, and so, without appearing to teach them or any of the elders, we had an opportunity of reciting the narrative, and also of emphasising the truth as taught by Peter to the Roman Centurion. Thus it is possible often to present the gospel very simply, and probably with more effect because indirectly, to many of the class met with in these gardens, who while deplorably ignorant of the truths of revelation, and needing the simplest things explained as to little children, are nevertheless unwilling to be treated as thus ignorant. Therefore, by securing the attention of one or two of the juveniles in the presence of the parents, a good opportunity is gained of instructing the elders without rousing the opposition that might be produced by a direct attack; and so an arrow from heaven's quiver may reach them while they are off their guard, or before they have time to put up their shield.

One morning we had gone from bin to bin without seeming to get any foothold, or having any opportunity for doing any good; but as we came to the last bin, we were greatly cheered by finding a seeker after Jesus. Two sisters, evidently of a respectable family, were there at work, the elder of whom confessed her desire to be a follower of Jesus. Pleasant, indeed, was the task of speaking of "Jesus and his love" to such willing hearers, They proved to be daughters of a worthy Wesleyan who was picking in the same garden, and attendants at a chapel in South London.

One other incident only, and this to show that the seed does grow though it lies long buried so far as the sower's knowledge is concerned. Going out one day with Mr. Kendon, we met a poor man who had a smile for us. As we stopped to speak to him we gathered from him that he had been to this district each season for many years. He had been a terror to those who had aught to do with him. Nothing was too bad for him to say or do; "But," said he, turning to Mr. Kendon, "One Sunday morning you came to the hoppers'-houses over there, and sang, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and after you was gone I thought how nice it must be to be safe, and someway since that day I've bin different, the people of God is different, the world is different, all things is different. Why, I tell ye, sir, it seems like as if the sun was shinin' in my heart allers now, and 'taint only when I'm down here, ye know, sir, but in London we goes to our place of worship every Sunday, and mostly once in the week, too."

Subsequently, Mr. Kendon told us there was a marked change in the man's life. Now he is never seen at the public-house, but will walk three or four miles after his day's work in the gardens, in order to get, as he says, "a lift along the way" by attending the open-air services. He has his own way of meeting the arguments of foes of the truth. In reply to one who said there was no God, he plucked a leaf from the hedge, and said, "Just get one of your big and wise men to make one as perfect as this is, and then, perhaps, I'll take some notice of what you say." Such results as these are very encouraging to those who are engaged in the work, but for the most part the work is a seed-sowing. The harvest may be reaped in many cases during the interval between the hop

seasons by some Christian worker in the heart of London, or one of the large provincial towns: but the time draws nigh when they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together.

We were very much delighted with the large and attentive congregations secured in each of the six villages visited for evening meetings. The plan adopted is to be in each of these once a week, taking them in turn. On reaching the spot chosen for the service, the first thing to do is to get the large lamp lighted and raised on the pole, then the little portable organ is opened, and a few notes played. By this time a group is formed, hymn-sheets are distributed to all, and singing commences. Before we are through the first hymn a very good company is collected, this will continue to increase, until we have, according to the size of the village, from 150 to 700 or 800 persons.

One village we visited will never be forgotten by us. On arriving there we found one of the innkeepers had drawn out under the proverbial village tree a large van with cushioned seat, and a number of forms placed round for the older people to sit down during the service. Others of the villagers had brought lamps and hung around, while a harmonium was provided and placed in the van. With all this preparation on their part, we anticipated a good meeting, nor were we disappointed. Five brethren took part in the service, and many of us felt that the word was with power. Several brethren joined us here from another centre of work among the hop-pickers.

There seemed such a spirit of hearing that the brethren who had joined us made arrangements to hold Sunday evening services also. On the last Sunday night we sent over a contingent from Goudhurst to assist, from whom we learned that the service was a most solemn one, the attendance very large, it being estimated that a thousand persons were present, and the gratitude of the people for the interest taken in them was very cheering.

Of course we had occasional interruptions at these open-air meetings, but none of these of a kind that could hinder their usefulness. In every case it came from men influenced by a drink that is supposed to have more connection with the hop-grounds than with the fountain or the dairy. While we were speaking one evening one of our brethren noticed a man with a bottle in his hand standing behind us, and overheard him say to a comrade, "I'll give it him presently, I will." Elbowing his way near to where we stood, he raised the bottle as though to throw it at us, but did not do so: whether it was any word spoken just then, or the sight of the strong form of our brother who had placed himself in an attitude of defence, we cannot tell, but no harm was done, and we should have known nothing of it had not our friend and would-be protector given us the information at the supper table after we had reached home. Verily "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

On another occasion a drunken man was so anxious to impress upon the speaker the cheering fact that he was a true Catholic that the attention of the people was diverted, Mr. Burnham simply remarked, "The devil does not like singing," and so we found it, for we had scarcely got through the first verse of a hymn when we saw our true Catholic shuffling off to the public-house whence he came. As a rule, slight interruptions, if skilfully managed, will awaken the sympathy of the audience for the speaker, and prove a help rather than a hindrance. This was impressed on our mind by an incident in connection with our first attempts at open-air preaching. We were speaking in the market-place of a town in Middlesex, when an old woman, who was intoxicated, insisted upon standing at our side, and frequently expressing her approval of what we were saying by clapping her hand on our shoulder, saying, "That's true. Give it 'em. That's just what they want." On stopping once to ask her to be quiet, we were pleased to hear a rough-looking man say, "Go on, sir, *we can hear you*, never mind her." Finding that her procedure was not approved by her own class she became silent.

During the last week of the operations of the Mission, feeling that each night we were addressing the people for the last time, we looked into the faces of young and old with an anxious heart, wondering what had been the effect of earnest

words spoken during those four weeks. Knowing that to many we could say, "The Kingdom of God is come nigh to you," we longed to get into closer intercourse with those who listened with such attention to the public addresses, to draw out from them a statement of their difficulties, and to remove them, if possible, by the help of God's word.

But all we could do was to put the truth as simply as possible before them all, and then distribute well-selected tracts and books among them, looking up in earnest prayer to the Spirit of Truth to give efficacy to the word heard and read.

How we yearned to communicate to them that "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," which we possess; but, alas, many heard thereof only to forget, while many, we trust, may be found in the day of the Lord's harvest to have received the good seed into good ground. We shall never forget those meetings, and especially the awful feeling of the responsibility that we, as speakers, were bearing, seeing that probably we should only be permitted to speak once in the hearing of many, and that the next place where we should meet them would be before "the judgment seat of Christ." Even now the upturned faces of those congregations seem photographed on our memory; and no words could so well express our feelings as we went home night after night as the well-known lines of good Dr. Doddridge:—

"My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves:
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy."

On the last day of our visiting the gardens we took a good supply of books, as most of the "foreigners" are delighted to have one or two to take to their own homes, where they will probably have more spare time than they desire as the winter season advances. Who can tell the result of this carrying of the seeds of truth into some of the dark corners of London? We should have liked certain critics, who are ever ready to paint the hop-picker in colours far from beautiful, to have been with us for a few minutes the day before we left the district.

A large company of pickers were on their way to the station, going home to London. The farmer who had employed them had lent his waggon and horses to take the women and children with their baggage, and the men were walking alongside. As they passed Bethany House they all shouted, amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs, "Three cheers for Mr. Kendon;" and, "Good-bye to Mr. Kendon." On seeing us they all shouted most heartily, "Good-bye, sir," while some added, "God bless you," thus showing they are not so wanting in feeling as some have pictured them, but that they do appreciate the kindness shown them by such a true friend as Mr. Kendon.

In closing this paper let me point out a way in which some of my readers may materially help in this work. We found the advantage in one village referred to of having a van to serve as a platform. Should you, dear reader, have at your disposal a horse and van, and would consecrate them to the service of the Lord for one month out of the twelve by sending them down to Mr. Kendon for the month of September, 1881, we venture to predict that you would find such pleasure in the offering as could only be surpassed by consecrating your own selves to the work. You that have no such possession to offer, we ask you to remember this work before the Lord, and specially ask that some servant of his may be led to place at the service of the mission some such conveyance as that we have named.

Notices of Books.

The Boy who Sailed with Blake; and *The Orphans.* By William H. G. Kingston. Sunday School Union.

The brain which wove these fairy webs of fiction lies quiet now: the boys' friend can spin no more yarns of voyages and battles, pirates and savages. Kingston was full of brine, and his every page smelt of seaweed; this is his last story, and with mournful interest we survey the scenes in which he makes the Nelson of the Commonwealth stand before us and teach us how to love liberty and fatherland.

