THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1884.

"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.

ON all other occasions, when the time has come to write the Preface of *The Sword and the Trowel*, the Editor has felt prepared for it. If he has not been thoroughly well, he has been granted a little furlough between the attacks of pain, and then the Preface has been written as best it could; or else some friend has appeared, who has thrown off a paragraph or two, which has been worked in. But on this occasion I am utterly hard up. Every limb of my body is tormented with pain; there is about as much pain in each limb as any one of them can conveniently bear. In addition to this, the whole system, mind and body, is in a state of fidgets, *malaise*, and depression. Can any good thing come out of such a Nazareth as this? How gladly would we give up the task, but we have no one handy to chain into our place, and, therefore, we must tug the oar even if we snap our bones.

We offer ten thousand thanks to the living God, who has enabled us, notwithstanding several breaks of severe pain and sickness, to carry on his work throughout another year, and that year the year of our life's Jubilee. It has been a joyful, happy year, and the good hand of the Lord has been upon us in all respects. The Magazine is simply the instrument and organ of those various Societies which depend upon us for guidance and support. We feel, therefore, deeply grateful that nothing has had to be given up, nothing diminished; but in all things this holy war has gone forward, conquering and to conquer. Led by the weakest imaginable instrumentality, it has been, and still remains, a thing of power for God.

It would be a very perilous thing to allow *The Pastors' College* to cease, or to lessen the number of its students; for at this moment there is an orthodox and a heterodox party in almost all the churches, and the fact is manifest that lines of division will soon be drawn very clearly and very decidedly. We must be ready with good, well-educated men, to teach the old faith, and to teach it intelligently, and with fulness of instruction. Those who choose to open their eyes must see that alarming alterations are coming on faster and faster, and the old landmark men must fix their positions, and maintain them as for dear life. Dear friends, do help us with the College, for by this instrumentality we hope to raise up many a true defender of the faith once delivered to the saints.

When we had reached as far as this passage, we were interrupted by a hurricane, consisting of rushes of pain, twitches, and all sorts of deadly apprehensions; and, therefore, the thing was shut up for the time being. When we had come back to our former condition, we dictated to our amanuensis as follows:—

I am deeply thankful to the many kind friends who have assisted the institutions under my care during another year. They are a very noble

set of people, and give very largely and liberally. Their only fault is that there are comparatively few of them. Many of those who were accustomed to help us in a princely manner have "gone over to the majority," and are now with God, where it is one of our expected delights to unite with them, and to rejoice in the remembrance of our fellowship on earth. If it were possible to increase the steady revenue of each one of our Societies, so that the money came in from time to time as it was required, it would be a very great relief to us. At the present moment, large sums are readily given when an emergency arises, but if a little forethought were exercised, there would never be any such emergency, and the poor conductor of the enterprises would have an easier time of it. Friends will please excuse these grumblings of a man who is very ill. He hardly knows what he is saying, but he thinks he is saying something which he has felt a good deal in past years. If, upon the whole, we were to be considered worthy to receive more help from the Lord's stewards we should certainly be able to carry out many projects for the glory of God which we are now obliged to neglect.

The Orphanage has gone on gloriously. Let anybody walk inside the gates, and see what a place it is—a garden of delights, the home of music and beauty. Every visitor is charmed with the healthiness of the situation, and the joy suggested by so delightful an institution.

The Colportage Association ought to be helped a thousand times more than it is. It makes me sigh every time I think of it. Our country people are going to have the franchise. They have already received sufficient education to enable them to read, and they ought not to be left without the books which these good men supply. The books which are sold are really good books for working-people. You would be surprised to see what good judges they are of books. They purchase large quantities of Cassell's solid literature in monthly parts. There are numbers of districts left without the gospel, which might, at least, have some light if we could send round "the man with the book."

The Evangelists' work has grown amazingly during the past year, and we have now full occupation for all the brethren connected with our Society. We do not like putting one project before another, but assuredly these Evangelists have been as a full cloud, bearing deluges of blessings to the towns which they have visited, and God forbid that we should have to stay our hand in this matter.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund can never be forgotten. It has pursued its gracious course through another year, with untold benediction to those servants of the Lord who have had their minds stimulated and refreshed by the new works which have been put in their way. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the results which must follow from this distribution of the truth.

Above all things, dear readers, let me have an increased interest in your prayers, and believe me to be

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Upper Norwood.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1884.

A Little Ahead; or, a Word for the New Year.

LIKE the man on the look-out of a steamer which is passing through a thick fog, we cannot see far ahead, and yet we anxiously peer into the mist. The New Year is upon us, and we would fain look into it if we could; but even the short length of 1884 is further than our eyes can carry us. What then? Would we lift the veil? No, it is woven in mercy, and placed before us in love. Had it been good for us to be all prophets, the residue of the Spirit would have sufficed to have made us so; and therefore it can only be a wise denial which refuses to remove the curtain. It will be our wisdom to exercise all our strength in the line of faith, since in the direction of sight we can do so little. Another morsel is broken by the great Father's hand from the loaf of time; let us eat it, asking no questions, but with all our hearts asking a blessing upon it, and giving thanks. Should not our New Year's morning-meal be a true Eucharist? Care must not sit like a Judas at the table on this first morn; but oh, that the Master may be there to sweeten every morsel of the loaves and fishes which are to be the basis of the year's banquet! May he at this moment pronounce his blessing on all the twelve monthly loaves which make up the year, so that each one when it is broken may bless our life. May he also bless each of the three hundred and sixty-five fishes which are entangled in the great annual net, not forgetting the one more which, on this occasion, has leaped within the enclosure. Our Lord's love has already prepared a fire, to which he bids us bring of the fish which we have now caught; let us see to it that no one of them is wasted for want of the coals whereon to lay it to make it fit for use.

If this New Year shall be full of unbelief, it will be sure to be dark and dreary. If it be baptized into faith, it will be saturated with benediction. If we will believe our God as he deserves to be believed, our

way will run along the still waters, and our rest will be in green pastures. Trusting in the Lord, we shall be prepared for trials, and shall even welcome them as black ships laden with bright treasures. Relying upon the faithful promise, we shall be on the watch for the expected blessing, and walk the sea-beach of confidence, casting wistful glances over the waters of time for the swift ships which bring the favours of the Eternal. Calm dependence upon our God will make us strong for labour, and willing for waiting, submissive to suffering, and superior to circumstances.

"The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day or morrow brings,
It is His will."

We have been looking at some wonderful sunsets lately, and we have all been admiring the marvellous effects of sunlight; let us try what the light of God can do for each one of us. Let us walk in the light by a true, unwavering faith. Our gracious Father deserves from us such boundless trust as dear children, untainted by the world's falsehood, place in a tender, loving father. We have never yet trusted him to the utmost, to the n^{th}, as a mathematician would say; up to the hilt, as a soldier might put it. Let God be true, and every man a liar; yea, let every circumstance, reasoning, or testimony of the senses be a falsehood in comparison with him. We may be deceived by eyes and ears, by calculation and argument, but never by the Lord. Let us, then, believe without effort, as the necessary mood of a regenerate heart—believe now, believe ever, believe without question; then will our pathway be brightness itself, and our life will rise above the common weary level. Our happiness or misery for 1884 turns upon the question—*Believest thou this?*—this present, needful truth, for the hour which is now upon thee? Shall we be as waves driven of the sea, and tossed about, or will we be as rocks defying the storm, and bathing their summits in the eternal sunlight of infinite love? If the last be our choice, let us pray for grace to spend New Year's Day in the heavenly rest of faith, and may that rest never be broken throughout the year. Why not? Is there any necessity which binds us to be unbelieving, and therefore unhappy? Did not Enoch walk with God for centuries? Shall not we achieve this lofty deed for one single year? We think we hear our divine Lord saying, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." May the Holy Ghost lift us out of our poor feeble selves. Oh, to believe from January to December! Why should we doubt without reason? And if we never doubt our God until he gives us cause, the high, triumphant walk of faith may continue till all years have melted into Eternity!

Readers, let us take as our example of faith this year the man of whom it is written—"HE STAGGERED NOT AT THE PROMISE OF GOD THROUGH UNBELIEF; BUT WAS STRONG IN FAITH, GIVING GLORY TO GOD; AND BEING FULLY PERSUADED THAT, WHAT HE HAD PROMISED, HE WAS ABLE ALSO TO PERFORM."

C. H. SPURGEON.

"Take away the Frogs."

A SERMONETTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Intreat the LORD, that he may take away the frogs from me, and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the LORD."—Exodus viii. 8.

WHEN it pleases God by his judgments to humble men he is never at a loss for means: he can use lions or lice, famines or flies. In the armoury of God there are weapons of every kind, from the stars in their courses down to caterpillars in their hosts. The dust of the earth, out of which man is formed, will at God's command forget its kinship, and overwhelm a caravan, while the waters will forsake their channels, invade the tops of the mountains and drown a rebellious race. When the Lord contends against proud men he has but to lift his finger and countless legions throng around him, all loyal to their Lord and valiant for his name. Know ye not that the beasts of the field are his servants, and the stones of the street obey his bidding? Every wave worships him, and every wind knows its Lord. If thou wouldst war against him it would be well for thee to know what his forces are: consider the battle; do no more.

In the case before us Jehovah has to deal with Pharaoh, and he humbles him by frogs. Strange! Singular! One would have thought that such despicable means would never have been used. The Lord began with the proud monarch by turning the waters into blood; but it may be that Pharaoh said in his heart, "What a great man I am! If Jehovah comes forth against me, he must needs work a terrible miracle in order to conquer." He goes his way to his house unhumbled. This time the Lord will deal with him in another style. I grant you that the conflict was still sublime in the truest sense; but in Pharaoh's estimation the croaking frogs which came up from all the banks of Nilus were a mean sort of adversaries. From every reservoir and marsh they marched up in countless hordes, entering into his chamber and coming upon his bed and his kneading-trough. He could neither sleep nor eat, nor walk abroad, without encountering the loathsome reptiles. The Lord seemed by this to say, "Who are you that I should do great things to conquer you? I will even vanquish you by frogs."

There was a suitableness in God's choosing the frogs to humble Egypt's king, because frogs were worshipped by that nation as emblems of the Deity. Images of a certain frog-headed goddess were placed in the catacombs, and frogs themselves were preserved with sacred honours. These be thy gods, O Egypt! Thou shalt have enough of them! Pharaoh himself shall pay a new reverence to these reptiles. As the true God is everywhere present around us, in our bed-chambers and in our streets, so shall Pharaoh find every place filled with what he chooses to call divine. Is it not a just way of dealing with him?

The Lord has sure ways of reaching the hearts of proud men, and if he does not use frogs to-day he can use other means, for he has servants everywhere prepared for each emergency. He knows how to reach the rich, and make them sit by the wayside, like Belisarius, begging for an obolus. The strong and healthy man, he can soon place among the

invalids, and make him cry, "Give me some drink, Titinius, like a sick girl." Your children are about you to-day—your joy and pride—but he can make you childless in an hour. His arrows can pierce through a sevenfold harness of steel; no man is so encompassed as to be beyond the reach of the Almighty.

Let me speak of Pharaoh by way of observation, and I will begin by remarking that—IN SORE TROUBLE THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD ARE GREATLY VALUED.

"Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron." The frogs had taught him good manners, and he longs to see the ministers of the Lord. How is this? *The man was somewhat brought to his senses*, and when this happens, men begin to value those whom they aforetime despised. Listen to this story. There came a man of God to Bethel, where king Jeroboam was setting up the golden calves, and he began to cry against the altar. Then Jeroboam stretched forth his hand, and cried, "Lay hold upon him." In a moment the rebel's right arm withered, and hung by his side useless; then he turned to the man of God, whom he was about to arrest, and said, "Entreat the Lord for me." Thus have persecutors been forced to crouch at the feet of those whom they would have destroyed. Another story will set forth the same truth. King Saul had been forsaken of God, and the Philistines pressed hard upon him. In his extremity he resorted to a woman who professed to deal with the spirits of the dead. With whom would he speak? He cries, "Bring me up Samuel." Samuel was the man who had most sternly rebuked him. One would have thought that Samuel was the last person he would wish to see; but in his need he asks for no one else but Samuel. When ungodly men get into straits, how they wish they could consult with one who has gone home, against whom they pointed many a jest. They never say, "Bring me up the jolly fellow who filled and quaffed the bowl with me." In their tribulation they think not of such. They never cry, "Bring me up the wanton with whom I sported in sin, that I may again enjoy her company." Nay, in their distress they desire other advisers: they would rather cry, "Bring me up my holy mother! Oh, for a sight of her dear, loving face as I saw it on her dying bed, when she urged me to follow her to heaven. Bring me up that old friend whom I ridiculed when I turned aside from the ways of God! Oh, for an hour with the man of God whom once I scorned!" Do you not see that it is the old tale repeated,—Pharaoh, when his troubles are multiplied, calls for Moses and Aaron!

This is also to be accounted for by the fact that *God puts a mysterious honour upon his faithful servants.* The painters place halos about the heads of the Bible saints; there were no such crowns of light upon them literally, and yet within the legend there slumbers a great truth. He who leads an upright, holy, gracious life has a power about him which impresses the beholder; his presence in an ungodly company has an influence on wicked men like that of Zephon, of whom Milton sings in *Paradise Lost.* To the great fallen angel his presence was a rebuke. God hedges the good with a dignity which men feel even when they are not conscious of it. It was so in the case before us. Moses was made to be as a god unto Pharaoh. Pharaoh had said, "Get you unto your burdens," addressing Moses and Aaron as if they were slaves; but now

he sends for them, and entreats their prayers on his behalf. This was like the case of Joseph. His brethren hated him, and sold him for a slave; but how different the scene when they bowed before him, and trembled, as he said, "I am Joseph!" The archers had shot at him, and wounded him; but still his bow abode in strength. Remember, too, Jeremiah, whom Zedekiah, the king, treated with great indignity till the Babylonians had surrounded the city, and then he sent to him, and said, "Enquire, I pray thee, of the Lord for us." Our Lord describes an instance more remarkable still. It belongs to the next world, but the same principles rule in all worlds. A poor saint was laid at a rich man's door, full of sores; he begged for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, "moreover the dogs came, and licked his sores." The rich man, clothed with purple and fine linen, took small note of this saint of God; but what a change happened on a day when the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and the rich man also died, and was buried! In hell the rich man lifted up his eyes, and Lazarus had honour before him; for he begged that Lazarus might be sent to cool his burning tongue with the tip of his finger dipped in water. They had changed places, for God had crowned his poor servant with glory and honour. The halo was around the head of Lazarus most assuredly.

A light shone upon the face of Moses, and a glory settled upon the brow of Jesus. "Such honour have all the saints" in a spiritual sense, and the proudest of men shall be made to know it.

Once more, let me note that this honour is doubtless set on saints that they may be of service to ungodly men. God intends, by their means to bless the penitent. When it was wheat-harvest, and a thunderstorm came because Israel desired a king, you remember that, while peal on peal the dread artillery of God was heard, the people trembled, and besought Samuel the prophet to pray for them, and he said, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord by ceasing to pray for you." Holy Samuel's prayer was heard for them.

Much later on, an earthquake shook the foundations of a prison, and loosed the bands of the prisoners. Then the gaoler woke up in his fright, and feared that his prisoners had escaped, and that he should have to die for it; but there stood Paul, the man whom he had thrust into the inner prison, and whose feet he had made fast in the stocks, and the gaoler trembling before him cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The answer was given, he was directed to believe and to be baptized, and the gaoler and his house were saved. If God's servants are treated with scorn and harshness they need not fear, for they are put just where they are that unconverted men may be blessed by their agency. Like Moses to Pharaoh, saints will yet have to say, "Glory over me; I will pray for thee, or teach thee, so that I may but lead thee to the Saviour."

It is clear that in times of trouble godly men and women are at a premium.

Secondly, with ungodly men, IN TIMES OF SORE TRIAL PRAYER ALSO BEGINS TO BE VALUABLE.

Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, "Intreat the Lord." Pharaoh begs an interest in the prayers of good men: this is a

fine change since the day wherein he said, "Who is Jehovah that I should obey his voice?"

When men are sick and near to die, they send for us to pray with them. That old philosopher, Bion, showed much wisdom in his biting sarcasm. He was on shipboard, and found that among the passengers there were certain foul-mouthed desperadoes. While they were venting all manner of abominations a storm came on, and they began to pray; then Bion cried out to them, "Hold your tongues, for if the gods only know that *you* are here they will sink the vessel; be quiet, lest your prayers should be our ruin." One's thoughts have taken somewhat of that form when we have seen men fulfilling the old adage—

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be."

Such prayers are too often an insult to the holiness of God.

Why is it that reprobates take to praying when they are in deep trouble? Frequently *superstition moves them.* They regard a prayer as a spell or magical charm. So in their folly they send for a minister, and cry, "Intreat the Lord for me." Among many Londoners, so dense is this superstition, that after a poor soul is dead I have heard relatives say, "We sent for the minister, and *he came and prayed to him.*" Mark that word, "prayed *to* him." Does not this discover the ignorance and superstition of the people? They do not know the design and object of prayer. This superstition needs to be spoken of with great truthfulness and fidelity.

In certain instances the man's hope in prayer is the result of *a condemning faith.* There is a justifying faith and a condemning faith. "What?" say you. "Does faith ever condemn men?" Yes, when men have faith enough to know that there is a God who sends judgments upon them, that nothing can remove those judgments but the hand that sent them, and that prayer moves that hand. There are persons who yet never pray themselves, but eagerly cry to friends, "Intreat the Lord for me." There is a measure of faith which goes to increase a man's condemnation, since he ought to know that if what he believes is true, then the proper thing is to pray himself. It would have been a wonderfully good sign if Pharaoh had said, "Join with me, O Moses and Aaron, while I pray unto Jehovah that he may take the frogs from me." But, no, he had only a condemning faith, which contented itself with other men's prayers.

In many instances this desire for prayer is *one of the movements of the Spirit upon the heart of man.* When a poor, afflicted man, in the depth of poverty, struck with consumption, or laid aside by some other deadly disease, desires that a minister would come and pray with him: we will never treat such a wish with neglect. While it is our duty to expose the superstition which often lurks beneath the wish, we also hope that some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel may dwell in it. It is, perhaps, the prodigal saying, "I will arise, and go unto my Father, and I will inquire the way home." I hope it is so.

Take warning, you that do not pray; you will yet need to pray. There will come a time to the most of you when you will not be able to bear yourselves without crying unto God. May God in his infinite mercy lead you to begin at once; for when it can be said of you,

"Behold, he prayeth," it will be the best of news. Beginning to pray is the turning point of life. Why not at once set a high price upon that which in times of trouble you will seek for with tears?

Our third observation is this—IN SORE TROUBLE THE PRAYER IS OFTEN A WRONG ONE.

The petitions which men offer when they are in distress are often wrong prayers. Pharaoh said—"Intreat the Lord, that he may take away the frogs from me."

A fatal flaw is manifest in that prayer. *It contains no confession of sin.* He says not, "I have rebelled against the Lord; entreat that I may find forgiveness!" Nothing of the kind: he loves sin as much as ever. A prayer without penitence is a prayer without acceptance. If no tear has fallen upon it, it is withered. Thou must come to God as a sinner through a Saviour, but by no other way. He that comes to God like the Pharisee, with, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," never draws near to God at all; but he that cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner," has come to God by the way which God has himself appointed. There must be confession of sin before God, or our prayer is faulty.

Pharaoh's prayer *dealt only with the punishment,* "Take away the frogs; take away the frogs; take away the frogs." That is his one cry. So we hear the sick exclaim, "Oh, sir, pray that I may get well." The drunkard begs that he may be helped out of his poverty. The impenitent sinner cries, "Pray that my child may not be taken from me." It is not wrong to pray, "Take away the frogs." We should all have prayed so if we had been surrounded by such pests. The evil is that this was the whole of his prayer. He said not, "Take away my sins," but "Take away the frogs." He did not cry, "Lord, take away my heart of stone," but only "Take away the frogs." Perhaps I am addressing those who are in poverty, sickness, or distress, and all they are crying about is, "Lord, take away the frogs. Deliver me from my poverty, my trouble, my hunger, my disgrace, my punishment." Now, if you have brought yourself into evil by a vicious life, your prayer must not be, "Take away the disease and the poverty," but "Take away the sin." The drunkard's prayer must not be, "Lord, take away the result of my intoxication," but "Remove from me the poisoned cup." Lay the axe at the root, and cry, "Lord, take the sin away." Alas! most of the prayers of men in trouble are only like Pharaoh's selfish prayer, "Take away the frogs." The Lord did hear his petition, but nothing came of it. The frogs were gone, but flies came directly after, and all sorts of plagues followed in rapid succession, and his heart was hardened still.

When ungodly men are under a sense of divine wrath they turn not to God aright: *their prayer is devoid of spiritual requests.* When Cain had murdered his brother did he express a regret? No. He only murmured, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Esau sold his birthright. Did he repent of the sin of having been a profane person, and seek pardon carefully? Not he; but he sought carefully with tears to get back his birthright, and he found no place for repentance in his father Isaac; the blessing had gone to Jacob, and on Jacob it must remain. Another telling case is that of Simon Magus. When Peter told him that he was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond

of iniquity he replied, "Pray ye to the Lord for me that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me;" that was all he cared about. He expressed no desire to be delivered from his evil way, but only to be screened from the consequences of it. Every knave cries out against punishment; but he is attaining to honesty who entreats to be freed from his pilfering habits.

Our last remark is—that THE SINNER IN HIS SORE TROUBLES IS VERY APT TO MAKE GREAT PROMISES. Pharaoh cried, "Take away the frogs and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the Lord." In this way one of you talked when you were down with fever, or when you were likely to lose your situation through your folly. You said, "Please God I escape this once, I will be a very different man." Such promises are *generally boastful.* Notice here the proud language of Pharaoh. "*I* will let the people go." He does not long talk in this fashion; but now he is a great king, and he gives his royal word, "*I* will let the people go." Some folks are very big when they promise God, "I will do this, and I will do that." But you cannot, my friend. You reply that you are going to have a new heart and a right spirit. Are you looking to create them yourself? You talk as if you were. I think you said that you were going to "turn over a new leaf": but a new leaf in a bad book may be worse than the old leaf. But you are going to be entirely new, are you? Are you to do all this yourself? You are greatly mistaken; true conversion does not begin by talking of what "*I*" will do. It begins in casting ourselves upon the Lord, and begging him to work all our works in us.

But this man's promises were *all a lie.* I daresay that, for the moment, he meant them; but he did not keep his word, for he did not let the people go. "When Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said." Has not that been the case with many others? You promised "faithfully," as you said: you pledged yourself that it should be so; but it is not so. Stand thou still a while, and hear a message from the Lord: "Thou hast not lied unto men, but thou hast lied unto God." Let that sentence pierce the innermost bowels of thy conscience. "Thou hast lied unto God." Remember Ananias and Sapphira, and what followed upon their falsehood, and be astonished that it has not followed upon yours, for you made the promise before witnesses in the presence of the Lord himself.

Mark well that, in all this, Pharaoh *increased his guilt.* His vows heaped up his transgressions. He forgot his promises; but God did not. They were laid by in store against him, and the blows of God upon him fell heavier and heavier, until at last Jehovah drowned him and his chosen captains in the Red Sea. Oh, sirs, if God comes to deal with you in this fashion, what will become of you? Your promises are filed in heaven, to be witnesses against you. God reaches out these promises of yours at this hour, and holds them up before your eyes. And what does your conscience say? If you had promised a kind friend, and broken your word, it would have been base enough; but you have been ungrateful to your God, in whose hand your breath is, and whose are all your ways. Let a sense of guilt overwhelm you, and in the name of Jesus Christ ask mercy of your God.

I will tell you how God deals with his own children, and then leave you to infer how he will deal with you if you are not his children. A certain man, to all appearance, feared God, ay, and did so with a sincere heart. He was once an earnest Christian, a member of the church, and a worker in the service, faithful to his light, and fervent in spirit; but he grew cold. He had a farm, and it occupied nearly all his time. He was filled with an intense desire to grow rich, and therefore he devoted his attention to his business till he grew colder and colder in divine things, and the means of grace on the week-days were forsaken. Work for God was dropped, communion with God ceased, and the religious professor became to all appearance an utter worldling. But yet he was a child of God, and this is how his Father restored him. He took from him the wife of his youth, to whom his heart was knit; but this made him more worldly than before, because his wife had been a great help to him in the farm, and now she was gone he must stick to it more than ever. Nothing came of the first chastisement except increased sin. He had only one son, for whom he was saving up his money, and working his business, and he saw that son cut down with consumption, like his mother. This also made him still more worldly. It ought to have brought him to his knees, but it did not. He carried on the practice of prayer, but with little heart. He said, "Now my dear son, who was such a comfort to me, has gone, I can hardly get out on Sundays at all. I *must* look after the cows and attend to the stock." So he sank deeper in the mire. Then the Lord began to deal with him in another way. He had a bad season, and lost by his farming, careful as he was. Next year was worse, and the cattle-plague emptied his stalls. He was brought down to poverty; he could scarcely keep in the farm, for the rent ran back. Still he did not yield. He had tender moments now and then; but he was usually hard, for he felt that God was dealing severely with him. He felt angry against God, and stuck to his business more than ever, while the things of God were forgotten. Then the Lord took his erring child more closely in hand than before, and sent him an incurable disease in his body. The worldly farmer lay upon a sick bed fretting about his business: he did not turn to the Lord even then. Last of all, his house took fire, and as the barn and the ricks, and the house were all ablaze, and all that he had was going, they carried him out into the open air upon the bed from which he could not stir, and he was heard to say, "Blessed be the Lord! Blessed be the Lord! I am cured at last." But, dear friends, nothing would cure him till everything was gone from him. Was not that a pity? He was saved so as by fire. He would be "as the horse, and the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle," and therefore he had to suffer for it. I pray you do not copy him. People of God, do not make rods for your own backs in that way. Do not drive your heavenly Father to hard measures. But oh, ye ungodly, *if he will deal thus with his children, how will he deal with you who are not his children?* If he means to bless you he will not let you go unpunished; but he will smite you with heavy strokes. I remember one who used to bless God for a broken leg: he said that he never ran in the ways of God until he was lame. I believe that some parents never loved the heavenly

Father till their dear infant child was taken away. The shepherd tried to get the mother sheep into the fold, but she would not come; so he took up her lamb and carried it away in his arms, and then the mother followed him. He has done that to some of you. You would never have come to Christ if dear little Johnny had not gone home to Jesus. You lost one and another for that same purpose; have you not had strokes enough? You have been smitten till your "whole head is sick and your whole heart faint." Will you not turn unto your God without more ado? His blows are sent in mercy: it is better far that you should have a hell here than a hell hereafter. It were better for you to live a lifelong agony than to be cast into hell for ever. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. He died for sinners—died for aggravating, guilty, wilful sinners, and if they look to him they shall at once be forgiven. I cannot give the look of faith for you, or I would gladly do so; but I beseech you to look and live! May God the Holy Ghost lead you so to do, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

A Singular Plea.

IF any man was ever entitled to the appellation of "Christian gentleman" it was the late Dr. John Hunter. From the casual circumstance of living for many years a few doors from him, I had exceptional opportunities of enjoying his genial society, his wise counsels, his hearty hospitality, and, I may add, affectionate friendship. By a wide circle his memory will never cease to be revered and cherished. His was a nature overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Indeed, the demands of his extremely poor parishioners were yearly more exacting and overwhelming, just because they became more and more cognizant of that frailty which leaned to virtue's side—his irresistible benevolence—which at times felt itself unable to withstand what might be called "impudent" claims. One specimen I recollect hearing from his own lips, and told in his own inimitable way. A few mornings before, a woman came begging for pecuniary help. Even he was amazed, and, indeed, indignant at her presumption, as she had been one of his parochial plagues; had not only been personally offensive and hostile to himself, but had done what she could to foster an inimical feeling among the neighbours. On going to his outer lobby, where the unabashed applicant was, he stated, as firmly as his kindly nature would admit (and yet he could assume a stern look too), that she knew well she was the very last who had any claim upon him. Decidedly refusing her, he bade her peremptorily to go away. Her reply was ready—"Sir, you are mistaken, I *have* a claim upon you." "I should like to know, my good woman, what that claim is. You have done nothing all the years I have known you but to try and do me wrong. Tell me your claim." "Sir, *I am your enemy!*" The plea was novel, irresistible. At once the hand was in the depths of the kindly man's pocket, and something bright reflected its pedigree from the Sermon on the Mount.—*From Dr. J. R. Macduff's "Parish of Taxwood."*

The Fleet Ditch and its Associations.

BY G. H. PIKE.

SOME time ago, while exploring the neighbourhood of the old Fleet Ditch and the surroundings of Little Saffron-hill, in company with Mr. J. Kirk, the secretary of the Ragged-school Union, we visited a small school-house in Lester-place which has a history as singular as any institution of the kind in London. This was originally known in the heroic age of the Ragged-school movement as the Fleet Ditch School, and it has had only one teacher during nearly forty years; a fact in every way noteworthy and singular. This devoted woman, after forty years' service, actually stood before us surrounded by a flock of infants, who seemed greatly to value her attentions. When we remembered what had once been the character of the courts and alleys in this ancient thieves' quarter of the metropolis; and how one individual had laboured for its amelioration, first as a sanguine maiden, then as a wife, and now as a widow, for so lengthened a period, the dingy old schoolhouse became invested with romantic interest. It was the house of mercy, the abode of holy love. If not actually unique, this teacher's devotion to her duty well deserves a hearty recognition. God bless the woman who has done her best to aid outcast London before its bitter cry created the present sensation.

That Mrs. Parlebeam has been a heroine of the quiet, plodding, persevering kind, there can be no doubt; but in order to understand what she has achieved and endured, we must realize in some degree how the locality has gradually changed from a pleasant suburb to one of unsurpassed vice and squalor.

The Fleet Ditch, which in course of time won an unenviable notoriety, was once a pleasant stream, rising among the springs of Hampstead, and wending its way through the princely domain of "My Lord of Ely," whose garden is mentioned by Shakespeare—

> "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
> I do beseech you, send for some of them."

Rural retreats in time gave place to something exceedingly different. Gardens adorned with fountains and sculpture, groves and aviaries, passed away; and in the eighteenth century the quarter was one of the most dangerously criminal in all London. In West-street stood two celebrated houses, which were designed by a gipsy thief in Puritan days, and served as a rendezvous for men of the road and the light-fingered fraternity for one hundred and fifty years. All that ingenuity could suggest was arranged for the concealment and escape of thieves; and those who frequented the premises were mostly gentry whose names are written in the Newgate Calendar. A century ago the desperadoes who emerged from Black-boy-alley were the terror of respectable London. Even the frequent executions at Tyburn did not much discourage their operations.

Field-lane was once what its name implied, a road leading to the fields and meadows of Clerkenwell, but it became one of the most

squalid of narrow thoroughfares, so that the name was known all over England as associated with one of the most needed of Ragged-schools. Here Mrs. Parlebeam commenced her work thirty-seven years ago, and from that day to this she has never flagged in the Ragged-school service.

Mrs. Parlebeam is thus a representative teacher of the early days of Ragged-schools; and having been identified with the movement from the first, she understands all about the progress of it, and she has some idea of the reformation which it has effected in London. Exactly forty years ago she made her *debût* as a teacher in what was then called Belle-isle, Caledonian-road, close to the prison, which was then in course of building. Belle-isle was at that time a sort of village on the near outskirts of London, and the infant-school, which the teacher founded, was greatly needed for the children who were growing up on all sides totally uncared for. This work was carried on for three years, and then the teacher entered the Training College in the Borough-road, which at that time accepted young women as well as male candidates for school-work. The aim was to train teachers for British-schools; but in this instance the Ragged-school was preferred as a life-work.

On leaving college, there was little difficulty in finding a sphere, the number of suitable openings being only too numerous. The area now overlooked from the north side of the Holborn Viaduct was then in a horrible condition, abandoned, as it were, by a rich and luxurious city, to squalor, vice, and crime. In Turk's-head-yard, Turnmill-street, a room for a Sunday-school was procured, and such was the interest of the landlord in the effort, that he allowed the reformers to carry on their work without paying rent. Commenced with the energy which comes of faith, the work necessarily progressed; for the seventy or eighty waifs-and-strays, who willingly attended on the Sabbath, pleaded with stronger arguments than could have been put into words for the establishment of a day-school. Though to ordinary human nature the reclaiming work would have seemed more repellant at each successive stage, workers who were forced forward by true Christian love, saw nothing but encouragement in the rampant evils around them.

The young teacher had chosen her life-work, and although then, and for long after, she received no pecuniary compensation for her efforts, she showed no sign of drawing back. As a missionary who had devoted herself to serve in the vanguard of a great movement, she was brought face to face with all the horrors which were combatted by the Ragged-school crusade. It is true that the scholars came willingly, without being dragged into the school; but what was their character and condition? Ragged and filthy to the last degree, they were true representatives of Arab London. Indeed, their state was so shocking that frequently the teacher was compelled to commence her day's labour by washing her scholars. Through such attentions they were doubtless drawn to her by ties of affection, and this enabled her to maintain pretty good order among them. The teacher necessarily became more than a teacher, she was recognized by the neglected children as their best earthly friend. She even fed those famished little ones who came to the class breakfastless on a biting winter morning. Sympathy was daily drawn forth in many ways. The pallid, sickly faces not only told

of unhealthy surroundings, but of daily hardships. Despite their dense ignorance, the children often displayed an animal-like sharpness peculiar to the squalid byeways of London: in their own way they looked to the main chance, and hoped when "down in luck" to-day to find themselves "in luck" to-morrow. The world they lived in was not a very extensive one; but these poor street arabs understood their own world far better than outsiders could do. It was astonishing to behold the quickness with which many learned to read, and, being thus aided by a scanty education, passed on from the school to occupy stations of respectability. It was as if seed cast into virgin soil had sprung up into a luxuriant harvest before reasonable expectation could have looked for such a return. Though she accepted no salary so long as her father lived to support her, the devoted teacher received a far better reward than any money could have represented; for one after another of her scholars settled respectably in life at home, and others succeeded in foreign lands. The work went forward in spite of terrible obstacles. It is not easy to realize the condition of that older London which, in the early years of the present reign, remained as it had done for generations. What do we now know concerning the Fleet Ditch—its fever-breeding effluvium and its rushing torrent? In the beginning of August, 1846, while our representative teacher was occupied with her accustomed work, a heavy thunder-storm suddenly swelled the current, and in its headlong rush towards the Thames it carried away certain livery-stables, with the horses in them, the animals, of course, being drowned. The wonder is that it did not carry away Mrs. Parlebeam, school and all. The odorous stream is now covered in, and serves as a sewer.

Remaining ever at the post of duty in the same locality, though not always on the same spot, Mrs. Parlebeam has occupied her present school-room more than a quarter of a century. The premises were originally designed for a work-shop, but they have served a better purpose: have they not been the workshop of the Spirit of God? Any city explorer, who has an eye for the picturesque in hidden byeways, ought certainly to pay this teacher a visit; for a sight of her well-kept, well-ordered charge, will prove that an efficient teacher may do good in an inconvenient school-house. The building has all along been a day-school, and as such has, of course, been in some degree interfered with by the Education Acts. Before the said Acts became the law of the land, children of all sizes were found in the classes; but at present none save infants under age can be admitted.

At the time of our visit to this school with so remarkable a history, there were about sixty children in attendance; and while Mrs. Parlebeam looked affectionately round on the whole of her charge, she most amiably pointed out individual infants who enjoyed a reputation for extra brightness. Who, then, are these children?

They are the offspring of the nondescript classes generally, many belonging to tramps, common beggars, street-traders, etc., or to Italian image-makers and cabmen. Some, doubtless, come of families who were formerly in respectable circumstances, but who have come down in the world, to swell the army of the impoverished. On looking round the room we shall see not a few who are suffering on account

of the sins of their parents. Some are fatherless, others have no mother, and a third order are altogether orphans. All in common partake of the benefits of the school; and past experience has proved that those advantages are not few.

Having been acquainted with the locality for so lengthened a period, Mrs. Parlebeam is able to testify to the great improvement which has taken place. The modern representatives of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw do not now carouse at the notorious Red Lion, and the desperadoes of Black-boy-alley no longer terrify the pedestrian of Holborn, or escape with their booty across the Fleet-ditch. Not only is there less crime generally, there is less sin of all kinds, the falling off in the consumption of drink being also very marked. The neighbourhood is now an Italian colony more than anything else. The children of these poor foreigners used formerly to attend at this little school; but now they are attracted to a large Romish school near at hand, where they are taken at a penny a week, or at a lower rate than is charged by the School Board. In the old-fashioned Ragged-schools the moral and religious teaching of the children was well looked after, and in this respect they very favourably contrasted with the Board-school and other institutions. "Of course, the teachers can't look after their morals," remarked Mrs. Parlebeam, but she very ardently wished it were otherwise.

Many have been helped by Mrs. Parlebeam to rise in the world; and these in some instances send grateful letters from the Continent, the United States, or the British colonies.

Among those who have remained at home to do well was a miserable-looking little fellow who came to the school at seven years of age—a child who needed pity, for his father had forsaken the household which the mother endeavoured to keep together by working as a charwoman. The child soon learned to read, and at a suitable age he was taken in hand by a chronometer-glass maker at Clerkenwell, who eventually left him his business.

Another pleasing case is that of a girl who has turned out well in service; and who, though not very quick at learning, is unsurpassed at cleaning and scrubbing. Where would such a one have found a friend if it had not been for the Ragged-school? Though not a drunkard, her father was one of those men who never do any good in the world, either to themselves or to other people. He had been in prison several times, and was incurably lazy. On one occasion Mrs. Parlebeam had started him in the baked-potato business, finding him a basket and blanket; but all was of no use; indolence balked all her plans. The mother with the assistance of five children was able to earn eight or nine shillings a week by paper-bag making. Fourpence a thousand appears to be the rate paid for bakers' bags, the makers having to find their own paste. The making of the coarser bags is more dreaded, because the material wears the skin from the fingers until they bleed. It is very pleasant to find the Ragged-school raising girls, who have been reared in a criminal household, to that high level of Christian profession which makes them exemplars to their parents. At the same time it is shocking to find—as is the case in a letter before us, addressed to Mrs. Parlebeam—a daughter speaking truthfully of her parents as "a bad lot!" We

may add that the school which has done this good service was one of the sixteen found in existence when the Ragged School Union entered upon its labours; and, probably, without the assistance of that Union, the work described could never have been accomplished. It would be very foolish and wicked to allow such schools to be shut up. We value the work of the School Board; but, as we have seen, it can never teach morals and religion as the Ragged-school has done, and without these what is the spiritual value of a school? We need Ragged-schools more than ever. Is the zeal of Christians quite departed? Will they not rally yet again, and see that Ragged-schools are made still more numerous and efficient?

Open the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

AT what door? Does it accord with the context to say that this passage pictures Jesus at the door of unregenerate hearts? That he knocks at the door of every man's conscience is a solemn truth. Even the most obdurate will have to bear witness to that, but this text points in another direction. The door referred to here is the Church-door, which, by the almost unanimous vote of the Laodicean Church, has been closed against the Saviour. We are amazed at the fact, yet here it is—Jesus, the Church's Lord, is represented as standing like a wayfarer at the door of those who owe their all to him. You knock at another person's door, and wait patiently, for in due time some one will attend to you; but you do not expect to be under the necessity of waiting at your own door like that. What would you think if you found your own door bolted against you? If you heard whisperings within, yet could get no response to your appeal, how would you feel? Alas, that we should ever compel the Saviour to say, "It is so with me!"

I stood in vision at the window with wondering gaze, for there, on the opposite side of the street, at his own door, was One who looked concerned and weary. I had seen him build that house, and furnish it, and I had often marked his interest in those who occupied it. I knew him to be a good Master, a kind Father, a loving Husband, a faithful Friend. In his hands he carried presents rich and rare, and he was evidently anxious to be admitted. They who ought to have loved him very dearly were within, but they appeared not to heed him. He knocked again and again, and they even scanned him through the window, yet they made no movement towards the door, and I marvelled at their indifference, until I read their history in the third chapter of the Revelation: then I saw it all. They were content, and they did not yet perceive that their contentment was a crime. Happily at length there was a movement within. One of the company became concerned. He could sit still no longer, and going to the door he asked that Patient One to enter. "Right gladly do I come," was the ready response, and in a room apart they sat and supped till the rest were drawn to join them. I could but ask if in every lukewarm church there is not at least some *one* man, who will hear the voice, and open to the Master.

W. OSBORNE, *Eastbourne.*

David Williams, the Patriarch of Wales.

WALES has produced many eminent men, who have made their mark on the page of history. Among these, great preachers take no secondary place. The names of Christmas Evans, John Elias, Rowlands of Llangeitho, Williams of Pantycelyn, Williams of Wern, Howell Harris, and Charles of Bala, are all familiar to English readers. Besides these, there have been others, little less distinguished for gifts and grace, whose names are less known in England, because their sphere was mainly, if not entirely, Welsh. Conspicuous among these stands David Williams, whose public life extended over seventy years.

Llanwrtyd is a very large, but not a very populous parish in the county of Brecon, famed for its mineral springs and the wild beauty of its surroundings. It is a place much frequented by holiday-makers and health-seekers from various parts of the Principality, both north and south; and, if the truth were all told, many a matrimonial alliance has been originated there among the visitors. The railways have made it tolerably accessible from all parts.

In a farmhouse, now in ruins, in this parish, David was born, 27th of January, 1779. As an illustration of a life which has so recently closed, it may be stated that his birth took place less than three years after the Declaration of Independence by our American colonies, and that David was a boy of nearly four when that Independence was recognized by Great Britain and other States of Europe.

It is to be regretted that no memoir of David Williams exists in English, though a very interesting volume has been given in Welsh. We are compelled, therefore, and enabled by the kind permission of the editor, to draw somewhat on the only sketch of the good man available to an Englishman, written by a sympathetic Welshman, and given in the lively pages of a youthful aspirant to fame, which is deservedly growing in interest, vigour, and popularity.* The year following his birth, his parents moved to Dinas Mill, in the same parish. They were members of the old Congregational Church, over which the excellent and saintly Isaac Price presided as pastor for seventy years. When the child David was taken by his parents at the age of twelve months to the old chapel that its pastor might do for him what the common usage of the community prescribed, the venerable servant of God took him up in his arms and blessed him, predicting that his name would be great in Israel.