The Mistress of the House: a Story of Christian Service in Daily Life. By the Author of "Isa Graem's World," etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

A mother is called away from home, but she has so trained her little daughter that she rises at once to fill the post of "Mistress of the House." Very much of practical home wisdom is set forth in this story: in fact, the story only exists for the sake of showing how house-life should be made to minister to noblest ends. In these days when novels, and theatres, and billiards, and charades eat out the very heart of English homes we are glad to get hold of a tale which tells how grace can work through domestic drudgeries and make them service done unto a King.

Sermons for Boys and Girls, containing twenty-five by the Author of "Outlines of Sermons on Miracles and Parables of the Old Testament"; twenty-five by Rev. Wilberforce Newton and Rev. Edgar Woods. R. D. Dickinson.

The first twenty-five addresses, which are by the compiler of the volume, are about as poverty-stricken as anything we have ever met with in this line. As a specimen of how *not* to work out an illustration we would instance our author's explanation of the text, "The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." He says that the Bible is like a sword, because *it was not made by one man*; and, secondly, because *it took a long time to make it complete and fit for use.* He says other things besides; but these two heads are in the forefront, and queer heads they are. We are altogether disappointed with the book. Its appearance, title, and table of contents, each promised much, and lo, we find nothing.

The Innocents. A Poem in three Books. By the Rev. Samuel Wray. Hodder and Stoughton.

This ought to be a grand poem, and we ought to be enchanted with it; *but we are not.* The appearance of the book, and the chime of certain of the verses, make us think that we must be utterly unpoetical, or must be dreaming, or must be suffering from rheumatism, or must be out of our mind; yet on second thoughts we cannot quite consent to any of these verdicts, but must return to the dread conclusion that these verses and hymns may be "*Innocents*," but they are not "A Poem" Everybody of the name of *Wray* is our friend, and therefore we are sorry that one of them should try his hand at poetry, and sorrier still that he should not do better at it. One of Longfellow's last poems sets out the sort of poetry that we can endure; but we have little patience with any other kind. Here are his lines.

The Poet and His Songs.

As the birds come in the spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says, "Write!"

The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land. By William M. Thomson, D.D. London, Edinburgh, and New York: T. Nelson and Sons.

"The Land and the Book" is, to our mind, the best of all books upon the Holy Land, and Mr. Nelson has now produced the best edition of it. Our readers are, doubtless, well acquainted with Dr. Thomson's lively, chatty style, and with the keenness of observation and devoutness of thought which make every one of his journeys to be like a Bible-lesson conducted by an apostle. Commendation "The Land and the Book" has not required for many years; it is an established favourite. The copy before us is lavishly adorned with engravings of the first order; it would make a noble present to an honoured friend, a minister, or a Sunday-school superintendent. Lying on the couch of pain we have passed many half hours in a semi-beguilement of our griefs by looking over these superb illustrations, every one of them so intimately associated with the Divine Word.

The noble volume will enrich the bookcase, adorn the drawing-room table, instruct the mind, and feed the soul. If Dr. Thomson had done nothing else, "The Land and the Book" is enough fruit for a life-time: it were well if one in a thousand of us could produce such a cluster.

The following statement as to the terrible effects of a widow's tongue is new to us; we knew that female tongues did a world of mischief; but we never suspected them of blocking the avenues to the spirit world:—

"Beneath the centre of the Mosque of Omar, or, as it is also called, 'The Dome of the Rock,' which is said to occupy part of the site of the Temple, there is a large excavated cave. This chamber, or cave, derives peculiar sanctity from having been successively, according to Mohammedan tradition, the praying-place of Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus. In the centre of the rocky pavement of the cave is a circular slab of marble, which, being struck, returns a hollow sound, showing that there is a well or excavation beneath, which is regarded by the Moslems as the entrance to Hades; it is called Bir-el-Arwâh, the Well of Songs. 'I was gravely informed,' says a recent explorer, 'that this well was open until about forty years since, and up to that period was frequented by those who were desirous of holding converse with the souls of the departed confined below; but that a certain widow, who was more than ordinarily curious and communicative, carried such intelligence from the living to the dead, and from the dead to the living, as to disturb the peace of many families in the city, and caused such commotion below, that the noise getting too outrageous, the well had to be closed to prevent further mischief-making."

It is cheering to think that this happened forty years ago: matters have improved since then, at least we suppose so, for the other day we met with the following paragraph; "A South Carolina Baptist church contains in its old records the mention of a woman being excluded from the church for 'doing too much talking in the neighbourhood.' As no such case is recorded of late years, it is supposed that the race of such women is extinct."

Sevenfold Blessing; or, Perfect Salvation through the Blood of Christ. By the Rev. J. G. Tamer, M.A. John F. Shaw and Co.

Very simple and holy teaching. It would be a grand thing for our country if all her vicars could preach in this fashion. True, it is milk for the babes; but then there are so many babes about, and such milk is good for them. We half feared that a drop or two of perfectionism had fallen into the cream, but we do not detect it.

Dot's Story Book, and *Little Chimes for all times.* Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

Wonderful, wonderful! One hundred engravings in each beautiful volume, and just the sort of reading for cosy corners, and bright firesides. Surely Cassell and Co. have gone to their utmost this time. So much art for half-a-crown; only great publishers can manage such things. Fitly do they speak of these delightful productions as "sunny books."

Our Giving: what it is, and what it ought to be. A Plea for Increased Liberality on the part of God's people. By J. Forbes Moncrieff. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Capital! O that every rich Christian would read this book! It would show him why to give, and how much to give, and when to give, and what to give to. After reading it himself he should pass it on to some brother millionaire, to whom it might be equally a blessing. But, stop, it is not rich men alone who are to have the honour and joy of giving. Those who work hard for their bread are permitted to sweeten it by the gentle offices of charity. This little treatise would put new ideas of liberality into some heads. Spread it then. The following extract is worth preserving:—"Dorcas is said, in Acts ix., to have been 'full of good works and alms-deeds which she did.' The crowning word of this eulogy is the last little word. Many are full of good works which they *praise* in others, and which they *dream* of doing themselves at some future time; but Dorcas was full of good works and alms-deeds which she DID."

Notes on Genesis; or, Christ and his Church among the Patriarchs. By the Rev. Nathaniel Keymer, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

The reverend gentleman who produced this slender volume was favoured with a good idea, and was provided with abundant help towards practically carrying it out, but he missed the mark deplorably, and the result is the poor affair by which we have been miserably disappointed. A series of outlines, suggestions, and parables drawn from Isaac Williams, and other rich writers, might have shown to the sermon-seeker mines of wealth in the book of Genesis; but these poor lines are not half as good as our translators' headings of the chapters, though they profess to be much more. We wonder what next will be issued as aids to ministers! We must be a very feeble tribe if we need such assistances. Go-carts, whistles, sucking-bottles, and corals are evidently made for an infantine race, and if we may judge preachers by the helps prepared for them, they must many of them be still in long clothes and bibs and hoods. Is it really so?

Modern Anglican Theology: Chapters on Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett, and on the Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement. By the Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

So little do we care for the various batches of heretics that come and go upon the ecclesiastical stage that we had almost forgotten Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, Jowett, and all the tribe. Dr. Rigg has evidently gone into his subject with all his heart, and discussed it without fear or favour. We are pleased to mark his kindly regard for Kingsley, in which we could never help sharing: like Robertson of Brighton, he had very little of the heretic about him but the growl. Those who take an interest in the Anglican Broad School will read Dr. Rigg's book with pleasure and profit.

The Advance of Popery in this Country, viewed under both its Religious and Political Aspect. By J. C. Philpot, M.A. Price, stitched, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. J. Gadsby, 10, Bouverie-street, E.C.

The late Mr. J. C. Philpot was a man of great learning as well as of deep piety. His clear view of the doctrines of grace made him the determined adversary of Popery, and his knowledge both of the original Scriptures and of the state of religion in the Established Church enabled him to form a fair judgment as to what prophecy had to say in reference to the present. We confess to a great relish for Mr. Philpot's sermons, though we are not at all enamoured of the peculiar school of theologians which gathered beneath his wing. The pamphlet before us is a masterly production, and we are glad to see it reprinted. Young ministers will do well to study it, that they may be furnished for the fight with Ritualism, and all that comes of it. The price of the book is too low. As it is the property of Mrs. Philpot we should have been glad to hope that some profit would arise from its sale; but this cannot well be unless large quantities should be disposed of.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vols. I., II., and III. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-st., City-rd.

METHODISTS are happy in possessing so popular a history of the great religious movement out of which their denomination arose. Every community of Christians should regard it as a prime necessity that some such record should be within the reach of their young people; and we hope that our own body, which has not altogether neglected the duty, will attend to it still more earnestly. Dr. Stevens' book is written from a thoroughly Wesleyan standpoint, but it contains no needless censuring of opponents, and is by no means bitter to the great men on the Calvinistic side of the doctrinal controversy. The history is full of incident, and holy example, and it is adorned with portraits of the leading men of the various periods which fill up Methodism's first century. Of course, every Wesleyan has these three volumes on his shelves, and therefore it is needless for us to urge the sale in that direction; but every man who is interested in the work of the Lord among men will read with glowing heart this story of a great revival, which even at this hour is casting a sacred influence over all the earth.

In Christo, or, the Monogram of St. Paul. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

DR. MACDUFF'S books are continually coming, and yet he is not exhausted. In the days of Dr. Cumming we watched a feeble offspring totter into life and die, and we have almost come to think that a man who writes many books must of necessity water down his milk till it becomes thin, thinner, thinnest; but we see no signs of this in Dr. Macduff as yet. We like this book better than its predecessors. There is much holy ingenuity in the placing of the monograms, and in the working out of the one great monogram, which is the text of the whole. "IN CHRIST,"—think of the wealth of meaning in those two words, and marvel not that it has afforded subjects for some thirty meditations, mainly drawn from Paul's uses of the expression "IN HIM."

Handbook to the Bible. Old Testament. Illustrated with Charts, Maps, and Illustrations. By WALTER SCOTT. Edinburgh: R. M. Cameron.

SURELY this book comes from the hand of a brother of Plymouth. Such a Handbook we do *not* want, for it is just a mass of wild spiritualizing, which a handbook to the Bible should never be. With its maps and engravings, this seemed to us to be a capital work, till we began to look into detail, and then we saw abundant reason to admire the writer's industry and ingenuity, but equal cause to be afraid of his spiritualizing, by which anything can be taught which may enter the author's head. This Walter Scott is as great a romancer with the Bible as his namesake was with history.

God and Man; or, the Sum of the Matter. Dedicated to Christian Parents as an answer to the Superstition and Infidelity of the present day. London: W. Poole.

IF the young people of to-day would only read this little work, we believe it would be of incalculable benefit in strengthening them in the faith. The chapters on the main doctrines are excellent, and the Scripture proofs most full. We fear that those who need it most will be least likely to read it.

Family Prayers for Cottage Homes. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE more we see of forms of prayer the less we like them. We had rather hear —and we believe God would—a half-a-dozen sentences, however broken, that were the putting of home wants into words, than the most beautiful ready-made prayers such as are here provided. Mechanical, stereotyped, parrot-like petitions are very poor porridge at the best.

The Age of the great Patriarchs from Adam to Jacob. With Notes, Critical and Illustrative. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Vol. II. Sunday School Union.

WE expressed our thorough satisfaction with the first half of this work, and we, therefore, warmly welcome the second portion. Mr. Tuck cannot do better than addict himself to this form of exposition.

Fireside Parables, and other Sketches. By WALTER J. MATHAMS. London: Haughton and Co.

THIS is another little book by the author of "Rough Sermons by Blunt Robin, Esq." It is a worthy companion to its predecessor. There is the same fresh, racy suggestiveness, the same sparkling exuberance and felicity of speech, and withal a touch of pathos and a savour of godliness which greatly gratify the Christian reader. Sunday-school teachers and preachers might do far worse than invest in this lively volume, and we believe that with half an eye open they may make the investment pay. We wish for this—the outcome of enforced silence from pulpit work—as large a sale as it deserves. The more of such books the merrier for us all.

The Religious Tract Society excels itself in its Christmas and New Year's Cards, which are now ready. The packets marked *Christmas Cheer* and *New Year's Blessings* contain real gems of art. The larger cards, containing texts in colours, are very beautiful. *The Circling Year* has four delicious pictures of the seasons. *Peaceful Thoughts for Eventide* and *Helping Words for Morning Thoughts* are very choice illuminations. No cottage wall should be without adornment: works of art, which once would have cost many pounds, can now be had for a few pence. Who knows the good influence which a text prettily bordered may have upon a life; a casual glance may write a truth on the soul for eternity.

The Religious Tract Society is to the front as usual with a shop-full of Christmas presents. "*The New Toy Book*," at 4s., is a luxurious affair: children who get such a present ought to be good as angels; it makes our eyes twinkle to look at it. Here is *the Volume of the Child's Companion*; 2s. 6d. Gorgeous. What a growth from the little dumpy companion of our youth. *Cottager and Artisan*, 1s. 6d. Fully up to the mark. *Tract Magazine*; 1s. 6d.; good in its own line. *The Scripture Pocket Book*: a favourite with the older folks, as *the Young People's Pocket Book* is with boys and girls.

As for stories, *Away on the Waters*, will delight Tom and Dick, and *Aunt Milly's Childhood* will equally well please Alice and Ellen. *The Loss of the Kent East Indiaman:* a tale which can never be told too often; it is here most pleasingly presented for one shilling. *The Old Endeavour* is another sea story. *Glimpses into the Secrets of Nature* should be in every juvenile library, it is the sort of book that we always welcome, for it points out the hand of God in nature. The price is 1s. 6d. *Day-break in Britain* is a story of early Christianity in Druid days, from the fertile and consecrated imagination of A.L.O.E. *Northcliffe Boys*—another of the sweet sixpenny books for the youngsters.

Scripture Calendar and Proverbial Calendar, 1881. Bemrose & Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

WE generally hang the first of these in our study, and by rending off a piece of paper every morning we keep the day of the month conspicuously before our eye. Others have copied the idea, but we keep to Mr. Bemrose, and find his arrangement always useful.

We would again commend the *Sunday School Union* Pocket Books and Diaries for the year. We have long used the "Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book," though it is more suitable for teachers than for us.

Papa's Picture Album. Little Lottie's Picture Gallery. Little Clara's Picture Gallery. With 100 Illustrations in each. T. Nelson and Sons.

PICTURES without end, and binding of the most telling sort, and all for eighteenpence. No need to inquire what shall we buy for Little Lottie and Clara. Here's the very thing.

Daily Bread: a Book containing Only the Words of the Lord Jesus on various subjects; arranged as Daily Readings for the Week. Second edition.

A COPY will be sent to any person who will send a halfpenny stamp to pay the postage to Mr. J. N. Fennings, 23, Belvedere Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

The Book of Chronicles [of the Series of Handbooks for Bible Classes]. By James G. Murphy, LL.D. T. C. D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Exactly what it professes to be. If all the handbooks shall be equal to this one, Messrs. Clarke's scheme will be of special service both to the teachers and the taught.

The Circling Year, and other Poems. By A. B. Todd. Elliot Stock.

A cynical old editor who overheard an enthusiast remark that "Nature is full of poetry," snarled out, "So is my waste-basket!" Another editor commends to his contributors the example of Tennyson, who composes very slowly, and adds, "Never send in a poem to-day that can be sent in to-morrow. Perhaps there will be a fire before to-morrow." These were our memories before we opened this little volume; but we at once confess that the perusal of Mr. Todd's verses has not provoked us to snarl. On the contrary, here is much true poetry, perfumed with the heather, and fresh with the dew of Scotia's green hills. In some thirteen metres our poet sings of country scenes, and life unclouded by the smoke of city life. Little enough is there of this at this time, and it is pleasant at least to hear of it. Fully do we sympathize with our author when he says, "To me the grandest picture-gallery has always been the ever-changing clouds of heaven, and especially those around the morning chambers of the sun; and in among the great glowing curtains which he gathers around his burning brow, as he rolls down the western sky on a calm summer night, and sinks from sight behind the splintered pinnacles of the hills in Arran's isle, all flickering and glowing in rays of rosy, saffron, or orange light; while down below, and far around, the wide waters of the Frith of Clyde glow like some 'sea of glass mingled with fire.'

"Though far from being insensible to the charms of music, yet no concert of human voices ever thrilled me half so much as the morning or evening piping of the thrush, in some greenwood glen, where the living water of some gushing stream mingled its voice in the melody, and the lark warbled his song of love and gladness far up on the great glowing arch of the rainbow. The cuckoo's soft, monotonous lay ever delights me more than the sweetest sound of any lute; and not even the dismal wail of the coronach, in the rocky Highlands, could fill my heart with such a feeling of strange sorrow and sadness as does the bleating of a flock of newly weaned lambs away out in some wild glen among the steep, green pastoral hills."

Touches of Real Life. By Lady Hope, of Carridew. London: Nisbet and Co.

A bright, sparkling story intended to show the benefits that flow from the substituting of Coffee Rooms for Public Houses. Well worth reading. We trust the authoress may be much cheered by the success of the movement in which she takes such deep interest.

Cheering Words for weary and troubled believers. By Rev. A. Tyler. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

Though there is little that is striking or suggestive here, there is much that is simple and sweet. The weak ones in God's family need much gentle treatment, and Mr. Tyler abounds in holy sympathy and love. The little book is printed in large, clear type.