His childhood's years gave promise of goodness, if not of unusual greatness. The careful religious training he received from his parents was blessed of God, and their prayers for his salvation were so early answered, that at the age of eleven he joined the church. His conduct as a boy was remarkable for its rectitude, and for that conscientiousness which marked his life-long career. Many things which others treat as trivial offences were regarded by him as grievous sins, whose commission caused him sleepless nights.

It would be difficult to realize the state of Welsh society in Breck-

* "The Red Dragon:" the National Magazine for Wales. Cardiff: Owen. London: Kent.

nockshire in those days. Potatoes were an unpopular vegetable, over which one good man in that neighbourhood never would say grace. Tea was so little used, and its use regarded with such disfavour, that there were only two tea-kettles in the parish. One objection against it was its price. It took eighty pounds of butter to purchase a pound of tea; the one being threepence and the other twenty shillings a pound; and yet there were a few old wives who relished it, and took it on the sly, though the "lords of creation" were dead set against it. Newspapers were unknown in Wales, and there were no magazines, and very few books, and the biographical verses of the local poets were generally too flimsy to live long. Schools were few indeed, and learning was thought to be needful only for those who were to follow the professions. People had little money, but then they had few wants; their habits were primitive, and their fare homely in the extreme. Their children grew up healthy, and hardy, and strong, and though they knew no cares about sanitary arrangements they commonly lived to a good old age.

When fourteen years old David was required to choose a trade. His father was a weaver as well as a farmer, and wished his son to follow the calling of a long line of his ancestors; but the boy preferred shoemaking; so to a shoemaker of some note in the adjoining parish he was apprenticed.

The controversy between the followers of Whitefield and the disciples of Wesley had left its marks in many a Welsh parish. The Independents and Baptists, and the Welsh Methodists generally, sided with Calvin; but here and there were to be found adherents of Arminius and Wesley. David's master belonged to the latter, his mistress to the former. The zeal for good works which the strong words of the one displayed was not always in harmony with his doings, especially in the matter of temperance; while the other talked less, but gave plainer proof that she possessed those principles which are of more value than human creeds. Yet this said shoemaker was, in his own opinion, at least, a great theologian, and he had a very remarkable way of answering the appeals of his opponents when supported by the Word of God. He had dispensed with all the difficulties of the opposite system of theology by cutting out of his own Bible every passage which seemed to favour the Calvinistic views; so that, when his opponent appealed to the Scriptures, he could truthfully say, "Ah, well; such words may be found in *your* Bible, but they are not to be found in *mine*."

Having finished his apprenticeship, David went first to the neighbouring town of Llandovery, and then to Merthyr Tydvil. Here he lived with an excellent man named Miles, a leader among the Calvinistic Methodists. To his influence and example he owed much, so that when in after years he was sometimes asked at what college he had been trained, he would reply, "At Miles's College, at Merthyr."

From Merthyr he proceeded to Cardiff, then a quiet little town, less than one-fortieth its present size. Here he projected a visit to London. His friends were alarmed, and used every effort to dissuade him from an enterprise so unusual, and, as they conceived, fraught with such danger to both body and soul. He relinquished his purpose, and commenced business in his native village.

His shoe-making establishment was not a very attractive building. It consisted of a room with mud walls and a floor of earth, added to the paternal dwelling; over which was a sort of loft beneath the roof of rushes, which was the dormitory for the workmen and apprentices. The general workroom below was turned into a study after working-hours, and there the young tradesman might have been seen reading such books, theological chiefly, as came in his way, sometimes until cock-crowing. His extensive knowledge of Scripture, his ready utterance, his freedom in prayer, and his command of Scripture language, led some to suppose him fitted for the ministry. Requests had been made to him, even when at Merthyr and Cardiff, to preach, but he was not willing to be hasty, and had determined that when he did begin it should be in his native village. An opportunity soon offered through a stranger failing to fulfil an appointment. Though entirely unprepared, David yielded to the urgent request of the deacons, and made his first attempt. It was a marked success, as was his ministry to the close of his life. In a very short time he became popular. One thing aided his popularity. A minister from the neighbourhood of Swansea, who knew Williams well, took him on one of those preaching tours which have done so much to extend the kingdom of Christ in the Principality. He thus had an opportunity of preaching once or twice every day, and was so acceptable that he actually received several invitations to the pastorate. He judged it wise to decline them all, being intent on obtaining, if possible, the benefit of college training. This seemed within his reach when Rev. Daniel Lloyd, of Denbigh, a Llanwrtyd man, volunteered to bear the expenses for one year of such an education as would fit him for the college, then at Wrexham, and now known as "Brecon Memorial College." David Williams made all haste to arrange his affairs so as to accept this kind offer, but, to his deep sorrow, he received a letter announcing the death of Mr. Lloyd, and with it the scattering of all his bright hopes.

But what was an unmixed grief to young Williams, and such a disappointment that he felt it all his days, was not entirely so to his aged pastor and his Llanwrtyd friends. Isaac Price coveted young Williams to be his co-pastor, with a view to his succeeding him in the full charge of the church, just as he had been first the assistant and then the successor of Thomas Morgan. And though in his heart he was sorry for the miscarriage of the scheme for his young friend's college training, he was glad for the sake of his people that there was now a hope of his cherished desire as to his successor being realized, which there would not have been had a higher culture made him the object of desire to larger and wealthier churches.

As for David himself, he was cast down beyond measure, for not a solitary star of hope beamed in his clouded sky as to a college training.

At this juncture the Llanwrtyd church pressed their application, and with entire success. Williams loved and almost worshipped the patriarchal Isaac Price, and he was such a one as was worthy of his reverence, chiefly for his saintly character, but also for his prepossessing presence. The soft blue eye was united with a benevolent expression of countenance, a voice of melting tenderness, and a person of handsome appearance; and when the tears and snow-white locks of the

venerable pastor supplemented his earnest appeal not to leave him in his old age, young Williams could not hold out. In August, 1802, he was formally recognized as Isaac Price's assistant and successor, at a salary of £15 per annum! "Miserably small!" says the reader. But yet it was £5 more than Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho, received as curate of two neighbouring churches when the Bishop withdrew his license.

Williams did not at once give up his business, being resolved to minister to his own necessities as the Apostle of the Gentiles had done. But his fame as a preacher spread far and wide, and multitudes flocked to his sermons, to whom a few miles of mountain and valley were a small thing in comparison with the blessing they received. Many calls from home to minister in destitute or needy districts forced Williams to reconsider the question of continuing in his business. The making of boots and shoes was a matter of conscience with him, little, if any, less than declaring the whole "counsel of God" in his ministrations; and as he could not be sure that his workmen would take quite the same view of things in his absence, he made up his mind to retire from it altogether. This was not done, however, without much prayer, and the making of a covenant with the Almighty after the terms of that of Jacob of old. He engaged on his part to devote mind and body, life and all, to him, if he would in his condescension find him food and raiment, and just money enough to enable him to buy books to help him to feed the people of his charge with knowledge and understanding. This covenant he wrote out and signed on his bended knees, with overflowing emotion. In after-years he loved to encourage his younger brethren by telling them how his great Master had been true to his word, and more than fulfilled the word on which he had rested his hope.

United to a loving people, devoted to the Lord, he yet felt the need of another bond and union. In his congregation there was a certain Elizabeth Davis, the daughter of a farmer; her attractive appearance and manners, and her quiet Christian character, attracted the attention of more than one young minister who was seeking "a help meet for him." The rival claims of these aspirants to the young lady's hand and heart were not submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, but of the pen: each one arguing his suit in rhymes such as his passion inspired. Whether as the best rhymster, or because as her pastor he had the first claim upon her, or because his presence was more inspiring, yet so it was that David Williams obtained the prize.

Elizabeth was twenty-one, David was twenty-four, when, in 1803, the marriage took place. With the one hundred pounds advanced as gift or loan, under certain conditions, by the bride's father, they took and stocked the farm at Tynewydd, or New House. It was a great occasion. The day before the wedding there was the "bidding" of the married women, not one of whom came empty-handed; so that on the day they began their sixty years of married life in the "New House," the meal chests were well filled with bread and other necessaries, besides tubs of butter; the rafters of the kitchen being hung with bacon, hams, and dried beef.

The wedding itself was an imposing affair, neighbours and friends on horses and ponies to the number of about two hundred forming the procession, among whom the wives and daughters were conspicuous.

Tynewydd farm was little better than a common, but "the hand of the diligent" made it smile, and the hedgerows planted by the young pastor are still growing.

After the birth of their seventh and last child, David and his comely wife removed to another place, Tanyrallt. David desired a lease, but as the farm had been exhausted by the last tenant, the landlord declined to give one, but pledged himself in the presence of his son, a boy of fourteen, never to raise the rent while he lived, and the son, as his father's heir, was made to say the same. David Williams was a good farmer as well as a good man and a good preacher, and carried out many improvements, so that the verbal covenant was kept by the old landlord and by his son, as also by his widow and her daughter, who raised the rent to the son of David Williams only when the good man himself had been some time in his grave.

Williams's popularity as a preacher was well sustained through the more than seventy years of his pastorate, and his services were in requisition in all directions. When his Jubilee was held, a deacon of the church stated that he had never been disabled from preaching during the whole period of two thousand six hundred Sabbaths. During that time it was computed he had spent ten years in the saddle riding to his appointments.

Tanyrallt is a lone farmhouse under the shelter of a wooded hill, and a place where many women would feel nervous at even the thought of sitting up for a belated husband when the rest of the family were in bed; but Elizabeth Williams had no such fear: she never went to bed until she saw David home, and home was the place he would make for every night if it were possible to reach it. Elizabeth was a sweet-tempered woman, gentle and kind in no common degree. Her married life was a happy one, though David was a man of great force of character, keenly susceptible, nervous, and subject to times of depression. In the winter of 1867 Elizabeth departed to be with the Saviour she loved, and at whose feet, like Mary, she delighted to sit. David's grief was great; he wept bitterly, though he sorrowed not as one without hope. She had been nearly blind, and almost helpless, but the old man of eighty-eight attended her with a tenderness which bespoke the strong affection for his first and only love.

It was seven years after this when on the 20th of August, 1874, somewhat suddenly he fell asleep from (as is supposed) the rupture of a small blood vessel in the region of the brain, at the age of nearly ninety-six years, having been a pastor seventy-two.

In that long period he had preached many thousands of sermons, and had ridden tens of thousands of miles, over snow-clad mountains, along dirty lanes, across trackless wastes, and amid wild solitudes, and under all possible conditions of weather and temperature. Calmly to pass away to his eternal rest and reward was a fitting close to such a life of devotedness and untiring labour. He was a man altogether Welsh in his exterior, with massive trunk—measuring within his clothes forty-five inches when in his prime—large head, and a great deal in it, and with legs shorter than his body. He had a voice of rare compass and melody, and equal fulness, and a countenance in which all the changeful emotions of the inner man were freely displayed.

He had a heart big with Christian sympathy, and not less enlarged with all the best principles of a warm-souled catholic Christianity. The day of his death was calm and bright, like his spirit in her heavenly attire; and when he was laid in the grave, the romantic neighbourhood was flooded with sunshine and beauty, and all alive with hundreds of men and women on horseback, and many more afoot, who came to do honour to the man whose name most of them had lisped from infancy.

Many a time David had read and sung the well-known hymn of his great namesake, Williams of Pantycelyn—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,"

and now the multitude that gathered to pay their respects to his mortal remains could set their seal to the truth, that as the Lord had performed the request of the former part, and had led, and fed, and guided him all the journey through, so, in the closing scene, he had fulfilled its final prayer:—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee."

ROBERT SHINDLER.

New Theology.

A GREAT inventor is to make bread without flour, and he is preparing the plan of a house which is to have no foundations. Wonderful! Isn't it? We are no longer to eat grapes as they come from the vines—they are so old-fashioned: we are to have them after they have been squeezed in a patent press, and have been fashioned into cakes of mathematical shape. We should not be at all surprised to hear that our steam-boats are all a mistake, and have become things of the past, being in fact superseded by electrified table-cloths, which each man withdraws from his dining-table, spreads on the top of the water, and then uses as an instantaneously-prepared raft, which he steers with his knife and fork. When this comes about, we shall still be found sticking to the unchanged and unchangeable Word of God. There will be no new God, nor a new devil, and we shall never have a new Saviour, nor a new atonement: why should we then be either attracted or alarmed by the error and nonsense which everywhere plead for a hearing because they are new? What is their newness to us; we are not children, nor frequenters of playhouses? Truly, to such a new toy or a new play has immense attractions; but *men* care less about the age of a thing than about its intrinsic value. To suppose that theology can be *new* is to imagine that the Lord himself is of yesterday. A doctrine which is said to have lately become true must of necessity be a lie. Falsehood has no beard, but truth is hoary with an age immeasurable. The old gospel is the only gospel. Pity is our only feeling towards those young preachers who cry, "See my new theology," in just the same spirit as little Mary says, "See my pretty new frock."—C. H. S.

Christian Love—the strongest Argument and best Victory.

THE Arminian controversy of 1770-75 was very violent, and degenerated into anger and personalities, which each party must deplore. The two Wesleys were too much employed in diffusing the gospel to waste their time (then far spent) in a polemic strife, which found valiant combatants on either side. The saintly John Fletcher viewed the conflict between brethren in Christ with deep sorrow, and while favouring Arminian views, kindly laboured to promote peace, and soften the asperities of party. He wisely showed the faults of both sides, and also where they could agree, but was especially severe against the hyper-Calvinism then gaining ground. He condemned its dangerous errors in doctrine and practice in his "*Five Checks to Antinomianism.*"

A singular proof of the subduing power of love is recorded in the case of one minister who felt himself so *checked* in spirit upon the publication of "the fifth" or last *Check*, that he resolved at once to seek out the author in his quiet retreat at the Vicarage of Madeley, and "have it out with him face to face," and so settle the disputed points.

He set out on his long journey on horseback, furbishing, we may suppose, as he pursued his lonely route, his armour and best controversial weapons for the decisive attack. Having put up his horse, he knocked early in the morning at the door of the laborious and studious Vicar, and on the appearance of a female servant inquired somewhat sternly: "Is Mr. Fletcher at home?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Will you tell him that Mr. R——, of Taunton, wishes to see him?" Whether to "the gentleness of the dove" to which the Saviour exhorted his disciples, the Lord had given "the wisdom of the serpent" to discern the object of this unexpected visit; or whether he had resolved to vanquish and disarm his visitor by love, instead of long and fruitless argument, the reception accorded by Mr. Fletcher was a complete surprise to the traveller on the door-step, when he saw the holy master of the house hurrying downstairs with outspread arms, exclaiming: "Come in! come in! thou blessed of the Lord! How is it that I am so honoured this morning as to receive a visit from so esteemed a servant of my Master? Come in! Wherefore standest thou without? Mary, prepare some refreshments, and, meanwhile, let us have a little time in prayer." The two ministers then entered freely into close Christian conversation, and so enjoyed each other's society that there was no room for either Calvinism or Arminianism, and Mr. R—— found himself unable even once to hint at the object of his call. To their mutual delight and profit, he was easily persuaded to prolong his stay at the Vicarage for three days, and ever after was known to refer to this journey, and declare that never in his life had he so realized the true communion of saints on earth as he had done in heavenly intercourse with John Fletcher.

E. H.

Gleanings in the Great Harvest-field.

"I could not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thereby fell;
But I could follow by the Master's side,
And watch the marred face I loved so well!
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully.
I did not know the Master placed them there,
'Handfuls of purpose' that he left for me."

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

TO the glory of our gracious Lord and Master, to the praise of the Holy Spirit through the "glorious gospel of the blessed God;" and praying that the Lord would bless the perusal to the help and encouragement of others of his gleaners, we record the following incidents we have met with. In that part of the harvest-field wherein it is our privilege to labour, we meet with two great obstacles, namely, ignorance and drunkenness; from these a third naturally follows, and that is indifference. Before the passing of the Factory Act large numbers of children went to work at the tender age of six and seven years, and were kept at work ten, twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours a day. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that many of the men and women are unable to read or write. This cuts them off from many sources of mental and moral improvement, and closes many paths of profitable enjoyment and pleasure. Some months ago we were led to visit from house to house a short street of not very good repute. To every one we put the question, "Have you a Bible, or any part of a Bible, in this house?" Of course, in some instances, we had to give explanations for putting such a question. Members of twenty families were at home, and twelve out of the twenty replied to our question in the negative. Gentle reader, think a moment: in one short street twelve families out of twenty without a copy of the Holy Scriptures! What wonder that homes are wretched and miserable, that lives are blighted, blasted, wrecked, ruined; and that children grow up in vice and ignorance. We had been sent for to visit a poor man in the last stage of consumption; his was a deplorable case; no provision made for sickness or death, the home showed unmistakable signs of want, wretchedness and misery, brought on by improvidence and sin. We were able to administer to his bodily comfort, and to speak to him of Jesus the Saviour of the lost. We trust he found mercy.

Leaving the house one day, we were beckoned by a woman standing at a door on the opposite side of the street. Passing over to her, she said, "Sir, I want to ask a favour of you. If you will be so kind, come in, sir." "Oh, yes; if I can do anything for you, I will willingly." "Thank you, sir; I have a baby in here very ill, and I am afraid it will die; and I wanted you, if you would be so kind, sir, to baptize it for me." "Most willingly, if you will find the passage in the Bible where it says babies are to be baptized." "All right, sir." Then, turning to another woman who was in the house, and handing her a Bible, she said, "Here, Mrs. ——, find the place for the minister while I get a basin and some water." After fumbling over the leaves in a vain search, and the mother having returned, we told them there was

no such passage in the whole of God's Word, and we tried to show them the all-sufficiency of the work of the Lord Jesus. After conversation, and reading suitable portions, and prayer, the mother said, "Well, I always thinks they thrives so much better for being baptized." "Well, mistress," said we, "how many children do you muster?" "Oh!" she said, "I have only these two living," pointing to a little wee delicate three-year-old, or thereabouts, and the baby supposed to be dying. Continuing, she said, "But I have had six, and have buried four." "Were they all christened?" we asked. "Yes, every one of them; and I shall have this one done as well." "Well, they don't seem to have thrived much; for out of five, four are dead, and the other looks a poor delicate little thing." The poor woman was taken aback, and we pressed home upon her the necessity of following the Word of God alone.

This ignorance of the elementary truths of the gospel, and faith in sacraments, is not confined to the poor and illiterate, but reaches in some cases to the well-to-do and educated. Some weeks ago a child of one of our flock was very ill; the doctor gave no hope of its recovery, and spoke to the mother respecting the child being christened "in case anything should happen." The mother stoutly refused, stating she was a Baptist, and did not believe in it; that the babe had committed no sin, and that it was sure to go to heaven if it died. The little one died, and when the friends went to the medical man for the usual certificate, the doctor said, "There, that woman (meaning the mother) has sent her child to hell." Thank God, the mother knew differently; she had not "so learned Christ," and was comforted by knowing that her babe was "safe in the arms of Jesus." Many of the people seem to believe that ministers possess some supernatural power or grace, so that we have often been sent for to go and pray by dying children. We generally ask why we are desired to pray, and the answer most frequently given is, "The child seems to die easier." These are opportunities which we are not slow to use in speaking of Jesus and his great salvation.

Drunkenness exists to a most lamentable extent in our locality, especially among the women and young people. Public-houses and low music-halls are crowded at the week's end with young and old of both sexes. Blessed be God, we have among us scores who are now living Christian, useful lives, who have been delivered from the power and curse of strong drink by the Lord Jesus Christ. At our week-night prayer-meeting a short time since, the subjects for special prayers were, "Those who had been saved from the drink, that they might be kept; those who were enslaved, that they might be freed; and the young, that they might be preserved." During the meeting we stated that we did not know by personal experience the curse and misery of drunkenness, never having been intoxicated, nor yet having seen it in our home; and asking any who were willing to do so, to rise and give their personal testimony. A brother immediately rose and said, "I am sorry to say I know what it is to be drunk. I was intoxicated at the age of fifteen, and I continued drinking until I was twenty-four years old. I used frequently to take the drink to bed with me, to drink if I awoke in the night, or before I got up in the morning. I came to this chapel, I have given myself to Jesus, and he has saved me, and I have never

had any desire for the drink since." Another was on his feet directly, and testified: "I think no one in this town could have gone to greater lengths, or sunk deeper than I did, through the drink. I robbed my wife and children for it; I had been drinking for weeks; I had taken everything out of the house I could make money on for drink; I sold the beds my wife and children lay on; I drank the rent; we were turned out of the house; without a home, without a shelter, without a bed or anything. A friend allowed us to occupy an empty room in his house, and I bought six pennyworth of straw for my wife and children to sleep on. A brother brought me to this place, I joined the Good Templars' Lodge, and, better still, I have found the Saviour, and I hope and trust I shall never taste the cursed drink again." Another rose and said, "Well, friends, our two brothers who have spoken had gone far, but I have gone farther than either of them. I have been a very heavy drinker; I had been drinking heavy for a long time till I was like any one almost mad, and I was in that state that I had actually got a knife to my throat determined to take away my own life; but God mercifully kept me from that. I joined teetotal, and I came here and heard our pastor, and I have found the Saviour, and I mean, by his help, never to taste the cursed drink again." A woman testified, "I thank God for what he has done for me and my husband and our home. It is not like the same place; it used to be like a little hell, but now, I bless God, it is like a little heaven. I have seen more happiness since me and my husband came here and gave our hearts to Jesus, than all the rest of my life put together." Others followed bearing similar testimony to deliverance from the curse of strong drink; and our eyes were filled with tears, our mouths with praise, and our hearts with love and gratitude for what the Lord had wrought.

Various means are used to reach the people, Temperance coming next to the Gospel. We seek to use "great plainness of speech" in preaching "the old, old story of Jesus and his love;" we do as much pastoral work as we can; and we speak personally to everybody we can about their soul's salvation. Some time since a man and his wife had pretty regularly attended our Sunday-evening service for a few months; they had never previously attended a place of worship, and they seemed deeply interested, and "not far from the kingdom." One Sunday evening their seats were vacant. On the Monday morning we went to the house and found the wife in great distress. "Hallo," we said, "what's the trouble?" "Oh," she said, "he's gone off drinking; he went to his sister's wedding last week, and they would have him take some drink, and he's been drinking ever since." We said, "We must have him join our Good Templars' Lodge; he will never do any good till he gives up the drink." "I am sure," said the wife, "there isn't a bit of comfort where the drink is." "Well," we said, "we will come up to-morrow night and take him to the lodge; have him ready." Tuesday night found us at the house, but "the bird had flown," he was still drinking; he had been home, but had gone off to the public-house again to be out of our way. His wife said he was miserable; that he had determined to give up the drink altogether, and that he would join the lodge. We hardly liked being baffled in that way, so we went and did more visiting, and returned in the course of an

hour and a-half. There was our man sitting by the fire in a state which some would call "sensibly drunk." "Hallo," we said, "what's thee do!! Come along with me now, like a man, and join our Good Templar Lodge, and have done with this sort of work." He began to cry, and to lament his misery, and the unhappiness of his home through the drink; and declared his determination to sign teetotal. We urged him to take the decisive step that night, believing in the old adage, "Strike while the iron is hot." "No," he said, "I cannot go to-night; I've got no coat fit to go in." "Well, we will lend you ours, if you will go." "Will you? Well, I'm sure I have a mind to go, then; but there, I could not walk there in this state—you see how I am." "Never mind; I'll get you there if you will only make up your mind to go, and be quick about it, or we shall be too late." "I'll go, then, if you will take me," and he staggered to his feet; his wife put his own coat on, and then, taking his hand, we steadied him through the town for nearly half a mile to the school-room, where he joined the G. T. Order, and we did not feel that we had in any way disgraced the gospel, or the Master, or the ministry, nor yet ourselves. He and his wife soon rejoiced in Jesus as their Saviour, and joined the church, and have continued consistent and useful members. It may have been a year or more since the man said to us at the close of a meeting, "You have not been up to taste the ale we have got in our house." "Why, good gracious, what are you talking about? What do you mean? What ale have you got, I should like to know?" And then, with a laughing smile, and merry twinkle of the eye, he said, "Come and see; I want you to taste my ale." We soon found our way to his house, and when we asked about the ale we were pointed to a brand new sofa and six smart new chairs, such things as had never dared peep into the house when drinking was going on. Now, when weary and tired after a hard day's work, here was a nice easy couch for him to rest upon, and teetotal chairs and sofa. A publican living opposite, when he saw the goods being delivered, called some of his customers to the door, and said, "Look ye, there goes three barrels of ale into B——'s house." Yes, and the sort of ale that brings ease, comfort, rest, and happiness into the home.

Standing in front of our chapel the other day, we observed a man of whom we had some slight knowledge staggering up the street. He came up to us and held out his hand. We took it, and said, "My friend, I am sorry to see you in this state." "Be you my friend," he said, "I haven't a friend in all this world;" and then, calling us aside, he told us his story. Sixteen weeks before, his wife had died. In the loneliness of his grief and sorrow he took to drink. He had been drinking ever since, and had scarcely been sober. That morning he had purchased a bunch of flowers and taken them to his wife's grave, and then gone straight away to a public house, and drank half a pint of whisky before he breakfasted. Stung by remorse, crushed by despair, maddened with drink, driven to desperation, he was now going to commit suicide. To reason with him in such a state was utterly impossible; to leave him to go, and possibly take away his own life, without a desperate effort to save him, would have been unworthy of a servant of Jesus Christ. Seizing his arm, we said, "Come, you must go away home with me; I want to talk with you." He resisted,

declaring that he would go and "end his misery," making excuse after excuse. However, we would take no "Nay," and with considerable trouble and difficulty, we managed to land him at home. My dear wife backed up our efforts, and we succeeded in persuading him to lie down and get a little sleep. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. We gave him some dinner and a nice cup of tea, and kept him till about three o'clock, when he would go, and went straight off to a public-house. However, we did not give him up, but kept him well before the throne. The next evening he came to our house sobered, signed the pledge, and donned the Blue Ribbon. He is now striving to live a sober, Christian life. He has several times said he should have been in eternity had it not been that he met with us. To our blessed Lord and Master be all the praise, and honour and glory. A GLEANER.

Thomas Hownham's Deliverance.

AS God fed Elijah by means of ravens, birds notoriously of a ravenous and thieving disposition; so he sometimes employs human instrumentality of a most unlikely kind much in the same way.

A poor but pious man, named Thomas Hownham, who lived in the North of England a good many years ago, was once reduced to great straits. Having tried in vain every means of getting work, he went out in the moonlight to a spot some way from his cottage, and there poured out his soul in prayer, his wife and children having gone to bed supperless, the little ones crying themselves to sleep. After spending an hour or two in retirement and supplication, the father returned to his house comforted, and enabled to take up the prophet's words: Hab. iii. 17, 18. To his surprise, he found inside the door a joint of meat and a half-peck loaf. When he had recovered from his surprise he woke his wife and family, and, after thanking God, they all partook of a hearty meal. They made many a fruitless attempt to find out who had sent this welcome provision; but how it came there remained a mystery until twelve years after, when a rich but very miserly farmer died. Then a respectable servant, who had lived long in his employ, spoke of her master as having done *one* act of charity in the course of his life, though he afterwards regretted it. On the night in question he dreamed three times over that Hownham and his family were starving, and at last it had such an effect upon him, that he woke his two servants, and sent his man with the bread and meat, which he left at the cottage. The next morning he was so vexed with himself at what he had done that he charged both his servants never to say a word about it as long as he lived, or he would discharge them from his service. But after his death the matter transpired. This story is well known, and rests on good authority.—*From "Spiritual Gleanings," by W. H. Wheeler.*

The Safety of God's Saints.

BY J. CLARK, LATE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

AH, why should mortals wrong thee, Lord,
And doubt thy word and thee,
As though a great God like thyself
Could false or changeful be?
Are not thy counsels fixed and sure
To all eternity?
In thee alone our spirits rest:
If thou couldst fail, no soul were blest.

Can those whom thine own heart has loved,
Whom thine own hand has led,
Whom thou hast clothed with righteousness
And at thy table fed,
With matchless lovingkindness crowned,
With mercy comforted,—
Be left, and loathed, and spurned by thee,
To sink in helpless misery?

Can souls that thou hast fired with love
In measure like thine own,
And made to soar in heavenly light
Up towards thy dazzling throne,
Sink down to realms of night and death,
Unloved, unblest, unknown,—
Be formed by thee for endless bliss,
And yet the gates of glory miss?

Can those for whom thy well-loved Son
Endured so much below,
Wept, hungered, thirsted, agonized,
Felt deepest loss and woe,
That they might be brought back to thee,
And thy great goodness know,—
Can they be wrenched from thine embrace,
No more to feel thy love or grace?

Can handiwork, so grand, so fair,
By thy blest Spirit wrought,
In souls redeemed, renewed, restored,
And near to glory brought,
Be dimmed by time, be marred by sin,
By Satan brought to nought?
Heaven's crowning work be all in vain?
In vain the Saviour's toil and pain?

Ah, why do mortals wrong thee, Lord?
Thy purposes must stand;
All forces, agencies, and powers,
Fulfil thy blest command;

None, none can harm thy ransomed ones,
  Or pluck them from thy hand:
All, all are safe! Each radiant gem
Must grace Immanuel's diadem.

Away our doubts! Away our fears!
  The Lord is on our side!
Lift up the grateful voice of praise;
  Let God be magnified!
Within the shadow of his hand
  He makes our souls abide;
Rejoice, ye saints! with all your powers:
Eternal life is *ours!* is OURS!

Niclaux, Nova Scotia.

The Theatre, the Road to Ruin.

DR. JEWEL, of Philadelphia, gives the following account of the death-bed scene of "one ruined by the theatre." It has in it some expressions and statements which relate rather to America than to England, but on the whole it is as true in our country as anywhere else. Let it be read with care.

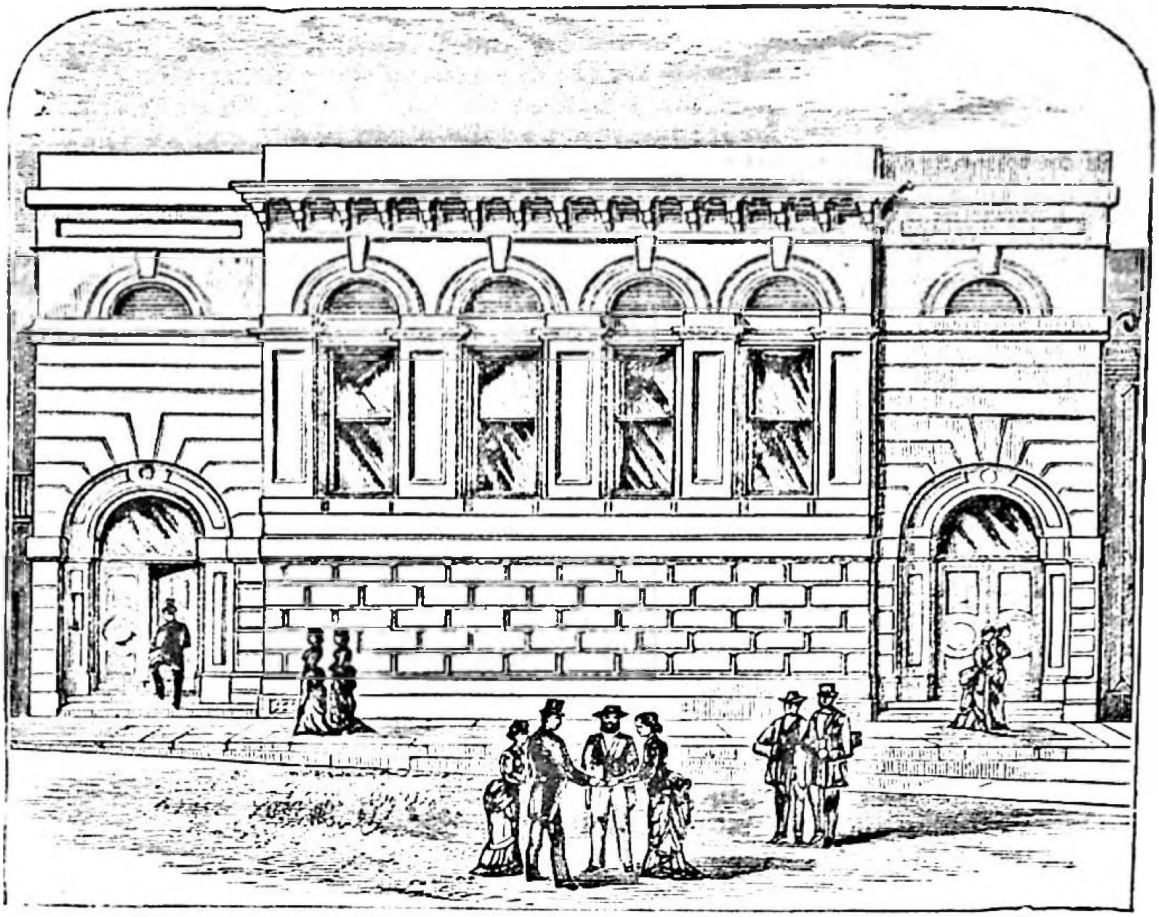
"In his youth he was the gayest of the gay; the favoured child of favoured parents; he was indulged to a fault; his every desire was gratified. He grew a handsome boy, polite and easy in his manners, gentle and amiable in his disposition. At school we all loved him, and in the innocent sports of the play-ground he was the ringleader. When the time came for his leaving school, and engaging in mercantile business, he mingled with new associates. Early in life he centred his affections upon a lovely girl of his own age; they were united in matrimony, and for a time never was there a happier couple. But, alas! the allurements of company, the theatre, the ball-room, and the tavern, proved temptations too powerful for his unsuspecting heart. The consequences are soon told. Driven from business, excluded from virtuous society, divorced from his broken-hearted wife, deserted by all his friends, he became an outcast and a beggar. Oh! methought, while I stood over his dying body, if he had the ability to speak, and the inclination to communicate, he would address me in some such language as this:—

"'Beware of the theatre; it first led me in youth—and I was easily led—into immoral indulgences. It is no difficult task to trace the primary step of my destruction to the lobbies of the theatre and its infatuating connections, the bar and the coffee-room. There I spent my evenings; Shakespeare and *The British Theatre* became my only reading; actors and actresses my only associates. The tavern, the oyster-house, and houses of pleasure finally drew me into their destructive labyrinths. I strove to avoid the earthly hell I saw myself plunging into; but its fatal chains were riveted too fast and too strong upon my poor soul. I attempted to plead with myself the innocency of my indulged pleasures: it was the gratification of a harmless desire that induced me,

for the first time, to cross the threshold of the theatre. It would not do. I could not allay the pangs of an already wounded conscience. Well do I remember when the curtain rose for the first time to my astonished view, how my heart bounded for joy as I viewed the rich and dazzling scenery, and drank in the deceitful representations of the actors. The play was *The Road to Ruin,* a true semblance of my future destiny; but little did I then think that I had taken the first step towards consequences fraught with my eternal destruction. The glittering attractions of the stage soon drew me there again, and too soon did I become infatuated with its seductive charms. One fatal step led on to another, until I found myself sliding rapidly down the steep abyss of ruin.'"

"A little restorative, which I procured from the distant nurse of the ward, aroused for a moment, in the struggling effort to swallow, the dying man from what appeared to be his sleep of death. I again called him by his own familiar name: he again, and for the last time in this world, looked at me; but, oh, it was a fearful look! Heaving a deep-drawn, deathly sigh, he put out his emaciated and cold hand, and attempted to speak; his voice failed him; he recovered himself, and made a second effort; it was a desperate one. 'Oh, Mr.————,' calling me by name, 'the theatre, the first-fruits of my transgression, is sending my poor lost soul to hell! Oh, admonish the—the—the '—young, he would have said, but his utterance and his breath were simultaneously interrupted by the death-gurgle. After several ineffectual attempts to breathe freely, during which he firmly yet insensibly grasped my hand, he gave one long gasp, and was no more—his unfettered spirit had forsaken its earthly tenement, and fled to regions beyond the grave."

"Late hours, which prevent all evening devotion, expose to strong temptations, and shroud in darkness 'deeds without a name,' which seem intimately connected with the amusements of the stage. Every theatre has a splendid and well-furnished bar, or saloon, as it is called, where the friends of the drama quench their thirst and inflame their passions. Almost every establishment of this kind is flanked by taverns, recesses, and houses of bad fame, which, from their vicinity to the theatre, bring enormous rents to their mercenary proprietors. That habits of intemperance are often acquired as a consequence of attending the theatre is a fact but too well attested in the melancholy history of thousands. Thus, late hours, intemperance, and licentiousness—dark and melancholy trio—appear naturally and necessarily to associate themselves with the amusements of the theatre. And why is it, we may well enquire, that this institution comes so directly into competition with the claims of religion, temperance, and chastity? Why should it, like some great centre of moral evil, draw towards it so many influences of an immoral tendency? Why should the blood of the ruined be found upon its walls? Why, in one word, should it be so intimately connected, not only in the minds of good men, but also, in fact, with all that we hate, with all that we dread?"—*From "Influence of Mind on Mind." By John Bate.*



Wale Street Baptist Chapel, Cape Town.

MOST of our readers must be familiar with the story of Mr. Hamilton's work in Cape Town; for our pages have often contained notices of his self-denying and arduous labours. Leaving the Pastors' College in 1876, he accepted an invitation from a small company of baptized believers, who desired to form a church upon what they considered the principles of the New Testament. For some years, in various halls and with varying success, the work was prosecuted with great vigour; and at last on March 9th, 1882, the pastor had the inexpressible delight of preaching in the new chapel, of which an engraving is given above. No one will say that anything has been wasted on needless ornament; possibly some would suggest that the building would have been quite as useful if it had been somewhat more beautiful. We are informed, however, that the interior is far superior to the exterior, and that in all respects the premises are worthy of the work that is carried on within them. The chapel is situated in a good position, in a street which Mr. Hamilton's monthly magazine, "The Cape Baptist," describes as "broad, quiet, and central." The cost of the chapel, which seats three hundred and fifty persons, and the Sunday-school, which accommodates one hundred and eighty, including £1,900 for the site, is £5,000. Of this sum there still remains too heavy a debt for the church to carry, especially now that the depressed state of trade at the Cape makes it increasingly difficult for the members to support their pastor and the various agencies under his care, as they were able to do in more prosperous times. We have lately received a sorrowful account of the financial difficulties into which,

from no fault of their own, many of Mr. Hamilton's helpers have been plunged. If any friends at home find it in their heart to help their brethren in distress, we shall be happy, as aforetime, to receive and forward their contributions; or they may be sent direct to Pastor W. Hamilton, Kloof-street, Cape Town, South Africa. This advanced post must not be deserted. We believe that a prosperous future is in store for it; but just now the pinch is felt, and aid is needed. The opponents of this good work would be in high glee if they thought it would fail, and we must by no means afford them this opportunity for rejoicing. A substantial diminution of debt would be a true God-send at this critical juncture, and we present our fervent prayer to God that friends may be found who take such an interest in South Africa that they will speedily lend a helping hand to this good work.

To Poets.

A SENSIBLE man gives the following advice to poets:—"In order to write poetry suitable for publication, it is necessary, firstly, either to understand the art of versification, or to possess a singularly correct ear; secondly, the poet must have something to write about, something more than a general desire to die, or to be a star; and thirdly, when he feels the fit coming on, he should go and dig in the garden, and so work off the attack."

We commend this advice to the many young people who have poetry on the brain, and feel that they must versify, or else explode. These are a numerous and prolific race, and we are blessed with a considerable share of them among our noble band of readers. Our gratitude for their splendid stanzas is so great, that we tremble to have it increased. Nobody can be more glad than we are to be favoured with contributions of real poetry; but the many verses we receive which do not even rhyme, and have no reason in them if they did rhyme, have compelled us to submit a little drawing to our poetical correspondents. It will be seen at the bottom of these lines, and we hope that none of the lines of our poetical readers will be seen within it. We trust that they will consider whether this wicker depository represents a desirable goal for their literary exertions. If so, it stands ever open to receive manuscripts. These should be accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors; not necessarily for publication, more probably for cremation. We would, however, urge composers to seek a nobler destiny: if they really must write, let them try their hand at *cheques for the Stockwell Orphanage*. Poetry may be silver, but cheques are golden.



Anticipating the last Judgment.

THERE is a story told of two soldiers who, being in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the one said to the other, "Here in this place shall be the general judgment, and therefore I will now take up my place where I will then sit;" and so, lifting up a stone, he sat down upon it, as taking his place beforehand; but, as he sat there, such a quaking and trembling fell upon him, that, falling to the earth, he remembered the day of judgment with horror and amazement for ever after.