The Gospel Miracles in their Relation to Christ and Christianity. By Dr. Wm. Taylor. Hamilton, Adams and Co. Also, another edition by R. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

We do not quite see the wisdom of bringing out two editions of this work, so nearly alike in all respects: we fear that between two publishers the profit will be *nil*, and we are always sorry when the issue of a good book causes a loss. Dr. Taylor, who left Liverpool to enrich New York, has here given us a masterly argument upon miracles, in which he answers objectors and silences cavillers. It is a standard work upon its own subject, and is worthy to be a college class-book. Personally these apologies and defences somewhat weary us, for we know whom we have believed; but for the sake of this doubting age we welcome these implements of controversial war.

The Gentle Heart: a second series of "Talking to the Children." By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A LIVING and devout spirit breathes in every page of this book, and makes it fragrant with the richest perfume. The sweet odours of the Rose of Sharon float about the atmosphere as soon as you begin to read it. It is no less valuable for its literary merits—it is not only the product of a devout heart, but also of a refined and scholarly mind. We have been fascinated with the originality and beauty of its thought, charmed with the simplicity and elegance of its language, enriched with the store of its illustrations, and blest in spirit through its abundant manifestations of "the truth as it is in Jesus." It is meant for children, and the good Dr. has caused his doctrine to drop as the rain, and distil as the dew; but others beside children will read it to great profit. There are here topics for teachers, subjects for preachers, and lessons for all.

Doom Eternal: The Bible and Church Doctrine of Everlasting Punishment. By Rev. JUNIUS B. REIMENSNYDER. Philadelphia: Nelson S. Quiney.

AN admirable work. Nothing can be more orthodox or more convincing. We should like to see the book issued by an English publisher. For clear, solid reasoning we hardly know its equal upon this tremendous theme.

The Popular Commentary on the New Testament. Edited by Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF. Vol. II. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

THE second volume of the "Popular Commentary" is as good as the first. The work promises to be truly useful to the mass of readers who cannot labour through the huge tomes among which some of us live and move and have our being. The illustrations and maps are excellent, and as far as we have been able to judge by reading here and there, the comments are sound and instructive. The best of authors here unite to give information helpful to the general reader. Each volume is 18s., and there will be four to the New Testament. The books are handsomely and strongly bound.

Jenny and the Insects; or, Little Toilers and their Industries. With 26 Illustrations by GIACOMELLI. T. Nelson and Sons.

FINER illustrations could not be produced. The subject is one which needs to be made familiar to children, for they know so little about insects that boys torture them, and girls scream if one of them comes within a yard. Anything is good which teaches our savage race to love all things that live. We thank Mr. Nelson for introducing us to bees and beetles, crickets and caterpillars, not as pests to be exterminated, but fellow-creatures to be known and admired. Like all Mr. Nelson's productions, the book is elegantly got up and splendidly printed.

Notes.

THE Editor has little to record of work done by himself, for he has again had to lie in the trenches instead of going down to the battle. Still, all is well. In answer to prayer health is returning, and his hope is that he shall be able to labour on through the winter without going abroad.

We cannot help recording our obligations to Mr. Sowter, of the Hydropathic Institution, Beulah Spa. He is our next door neighbour, and we have had his careful attention in the use of Turkish, vapour, and chemico-electric baths. Others who are similarly afflicted would find it to their advantage to come under Mr. Sowter's care. We may, perhaps, by mentioning this fact, save some of our friends the trouble of writing to us about remedies of all sorts; it is very kind of them, and we are very grateful, but we cannot try a hundred things at once. For the present we give these baths such attendance as we can.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND is distributing hundreds of volumes of our works among poor ministers of the Church of England, and we are rejoiced greatly to find them so glad to receive them, and so heartily pleased with them. It is no small thing to feed those who have to feed others.

Our only trouble about this blessed work is the continued slackness of means for making the distribution. Our beloved wife looks up expectantly, but for some few weeks her faith has been tried. Usually with the demand comes the supply; but just now many ministers are craving for books, and the stores are very short. Still, there is no total drying up of the stream, and the distribution does not cease, for which let God be praised. He will doubtless take care of his own work.

On *Monday evening, Nov.* 15, the annual communion in connection with the London Baptist Association was held at several centres in the metropolis, and one of those was the Tabernacle. Most of the Baptist ministers of the district met for tea before the public gathering, and held a fraternal experience meeting, cheering each other, and entering into most loving fellowship. The attendance at the service was considerably affected by the excessive storminess of the weather, but there was, nevertheless, a large muster. Mr. Spurgeon was able to preside, and to address the assembly upon the subject of the separateness of believers from the world. Many neighbouring ministers took part in the proceedings of the evening, of which we have heard believers say, "the Lord was there." The more of holy, happy, hearty intercourse among the servants of God the better for them all.

College.—Mr. W. J. Taylor has been accepted as a preacher in connection with the Evangelization Society; and Mr. C. E. Stone has accepted the pastorate of the church which now worships in the Lammas Hall, Battersea. He hopes soon to build a new chapel, and there is both room for it and need for it, for Battersea increases at a marvellous rate, and is not adequately provided for as to religion.

Mr. W. J. Dyer has removed from High Wycombe to Bridgnorth; Mr. W. H. Smith, of Tenterden, to Beccles, Suffolk; Mr. R. P. Javan, from Warkworth to New Basford, Notts; Mr. D. E. Evans, from Wolverhampton to Lodge-road, Birmingham; Mr. A. H. Collins, from Milton, to Selly Park, Birmingham; and Mr. E. Spanton, from Caxton, Cambs., to Dawley, Salop.

On *Friday afternoon, Oct.* 29, Mr. J. Gelson Gregson gave an address to the students on his proposal for the evangelization of the English-speaking population of India. Mr. Spurgeon stated his anxious desire to send men to India, and his bitter regret that he had not the means to do so, a legacy which he had hoped to spend in that direction being now a matter of litigation. The English and half-caste people of India present a fine field, full of promise; but without means what can be done? Men, also, fit for this service are scarce.

Our coloured brother, Mr. T. L. Johnson, has safely reached America, and commenced work in soliciting help and exciting sympathy for missions in Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are still plodding on at Bakundu.

Mr. Hamilton is building his new chapel at Cape Town. As he will have to pay the builder £200 per month he writes that he will be glad of the help of English friends. Any amounts entrusted to us will be duly forwarded. The work of God in Cape Town in building up a vigorous Baptist Church in so short a time is marvellous in our eyes, and we cannot but believe that the silver and the gold will follow where the hand of God has led the way.

Mr. S. Fairey, late of Gawler, S. Australia, has removed to Parkside, one of the rapidly growing suburbs of Adelaide, where, in conjunction with Mr. C. H. Goode and other earnest Baptists, he has formed a new church, and erected a chapel to seat 400 persons. He tells us that at the annual meetings of the South Australian Baptist Association, recently held, our brethren W. C. Bunning, of Geelong, and F. Hibberd, of Sydney, attended as delegates from the Victorian Baptist Association and the New South Wales Baptist Union, and Mr. Fairey adds, "right nobly did they acquit themselves. They remained in the colony for two weeks, preaching in our churches, and speaking at our meetings. They have done a good work, and gained the esteem, and confidence, and admiration of all. We are all better for their visit, and they profess to have received from us like good. . . . There were some nine Pastors' College men taking part in the meetings, and men of whom, I venture to say, the College need never be ashamed."

Evangelists. — Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been at *Leamington* during the greater part of the past month, and there, as in other places they have visited, the chapels and halls were too small for those who wished to hear them, and many received the truth sung or spoken by our brethren. On the second Sunday of their stay they had 1000 working men at the afternoon service, every one of whom received one of our sermons on leaving. The experiment was so fully appreciated that at the request of the men it was repeated on the following Lord's Day. The noon prayer-meetings and afternoon

Bible-readings have been largely attended, and the spiritual results are expected to be most cheering. Three meetings were held daily, and on Sunday, 14th ult., no less than *nine* services were conducted by one or other or both of the Evangelists. They report that they hope to send up a large thank-offering, which will be very acceptable, as the receipts for the Evangelization work recently have been much below the expenditure. Just as we are making up the notes Pastor S. T. Williams sends us the following telegram:—"Glorious finish here! Nine meetings by Evangelists. Numbers turned away at each service. Many saved. Local expenses all met. A thankoffering beside. Praise God!"

Mr. Burnham recommenced work on Oct. 17, by preaching to a crowded congregation at *Fivehead*, where he was formerly pastor, and where he had baptized his late wife. He believes the service was not in vain. On the following Sunday evening our brother ministered to the church in our house at "*Westwood*." From Oct. 25 to 31 he was at *Chiswick*, where in spite of unfavourable weather many met to hear the word, and some received it with joy. Mr. Burnham conducted a very successful series of services at *Thurleigh*, Beds., from Nov. 7 to 12. So earnestly had the Christians prayed and worked that the Evangelist found both chapel and schoolroom filled with eager listeners, who had been attracted from no less than seven different villages. Pastor G. Chandler bears testimony to the blessings received by saints and sinners, and adds, "Our dear brother has won all our hearts, and his visit has been greatly blessed to the elder branches of my dear family."

This month Mr. Burnham is engaged at Charlton Kings, Highgate, and Winslow.

Orphanage.—The quarterly Collectors' Meeting was held at the Orphanage on *Friday, Nov. 12th*. The President had intended to have been present, but found as the time approached that it would not be safe to venture out. We learn that there was a large attendance of collectors and friends, and that a very enjoyable evening was spent in listening to the recitations and singing of the boys and girls, and an address from Mr. Charlesworth, who presided over the evening meeting. The collectors brought in about £150, for which we are very grateful, as our general contributions recently have been small, although our expenses have increased rather than diminished; and when the houses for the girls are completed they will be nearly double what they are now.

Christmas at the Orphanage.—Please, dear friends, do not forget to send special donations for Christmas. We like to break up the monotony of the year by here and there a holiday, and Christmas is the special festival of the twelve months. The expenditure of that day has hitherto been always met by loving gifts from those who like to see children enjoy themselves, and we beg to put them in mind that *Christmas* is coming on very rapidly now. All sorts of good things will be gratefully received at the Orphanage, or money to buy them can be sent to Mr. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

Services of Song by the Orphanage Choir.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, the orphan boys gave a service of song at the Baptist Chapel, Southend-on-Sea, and as the result Pastor J. G. Wilson has sent us a cheque for £18. This is grand help, and we are truly thankful for it. Other congregations might do the same without the slightest loss to themselves.

On Nov. 16 Mr. Charlesworth and his choir started for a fortnight's tour in Devon and Cornwall. They are to hold meetings in Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, St. Austell, Truro, Falmouth, Helston, Penzance, Liskeard, and Taunton. On Dec. 14 an evening of song is to be given at Mr. Brock's chapel, Hampstead. Thus our young friends are doing their best to help themselves.

Colportage.—The work of the Colportage Association is very encouraging just now. From the commercial point of view the results recorded represent a large amount of plodding hard work by the Colporteurs. During the last three months the value of the sales effected was £1851 18s. The greater part of this was realized by the sale of Bibles and testaments and small periodicals and books, ranging in price from a halfpenny to a shilling. These have often been delivered under very discouraging circumstances—flooded roads, long and wet journeys, and people needing much persuasion to buy, and having little money to spare, are obstacles surmounted which add to the estimate formed of such a fair measure of success achieved. The seed of the gospel has thus been scattered broadcast in 73 different districts in England and Wales, some at once taking root, and some, like the lighter seeds which are borne by the wind to more distant fields, to bear fruit which shall be found after many days. Beside the immense good which the distribution of such numbers of

Bibles, books, &c., must accomplish in providing an antidote to the evil literature which abounds, and creating a taste for better reading, there are not wanting instances of direct conversion to God in the several departments of Christian service connected with the valuable work of the Colporteur. "A word spoken in season, how good it is," and the Colporteur is always ready to speak such words. One writes:—"The word is blessed by the wayside. I always carry tracts with me, and give to the people I meet on the road, and speak a word where I can. A man overtook me the other day with a horse and a waggon. I put my box (knapsack) on, and walked by his side, and read the book by Mr. Spurgeon, called 'The Bible and the Newspaper,' explaining its contents, how it spoke of the terrible sight of seeing souls ushered into eternity without a moment's warning, and how important that we should believe on Jesus Christ, &c. The man seemed deeply touched, he bought the book and asked me to call at his lodgings at any time, and he would buy others. I asked him to give his heart to Jesus Christ." Another Colporteur writes:—"I am happy to say in my district the circulation of impure literature is decreasing. One woman has given up ———, and ———, and has begun to take the monthlies from me instead. The "Christian Age" is being taken and read by a young man instead of ———. A song book has been given up by a young girl, and a hymn-book used instead. A man to whom I gave a tract has been led to Jesus. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been made a blessing to an aged man who has recently died in my district. I am glad to say that our chapel here (in which the Colporteur preaches) is always nicely filled, and great attention is given to the Word of God." No agency surpasses Colportage for meeting the special necessities of a district. The book-selling is an introduction to the people, and the details of the work can be arranged according to circumstances. But it must ever be borne in mind that it is a missionary enterprise, and while it accomplishes a large amount of work for a small expenditure, cannot be self-supporting. Hence the need of constant and regular subscriptions to the general fund, which will be thankfully received. There are several districts in which a good work is carried on by the Colporteur, but the people are poor, and sufficient local aid cannot be obtained. It will only be by additional help to the general fund that the committee can continue some of these, and they await the assistance of friends of the work, who they feel sure will not allow any restriction in its operations.

Metropolitan Tabernacle United Christian Brothers' Benefit Society.—This Society has been for some time duly registered according to the Friendly Societies' Act, but we did not like to recommend it, as so many similar societies had been broken up after continuing for several years. Having now submitted the rules, terms, &c., to the judgment of a competent actuary, and received from him a very satisfactory report upon them, we are pleased to be able to say on his authority that the Society is based upon sound financial principles, and if carefully managed there is no reason why it should not go on for any number of years. It may be well to state that it is *not* available for persons in the country; it is only intended for those who live in London. All particulars can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. B. B. Blake, 76, Queen's Road, Peckham, S.E.

Personal Notes.—"A Lay Visitor" has sent to *The Montreal Daily Witness* the "Touching Story" of a young Scotchman who recently died in the General Hospital in that city, after suffering from an internal disease which baffled the skill of the doctors. He says it was a delight and a privilege to visit and converse with the sick man, for salvation through faith in the Crucified was the theme he most loved to talk about. The "Visitor" then adds "The one and only matter of his reading, next to the Bible, was Charles H. Spurgeon's sermons: of these he never tired. Biographies of eminent Scotchmen, like Norman Mac Leod and William Arnot, were taken to him, but as he put them aside he would say, 'Spurgeon is always the same, but always satisfying, for he makes you forget himself as he holds up Him who is fairer than the children of men.'"

One of our subscribers writes from *Essex*:—"I cannot help telling you that I have long taken your sermons, and my dear husband, who is now seventy-two years old, has read them, and the Lord has blessed them to him. He is suffering from chronic bronchitis, so that he cannot attend any place of worship. It is his greatest pleasure to read a sermon every Sabbath morning, and I believe he is, through reading them, a new creature in Christ Jesus."

Last May we inserted eight notes of instances of the usefulness of our sermons

which had come under the notice of one of our evangelists. He has sent us the following additional items, from which, as before, we omit names and dates :—

(9) Mr. P——, a farmer, whose guest I was near N——, told me that he had for years been a secret disciple. Twenty years ago he heard Mr. Spurgeon at Cheltenham. During the discourse Mr. S. referred to some Christians who seemed ashamed to come out boldly and own themselves on the Lord's side ; then in pathetic tones Mr. S. looked straight at Mr. P——, exclaiming, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?" This completely broke down friend P——, who wept like a child under it; and led him at once to return and confess Christ by baptism, and unite with the church, of which he is now a deacon.

(10.) At M—— I asked an old man if he was on the Lord's side? "Oh, yes; eighteen years ago I found the Lord through hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach on 'Repentance.'"

(11.) At E——, during his address at our service, Bro. B——, of E—— S——, instanced the case of a man, who, the week previous, called him in to see his dying wife. The dear old soul was very peacefully passing away. Expressing her joy at seeing Mr. B——, she said, "I am very happy; I have no fear; it is all gone; all is well. A good old man connected with your church used, before he went to heaven, to call weekly, and leave me Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to read ; and through reading these, I was led to feel myself a poor lost sinner, and to trust in Christ as my Saviour: and now he is with me, and all is well!"

(12.) When at E——, Bro. H—— and I were out distributing tracts and handbills in the neighbouring village of O——. One old lady asked us in, and commenced blessing and praising God for answering her prayers, etc. We wished to know the meaning of her words, and she said, "Oh, sir, I am too old and feeble to get out, and scarcely ever does anybody come to see me. I live here alone, except for the company of my heavenly Father. Well, this morning I did earnestly ask him to send me some spiritual help by the way to-day, and he has sent you, bless his dear name!" "And do you get no comfort and no spiritual food now you are debarred the public means of grace?" "Oh, yes, sir; bless the Lord! I have a *feast* every week in dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I read them over and over again. I should not know what to do, and should never get a crumb if it were not for these sermons; and they are feasts to my soul."