Might it not be of exceeding value to many of our friends if they would try and seat themselves in the place which they will occupy at the last great day? Let them think that it has come, and that they are present, for it will soon be so. Let them look up, and realize the scene. Behold, a great white cloud comes floating upward and forward, and on the cloud there is a great white throne, from which everything is reflected of the past and present of mortal men. Gazing around for a moment, the mighty multitude astounds and amazes the beholder. The dead are there, and all the millions of the living. The sea has yielded up every corpse, and every foot of earth teems with myriads upon myriads of long-buried men. All eyes are turned towards the cloud, and the throne, and the Son of God,who sits thereon, surrounded by an innumerable company of angels. Who can adequately conceive,

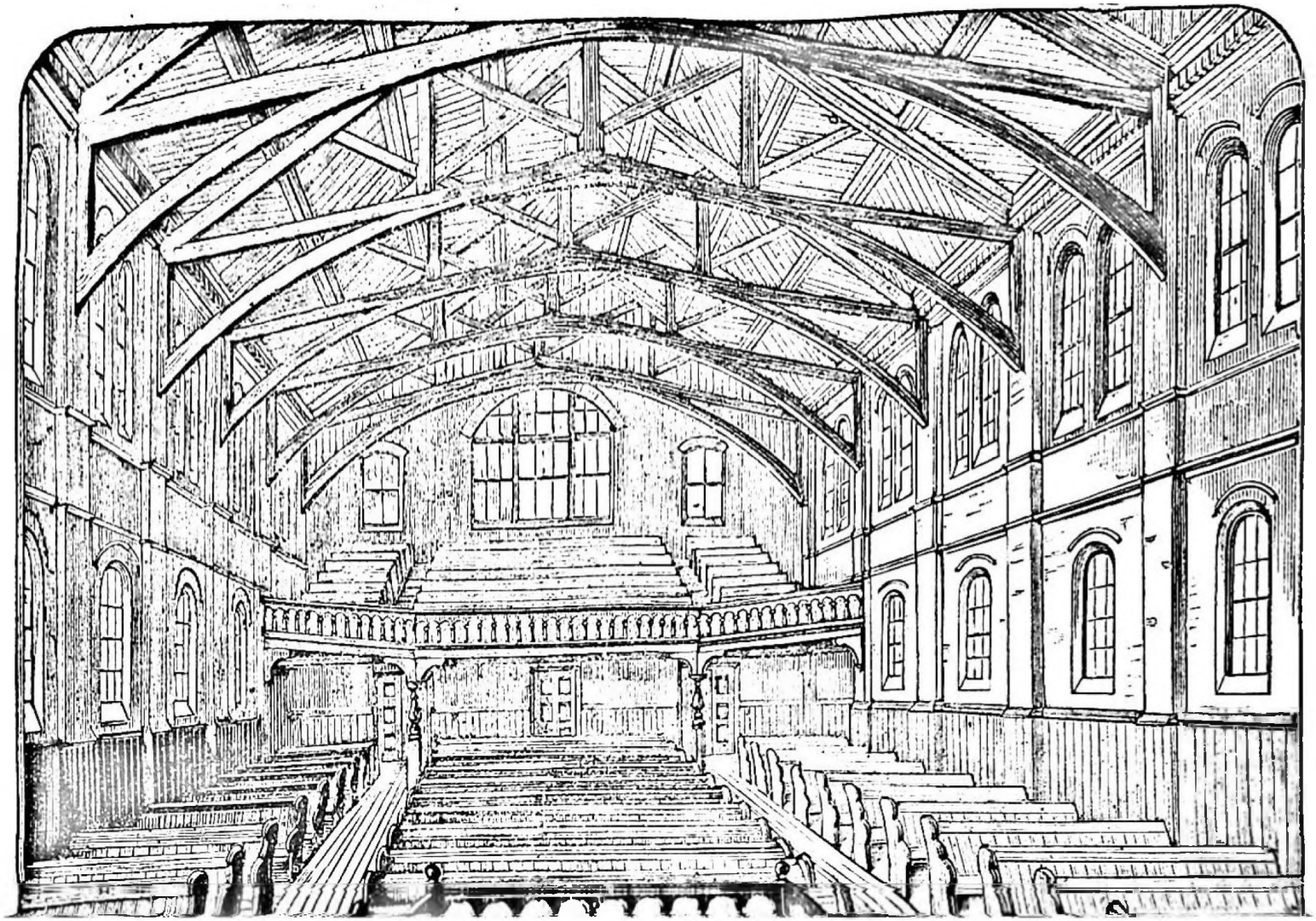
"The pomp of that tremendous day, When Christ with clouds shall come?"

See the books are opened, and the last assize begins, with sound of trumpet. It is even now at our doors, and the thought of it is enough to arouse the fears and startle the consciences of all but the most brutal and graceless of men.

The putting off or forgetting of the Lord's coming and the judgment is the cause of much hardness of heart. The evil servant would not have behaved himself so ill if he had looked upon his master's return as near at hand. Men who have death at their elbow, and see judgment before their eyes, are likely to break off their sins by righteousness, and seek to be reconciled to God. I have heard of the women of a certain island, that the first sheet they wove was the winding-sheet, and this they kept by them: I am afraid that this fashion has long since died out, and that both men and women live as if there would be no hereafter. This is the root of much of the impiety of our age.

Sit down, dear reader, if you are as yet unsaved, and take an hour for this solemn exercise: it may prove the turning-point of your history. In a few years you will be one of that vast assembly, and have to answer for every deed and word of your life. Think of it long; picture it vividly; let it work upon your mind. Though at the first it fill you with fear and trembling, it may conduct you to the Saviour's feet, and then, looking up to him with penitential faith, you may hear how to "have boldness in the day of judgment." If you fly to Jesus as your Saviour you will not fear to face him as your King. It has been well said, "Thou wilt meet the Great Day well if thou get the Great Judge to judge thee every day."

Suppose that this night you should start up, and find the day of grace over, and the day of judgment beginning! Suppose you should within an hour hear the Lord Jesus say to you, "Depart!" These are no vain imaginings. If you remain as you are they will be true ere long. Do but put them before your mind's eye a little before the time, that you may judge of the wisdom of running so grave a risk. Those who wish to act well on great public occasions rehearse their parts beforehand. Unconverted friend, rehearse your part, and prepare yourself to receive the dread sentence which awaits all who are out of Christ. Are you afraid to think of it? Be much more afraid of enduring it! If even to dream of the Last Day is a terrible event, what must it be then to be there in reality? The prisoner who will not even think of his trial is in his conscience assured of a verdict of condemnation. Would he not be far wiser to seek for a Counsellor to plead his cause? Will you not seek One? Jesus, the faithful Counsellor, asks no fee. Commit your cause into his hand, and you need not fear the Last Assize.



A Letter from Mr. Spurgeon.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Before "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" had been so pathetically reported by the press, friends connected with the Tabernacle had thought of the poor of Bermondsey, and set to work to help them. Among the best of the agencies which grew out of this thoughtfulness was the Green Walk Mission, led by Mr. William Olney, jun., which has proved to be no mere attempt at Mission work, but a solid success. Under God, the marked prosperity of every part of the work may, beyond all doubt, be ascribed to the zeal, industry, and self-denial of the leader; but by the grace of God there has been gathered around him a singularly gracious body of people, at once docile and energetic, sensible and enthusiastic. I feel that when men like young Mr. Olney are raised up, the least thing that we can do is to find them a suitable place in which to carry on their beneficent efforts. Queen-bees are hard to find; and when one is met with, all the other bees should set to work to build a hive.

We gave the exterior in a former number, and now the interior on the opposite page will show what a noble building has been erected for Mr. Olney's enterprise. It is worthy of its object. Looking over it while in progress, we were delighted with the number and size of the rooms. It is by no means a makeshift, but altogether a model erection, admirably adapted to its purpose. It could not have been better had it been designed for West-end aristocrats, and therefore it is just suited for the poor of Bermondsey. If we do things meanly for the poor they are likely to think meanly of it. Our friends earnestly desired to designate the new hall after the Pastor of the Tabernacle; but as he just as earnestly declined the honour, a compromise has been effected, and the place is to be called Haddon Hall, which is, and yet is not, the Pastor's name, but is a pleasing musical name for a happy and handsome edifice.

Friends at the Tabernacle and in Bermondsey have given right royally, so that £5,205 has come in to the Fund, and this has been a great joy to my heart. Messrs. Barrow, and the three Olney brothers and other donors must have special mention; but the array of smaller donors is equally remarkable. On the whole it is well done, and is a fair example of Christian willinghood, and a proof that Christian people are not negligent of what somebody, fonder of Latin than I am, has called "the lapsed masses." The spiritual work has come first, and the material structure has followed in due course. The dirty, awkward rooms in Green Walk, where, by-the-way, not a green blade ever grows, have been the nursery for a hopeful family, which will now be the commencement of a well-housed, self-supporting Mission. With God's sure blessing the future is full of joyous hope.

Now, there will be one blot on it all unless God's goodness shall move generous friends to prevent the evil. It is feared that there may be a debt of £1,300. No Tabernacle enterprise has ever yet been in debt. No building raised under our immediate auspices has ever been opened without being paid for. Is this to be an exception to an admirable rule? Shall we tarnish our laurels? If those who have not given will now come up to the mark, the thing will be done. It is due to our Lord, to whom we owe so much, that this matter should not be left in doubt: our willing liberality must decide that this house for the Lord and the Lord's poor shall be put into trust free of all liability—present or future. May this be the case on the day of opening in February next! This will greatly gladden the heart of your friend and Pastor, now resting at Mentone. It will make it a delight to open the building in February.

C. H. SPURGEON.

December, 1883.

Notices of Books.

We regret that certain cards issued by John S. Wheeler, 88, Mildmay Park, were mistaken by us for the productions of our Mildmay Park friends. We cannot blame ourselves for making the mistake, for Mr. Wheeler does publish the Mildmay cards as well as his own, and how were we to know the other from which? We would now speak our most enthusiastic language in praise of the real Mildmay cards. They are, as our wife says, "*truly lovely.*" In them there is something quite new, and, above all, about them there is a holy fragrance. They are sweetly gracious. The publisher in the City is J. E. Hawkins, 21, Paternoster-square. The praise we gave to Mr. Wheeler's publications was well deserved, and he is by no means to blame for our error, neither can we be blamed either: there is a mixture of name and place which must mislead.

The cards issued by *S. Hildesheimer and Co.* are to be commended for taste and beauty to the very highest point. Readers should notice the name, and look for it when making purchases. Our wonder is excited at the ever new forms of these cards, and at their constant excellence. Those upon satin are special works of art. We are lost as to how to speak of them: each one is first-class, yet the next is better; indeed every one is best, if such an expression may be tolerated. This firm evidently gives itself to this *spécialité*, and it takes a place in the market second to none.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit for 1883. Passmore and Alabaster.

This is our Twenty-ninth Volume, making 1,756 sermons, published successively in the same form; this is an unexampled feat, and we are deeply grateful to God that we have been permitted to accomplish it. Besides this, we must have issued some five hundred other sermons in different shapes. Of their usefulness the evidence daily increases, but it is hardly our place to say a word upon the subject. Here our publishers present the world with a year's morning sermons for seven shillings; may the Lord make them worth much more to every reader.

The Postman. A house-to-house Evangel. Edited by W. Y. Fullerton. Passmore and Alabaster.

This is a lively, useful, popular monthly. We wish it an immense circulation. If it were to reach a million a month its sale would not exceed its merits.

Baptist Almanack and Congregational Hand-book. Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

Most useful as a guide to chapels, ministers, and Sunday-schools. A portrait of our beloved brother, Archibald Brown, adorns the opening page: he is doing as much good as any man living, and if Outcast London shall be remembered and restored, it will be principally due to his enthusiastic pity. The almanack at two-pence is well worth the money.

The Welcome. Partridge and Co.

This annual makes a royal volume, worthy of any princely drawing-room. As we see the monthly issues of this magazine we are surprised at the wealth of illustration lavished upon it, and at the high-level of its letter-press: in the yearly form, if it does not actually surpass everything in its own line, it may nevertheless be described as equal to the best, and second to none. "The Welcome" is always welcome.

Our Darlings: The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. Edited by T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Dr. Barnardo here produces a finely illustrated magazine for the young which is second to none. The cover is charming. Three shillings is little enough in all conscience for so superb a volume.

Something for Sunday. By C. Shaw. Shaw and Co. One shilling.

A very commendable plan for enabling the young folks to spend an hour of the Sabbath in an interesting and profitable manner. There are forty-eight pages with Bible subjects prepared in various ingenious devices. Much may be learned while these papers are being filled up from the Scriptures.

Dainty Drawings for Little Painters. Outline pictures by T. Pym, with descriptive stories by C. Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Pretty pictures for the little ones to colour. A lot of delight for a shilling.

All Play. By Ismay Thorn. Pictures by T. Pym. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Sure to please the growing tinies, and likely to leave valuable lessons upon their minds. We think it one of the best of the Christmas books for the very juveniles. Price 3s. 6d.

Mistaken. By Annie S. Swan. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

A sterling story, stirringly told. We shall be "mistaken" if every miss is not taken with the book. Those who read and heed will be better by it; so all had better buy it.

Marion Forsyth; or, Unspotted from the World. By Annie S. Swan. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

"The Christian Life" series is decidedly enriched by this story-book. We feel sure it must help on in the Christian life all who read it. Buy it and try it.

Our Boys and Girls. Vol. for 1883. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

A good shilling's worth. The cover is well executed.

Twelve Merry Little Folks. What they Did and what they Didn't. Being the "Little Folks" Annual for 1884. Cassell and Company.

Sixpence will, in this instance, buy a great lot of nonsense, full of rattling fun; but not quite in our line.

Family Friend. Vol. for 1883. Partridge.

Beautiful! Within and without this is a charming book. Just the thing for a present.

Bemrose and Son's Daily Calendar, Bemrose's Scripture Calendar for 1884. Bemrose, 23, Old Bailey.

We always use one or other of these Calendars in our study, and in this practical manner show our appreciation of them. You rend off a paper each day, and this leaves the new date before you in a bold, red letter, which can be seen across the room.

Bemrose's Separate Monthly Diaries are first-rate for the waistcoat pocket. The twelve monthly parts, like the Calendars, are to be had for one shilling.

The Christmas Rose. James Clarke and Co.

A surprising amount of fun and pictures for sixpence. A rare Christmas flower indeed.

A Life's Motto; or, Clement Markwood's Victory. By W. J. Lacey.
Miss Blake's Tinies. By Fanny Simon.
Anthony Rogers; or, Led by a Child. By Mrs. Skinner.
Cousin Dorry; or, Three Measures of Meal. By Mrs. Clarke. Sunday School Union.

Four very charming little books, full of the fragrance and sweetness of gospel truth.

Far-Famed Tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. John Hogg.

This selection of eleven of the wonderful stories from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments has been made with the object of providing the young with an edition of the tales free from that which might be injurious to them. With seventy-eight capital wood engravings the book is well worth half-a-crown.

The Country Gentlemen, and the Church of England in the Years 1628 *to* 1641. By the author of "The Creed of the Gospel of St. John." Bickers and Son.

Our anonymous author is far happier and abler on theological subjects than on ecclesiastical and political ones. We had occasion to commend very highly his former treatise; but the present one seems to be so warped by prejudice in favour of State Establishments as to sink into one long special plea in their defence. How we wish these Church champions could but see that any strength possessed by a church of Christ must be spiritual, and hence her disestablishment would only mean the removing of that which hampers her best life and service! No better service could be rendered to Liberationists than the issue of a few more pamphlets such as this.

The Mosaic Sacrifices. By Rev. Alexander Stewart. Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.

Considering these discourses as the result of notes written after retirement from the sanctuary, they are remarkably consecutive and clear. They are not, however, without indications of their origin, and doubtless come far short of the impression produced by their delivery. They are evidently the result of a very careful study of the ritual observances of the Mosaic law, and of their fulfilment in the person and work of him who came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. There is neither too much allegorizing, nor too little. The removal of guilt before God by the shedding of blood, and of defilement from man by the influences of the Spirit, are clearly distinguished. Although the Mosaic sacrifices are the professed subject of discussion, they are not unfrequently forgotten in representations of the one offering that perfects for ever them that are sanctified. The good old Scotch Divinity comes out in a clear and certain sound; and not from the New Testament merely, but from the Old. "The gospel of Leviticus according to the Rev. Alexander Stewart" would be a most suitable title for this book.

Sermons and Lectures. By John Gregg, D.D. London: Hatchard.

We have before had occasion to speak well of the published sermons and addresses of Dr. Gregg. The present volume consists of sermons and lectures edited by his son who has succeeded him in the Episcopacy of Cork. There is an expository clearness in them, a familiarity of address, a devotional fervour, and an earnest appeal to the unconverted, which give freshness and new interest to well-known truths. Doctrine, experience, and practice are in due proportion to each other, and are inseparably blended together. These are model discourses for simplicity of sentiment and style, and are equally adapted to a cathedral and a country barn. It is well when a minister does not need to seek a reputation for talent and learning in his public teaching, and is at liberty to restrain rather than indulge his intellectual attainments and literary taste in accommodation to the capacity of his hearers. We have a remarkable example of this in the sermons before us. They were taken down, it should be observed, as they are here presented, by some lady hearers as they were extemporaneously delivered; but this none would have known if they had not been so informed. We wonder not that they should have attracted much attention, coming as they did from a Church dignitary, and being so distinguished for their plain, familiar, and useful style.

The Laws and Polity of the Jews. By E. W. Edersheim. Religious Tract Society.

If we buy a gold chain we like to see the Hall-mark on every link; but when we purchase a new book we can hardly expect from the publishers a similar warranty of its soundness. And yet the Monogram of the Religious Tract Society on a title-page is a tolerably sure certificate that the work is sterling. "The laws and polity of the Jews" is a digest of the Pentateuch; or rather of the four later books of the Pentateuch. Israel was a nation under the special government of Jehovah her King. Her laws and statutes were revealed by God perfect and complete. No other nation under heaven in this respect is like unto her. With all other peoples, legislation is progressive: and their polity changes at the will of Prince or Parliament. Far otherwise was it with the Hebrew race. While yet her tribes sojourned on the east of Jordan, or ever they were given the land of promise in possession, the constitution of the kingdom was so irrevocably fixed that these remarkable words occur as an oracle of the Lord God by the mouth of his servant Moses—"What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." Please mark that passage in your Bible—Deuteronomy xii. 32—and let no modern Sadducee rob you of its meaning or of its antiquity. The Christian jurist or moralist does well to take heed to such a statute-book, and to take advantage of any help to classify and interpret its precepts. With the Scripture spread open before him, Mr. Edersheim's manual will stir the student's meditation and strengthen his memory.

The Parables of Jesus: a Book for the Young. By the Rev. JAMES WELLS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

INVALUABLE for senior scholars. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Wells should find himself almost alone in his attempt to prepare the Parables of our Lord for young people. It does not matter, however, for he has done his work thoroughly well; so well, indeed, that his expositions may be read by the ablest divines with profit, and yet they will enchain the attention of children. Mr. James Wells is a born preacher for youth.

Lessons on the Life of Jesus. By Rev. WM. SCRYMGEOUR. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

ONE of a series of Handbooks for Bible classes, edited by Dr. Marcus Dods and Dr. Alexander Whyte. About sixteen volumes have been already issued at prices varying from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., and about as many more are in preparation. The leading incidents of our Lord's life on earth are here mapped out in thirty-two lessons. In the absence of any special feature, such a work challenges no special remark.

Outlines of Old Testament Study, Historical and Critical. G. Morrish.

WE cannot positively offer our readers any other personal introduction to the author of these "Outlines" than his initials. E. E. W. may, perhaps, be as familiar to them as J. N. D. and C. H. M. are to us. These ciphers are the patent of a denomination that is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but peculiar. We will accept our good brother's own summary of his work—"a short survey of an immense subject." That subject is the sacred canon. The service he would render students is to acquaint them with those matters deemed of most importance amongst Hebrew scholars. In some sense, a disciple of Mr. Darby, he urges on all who would understand the Scriptures to acquire, at least, an elementary knowledge of the original tongues in which they were written. With one caveat we approve his counsel. The utmost your self-taught men can commonly attain to is a capacity to understand the criticism of others more learned than themselves. We cannot tolerate their taking to that trade on their own account. E. E. W., of Oxford, appears to be a specialist, well acquainted with the versions. In the close fellowship to which, we presume, he belongs, there has been a fair average of well-instructed scribes, whose reputation has run over the wall. Light and learning, like faith and love, cannot be bounded by the narrow test of breaking bread together on the Lord's day.

The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments. Translated from the Original Texts. Part I., Genesis to Joshua. London: G. Morrish.

THE late Mr. J. N. Darby took great delight in reading, and in recommending others to read the Holy Scriptures without note or comment. Need we observe that, in reading aloud, tone and accent go far to interpret the sense? But Mr. Darby preferred his own rendering of the sacred text to the authorized version. We suppose that he translated at first hand from the Hebrew and Greek into English. Afterwards, when ministering on the Continent, he translated from the original tongues into German and French. His survivors, it would appear, set much store by his new translation; but they think it good to revise his English work by collating from the German and French editions his own latest improvements. The complete volume may prove a fitting monument to his memory; and it may be occasionally referred to. We sincerely hope that nothing further is contemplated. This "*one man's Bible*" to be used exclusively at the meetings of those who object to the "*one man ministry*," would be awkward. It might make the breach wider between evangelical Christians in general and the brethren who have separated themselves. For our own part, we are always grateful for good marginal readings; but we are less and less disposed to countenance any tampering with the text. The older we grow the more conservative we become. We have had ten thousand messages from God to our soul in the very words of our English Bible; and we have prayed over and preached about the precepts and promises it enshrines, till we feel a vested interest in the volume as it is.

Mine own people. By Louisa M. Gray. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A fascinating love-story of a poor woman's daughter, who was taken into the home of a nobleman to be companion to his little girl. All goes well till she is eighteen years of age, when the young lord and his brother fall madly in love with her, and she is sent back to her "own people." Her troubles drive her to the Saviour, and in due course she is married to the earl's second son. The composition of the narrative is excellent; but it is a sad waste of time to write a five-hundred-paged novel about—next to nothing!

Herbert Dalton: a Tale of Fame and Fortune. By Mary Elizabeth Bacot. Partridge and Co.

They who haste to be rich will not long be innocent. The story in this book is a commentary upon that sentence. Very well told, and therefore telling.

About Ourselves. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c. Nisbet and Co.

Earnestly written, but we greatly fear that it will not be read by the people for whom it is intended. The style is deeply serious, but it lacks points and hooks wherewith to catch and hold the attention. This authoress is evidently very capable, gracious and zealous to win souls, and therefore we expect to see her yet produce a book by which many will be led to Jesus. In the present instance we doubt not that some readers will be struck by the earnestness of the writer, and if they are thereby induced to read her book we confidently hope that it will be to their benefit.

The Wigwam and the War-Path; or, Tales of the Red Indians. By Ascott R. Hope.

These sadly true stories of the red men are painfully interesting. We began to read the volume, and were compelled to read to the end. What a record of human sin in its most repulsive form! Which was worse—the pale face, or the copper skin? The red man was a little more savage than the white; but then the white was the aggressor, and sinned against greater light. The good Lord forgive the deeds of our fathers against all aboriginal races! To hope for this we must prevent all repetition of the crime. In this volume we meet with many stories which we have known from our youth up, but we are glad to have them thus gathered into one. This handsome work will, doubtless, command a large number of readers, who will be horrified with the ghastly details, and yet so fascinated as to feel forced to wade through the crimson record.

Uncle James's Sketch-book. Willie Anson; or, Trust and Try. Kidnapped; or, Lewis Lloyd's Adventures in Virginia. Sunday School Union.

Three shilling story-books of the best quality. We specially commend Mr. Crowther's "Sketch Book."

Richard Slade: a Story for Young and Old. By Charles Ernest. Partridge and Co.

A far better story than we usually light upon. It pleasingly enforces the highest delicacy of honour, and shows how providence defends perfect integrity. We advise its purchase. Price 1s. 6d.

"*Red Dave,*" and *Poppy.* By M. S. MacRitchie. *Brown Jacket and Her Little Heathen.* "*Vic*": *the Autobiography of a Pomeranian Dog.* Partridge and Co.

Surely never did the juvenile book-market see prettier sixpennyworths than these. Let them charm a million children.

The Story of James Brewster. By Rev. P. W. Darnton.

The Shorn Lambs. By Lucretia Maybury.

Gerty's Childhood.

Three pretty sixpenny books by the Sunday School Union. Good taste without, and good type within. Each one a little gem for the money.

The Soul's Communion with her Saviour; or, The History of our Lord Jesus Christ. Digested into devout meditations. T. Woolmer.

May be helpful to a certain order of minds; but of no use to us. Ready-made prayers and devotions are no more in our line than ready-made coats.

Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith. By Professor F. Godet. Translated by W. H. Lyttelton. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Six out of these seven lectures were written in reply to direct attacks upon the teaching of Holy Scripture. In one of them at least Mons. Godet is careful to explain that he does not offer an unprovoked challenge to scepticism. At Neuchatel, where he lives and labours, professors of repute among the people saturate the atmosphere with doubt. Under these circumstances Professor Godet felt called upon to disinfect the region, and we are glad that he has done so. We import infidelity from the Continent, a prodigious amount per annum; it is refreshing to receive a consignment of sound doctrine from the cantons of Switzerland or the departments of France. As to France,—socially, politically, religiously,—she is in an everlasting stew. It was a Jew who said to us the other day, "Had France elected to be Protestant, how strangely different her modern history would have been!"

"God with Us;" or, The Believer's Portion. By Anna Shipton. Nisbet and Co.

Those who know Anna Shipton's style will find all the tender, personal love for Jesus, and the power to interpret his truth that springs therefrom, in these short, bright, gracious papers.

Afflicted Christians will especially find there that sympathy and understanding of their needs which is so helpful when bearing the cross. The type is bold and easily readable, which makes it peculiarly suitable for the sick and suffering. May it be very successful in its mission of blessing and comfort.

Love Enthroned: Essays on Evangelical Perfection. By Daniel Steele, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

Amid much that is good, we see very much to differ from. We have met with those who called themselves perfect, and we knew their boastings to be lies. We have known others who were blameless, and we have found them bemoaning their own imperfections. Let us press forward to perfection; but let us never glory in ourselves as though we had reached it. Those who brag of their perfection prove their own imperfection.

The Law of Jehovah. By James Matthew, B.D., Minister of Free St. John's Church, Haddington. James Nisbet and Co.

These didactic addresses on the ten commandments of the Decalogue were delivered by the author to his own congregation in the ordinary course of his ministry. A prefatory sermon very properly draws attention to the solemn manner in which God introduced the Siniatic covenant, saying, "I am Jehovah thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." Thus their Lawgiver is their Redeemer. He first makes his people free and then gives them a law: freedom and holiness must go together. A supplementary discourse on "Christ's Fulfilment of the Law" fitly closes the volume, wherein it is shown that our Lord expounded its fulness, and personally lived out its requirements and now produces conformity to it in believers.

The Highway of Holiness: Helps to the Spiritual Life. By W. Kay Aitken, M.A. "The Mission Pulpit." Second Series. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A series of Mission Sermons to professed Christians, practical and experimental in tone, and displaying considerable knowledge of the human heart. They scarcely exhibit enough brightness and imagination to make them popular even among Christians; certainly not to those whose interest in the gospel has yet to be awakened. What does Mr. Aitken mean when, as a minister of an Establishment that sprinkles infants, rather than immerses believers, he says, "O child of God, it is high time you got back again to the place you started from. Go *down into the water* a second time, and learn better than you have ever yet learned, what it is to be *baptized into the death of Christ and raised in his resurrection*"? We rubbed our eyes and said, "Surely, this man is a Baptist!"

Poems and Elegies. By JAMES WARD. Printed for the author, by Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, Fann-street.

WE have read many worse verses than these. The author evidently lends his skill in versification to interest the Bible-classes and aid the Benevolent Societies to which he belongs. As a worker with our neighbour Dr. Davies, he sings of the brotherhood at York-road, and of all sorts of good people and things in a way which we have no wish to criticize. Whether such verses rise to the dignity of print or not, they are sure to be appreciated by audiences acquainted with their writer; and they serve a very useful purpose, even if they only brighten up a single evening and engrave one godly thought upon the mind.

Bible Pictures for Little People. By UNCLE HARRY. Sunday School Union.

JUST what the title says it is. Some of the representations of our Lord are dreadful, and, truth to say, we do not feel enraptured with any of the engravings; but still the good intent may well cover a multitude of faults. Externally the book is in excellent taste.

Voices of The Good Shepherd and Shadows of the Great Rock. By the author of "Morning and Night Watches," etc. Nisbet and Co.

TEXTS arranged for each day of a month. Dr. Macduff has a grand faculty for producing attractive books. We do not quite see any specific use for this arrangement of passages of Scripture; nevertheless we doubt not that when pieced together in this dainty form they will be more surely read, and read by more.

Satan's Guile and Satan's Wiles. By E. LLOYD JONES. Partridge.

A little book, or rather a pamphlet of less than seventy pages, divided into six chapters, in which the author expresses common truths in chaste language. It is printed in beautiful type, and each page is enclosed and embellished with four red-ink lines.

Notes.

THE editor is at Mentone, but he has carefully prepared and arranged every page of the present Magazine, and sends it forth with the best wishes for the New Year to all friends and readers. The following letter was read at the Tabernacle on Dec. 16:—

"To my church, congregation, and readers.

"Your affectionate interest in me is not satisfied unless I send a short note during my absence, and on my part it is a great pleasure to communicate with you. When I left home I felt utterly spent, both in body and mind, and this last form of exhaustion was conducting me down into those depressions which render life a burden. But already the load is gone. I am rested and restored, and now the days are spent in reading and meditation, and the gathering of stores for future use,—this performed in a way which fills, but does not strain the mind. I am deeply grateful for this quiet resting-place, and ask your prayers that I may return, in due time, in good order for another year's service.

"Thirty years' labour in a position which tests all my powers, and drives me to draw from the divine strength, has not been without its wear and tear with me. A while longer I hope I may be permitted to take my part in the Lord's service. If I may have his presence, and your patient love, I shall count myself thrice happy. May the blessing of the Most High God rest upon all my helpers in the Lord's work.

"Yours to serve through life,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Weather in Mentone is not quite so warm as usual, but still splendid as compared with England. Under the olives it is sweet to sit in mingled shade and sunshine, and meditate upon that providence which it truthfully represents. Many earnest Christians are here, and so there is no lack of holy fellowship; but the most precious things to a worn thinker and speaker are the grand opportunities for quiet which the gardens, rocks, roads, and mountain-sides afford. No lover of gaiety would care to be in this town; there is nothing to his taste in that line; but the thoughtful student and devout lover of solitude can rest to the top of his bent from sunrise to sunset. Visitors have not yet arrived in any great number: in all probability the singularly mild weather at home till December has allowed invalids to linger longer in their own dear homes.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr.

R. E. Glendening has become pastor of the church at Elgin, N.B.; Mr. J. W. Hartley has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work on the River Congo; and Mr. James Smith has settled at Romsey, Hants. Spheres are readily found for promising men when they are ready, and in several cases of our students they have been desired by two or more churches. Prayer is entreated for every brother upon his settlement, as also for new men just entering College.

Our generous friend, Mr. W. Gibson, writes that he hopes the new Tabernacle at Launceston, Tasmania, will be finished by March 1st, and that our son Thomas will be present at the opening. He adds, "I am thankful to be able to tell you that the men we have from the College are all doing well. Mr. McCullough has left Longford, and gone to Hobart, where he is likely to do a good work. Harry Wood takes his place." Mr. Bird sails this month for Launceston, in the S.S. *John Elder*. How greatly we long that Mr. Gibson's splendid liberality to the work in Tasmania may be rewarded by the prosperity of Mr. Bird and all the other brethren now engaged in the Lord's work on the island!

Mr. W. V. Young, who is going to Ipswich, Queensland, in the S.S. *Liguria*, reports his safe arrival at Cape Town. Mr. B. W. Clinch, who went to Australia for the benefit of his health, has formed a new church, under the auspices of the Queensland Baptist Association, at Maryborough, Queensland. With these brethren our best wishes and prayers go forth to the southern regions, where new empires are springing up, which in the future will be populous, and exercise great influence.

On *Wednesday evening, November* 28, the annual meeting of the College was held at the Tabernacle. A considerable number of friends met for tea, and afterwards many more arrived, nearly filling the building by the time the proceedings commenced. The President, C. H. Spurgeon, occupied the chair, and spoke of the continued need of such an Institution for training preachers of sound doctrine and the cross of Christ. The Vice-president, J. A. Spurgeon, read the list of students who had entered the ministry, at home or abroad, since the last Conference; Professor Fergusson, as the representative of the tutors, and Messrs. H. Driver and W. C. Bryan, on behalf of the students, delivered addresses; anthems and hymns were sung by the orphan children; and the remainder of the evening was devoted to a lecture by C. H. Spurgeon, on "Martin Luther," with dissolving views illustrative of the principal persons and places connected with the great Reformer. This gathering was particularly interesting from the fact that it was the last week-evening on which the Pastor met his flock before leaving England. We trust that our many friends will think of this Institution, now more needed than ever, and take care that its work shall never be hindered by lack of funds, as indeed it never has been.

EVANGELISTS.—Mr. Medhurst's anticipations concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Portsmouth appear to have been fully realized. From the commencement to the close the mission has been very successful, and large numbers have professed to find the Saviour at the meetings. Special gatherings for men were held on Sunday afternoons, for women on Wednesdays, and for children on Saturdays; and song services were given on Saturday evenings. On each occasion the spacious chapel was crowded with those whose presence was desired, and eternity alone can reveal the extent of the blessing received; but enough is already known to make us rejoice that the arm of the Lord has once more been made bare in the midst of his people, and that the Holy Spirit has again set his seal upon the preaching and singing of the everlasting gospel. Mr. Medhurst has already baptized nearly seventy converts as the result of the mission, and many more are expected to follow them; while the noble sum of £90 has been forwarded to us as a thankoffering for the Evangelists' services. It is by such spontaneous offerings as these that we are able to keep these two successful soul-winners in the field.

Mr. Burnham, on his arrival at Peterchurch, near Hereford, found most cheering tokens of the blessing that had followed his former visit. Out of a population of 600 no less than 44 have been baptized during the year, and two prayer-meetings have been continued weekly all through the summer and harvest-time. On this occasion the chapel was full night after night, and many were led to the Saviour. Our Bro. Vanstone, who has recently settled at Hay, rendered very valuable help at these services. After leaving Peterchurch, Mr. Burnham went for a second time to Ploughfield, and this month he is engaged at East Finchley, Countesthorpe, and Barton's End, Gloucester. Mr. Burnham earnestly begs to have a brother to go with him, for working alone has many and serious disadvantages; but where is the pay of another man to come from? We quite see the advisability of sending all Evangelists by two and two; but this evangelistic work is growing upon us, and the income as yet barely meets the expenditure; indeed, our brethren Parker and Mateer have to find support for themselves, and we had rather it were not quite so much so. This service should largely pay for itself, and does so as far as Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are concerned, but others need aid. We will use all funds with mingled economy and liberality.

Mr. Russell's visit to Attercliffe was greatly owned of God. Pastor Ensoll and his people had prepared the way for the

coming of the Evangelist by faith and prayer, and from the first service to the last backsliders were reclaimed, sinners converted, and saints strengthened and comforted. The pastor's Bible-class and children of the members of the church have been specially blessed. Mr. Russell has also held evangelistic meetings at Caversham Hill, and Newport, Isle of Wight; and in each place power has rested upon the word preached.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have had a happy and successful season with our Bro. Williams at Leamington, and they have been greatly encouraged by the reports of the continued blessing that has rested upon the work at Keighley since they left.

ORPHANAGE.—In last month's magazine we acknowledged the receipt of £92 0s. 6d., "the amount of a disputed account;" this month a still larger sum, namely, a hundred guineas, has come to the Orphanage funds under similar circumstances. We are sorry that disputes should arise; but when fatherless children are so largely benefited by the contention, our grief is at least somewhat mitigated. Do not get into disputes, dear friends, if you can help it; but if you cannot see eye to eye, get the matter in question settled as speedily and happily as possible by sending a peace-offering to the Treasurer of the Stockwell Orphanage.

Mr. Edward Williams, of Knighton, who has long been a generous contributor to the Orphanage, and an earnest collector for the Institution, has recently arranged for an evening concert in aid of the funds of this portion of our work. With the willing help of a considerable number of friends, the musical gathering was made a great success, and the net proceeds, amounting to £24 6s. 6d., have been safely received by us. For this spontaneous expression of sympathy, we heartily thank Mr. Williams, and all who assisted by their talents or liberality to make up such a substantial sum.

These "Notes" have to be written on a foreign shore before the Orphanage Christmas Festival is held, so we cannot tell our readers about the joy produced by their generous gifts; but we have no doubt that the happy season will be as full as ever of delight to the merry Stockwell lads and lassies, and that their thanks to the founders of the feast will be as hearty and as noisy as in former years. God bless all who have remembered the orphans, and give them —"A Happy New Year," and many of them.

The first week in December was happily spent by Mr. Charlesworth and his choir at Portsmouth, Gosport, Ryde, Cowes, and Southampton. Everywhere they were most kindly received, and the Orphanage funds will be largely benefited by the meetings held. The members of our Brother Medhurst's Bible-class collect through the year for the Orphanage, and on this occasion, through their efforts, and the amount contributed at the meeting in Lake Road Chapel, the first student of the College had the joy of sending us over £100 towards the support of the sister Institution. Our good friend, Pastor H. O. Mackey, led the way at Southampton, and many of the other ministers of the town rendered valuable help, and in consequence the meeting was a great success.

COLPORTAGE.—We are doing our best to stimulate friends to employ colporteurs in connection with the various churches and county associations, but wonder much that the advantages and importance of the agency are not more widely utilized, especially in the villages. Mr. John Chappell, of Calne, Wilts, has recently applied for a colporteur to labour in the neighbourhood of that town. We heartily join with him when he writes—"I hope, God helping us, that we shall continue this work, so as to form *an example to stir up little churches to look after the villages around them, in what appears to me to be the most Christian and economical way.* The neglect of the villages is a sad fault now lying at the doors of our country churches." We are glad, however, that others too are beginning to take this matter in hand. The Norfolk Association has tried one colporteur for a year, and has now guaranteed £40 a year for a second man, who will labour in the villages round Neatishead, assisting in the services on the Lord's-day.