(13.) At D——, a Primitive Methodist minister recently said to Brother W——, "If Spurgeon were to die I should suffer a tremendous personal loss, an irreparable loss." "Indeed; why? Do you know Mr. Spurgeon? Is he a personal friend of yours?" "No, I have never seen him, never written to him; never heard from him ; yet I seem to know Mr. Spurgeon, to love him, to hold constant intercourse with him through his weekly sermons. I regularly read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons the last thing before going to preach on Sunday mornings, I have done so for years ; and to lose them would be an irreparable loss."

(14.) At A——, the church clerk has got tired of hearing the *same* sermons year after year from the parson, who turns the pile annually, so he takes in Mr. Spurgeon's sermons regularly, for Sunday afternoon reading: he is the only man in A—— who takes them in.

(15.) At W——, the most energetic man in Christian work is Mr. A——. He has been the means of doing an immense amount of good. He was brought to a knowledge of the truth through reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, "Heaven and Hell" (Nos. 39—40), twenty years ago, on Hackney Downs. Recently, on his birthday, Mr. A—— bought one thousand copies of these sermons, and scattered them for miles about here. These have gone into distant parts, and remote corners, that it is hardly likely he can ever know *here* the real good done by them ; but he has heard already of two or three conversions through them.

(16.) Here is an extract from a letter from E——:—"Just a line to tell you that I am very happy again. The 'plague of my heart' is gone this very morning. It has been depressing me for weeks, and I had begun to think that there was no hope left for *me;* but that I should carry it to the grave. The Lord be praised! 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin.' Please excuse this hurried note now, as I want to write out that which has done me so much good, namely, Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, 'The Plague of the Heart' (No. 1489). He little thinks what joy it has given one this morning. Oh, how I thank the Lord for putting it into his heart to preach such a sermon!" The writer also enclosed £1 as a thank-offering for the Evangelists' Fund, "From one recently saved."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 28th, thirteen; November 1st, twenty-three; November 4th, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Harris	10	0	0
Mr. Jos. Tireman	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. Padley	5	0	0
Rev. S. Figgis	5	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mrs. Wedmore, per Mr. E. Dyer	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	7	10	4
Collected by Mr. W. Thomas	1	10	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0
Miss Jephs	1	10	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Miss Lavelle	0	10	0
An afflicted Missionary in India	0	10	0
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. H. Rylands Brown	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
A Thankoffering to God for Restored Health, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Houghton	30	0	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Holbeach Baptist Church, per Pastor M. Mather	1	1	6
Mr. A. Pengilly	1	0	0
Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis	15	6	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Masters	1	0	0
Mr. Miles Firth	1	0	3
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
C.	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 17	40	0	0
„ 24	14	12	0
„ 31	45	12	3
Nov. 7	50	0	0
	150	4	3
	£259	17	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
S. H.	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	0	2	2
"The odd number"	0	10	0
J. G. J.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hogg	0	5	0
Mrs. Winsor's Bible-class	0	10	6
Mr. John Bunker	1	10	0
Mr. James Hamilton	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	4	6
J. K. L. C. C.	2	0	0
One who cares for the Orphans	0	12	0
J. A.	30	0	0
A Footman	0	2	0
F. C.	0	0	6
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mr. John How	2	2	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Julius Charlier (Ann. Sub.) 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson 1 0 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
Collection in Victoria Place Chapel, Paisley, after an Address by Mr. Charlesworth	2	12	0
A Welsh Minister's Thankoffering	1	0	0
Miss Jeanie Muirhead	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
E. A. P.	0	2	6
Messrs. Pierce and Son	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Postman"	0	1	0
"Penitent Magdalen"	0	1	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. George Osborn	1	1	0
"S. and N."	10	0	0
Master Walter Oakley	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Sercombe	2	0	0
Alpha	0	5	0
Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Clark	0	10	0
Mrs. Westhead	3	3	0
Miss Wellenold	0	5	0
Mrs. Halkett	2	0	0
Tain Free Church Sunday-school	0	1	6
"Soup for a Sick Grasshopper"	0	18	6
Mr. Frederick Howard	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Hogbton	0	2	6
From Forres, less 8d. paid for registration	0	19	4

	£	s.	d.
Stamps from Bridgwater	0	10	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	1	0	0
Readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	2	0
Miss Marrow	0	1	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	17	10
Collected by Miss Annie Paul	1	0	0
Mr. Lamont, Aunts, and Sister	0	2	6
Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0
H. S. F., Exeter	0	10	0
A well-wisher in humble life	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0
Miss Roe	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
Miss Stringer	5	0	0
Collected by Miss C. J. Smith	1	6	2
Miss M. Gooding	1	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Horley Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor B. Marshall:—			
Messrs. Carpenter, Wood, and Jennings 0 4 6½			
Mr. Nye 0 6 10½			
First Class Girls 0 2 1½			
Miss Stacey 0 2 11½			
Third Class Girls 0 3 5			
Infants 0 3 4½			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class 0 12 0			
	1	15	3
Mr. J. Butterworth	0	10	0
Mr. John Masters	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	0
L. K. D.	1	17	6
Mr. G. A. Young	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Walker	0	12	0
Collected by Miss M. Rogers	1	4	8
Barrow Congregational Chapel	0	8	0
"Sixty"	1	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Baptist Chapel, Southend-on-Sea, per Pastor J. G. Wilson	18	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	10	12	2
Mr. and Mrs. Allard	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. T. A. Vickers	0	5	6
Collected by Miss C. Price	0	7	2
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Ellen Thirtle ...	0	8	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche ...	0	14	6
C.	1	0	0
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	1	14	9
Mrs. Parrott	0	1	0
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Alice Sibery	0	19	3
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. R. Pearson	0	1	8
Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	16	0
By Sale of S. O. Tracts	1	10	0
Mr. W. T. Townshend	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Walker, from friends at New Cross, per Rev. D. Honour ...	1	6	4
"From one who wishes it could be a thousand times as much"	0	2	0
Miss M. E. Hadland, per V. J. C. ...	0	10	0
Alice Rose	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry Wright	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Down's Chapel, Clapton	1	6	6
Mr. Oldham's Class, Battersea Park Chapel, per Rev. T. Lardner	0	12	0
A Thankoffering to God for restored health, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Munday	1	12	7
"S. W." Stamps, "Leicester" ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Linderman	0	3	4
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Bessie Johnson ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Gwillim	1	2	6
Collected by H. C. Johnson	0	3	4
Collected by Miss A. Powell	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Jefferies	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Thronsen	1	0	0
Collections at Sunday Dinner Table by Ross and Frank Nye, Horley ...	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Ferrur...	1	6	2
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Cleare...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Maria Wade ...	5	0	0
Collected by Master Tom Charlesworth	0	7	6
Collected by Rev. P. Hutton	1	0	0
Mr. G. Eley, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Haydon	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. J. Oldland, Bath	500	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. E. C. Cumington	1	0	0
Per Mrs. George Stopford:—			
Mrs. Jackson 0 5 0			
Miss M. Cheape 0 5 0			
Mrs. James Stewart ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ewart 0 5 0			
Mr. W. W. Baynes ... 0 5 0			
Miss Burgoyne 0 5 0			
Mrs. Woodhouse 0 5 0			
Mrs. Robertson 0 5 0			
Mrs. James Spurgeon ... 0 5 0			
Miss Kate Stopford ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. George Stopford ... 0 10 0			
	3	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. S. Ball	1	1	0
	705	1	8
Collecting Books:—			
Whitehead, Mrs. 1 11 3			
Pope, Mrs. 0 16 3			
Leaworthy, Miss 0 15 10			
Jephs, Miss 2 18 0			
Alderton, Mrs. 0 18 0			
Trott, Miss E. 0 10 0			
Charlesworth, Mrs. V. J.... 7 11 6			
White, Mr. H. 1 1 0			
Turner, Mrs. 0 14 0			
Redford, Miss 0 19 8			

	£	s.	d.
Paine, Master G.	0	10	0
Brook, Mrs....	0	7	0
Parry, Mr. W.	0	7	0
Brewer, Mrs.	0	6	6
Gladwell, Miss A.	1	2	0
Friston, Mr. O.	2	0	0
Lewis, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wells, Miss M. A.... ...	0	5	11
Phillips, Master W. ...	0	12	0
Freemantle, Mr. G. F. ...	0	7	5
Mann, Miss...	0	16	0
Bonser, Miss	0	5	0
Evans, Mrs....	1	0	0
Descroix, Miss	0	5	0
Williams, Mrs.	0	10	0
Smith, Miss K.	1	14	0
Per L. A. S.:—			
Mrs. Kelser .. 0 10 0			
Miss Rooke... 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Thoday, jun.... 1 0 0			
	1	15	0
Per Miss Fairey:—			
Mrs. Abington 0 10 0			
A. G. 0 2 6			
J. A. B. ... 0 2 0			
Friend ... 0 2 6			
W. Flitton ... 0 3 0			
E. S. 0 1 0			
Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Thoday, jun.... 1 0 0			
	2	1	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	17	0
Ewen, Mrs.	1	10	0
Fryer, Miss	0	17	6
Willis, Mrs....	2	5	0
Goslin, Mrs....	0	5	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	6	0
Boggis, Mrs....	0	3	0
Phillips, Master E. ...	0	2	6
Day, Miss	0	9	0
Wheeler, Miss	0	14	0
Lawson, Mr. J.	1	2	6
Donation, Mr. A. Eastty, per Mr. O. Friston ...	10	0	0
Money taken for Tea ...	0	12	6
			51 8 4
Collecting Boxes:—			
Silvey, Mr. E.	1	0	0
Joy, Ada	0	5	10
Hall, Mrs.	0	16	4
Escott, Mrs....	1	7	6
Thomson, Miss F.	0	5	9
Martin, Mrs.	0	2	8
Toms, Miss L.	0	10	10
Passenger, Miss	1	4	0
Buswell, Mrs.	1	8	4
Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, per Miss K. Buswell... ...	0	10	11
Tuffnell, Miss F.	0	6	6
Hardwick, Mrs.	0	4	2
Brown, Miss J. H. ...	1	13	6
Larkman, Miss	0	4	0
Sedcole, Mr. Arthur ...	0	5	9
Lee, Miss F.	0	9	4
Holiday, Mr.	0	3	0
Scudder, Miss	0	5	2
Cowen, Mrs....	0	10	8
Hoare, Miss L.	0	6	0
Hoare, Master W.... ...	0	7	0
Heard, Miss...	0	10	8
Fairhead, H.	0	3	2
Harris, W.	0	6	10
Atley, Miss	0	4	11
Dennis, Miss	0	7	0
Swain, Miss	0	9	9
Johnson, Miss J.	0	6	1
Topley, Miss K.	0	2	7

	£	s.	d.
Burley, J.	0	2	6
Fielder, Mrs.	0	6	1
Lardner, Tom and Harry	0	5	6
Rutter, Herbert	0	15	3
Horn, Master	0	4	0
Collins, Miss F.	0	10	2
Brown, Mr. S. F.	0	7	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	9	0
King, J. C.	1	3	11
White, Mrs....	1	17	6
Boggis, Mr. C. E.	0	2	5
Price, Mrs.	0	15	8
Messent, H.	0	7	1
McNeil, Miss E.	0	1	5
Burman, Miss	0	10	0
Hurst, Mrs.	0	2	6
Lightfoot, Mrs.	0	8	7
Middleton, Misses S. and A.	0	9	1
Sidery, Mr.	0	4	10
Barker, Miss E.	0	4	11
Stocks, Mrs....	0	9	9
Boggis, Miss H. M. ...	0	2	8
Bowden, Miss A.	0	4	5
Horner, Mrs.	0	5	9
Harris, Miss A.	0	0	7
Gladwell, Miss L.	0	5	8
Withers, Miss B.	0	8	1
Cook, Miss E.	0	2	7
Badenoch Miss	0	18	0
Baskett, Miss N.	0	5	1
Mills, Mrs.	0	4	6
Maitland, Miss G. A. ...	0	2	4
Spence, Miss M.	0	11	0
Baker, Mrs.	0	9	8
Higgs, Miss	2	10	0
Drew, Miss	0	6	10
Barker, Miss E.	0	4	6
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	0	12	3
Corsan, E.	0	4	1
Weekes, W. and F. ...	0	4	2
Salter, Miss E.	0	2	2
Laker, Mrs.	1	5	5
Mills, H.	0	8	9
Bennington, Miss M. ...	1	2	5
Salter, R.	0	1	2
Weare, Mrs.	0	7	4
Weekes, Miss L. H. J. ...	0	3	4
Besfer, Miss L.	0	3	0
Fry, Miss	0	1	9
Wells, Miss A.	0	7	7
Baker, Miss M. H. ...	0	4	6
Bryan, Miss A.	0	5	9
Baker, Miss A.	0	5	6
Palmer, H.	0	2	2
Baker, F.	0	2	5
Smith, Mrs....	0	8	4
Crew, Miss	0	10	0
Spencer, Mrs.	0	6	6
Prior, Albert	0	5	0
Wayre, Miss L.	0	3	4
Fern, Charles	0	7	4
Medwin, Mrs.	0	6	2
Cornforth, Miss J.... ...	0	4	8
Massey, Miss A.	0	1	9
Emery, Mrs.	0	4	6
Tarlton, Mrs.	0	2	11
Boswell, Mrs.	0	4	2
Franklin, Mr.	0	4	0
Shrewsbury. Miss	0	9	9
Delacourt, S.	0	2	11
Burrowes, Miss J.	0	13	0
Miles, Miss E.	0	1	11
Rowe, Mrs.	1	6	3
Sargeant, Mr. R.	0	10	0
Livett, Mrs.	0	19	4
Barnes, Miss H.	0	8	6
Evans, Miss...	0	0	5
Smith, Miss C. J.	0	4	6
Burton, Mrs.	1	3	1
Andrews, Mr.	1	5	2
Franklin, Mr. W. R. ...	0	2	4
Frisby, H.	0	2	8
Ranford, Miss	0	4	5
Hart, Miss	0	4	7
Goodwyn, Miss A.... ...	0	6	8
Dickson, Miss A.	0	8	0
Cairns, Hugh	0	9	8
Gladwin, Mrs.	1	7	11
Betambeau, Miss A. ...	0	8	3
Mellor, Mrs.	0	4	9
Jones, W.	0	9	2
Cock, E.	0	1	2
Tuson, Miss C.	0	3	1
Collins, Mrs. (Kennington Box)	1	19	9
Collins, Mrs. (Newington Box)	0	9	8
Nicholls, Miss C.	0	6	11
Cook, Miss F.	0	11	2
Perry, Miss	0	1	2
Bennett, Miss L.	0	1	1
Nightscales, Mr.	0	7	10
Burley, Miss B.	0	0	9
Acklaud, Mr. T.	0	12	0
Brewer, Alice and Lily ...	0	6	3
Nicholls, L.	0	3	8
Poole, Mrs.	0	3	11
Ayton, Miss E.	0	1	3
Paddon, Miss	0	1	3
Brightwell, H.	0	1	11
Bould, Mr. H.	0	15	7
Curtis, H. and C.	0	8	6
Newark, Miss	0	6	3
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	8	6
Wenger, Miss E.	0	3	6
Hennings, Miss H. ...	0	1	8
Wilson, Mrs.	0	10	4
Doddington, Walter ...	0	10	1
Errington, Miss	1	8	9
Thomson, Miss H.... ...	0	9	10
Godfrey, Mrs.	0	0	8
Davis, Miss C.	0	9	2
Bucknole, Miss B.	0	4	10
Warren, Miss	0	6	1
Capel, Miss F.	0	7	6
Charlesworth, Miss L. ...	0	4	8
Taylor, E.	0	1	7
Everett, Miss G.	0	5	5
Davis, Mrs.	0	6	4
Grant, Miss	0	12	11
Willard, Mrs.	0	2	10
Wicksted, Miss B.... ...	0	1	4
New, Miss	0	3	5
Perryman, H.	0	8	7
Mason, C.	0	5	3
Miles, W.	0	1	0
Clawie, Miss L.	0	11	6
Bowden, Miss E.	0	4	10
Price, R. A.	0	2	7
Rosevear, F....	0	3	5
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.... ...	0	9	5
Peddle, Miss...	0	7	4
Hubbard, W.	0	17	0
Cox, Miss A.	0	3	1
Aldridge, Miss E. B. ...	0	8	8
Rose, Mr. F.	0	5	9
Frisby, I.	0	5	2
Davie, H.	0	5	10
Court, Miss	0	5	6
Smith, Mrs.	0	2	4
Spencer, E.	0	3	11
Thomas, Miss	0	4	6
Hendrey, Mr. J.	1	6	2
Nunn, Miss	2	2	5
Hudson, Miss M.	0	9	2
Woods, Mrs.	0	4	4
Coupees, F.	0	7	8
A Class at St. John's Sunday-school, Wellington-street, Woolwich... ...	0	8	9
Ward, B. E....	0	5	3
Bull, A.	0	0	5