There is a cry for help from our villages as real and as sad as "the Bitter Cry of Outcast London." The same evils are to be found in proportion to the numbers congregated. Ignorance, poverty, neglect of religion, and vice, abound in villages which externally look charming for their rustic beauty. Too often that which is offered to the villagers in the name of religion is but a service of forms and ceremonies, and no real gospel teaching is given. Our colporteurs visit such places, calling from door to door, and offering for sale books and periodicals which interest and instruct the mind, and many of them directly teaching the plan of salvation through faith in the crucified Redeemer. Often the weary invalid, with no other Christian visitor, is cheered by the visit of the colporteur, and many a sinner listens to the gospel message in the cottage meeting or open-air service. Like the apostles, the colporteurs have taught publicly and from house to house, but with this advantage, that by means of the press they leave behind messages that are read when the messenger is far away. The word spoken and the word printed are both largely blessed by God through the agency of the colporteurs. We pray that more labourers may be sent forth to the harvest, and lay the matter of necessary pecuniary support before our readers.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—November 26, ten; November 29, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Fishwick	3	3	0
Collection at Catford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood	2	6	9
Mr. R. E. Willis	15	0	0
Mrs. Dring, contents of collecting-box	0	11	4
Contents of Tabernacle Office collecting-box	1	4	3
"A thousand feet of gas"	0	3	0
Miss M.	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. John Houghton's legacy	50	0	0
Mrs. Dalgliesh	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	1	0
Mr. R. W. Medhurst	2	2	0
A friend in Owen Sound, Ontario ...	2	0	0
M. W.	0	5	0
Miss A. Green	0	6	0
Mr. Thomas R——...	10	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	5	0	0
Mr. George White	1	0	0
E. D., per Mr. Murrell	0	10	0
Eskdaill. N.	0	10	0
Mrs. Philip Hurrell	2	0	0
Mr. E. Russell	3	3	0
Postal order from Perth	0	5	0
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	6
Mrs. MacIntyre	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	2	6
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Smith	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading :—			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Mr. A. Richardson... ... 1 0 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Mrs. Jno. Leach 0 10 0			
	4	2	0
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
Part annual collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	2	5	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	10	0
Mr. Edward Lines...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Arnold...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bentall	0	10	0
Dr. MacGill...	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Friends at Langham, Essex, per Pastor G. H. Kemp	0	10	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Nov. 18 ... ... 8 3 3			
,, 25 ... ... 100 0 0			
Dec. 2 ... ... 23 5 0			
,, 9 ... ... 21 16 9			
	153	5	0
	£287	3	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Cammack	5	0	0
A sister in the Lord	0	5	0
J. J. H. H., per J. A. S.	5	0	0
The Misses Roberts	1	1	0
A. M. G.	0	2	6
Mr. Worthington, per Mr. Philbrick ...	1	0	0
S. A. R.	0	2	6
Malachi iii. 10	0	3	0
A Sermon-reader	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Hughes	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. John Houghton's Legacy	20	0	0
A friend at Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	0	5	0
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
Mrs. Charles Nash's young ladies' work, Weston-super-mare	2	0	0
Collection at Exeter Hall after sermon to young men, by C. H. Spurgeon ...	20	0	0
One who was at Exeter Hall	0	1	2
The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	0	0
Miss K. Dodwell	0	2	0
Stronc House Sunday-school, per Mrs. Moubray	0	10	6
Westbourne-grove Chapel Young Men's Bible-class	2	2	0
Mr. C. C. Cowper	0	10	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	1	0	0
M. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
"The haven of peace"	5	0	0
F. G. W.	0	10	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
Miss A. Green	0	6	0
A commercial traveller	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon	5	0	0
A Welshman	200	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. E. J. Howell	0	10	0
Miss M.	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Bradley	1	0	0
Rev. G. Cobb, Stradbroke	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	5	0	0
T. E. D.	5	0	0
Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.	10	0	0
J. C.	0	10	0
Miss K. Johnston	1	0	0
Cairngorm	0	10	0
J. B. L.	0	4	6
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0
Mrs. Leask	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	6
J. S. and I. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Cunnington	2	2	0
Miss J. Morey	0	5	0
J. H. P., Stapenhill	50	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow	105	0	0
Miss S. Heath	0	10	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer, per Mr. Geo. Walker	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Kennedy	1	0	0
H. T.	0	2	6
Thankoffering for journeying mercies	0	2	6
Mrs. Philip Hurrell	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Alice McKenzie ...	0	5	0
Collection at Thanksgiving Service at Newton, Craven Arms...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Annual Missionary Meeting, United Presbyterian Church, Stromness ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. L. Fysh, per Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A.	10	0	0
Mr. R. P. Haken	2	2	0
"E. Hooper, East Dulwich"	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Williams, proceeds of concert at Knighton	24	6	6
Mr. R. Purser	1	1	0
Mrs. Hargreave	0	5	0
Mrs. Margaret Angus	2	0	0
"R.," Glasgow	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas M. Cubbin	0	10	0
"Mater"	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss Sarah Ellis	0	5	0
Mr. J. Slater	2	2	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	16	0	0
L. K. D.	1	17	6
Mrs. MacIntyre	0	2	6
In memory of Mrs. Hooley	2	2	0
Louisa Russell	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A widow's child	0	2	6
Miss Simpson and friend	1	0	0
"Housekeeper," Airlie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	2	6
Miss A. England	0	12	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. E. Irving	0	2	6
Mrs. E. A. Dexter...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bew...	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Elizabeth Sampson	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
M. H. Sutton 2 2 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. James Boorne... ... 0 10 0			
James Withers 0 5 0			
H. Cooper 0 1 1			
	3	19	1
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Kate C. Robertson...	0	11	0
"Ballyrophy"	0	2	6
Mr. C. A. Whitaker	1	0	0
Part annual collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	2	5	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class. Collected by:—			
Miss Allen 2 0 0			
Mrs. Wilson... ... ... 0 5 4			
Nurse Davis... ... ... 0 11 6			
Mrs. Perkins 0 2 0			
	2	18	10
Miss M. Scott	0	7	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	7	6
Mrs. W. Colthup	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrat	0	15	0
Miss Jessie Young...	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
Miss Hudson	0	10	0
A widow's mite	0	10	0
From a servant	0	5	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	10	0
Miss M. Tillotson	0	3	0
E. M. Absolon	0	10	0
D. H. Wright	0	3	0
"E. H.," a little girl's first offering ...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. Lees, Salenside	0	5	0
Mr. Maxton...	5	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Arnold	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Cowper	0	5	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
A. S.	0	10	0
G. and A. Woodcock	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bentall	0	10	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Per Pastor W. Giddings:—			
Sermon-reader 0 2 0			
Miss Kidd 0 3 0			
	0	5	0
Collection in English Church, Amsterdam, per Pastor Charles Cole... ...	16	3	6
"A gift from the sea"	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
By sale of Lectures	0	2	3
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Major-General Davidson...	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Jas. Stiff ...	0	12	4
A widow's mite	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Cowan	1	1	0
Master Dudney	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. J. Collier... ...	20	0	0
G. Standley (Boy's Card)	0	6	3
Mrs. S. A. Bowler	0	5	0
Mr. R. H. Love	1	1	0
Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Evans	1	0	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes (In memoriam) ...	1	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
The late Mrs. Paradine's box	0	2	5
Collected by Mrs. Beere	1	7	2
Collected by Misses Norah and Milly Sands	0	13	7
A Friend, per Miss Cockshaw	4	0	0
A Friend, per V. J. C.	0	10	0
"Sixpence per week"	1	6	0
Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir and Handbells:—			
Folkestone, per Pastor F. Jeffery 23 10 0			
Donations—			
Mrs. W. Moore 0 10 0			
Dr. Thos. Eastes 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Holden, J.P. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. S. C. Weston 2 2 0			
Mr. Sharwood 0 5 0			
Mr. Richard Watford ... 0 10 0			
Dr. S. Eastes 1 1 0			
	30	0	0
Ashford, per Pastor E. Roberts ...	17	5	6
Donations and collecting boxes, from Lake Road Chapel, Landport, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	77	17	5
Net proceeds of Orphan Boys' concert, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	30	0	2
East and West Cowes, per Rev. G. Sparks	15	1	0
Ryde, per Rev. J. Lloyd	14	0	0
Part proceeds Service of Song at Band of Hope, East-hill, Wandsworth ...	5	11	2
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	3	0	4
M. M.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Josie Arnold ...	0	7	6
Mr. C. E. Tidswell...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Harris	0	2	6
Mr. S. Wainwright	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Broughton	3	3	0
Miss Burls	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Airey	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Benson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Joseph Benson ...	0	5	0
Master Cecil Benson ...	0	5	0
Miss Grace Benson ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Charlier	0	5	0
Mr. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mrs. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh	0	5	0
	2	10	0
Mrs. Bagster	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Paine	2	2	0
For Christmas Festival:—			
Mr. Wm. McNorton ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Shearman	1	10	6
A friend, per Mrs. Shearman	0	5	0
Eskdaill. N....	0	10	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mrs. Warmington... ...	0	10	0
S. W.	0	5	0
R. S.	0	5	0
B. W.	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Colthup	0	10	0
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Mr. T. Cornborough ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Clover	0	5	0
"Endymion"	0	10	0
R. W. and E. T.	0	4	0
Per Mrs. A. Smith:—			
Bessie, Johnnie, and Bertie	0	5	0
Miss Bunn	0	2	0
Jane	0	2	0
J. C. S.	1	0	0
A. S.	1	0	0
	2	9	0
Miss M. A. Taylor... ...	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	0	10	0
Kent-street Sunday-school Bible-class	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	1	0	0
"A lover of Bairns" ...	0	10	0
Mrs. John Mortlock ...	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0
Mr. W. Swain	2	2	0
			19 10 6
			£986 12 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 14th to December 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: A bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; a sack of Potatoes, Mr. E. J. Gorringe; 10 sacks of Potatoes and a sack of Apples, Mr. J. Howard; a box of Apples, Mrs. Tyson; a bag of Fruit, Vegetables, etc., Mrs. Dodwell; a barrel of Apples, Mr. P. Montin; 720 Eggs, Miss J. Ward; 20 lbs. Raisins and 20 lbs. Currants, Mrs. C. Reynolds; a hamper Apples, Miss Southwood; 30 lbs. Raisins, 30 lbs. Currants, a box of Metz Fruit, and a bottle French Plums, Mrs. S. Arnold.

GENERAL.—Six Handkerchiefs, J. Rickett; 20 Articles for Bazaar, Mrs. Lott; 12 Articles for Bazaar, Mrs. Mowbray; 12 dozen Handkerchiefs, Miss Webber Smith; 3 Scrap Books, Mr. J. Trickett; 12 months' supply of "British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review," Mr. J. B. Mead: 2 Scrap Books, Miss Howard; 8 pairs Knitted Boots, Miss B. Collett; 4 Scrap Books, Anna Mayers; a Scrap Book, well filled, for "Girls' Infirmary," the Reading Young Ladies Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; a box containing Toys and Christmas Cards, Messrs. Phillip Bros.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—73 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 26 Articles, Mrs. Lott; 28 Articles, Mrs. Mowbray; 3 Articles, Mrs. Grange; 5 Articles, Miss E. Chamberlain; 3 Articles, Mrs. Bradbury; 20 Articles, The Ladies' Orphan Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. L. Harvey; a parcel of Worn Garments, Mrs. Stevens; 12 Articles, Mrs. J. T. Harden; 35 Articles, Mrs. Teversham; 8 pairs Gloves, Mr. J. Murray; 29 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce; 13 Articles, Miss Harper; 46 Articles, Mr. J. S. Smith; 4 Articles, Miss H. Verrall; 21 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Mannington; 20 Scarfs and 20 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. King; 6 Articles, Miss Harris; 139 Articles for "The Reading House" from the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. R. Davies; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Kirtley; 25 pairs Socks; 3 dozen pairs Gloves, and 5 Hats, Mrs. A. Higham; 1 dozen pairs Stockings, Miss Morris; 3 Shirts, and 12 Comb bags, Miss Descroix; 5 pairs Knitted Socks, "Anon.;" 20 Woollen Shirts, The Misses Dransfield: 77 Knitted Scarfs, Miss Howard; 12 pairs Woollen Socks, Mrs. Kine; box of Ties, Braces, etc., Mr. J. Basely; 5 boxes Silk Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 26 Garments, Mr. J. L. Smith; 20 Caps, Mrs. King; 6 Woollen Shirts for the "Testimonial House," The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Three Arniston Miners	1	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	1	0	0
Miss S. Heath	0	10	0
Miss L. Haward	0	5	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer, per Mr. Geo. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	5	0	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	10	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore	2	2	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. Philip Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Paulban	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mrs. Hammond	0	10	0
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0
Mrs. Warrick	0	10	0
Mr. James Boorne... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Beer	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells...	0	5	0
Mrs. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier...	0	5	0
			8 13 6
			£21 4 6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Bower Chalk District:—			
Rev. Thomas King ...	3	0	0
Mr. Kelly	2	0	0
Mr. Hardiman	1	0	0
Mr. Butler	1	0	0
Mr. Aldridge	1	0	0
Mr. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. Harding	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R—— ...	5	0	0
	14	10	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Thornbury District:—			
Subscriptions	8	10	0
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
	13	10	0
E. S., Burton-on-Trent and Repton Districts	20	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Sellindge ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
F. W. H., per Mr. J. Taylor, for Ross District	0	10	0
Norfolk Association, for Tittleshall ...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow, for Horley	10	0	0
High Wycomb District	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	5	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. J. Todman	10	0	0
Aughton Moss District	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
	£236	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Miss M. B. Greenwood	3	0	0
Miss Matthews	2	0	0
Part Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	100	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Shaw	0	9	0
Mr. Jno. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	20	0	0
"Newgate"	0	10	0
An aged Pilgrim	0	10	0
Mr. John Houghton's Legacy	20	0	0
M. W.	0	2	6
Friend K.	0	5	0
Friend, per Mr. Andrew	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott, per Mr. J. Passmore Jun.	0	3	4
Mr. Sharp's Legacy	17	10	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	12	6
A. B.	4	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. J. Coventry	1	1	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	10	0
Mrs. J. Bentall	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. T. Wells	0	10	0
Mr. S. Thomson	1	1	0
Mrs. B. P. Bilborough	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton	2	2	0
	£196	8	4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. F. Russell's services at Attercliffe	2	0	0
Miss M.	0	5	0
Mr. John Houghton's Legacy	50	0	0
Dr. Kenderdine, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at St. Leonards.	4	10	8
A. B.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Holbeach	1	5	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Mateer and Parker's services at Leamington ...	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth	90	0	0
	£172	8	2

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Interest on deposit at banker's, £6 14s 3d ; E. D., 10s.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR friend, Dr. William Graham, of Bonn, has lately departed this life, and we are told that on his death-bed one said to him, "He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'" To which the good man replied, with his dying breath, "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*"

It were a dreadful thing indeed if there were a doubt of it. If Jehovah could leave or forsake his own it were an evil day for us. If God began a good work, and did not carry it on; if his love accepted a soul, and then rejected it; if Jesus paid the purchase-price, and did not completely effect the redemption; if the Holy Spirit produced the new birth, and yet did not continue to breathe eternal life into the soul, it were a horrible thing indeed. Take away the doctrine of the final perseverance of divine love from the Bible, and what have you left by way of comfort and sustenance for the tried people of God? Because God perseveres in grace, therefore saints persevere in faith. The future grows dark, the sun is withdrawn, the moon refuses to shine, and every star dies out, if once eternal love is proved to be evanescent, and grace is shown to be a temporary gift. If there be a doubt of God's faithfulness, our whole being is smothered in a gloom intolerable. For my part, I should neither care to preach the gospel, nor to believe it, if it were transient, unstable, uncertain. It were worth while to go to prison and to death for the doctrine of *everlasting* life; but for a fitful gleam of life, with intermingled intervals of death, making up an

existence whose end must ultimately be blackness of darkness for ever, it were not worth while to exert one single atom of our strength. We have "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*" On that matter we are fully assured, as we confess and pray in the same breath—"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands." "God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by 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."

"He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on his promise,
Fear is far away;
God is ever with you,
Children of the Day!"

The consolations afforded by a doctrine must depend upon the measure of faith with which it is received. "According to thy faith be it unto thee" is the rule of the kingdom. No soul can know the exceeding greatness of God's power in any teaching of his word until it can say, "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*" Unbelief is a great disturber of quiet. He that would feel the deep peace brought by the atoning sacrifice must have no doubt about its acceptance before God. He that would know the joy of sonship must repel with energy the Satanic suggestion—"if thou be the Son of God." He that would know the power of Christ's resurrection, and thereby triumph over death, must have no doubt about the well-attested fact that "the Lord is risen indeed." As a tiny stone in the shoe will make the traveller limp painfully, so will the least suspicion mar the walk of faith. We have seen an almost invisible grain of red colouring matter tinge a great quantity of water, till it all seemed turned, as by the miracle of Moses, into blood; and so the least particle of mistrust within the soul may transform a sparkling, crystalline truth into a wearisome and nauseous disputation. Faith finds truth to be meat indeed and drink indeed; but unbelief abhors all manner of meat, unless it be some loathsome carrion, for its appetite is depraved. "He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside." Truth lives in men as they believe it, but its power expires as they question it. Such are the opposite influences of faith and doubt within the individual, and they are the same on a wider scale among the many. Preach truth with the accent of conviction, and it will produce conversion as its result; but utter it with bated breath, or sputter it forth with sceptical lip, and it will work no miracle in the hearts of the hearers. Oh, preacher, before thou goest into the pulpit, say within thy soul, "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*" If the viper of scepticism be nestling within thy heart, keep thou silence before the Lord; or pour forth thy soul's secret groans and prayers to God that he would cause thee to believe what thou hast to proclaim, that afterwards thou mayest say, "I believed, therefore have I spoken."

It is our solemn conviction, that open deniers of truth are not capable

of doing a hundredth part of the damage which is done by the secret doubters of it. The infidel's envenomed blasphemies and ferocious sarcasms are arrows which fly by day, and the mass of our people shield themselves from them; but the covert suggestion, the scarcely uttered insinuation, and the apparently candid question, are as the pestilence which walketh in darkness, from which few can escape. There are names of unbelievers which we can scarcely pronounce without horror, and yet, perchance, there is infinitely less to fear from them than from certain professedly Christian ministers, who have entered by stealth into pulpits once occupied by good men and true, and from that vantage-ground are promulgating errors which their predecessors abhorred. We need not go far to find Universalism of the most pernicious kind taught within the boundaries of evangelical dissent, Socinianism defended by men who are included among the orthodox, and a scoff made of the inspiration of Holy Scripture by those who are called pastors of Protestant churches, it being meanwhile declared that "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." This is wretched; but even this, we take it, is less baneful than teaching Scriptural truth and coupling it with a sort of undertone of questioning as to whether a word of it is matter of fact. We have seen the upper current running in an orthodox direction, but have soon perceived underneath a stronger flood rushing towards infidelity. This is despicable.

Professional preaching, *ex-officio* creed-repeating,—this is the devil's most effectual method of propagating falsehood and defeating truth. Full assurance of the certainty of what we preach in the name of the Most High God is absolutely necessary to making full proof of our ministry; in fact, it is questionable whether it is ministry for God at all if it is not the ministry of faith. If whatsoever is not of faith is sin, and men are forbidden to do that about which they have any scruple; much more, in sacred things, must a preaching that is not of faith be sin; and how can sin promote the righteousness of God? If Jesus the Son of God be not really and truly God to any man; if that man shall dare to assert the doctrine of the Redeemer's Deity, he will but do the truth dishonour. We may not forbid his preaching, but if the Master were here he would as surely silence him as he did the devils when they loudly attested that he was the Son of God. If the Bible be not believed to be a supernatural book, infallibly teaching the things which make for our eternal salvation, he who, with deliberate falsehood of unbelief, yet uses it as his text-book, and refers to it as his authority, is a trifler with truth, and a mocker of sacred things. If a man believes that there is no such thing as regeneration, or that men do not need it, his attempt to preach concerning the new birth will only scatter among the multitudes doubts as to its reality. Whatever is held forth in the palsied hand of unbelief is itself made to quiver. Scepticism is a smoking lamp, which, while it gives no light, loads the atmosphere with a thick darkness, if not with a stench. If we are ever to see men brought down under the power of the law to a condition of true repentance, if we are ever to see them converted by the Holy Ghost through the gospel of Christ Jesus, if we are ever to see the converted ones sanctified, and marching forth to the Master's battles as an army with banners, we must preach the truth boldly, as we ought to preach it, and we

must say of every jot and tittle of it, "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*"

It seems to be assumed by many men that there is no sin in doubting God's word; indeed, they count it one of the highest attainments of their intellect that they dare coolly give the lie to the glorious Jehovah. To us it seems that there is no impiety greater than to quibble and question with our Creator. To fancy the Holy Spirit to be ignorant, or mistaken, or a false witness, must very nearly verge upon the sin which is unto death. Everywhere throughout the Scriptures faith is magnified as the chief root of virtue, and unbelief is stamped with infamy as a soul-destroying evil. Error in doctrine is as truly a crime as adultery or theft. Who is he that has set man's intellect free from the dominion of the Most High? Men of old said, "Our tongues are our own"; and now they say, "Our minds are our own": the spirit of rebellion dictates both defiant speeches. The first and great commandment bids us love the Lord our God, not only with all our heart, but also with all our mind. The intellect is a part of the creature, and is therefore bound to be subservient to the Creator. In a redeemed man his intellect is not his own, for it is bought with a price; he counts it an essential of his discipleship that he should receive Christ's word as a little child. Pride reviews the acts of God, and censures his utterances, criticizes infinite wisdom, picks and chooses, and commends or censures the teachings of the Lord. This daring presumption makes human reason the last Arbiter, and sets man upon the throne as though he were the god of God. To all this the apostle Paul deigns no reply but this—"Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?"

Quitting this chaos of doubt, flying from this Stygian bog of scepticism, we pray the Lord to maintain our sure confidence in eternal verities, and to enable the minds of his people to get so firm a grip of what he has revealed that they may all cry, "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Then shall we feel in our own hearts the power of truth, then shall we see in the consciences and minds of others the same power working supernaturally to their conversion and sanctification: but not till then. As yet the Lord cannot do many mighty works among us because of our unbelief. The multiplying scepticisms of the hour are hindering the operations of grace. If we will not believe we shall not be established. We shall see no age of gold until it is the custom of all Christians to say of every promise or threatening of the Most High, "*Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!*" Incredulity is absurdity where God is concerned; nay, worse, it is constructive blasphemy. Doubt of revealed truth is death to communion with him who has revealed it. How can a man commune with another man till he has given him his fullest confidence? We can have no fellowship with those whom we distrust; the unbeliever can have no fellowship with God. "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" therefore the spirit of doubt which is now abroad must be greatly displeasing to him; and if God be displeased how is the church to prosper? Our work will be hindered, our joy will be damped, our strength will be weakened, our triumph will be delayed till we can say—

"NOT A DOUBT OF IT! NOT A DOUBT OF IT!"

Both-Handed Men.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

AMONGST the mighty men who gathered to David at Ziklag was a band of archers who "could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows out of a bow." These men, the chronicle distinctly states, "were of Saul's brethren of Benjamin." Let them be as famous for their fidelity to the cause of right and truth as for their dexterity in the use of sling and bow! Saul was one of themselves, and yet each Benjamite scorned to be one of his when he departed from uprightness. When the son of Kish was crowned king he was doubtless approved by Benjamin more than by any other tribe. None shouted more loudly than they, "God save the King"; yet when by tyranny and malice he disgraced himself and the noble house from which he sprang, they would not be tied to him by mere kinship. So long as royalty was worthy of their loyalty their homage was cheerfully accorded; but when the crown tarnished itself they no longer recognized its claims. These Benjamites evidently were no believers in "The right divine of kings to govern wrong." These men were, doubtless, amongst those "whose hearts God had touched," who went with Saul to Gibeah, and in proof that *God* had touched them, rather than mere fancy and friendship, they are found on the side of right when might seems in the ascendant. The pride and perfidy of the jealous king found no response in their hearts. They threw in their lot with David, the persecuted fugitive, though flesh and blood were thereby forsaken. These were mighty men indeed! None were worthier amongst all of David's worthies, and no act of theirs ranks higher than this deed of self-denial and moral courage. Every one knows that it is easier to smite a foe than to run the risk of angering a friend.

> "The greatest vict'ry of which brave men boast,
> Is to abstain from ill when pleasing most."

Swift as the arrows sped in after days from their full-bent bows, and surely as they hit the foe, these children of Benjamin never aimed at so good a target, nor aimed so well, as when they determined without fear or favour to uphold the cause of the oppressed and persecuted. Regardless of the pangs which must have pierced their hearts, counting not the cost of incurring the wrath of their royal kinsman, bursting ties of birth and blood, they grasp the standard of righteousness, prepared, if need be, to whirl their stones and point their arrows even at their brethren. Esteeming the reproach of David greater riches than the treasures of Saul, they found a home amongst the caves, and a service with the outlaw.

It would appear that they were the first openly and as a body to espouse the cause of the fugitive. Boldly did they announce their fealty—"Thine we are, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thy helpers, for thy God helpeth thee." Even when the tide turned in David's favour, and great hosts gathered to make him king in Hebron, there were but

3,000 Benjamites among them, as compared, for instance, with 40,000 of Asher, and 50,000 of Zebulun. True to the cry of nature rather than to the call of grace, "the greatest part of them kept the ward of the house of Saul," and when Saul himself was slain they played an important part in crowning Ish-bosheth, his son, King of Israel. All this goes to prove how great the demand must have been upon the self-denial and moral courage of the "faithful few" of Benjamin who were with David. They could set a noble example, even if there was but little hope that it would be largely followed. They were as fearless of public opinion as they were of Philistines and Amalekites. All honour to the Benjamites who, although left-handed, were manifestly right-hearted! Imitation is the sincerest flattery, so we will strive to do as they have done, according them meanwhile the praise that they deserve for noblesse and rectitude, as rare in those days, perhaps, as in our own. Every right-hearted man will say, "Well done, noble three thousand!"

> "Brave conquerors! for so you are,
> That war against your own affections,
> And the huge army of the world's desires."

Seeing that so good a lesson can be learned from these men in the grand act which distinguished their military career, we may hope to gain some other teachings from their character and conduct.

The first that suggests itself is as follows:—*It is manifestly unfair to judge of a man at first sight and on short acquaintance.* We do not know what we ourselves can do till we try, and we cannot gauge what our fellows can do till we try them. Had we seen one of these Benjamites using his left hand, we should, most probably, have put him down as a left-handed man; and soon after another observer would have catalogued him amongst the right-handed because he happened just then to be using his right hand. Both reporters would have told the truth, but neither of them the whole truth. It might even happen that a quarrel would ensue, and like the dispute concerning the colour of the chameleon, it might remain unsettled till some *savant* pointed out that just as that reptile could assume different colours at pleasure, so the Benjamite warrior could use right or left hand as he desired. *You* say he is left-handed, and I declare he is right-handed. Are you, therefore, wrong? Not at all: for the judge that ends the strife affirms that the man is ambidextrous, or both-handed. Now, besides the undoubted evil of quarrelling, the subject of dispute had an injustice done to him in that he was not recognized till late to possess such powers as were really his. Beings, like things, are not always all they seem, nor do they always seem, at first sight, all they are. First impressions are not so valuable as some would have us believe. Men, not to say women, are such fickle, changing creatures, that it is hardly to be expected that a brief interview can afford even the shrewdest character-reader a fair criterion of the man himself. One page of a book may serve as a specimen of the type, but the tenor of the whole volume may be of quite a different type from that of the single leaf. There will, of course, be some characteristics running throughout, but all cannot be discovered except in the whole. An

individual who is remarkable for the even tenor of his life may be more correctly judged from a short intercourse than one whose lifetime includes all the notes in the gamut; but there is no man whose existence is purely monotone. Our opinion of places and things is often wrongly built on the slender foundation of a fortnight's stay, marred, possibly, by an unfortunate episode. The weather was unpropitious, friends were busy, or some untoward event happened which altogether nullified charms of scenery and society which would otherwise have been enjoyed. On the other hand, many a place unattractive in itself is little short of a paradise because of its circumstances and surroundings, just as home is "sweet home," be it ever so humble.

One who lately travelled round the coast of New Zealand, tarrying at its chief ports but a few days, or a week at most, met, of course, with a great variety of scene and weather; but wherever he wandered he could not but be struck with the fact that there was something about the weather in each place, according to the residents, that was "quite exceptional." If this was really so, the traveller failed to get a correct, because not a complete, idea of the climate of each stopping-place. Certainly it is so with people, *whether or no*. You meet Mr. So-and-So at an evening gathering, and form your conclusions of him. But he was not himself. His manner was "quite exceptional." One hears a preacher, and judges of him by his discourse. But it was not a fair specimen—no *one* sermon is—and this one was "quite exceptional." Another goes to a church and happens to get a bad seat, and no hymn-book, and straightway stigmatizes that community as churlish and inhospitable. But the conclusion is erroneous. You were unfortunate; such treatment is "quite exceptional." It is most unfair to judge by single sights and cursory acquaintance. Neither persons nor parsons should be so criticized. True, the minister "gave it them hot," as the saying is, at night, far too hot for the gentry whose standard is the banner of love; but you should have heard him in the morning, when the other side of that same gospel was unfolded. They who saw Jesus weeping at the grave of Lazarus did not know the Master till they also beheld him rejoicing in spirit. Jeremiah was not all lamentations. Even he could sing in the midst of a wail, like a rainbow shining through a shower, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." The loving and loved disciple John could be stern and even vengeful, as when he asked leave to call fire from heaven on the Christ-rejecting Samaritans; and Peter, fiery and impetuous as a rule, could write sweet tender words, such as, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you." What a difference between Peter, with pen in hand, writing this entreaty, and Peter, sword in hand, smiting Malchus on the ear! We know neither a man's graces nor his disgraces till we have lived long with him. Let us be careful, then, in our conclusions. Painters, and builders, and others, put on their sign-boards, "Estimates given gratis;" and if those who are determined to act similarly as to persons' characters would only "signify the same in the usual manner," we would be glad; for we would be careful to shun their company, and not give them half a chance to estimate us and to tender for our improvement. The tender mercies of such are cruel.

Here follow the lamentations of the both-handed men. Set their

words to the music of your acts as you determine to judge not that ye be not judged :—

> Each constitutes himself a judge, and that at single sight,
> So one entirely leaves our left, and straightway writes us right.
> Another sees the sinister, and thinks *it* only deft,
> And fancies he has judged aright—the left is all we've left.
> But look again, you critics sweet, and let your looks be candid,
> Then will you both discover *all*—for we are all both-handed.

No one knew so well as the Benjamites themselves what an immense advantage was theirs in being able to use both hands. Perhaps the Philistines knew second best, for I cannot but believe that the latter had learned to their cost in combating these Benjamites wherein their great strength lay. Two-handed men could do well nigh twice the execution of ordinary mortals. If one hand grew weary it might rest a while, for its mate was as able as itself. It was not with these men as it is with many, that the right hand was serviceable only for certain purposes, and the left for others; but each hand was as skilful as the other for every work and warfare. David was fortunate indeed in having such a corps in his army. Each man carried, as it were, a double-barreled revolver. These are the sort of men great David's greater Son requires: men whose hearts God has touched in such a fashion that their overflowing love takes two hands to express itself in deeds of daring and acts of prowess. The hand is often an index of the heart. The hearty grip is from a true friend; and you may with much certainty conclude that, he whose hand in yours feels like a dead fish is a cold-blooded creature. When Jehu met Jehonadab he said to him, "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? And Jehonadab answered, It is. If it be, give me thine hand. And he gave him his hand: and he took him up to him into the chariot." Now, if one hand so plainly indicates the condition of the heart, two hands must speak with double tongue. Often have we seen friends at parting or meeting shake with both hands. Ay, and they would have used three if they had possessed them! One is not strong enough to express deep interest and intense affection. Our love to King Jesus should be of this two-handed sort. Two hands are none too many to serve *him* with.

The use of both hands is an evident sign of earnestness. He who rows with one hand will soon rest entirely on his oars. Little Jack intends to make short work of his hunk of bread and jam—he holds it with both hands, and if he only had two mouths the meal would soon be over. His action, though a breach of good manners, is, at least, a proof of energy and earnestness. While so many continue to "do evil with both hands earnestly," be it ours to bring every finger of each hand into full work for the cause of good, and God, and truth. Dear Master, take my hands, both left and right, and use them in thy blessed service.

> "Take my hands, and let them move
> At the impulse of thy love."

Again, *it is possible to be both-handed in another sense, not however so advantageous.* Indeed, I do not know that it is any benefit. I refer to those who are compelled to use one hand for one thing and the other

for another. He who can cut the bread with his left hand only, but must use his right to spread the butter, is not one whit advantaged. Another drives nails with his left hand, and turns the gimlet with his right. Do such persons need to pause while they remember which hand they must employ for the special work before them? Perhaps not; but still it seems to me preferable to have either the right hand or the left ready for every kind of work. Better still, if each hand is equally handy. The disadvantage is when a change of members is needed for a variety of occupations. I suppose it must needs be that some of our talents develop more than others; but how glorious it would be if each and all were A 1, and working at full pressure. To be an expert with one hand is no mean gift; to be deft with two is a consummation devoutly to be wished. My readers have probably heard of the artist who painted a picture of a youth sitting beside a basket of grapes. So true to nature were the purple clusters, so real the bloom and fresh the vine-leaves, that when the picture stood one day in the open-air a bird pecked at the grapes, and, much to his disappointment, found no luscious juice. So strange an occurrence was likely to make the artist's fame and fortune, for everybody trumpeted the praise of him who could with pencil and colour deceive the very birds. But he was not elated. The incident brought him no encouragement, "For," said he, "if I had painted the boy half as well as I did the fruit the birds would never have ventured near!" Success in one department instead of satisfying should spur us on to attain the same in every other.

If each hand may be a right hand, and every talent be employed, we shall prove workmen and warriors that need not to be ashamed. Although it is good to be distinguished for some special grace, it would be better to possess all graces to a marked degree. A good "catch," and an effective bowler, and a sharp wicket-keeper, and a certain scorer, are indispensable on the cricket-field; but the "all-round men" are most useful after all. In the best Master's service I would like to be good at everything, and have left hand as well as right hand ready for anything he assigns. May every string in the harp be tuned and ready for his hand who brings the music forth.

"Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee."

The worst sort of "both-handed men" are those who undo with their left what they do with their right. I spoke, on one occasion, with a young man who was engaged in building a wooden house. Noticing that he drove the nails with a hammer in his left hand, I asked him if he ever used his right. "Yes, for some things," he answered. "Well, did you never find it awkward, and wonder which hand to use?" said I. "Never!—never *but once*, for I remember trying to play at whipping-top, and how I failed because while I spun the top right-handed I held the whip in my left, and as a natural consequence unwound it at every stroke." Such was his reply, and it struck me there and then that many folks do just the same in every-day life. One hour's inconsistency will undo a week's holy conversation. How many spin the top right-handed on the Sunday, and whip it left-handed through the week!

Others there are whose words are the spinning, but their actions are the whipping; one counteracts the other.

Serving God with one hand and the devil with the other is a style of both-handedness from which we may well pray to be saved. To yoke our talk to the Lord's chariot and our conduct to Satan's car will never do. When Christ bade the healed demoniac go home to his friends, he told him to "*tell* how great things the Lord had done for him"—so Mark has it. But Luke informs us that Jesus said, "Return to thine own house and *show* how great things God hath done unto thee." He was to express both by his lip and life the Lord's compassion—to *show* and to *tell*. Each would be eloquent, the two would prove irresistible. But if the one contradicted the other! If he still raved in the tombs and ranged the mountains, all his telling would go for naught. He was to be a both-handed man! Faith without works is dead. See to it, dear reader, that both faith and works are yours.

As Hannah More puts it:—

"If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know;
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined let no man part."

Every Idol must Fall.

I HAVE read a story of a devout man who, amongst other gifts, had the gift of healing, and many persons resorted to him for cure. Among the rest one Chromatius, who, being sick, sent for him, and told him of his sickness, and desired that he might have the benefit of cure, as others had before him. The devout man replied, "I cannot do it till thou hast beaten all the images in thy house to pieces." "Oh! that shall be done," said Chromatius. "Here, take my keys, and where you find any images break them in pieces;" which accordingly was done. Upon this the devout man went to prayer, but no cure was wrought; whereupon the sick man cried out, "Oh, I am as sick as ever! Oh, I am very weak and sick still!" "It cannot be otherwise," replied the devout person, neither can I help it; for there is, doubtless, one idol yet in your house undiscovered, and that must be defaced, too." "True," saith Chromatius, "it is so, indeed; it is all of beaten gold; it cost £200. I would fain have saved it; but here, take my keys again, —you shall find it fast locked up in my chest—break it also in pieces;" which, being done, the devout man prayed, and Chromatius was healed. The moral of it is good; the sin-sick soul must break, not some, but all its idols in pieces, before a cure will follow.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Our Village.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

THE readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have often been taken by earnest writers to missionary stations, and have had revealed to them the joys and sorrows of missionary life. At other times they have had before them details concerning the hidden life in dark cellars and dreary garrets in the great city of London. In all these sketches we are ever and anon reminded of the truth of the Master's words, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;" but for the few we are grateful. May the Lord of the harvest send forth more labourers into his harvest-field! Our object now is not to point to work abroad, and tell of missionary toils and triumphs, but to show the need for prayer, faithfulness, and self-denying labour in our small towns and villages at home. Many of our friends have, no doubt, during their summer holiday visited the beautiful and picturesque county of Devon; and have been charmed with the scenery, and lulled into quiet and repose as they have watched the sporting trout, and listened to the music of the stream as it dashed over the "stickle," leaped down the hillside, glided through the meadows, and finally lost itself in the *Torridge* or the *Taw*. During the brief holiday, of course the places of worship must be visited, and in "our village" the Parish Church, or "Steeple-house," the Brethren's Room, and last, but not least, the Baptist Chapel, have claimed attention. The last-named building is small, but the church which meets within its walls can boast of a long history; and if our friends could spend a few hours with some of the old members and deacons, tales of bitter persecutions and hardships patiently endured would surprise those from the great city who have never met with the old-fashioned persecutors of our villages and small towns. Many of these are dead and gone, but still the evil spirit lives.

The greatest hindrances to Christian work in "our village" may be described in two words, viz., IGNORANCE and SUPERSTITION. By the term ignorance I do not simply mean the lack of education, but I refer to ignorance of things spiritual; and my observation leads me to believe that the *squire*-and-*parson*-party is quite content to keep the poor in a state of darkness and ignorance. Let me give a few instances in proof of my assertion. I visited a poor dying man, a member of the Church of England, and found him nearing the dark river. I pointed him to Christ as the only way of salvation, and then prayed with him. Just as I was leaving, the poor man took me by the hand and said, in solemn tones, "Yes, sir, I see it all: *if I'm to be saved, I must save myself.*" My heart sank within me as his wife exclaimed, "The gude man's mazed now, he can't mind any more." "I must save myself"—is that what these poor, ignorant creatures are taught? If so, what kind of teachers must they have had?

Never shall I forget the sight that met my sorrowful gaze when visiting a poor family in "our village." A few years ago a young woman was brought to know the truth, and desired to be baptized. The pastor and one of the deacons visited the parents to talk the

matter over, but owing to the influence of others the parents were very bitter against the "Methodies," as they called all Nonconformists. When our friends presented themselves, they were received with a storm of oaths and curses, and the father, in a fury of passion, seized a great stick, and "went for" the visitors, who retreated as speedily as dignity would allow. Hearing a short time since that two of their daughters were in a dying condition, I ventured to call; the mother, half in sorrow and half in anger, bade me come in, and led the way up a crooked flight of stairs. There, upon two beds, lay these poor dying creatures, both young; one racked with pain, the other almost motionless, giving no evidence of life save by her laboured breathing. I said to the first, "Do you know Jesus? Are you saved?" Nothing but groans and tears came in reply. "The parson's been," said the mother, "and given her the holy communion, and says she's all right." In a few hours she died, but not one word was uttered that would lead us to believe that she knew the truth; yet "*the parson said she was all right!*" I turned to the other poor creature, who had lost speech and hearing, and held up my Bible before her. There was only a little gleam from her eyes, and that was all. These parents, who cursed God's servants, have followed nearly all their children to the grave after painful and lingering sicknesses; but they are good Church-people, and of course "all right."

I also visited a young man during a long illness, and when the truth was plainly and simply set before him he gladly accepted it, and rejoiced in Jesus as his Saviour. One day, while he was seeking Christ, the clergyman called; but when the poor anxious sufferer asked for *bread*, he received a *stone*. In reply to his enquiry as to the way of salvation, he was told to "*read the ten commandments, and to cheer up;*" he had never done any one any harm, and need not be afraid to die, it would all be right in the end. I called just after this, and found Galatians iii. 13, the best antidote to this soul-poison: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." To keep the people in ignorance, lull them to sleep, and hide the light from their eyes, appear to be the aim of the party which is so mighty in many of our villages.

Closely allied to ignorance, as a hindrance to Christian work, we have a great deal of SUPERSTITION in "our village." It is remarkable that there are still to be found the lingerings of a belief in witchcraft, charms, and ghosts; and the gravity with which some old sages will relate their experience, and display their knowledge of such matters, is truly amusing; and, were it not for the sad evidence this affords of the want of better training, we might be induced to smile. Of course, all they have to say upon such matters is true, the emphasis with which they relate their stories gives evidence of this; indeed, they must be true, for they were told to them by their immediate predecessors, who in their turn received them from their parents, and what further proof could any one want? The white witch, the wise woman, and the seventh in the family, are still said to possess their ancient healing powers; and even in "our village" there dwells an elderly dame who to this day levies black mail upon a large number of superstitious followers. Some suppose the "pixies" of Cornwall to be extinct, but they live at the

present time in Devonshire: for does a man stumble, or become confused in his speech, or lose his way on a dark night? he is "pixey" led. The sting of a bee, or the bleeding from a wound, can only be effectually cured by the working of a mysterious charm. Such follies as the midnight visit to the churchyard, to crawl over a maiden's grave, or the mutilation of a poor toad in order that its hind legs may be worn as a charm, are not uncommon among the poor; but the efforts of the School Board, and the gospel faithfully preached, are together telling favourably upon the superstitious, and soon we trust that these things will belong only to the dark past. Ignorance and superstition are enemies to be met and fought in the villages of England. Although the servant of God can sum up a long list of troubles, and exclaim, "All these things are against me," yet upon the other hand there is much to encourage and cheer the village pastor.

In "our village" *the people believe in revivals.* The cool, metaphysical brother who hails from the immediate vicinity of the north pole, and appears to have passed his college course in the neighbourhood of a refrigerator, will scarcely find Devon to be a congenial spot. The people are old-fashioned, and therefore believe in an old-fashioned gospel; and even the professedly Arminian Methodist friends are unwittingly sound in the faith, the doctrines of grace being freely received and freely taught amongst them. The people believing in revivals, and praying continually for them, are often rewarded with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Then there is a stir in the village, the enemy, as usual, leading the way. Sermons are preached in the church to show the irreverence and folly of revivals; and the meetings being thus gratuitously advertised, curiosity is aroused, and the villagers come and see for themselves. Many "come to scoff, and remain to pray." During these revival seasons we have rejoiced over souls brought to Christ, and we are happy to know that the young men and women who have gone from us are a credit to "our village;" some are preaching the gospel with great success, and others are toiling for the Master in various parts of the vineyard.

When the revival subsides, and we return to the ordinary routine of Christian work, then follows, as a matter of course, the *baptizing.* In some of our churches we have adopted modern arrangements, but in others the people are old-fashioned in this matter, and so go down to the river to be baptized. The last baptizing we witnessed in the River Torridge was a scene never to be forgotten. Upon the bank of the river, mounted upon the trunk of an old tree, stood the preacher, giving in simple and Scriptural language the teaching of Christ concerning believers' baptism. Then followed hymns and prayers, coming right from the heart; and then the baptizing service, the sisters going boldly into mid-stream, and faithfully following the Master; the young men shouting and praising God (as Devonians only can) as they come up out of the water, waiting with wet garments and warm hearts till the close of the service, then walking about a mile to change their clothes, in readiness for the evening meeting. This interesting service was held in the presence of a large gathering of people, who came from villages and towns for miles around. Some laugh, others are impressed, and many are led to *see* baptism.

The *Gospel Temperance Movement,* that has so stirred the country, has found its way to "our village." The announcement of a Blue-ribbon demonstration drew together several hundreds of people to take tea, and listen to the strains of a village band, and the eloquent addresses from earnest advocates of the temperance cause. Devonshire cider still lures many of the working-classes by its fatal attractions; but we are thankful to be able to record that the farmers are beginning to find that a sober servant is better than a drunkard, and some are in the habit of supplying tea and coffee in the harvest-fields instead of strong drink. We trust that the farmers will all see to it that beer and cider are no longer provided as a temptation to evil, and that nourishing and refreshing drinks are supplied to the hard-working men and women who gather in the fruits of the earth. Hear the testimony of "our policeman" upon the Gospel Temperance Movement:—"Sir, I thank God that you ever started teetotal work in our midst. Before the young men wore the Blue-ribbon, there was no rest for me till John A., William B., and Charley C. were all safe at home. They used to keep me *from* home, now they keep themselves *at* home."

"Our village" rejoiced the other day in the conversion to total abstinence of our "knight of the shears." On the morning after a temperance meeting he was early astir, and with boots polished, and face shining as the result of a liberal application of soap and water, this poor old toper of years' standing boldly walked down the village to the house of the Baptist minister, and returned—to the surprise of his neighbours—with a pledge-card in his hand, and the "little bit of blue" in his coat. May the Lord keep him faithful to his pledge!

This sketch of "our village" is, doubtless, a picture of many others in various country districts in England, in all of which, from the pastor's position, much of interest can be recorded. While we have often to mourn and complain of the small circle in which we live, of the narrow views of those who have always lived in the valleys, and of the bigotry of those who oppose us, yet we bless God for all the mercies we have received, and take courage for the future. We are thankful for the honest and straightforward yeoman, the humble cottager who loves the "gude old gospel," and the farmer who, in spite of bad times, is loyal and liberal to the cause of God. Pray, dear friends, for the missionaries abroad, for the toilers in crowded London, and for the preachers to the great congregations in our large provincial towns; but please do not forget the village pastors, who, with the oversight of three or more churches and chapels, travel many weary miles visiting the sick and dying, preaching in cottages and barns or in the open-air, and often sharing the poverty of the poor while telling them of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Night-caps Recommended.