	£	s.	d.
Stopp, Miss M.	0	0	3
Stopp, Miss A.	0	0	11
Stopp, Mrs.	0	0	4
Watkins, Miss A.	0	6	0
Frisby, Miss	0	8	10
Burrowes, Miss M. A. ...	0	8	1
Wicksted, T.	0	1	3
Blake, Miss	0	4	3
Woodhouse, Mr.	0	1	4
Humphrey, Mr.	0	14	5
Bates, Miss M.	0	10	0
Webb, T.	0	2	10
Webb, F.	0	1	9
Leach, A. H.	0	3	5
Skinner, Miss	0	5	0
Small, Mr.	0	3	0
Saintey, Miss N.	0	3	10
Hunt, Miss	1	3	6
Southon, Miss M.	0	1	6
Bull, H.	0	0	7
Hutchens, Mrs.	0	14	0
Warne, A. E.	0	1	9
Luxford, Miss	0	3	9
Field, A.	0	4	11
Chillingworth, Miss J. ...	0	11	11
Chillingworth, Miss J. ..	0	7	10
Murray, Miss E.	0	2	0
Hunt, Mrs.	0	9	3
Barlow, Miss A.	0	0	11
Savage, Miss J.	0	1	2
Hayes, C.	0	2	1
Newman, Mrs.	0	6	3
Chamberlain, Willie ...	0	14	11
Chamberlain, Miss C. ...	0	1	0
Chate, Miss J.	0	2	0
Herridge, Miss	0	17	10
Withall, Master	0	3	0
Hutchinson, Master ...	0	1	9
Stuart, Miss...	0	8	1
Hodby, E.	0	1	7
Hodby, G.	0	0	6
Cotton, Miss	0	7	7
Abrahams, F.	0	0	10
Chamberlain, Miss L. ...	0	15	0
Ackland, Miss	0	13	6
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	4	6
Patten, Mrs.	0	13	6
Hayler, Mrs.	0	6	8
Culver, Mrs.	0	13	3
Ayton, Miss A.	1	10	7
Abrahams, Master... ...	0	2	8
Odd Halfpence	0	2	0
Cash received same time not included in above ...	0	16	7
			96 1 4
			£852 11 4

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—61 Half-quartern Loaves, Mr. Bonner; 4 sacks of Flour, part produce of Orphanage acre, Waterbeach, Mr. J. Toller; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a quantity of Cabbage and one sack of Potatoes, Mr. Arnold, Woolwich; and 3 barrels of Apples, Mr. John Hill.

CLOTHING.—Four Scarves, 7 pairs of Stockings, 5 Pocket Handkerchiefs, and 2 pairs of Braces, Anon; 11 pairs of Stockings, 2 pairs of Socks, 4 pairs of babies Boots, "Holiday Work," Mrs. Scott; 2 pairs of Boots, 1 Scarf, 1 baby's Woollen Chemise, 3½ yards blue Diagonal Cloth, and 7½ yards Cloth narrow width, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.; 3 pairs of Cuffs, 1 pair of Knitted Slippers, 1 pair of baby's Boots, and 2 Chemises, Mrs. De Kavanagh; making 13 Overcoats, Mr. Ellis; 6 Linen Shirts, Mrs. Ellis; 5 Waistcoats, Mr. Chamberlain; 6 pairs of Knitted Socks, Anon.

GENERAL.—A Rocking Horse, Mr. T. Nixon; 24 dozen books, words and music "Centenary Hymns," and 100 medallions "Robert Raikes," Mr. J. E. Tressider.

FOR SALE ROOM.—A large Knitted Woollen Shawl, Anon.; A Bead Necklet, Miss May Southon; 1 child's White Dress and Cape, 1 grey embroidered Child's Dress, 1 wool Crossover, 1 wool Shawl, 2 pairs wool Leggings, 2 pairs of Stockings, 2 Brown Holland Child's Dresses, 1 Cotton ditto, 4 Stuff ditto, 1 Tidy, 1 Wool Cap, 1 Satin ditto, Anon.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING.—6 Chemises, 3 pairs of Stockings, 11 pairs of Cuffs, Miss McEwan; 12 Pompadour Pinafores, Mrs. Moss; 3 Flannel Skirts, Miss E. Walker; 4 Wool Ties, 10 pairs of Hose, 6 yards of Calico, Anon; 6 Chemises, B. Harrington; 2 Dresses, 1 Skirt, 3 Pinafores, 2 Stays, 4 Comb Bags, 1 Wool Tie, Mrs. Eccott; 4 Pinafores, 1 Skirt, Miss Ward; 3 dozen Wool Ties, Mrs Fowler.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Wool and Knitting Pins, T. H. Olney, Esq.

Omitted name last month, page 586—Clothing:—22 Flannel Petticoats, etc., "Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Salem Chapel, Cheltenham."

ERRATUM LAST MONTH—Stamps from an Orphan, £1, should be One Shilling.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 14th to November 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Nellie and Emma	0	10	0
Mrs. Child	5	0	0
Duncan A. Miller (part of first week's earnings)	0	3	0
The Pupils of Alexandra College ...	0	2	0
W. M.	0	2	6
Annie Maria...	0	10	0
Additional contributions for "The Liverpool House," per Mr. W. P. Lockhart	2	1	0
Mr. James Hamilton	0	5	0
Miss A. J. Stocks	5	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay, Newark, N.J. ...	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	2	2	0
Mrs. ,, ...	2	2	0
Rev. E. W. Matthews	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Dinham King	3	0	0
T. S. B.	0	1	0
Mr. John How	2	2	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	10	0
Rev. Thomas Morgan	1	1	0
An Aged Believer	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sercombe	2	0	0
Alpha	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. P. Ferguson	0	2	6
Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell, Sunday School	5	0	0
Mrs. Horn	5	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	1	0	0
Mr. John Braybrooke	5	0	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0
A. Z.	0	2	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Two Sisters	0	5	0
A. H. and A. McK.	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Edith Paul	0	10	0
Mr. Lamont, aunts and sister	0	2	6
E. H....	0	10	0
A. J. and P. V., for "The Liverpool House"	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
A. L. Z.	0	10	0
Miss Jeanie Ebenezer Houston	0	5	0
K.	0	5	0
Mr. John Masters	1	0	0
Colonel S. Dewé White	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Williams	1	0	0
"Sixty"	1	0	0
"O. D. D.," and Friends	1	5	0
Mrs. Shearman, for "The Liverpool House"	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. F. W. Smith	0	10	0
C.	1	0	0
P. A. Belding	0	5	0
"Secretary"	0	5	0
B. Harrington (with parcel for the girls)	0	2	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
A Friend, B.A., per Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Collections at Sunday dinner table by Rosa and Frank Nye, Horley	0	10	0
	£69	19	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 13th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Malmesbury District, per Rev. J. R. Phillips	10	0	0
G. E., for Kettering	5	0	0
Per Mr. T. Jones, for Kettering	5	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Charlton-on-Otmoor District, per Rev. W. Hackney	10	0	0
Arundel District	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	11	0	0
Minchinhampton District	5	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon, for District	5	0	0
Newbury District, per Mr. A. Vince	10	0	0
Hereford, per Mr. J. Chick	5	0	0
E. S., for Church Gresley District	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Baptist Association	30	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
For Bethnal Green:—			
C. E. Fox, Esq. 5 0 0			
W. R. Fox, Esq. 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
	£161	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. H. R. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R——	20	0	0
Z., Plymouth	10	0	0
Mr. George Osborn	1	1	0
Miss Spliedt	10	5	0
Mrs. Stockford	0	2	6
A well-wisher in humble life	0	5	0
"Sixty"	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
C.	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Olney—1879, 1880	2	2	0
Mr. A. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. Clarkson	1	1	0
	£51	10	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 13th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Walley and Hassall	1	0	0
Thankoffering for mercies received, C. E. F.	5	0	0
Miss M. McClellan	1	0	0
Mr. A. Darby	10	0	0
Z., Plymouth	20	0	0
Mr. Thos. R.	5	0	0
"Part of a Tenth from the Country"	5	0	0
Mr. Miles Firth	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Services held at Burnley by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Services held at Dumfries by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton	2	0	0
E. H.	0	10	0
Balance of Collection at Chiswick, per Rev. J. Burnham	1	3	0
A Well-wisher in Humble Life	0	5	0
Collection at Lake Road Chapel, Landport, after Service by Mr. Burnham 3 10 0			
"Books of Words" sold 0 7 6			
	3	18	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. Thos. Scoular	1	0	0
C.	1	0	0
	£63	18	6

Received by Mr. Spurgeon for Jamaica Cyclone Fund:—Mrs. Jenkins, £1; Mr. W. R. Fox, £5; A few Friends (per Pastor G. T. Bailey, Smethwick), 15s 6d; Communion Collection at Horley (per Pastor B. Marshall), £1; Mr. Geo. Hood, £2 10s. For the poor:—Anon., 2s 3d; H. R. K., £5; Mr. R. Miller, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Speight, £1. Thankoffering from Turriff, placed in the Weekly Offering, £1. Met. Tab. Loan Tract Society:—Mr. Thos. R., £5. Evangelists in India, "Part of a tenth from the Country," £5. Met. Tab. Evangelists' Association:—Z. (Plymouth), £10. Cape Town Chapel:—Mr. C. Adlem, 2s 6d. For Chapel Building, Mr. F. W. Lloyd, £10.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.