A CERTAIN Dr. J. Mortimer Granville gives a word of advice about dreams. He says: "Many persons who are not by habit 'dreamers,' are dreaming a great deal just now, and wondering why they do so. The answer is very simple. When cold weather sets in suddenly, and is much felt at night, the head, which is uncovered, has the blood supplied to it driven from the surface to the deep parts, notably the brain, the organ of the mind. The results are light sleep and dreams. The obvious remedy is to wear a night-cap, or wrap the head warmly, at least while the cold weather lasts. It is a 'faculty' idea that we of this generation suffer more from brain-troubles than our predecessors because we leave the head exposed at night, and the blood-vessels of our cerebral organs are seldom unloaded."

This paragraph is affectionately commended to certain Expounders of Prophecy, Fashioners of New Theology, and Propounders of Theories concerning Perfection in the Flesh. We are getting a little overdone with their dreamings. Let the brethren try night-caps during the present wintry weather. Dr. Granville is quite right about the fact that people are dreaming a great deal just now; we can hardly take up a pamphlet or a religious newspaper without saying to ourselves, "Here's another dreamer!" This is a great pity; for there are people about who accept these visions as gospel, and we are in a fair way to be driven away from solid truth into a dream-land of either fanaticism or unbelief. The remedy suggested by the worthy physician might at least be tried. Our fathers were wont to encrown themselves with a tasselled triangle, which was enough to frighten any burglar out of his senses; but then they did not dream as our rising generation is doing. A red bandanna was a very picturesque head-protector. Could such a thing be bought in these degenerate days? At any rate, let something be done to stop this dreaming. Our philosophical youths, who wear the cap of Liberty by day, have only to keep it on by night, and their cerebral organs, being delivered from the rush of blood, will be unloaded, and enjoy a little rest. The worst of it is that, if some of our theologians give up their dreams, they will have nothing else left.

C. H. S.

A Wise Answer to a Difficult Question.

AUGUSTINE was once asked what he would say of a wicked man who had lived loosely, but died penitently. He replied, "What would you have me to say? That he is damned? I will not; for I have nothing to do to judge him. Shall I say that he is saved? I dare not; for I would not deceive *thee*. What then? Why, this. Repent, *thou*, out of hand, and thou art safe, whatever is become of *him*."

John McWhan;

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

THE providence and grace of God are often displayed in a striking manner in the preservation of individuals from great and imminent danger while leading an ungodly life, and in their subsequent call to useful service in the Christian cause.

John McWhan, whose life we here briefly sketch, was one of those living illustrations of God's care and love. He was born at Whitehaven, in the year 1798. He came of a pious ancestry; and his grandfather was a deacon of the Baptist church in that town. While the boy was yet very young, the old man sought to lead him to Christ, and earnestly prayed for his conversion. In spite of these endeavours, and the careful training of his parents, he grew up destitute of true religion.

At an early period he lost his father by death. Possibly because he saw some predilections for a sea-faring life, the father, before his death, extracted a promise from the lad that he would not go to sea. Notwithstanding this promise, failing to obtain congenial employment on land, he obtained the consent of his mother and friends (who thought one voyage would cure him of his desire for the sea) to go to Ireland. Much to their regret, although the winds were adverse, the captain drunken, and the hardships generally great, his attachment to a sailor's calling was confirmed. His next voyage was to the West Indies. Returning to London, he sailed thence to the Mediterranean. In the Bay of Biscay the ship encountered a terrific gale. At Gibraltar his life was again imperilled. After sailing for a year from one Mediterranean port to another, his vessel returned to London, encountering on her homeward voyage another fearful storm. Amid all these perils, a watchful providence protected him from harm.

After a short stay in London, the ship was ordered to Woolwich to take in powder for Malta. Through the carelessness of two lady-passengers, a fire broke out while they were crossing the Bay of Biscay. Young McWhan was the first to discover it, and he roused all on board to a sense of their danger. The sea was running mountains high, so that it was impossible to get a bucket of water over the ship's side. It was a time of the greatest extremity. The fire was raging with increasing strength, and crew and passengers were at their wits' end. All at once, attention was directed to a cask of water used by the cook to soak his salt meat in; this was dragged to the spot and poured on the fire. Thus the flames were extinguished, and a terrible explosion averted. Once more they reached their destination in safety. For several months they remained in the Mediterranean, during which time two more marvellous escapes occurred. At Messina, his foot slipped while ascending the ship's ladder, and he fell into the sea, in twenty fathoms of water, and sank to the bottom. He rose, however, to the top, and was rescued by a fellow-seaman. Afterwards, at Genoa, whilst shaking out the reefs, he was struck by a sail, and thrown over the yard-arm; and had he not been caught in one of the ropes as he fell, and become suspended in mid air, he must have fallen upon the anchor and been killed.

Following his career for the next three or four years, we find him at

Londonderry, sailing thence to New York, thence to Jamaica, from there home to London, thence to Nova Scotia, back to Leith, out again to the West Indies, across to Charleston, hither and thither in the Spanish Main, and once more to Jamaica.

More than once, during these voyages, he was marvellously delivered from death. On the way from Nova Scotia to Leith, they met with a snow-storm of such violence that he was almost frozen to death. At Bermuda he fell into the hold of the ship; and, though he might have been killed on the spot, escaped with only a bruised face. In the Spanish Main, he was at the mast-head, while the wind was blowing a gale; and the sea, running high, struck the mast, breaking it ten feet under him. He instantly slipped down into the top-mast cross-trees; and, although he was much hurt, the providence of God saved his life. While the ship was lying at anchor at Curaçoa, she was mistaken for a pirate, and the people boarded her for the purpose of murdering the entire crew. It was not till their real character was fully understood, that they were assured of safety. One day the chief mate fired a loaded pistol by mistake; the ball went through John McWhan's hat and hair without doing him any personal injury.

One of the greatest experiences of his life happened at Jamaica, while he was looking out for a ship in which to return to England. Exposure one day to the extreme heat brought on sunstroke, and this was followed by yellow fever. In spite of medical attention and skill, and the most careful nursing, his case appeared hopeless. His skin was parched without any moisture. Although without perspiration there was no chance of recovery, all means to produce it were vain. One evening the doctor, looking at him, said to the nurse, "I shall not come again to see him, as he will be dead before twelve o'clock to night." As he lay on a mattress in a corner of the room, though he could not speak, or even make a sign, yet he could hear all that was said, and knew all that was passing around. Some young Christians, hearing he was dying, came to see him, and sang a hymn. A joiner measured him for his coffin, and went to make it. He was not aware of his real state as a sinner before God, and in his ignorance longed to die. At eleven at night, the people of the house, relying on the doctor's testimony, were fully persuaded he would die before twelve, and called in some friends, one of whom read the Burial Service over him. This was done so that in the morning, without any further trouble, he might be carried to the grave. In the morning, however, he was still alive. Several days after this he lay between life and death. At length deliverance came in an unexpected and strange manner. This is the account of it in his own words:—"One night, when things were at their worst, all the family had gone to bed, and everything in the house was perfectly still. As I lay on my bed, I heard some one turn the handle of my door; I was much frightened, and crept under the clothes. I felt my hair stand on end. My door opened, and heavy footsteps approached my bed; no one spoke, and I was so frightened that I broke out in a violent perspiration. I imagined that a figure was standing over me, making a noise like the rustling of silk. I can form no idea what it could be; but I thought it was God's angel come down to restore my life; and it certainly had the desired effect. In the morning my mattress was completely

wet through with perspiration. I told the people of the house what had happened. They said it was a messenger sent from God to spare my life."

The fever now gradually subsided, and in the course of four or five months he was restored to health; but his money was all spent. He had not a shilling in his pocket, nor any earthly friend to help him; and he knew nothing of that divine Friend who had preserved him from his childhood, the knowledge of whom was to brighten his latter days. He applied to one captain after another to give him a passage to England, but without avail; and it is a remarkable fact, not to be left out of this story of deliverances, that the three vessels in which he was anxious to leave the island were all wrecked. Two more escapes may be mentioned here. Not being able to leave Jamaica, he sought to earn a livelihood by turtle-fishing; and in connection with this pursuit was on one occasion knocked overboard, and only saved from drowning, or being devoured by sharks, by catching at a rope that was hanging over the stern; and, on another occasion, when he was aloft, a sudden lurch of the ship left him hanging by the sails over the sea, expecting through exhausted strength every moment to drop into the water; all of a sudden the ship righted and carried him back, so that he fell on the deck.

His stay in Jamaica lasted for some years. Giving up turtle-fishing, he acted for a time as clerk in a general store; afterwards he carried on business successfully on his own account. Towards the close of his stay, he had another deliverance. He was out one Sunday with a party of pleasure-seekers on a yachting excursion. They had landed in a canoe at a particular point; and in the evening, when returning to the yacht, a heavy sea running at the time, the canoe filled and sank. They were obliged to swim for their lives and get on board the yacht as best they could. The danger in this case was a double one, from the sea and from the sharks.

Mr. McWhan was now well and prosperous. He had much time at his disposal. He bought himself a yacht, and lived in ease and pleasure. He increased his business premises, built himself a house, and promised himself a long life of self-indulgence in the West Indies. These were *his plans; God's purposes* were other and more gracious. The agitation among the slaves, which ultimately ended in their emancipation, broke out at this time. Jamaica was in universal commotion. All householders were expected to take up arms in defence of their respective towns. One night while he was on guard he took cold, which laid the foundation of an illness from which he suffered for years. After fruitless attempts to re-establish his health, he was advised to leave the island for a time; and, consequently, in 1836 he sailed for America. There was temporary improvement; but on his return he was as bad as ever. Sadly against his wish, yet acting on medical advice, he resolved to sail for England. God was leading him by a path he knew not; and the dealings of his providence were preparing the way for the wonders of his grace.

In May, 1837, our friend set sail for his native land. On the voyage he began to feel some faint desires after religion; and determined within himself that, if God spared his life, and allowed him to settle in England, he would seek the one thing needful. After a passage of five

weeks, he landed at Liverpool on the 20th of June, the day on which our beloved Queen ascended the throne. He fixed his residence in Liverpool, and began business as a grocer. After carrying it on with loss rather than profit for about three years, during which time he attended the ministry of the late Dr. Raffles, he removed to another part of the town.

We see in all this the finger of God. The hour of Mr. McWhan's redemption was drawing nigh. Guided, no doubt, by that gracious providence which had led him from his birth and defended him from harm, and was causing all things to work together for good, he established himself in another business not far from Pembroke Chapel, and began to attend the ministry of the late Rev. C. M. Birrell. He soon found the ministry helpful. It helped him to understand the Scriptures, to know himself as a sinner, and to see and feel the love of God in Christ his Saviour. He soon found that he had come into the possession of some treasure that was new, and that enriched his soul. Yet he was not clear as to his acceptance with God through his Son, neither had he full peace through believing.

One Thursday evening he went as usual to the service at Pembroke Chapel, and at the close two friends present spoke to him concerning his soul's salvation. They remained for a short time to pray together. There and then he cast himself upon Christ. "My burden," he says, "was gone. It was the happiest moment of my life. I went home that night rejoicing in God my Saviour."

He now devoted himself to the Lord's service. On the 30th of November, 1845, he was publicly baptized by Mr. Birrell, and on the following Sunday was received into the church under his care. In a year or two after he married a Christian woman, who proved in all respects a true helpmeet, and who encouraged him in the career of usefulness which he pursued till his death. The grace of God wrought in him mightily. Saved himself, he felt an intense desire for the salvation of others, and laboured incessantly to accomplish this object. Though he had no children of his own, he was a great lover of children. He, therefore, became a Sunday-school teacher, and continued in that work for ten years. Compelled at last to give it up through ill-health, he still manifested his interest in young people by visiting various Sunday-schools to address the children, and give away small books. Deeply did he regret that so many years of his life had been spent in the service of sin; and earnestly he sought to redeem the time that remained. As a visitor to the sick and dying, he was very useful, reading to them, praying with them, and directing them to the Saviour. He always had a good supply of tracts with him wherever he went, and gave them away to persons whom he met in the streets, or on whom he called. There was ever a timely supply in his shop; and without being chargeable with cant, he endeavoured by a judicious distribution of them, and by speaking words in season, to recommend Christ to his customers.

Thus he lived—a useful, happy Christian. And when the hour came in which he was to die, he fell asleep in Christ with calm serenity, and entered into rest.

Cullercoats, Northumberland. WILLIAM WALTERS.

Spain and the Reformation.*

THE interest which is attached to the Spanish Reformers, their works, and the footprints they have left behind, has had a fascination for several enquirers, one of the most remarkable of whom was the late Benjamin Wiffen, who may be said to have devoted the leisure of a lifetime to the subject. While indebted to the researches of a pioneer in the same field, Dr. Stoughton has produced a book which Wiffen would have hailed with delight. Few men, after relinquishing regular pastoral work, have been privileged to turn leisure to such good account as Dr. Stoughton has done in depicting the varied phases of the Reformation as they showed themselves in different countries. He has traced the footsteps of the Italian Reformers; he has visited the homes and haunts of Luther; and now he closes his labours in this department by narrating the struggles for spiritual freedom in that beggared and benighted country which remains downtrodden in an era of progress and enlightenment because light and liberty were refused when they were eagerly accepted by other countries. Why was such a heaven-sent boon as the Reformation rejected alike by the people and the rulers of the Peninsula? No satisfactory answer can be given. It "remains amongst the inscrutable mysteries of Providence."

There is no country in the world in which superstition and priestcraft have won more signal triumphs than in Spain. In the centuries which preceded the Reformation the people were the most degraded and ignorant in Christendom, blindly conservative in their opposition to change or progress, as well as ferocious in stamping out what they judged to be error. In Spain popery had the opportunity of becoming thoroughly developed, and that development meant the ruthless extirpation of everything that tended to promote human welfare. "From the eleventh century downwards," it is said, "such high notions of the papal supremacy were introduced into the Peninsula, that ecclesiastical jurisdiction was not only wrested from the crown, but all crowns were declared by the more jealous churchmen to depend on the will of the pontiff." Under such conditions the Scriptures in the vernacular were rigidly proscribed, although more than one version was prepared. The Bible was translated into Castilian by order of Alfonso X.; and in 1478 a Valencian monk prepared another version in his own dialect; but neither of these ever reached the people. The darkness grew denser as time went on; the prevalent religion became encumbered with fable; the morals of the clergy were too bad to be talked about; chivalry was magnified into a divine institution; and departure from the standard of orthodoxy set up by the savagely intolerant hierarchy, was accounted by rulers, priests, and people in common to be the deadliest of sins. From the highest to the lowest among the people of Spain no compassion was ever felt for such as lapsed into what was deemed heresy. We know that "Tears were shed, sighs were heaved, and loud murmurs rose amongst Londoners who gazed on Smithfield fires;" but the characteristic satisfaction with which the mobs of

* "The Spanish Reformers, their Memories and Dwelling-places." By John Stoughton, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

Spanish cities looked upon an *auto da fé* was only excelled by the pleasure which they derived from a bull-fight itself. Pretty *act of faith!* Call it murder of the faithful!

Though it was far from his purpose to be a Reformer, *Francesco Ximenes* (1436—1517) really aided the great movement of the sixteenth century by the singular manner in which he promoted Biblical learning. Rising from an anchorite to become archbishop of Toledo, or primate of Spain, the Complutensian Polyglot was completed and printed under his auspices, while he also founded the great university of Alcala which indirectly became connected with the Reformation. At all events the half-dozen great folios of which the work consisted crossed the Pyrenees, to be heartily welcomed by lovers of Bible truths in foreign lands. The cardinal archbishop thus favoured the learning which was the spring of the Reformation; otherwise his prejudices were strongly set against all Lutheran innovation. As Grand Inquisitor he persecuted all who embraced evangelical sentiments; he burned a huge pile of valuable Arabic books at Granada; and such were his martial powers that, more than a century after his death, sentinels on guard sometimes thought that through the nocturnal gloom they descried the form of the old Franciscan. In his professed love of the Scriptures in their original languages, the archbishop was perhaps before his age; but he objected to the people reading the sacred oracles in the vernacular. After his death the war carried on by the church against prohibited books was vigorously maintained; but, nevertheless, the Lutheran wares entered the country in many undetected ways; and the forbidden literature was read in monastic cells as well as in the boudoirs of fine ladies.

The Inquisition did its work so thoroughly in burning books as well as heretics, that copies of certain treatises, composed by evangelical Spaniards, are now scarcely obtainable, and in any case they are among the rarest of literary curiosities. Indeed, so obscure are some of the lives of the Reformers of the Peninsula, that occasionally, as in the case of the brothers *Alfonso and Juan de Valdes*, two persons have been written about as one individual. They were both lovers of Scripture and of evangelical truth; and although Alfonso was secretary to Charles V., the agents of the Inquisition laid their snares for him in the hope of getting up an *auto da fé* on his account. Both brothers died in a more natural manner, however; and Juan, whose life was far longer than Alfonso's, not only instructed a select congregation near Naples, but composed many choice works which are found exceedingly helpful to the spiritual enlightenment of the down-trodden Spain of to-day. "Although I had known Juan Valdes at Rome in the time of Pope Clement, I cannot say that I knew him as a theologian before the year 1540 in Naples," says the Italian martyr, Carnesecchi, quoted by Bœhmer. "For when in Rome I did not know that he applied himself to the study of sacred literature; but I knew him only as a modest and well-bred courtier, and as such I liked him very much, so that the intercourse and familiarity I afterwards had with him at Naples were a continuation of our friendship made at Rome; at Naples, however, the friendship grew to be a spiritual one; for I found him entirely given up to the Spirit, and wholly intent on the study of Holy

Scripture." This is a fine testimony; but it is not exaggerated. Valdes wrote for his own countrymen, and the busy presses and plodding colporteurs which are multiplying and scattering his works, prove in the best manner possible that he did not write in vain. Is it too much to say with Dr. Stoughton that the Reformer's works have risen from the dead to immortal life?

While the Roman Catholic fanaticism of Spain in the sixteenth century exceeded anything that the world has ever seen, the old truth, "Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service," was literally verified. No crime was thought to be so disgraceful as "heresy;" and to become affected with Lutheran opinions was esteemed a greater calamity than catching the plague. The brothers Valdes were happily united in their love of the gospel; but in the case of another *Juan and Alfonso,* of Cuenca, whose family name was *Diaz,* the conversion of one brother was made the excuse for the committal of a terrible crime on the part of the other. Alfonso was so true a son of the Pope, that he endeavoured to allure his Protestant brother from his Bavarian retreat to Rome, where, of course, he would have been dealt with by the Inquisition; and failing in that, Alfonso did not scruple to hire an assassin, who killed Juan in an unguarded moment by striking him down with an axe. "The assassin, with Alfonso, fled," says Dr. Stoughton; "but, being pursued, both were overtaken at Innspruck, and thrown into prison. They were arraigned before the criminal court in that romantic old city. Lawyers went from Neuburg with a strong body of evidence; but though the fact of the murder was clear as daylight, and its atrocity black as hell, special pleading defeated the ends of justice, and the murderer escaped. Protestant princes when assembled at Ratisbon, demanded that the murderers should be punished; but the judges produced an imperial order forbidding the trial to proceed further. The story, when told in the calmest manner, makes one recoil with horror; but what must we feel when we are assured that the criminal dared to repeat in his own country the circumstances of the crime." On his own responsibility Alfonso volunteered to become an agent of the Inquisition, and was, doubtless, greatly extolled for his pious zeal when he regained the Peninsula.

Cordova was one of the most opulent seats of commerce and of learning in the world in the time of the Moors; the city was so large that pedestrians might walk for ten miles by the light of lamps after sunset, and within it were the largest collection of books, and some of the most surprising architectural monuments of which the world could boast. Now the glory has departed; and visitors have their interest excited rather by what Cordova has been than by the present poverty-stricken city. The prison of the Inquisition sadly testifies to the cause of the prevailing ruin; for in Cordova "the holy office" was so irritatingly diligent, that in 1506 the people under the Marquess of Priego attacked the Satanic stronghold, and liberated the prisoners, taking care meanwhile to place certain priests in the cells. Even Catholics sometimes found the yoke of the Inquisition too heavy to be borne. At the same time the people were intensely Roman in their religious tendencies: the Reformation never affected them. "We do not read of any Protestant books being circulated, or of any

Protestant meetings being held within the walls of Cordova," says Dr. Stoughton. "The citizens could scarcely be ignorant of what went on in Seville; but there is no sign of their being horrified at the burnings there."

The present position of *Granada* may be inferred from the following: "The archbishop's palace is opposite the cathedral, and has been lately restored. About noon I observed a crowd of men in Spanish cloaks and hats standing in front of it, and on enquiring what this meant, was informed that they came to receive alms given by the prelate. It amounts to about a halfpenny each, and upon alternate days women assemble to partake of the same charity."

The Archbishop of Granada, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, was *Fernando de Talavera*, who became one of the queen's confessors. Before the name of Luther reached the Peninsula, this prelate appears to have harboured evangelical sentiments; and Prescott says that his correspondence "savoured more of the sharp twang of Puritanism than of the Roman Catholic school." He advocated the giving of the Scriptures to the people in the vernacular; and there can be but little doubt that, could he have had his way, he would have arrested the process of national decay by introducing the Reformation into Spain before it had been heard of elsewhere in Europe. The inquisitors themselves began to think him fair game for the "holy office" when they had to draw back in obedience to the commands of the Pope.

There are many wonders still left in *Seville*, more particularly the cathedral; and the old city has many fragrant memories of Reformers on the one hand, and darker memories of *autos da fé* on the other. The father of the noble band of confessors was *Rodrigo de Valer*, a man of noble family, who arrived at such clear notions of the plan of salvation through reading the Latin Vulgate that he became completely changed. He turned his back on the world, and actually spoke to people in the streets about religion; and when finally overtaken by the hell-hounds of popery his heroism was worthy of his profession. "Rodrigo, like one of the apostles," says the historian, "could not but declare the things he had seen and heard, and in the public place, where he received admonition, he rose and warned the people against errors which had just been propounded by his tonsured antagonist. Strange that his judges did not order him to be burned forthwith." He died in the prison of the Inquisition; and after his death the agents of the evil one, who had been his murderers, hung up what they called his frock of infamy in the chief mass-house, to warn others from seeking after similar blessings.

Another who died in prison was one of the preachers of the cathedral, *Dr. Constantino*, the author of "The Confession of a Sinner," and also of "The Sum of Christian Doctrine," works which are said to remind the reader of Augustine and Bunyan. "It is plain he was a man of vivid imagination," adds Dr. Stoughton, "and through the exercise of that faculty impressively expressed the realities of Christian experience. The sunshine of hope which breaks out at the end of the little book, and rolls away the clouds which darken the earlier part, is exceedingly beautiful."

In regard to *autos da fé*, Dr. Stoughton describes one as pictured in our engraving, which took place at Valladolid, on October 28th, 1559:—

"A platform stood at one end covered with rich carpets, and decked with the Inquisition's heraldic arms; close by was a royal gallery, adorned, one may suppose, with plenty of colour, gilding, and upholstery, for the delight of Spanish eyes. A private entrance led to these reserved seats. A large scaffold was erected opposite, where the condemned were to take their place. At six in the morning the city bells began to toll, and a procession moved from the 'holy office' in solemn state, under the gaze of multitudes who could get near enough to see anything. Soldiers rode or walked in front. Next followed prisoners: first penitents who escaped death, next those who were doomed to die. The former were bareheaded, and wore a mantle marked by a St. Andrew cross; the second had mantles shaped like the first, but marked with detestable devices."

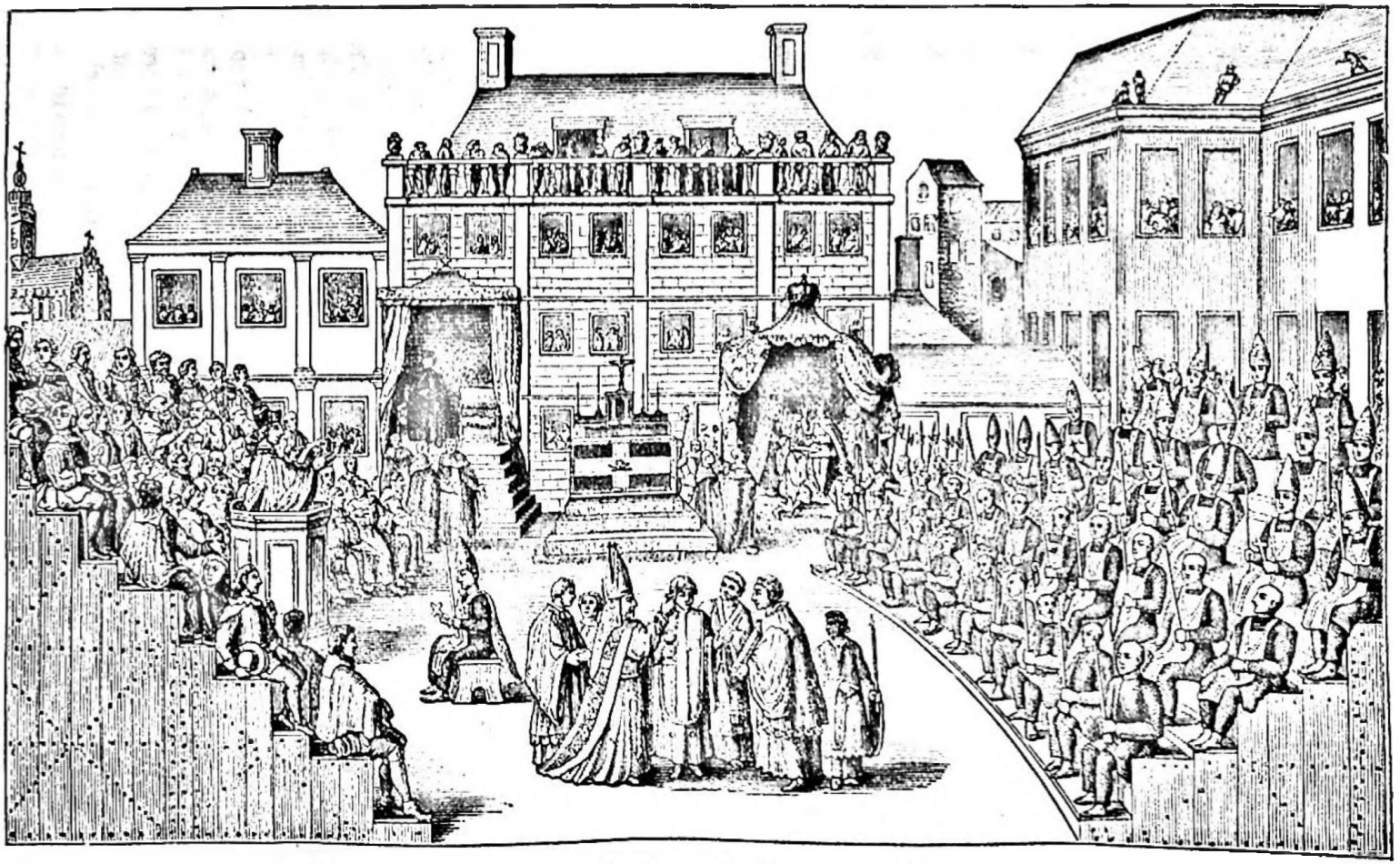
The magistrates, the officers of the infernal office, and others with standards borne before them were also present, and the covered seat on the reader's right hand is for Philip II., whose marble heart enables him to look on the murders with equanimity. Such were the *autos* of the Inquisition in Spain, which in the end very naturally ruined the country. These scenes "took place on Sundays and holy days only; and, to stamp them with the more sanctity, the Pope proclaimed an indulgence of forty days to all who attended them."

In the thirty-six years which ended in 1520 there were four thousand persons burned in Seville by the Inquisition; while many times that number are said to have been imprisoned or sent to the galleys. Such facts show what a gigantic curse Romanism has been to Spain; and they give a sufficient reason for the present beggared condition of the country. The best material in the country was sacrificed to priestcraft.

Next to Seville, as a centre of Reformation influences, comes *Valladolid*, where many *autos da fé* were witnessed. In one case we hear of a father accusing his two daughters before the Inquisition; and when they were condemned to be burned on account of their evangelical sentiments, the man gave expression to his Romish zeal by cutting faggots from his estate to feed the fire which would consume his own offspring. Recoiling from such horrors, we rejoice to remember that Geneva and England, after the accession of Elizabeth, offered safe asylums to numbers of evangelical Spanish refugees.

It was unfortunate for Spain that the leaven of the Reformation did not begin to work among the common people, as was the case in England and Germany. The victims of the Inquisition were commonly persons of good social standing; and this fact alone gives us a correct idea of the power of the "Holy Office," and also of that suicidal shortsightedness which, to gratify the reigning fanaticism of priests and people, destroyed the best minds in the country.

At last, however, the Reformation has entered Spain, and the many centres of evangelization which now exist in the Peninsula are a cheerful contrast to the wholesale murders and cruelties which were committed from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella to the middle of the last century. Popery and priestcraft have blighted and ruined the country: but, if the gospel be received, the desert shall yet blossom as the rose.



(*From "The Spanish Reformers."*) AN AUTO DA FÉ.

Concerning Going to Heaven.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I HAVE heard persons express their unwillingness to go to heaven if it is to be all psalm-singing and holy talking. Surely, there was no need for them to decline to enter until they bad been asked to do so. Holy Scripture invites all men to holiness, but I know of no passage in which it presses any ungodly man to enter heaven: there will be time enough to invite men to glory when they have accepted grace. Yet the refusal of the heavenly inheritance is sometimes heard, coupled with reasons for it. Thomas Brooks mentions a woman who lived near Lewes, in Sussex, who was ill, and therefore was visited by one of her neighbours, who to cheer her told her that if she died she would go to heaven, and be with God, and Jesus Christ, and the saints and angels. To this the sick woman in all simplicity replied, "Ah, mistress, I have no relations there! Nay, not so much as a gossip or acquaintance; and as I know nobody, I had a great deal sooner stop with you and the other neighbours than go and live among strangers." It is to be feared that if a good many were to speak their thoughts they would say much the same. One said to me only the other day, "What a dreadful thing it is to die and go 'you know not where'!" To whom I answered, "Yes, indeed; but to a Christian it is not so; he knows well enough where he is going." "That may be," said the person who addressed me, "but still it is even to a Christian an unknown land." Her surprise was great when I demurred to this, and said that dying was going home to our own Father, to our Elder Brother, to our Husband, to our friends, and to the place where our life already is. This is the truth, and those who commune with God understand that it is so; but to the uninstructed in divine things the glory-land is a place as unknown as the dark continent of Africa used to be.

There is a story floating about of a farmer in his last days being visited by the clergyman of the parish, who discoursed to him very sweetly concerning the happy land, and the celestial city, with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. "Thank you, Sir," said the farmer, "it is a fine country, no doubt, but Old England for me! Old England for me!" He would probably have been better pleased with some English edition of a Mahometan Paradise, where roast beef and foaming tankards would abound on every side. He was not, however, the only true Briton who would make the same choice if he thought himself at all likely to get it.

We do not know that this true son of John Bull was much more out of the running than a certain popular authoress, who dreamed some time ago about "Gates Ajar." Her maunderings are far more wild in her later book, where she pictures a soul "Beyond the Gates." Therein the glorified one is represented as saying, "The grass was softer than eider of the lower world; and lighter than snow-flakes the leaves that fell from low-hanging boughs about me. Distantly I heard moving water; and more near, sleepy birds. . . . . I felt infinite security. I had the blessedness of a weariness which knew it could not miss of sleep. Dreams stole upon me with motion and touch so exquisite that I thought, 'Sleep itself is a new joy; what we had below was only a hint of the real thing,' as I sank into deep and deeper rest."

"When I waked, I was still alone. There seemed to have been showers, for the leaves and grass about me were wet; yet I felt no chill or dampness, or any kind of injury from this fact. Rather I had a certain refreshment, as if my sleeping senses had drunk of the peace and power of the dew, which flashed far and near about me. The intense excitement under which I had laboured since coming to this place was calmed. All the fevers of feeling were laid. I could not have said whether there had been what below we called night, or how the passage of time had marked itself; I only knew that I had experienced the recuperation of night, and that I sprang to the next duty or delight of existence with the vigour of recurring day. As I rose from the grass, I noticed a four-leafed clover, and remembering the pretty little superstition we used to have about it, I plucked it, and held it to my face, and so learned that the raindrop in this new land had perfume, an exquisite scent, as if into the essence of brown earth, and spicy roots, and aromatic green things, such as summer rain distils with us from out a fresh-washed world, there were mingled an inconceivable odour drawn out of the heart of the sky. Metaphysicians used to tell us that no man ever imagined a new perfume, even in his dreams. I could see that they were right, for anything like the perfume of clover after a rain in heaven had never entered into my sense or soul before. I saved the clover 'for good luck,' as I used to do."

It is clear that multitudes have no preparation for abiding with God for ever, for they are not yet capable of forming even a faint conception of it. Because eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, therefore these people conclude that nothing of heaven can be known, and truly *by them* it cannot be; but to the spiritual, heaven is revealed by the Spirit of God, its life is already commenced in them, its King already reigns over them, its Light has already shone upon them: its worship they have commenced, its communion they are enjoying, its joy they have foretasted. Heaven is as suitable for a saint as a lock is fitted to receive its key; and as the fashion of a lock might be inferred from the key, so may the glorious state be guessed at from the gracious man. He has, moreover, sips of sweetness, which give him no merely fanciful notion of the hill-country, and he knows somewhat of what the full-blown flower must be as he gazes at the beauty of the bud; but he looks not that in the revelation of the glory the invisible should be only a reproduction of the visible; for he knows that the spiritual exceeds the natural even as the heaven is above the earth.

I sat once at the bedside of one who had caught the true idea that the future will bear a distinct relation to the present, for she said to me, "Sir, I think I shall be allowed to share in the holy worship of God, for it was ever my delight. I do not think I shall be shut up with the wicked, for I was always weary of ungodly society. I hope I shall be gathered with the people of God, for these many years to be with them has been my chief delight. Dear Sir, I feel sure that the Lord will let us go with our own company." I was quite of her mind. The fact is, men depart from God in this life, and their future is to continue moving in that direction, for the Judge will say, "Depart"; but as for those who have been coming to the Lord, their future will be a continued advance in the same course, for their Lord will say, "Come, ye blessed."

The Prodigal Son.*

A SERMON BY CHRISTMAS EVANS.

THE description of the prodigal shows how soon, how easily and completely, man, when competent to act, departs from God. Impressed by the portraiture, lo! I see him seeking a travelling-car to take away his goods and chattels. He finds horses and chariots, men and maid-servants, for he is about to leave his father's hearth, and bid him farewell. The elder brother was standing by, neatly dressed, with a staff in his hand; but the younger was very showily arrayed, had on a pair of yellow-topped boots, looked a grand gentleman, and held out one finger to bid his father "Good-bye." This is the description of one who has lost his reason, and follows his wicked inclinations. The "wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God," will not pray to him, or depend on his wisdom and love, but in his insanity will set up for himself.

While thus he was, as regards his father's house, dead and lost, "He went into a far country." Profligacy is indeed a far country, far from God, without faith, or the fear of God, or solemnity, or sacred song; a land where dead souls dwell, a land through which runs the broad road which leads to destruction. The ungodly "go astray from the womb," even before reading the heavenly book that tells of the far country, that describes how it was once drowned with water, and at another time how part of it was burned up with sulphureous fire from heaven. Besides, its climate is so fiercely hot that it destroys and burns up its produce; and sometimes so cold that it buries its population under mountains of frost and eternal snow. Its language was the language of hell, its customs were the lusts of Satan, who was its gigantic god. Its chief merchandise was in the exchange of the bodies and souls of men; these were the principal articles of commerce that passed through its ports, and it received from hell foolish and hurtful desires in their place. . . . The system of slave traffic flourished very richly there. The young man was insane to waste his substance in a land so scarce of provision, and so utterly barren of happiness. "His understanding was darkened." His mouth was a sepulchre, in which godliness and all holy things were buried. There was joined to the root of his tongue a bag, containing the poison of asps, so that he poisoned men by his tongue in his evil communications; and there was a flame at the point of his tongue, that set "the course of nature on fire," even with the fire of hell. His hands wrought mischief, and his feet were swift to shed blood. He was insane to direct his course to a land called "the far country," far from God, happiness, and heaven. It was so far that no one of himself has ever found the way back to his Father's house; but it was not so far but the Father could send famine and distress into it, and even run there to embrace the prodigal.

Has no one ever returned? Oh, yes; millions, millions! but not without the Father drawing them. In order to open a new way from this far country, God sent his Son to assume the nature of its inhabitants, and by virtue of the sacrifice that he gave on the tree in this very country he opened a way through the evil that shut men out from their Father's house.

The young man "spent his substance in riotous living." He devoted the

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* This was one of Christmas Evans's most noteworthy sermons. He preached it on his last tour in South Wales, on which tour he died. The only departure from the Welsh is the substitution of a few verses of English poetry for Welsh.—E. M.

These notes are very welcome, but we judge them to be only notes. We beg our readers to peruse them carefully, and by the use of a little imagination they can fill up the gaps, and form some idea of how the glorious Welshman carried all before him. We have altered a word or two to make the sense clear. The sermon contains some of the finest touches which have ever come before us. It is grand even in this fragmentary state.—C. H. S.

strength of his body, and all his mental faculties, and possessions, to enliven Vanity Fair—that is, he gave himself up to the vices of the age; drunkenness, uncleanness, fighting, and Sabbath desecration.

Then the law, as a mighty famine, goes forth to lay hold of the sinner. When God would subdue a proud city, he does it by sending the sword, the famine, or the plague. The gospel has its sword, fire, and famine, which even Saul of Tarsus cannot withstand. The law raises the famine, and gradually increases it, until the sinner goes seeking through the far country for the bread of hope. He is described as setting out like a gentleman, then he becomes indigent, and seeks bread; but he had to know that the region of the law was a poor place in which to beg, because "it hath dominion over a man till he is dead." He could not sing for a living, like some poor English in our towns; nor sell matches from door to door. The law was, "He that will not work neither shall he eat." Every door was shut against him. He offered to work for a citizen of that country, that is, the preacher of the law as a covenant of works; but the law followed him, and no bread could be had for works of the law unless perfect; and the law would have written out his notice of removal to the House of Correction, in the parish of Sinai, where thousands of these wandering wretches have been sent, since the days of Cain, who was the first to die there. Now every hope of the bread of life was gone, he was almost distracted through his sin, seeing nothing but perdition in his heart, life, and conduct, while without any means of making an atonement for his sins. Lively conviction, produced by the Spirit of God, brings a man into a state of utter despair. Beer and spirits cannot drown such convictions. There was a famine of every article necessary to support a godless life. Conviction of sin is likened to the pangs of childbirth—and why? Because the termination of it is a matter of either death or life. But he would break his hunger by the deeds of the law; he would, in other words, get a living by work. It was not to a citizen of the towns where he had been spending his money, and his life, he repaired, but to the cities of strict morality, where the Scribes and Pharisees, and rulers of the parish church, lived in the days of Christ. Though the city he visited feigned to be a godly place, yet it belonged to the "far country."

The certain citizen to whom he applied was a figure of the legal preacher, the swine are the figure of his disciples: they tread the pearl of great price under their feet, and slight the doctrines of grace, and the atoning work of Christ, and the strength and life contained in them. Methinks I see him standing by the swine troughs! Others filled themselves, he could not. The husks would not do for him. He was a perfect picture of misery. An old shoe and stocking on his foot, an old cap on his head, like the turban of a Turk, recently picked from the dunghill, and a ragged one-armed coat on his back. While he stood there, death and starvation were depicted in his countenance. Nothing was to be heard but the munching of the swine as they ate their food, when lo! a letter from his father, borne as with the wind, came into his bosom. His father told him he was still alive, and rich. When this letter came it brought to mind many familiar circumstances; and trembling, he feared to venture to open it, lest his father should be found to swear in his wrath, that he should never come back. Some have feared to read a chapter, or pray, lest some evidence should start up that they have been rejected, or have committed the unpardonable sin.

With tears he ventured to open it in the dark pass of death, when the sun of hope was setting, and there was no prospect of its ever rising again. At this juncture the gospel gave forth its commanding voice in demonstration of the Spirit and power, which brought to mind with irresistible force the thought that his Father was alive, and that there was bread at home, "enough and to spare." Now the sun of hope rose upon his soul, for by faith his Father's house drew nearer to him, with its amplitude of stores and open bounty. Faith in his Father wrought in his soul a feeble hope, and the fountains of repentance welled up in his mind, and streamed forth in the spirit of prayer. His faith in the bread and the sufficiency

of it caused him to resolve that he would arise, and begin his journey home. The entreaty to his Father leaped to his lips at every step he took. In his prayer he confessed his sin and unworthiness, and petitioned for the humblest place among the servants. He went from home a haughty, domineering gentleman; but he came back truly humbled. The gospel, by killing and making alive, taught him a valuable lesson. It is a poor sign when a man would come into the church as rich and great, not as a poor sinner out of the dust.

Now we behold him on his journey home, through faith in his Father's clemency and bounty. "When he was yet a great way off," he had no hope in himself, and was very much ashamed of his riven and tattered garments, and his unprotected feet. His feeling of his lost estate was very intense and heavy. But, lo! all the riches of the grace, power, and mercy resident in the Father come forth to meet his faith, hope, and flickering love. The eye of mercy saw him through the thick mist, the heart of mercy pitied him, the feet of power and might ran to meet him, the arms of mercy embraced him, and the face of a reconciled God bestowed the kiss of peace. They brought him in—not to the dining-room, but to the robing-apartment.

Oh! what a touching sight to behold the God of all grace embracing the unworthy sinner, and he in the dust; his Father extending to him the blessing of forgiveness, without any upbraiding. Conviction having ended in restoration, the sinner has the blessings of redemption applied to his understanding and conscience. Lo! I see him in the chamber on his knees, his face bent to the earth, hateful in his own sight on account of his filth and his poverty; yet stung with pain by the fear of death. The Father named the blessings—the robe, the ring, the shoes, and the fatted calf. They were provided by his royal bounty. The rotten robe of the prodigal was not worth turning, washing, or mending; his shoes were good for nothing but to be cast away. You cannot save a man by reforming him: that is not what has to be done; he is too bad for reformation, he must be formed anew, clad in an entire change of raiment. The Father gave order for the robe. It corresponded to the requirements of the law, and was wrought out by the Son of God during his abode on earth. His holiness was the frame where it was worked. His love, obedience, and sufferings were the warp, woof, and substance of which it was spun and woven. It was "through righteousness." This robe was the "one obedience of Christ." In him were found beam, frame, material, weaver, and shuttle; and he finished it upon the cross. The order was not to put on the shoes first, but the robe. The gospel does not bring a man first to walk with God, or possess a filial spirit, and then justify him; but there is an appropriate order—first, the Father gives the robe; then he will have the ring put upon the hand, as a sign of filial union; and then will see the shoes placed on the feet of him who wears the robe. The voice of the Father is heard in the servants, and they urge those who believe, that they should be careful "to maintain good works," and "follow God as dear children."

Here are the four commands of the Father to the servants, that is, to ministers of the gospel, apostles, prophets, pastors, and teachers, to the end of the world. "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him,"—that is, explain and preach the glorious, divine, justifying righteousness of the Son of God, in comparison of which the righteousness of angels, and of Adam before the fall, at once lose all their beauty. As a robe there is none like it in heaven or earth. "Put a ring on his hand" and "shoes on his feet." Set forth the nature of adoption and Christian conversation, in demonstration of the Spirit, with an ardour that will impress the mind.

Now he comes forth from the dress-chamber to the royal dining-room. Oh, what grace! This is grace after grace, gift after gift, treasure after treasure, patrimony after patrimony. There was no need to hunt shops or stalls, for a ring, or shoes, or the fatted calf; they were all there, so plentiful were the provisions of the Father's house. Now the sinner is brought to taste the love

of God sned abroad in his heart, and feeds on the flesh and blood of the Redeemer, and relishes joy in the Holy Ghost. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God," and in this peace as a robe, and in these shoes of the preparation of the gospel, we stand, "and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." "He rejoiced, believing in God with all his house."

The fourth royal command to the servants is, "Bring forth the fatted calf, and kill it," *i.e.*, sacrifice it. Preach Christ as a fiery sacrifice to justice in the room and stead of prodigals, and also as a meat and drink-offering to starving souls. Only one calf, so there is but one sacrifice, once offered in the end of the world. It will remain to form a feast to welcome all the prodigals, and there is a fresh glory bestowed upon the sacrifice of the cross whenever a famishing sinner comes into the church of God.

The Master of the feast was the Father: all was at his sole expense. He sent the famine, and ran to meet the wanderer, and gave the robe, ring, and shoes, and now sets the fatted calf on the festal board.

The feast itself contains all the blessings of the gospel, the soul being brought to the enjoyment of an interest in the death of the Son of God. One no less dignified, no less rich and powerful, than the Lord of Hosts made the feast. For whom? For prodigals. Where? "In this mountain." He did not say on this occasion, "Give him a little by himself and to himself;" but the feast was made for "all people," for the entire family, even for the angels. This is one of the heirs of eternal life, who has now been born again.

How did the Father, the Lord of Hosts, sustain his position as head of the feast, and while feasting with the prodigal? He rejoiced over him with singing, till the whole apartment exchanged glory and beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for heaviness, and the Father said, "Let us eat and be merry." A bountiful supply had been set before the prodigal, and the first morsels were swallowed with avidity and great relish, for they were sweeter than the honeycomb. Then, looking in his Father's face, as tears streamed from both his eyes, he said, "Father." "What now, my son?" "I do not deserve this feast." "There is no necessity, my son, all is of grace." "I remember my disobedience in the far country, Father." "It is all forgiven; eat, my son." "Oh, my Father, shall I remain with you for ever?" "Who said otherwise to thee, child? Did I promise thee less?" "But, Father, will you keep me here by the power of thy covenant, and maintain that covenant, and never let it be broken?" "Well, I will promise, and never alter what has gone out of my mouth." The saints fear backsliding very much, but the Lord has promised, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me, saith the Lord."

Did all rejoice? Yes, all but the elder brother; he would not come near. The Father, the servants, the whole catholic church, the angels in the room beyond the veil, all rejoiced, their minds feasting on the dainties of heavenly grace, and lost in admiration of the riches of divine mercy, and the memory of it was sweeter than wine from Lebanon. How high did the joy run? how far extend? I assure you it was not weak, nor feeble, nor grovelling, nor silent, for the elder brother heard far away beyond the house "music and dancing," two words to set forth the strength and elevation of the joy. The joy in the Holy Ghost was so great that it drove the fear of want and the fear of death far away. Then four harps were brought forth from the four corners of the earth, to be played upon. The great harp of the north began, and the musicians sang the joyful lay—

"Great God of wonders! all thy ways
  Are matchless, God-like, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
  More God-like and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?"

Then the strings of the southern harp were touched—

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

"Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name."

Then the sweet harp of Judah, the harp of the rising sun, sounded forth sweet and loud notes of joy because of pardon and peace to dying men—

"We were lost, but we are found,
Dead, but now alive are we;
We were sore in bondage bound,
But our Jesus sets us free.

Strangers, and he takes us in,
Naked, he becomes our dress,
Sick, and he from stain of sin
Cleanses with his righteousness.

Therefore will we sing his praise
Who his lost ones hath restored,
Hearts and voices both shall raise
Hallelujahs to the Lord."

At the sight of the two parties sweetly reconciled to each other at the festal board, the minstrel of the western harp sounded forth his note—

"The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home;
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child;
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in thee!"

Nothing is said of the end of this feast, more than of the end of the wedding-banquet, or of the return from the highway of the third servant who went out to compel the lame, and the halt, and the blind to come in. It is a feast that is spread over all the years of the Lord's redeemed. It is going on even now.

The elder son, the figure of the legalist, was ploughing rather sulphureous land that day on the brow of the hill called Sinai. The Father sent the servant to call him in, and to invite all such to leave their trust in works, and believe in Christ. When he saw the servant, he was pausing for a moment between the handles of the plough; for he was ploughing to earn bread by his own

works. So he said, "What is going on to-day, down yonder? What is all that stir within the walls?" "Oh, you are right in calling it a *stir*, for a stir it verily is, I assure you." "Well, lad, what is it? The sweet odours from the flues are spreading up here; the smell resembles food being cooked for Antinomians; tell me what is going on?" "Your brother is come home poor and wretched." "My brother? You mean that fellow that went away long since to the far country, and devoured his living with harlots." "Ay, the same, and your Father has commanded you to come in and welcome him." "Me! I will never come. No, not even if my Father were to come to ask me. To think of my sitting down at a banquet with publicans and the scum of sinners! I shall mention it to him. I certainly shall. He is a fine person to think of welcoming such a wretch, and to give him a fatted calf, when he never slew so much as a kid for me in return for my *self-righteous* works."

By this time the Father had come up to the elder brother. He began to abuse and blame him. The Father cut the matter short by calling him in, saying, "If you will not come in I cannot do better than carry on the feast without you." Election makes rejoicing necessary, and love makes it necessary, and the divine righteousness of Christ makes it necessary. "This thy brother was dead, and is alive again;" was afar off, and is made nigh; "and was lost and is found." And "they began to be merry," and of that joy there was no end.

Two or three Remarkable Wives.

ONE of the most amiable and beautiful of the maidens of Bruges was Clara Cervenda, whose marriage would have proved a horrible misfortune had she not by the rarest devotion and self-denial turned everything into pleasure. Immediately after her marriage to Bernard Valdanza she discovered that her husband was the victim of a loathsome disease, which soon extended its ravages to his whole body. Instead of fretting, however, or yielding to despair, "she sold her precious jewels, her gold chains, her rich carcanets, her garments of great value, and a cupboard of plate, not caring for anything so long as her husband was relieved; and contenting herself with little so long as he wanted nothing. Thus Valdanza lingered on in life, by the help of his wife, within a rotten body, or rather within a grave, for twenty years together." After death had relieved her of the wearisomeness of ministering to this living corpse, her hand was sought by many, and declined, the reason being that none were so lovable as "dear Bernard Valdanza."

When the Low Countries were harassed by petty lords, one of them, on a certain occasion, was saved from death by the loving stratagem of his wife. Besieged in the castle of Haarlem, one of the conditions of capitulation was. that the lady should be allowed to depart with such goods as could be carried by her at one time from the citadel. The dutiful wife immediately enclosed her lord in a chest, and, bearing him safely out of reach, left the enemy to prey at will on the baser spoils of the house, such as gold, silver, and jewels.

Katherine Clark must have been one of the most complete specimens of an exemplary Puritan housewife, for "she never rose from the table, even when herself and husband were alone, but she made a courtesie. She never drank to him without bowing. His word was a law unto her. She often denied herself to gratify him; and when in her sickness and weakness he mentioned her case in particular unto God in his prayer, the duty being ended, she would make him a courtesie and thank him. In case of his absence she would pray with her family, morning and evening: the like she would do in his presence in case of his sickness and inability to perform the duty himself." All very well, Mrs. Katherine Clark, but you will find few imitators now-a-days in your excessive lowliness to your husband, and we are not quite sure that we like *him* for allowing you to take up such a position. He must have been a queer husband to have expected or received such homage.

The maidens of a Puritan household were trained to look upon marriage as a very serious business; and great carefulness was exercised not to patch up ill-assorted unions. Young women thought of marriage as a matter of importance, and did not make a jest of it, as so many do now-a-days. A pleasant, as well as a fairly representative, case of this pious forethought is given in the experience of Mrs. E——, a lady who died in the reign of William the Third, and whose name is unknown. In her diary before marriage she is found speculating on the choice of a husband, and as to the manner in which she would govern her household when she had one:—"For the choice of a husband, his person shall be such as I can entirely love and delight in; his humour, as far as I can judge, suitable to mine, so that we may delight in each other's company. I would not have him hasty, nor passionate, no, not even to others. A competency of estate, so that we may live and not be beholden to friends, is all I desire; for I do not, nor ever did, reckon that the comfort of one's life will or doth consist in having abundance of the world. I would chiefly, and above all, have one that doth truly fear God, not only a professor, but one that is seriously godly, and whose chief delight is, as near as I can judge and learn by others, in the things of God. I will, if I can possibly, have my judgment go before my affection in the choice of a husband. If it please God my parents live to see me married, I will not entertain any discourse with any that I intend to marry without their consent and liking. If I am able to keep servants, they shall be, as near as I can discover, and by enquiring know of others, those that truly fear God; at least they shall be civilized. As for men-servants, if I should marry a citizen I should think it my duty to let my husband alone with them; but if he doth neglect his duty to them, by not calling them to an account for the sermons they hear, reading, etc., if I can't persuade him to it, I shall then think I may and must take care of their souls. As for maids, I'll before ever I hire them tell them they must go with me and hear at the same place I do; but if they are joined with any others, then I'll let them go sometimes there and sometimes with me. They shall give an account of what they hear until the affairs of my family are such that I can't do it. They shall read to me once a day, or else I'll ask them about their reading. . . . If they grow wicked and careless, and will not hear reproof, I shall look upon it my duty to change them, and not to mind what people say of my frequent changing of maids." We have to bear in mind that this was written by an inexperienced girl, who, after marriage, and when she had a household of her own, appears to have lived out to the letter the rule of conduct she had sketched in youth. She also wrote pious and sensible reflections on things which happened in everyday life,—on scalding her foot, on being seized in the night by sudden illness, on receiving a reproof from her mother, and so on.

Notices of Books.

Lobb's Theological Quarterly. Vol I. No. 1. Price 2s. "Christian Age" Offices, St. Bride-street, Ludgate Circus.

This is a good number. Each paper has an interest of its own. It will be a sign of advanced interest in theological subjects if this Quarterly succeeds; but it certainly ought to do so if it can be kept up to the high standard of this specimen. Mr. Lobb has great genius as an editor, and we wish him large success.

The Chart and Compass. Sailors' Magazine. Volume for 1883. Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, E.

Mr. Matthews conducts this periodical with whole-hearted zeal. He has all the heartiness and dash of a sailor about him, and is just the man to be Secretary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, whose interests were never in more earnest hands. Our heartiest sympathies are with our brother Matthews and his good work.

Rome: Pagan and Papal. By Mourant Brock, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Mourant Brock was for a long time the Episcopalian minister at Mentone, and there we have met him in conversation and prayer, and in our Sabbath communion in our own room. He was somewhat warlike, but very genuine. He was a keen and accurate observer, and in this volume he furnishes for Protestantism many potent weapons, and proves to demonstration that Popery is nothing but Paganism wearing a mask. This is an important historical work, and full of interest. Price only 5s.

Christian Womanhood. By Mary Pryor Hack. Hodder and Stoughton.

A beautiful five-shilling book by an authoress whose name stands deservedly very high. Few of the women whom she here depicts were much known to fame; but this makes the volume all the more attractive. Ladies, the book will adorn your boudoirs!

Thoughts in the Valleys: Lessons from the Valleys of the Old Testament. By Captain Dawson. Shaw and Co.

A little upon each of the valleys of Scripture. It is not a scholarly work, but a holy intent is manifest throughout, and a sacred unction bedews the whole. The author modestly hopes that his glimpses at the vales may encourage exploring parties to descend into them, behold their beauties, and gather their harvests. We believe that this will happen: the very incompleteness of the chapters will induce further search. Viewed in this light, a work which is in itself rather fragmentary may be of more value than if it were of a higher order. The binding of this book is in exquisite taste. The cost is 3s. 6d.

Christian Ethics and Wise Sayings. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. Nisbet and Co.

A collection of proverbs, aphorisms, and extracts. It will be useful as one among other common-place books, but we fear it will not enjoy any very extensive popularity. The selection is good, but a trifle dull, and same-ish; and this fault, though it is small in itself, is usually fatal to a sale.

Delight in the Lord. A Manual of Devotion. By Henry Morris. W. Hunt and Co.

We do not care for ready-made prayers at all, good, bad, or indifferent. We dare say these are no worse than the best of such crutches.

His Steps traced from the Great Biography. Practical Readings in the Life of our Lord. By the Rev. Geo. Everard, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Choice sermonettes, full of grace and truth. It is among the best signs of this moribund century that such books are popular.

The Story of our English Bible, and what it cost. By Mrs. Bayly. Nisbet.

Very pleasantly written. A book of the best sort. As gracious as it is fascinating.

Rest for the Weary; or, Comfort for the Afflicted. Diamond Settings from the Writings of St. Paul. Selected by J. H. R. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Tiny bijoux. It is easy to make books by putting together hymns or texts; but we fail to see anything to review in the two booklets above. The little things are prettily bound. In *Pickings from a Pocket of Pebbles*, published by David Bryce and Son, Glasgow, there is much freshness of thought: it is not a mere compilation.

Heroes for the Faith: Lives of the Scottish Worthies. Revised, corrected, and enlarged.

Martyrs for the Truth: being the Last Words and Dying Testimonies of the Worthies of Scotland. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Very cheap at 3s. 6d. These should be regarded as standard works by those who venerate the Covenanters and other defenders of the old orthodox faith. They may be roughly reckoned up as new editions of *Naphtali* and *The Cloud of Witnesses*, so well known by our readers north of the Tweed.

Light in Lands of Darkness. A Record of Missionary Labour. By Robert Young. T. Fisher Unwin.

The more of such books the better. Put this into the school-library if you can afford 6s.

Elementary Classics. Eutropius. By W. Welch, M.A., and C. G. Duffield, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

"Adapted for the use of beginners," says the title-page, and beginners have much reason to be grateful to the editors for the adaptation. The text is freed from many knotty phrases without impairing the value of the history. Clearness and brevity are admirably combined in the notes, exercises, and vocabularies. Just the help that is needed is given, and no more; and the learner, instead of being over-weighted and distracted by cumbrous annotations, is allowed to advance in light marching order.

There are two other volumes of the same series before us, viz.:—

Livy. Book I. By H. M. Stephenson, M.A., and

Homer. Odyssey I. By J. Bond, M.A., and A. S. Walpole, M.A.

These carry the student to a higher stage, and the style of editing and annotation changes accordingly. Each volume is enriched with a very succinct and yet comprehensive introduction, which places the student fully *en rapport* with the literature of the subject. The notes yield ample assistance; but they also suppose that honest work has been done in the elementary forms and constructions. These editions show in every part that they are the productions not only of ripe scholars, but of able teachers.

Since writing the above, we have received *Virgil* (Selections) and *Horace* (Odes IV.), of which we can speak with equal praise.

The Unwritten Record: a Story of the World we live on. By James Crowther. Sunday School Union.

Mr. Crowther has special gifts for keeping up the interest of his readers. Although we are well acquainted with the geological facts which he here mentions, we confess that he has set them forth in such a manner that we were allured from page to page, and forced to read on to the end. The manner in which Mr. Crowther defends the statements of the Infallible Word against the assaults of the conceitedly wise makes us wish that every boy and girl in the three kingdoms may read his book. We like this volume as much as his former work upon the senses, entitled "The Five-Barred Gate." This is a fine book for 1s. 6d.

Celebrated Dunces. By Tom Brown. Sunday School Union.

This admirable book will excite many a dull boy to make another effort. This is so desirable a result that we hope parents who are honoured by having slow-developing sons will secure for them a copy of the work. We had no idea that Duncedom owned such great men: it makes one reverence the Dunce's Cap as a sort of prophetic crown.

Ward and Lock's Self-Instructor; or, Every Man his own Schoolmaster. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Here, for one shilling, a person far from a school may get the elements of an education. We are amazed that such a thing should be possible. It ought to sell by hundreds of thousands.

Wonderful Animals: Descriptive, Anecdotal, and Amusing. By Vernon S. Morwood. John Hogg.

This book will greatly promote kindness to animals, and we regret that there is still much need for so doing, though there is a marked improvement. What with the nature of the theme, the abundance of the stories, and the number of the woodcuts, this is as attractive a book as one could wish for. A first-rate present for a boy.

Health Lectures for the People. Third Series. Delivered in Edinburgh during the Winter of 1882-83. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Just at this time, when so much is being said about the sanitary condition of the poorer classes of society, this book is most opportune and valuable. Ten lectures by competent medical men, on such subjects as "Ventilation," "Physical Exercise," "Nursing the Sick," "Sanitary Law," &c., cannot but do good if only read and practised. District and sick visitors could not do better than invest in a copy and carefully study it: whilst, if it could be done cheaply and easily, a general distribution of the book to the poor would be money well spent. What the lecturers have so generously given should be as generously scattered abroad.

On the Difference between Physical and Moral Law. The Fernley Lecture of 1883. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. London: T. Woolmer.

IN happy vein our author opens his essay with a sentence which explains and vindicates its title. "In the present day few things are more familiar to us than writing, in which it is taken for granted that minds and bodies are both governed by laws of one and the same order." The drift of this elaborate dissertation is to refute "the New Philosophy," of which Monsieur Auguste Comte was the earliest exponent. It passes current in modern literature under the name of Positivism or Materialism. The Rev. William Arthur accepts John Stuart Mill's definition of its leading axiom as his text,—"All phenomena, without exception, are governed by invariable laws, with which no volitions, either natural or supernatural, interfere." To disprove this he proceeds with measured tread. He evidently has not taken up the subject on a sudden impulse. Much patient reading and very much careful thinking have prepared him to gather into a volume of moderate compass the results of long years of research. For ourselves, we should hardly think that Comte was intentionally atheistic; but we dare affirm that his arguments inevitably lead up to that miserable climax. And yet mayhap we have no right to think. We conjecture this, because a curious passage occurs in the preface deprecating any unfavourable criticism. Our author advises his readers, if not satisfied with his performance, "to suspend their judgment until they have long read the originals, and taken a good many years with a view to test their estimates of them before committing themselves to an expressed opinion." Now any author who writes thus must be conscious of a weak point in his work; and he betrays himself by an excessive susceptibility. We can only afford a few minutes to ferret this out. Comte says: "Every branch of our knowledge has three different theoretical conditions — the theological or fictitious; the metaphysical or abstract; and the scientific or positive—these conditions being essentially different and radically opposed to each other." How else can we deal with this definition than by denouncing it? We cannot debate it with a disciple of the Positive school. Before fighting a duel the combatants must be agreed on the choice of their weapons. Mr. Arthur ignores Mons. Comte's objection to use the arms which Mr. Arthur prefers. When Mr. Arthur proves that Mons. Comte sets up a system against Scripture and logic, the response is, "Yes, I told you so on the outset: you have proved nothing."

As for us, we accept the essay with all its beauty. Could rhetoric win back this recreant age to the pure faith of our Puritanic fathers, "The Fernley Lecture of 1883" might occupy a bright page in the history we bequeath to our posterity.

Eudokia: the Angel's Song. By THEOPHILUS, A.M. Elliot Stock.

IN judging books, beware of being taken in by their titles. This little volume is not a Christmas Carol. What is it, then? Well, it is rather more polemical than poetical. The author has framed a heavy indictment against the Revised Version of 1881, and a still heavier indictment against the Revision Company founded in 1870. He registers the verdict, as if it were an universal, if not an absolutely unanimous, finding: "The Revised Version is found, upon careful examination, to be wonderfully like the Popish Douay, or Rhemish New Testament in English, rendered from the Romish or Latin Vulgate, only outdoing that version, in retaining all its corruptions, in importing into the text many changes of a most doubtful character, and in casting out the most precious Scriptures without cause or reason shown." . . . . We really should not like to say that the author is very far wrong. But why the title? We suppose because the change suggested in the construction of the Angel's Song is a case in point.

Beyond the Gates. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Chatto and Windus.

TIME spent in examining this rubbish we greatly grudge. Dreamy, foolish nonsense, with a touch of something worse. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have brought out many curiosities; this is certainly one of the oddest of them, and we think the most worthless.

Life and Writings of John the Apostle. By Rev. J. Thompson, M.A. Nisbet.

Whoever now writes on the Apostle John invites comparison with Dr. Culross's inimitable monograph, and he ought therefore to be an able and courageous man. We are happy to say that though the present volume makes no pretension to special scholarship or singular style, it can bear the comparison and not suffer thereby.

Mr. Thompson has his own angle of vision from which he sees the Apostle, and with a true poetic sympathy he helps to reveal new lights and beauties in John's manifold character. Keen-sighted readers will observe much that is fresh about its subject. Some of these chapters will mark out capital lines for sermons. The broad, general principles of John's character and writings, rather than details and particular words, are principally treated, and the result is very satisfactory. Mr. Thompson might safely attempt more.

The Freedom of Faith. By Theodore J. Munger. Ward, Lock, and Co.

This book hails from the other side of the Atlantic. It is a pretentious novelty, and it appears to have made great shouting in the Philistine camp. There is really nothing in it worth crowing over. "The New Theology," which the author attempts to define in his preface and to illustrate in his sermons, is what we commonly speak of as "Broad Church." Of course, Mr. Munger's essay is distilled from English writers. He enumerates eight or nine representative men (such as Maurice, Robertson, Stanley). The attempt to reduce the erratic discourses of such men to a consistent system is ingenious, and needless. This new theology professes to retain the specific doctrines of Christianity, but puts a fresh construction on every distinctive word in the creed of the old church. It approves of revelation as divinely given, but it asserts that its acceptance ultimately rests on reason. It admits that there are leading and fundamental truths of the Christian faith, but it denies that they have a fixed form. It acknowledges revelations of God, but it repudiates revelations from God, because it adheres to a process of unfolding. It entertains views based on verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, but it disavows any strict adherence to "the plain meaning of the words." It does not desire to construct a new church, but it aims at conducting all the churches into conformity with the age that now is, and with any other age that is to be. Its partisans will be well pleased if these equivocations are gradually instilled into the popular teaching in all our Protestant cathedrals and parochial churches, our Congregational chapels and Puritanic conventicles. "The freedom of faith" will then be established, as they imagine, on the best and surest foundation. Faith will flourish when it ceases to be enchained or enchanted, either by positive conviction or by personal apprehension of anything in particular. "A moulding and redeeming force in humanity" will thus become "the central and broadest fact of theology." We refrain from saying more upon a book of which we cannot in the least degree approve. We prefer infidelity honestly labelled to unbelief disguised with the name of theology.

Witnesses to Truth. By the Rev. E. Hoare, M.A. Church of England Book Society.

Canon Hoare is always devout, evangelical, and very transparent in his writings, and these qualities are most apparent here. He makes such contrary things as "Bible Difficulties," "The Jews," "Scoffers," "The Sacraments," each become a witness for the truth of the Bible as a revelation of the grace of God. We have been helped and stimulated by this modest little book.

Prize Sermons on the Sabbath. Partridge and Co.

Twenty sermons to which a prize of Ten Pounds each was awarded by the Lord's Day Observance Society. We wonder if anybody will ever read them. They are all of them able, excellent, and rigidly orthodox; but they seem rather to be written to order than to have flamed from the heart. Their value for reference is their ruin for readableness: they are so *weighty*.

The Gospel in Hosea. By J. Denham Smith. James E. Hawkins.

Mr. Denham Smith is sure to give us the gospel, whatever his text may be. Here he discusses certain of the leading passages of the prophet without attempting a connected exposition of the whole book. There is a notable vivacity and freshness about our friend's utterances; and, what is better, a holy unction constantly bedews them. We have no doubt that this volume will be useful to multitudes.

Is Dogma a Necessity? By Rev. Frederick Meyrick, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is to all intents and purposes a sectarian treatise. We have already referred to the series of small books in course of issue under the general title of "Theological Library." Each volume is supposed to solve a question. That before us is the fifth in order of issue. Although it contains arguments and reflections that may interest an ordinary Christian reader, the stand-point from which the author makes his survey is that of an English Churchman. A clergyman of the Established Church himself, he defends her creeds, her catechism, and her bishops. In nothing of this are we agreed with him.

The People's Bible Finger Post. By the Rev. E. J. Barnes, K.C.L. Elliot Stock.

The title-page says that this book is "a novel and attractive guide to Bible subjects;" it is neither novel nor attractive to us: and we cannot conceive of a person so feeble in intellect and poverty-stricken in experience that this book could be of any use to him. The commonest commonplaces and lamest reflections, even when bolstered up with capital letters and italics, do not change their character. Juvenile, juvenile, oh! so juvenile!

Quit You like Men. A Book for Young Men. By C. F. Dowsett. Copies to be obtained of the Author, 70, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Though little that is fresh appears in these short papers, and much of it is quotation: still, the whole is written in such a robust style, that it cannot but be useful to our young men rising up into full manhood. We should think it would pay a publisher to bring it out in small book form, say at sixpence. There is not a dull line in the whole of it, whilst a savour of earnest Christianity pervades every page.

Sunday Parables. Told to Children. By W. J. Mathams. Nisbet.

Another book by Mr. Mathams! We began to anticipate, for we know that he can write so as to interest, to instruct, and to open up new vistas of truth. But our reading of this present volume has severely disappointed us. It is prosy, scrappy, and much of it very stale: it seems written to order, and has little dew of inspiration about it. We say this the more frankly because we have not been slow to praise Mr. Matham's other books where his special power was manifested; but even he cannot afford to trust to reputation. Try again, Blunt Robin, for you can do very, very much better.

Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments. A Sketch of the most striking Confirmations of the Bible, from recent discoveries in Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, Babylonia, and Asia Minor. By A. H. Sayce, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

All students should read this work and see how the stones which are dug out of the earth cry out for the instruction and confirmation of believers in the sacred Word. It is singular that it should turn out that Cyrus was not king of Persia, but of Elam. The Hittite kingdom also affords much theme for thought. The Siloam inscription is exceedingly remarkable.

Is all Well? James Nisbet and Co.

This should be a good book if pious words could make it so; but to us it seems a jumble of platitudes. The teacher does not see things clearly, and therefore muddles them up. The little book has constantly made us hum to ourselves, "Wonderful words! Wonderful words! And nothing else but words." There is no wrong doctrine in the book, but somehow it is not a book at all. We frequently fail to see the connection between one sentence and another.

Stepping-stones to Thrift. A series of chapters introductory to various means of laying the foundations of success in life. Ward, Lock, and Co.

A MASS of condensed information upon all mundane matters which concern boys and girls, and men and women. For thrift purposes this must be a great assistance, as it tells us for one shilling all about factories, apprenticeships, marriage, savings, insurance, building societies, etc.

My First Pound Note; or, The Story of Jane Halifax. By JANE H. JAMIESON. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A SHORT story well illustrating the blessing of thrift. Oh, that our working people could be induced to save a little for a rainy day! It is the commencement which is the difficulty; the first pound is the pinch; after that, the way is open to provide comforts for old age. This is a mere tract, but well worth purchasing.

The Scientific Structure of the Universe. By JAMES A. MONCRIEFF, C.E. London: Marcus Ward and Co.

THERE may be a world of wisdom in this little volume, but we fail to understand its subject. The book comprises less than fifty pages of letter-press. The pictures, maps, and diagrams, all designed to illustrate God's universe —material, mathematical, geometrical, astronomical—furnish its principal contents. The very covers of the book are adorned with iconography. In the preface we are reminded "that a very small circle on paper may represent an exceedingly large circle in space; the horizon being the largest circle of which we have any just conception, while the first great circle in space is about 6,256,000,000,000,000 miles in diameter." If our friends purchase this treatise they are fonder of puzzles than we are. May they enjoy themselves in the Moncrieff Maze.

Studies in Anthropology. By Rev. JAMES WOOLCOCK. S. W. Partridge.

A course of five lectures on "the Science of Man," delivered before the Jersey Young Men's Christian Association. They lay no claim to originality, but they show much careful study and skilful preparation. We are afraid that many ministers squander on discursive reading recreative hours that might be profitably invested in providing suitable instruction for classes of young people. For our own recreation we find more pleasure in the pages of good authors than in the gossip of daily newspapers. Mr. Woolcock furnishes us with a fine example of the judicious economy of time.

Preparatory Latin Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

Preparatory Greek Course in English. By the same Author. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

BRIGHT and vivacious volumes for all who wish to follow in English some of the chief subjects which youths study at school and college in Latin and Greek.

Evolution Explained and Compared with the Bible. By WILLIAM WOODS SMYTH, L.R.C.P. Elliot Stock.

THIS pamphlet is the production of a Christian gentleman who holds peculiar views on the relation of modern philosophy to the Mosaic cosmogony. It seems that he has devoted much close study to the works of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Far from becoming sceptical concerning holy Scripture, he has been interested and delighted to find in these books manifold and manifest testimony to its truth. As we presume he is sound in the faith, we have no wish to raise a smile when we repeat his own statement that, as a preacher of the gospel in the streets and halls of Maidstone, he has been for many years in the habit of introducing "evolution" into his evangelistic work, and blending Scripture and Spencer in his addresses. We look upon "evolution" as a questionable hypothesis. It is not yet an ascertained or acknowledged truth of science, and assuredly the time has not come to incorporate it with our faith in revelation. We can easily understand how faith and philosophy are fused together in Mr. Smyth's own mind; but we can hardly consider his investigation to be so near akin to inspiration as he assumes, when he apprizes us that he was distinctly prompted by the Lord to write on this subject.

The Little Preacher. By Mrs. Prentiss. Hodder and Stoughton.

No 'prentice hand has written this gracious, tender, instructive story. We read it while lying ill in bed, and it made us forget our pain, though it forced us to weep again and again. To us it seems to be a story quite out of the common run of such things, and worth far more than the eighteenpence charged for it. A poor little German boy is harshly treated because of his pensive thoughtful ways; but he grows up to be a preacher of the Word. It would do many parents good to read this pathetic yet happy story of a family, and how the fear of the Lord entered it like a little leaven, and worked therein, till the whole was leavened. We hope that many will do themselves the pleasure of buying "The Little Preacher," and get softened and sweetened by reading it. For once we relax all our objections to fiction, and say—*Buy it, and read it.*

Kathleen. The Story of a Home. By Agnes Giberne. Nisbet and Co.

Very well and forcibly written. A most interesting story. "Kathleen" has a character so sweet and self-denying that none need fear to introduce her to the innermost circle of home.

Chick; or, Yet there is Room. By M. S. MacRitchie. John F. Shaw.

This would be a very touching little story, if the reader could but divest his mind of the uncomfortable suggestion that its interest is altogether fictitious and unreal. Some terrible characters are here described, and one after another, the hearts of these sinners open to the sweet influences of a word spoken in season, as flowers unfold their petals in the morning sunshine. Alas that it should be fiction! We fear that the souls of men, women, and children are not so easily and quickly led from sin to Christ as the author would have us believe.

Tom Telfer's Shadow. By the Author of "Jock Halliday." Edinburgh: Messrs. Oliphant.

Just the very book to give to a boy when he is going out to face the world for the first time. It will gain his ear by its shrewd Scotch humour, and then, before he is aware, the truth thus admitted will knock loudly at his heart. Tom Telfer's "Shadow" is "Self," and a sorry life it leads him, but, in God's good time, he finds the Saviour, and is translated out of darkness into marvellous light.

Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. T. Woolmer.

We wanted to read more when we left off; and a sentence from its pages is its best recommendation; for to us, "it taught the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth."

His Charge; or, Corner-Crag Chase. By Maggie Fearn. Partridge.

A sensible and sensitive story, without senseless sensationalism. It is a temperate temperance tale told in a telling manner. The moral of the whole is—

> "That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

"Chippings," "Number Four," "Not Alone in the World." By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Hodder and Stoughton.

All three best, for one cannot compare equals. We were going to say "Good wine needs no bush;" but these are temperance tales, and so we must say, "Good books need no push." Mrs Reaney is quite a queen in her own sphere; her pen is a true sceptre.

Battles with the Sea; or, Heroes of the Lifeboat and Rocket. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet and Co.

This ought to be worth £10,000 at least to the Lifeboat Society. Without any pretence at fine writing, our excellent author tells us all about rockets, and steam-tugs, and lifeboats. The subject teems with amazing displays of self-denying valour in the battle with the seas. Nothing can be more romantic, more stirring to the inmost soul, more honourable to our British race. "Rescue the perishing" is the grand motto of the lifeboat's crew. God bless them all, and may England never run short of heroes who to save life will dare to risk their own. Our author writes well, and his book deserves many readers.

The Parish of Taxwood, and some of its Older Memories. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

A mild light glows over this volume of Scotch village gossip; it is not glaringly striking, but quietly interesting. Dr. Macduff is a many-sided writer: we picture him as holding a pen in each hand, and working two type-writers with his feet, all at the same time; for he produces so many volumes that we are puzzled to know how it is done. The variety of his works is, however, more remarkable than their number. This is a book to be read under some mighty elm, when the insects are humming, and no other sound disturbs the quiet summertide; and to appreciate its pages the reader ought to be Scotch, solid, sound, and sensible. Perhaps the style is rather too quiet for wide popularity; we hope not, but we fear so.

Switzerland and Italy. Personal Notes of a Tour *viâ* Belgium and Germany, returning home through France. By Ebenezer Bithray. J. H. Roberts, 86, Chiswell-street, Finsbury.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Bithray, has prepared this elegant book to help our Green Walk Mission. The price is 5*s*. It is the pleasing diary of a tour made by a gracious and sensible Christian man. The object aimed at forbids all attempt at criticism; but even if it were not so, we could find nothing to censure.

Notes.

The Editor's retirement has produced a little *bijou* book for the pocket, which is now in the printers' hands. It will be prettily bound, and be sold for a shilling. The nature of it is somewhat out of our usual line. It is intended to be a finger leading a trembling doubter to faith. In short, pithy paragraphs the arguments for faith are condensed; and unbelief is denounced in caustic sentences. Seldom does the writer venture into the field of argument with sceptics; but so many are being led aside at this time, that it came upon him like an inspiration that he must prepare some sort of hold-fast for candid but unsettled minds. When the little book is ready, it will be our readers' part of the work to disseminate it. Should it meet their approbation we hope they will do so.

It has been a great relief to the Pastor's mind to hear that in his absence all has gone well at the Tabernacle. The supplies, both on Lord's-days and week-nights, have preached with much acceptance and power. Without reflecting on any of the other brethren who have so ably served us, we must specially mention the help rendered to the Weekly Offering for the College by the earnest appeals of Mr. Jackson Wray. He was preaching at the Tabernacle on the last Sabbath of 1883, and there was then needed £166 to make up the amount to £1,883, so as not to go behind the contributions of previous years; and in response to our friend's request the whole sum required was forthcoming, for which we are devoutly thankful to the preacher, the congregation, and most of all to the Lord, who moved them thus to render valuable aid to a most important part of his work. Two or three brethren were prepared to make up any deficiency that might have remained, and we are just as thankful to them as though they had done so.

We never dreamed that we should feel grateful to Professor Huxley for an opinion upon theology; but we must confess our obligations to him for a sentence in the *Agnostic Annual*. "On the whole the 'bosh' of heterodoxy is more offensive to me than that of orthodoxy; because heterodoxy professes to be guided by reason and science, and orthodoxy does not." Let those who imagine that they are pleasing the great scientists, by perpetually bowing and scraping to them, see how their lowly adorations are received. Sensible men know how to value the compliments of those who can cut and shape their creed according to the last new "fad" of scientific theorists. We do not wonder that the poor, unreasonable, orthodox believer should be less offensive to any kind of honest man than the creature who knows nothing whatever of "science," and yet has the word for ever on his tongue.

By the time that the present magazine is in the hands of most of our readers the Editor hopes to be home again at his post of duty. His season of rest was for a while interrupted by painful affliction, and he was therefore reluctantly constrained to remain in the sunny South a fortnight beyond the allotted time. Oh, that we might escape these fierce pains! But if we may not, may God be glorified by them!

We cannot refrain from making honourable mention of the splendid liberality of the beloved brother who is Treasurer of the

London Baptist Association Chapel Debt Relief Fund. He is not only the Treasurer, but he finds all the treasure himself. During the two years now completed, he has personally given £3,741 12s., and thus drawn forth the debt-paying power of the churches to the tune of £24,513 15s. 6d. Are there no other stewards of our Lord who would count it their honour to aid struggling churches by their personal liberality? Mr. Mead deserves the loving gratitude of all who would see our London churches freed from all burdens of their own, that they may the better meet the demands of London's Bitter Cry.

It is with some relief that we notify the death of our friend, Mr. J. G. Oncken. He was the Baptist pioneer in Germany, and in his younger days suffered for the truth's sake, both fine and imprisonment. We remember his pointing out to us the spot upon the Alster where he baptized his converts at dead of night, and we shall never forget his story of the burgomaster of Hamburg, who held up his finger and said, "*You see that finger! As long as that can move I will put you down.*" "Sir," said Oncken, "I see your finger, but I also see *an arm*, which you do not see, and so long as that is stretched out, you cannot put me down." It was our privilege to preach at the opening of Mr. Oncken's chapel in Hamburg, and to see present some of those very city officials who had aforetime deemed it their duty to persecute him. It was a happy season: we stayed at Mr. Oncken's home, and commenced a friendship which was continued to the end. Our venerable brother of late years suffered from the natural infirmities of age, and was not to be trusted for a very connected address except upon his one subject of "the Baptist work in Germany." Upon that matter he was all alive, and altogether engrossed. He married a lady of our church, who has doubtless had much to do to cheer his declining years, when he has needed all her tender care as a nurse. Germany has lost in Oncken a much greater man than she will to-day believe. Few have been more faithful to truth, or more practically wise in that faithfulness. Will not the Lord raise up for sceptical Germany other firm believers? Surely he will not leave the land of Luther to be devoured by infidelity.

New Book Fund Report.—The eighth Annual Report of *Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund and its Work* is now ready, and can be obtained through any bookseller for sixpence, or from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings, London, free by post for sevenpence. In our opinion it is the best Report that has yet been written. We have read it with wondering admiration. How our beloved can make such beautiful pages out of the slender material of our quiet life is amazing! She is an *artiste* in language, with a peculiar charm of manner which holds you entranced.

Here is our good wife's account of her new work:—

"Sermons for Foreign Missionaries.—There has not been time enough to receive acknowledgments from *far-off* lands to which the sermons were sent, but letters from France, Italy, Brittany, and Newfoundland bring assurances of extreme satisfaction and delight at the proposed monthly distribution. The *first* reply was eagerly looked for, and read with great pleasure. The writer said, 'I believe that the suggestion of your missionary correspondent is from the Lord, and your carrying it out will be an immense blessing. I will pledge myself to read every sermon, and put some of Mr. Spurgeon's thoughts into my speeches, and into the Evangelical newspaper which I am editing.' A pastor in Brittany thinks that Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are about the only ones that can be read with thorough enjoyment, and without fatigue, 'at least,' he says, 'that is my experience;' and he goes on to explain that, though English sermons generally turn out poor things when translated into French, he has found that the contrary is the case with these discourses, for whenever he has distributed translations, he has invariably found them understood and enjoyed, and he promises, as soon as time permits, to translate portions of those received through the Fund.

"The brethren in Newfoundland are greatly pleased at the prospect before them. 'Ofttimes when sad at heart,' writes one, 'I have been cheered by reading your dear husband's sermons, and stimulated to work with increased zeal for the Master.'

"From a remote part of France there comes touching information that the packet of the sermons reached the missionary at the time his eldest son lay dying. 'They were read,' he says, 'in the night-watches, near my son, and were a solace to my bruised heart.'"

Friends have lovingly responded to our appeal for help in this new effort, and our best thanks are given for their kindness. They will see that already a few drops of blessing have fallen on the enterprise, and they will, we hope, be encouraged by this to unite with us in earnest prayer for the "abundant rain" of God's favour.

On *Wednesday evening, January* 2, the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Young Christians' Association was held in the College-buildings. Mr. Spurgeon's Reformation Pictures were hung round the room; Mr. Cheshire, the College Science Lecturer, exhibited a number of interesting objects; and the proceedings were enlivened with music and singing. The Association was formed for gathering together those scholars in the Sunday-school who profess to have been converted, and desire further instruction in divine things. Meetings are held every

Wednesday evening, when expository lectures and addresses on Christian experience and practical piety are delivered by various friends.

The same evening, a social and public meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall. Mr. J. T. Dunn presided; addresses were given by Messrs. W. Stubbs, and G. Thorneloe, and the Rev. W. Tickell; sacred solos and carols were sung by Mrs. Alderton and the members of the York-road Gospel Temperance Union; and a considerable number of persons signed the pledge, and "donned the blue." This society steadily pursues its useful work, and the efforts of the members are constantly rewarded by reclamations from drunkenness, and conversions to Christ.

On *Monday evening, January* 7, the first meeting of the WEEK OF UNITED PRAYER, according to arrangements made by the South London Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, was held at the Tabernacle. By invitation of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and the Deacons and Elders, those ministerial brethren who took part in the public service met for tea at 5.30, and then spent some time in prayer together. At the meeting in the Tabernacle Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and gave an address upon "The Kingdom of Christ." The Rev. Burman Cassin also spoke a few words of brotherly congratulation. Prayer was offered by Brethren G. M. Murphy, Locke, Tubb, McCree, McKenny, Senior, Telfer, and Arnold, the secretary of the society. The congregation was somewhat small, owing to the inclemency of the weather, but manifestly the power of the Holy Spirit pervaded the assembly.

COLLEGE.—Mr. R. Pursey has become pastor of the church at Beeston, Notts. Mr. T. Harley, F.R.A.S., late of John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, has gone to Park-road, Peckham; and Mr. W. F. Harris, of Chesterfield, is removing to Trinity Church, Green-hill, Derby. Mr. Joseph Forth has removed from East London, Ontario, to Thurso, Quebec.

Our students have been in such demand lately, both for home and foreign service, that the number remaining in the College before the Christmas vacation was very small. We, therefore, accepted about a dozen applicants, who came to us when the students reassembled last month; and we hope to be able to receive several more in August. Earnest preachers of the gospel, *sound in the faith*, filled with love to Christ, and to perishing sinners, but needing further training for the work of the ministry, can apply at once; and as soon as we can we will select those whom we believe the Lord has called and qualified for this holy service. Men who have any doubt upon the grand truths of free grace, the atonement, and the deity of our Lord, need not apply. If they fritter away the foundation of the full inspiration of Holy Scripture, and prefer their own thoughts to the infallible revelation of the Holy Ghost, they will never be received by us. It will, in fact, be little better than a fraud for any man to attempt to enter the College who does not before God resolve to live and die preaching the old-fashioned gospel, because in his inmost soul he believes it to be the only way of salvation for perishing men. Thanks be to God, there is no failure in the succession of faithful preachers, nor will there be, for the Saviour's ascension gifts are not exhausted, and the church will still have her true teachers even in days of blasphemous error.

For a considerable time several of our friends in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, have been desirous of forming a Baptist church. Arrangements have now been made, through the Executive of the Baptist Union of South Africa, for making this desire an accomplished fact; and Mr. H. T. Peach, who has done a good work at Rugby, during his four years' pastorate in that town, has been selected for the post of leader of the new enterprise. We have paid the cost of his passage, and wish abundant success to the undertaking. Pastor H. J. Batts, of Port Elizabeth, who has conducted the negotiations, says that there are other towns in Natal where churches might be formed with good hope of success if the expenses of brethren from England to the colony could be paid. He sends a very cheering account of his own work, which is in a most prosperous condition. He has already an assistant minister, who conducts services and teaches a school at the mission-station, and he hopes soon to have a second helper. South Africa needs many more faithful preachers of the gospel; who will help to send them?

Mr. C. B. Berry, who returned from Jamaica on account of ill-health, was requested by the church at Spanish Town to secure a successor in the pastorate. He has selected Mr. C. Chapman, who has been for five years pastor at Maldon, Essex, and who has already sailed for his new sphere of labour. He goes with our heartiest commendation and good wishes.

[Friends in Canada will please note that we have *not* sent fourteen evangelists to their cities, as stated in a circular purporting to be signed by C. H. S. We know nothing of the persons issuing the circular, but the fact of their using our name without our knowledge should act as a warning to the churches.]

Annual Conference.—Although, in consequence of the President's absence, the London Committee has not yet met to make arrangements for the next Conference, we think our brethren may take it for granted that this year's "Feast of Tabernacles" will be held in the week commencing April 21, that is the week preceding the Baptist Union meetings in London.

EVANGELISTS.—From December 1 to 13, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* conducted services at Cambridge, the evening meetings being held at Zion Chapel, and the afternoon Bible-readings at St. Andrew's-street Chapel. One friend writes,—"If the object of the mission was to attract those who are not regular attendants at church or chapel, then it has been eminently successful, for many such were frequently present. Especially was this the case with the Sunday afternoon meetings for men only, when between twelve and thirteen hundred accepted the invitation to come to hear the Evangelists. On the following Wednesday a meeting for women only was held, when nearly a thousand listened with profit to the preaching and singing of the gospel by our brethren." Another correspondent says,—"We have never had so much good done in any meetings that I can remember. We have had very much of the Lord's presence, many Christians have been quickened, and many souls saved. We have heard of nearly a hundred who have been in the enquiry-rooms, and we are every day hearing of others who did not wait to be spoken with."

From Cambridge the Evangelists returned to London, in order that Mr. Fullerton might occupy the Pastor's place during two of the Sabbaths that he was away at Mentone, and that he and Mr. Smith might conduct the Watch-night service, and one or two other special meetings at the Tabernacle. They began the new year by visiting Mr. Marsack Day's new Tabernacle at Camberwell for three days, and on the 6th ult. commenced in Leicester the mission which is to be continued for about two months.

Mr. Burnham's second visit to Ploughfield, near Hereford, was singularly owned of God to the conversion of some who had gone far into sin. So much interest was awakened by the meetings during the week that on Sunday the Primitive Methodist Chapel had to be borrowed, and the assistance of a local friend obtained, in order that services might be held simultaneously in both places. It is well when fishers of men have so great a catch that they are obliged to beckon to their partners in another ship to come to help them drag in the gospel net. During January Mr. Burnham has been at East Finchley; Countesthorpe; and Barton's End, Gloucester; and this month he is engaged for Woodford; Melbourne, Cambs.; and Long Buckby.

Mr. Russell has led successful services at Longton, Staffordshire. He has since visited Fenton and Stoke.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker report that, during the first half-year of their united labours as Evangelists, they have conducted 11 missions, and held 415 gospel meetings, at which, in the aggregate, nearly 90,000 persons have been present, of whom more than a thousand have testified to the spiritual benefit they have derived from the services. The Evangelists closed their work of 1883 with a successful mission at Rawtenstall, where they found the converts from Mr. Parker's previous visit standing well with their fellow-members in the church. Having just completed seventeen weeks of meetings every night, our brethren took a brief season for rest and study, and recommenced work last month at Ross.

ORPHANAGE.—Notwithstanding the absence of the President, the Christmas festival was heartily enjoyed by the happy inmates of our Stockwell family, and everything was arranged on the same liberal scale as in former years. In the morning of Christmas-day several of the trustees, and about one hundred and fifty of the children, attended the service at Christ Church, Westminster-bridge-road, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., and a collection amounting to nearly £25, was made for the Orphanage. It is a fact worthy of grateful mention that not one boy or girl out of the four hundred in the Institution was absent from the Christmas dinner, the infirmary being without a single patient. The Vice-president, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, was present, and read the letter written by his brother at Mentone, who was lovingly remembered by all. We heartily thank the donors of the new shillings, figs, oranges, and all the other good things which were so bountifully bestowed upon our orphan charge.

On *January 2nd*, being the first visiting day in the new year, the children's friends remained to tea with the boys and girls, and they spent a very pleasant evening together. It was a refreshing sight to witness their enjoyment. Before the company broke up, Mr. Charlesworth gave an address on the motto text for the year—"Seek the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore."

Our Orphanage Choir.—The visits of the boys to the Provinces have made the character and claims of the Orphanage widely known. To thousands who were previously only aware of the fact of its existence, it is now something more than a name, and they are amongst its most generous supporters. As stewards of the Lord's bounty, it was right that they should be informed, in the best possible way, of the nature and scope of the work to which they were asked to contribute, and no better method could be devised than that of inviting them to spend an evening with a few of the boys, who, by their appearance, their conduct, and their attainments, were able to illustrate the advantages they enjoy. Facts are more potent than words, and the sight of a choir of neatly-dressed boys is more convincing than a long argument.

The boys themselves profit by their excursions, for they are brought into the society of friends, with whom they are located, and they learn a good deal concerning the local products and manufactures of various districts, and extend their know-

ledge of the geography of the country. A boy, who has had the advantage of moving from place to place for a year or two, is of more value to his employer than one who has been cooped up in an Institution, without any experience of the outside world.

Besides, the principle is a sound one, that the talents of the recipients of charity should be utilized in augmenting the funds of the Institution to which they are so largely indebted. It is quite amusing to see how the boys are welcomed home by their schoolfellows, and how they are envied by those whose opportunity has not yet come to serve the Orphanage. The meetings, as conducted, do not merely afford an evening's diversion: they aim at benefiting those present, and many testimonies have been received by the President to prove that this result has been attained. Local objects are not weakened by the amount obtained for the Orphanage, as no piteous pleas for help are urged, the Institution being content with the amount derived as for an ordinary concert, or lecture, and the spontaneous gifts of those whose sympathies for the work are stirred.

The recent visits of the boys to Ashford, Folkestone, Portsmouth, Gosport, Ryde, Cowes, Southampton, Godalming, Holloway, and Greenwich, were all largely attended—in some instances hundreds of people were unable to gain admission, although the meetings were held in the largest buildings available. All sections of the church were represented, and resolutions pledging the meetings to assist the President in bearing the burden of his orphan charge, were heartily carried. At Southampton, a clergyman, on being asked to join the local committee for arranging the meeting, was reminded that the Institution was unsectarian, to which he replied that his consent was not influenced by that fact, for he could conceive of no work more Christ-like than that of caring for orphans.

Mr. Charlesworth hopes to pay a second visit to Cornwall in May next by invitation of the Baptist churches, and he will be glad to arrange for meetings at Bath, Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, on the way down.

To all the friends who have assisted in promoting the success of the meetings already held, the President offers his most sincere and grateful thanks, and he would be glad to enlist the hearty co-operation of friends in the meetings contemplated. The sum of £10,000 per annum is required to maintain the work efficiently, and this sum must be increased as the remaining accommodation is filled up.

At the recent annual meeting of our *Old Boys' Association*, a fund was commenced to which all the "Old Boys" will be invited to contribute, and the amount received will be handed to the President every year on his birthday for the Orphanage. The arrangement was made quite spontaneously by the "Old Boys" themselves, one of whom, in sending his annual subscription, writes as follows:—"My benefits received have been large, my contributions small. However, the benefits are not to be measured by a money value; they are priceless, and no sliding scale of charges could ever be sufficient to efface the debt. It is like the National Debt, which is likely to last as long as the country lasts. I can conceive in a few years' time that the Orphanage will derive large support from those who have been trained within its precincts. Why should it not be? It ought to be."

COLPORTAGE.—Since the last notice a new district has been opened at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, where the colporteur will assist in conducting religious services, and visit a large neighbourhood hitherto untouched by Colportage work. Arrangements are also nearly completed for another labourer to go forth in the district of Crosby Garrett, Westmoreland, under the auspices of the Northern Association. Local guarantees for £40 a year have been given in each case; but we need additional help to the General Fund to meet the demands created by each additional district.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A lady in Scotland, writing upon another matter, concludes her letter thus:—

"She begs Mr. Spurgeon to accept her warmest thanks for his earnest and true words preached from week to week, words whose fruits he can never know in this world. How many times they have cheered the faint, encouraged the desponding, shown the true path to the enquirer, none can tell. She herself knows of many cases, and would feel very much the want of her 'Spurgeon' if it did not come. She would like to tell of an old dying soldier, in a far-off land, who, not knowing how to show his gratitude to a lady who had befriended him, drew from beneath his pillow two much-worn but treasured sermons for her acceptance; and of a dying Christian, also in that land, who wearied till the mail brought the sermons which cheered and soothed him so greatly."

A lady, now in England, tells us that last year she and some friends went out from *Cette*, in *France*, in a small boat on the Mediterranean. A gale arose from the north, and the boatman found that, in spite of all his efforts in rowing, the boat was getting further out to sea. They were all in great danger, when a fisherman, an Italian, who was in a sailing-boat two miles off, saw their signals of distress, and came to their rescue. He afterwards paid a visit to the ladies at their hotel, and took with him his uncle, who said that they were Roman Catholics, but that he had English, French, and Italian Testaments, and that *he had read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons.*

A lady from the country, who heard the sermon entitled, "Take away the Frogs," published in last month's magazine, writes

that she does not think she will ever lose the impression it produced upon her, and a friend who accompanied her, who through deafness had not heard a sermon for three years, also found it a word in season. The first-named friend has a large Bible-class, and being too ill to prepare a lesson for the Sunday after she was in London, she told the girls all she could remember of the sermon. Its repetition was blessed not only to those who listened, but in at least two instances to those to whom it was again rehearsed by members of the class.

A lady in a northern city, after walking in its public park, sat down to rest on a seat. She had not been there long when four men arrived, looking disappointed at finding a stranger occupying the place of some one they were expecting. After a while another man came, bringing one of our sermons, which he read to them, as it turned out, according to his weekly custom. When he had finished, the lady asked the listeners, who proved to be mostly Irishmen, whether they enjoyed the reading of the sermons, and they replied, "Oh, yes; we would not miss them on any account." Who can tell how much good may be effected by such quiet, unobtrusive service for Christ?

Mr. Matthews, of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, is very anxious to get a fresh supply of "Sermons for Sailors." To show how they are appreciated, he sends us the following extract from the log of the Ramsgate sailors' missionary:—

"*October 20th.*—This morning, when I visited the harbour, G. C——, master of the smack 'L. L.,' came to me, and had a very interesting conversation respecting Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, stating that he had derived great spiritual benefit from reading them. He told me that he was not so much interested in reading anything sent on board his vessel as those sermons. He said, 'I assure you, sir, all that you have put on board my ship have been well read; the crew read them, and I make a practice of reading them aloud to all the ship's company every Sunday, wind and weather permitting, and they will often listen attentively to me, when I should not be able to gain their attention to any other book. I like the little blue book very much (meaning Mr. Spurgeon's special sermon to seamen—*The sea! the sea! the wide and open sea!*), especially the closing part of it. I have taken care of all you have given me, and had them bound into a little book, as I value them so much. Will you be kind enough to tell me where I can get them regularly, as I wish to take them in every week?' I was very pleased to give him the name of a bookseller to whom he at once gave his order. Here is another very striking instance of the usefulness of those excellent, clear, gospel sermons of the great preacher. May God bless the reading of them by the men of the sea to the conversion of large numbers of their brethren."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1883, to January 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. W. Balne	0	10	0
Peckham Park-road Baptist Church	3	17	8
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Mr. John Betts	0	10	0
Mr. R. G. G. Kornetzky	8	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ewing	1	10	0
Mrs. Fanny Hudson	2	0	0
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
Miss Margaret M. Fergusson	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	10	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	6	0
W. R....	0	5	0
Mr. G. Stephens	0	10	0
"Two Sisters," a Thankoffering	2	0	0
"Anon.," Castle Douglas	0	2	6
Dr. Brougham	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Moir	2	0	0
"Anon.," Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
"Adelphi" (quarterly subscription)	1	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible Class	14	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Chelsfield	0	10	0
J. S., per J. T. D.	0	10	0
A Friend at Mentone, per Mr. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Allberry	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
"A well-wisher"	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pratt...	1	0	0
"Edinburgh"	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Scivwright	1	0	0
Miss E. E. Raitt	0	5	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. Warren East	1	0	0
Mr. R. Sutcliffe	5	0	0
Mr. A. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Pewtress, for work at Midhurst	9	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Mulligan	0	10	0
Mr. J. Martin	1	0	0
Mr. R. Meiklo	2	0	0
"Northman"	5	0	0
An afflicted Missionary	1	0	0
"From dear Granny"	0	5	0
Mr. R. Ryman	5	0	0
Miss Clunie	0	10	0
Collection at Kent Street Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. G. Genders...	2	1	5
Mr. C. Child...	2	10	0
Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0
H. O.	3	0	0
In memory of Annie Polley	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	10	0
A sister, Bankhead	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Cameron	5	0	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mrs. Lister	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
J. B. and A. E. Denholme	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Dec. 16, 1883	30	3	3
„ 23 „	31	1	6
„ 30 „	165	18	10
Jan. 6, 1884	32	10	3
„ 13 „	30	0	0
			290 13 10
			£435 2 5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1883, to January 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Sale of Boots	0	5	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	5	0
A Highlander	0	2	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Mr. W. Richardson	0	10	0
Lizzie...	0	10	0
Mr. Boase	0	10	0
Mr. Sidney Wallis...	5	0	0
A widow's mite	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Bryan	2	2	0
Miss Chandler's Box	2	0	0
Miss Hill	0	10	0
J. K., Reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	2	6
Mr. J. O'Gram	0	10	0
Sale of Ring, per Mr. Murrell	0	10	0
A friend, per B. W. C.	0	1	0
Miss Caine's Box	1	3	2
Sixpence per week for twelve months—"An old boy"	1	6	0
Collected by Miss Walker from friends at New Cross	1	2	0
"Your heavenly Father feedeth them"	3	3	0
Ebury Mission, per Mr. Northcroft ...	1	13	3
C. G. W., Coventry	2	10	0
Collected from friends by Miss Abigail Wratten	50	0	0
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw	0	5	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. Wm. Wallace	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cheek	0	5	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. H. Munro	2	0	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Thwaites Mumford	0	7	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	5
Dr. and Mrs. Habershon...	10	10	0
M. H., Frome, per Mr. H. P. Coombs	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	5	6
Mrs. J. Mortlock	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Maud A. Henshawe	0	6	0
Registered letter, Barnstaple	2	0	0
Miss Edward's Sunday-school Class, Denmark-place, Camberwell	0	12	0
Proceeds Sale of Work, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per treasurer Miss Whiteman	50	0	0
Gorebridge Sabbath-school, per treasurer Miss Ruthven	1	0	0
Registered letter, Cirencester	0	5	0
Miss E. S. White	0	5	0
Collected at Penge Tabernacle, after sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	5	0	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	1	6
Mr. Farley's box	2	10	1
Mrs. Daws	0	5	0
Mrs. Richardson's Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Eynsford	0	8	0
Box at Orphanage gates	0	5	0
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts ...	0	3	0
"W. L."	2	11	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	2	4	0
A well-wisher, Corsham	1	0	0
Mr. Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
For Christ's sake	1	0	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mr. W. Kelley	0	10	0
Mrs. Mott's box	0	14	6
J. S., per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Ross	1	0	0
Collected by Annie Thornton, Rhayader	0	12	0
"A servant girl" near Forres	0	2	0
Mr. T. Rose, and family	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Vinson	2	2	0
A Farmer and his wife	5	0	0
Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir and Handbells:—			
Southampton, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	21	12	6
Gosport, per Pastor W. Compton	27	10	3
Godalming	22	11	1
Alfold	3	2	9
Chatham-road, Wandsworth, per Mr. R. H. Andrews	3	10	0
Wesleyan Chapel, Clapham, Band of Hope, per Mr. G. F. Franklin ...	2	13	0
			80 19 7
Collecting Box, Mrs. Walker, Thame ..			4 11 11
W. W., Carluke			1 0 0
Mrs. Margaret Hutchison			1 0 0
"A servant of God"			0 2 6
"Philis"			0 2 6
R. and W., Annan			0 12 6
Miss Pearce			1 1 0
Miss E. Pearce			1 1 0
A friend, Stockton			0 10 0
Harriet E. Watson			0 1 0
Collected by Mr. Thos. Ballard			1 12 8
P. L. R.			2 0 0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...			17 19 5
Mr. W. Thomas			4 0 0
"A sick pastor"			0 5 0
E. Y. and M. Mallett			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Perrett			2 2 0
A reader of the "Illustrated Almanack"			1 0 0
Mrs. Holdsworth			0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Balls			0 10 0
Mr. John Handy			5 0 0
"For Jesus' sake"			0 1 6
E. R. Blyth			1 0 0
Mrs. Clover			1 0 0
Mr. T. Summers			5 5 0
Mr. W. J. Davidson			5 5 0
Eight Sunday-school girls and their teachers			0 10 0
Scholars of Baptist Sunday-school, Teddington, per Fred. Rose			2 2 0
W. and S. M.			1 0 0
Mr. H. P. West			1 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. D. C. Poulter...	1	1	0
Ellen Swabey	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mr. William Ewing	1	10	0
"An old boy"	0	10	0
Mrs. Harriet Munday	1	4	0
"Anon."	0	5	0
Mr. James B. Hay	10	0	0
Mr. S. Welman	1	0	0
Mr. S. M. Challock	0	8	0
E. A. N.	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Dayton	1	1	0
"Well-wisher"	0	4	0
T. Trotman	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Downing	2	0	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
A few well-wishers in the Himalayas, per Pastor H. R. Brown	1	17	0
Mr. G. E. Eder	2	0	0
A. J. G., Lincolnshire	0	1	6
Seventh-class girls at the Baptist Sunday-school, Sutton, Yorks	0	7	6
"Ardrishaig"	0	5	0
Mrs. Margaret M. Fergusson	0	8	0
Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	5	0
Psalm cxxvi. 3, E. J. T. J. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Barlow	1	10	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Burgess	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Cuthbert	1	2	7
Ellen Johnson	0	10	0
Mrs. M., Thurso	0	3	0
W. Carter	0	10	0
E. Lovett	0	5	0
A servant's presents from visitors ...	0	4	6
Mr. Thomas Weir...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
From a friend	0	5	0
J. Stevens	0	5	0
Miss Colvin's Sunday-school scholars...	0	5	0
Mr. J. E. Colvin	0	15	0
Mr. George Mitchell	2	0	0
A friend, Tring	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. J. Storey	1	10	0
Mr. W. Collin	1	0	0
Mrs. Garroway	3	0	0
Miss P. Richards	0	5	0
Mrs. Arnold's collecting-box	2	10	6
Edith Spurrier's collecting-box... ...	0	10	0
In memory of a dear mother	0	10	0
Mrs. E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Matthew xxv. 40	0	5	6
A. Jungling...	1	5	0
Mr. H. Hill...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Bass	0	7	8
"L."	1	0	0
Mrs. Tullis	0	5	0
Mr. S. Nutter	2	0	0
"Anon.," Tiverton	0	3	6
Mary Byrd	1	2	0
Mr. J. Struthers	8	0	0
Some little friends at Hampstead ...	0	10	0
Band of Hope children at Burningbad Farm	0	8	6
Mr. J. M. Coutts	0	10	0
Annie E., Ethel, and Elsie R. Miles ...	0	1	6
"A friend," Lockerbie	0	5	0
Mr. William Dunn	1	5	0
Mr. G. Inglis' Bible-class	0	5	0
Messrs. H. Head and Co.	1	1	0
Boxes at Bethesda Chapel, Sunderland	1	0	0
Mr. John How	4	4	0
Mr. J. B. Falconer	1	0	0
Messrs. T. and H. Froggatt	1	0	0
A friend	0	2	0
Mr. A. W. Rogers...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. James Braik	2	2	0
Mr. S. A. Jeeps	0	2	6
"Edinburgh"	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0	2	6
Miss E. Scarfe	0	1	0
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0	2	6
Mrs. S. A. Fergusson	3	0	0
H. L.	0	5	0
M. F.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Steer...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn ...	2	5	0
Circulating Library, Hawick	1	5	0
Lucy Bettles	0	5	0
Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. W. Badden	3	0	0
Miss E. E. Raitt	0	5	0
Sunday-school Scholars of the First Free Church, Blairgowrie	0	10	0
Emmanuel Church, Young Men's Bible-class, Brighton	1	10	0
Mrs. M. McGregor...	1	0	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Clarkson	0	5	0
Collected by William Buxton	0	2	0
Little Katie's collection	0	7	0
M. M. Potter	1	0	0
Miss Chant; Taunton	0	10	0
T. Griffin; Chichester	0	2	6
Miss E. Wallis	1	0	0
Two friends, per Miss Wilmott ...	0	6	6
"Congregationalist"	2	2	0
Mr. James Green	4	0	0
A friend, Chichester	0	5	0
A working man, H. D.	0	2	6
"Eusebia"...	10	0	0
"Unknown"	0	2	0
"E. M."	0	2	3
Grace Bink	1	0	0
H. R.	1	1	0
Miss Gresham	0	2	0
A Thankoffering from Maindee ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Y. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mrs. Annan	1	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	1	0	0
R. T. and A. M. Hallett	6	12	6
Mrs. Cocks	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	20	0	0
Mr. C. P. Clover	0	10	0
Mr. J. Aldington	0	5	0
Thankoffering at Marlyn's Chapel, Guildford...	5	5	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Adam	1	0	0
"Sissie"	1	0	0
"Ardrishaig Sabbath-school Class" ...	0	6	0
Mr. T. Dick	2	0	0
Mr. E. Martell	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harris	0	3	6
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
New Year's Gift, from Blairingowe Parish Church Sabbath School ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Martin	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1	0	0
An admirer of "John Ploughman" ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Gray	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Potter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Williams, Llangollen	0	3	0
Grove-road Chapel Carol Singers and friends, Hardway	0	18	0
Mr. C. Barker	1	0	0
"Portobello"	0	5	0
Mr. L. Lock...	1	0	0
A young friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Parker	1	0	0
Mr. F. Patterson	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Sharp	5	0	0
An aged Christian	0	1	6
"Northman"	5	0	0
Mrs. Risdon's Bible Class, George-street Baptist Chapel	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
J. Begg ... ... —	1	0	0
Sabbath School children, Otley, Ipswich	1	2	7
From a Friend	1	0	0
Miss M. J. Millar	0	2	6
J. Ramsay	0	5	0
G. Adkins	0	2	6
"James Henry"	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
From dear Granny	0	5	0
E. and R. Ward, Cranborne	0	10	0
Mr. R. Ryman	12	0	0
Mr. William Smith	4	10	0
Miss Clunie	0	10	0
Miss Chillingworth	0	10	0
A. Cowan	1	0	0
Mrs. Job	0	10	0
Increase of wages, C. D. E.	0	4	0
One that profits by the sermons; South Shields	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Wale	1	1	0
Helen, Sybil, and Margie's box, opened New Year's Day	0	7	6
W. P.	1	0	0
Ella and Aggie Fleming	1	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
Collection at U. P. Church, Stonehaven	0	5	0
Selkirk Baptist Church Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association	1	0	0
Hannah Woollard	0	10	0
Thanksgiving for special mercies ...	0	2	6
Part proceeds of Christmas-tree, Ecton	5	0	0
A reader of the sermons, Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
"Anon."	0	2	2
L. C. Fidkin	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Rust	3	0	0
Miss Goddard	3	0	0
Mr. R. Hindle	2	0	0
"H. O."	2	0	0
In Memoriam; Bath	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	16	4
M. S. Duly	0	5	0
J. H. D. S.	0	7	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Miss Jarman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
Collection from Baptist Sabbath-school, Fraserburgh	1	18	6
Mr. J. Scott	2	0	0
Mr. W. B. Scott	1	0	0
Sunday-school children at Branderburgh	1	0	0
Two orphans, North of Scotland ...	0	4	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	5	0
Miss Cutts	0	5	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston	0	10	0
"Precsall"	0	6	0
"An invalid"	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	0	0
Mrs. Shields	0	5	0
Mr. H. S. Cowper	0	5	0
"E. M."	1	0	0
"A vow unto the Lord"	0	5	0
Margaret, Jessie, and our late Harry ..	0	7	0
A. A. L.	0	5	0
A brother; Bankhead	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
Mrs. Travis	0	5	0
Midlothian Farmer	10	0	0
A Friend of Carey Chapel, Moulton ...	5	0	0
Miss Jessie R. Moore	1	0	0
Port Appin Sunday-school children ...	0	12	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
One who loves little children	1	0	0
Mr. W. R., Bankfoot	0	2	6
Part proceeds of Exhibition of Reformation Pictures at Newcastle-on-Tyne	2	3	9
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. H. Orchard	1	1	0
A. Powell	0	8	0
C. Martin	0	7	6
Ebenezer Branch Baptist Sunday-school, Burton-on-Trent	3	12	0
Mr. William Mathewson	60	0	0
W. and E. M. Norman	2	0	0
Mr. David McLaren	5	0	0
Hannah Thomas	2	0	0
"Achateny"	1	0	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0
Messrs. H. Pringle and Co.	4	0	0
Maggie Parke	1	0	0
J. B. and A. E. Denholme	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. J. C. Woodside	0	2	6
Mr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Friend at Mentone, per Mr. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Keddie's box	0	12	6
Dorton	3	3	0
Collected by Miss E. Hill	0	14	0
G. C.; Tain	0	5	0
Collection at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, Christmas Morning Service, after sermon by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	22	12	0
Z. A., P——	20	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Charlesworth, at Rev. J. R. Wood's, Upper Holloway ...	10	0	0
Mr. D. F. Cocks, per V. J. C.	1	1	0
Mrs. Fidge, per V. J. C.	1	1	0
Contents of Mrs. Berry's Box	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Heasman	1	0	0
Mr. Chelsfield	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Dec. 31, 1883 ...	2	2	0
Executors of the late Miss Patterson ...	450	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. K. Philip, per B. W. C.	1	1	0
Mr. James Plumbridge	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Denniss	1	1	0
Mrs. Davis	5	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mr. H. Keen 0 5 0			
A. A. T. 0 10 0			
Mr. Probin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probin 0 5 0			
In memoriam, E. P. 0 5 0			
Mr. Telfer Higgins 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bakewell 0 10 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor 0 5 0			
In remembrance, J. R. T. ... 0 5 0			
F. R. T. 0 5 0			
Mr. Pewtress 0 5 0			
Mrs. G. Dix 0 5 0			
"Amica" 0 5 0			
	4	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox, for the support of one boy for a year	25	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. T. Milward	6	10	0
For Christmas Festival:—			
M. M. Churcher 0 2 6			
Miss Dallas 8 0 0			
Emma Jackson 0 5 0			
Jane Matthews 0 2 6			
Collected by Miss M. Best:—			
Misses Best .. 0 5 0			
Miss Collins 0 10 0			
Mr. Heynes ... 0 10 0			
Miss M. Best 0 5 0			
Small sums ... 0 5 0			
1 15 0			
Collected by P. Monk ... 1 1 0			

	£	s.	d.
Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	0	3	0
K. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. K.	1	0	0
M. G.	1	0	0
Caroline Toller	0	10	0
"Compassion"	0	5	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Ash	2	17	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	0
"A poor woman"	0	10	0
"An Orphan"	0	5	0
Mattie Tice	0	2	0
Mrs. Tice	0	5	0
Lottie Tice	0	2	0
Bennie Tice	0	1	0
Mr. W. Penkaman	0	5	0
Mr. A. Tyrrell	0	10	6
Mr. G. Wren	0	3	0
Mr. John Betts	0	5	0
E., Sydenham	0	10	0
Mr. Laver	0	10	0
Grove-road Carol Singers, Hardway	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1	0	0
Mr. C. Rowland	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	5	0
A. P. W. S.	0	3	0
Mr. E. Thorpe	0	10	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel," Brighton	0	5	0
A. Hackett	0	1	0
Charlotte Cooper	0	2	10
E. Kellie	0	15	7
J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. B. Fox	0	7	0
"Russell" and "Robin"	0	5	0
M. L. J., aged ten	0	1	6
R. Leetley	0	17	0
"Poor Ned"	0	5	0
"Annandale"	0	3	6
G. Lawrence and friends	12	12	0
A poor invalid	0	1	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Bowes	0	7	6
Mr. Thomas Land	0	10	0
Mrs. Appleton	1	0	0
Mrs. Seaton	0	10	0
From a Widow	0	2	6
S. H. D.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mr. J. Fear	0	5	0
Mr. Frank Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. James Lang	0	5	0
Mrs. Polton	0	5	4
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	6
			46 11 3
			£1327 6 1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 15th, 1883, to January 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS:—A sack Flour, Mr. T. Collins; 2 boxes Muscatels, Mr. T. Wray; 3 boxes Valencias, 56 lbs. Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, and 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; a hamper of Apples, Mrs. Emily Mills; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; a sack of Potatoes, and barrel Apples, Mr. J. Walker: 3 casks Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; jar of Mince Meat, Mrs. E. Ward; a Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; case Oranges, Mr. J. D. Doulton; 365 boxes of Figs, Mr. W. Harrison; sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; Turkey and a Ham, E. M. F. S.; Iced Cake, Bonbons, etc., Mr. and Miss Morris; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby; cask Apples, Mr. James Stiff; a Hamper Pork Pies, Mr. Crosher; quantity Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; quantity Bread, Mrs. Vastead; bushel Apples, Mr. W. H. Boyce; 2 Turkeys, Mr. E. Sewell; 50 quarterns Bread, Mr. Bassell; 180 Mince Pies, Mr. G. Morris; 6 sacks Potatoes, Messrs. D. Brinkworth and Son; box containing Apples and Oranges, Mr. Newman; 6 cwt. Potatoes, Messrs. C. and A. Parker.

GENERAL:—Box of Toys and Christmas Cards, Messrs. Phillips Bros.; Packet Texts and other Cards, Religious Tract Society; box Toys, Mrs. L. Havers; 48 articles for Christmas-tree, Miss Delacroix; pair Dolls, Mr. H. J. Howes; 2 Scrap Albums, from Maggie and Willie, per J. Duncan, Esq.; 800 Christmas and other Cards, Mr. J. Falkner; 366 Christmas Cards, Mr. C. Goodyear; a Doll, Mrs. Risdon's Class; a set Toilet Mats, Miss Holmes; a Knitted Shawl, Mrs. Read; a Shawl, Wool, etc, Mr. E. Jenkins; a new Shilling for each child, "J. D.," per Mr. W. Harrison; 100 Volumes, Religious Tract Society.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—44 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 45 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 6 Articles, Mrs. F. Thompson; 25 Articles, Mrs. Owen Glover: 30 pairs Woollen Cuffs, Mrs. Toller; 28 Articles, Mrs. Stockwell; 120 Articles, Miss Chandler's Bible Class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel; a Trimmed Hat, Mrs. Harrison; 6 Articles, Mrs. M. A. Ager; 36½ yards Dress Material, 0½ yards Flannel, and 12 pairs Hose, "A Friend"; 73 pairs Goloshes, Mr. Walkley, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 56 Bathing Dresses, Miss Hadland; 2 Articles, the Misses L. and C. Tozer; 26 Articles, Girls of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Day School; 10 Articles, E. J. B. Croydon; 14 Articles, Miss Edwards; 57 Articles, Mrs. Risdon's Class; 8 Articles, Mrs. Sharp; 129 Articles, Mrs. Brown's Bible Class, and 30 Articles, the "Little Girl's" Working Party, Zion Chapel, per Mrs. E. Brown, Cambridge; 3 pairs Stockings, Miss Griggs, per Rev. W. G. Clow.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—30 Scarfs, Miss Howard; 20 Flannel Shirts, Miss Wade; 6 Night Shirts, Miss Chandler; a box Ties, Miss K. Barham; a Muffler and Gloves, a "Well-wisher"; 90½ dozen pairs Socks, Mr. H. Ashwell; 32 Night Shirts, and 24 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. A. M. Davis; 5 pairs Socks, "A Widow's Mite"; 2 Coats and 1 Waistcoat, Mrs. Risdon's Class; 4 Boys' Caps, Mrs. Sharp; 14 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. M. A. Holcombe; 10 Woollen and 10 Cotton Shirts, "Anon."

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1883, to January 15th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Louie and Alice; Forest Gate	2	2	2
"Far North"	0	10	0
"Z. A.," P——	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
"Northman"	1	0	0
Hannah Thomas	1	0	0
	£15	17	2

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1883, to January 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

			£	s.	d.
For Tring District:—					
F. B.	2	0	0		
Eusebia	1	0	0		
Mr. Humphrey	0	10	0		
Mr. Glover	0	10	0		
Mr. Grange, of Wigginton	1	0	0		
			5	0	0
Grosvenor Square District			6	5	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff, Castletown, and Penrikyber			30	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow, for Horley			1	13	4
Halesowen District			25	0	0
Essex Congregational Union			10	0	0
Ludlow District, 1883:—					
Rocklane Collections—					
Third quarter	1	11	7		
Fourth quarter	1	2	6		
Brimfield's Cross—					
Third quarter	1	1	0		
Fourth quarter	1	1	9		
Mr. Langs Stove	0	6	6		
Subscriptions	9	7	0		
Advanced by Mr. James Evans, treasurer... ...	1	13	2		
			16	3	6
Calne District:—					
Per Mr. J. Chappell ...	7	10	0		
A Friend, per General Secretary	10	0	0		
			17	10	0
Southern Association			50	0	0
Minchinhampton District			20	0	0
Norfolk Association, Neatishead ...			10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown			30	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings			10	0	0
			£231	11	10

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. P. T. Adams, Christmas Gift ...	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow	5	0	0
A widow	0	2	0
A lover of Mr. Spurgeon's work ...	0	2	0
Mr. James Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. John Betts	0	7	6
Two Sisters, Thankoffering	2	0	0
Mr. S. Johnston	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Greenwood	2	10	0
Per Mr. F. Whiting	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Ellery, New Year's Gift ...	0	10	0
Miss Rait	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
J. S., per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Cash from Nottingham	0	10	0
"Edinburgh"	5	0	0
Emily Ellis	0	6	0
A few friends	0	8	0
E. C. C., thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. R. Sutcliffe	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Barrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cope...	4	0	0
Miss Florence Cope	0	3	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
W. and E. H., Exeter	0	7	0
Mrs. Jessie Haynes	0	5	0
"Northman"	5	0	0
Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Two sisters, Perth	0	2	0
For Jesus' sake	0	1	0
Mrs. Lister	2	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Thompson	1	0	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. J. Dennish	0	10	0
	£80	16	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1883, to January 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
A sister in Christ	0	5	0
Thankoffering after Services by Mr. F. Russell, at Castlehold Church, Newport, Isle of Wight	2	0	0
Thankoffering after Services by Mr. F. Russell, at Baptist Tabernacle, Victoria-street, Grimsby	4	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	0	0
"Edinburgh"	5	0	0
Mr. R. Sutcliffe	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
"Northman"	1	1	0
R. M. G., Aberdeen	0	5	0
J. B. and A. E. Denholme	0	10	6
	£22	11	6

Received for Auckland Tabernacle.—Mr. W. McEwing, £1; A. R. K., 2s. 6d.; "From dear Granny," 5s.; Mrs. Finlayson, £1; A. B., 2s. 6d; Hannah Thomas, £2.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1884.

In my Fiftieth Year, and getting Old.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THIS fiftieth year of mine has not been without its peculiar heart-searchings. When feeling weary with an unbroken stretch of work, I began to fear that it was the age of the man, as well as the work of the office, which was causing sluggishness of mind. We all remember how Bunyan says of his "Pilgrim's Progress," "as I pulled, it came." So did my sermons; but they wanted more pulling, and yet more. This is not a good sign for the quality of the discourses. If I judge rightly, the best juice of the mind's vintage is that which leaps from the cluster at the first gentle pressure of the feet; that which is squeezed out by heavy machinery is poor stuff: and therefore I have feared that, with increasing labour, I might only manage to force forth a viscid liquid acceptable to none. I hope it has not been so; I cannot judge my own productions, but I think, if I had greatly flagged, some of those delicious people, called "candid friends," would have been so kind as to drop the acid information into my wounds at a time when they perceived that the vinegar would cause the most smart. Still, the critics may have formed very humiliating judgments on the subject, and may have been so fearful of the consequences to my feeble mind that they have in great tenderness repressed their verdict. An American brother says that "People's tastes are such that preachers on the wrong side of fifty may consider that they are about done with the gospel trumpet." Judicious friends may have reached that stage of feeling with regard to me, but may not care to express it.

Such were my lucubrations: they were humbling, and so far healthy; but one can drink so much of the waters of self-depreciation as to grow faint of heart; and this is not healthy, but the reverse.

Over all this, in the worn-out hours, came the dark suspicion that the morning time was over, and the dew was gone, and that the beams of the sun were falling more aslant, and had less light and warmth in them; and the dread that the gloom of eventide would soon darken thought and expression, and show that the prime of the work-day was past. Faith saw the God-ward side of the matter, and sang, "At evening time it shall be light"; but prudence also whispered that the human side must be considered too, and that dulness would injure force, and weaken interest, and diminish usefulness.

In my rest-time I have been able to survey the situation with some fair measure of deliberate impartiality, and also to call in the aid of a considerable observation of the result of years upon other men. No one can deny that there is such a thing as "the tameness at forty, and the going-to-seed at fifty." The lively evangelist of former years has sobered down into the prosy sermon-reader, a man much respected by all who know him, but rather endured than enjoyed by his regular congregation. The brother who flashed and flamed has, by reason of age, become a strangely quiet fire: a live coal, no doubt, but by no means dangerous to the driest fuel. A brother of our own profession, by no means censorious, has said, "A very little examination will convince the most sceptical that an appalling percentage of preachers are dull, dry, and tiresome." Surely these men did not begin at this pitch, or why were they allowed to begin at all? They must have grown into a routine of sermonizing, and have settled down into a flat, unprofitable style through the lapse of time. They were green and juicy once, but they have dried in the suns of many years, till the vulgar speak of them as "sticks." Shall we all go that way? Must my next volumes of sermons, if the sermons ever see the light in that form, become mere faggots, which none but the old man in the moon would care to be burdened with? A heart-rending question to me. I fear my personal observation of the bulk of preachers does not help me to a consolatory answer. Perhaps the remark may offend my brethren. Courage, my heart, it will not offend those of whom it is not true; and those of whom it is true will be sure not to take it to themselves, and so I may escape.

But this writer whom I have quoted, whose somewhat lengthy and Latinized words persist in ringing in my ears, has done much to cheer me. He says, "The dismal decadence of a multitude of well-intentioned men is quite preventable." Brave news! I will bestir myself to prevent it in my own case, if it be preventable. He adds, "No doubt any of us can number a score of men, in the range of our personal knowledge, who at sixty are fresher in thought, more attractive in manner, and in higher demand in the churches, than they were twenty years ago." I am not sure about "a score" whom I know at this present; but I certainly know, or have known, more than that number who answer to the description. There rises before me now a brother, whose age I will not even guess at, but he is certainly over sixty, who is as vigorous as he was twenty years ago, and more prominently useful than ever before throughout a singularly useful life. I knew another who, towards his later days, largely increased the number of his always numerous hard words, and did not therefore increase the pleasure of his

auditors; but with this exception he hardly showed a sign of flagging, and went off the field because his wisdom urged him to make room for a younger man, and not because he could not still have held his post with honour. A third conspicuous instance is before me of a preacher, who, however he may have declined in faith, and erred in doctrine, to the inexpressible grief of thousands, is still mentally as vigorous and fresh as aforetime. Our statesmen are many of them ancients; our greatest political leader is "the Grand Old Man." Observation therefore gives a second deliverance, which, if it does not reverse, at least qualifies the former verdict.

"Soon ripe, soon rotten," is a proverb which warns the precocious of what they may expect. He who is a shepherd at sixteen may be a mere sheep at sixty. One can hardly eat his cake and have it too. When a third of a century of work has already been done, the labourer may hardly expect the day to last much longer. In my own case, the early strain has been followed by a continuous draft upon the strength through the perpetual printing of all that I have spoken. Twenty-nine years of sermons on those shelves; yet one must go plodding on, issuing more, and yet more, which must all be in some measure bright and fresh, or the public will speedily intimate their weariness. The out-look to those eyes which are only in the head is not cheering. Happily there are other optics, and they shall be used.

It is the Rev. Martyn L. Williston that I have quoted, and I will borrow from him again.* "It is not the first intrusion of gray hairs in the pulpit which is a signal of alarm to the pews. No man, in average health, should be less of a man at fifty, or seem so, than at twenty-five; but many are so in appearance and in fact; and to them, not to the people, is chargeable the slackening demand for their services. The most of our professional feebleness is traceable to our own want of mental virility. If we will, we can remove a great deal of uneasiness from our congregations. Preachers who grow duller as they count their years, this side of sixty at least, do so from simple mental shiftlessness, very much as the Virginia planters have let their lands run waste from mere depletion. We must perpetually replenish heart and brain, or the fields of thought will turn meagre and barren."

This is sound sense, and stirs the aging man to an increase of diligence in reading and study. But it should also be clear to him that he must have more time than ever for these purposes. He must conscientiously use his hours, and his people must as conscientiously yield them to him. The Israelites made bricks without straw, but they could not have made them without time. Increased space will be needed for collecting useful materials, and preparing them for the upbuilding of the church.

The peculiar danger of advancing years is *length of discourse*. Two honoured brethren have lately fallen asleep, whose later years were an infliction upon their friends. To describe one is to depict the other. He is so good and great, and has done such service that you must ask him to speak. He expects you to do so. You make bold to propose

* *Lobb's Theological Quarterly*. No. 1. Vol. I. A paper upon "The Imaginative Element in Preaching."

that he will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy those few minutes, and a great many more minutes, and your meeting will die out under his protracted periods. Your audience moves, all interest is gone, your meeting is a failure, and all through a dear old man whose very name is an inspiration. The difficulty is not to start these grand old men, but to stop them when started: they appear to be wound up like clocks, and they must run down. This is a seductive habit to be guarded against when years increase: it may be wise to resolve upon being shorter as age inclines us to be longer. It would be a pity to shorten our congregation by lengthening our discourse.

It is also frequently true that elderly speakers become somewhat *negligent in their oratory*. It has been said that a young man is mainly taken up with the question—"How shall I say it?" and hence he attains a good and pleasing style; while the older man thinks only of —"What shall I say?" and thus, while he improves as to the matter of his discourse, his manner is all too apt to become slovenly and drowsy. If it be so, it ought not to be so. We ought to improve in all respects, so far as our powers have not declined. We cannot be blamed if memory does not serve us quite so nimbly as aforetime, or if imagination is not quite so luxuriant; but we deserve to be censured if in any point within our power we decline even a hair's breadth. We must not make a mistake as to what really is improvement. It is possible to preach better according to the canons of taste, and to preach worse as to real usefulness: God grant that we may not improve in this fatal way! It is easy to become more weighty, and at the same time more dull, so that though more is taught less is learned; may we have grace to avoid this form of unenviable progress! The art of growing old wisely will need to be taught us from above. May we be willing scholars of the Great Teacher!

When all is said and done, the jubilation of our Jubilee does not call for any great blowing of trumpets, but rather for uplifting of hand and heart in prayer to God for further help. It may be that we are only in mid-voyage. May that voyage end in landing our freight in port, and not as some life-passages have terminated, namely, in an utter wreck of every hope! Our friends and fellow-helpers will, we trust, supplicate on our behalf that we may receive a fresh anointing from on high, and we will begin life again without fear. The Scripture remains as our inexhaustible text-book, the Lord Jesus as our boundless subject, and the Holy Ghost as our infinite Helper—what therefore have we to fear? What is lost in sparkle may be gained in value; the departure of vivacity may be made up by the incoming of experience; and thus the old man may be as useful as the young. "Such an one as Paul the aged" is an honour to the church: we are not such as yet, but grace can cause the middle-aged to mellow into fathers of that order.

To this end I have printed this personal morsel, that I may sit by the way-side, and beg the prayers of the faithful. It may be that it is folly to make public such maunderings; be it so confessed; but hitherto I have lived these many years in the hearts of ten thousand willing helpers, and their affectionate sympathy has been my solace, and I cannot do without it now. I would enlist their loving prayers upon my side, at this hour, with double force. If there should seem to be no

special need, yet renewed prayer will not be wasted. There is ample room, and verge enough, for increased usefulness in the multiform directions in which my strength is already engaged. While I would stand in line with all my brethren, and swell the common pleading, "BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US," I also venture, in this my fiftieth year, to take up my own personal place as a beggar, and cry,

"BRETHREN, PRAY *FOR ME*."

No Law against Begging of God.

"BOW-STREET.—A BLIND BEGGAR.—Richard Robert Griffiths, 23, was charged with begging.—The defendant is totally blind, and for some considerable time past has been in the habit of occupying a seat at the corner of Milford-lane, near to the porter's lodge in the Temple gate. He was taken into custody on the present charge by Police-constable M'Loghland, who alleged that under the pretence of selling matches he had importuned passers-by for alms, and was heard to say, 'Help a poor blind man!' He was seen to receive money from four or five persons. It was admitted by the constable that no complaints had been made about defendant; and he denied that he had begged, though he was thankful if people bought his goods, or gave him alms unasked.—A gentleman from the Temple, who was in the habit of passing defendant two or three times a day, stated that he had never known him to solicit alms.—A letter was read from Mr. Firth, M.P., stating that he was passing when defendant was taken into custody, and he saw nothing to justify the interference of the police.—Mr. Vaughan considered that he could not convict defendant. He was discharged, and the learned magistrate expressed a hope that he would go back, and remain quietly at his usual place unmolested by the police."

If we are poor seeking sinners, this paragraph will be interesting to us. In many points this blind beggar's case should excite our gratitude, for it is so much the reverse of our own. It is true that spiritually we sit at the gate of the Temple, asking alms; but this is not contrary to the law. We are encouraged, yea, commanded to pray, and we have the promise that our petitions shall be heard. The more often we cry for help the better. We need not disguise our action, we do most distinctly beg and importune; but there are no officers employed by the court of heaven to forbid our appeals. We have it under the King's hand and seal that we may beg as much as we will.

It is pleasant to observe that the blind beggar of the Temple had friends at court, and that those who were hard upon him came off second-best. Rest assured that, if any take upon themselves to forbid a sinner's prayers, they will make small headway before the Court above. If doubts and fears bid us cease our petitioning, it will be a great comfort to hear the voice of Jesus bidding us "Pray without ceasing." Let us get back to the mercy-seat, and abide in the place of supplication, knowing that no one may lawfully offer us any molestation while we lift up our petitions to the God of heaven.—C. H. S.

Laying the Ghost.

IN the Memoirs of Pastor John Frederic Oberlin, of the Ban de la Roche, we are told that, even before he undertook the care of a parish, his conscientious uprightness, amiable disposition, and entire dependence upon God in the daily events of life, caused him to be held in high estimation among his fellow-citizens; and the following occurrence is related as a proof of the influence he had almost imperceptibly acquired over them:—

"An honest tradesman, relying on the power of his faith, came to him one day, and after a long introduction, informed him that a ghost, habited in the dress of an ancient knight, frequently presented itself before him and awakened hopes of a treasure buried in his cellar; he had often, he said, followed it, but had always been so much alarmed by a fearful noise, and by a dog which he fancied he saw, that the effort had proved fruitless, and he had returned as he went. This alarm on the one hand, and the hope of acquiring riches on the other, so entirely absorbed his mind that he could no longer apply himself to his trade with his former industry, and had in consequence lost nearly all his custom. He therefore urgently begged Oberlin to go to his house and conjure the ghost, for the purpose of either putting him in possession of the treasure, or of discontinuing its visits. Oberlin replied that he did not trouble himself with the conjuration of ghosts, and endeavoured to weaken the notion of an apparition in the man's mind, exhorting him at the same time to seek for worldly wealth by application to his business, and by prayer and industry. Observing, however, that his efforts were unavailing, he promised to comply with the man's request. On arriving at midnight at the tradesman's house, he found him in company with his wife and several female relations, who still affirmed that they had seen the apparition. They were seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. Suddenly the whole company turned pale, and the man exclaimed, 'Do you see, sir, the count is standing opposite to you?' 'I see nothing.' 'Now, sir,' exclaimed another terrified voice, 'he is advancing towards you.' 'I still do not see him.' 'Now he is standing just behind your chair.' 'And yet I cannot see him; but, as you say he is so near me, I will speak to him.' Rising from his seat, and turning towards the corner where they said that he stood, he continued, 'Sir Count, they tell me that you are standing before me, although I cannot see you; but this shall not prevent me from informing you that it is scandalous conduct on your part, by the fruitless promise of a hidden treasure, to lead an honest man who has hitherto faithfully followed his calling, into ruin—to induce him to neglect his business—and to bring misery upon his wife and children by rendering him improvident and idle. Begone, and delude them no longer with such vain hopes.' Upon this the people assured him that the ghost vanished at once. Oberlin went home, and the poor man taking the hint which, in his address to the count, he had intended to convey, applied himself to business with his former alacrity, and never again complained of his nocturnal visitor."

Notes upon the Covenanters.

THE consummation of the Reformation in the north was attended with very extraordinary circumstances; for while other countries slowly emerged from the midnight of ecclesiastical corruption, the cold, depressing pall of Popery, which for centuries had darkened Scotland, was suddenly raised, as though a fog had been uplifted by the energy of the morning sun. The gospel was preached in its fulness, and with the thrilling power of earnestness: the people accepted the message, the nation was free. Doomed to extinction, the Pope's hierarchy did not so much crumble away as fall at once. The fate of Popery was even hastened by the fond services of its titled supporters; Mary could do no more than die a martyr to the cause, and her son James VI. was forced by public opinion humbly to proclaim in the ears of Christendom that the Reformed Church was a model for the world.

At the same time the land was not all at once completely purified from Popery; that deadly compound of truth, superstition, and paganism lingered in out-of-the-way places like those lowland damps which survive the warmth of day. There were likewise priests who, with a fanatical devotion to their cause such as shows how earnestly men may believe a lie, braved any amount of hardship in the forlorn hope of keeping alive in Scotland the dying flame of Romish faith. They would travel by day in a disguised habit, or steal forth under cover of the darkness, thinking themselves best protected by the terrors of mountain and flood. The Pope undoubtedly had enthusiastic devotees. Although the extravagant accounts of their achievements, hairbreadth deliverances, and so on, as detailed by their own historians, are probably inventions of Rome, the troubles of the priests who lingered in the country after the cause was virtually lost would make a curious chapter in church history. Our object in this paper is to point to the sufferings of true Protestants at the hands of professed Protestants in the seventeenth century.

With the exception of James I. it was the misfortune of the Stuarts to misunderstand the leanings and temper of the Scotch. People in London could see that a crisis was nearing in the reign of Charles; but he was willing to leave ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of Laud, and the Archbishop was weak enough to suppose himself stronger than a whole nation resolute in its faith. Even the court fool was more sagacious than Laud; for the witty jester openly averred in a tavern in Westminster that the prelate was "a rogue, a monk, and a traitor" —a judgment which was terribly confirmed by the headsman's axe. Janet Geddes, who hurled a stool at a dean's head, and the unfortunate "fool," were wiser than the court and episcopal bench combined. Had the King and his satellites been equally discerning they might have averted the Civil Wars.

The various *Covenants* of Scotland had all one meaning; they were all designed to band the nation together in opposition to Popery and to the unwarrantable aggression of English Prelacy. The procedure of the Stuarts from first to last in regard to these covenants is not a little curious. When the first Scotch Confession of Faith was prepared by the

Reformer Craig, and promulgated in 1581, James VI. of Scotland adopted the document with an enthusiasm which it became inconvenient to remember when Holyrood was exchanged for Whitehall, and he became James I. of England. Surely there was no church like the Presbyterian for combining purity and liberty, and the king desired all his subjects to sign and think with him. On two occasions prior to the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1590 and 1596, the subscription of the Covenant was renewed. In 1638 the arbitrary acting of Charles I., and the "thorough" policy of Strafford and Laud again directed the national attention to religion, and Craig's Confession of Faith, and a declaration that the subscribers would maintain what was therein contained, became the national Covenant, which the Edinburgh citizens adopted in Greyfriars' churchyard in February, 1638, and then sent throughout the length and breadth of the country to be signed. The Solemn League and Covenant of five years later, when the shock of civil war was beginning to be heard, was a still more comprehensive thing, extending its provisions to the three kingdoms. This formidable instrument was not only a bond of union, but a declaration of war against Popery and the school of Laud. With an honesty which was at least consistent, Charles I. rejected the Covenanters' principles when he became the captive of the army in 1646; but his time-serving son, when fortune placed him beneath the protection of the Scotch, professed to agree both with the letter and the spirit of the compact. The second Charles showed in the day of his power that a Stuart's honour was consistent with breaking his word, and persecuting those who had shown him kindness in time of need.

No historian is likely to err in over-estimating the judicial crimes of the Restoration; for probably no word-painting could convey a faithful picture of the beast-like amours, senseless profanity, and wild drunkenness of those who then undertook the administration of the laws. A brutal unrestraint in all kinds of vicious indulgence became fashionable in Scotland among certain classes, until the Edinburgh legislature earned the characteristic title of the Drunken Parliament. During its season of mad "loyalty" no insult was too gross to offer the nation it represented; no enactment was too absurd for the assembly to sanction. As a roaring, swearing company of wine-bibbers, the northern parliament manifested its attachment to Church and King by breaking, rather than by making, laws. Perhaps folly could not have gone to further length than when in one sweeping measure the laws of twenty-eight years were swept from the statute-book.

The Covenanters were not likely to be treated with any kindly consideration by these creatures. When it is necessary to humiliate an obnoxious party the most effective policy is to strike at the head; and therefore the English Government struck at *Argyle*, the General-in-Chief of the Covenanters. If the King had possessed any self-respect, leaving out of the question gratitude and honour, he would have hesitated before sacrificing a hero to whom the Stuarts owed so much, and whose execution alienated the better part of the Scottish nation from their cause. When his advice might have saved the monarch from the mistakes which entailed ruin and death, Argyle spoke out with true northern honesty what conscience dictated. He sympathized with

the cause of the Parliament during the Civil Wars, but he disapproved of the King's execution; and when Charles II. was crowned at Scone, in 1651, it was Argyle who placed the crown on the royal brow. When arrested and hurried to his doom, he had come to London as a friend, to offer his congratulations at court on account of the Restoration he had himself laboured to consummate.

In murdering Argyle, the Government struck at the head of a combination it was powerless to annihilate; but other victims, such as *Archibald Johnson of Warrinston*, also left mournful gaps in the ranks of the Covenanters, which could not easily be filled up. Warrinston, as he was commonly called, after his estate, was an erudite lawyer who heartily devoted his great learning and talent to the cause of religion. As the situation became more complicated, so that it became quite possible for a conscientious well-wisher of his country to differ from the more straitlaced Covenanters, Warrinston was put down as a trimmer, and was disliked in common both by the orthodox partisans and the Remonstrants. It speaks much for his personal character and general aptness for business, that Cromwell contracted a strong liking for him; but his having served under the government of the Protector contributed to ensure his fall at the Restoration. He was a man who, amid the whirl and excitement of earthly care and business, waited for the coming of Christ, and his habits of devotion might even now excite remark. A hill-side often served him for an oratory, and on one occasion he continued in prayer during fourteen hours. His enemies were those in whose eyes Cromwell and his friends were murderers and usurpers, and he was sure to be the victim of their wrath. Although he escaped to the Continent, he was discovered in France, and surrendered by the amiable government of Louis XIV. In England a surgeon employed to attend him reduced his system by drugs and bleeding until there was apparently little left of the acute and fearless lawyer. His tears and incoherent talk before his judges in Edinburgh showed symptoms of mental failure. He made sport for those who loved cruelty for its own sake; but when in death on May 15, 1661, his former heroism returned, the change was ascribed by many to "God's miraculous kindness" to one who had been faithful to the good old cause.

The fact that he was one of the converts of Samuel Rutherford would alone testify in measure to the character of *James Guthrie*. He was a stout champion of the Covenant, too enthusiastic, indeed, to be always tractable. He believed in the Covenant with fervour, and was prepared to sacrifice his life in the cause of truth. He was no respecter of persons, and when Charles II. was in Scotland before the Restoration, the King endured from him many reproofs, which rankled in the heart of that profligate dissembler. By his fearless adherence to principle, Guthrie was led to do what he thought to be his duty with relentless impartiality. One of the favourites of the Stuarts, and a man who copied their licentiousness was the Earl of Middleton, a mortal enemy of the pious, straightforward Guthrie. The Covenanter earned the hatred of this political adventurer in a manner singularly characteristic both of the man and of the cause in which he was engaged. In a certain crisis Middleton proposed to aid the fallen fortunes of the King by raising a corps of Papists in the Highlands, and on account of this

act of treason to Protestantism the General Assembly of the church pronounced against him a sentence of excommunication; and it fell to the lot of Guthrie to administer from the pulpit this piece of wholesome discipline. Just prior to the time of service Guthrie received a letter—thought by some to have been written by the King—dissuading him from attempting to humiliate the nobleman in the open church. The warning only served to confirm the preacher in his purpose of obeying the Presbytery, and honouring God. That action cost the old man his life; for it was contrary to the nature of the Restoration statesmen to forgive an enemy. Guthrie was in due time arraigned on a paltry charge, which might have been equally brought against the best men of the country, and was sentenced to be hanged, and to have his head set up over the west-bow at Edinburgh. When his doom was pronounced, his heart was so wholly set upon Christ, that he came forth from the judgment-chamber with a heavenly countenance, which strangely contrasted with the profanity around him. He was an outcast from earth; but the gallows and market-cross at Edinburgh were to him the portals of heaven.

A belief in omens was common in his age, and Guthrie was not superior to the prevailing weakness. When, many years before, he had subscribed the Covenant, he was "stunned a little" by a circumstance which ruffled his composure—he met the hangman, in his uniform, passing along the street. This was an evil omen, according to the common belief, and Guthrie quite believed it to be so. What if the Covenant should entail death? The question was asked, the cost was counted, and from that hour there was no looking back. After his execution Guthrie's remains were carried into a neighbouring church to be dressed by a number of ladies of quality; and a youth more demonstrative than the rest entered and anointed the body with an ointment which perfumed the whole building. Persons in sympathy with the Covenant also dipped napkins in the warm blood, declaring their intention of spreading them out before the Lord, who would avenge the innocent in his own time. Some time after Guthrie's death a weird story gained currency in Edinburgh which, whether true or otherwise, shows the spirit of the times:—As the commissioner's carriage passed underneath where the head was spiked, some drops of blood fell upon the vehicle "which all their art could not wipe off." Men of science were consulted and asked to account for the startling circumstance, first of the blood dripping at all, and then of the impossibility of wiping it out. Baffled and alarmed, the commissioner ordered a new covering for the carriage; but that did not mend the matter, nor remove the guilt. A crime had been committed, and his conscience could not rest.

The assassination of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, belongs to the history of the Covenanters, or rather to the ecclesiastical civil war in which the government were weak enough to engage, a war carried on against a people who were determined not to submit to the yoke of episcopacy. We would not on any account apologize for the mistaken enthusiasts who laid violent hands on this enemy of his country; but while nothing can justify murder, it cannot be forgotten

that the prelate received in kind what he had meted out to others. He was but worsted in the fray which his own folly had provoked. It may be interesting to look at this curiously constituted man as he appeared to the people whom he first forsook and then oppressed.

From youth he appears to have been fired by worldly ambition, and to have studiously used his insinuating address to advance his own interests. At the opening of his career he held one position after another by which he was identified with the Covenant and the great movement thereby represented. At one time he might have been called a Presbyterian of the Presbyterians, and at that time he professed to shudder at the bare suggestion of forcing episcopacy on his beloved Scotland.

His subsequent doings show him to have been a double-tongued, two-faced schemer, over whose motives the chroniclers of opposite schools would be sure to wrangle in after days. He appeared before Cromwell in London to represent, and plead for, the Presbyterian cause; but friendship with the Protector did not prevent his corresponding with Charles in exile, any more than an apparently ardent attachment to the Scotch Kirk interfered with his courting the patronage of influential Anglicans. He was a dangerous friend and a treacherous ally; and it is thought that his opponents, who denounce his memory, have not gone beyond the truth, nor even up to it. He was an ecclesiastical weathercock, whose procedure was a trustworthy indication of the quarter whence the wind was blowing. History supplies few examples of baser treachery and dissimulation than are found in this extraordinary man. Just prior to the Restoration he left Scotland, ostensibly to represent and defend the interests of the Presbyterian cause; but what he really did would constitute an incredible story were not the facts well authenticated. He not only sold himself to the Anglican party as to the highest bidder, but, according to Burnet, he did so while sending news to the other party in Scotland concerning the zeal with which "he was soliciting their concerns, not without dreadful imprecations on himself if he was prevaricating with them." Such an adept at duplicity staked all, even property and life, in the game he chose to play; and he lost all.

It is interesting to look at Archbishop Sharp as he appeared from the Covenanters' standpoint, after he had deserted their standard to become a persecutor. Can we conceive the hatred and contempt with which a renegade, who presumed to persecute former allies, would be regarded in that stormy age? The prelate's self-seeking would be a common topic of conversation among all classes; his proud bearing would be marked as he passed along the street, and the blood of the persecuted would be laid at his door. As it was an age of superstition as well as of excitement, alarming rumours were abroad. Not only the common people, but many of their pastors, believed that the archbishop carried on an intercourse with evil spirits. Ridiculous stories of his dealings with the powers of darkness were current, and were widely accepted. According to popular belief he could move between Edinburgh and St. Andrew's faster than the fleetest horseman; and a certain dame confessed to Lord Rothes that she had seen Sharp and "the mickle black devil" in conference together. His murder was a crime unworthy of the Covenanting cause, and not to be identified with it; but, nevertheless,

when the bishop was dragged from his carriage and slain on the 3rd of May, 1679, there were many in Scotland who thought that a Goliath of the Philistine camp had fallen in accordance with the will of the Lord.

It was the misfortune of the Covenanters at an early stage of their great controversy with worldly powers to commit errors in judgment, and even to fight against their friends; on account of which mistake a terrible penalty was exacted in subsequent years. It is impossible for a dispassionate judge to approve of all that they did, in the way of retaliation; but then the world in the nineteenth century is not what it was in the sixteenth, and allowances must be made for the roughness of the times. When they joined hands with the Stuarts, preached down the English, and fought against Cromwell at Dunbar, the Covenanters acted like men who, having lost sight of their best interests, were determined to complete their own destruction. In this respect they sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind after the Restoration. The mind of the Stuarts was never reflected in their words; but when the royal reprobates had regained their ascendancy there was no doubt as to their sentiments. The attempt to force episcopacy upon the Scotch people, the cold-blooded butcheries of Claverhouse, and the satisfaction with which the Duke of York presided at scenes of torture, all tended to open the eyes of the persecuted Covenanters as well as to teach them that trust was misplaced when yielded to princes of the house of Stuart. Virtually, the Covenanters were never defeated, nor was their spirit ever broken; for the energy and constancy inherited from the fathers of two hundred years ago have, through the Lord's blessing, set up the Free Church of Scotland in our more favoured times. May it abide faithful!

Preaching as it should be.

LUTHER did not merely expound Scripture. In his preaching he reproduced Scripture. He had experienced the truth and power of God's Word. He possessed not merely the absolute certainty that what he preached from Scripture was true, but he knew that it was true and precious *to him*, a possession for ever. The Word was living, God sent it forth again through his heart and lips. He preached the gospel, and not merely that prophets and apostles preached the gospel. Like the Apostle Paul, he spake because he believed.

In this light we can understand his words: "A preacher must be able to say boldly with all apostles and prophets: *Hæc dixit Dominus* (God himself has said it)." And again, "I have been an apostle and prophet of Jesus Christ in this sermon."—*From "Martin Luther: A Witness for Christ and the Scriptures." By Rev. Adolph Saphir, D.D.*

Selections from Mr. Spurgeon's little Book, entitled "The Clue of the Maze."

SCIENCE AND THE BOOK AT ONE.

BETWEEN the revelation of God in his Word, and that in his Works, there can be no actual discrepancy. The one may go further than the other, but the revelation must be harmonious. Between *the interpretation* of the Works and *the interpretation* of the Word there may be very great differences. It must be frankly admitted that the men of the Book have sometimes missed its meaning: we have never held the doctrine of the infallibility of Scripturists. Nay more, it is certain that, in their desire to defend their Bible, devout persons have been unwise enough to twist its words, or, at least, to set them in an unnatural light, in order to make the Book agree with the teachings of scientific men. Herein has lain their weakness. If they had always laboured to understand what God said in his Book, and had steadfastly adhered to its meaning, whatever might be advanced by the scientific, they would have been wise; and as professed science advanced towards real science, the fact that the old Book is right would have become more and more apparent.

SCIENTIFIC STATEMENTS NOT INFALLIBLE.

Those who have addicted themselves to the study of Nature, and have despised the Word, certainly cannot claim such immunity from mistake as to demand a revision of Scripture interpretation every time they enthrone a new hypothesis. The history of philosophy, from the beginning until now, reads very like a Comedy of Errors. Each generation of learned men has been eminently successful in refuting all its predecessors, and there is every probability that much of what is now endorsed as orthodox scientific doctrine will be entirely upset in a few years' time. When we remember that one coterie of *savans* has proved to a demonstration that there is no such thing as mind, and that another has been equally successful in proving that there is no such thing as matter, we are led to ask the question, "When doctors differ, who is to decide?"

LITTLE SETTLED IN SCIENCE.

There are many voices in the world, some powerful, and others weak; but there is not yet a *consensus* of thoughtful observers sufficiently strong to demonstrate any one system of science to be absolutely true. The inductive process of Bacon, no doubt, yields the nearest approach to certainty; but even this cannot raise a deduction beyond question, for no man of science knows all the instances that can be adduced, and his deduction from what he knows may be upset by equally sure inferences from what he does not know. The time over which scientific observations can travel, even if it be extended into ages, is but as a watch in the night compared with the eternity of God; and the range of human observation is but as a drop of the bucket compared with the circle of the heavens; and, therefore, it may turn out, in a thousand instances, that there are more things in heaven and earth than were

ever dreamed of in the most accurate philosophy of scientists. These good people have done their best, from Aristotle downwards, but they have hardly accomplished more than to prove us all dunces, and themselves scarcely a fig better than the rest of us.

WHERE ALTERATION IS EASIEST.

Instead of altering the Bible, or allowing that it may be mistaken upon mundane matters, it is a far safer course to continue the long-ago-begun process of amending science, which is made of a substance so plastic that no great effort is required to change its fashion to the reverse of its present shape. From the first doctor in the school of science down to the last, error has not only been possible, but almost unavoidable, from the limitation of human faculties and the mystery of phenomena. Even the interpreters of Scripture have been less absurd than the interpreters of Nature: though certain of these have gone to grievous lengths. Yet THE BOOK retains its impregnable position. If it ever comes to a matter of decision whether we shall believe God's revelation or man's science, we shall unhesitatingly cry, "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

NO REMARKABLE PRESENT DIFFICULTY.

At the present moment we do not see any considerable difficulty existing. Scripture may not square with certain hypotheses, but it agrees with facts. The Scripture, interpreted in an intelligent manner, displays as great an agreement with Nature and Providence as Words can show with Works. An article in the *Illustrated London News* may describe in words a scene which, on the opposite page, is depicted by the pencil of an accurate artist: the two forms of instruction may fully coincide, and yet the impression upon the reader, who fails to see the engraving, may not be the same as that produced upon an observer who only notices the sketch and neglects the letter-press. The man who cared only for the typography might quarrel with the votary of the wood-block, while the picture-observer might equally well retort upon the reader: but if the two could be combined, the intent of the author would more surely be understood. Let him that readeth the Word consider the Work, and let him that observeth Nature attend to Revelation, and growing wisdom shall be the reward of both.

ANCHORAGE AND ROOT-HOLD OF FAITH.

When the Bible is fully accepted as God's own revelation of himself, the mind has come to a quiet anchorage; and this is no small gain. A safe resting-place is an urgent need of the soul. To find a sure foothold somewhere, men have tried to rest in an infallible church, or in their own supposed infallible reason. Of two earnest brothers one became a Papist, and another an infidel. We do not feel attracted to either haven, if haven either of these can be called; we prefer for our own part to cast anchor once for all in an infallible revelation. Drifting about must be fatal to a growing and advancing life: root-hold is essential; here, then, is ours.

When first the anchor goes down, or the root strikes, little can be known of the anchorage or the soil compared with that which will be discovered by the test of experience. Thousands are quietly moored

in the fair havens of Scripture; myriads are growing and bearing fruit in the garden of the Lord. Their witness is assuring, but our own experience will bring the most satisfactory conviction.

Down goes the anchor: the rootlets embrace the soil.

The Snake in the Bottle.

A WORKING-MAN had settled in Australia upon a small allotment of land, which he obtained from the Government. He married, and was soon surrounded by a family. By hard work the trees were felled, and the timber burnt off, and he had quite a considerable farm. His live stock increased, and he began to thrive; and everything might have gone well with him if he had not been the victim of strong drink. From a frequent tippler he became at length a confirmed drunkard. Of course, the farm was neglected, and everything was impoverished. Soon he began to sell the live stock, and at last all had gone except one pig, which was ready for the knife, but would in all probability never be eaten but drank. He went to bed one night, after having taken his usual "night-cap," and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was very thirsty, and had gone to the bottle for another drop. He was about to lift the bottle, when a snake thrust its head out from the place where the cork should have been, and with open jaws and protruded tongue began to strike in all directions. He seemed fascinated by the deadly fire of its eye, and just as in his dream he was about to be struck for death he awoke. His first instinct was to thank God that it was only a dream; and the second was to turn over in his mind what it could mean. "Ah!" said he to himself, "*there is a serpent in the bottle, and I will have no more to do with it.*" He trundled out all the paraphernalia of the old serpent, became an abstainer, and what is better still, a Christian, and was soon the centre of holy influence in all the region roundabout. We can only hope that any of our readers, who delight in their little drops, may behold just such a vision.

O Sin, who can look on thee?

YOU shall as soon espouse light and darkness, and marry midnight to the noonday, as you shall espouse or marry a holy God to an unhumbled sinner. Oh, who can look upon sin as an offence against a holy God, as the breach of a holy law, as the wounding and crucifying of a holy Saviour, as the grieving and saddening of a holy Sanctifier, and as an eternal loss and undoing of his own soul, and not mourn over it? Oh, who can cast a serious eye upon the nature of sin, or upon the exceeding sinfulness of sin, or upon the aggravations of sin, and not have his heart humbled, his soul grieved, and his spirit melted for sin? Oh, who can look upon sin as it strikes at the honour of God, the name of God, the being of God, the glory of God, and the design of God, and not have his mouth full of penitential confessions, his eyes full of penitential tears, and his heart full of penitential sorrow?—*Thomas Brooks.*

Philip Henry, the Father of Matthew Henry.*

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER.

THE life of Philip Henry by Sir John Bickerton Williams, published nearly sixty years ago, is not much known to the present generation; there was room, therefore, for these "Diaries and Letters," edited by Mr. Matthew Henry Lee, which are vastly more interesting than the common run of such productions. Mr. Lee's book, acceptable as it is, would have been much more so, had he prefixed a connected sketch of Mr. Henry's life, which people are compelled, as it is, to pick out as best they can, or—which will oftener be the case—to give up the task for want of time or patience. Mr. Lee had reasons of his own, no doubt, for not doing this; for, pleasant as the task might have been from his point of view as a Christian, it would have been less agreeable to him as a Churchman, and a Churchman of not the most liberal school. We have a few interesting particulars, however, which, if not new, are worth repeating.

First, then, Mr. Henry was of Welsh descent. His grandfather's name was Henry Williams, of Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire. His father, who was one of a large and poor family, dropped the name of Williams, for reasons of which we are not informed,† and started for London with a solitary groat in his pocket. Providence favoured him. First, he became servant to a Welshman named Palmer, then to Philip, Earl of Pembroke; afterwards he was keeper of the Orchard to Charles I. at Whitehall, and also one of the pages of the Back Stairs to James, Duke of York. He made his way in the world, selling his appointments for a large sum of money, not long before the treasonable proceedings of Charles I. precipitated that contest for liberty which has resulted in such blessings to Great Britain. He never saw his father's house again, but several of his relations followed him to the metropolis.

Another good thing he did was to marry Magdalen Rochdale. She was "a fruitful vine," and also fruitful in faith and good works. Philip was her eldest son and fourth child, born August 24th, 1636. He says of her—she died when he was a boy of fourteen—"She was a woman of extraordinary piety and prudence, a loving wife, a kind neighbour, a good mother; the memory of her virtues remains exceeding dear and precious with all that were acquainted with her." One of her latest speeches, before death took her away at the age of forty-four, was:—"My Head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven, it is but one step more, and I shall be there too."

We hear little about the father's religion or politics; but the mother was a decided Puritan and Nonconformist in her tendencies. She took young Philip the last year or two of her life to Westminster Abbey, to hear and take notes of the sermons delivered there before breakfast, getting his school-lessons dispensed with. She took him also to St. Martin's Church to hear Mr. Case, and to their own parish church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, on fast-days and other special occasions, to hear some of the ablest preachers in England.

* "Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry, M.A., of Broad Oak, Flintshire." Edited by Matthew Henry Lee, M.A., vicar of Hanmer.

† A practice once common in Wales.

Young Philip was sometimes the play-mate of the young princes, afterwards Charles II. and James II. There seems to have been no trace of evil on the mind of Philip acquired by contact with these boys, who afterwards so terribly blotted the page of their country's history. Philip Henry retained a kind feeling for both these Stuart kings, though it does not appear that he ever received any favour or consideration at their hands. A man of principle and honour, as he was, had little to commend him to men of such crooked devices and evil ways.

After attending the Latin school at St. Martin's, and going to a private school at Battersea for a few months, he went, at the age of twelve, to Westminster School. The head master, Dr. Busby, was a godly man, and he took a delight in his scholar. Under date of April 14th, 1647, the latter says:—"The Lord was pleased to bring me home effectually to himself by means of my school-master, Mr. Richard Busby, at the time of the solemn preparation for the Communion then observed. The Lord recompense it a thousand-fold into his bosom. I hope I shall never forget. There had been treaties before between my soul and Jesus, with some weak overtures towards him; but then, then I think it was that the match was made."

In the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, there is a portrait of Dr. Busby with young Philip Henry standing beside him, and something like a copy of the same among the pictures at Westminster School.

The same year as his conversion he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, whither he went in December, occupying two days in riding down, stopping the first night at Maidenhead. He was poor, for his father was in straits, but the Earl of Pembroke gave the youth £10.

Visiting London at the end of 1648, he saw the execution of Charles I. He says—"He went by our door on foot each day that he was carried by water to Westminister, for he took barge at Garden Stairs, where we lived, and once he spoke to my father and said, 'Art thou alive yet?'"

Two years later Philip Henry lost his father, and knew what it was to want money. Hence, under June 8th, 1652, he writes:—"Being in great straits, it pleased the Lord to move the heart of the young Earl of Pembroke, who bestowed upon me £10, *a seasonable mercy.*" Many a good servant of Jesus Christ has had occasion to say the same under like circumstances.

He preached his first sermon at South Hinksey, Oxon, January 9th, 1653, from John viii. 34. The next year he received a call to Worthenbury, in Flintshire, and to be tutor to the sons of Judge Paleston. The judge was a man of good repute, and anxious to obtain for Worthenbury Church, and for the chapel on his estate at Emral in the same parish, a minister of good parts and a painstaking preacher and pastor. Such a man he found in young Henry, and he took steps to settle on him an income of £60 per annum, and to erect a parsonage house. Lady Paleston was a relation and friend of the great Dr. Owen, and a woman of true and eminent piety. Here it was he met with his future wife, Miss Matthews, of Broad Oak.

Broadoak is less than an hour's walk from Whitchurch, Salop, and near by is the township of Iscoed in the parish of Malpas, where, amid beautiful surroundings, stands Whitwell or Iscoed Chapel, closely

associated with Philip Henry and his descendants. The name of Whitwell is taken from the salt-works once flourishing there, and Iscoed means "in the trees." The present chapel, which stands on the same spot as that in which Mr. Henry sometimes worshipped, is a neat structure, having nothing either within or without savouring in the least of that hardly-disguised Popery which is the shame of the so-called Protestant Church of England, and the pest of many a populous town and parish.

Mr. Matthews was not at all favourable to a match between his only child and the young minister of Worthenbury. She had other suitors, and some of them whose family connections would have flattered the pride of the old man, whatever might have been hoped for or feared from their character. But Katharine believed that "godliness with contentment is great gain"; and that wisdom, especially divine wisdom, is better than riches; and the strictly religious character of the young pastor, while it was a ground of objection on the father's part, weighed the other side with the daughter. Mr. Henry had therefore a strong friend, and one who knew how to plead his cause with the old yeoman. This was no other than the lady herself.

When her father objected to Mr. Henry that, though he was a gentleman and a scholar, and an excellent preacher, he was a comparative stranger, and that he did not even know where he came from, she was ready with a reply which did equal credit to her head and her heart:—

"Yes, father; but if you do not know where he came from, *I know where he is going to, and I should like to go with him.*"

Katharine gained her point, secured one of the best of husbands, and proved one of the most excellent of wives. He had two blessings in his marriage: a fortune *in* his wife, and a fortune *with* her.

Theirs was true love, but it did not flow on without obstacles. When the time for the marriage had been fixed, the old man got it postponed for a year, and exacted rather hard terms from the young minister, and after the marriage he was not always either kind or just.

As a bride, Mrs. Henry was taken to the new parsonage at Worthenbury, where her first son, John, was born the following year. The entry in the father's diary is characteristic: "Short pain, much mercy. I was then at Chester, but God was at Worthenbury, a present help."

Two things caused Mr. Henry trouble at Worthenbury. The death of Judge Paleston, before his plans for endowing the living had been completed, and the determination of his son and successor to oust Mr. Henry. He was driven from his church some time before the Act of Uniformity came into operation. He had no scruples about taking the oath of allegiance to Charles II., but he could not read the Common Prayer, for which he and others—the minister of Bangor Monachorum, Iscoed, Mr. Fogg, being one—were presented at Flint Assizes.

He could not read the Book of Prayers prescribed by the King and Parliament, not from any want of devotion or reverence, but because of his Scriptural views of what prayer is and how it should be offered. The requirements of the King and bishops were cumbered, also, with other human devices, to which the conscience of Mr. Henry and of tens of thousands besides, including ministers and people, most strenuously

objected. And yet, as Mr. Lee states in this book, "One of the chief characteristics of Philip Henry was *his belief in the power of prayer.* 'Prayer and provender,' he would say, 'hinder no man's journey.'"

Here, then, was a man, gifted in the art, and distinguished for his belief in the power of prayer, expelled from his living, and, so far as the ecclesiastical powers were concerned, left without means of subsistence, simply because he would not use a Book of Prayers prescribed by a licentious king and his time-serving bishops. But he was only one among many, of whom few had the material resources which happily he possessed.

Mr. Lee seems unwilling to allow him to have been a Nonconformist, but such he was to all intents and purposes. True, he did not object to a State-appointed, or at least to a State-paid ministry, and so he was not a Free-Churchman; but inasmuch as he could not, would not, and did not conform to the ordinations of the king and the hierarchy, he was a real Nonconformist. He did not join the Independents, much less the Baptists, because he was, as was his son after him, a Presbyterian; but a Churchman, in the sense of Mr. Lee, he was not, and was very far from being one.

Mr. Lee mentions in his preface a certain Trevor Hanmer, afterwards Lady Warner, who was then living at Bettisfield, near Whitchurch, who displayed an amount of zeal in her religious inquiries in which she "anticipated the Methodists of the next century," but unfortunately took refuge in the fallacies of Rome, and suggests that if she and Philip Henry had been able to exchange opinions upon religious subjects, both might have been preserved to the Church of England, or, as he calls it, "the church of their fathers," which hardly applies, however, to a sect then only a little more than a hundred years old.

Then, after all, Mr. Lee, Philip Henry *was* a Nonconformist. And what was it that repelled the good man and thousands besides? It was that leaven of Popery which still remains in the Church-service and Catechism, and which has wrought and is still working to overthrow the Protestantism of Great Britain, so that but for the faith of Nonconformists Protestantism in these Islands would be reduced to a mere shadow.

Mr. Lee would lead us to believe, both in this book and in a lecture he gave at Chester on the same subject, that, after all, Philip Henry was in some sort a Churchman, and that the narrow-minded sect of English Episcopalians is the true Church, and that almost all good things are comprised within its pale. Such assumptions are only too common among men of his class; but we smile at their folly, however much we may respect them as men, and wish to cherish towards them the best of feelings as Christians. Some few, we are glad to know, rise above these narrow prejudices, imbibing and illustrating the spirit of Christianity, rightly deeming that Christianity is as far above mere churchism as heaven is above earth.

Philip Henry was of a very retiring disposition. His motto, adopted from Thomas-à-Kempis, was "*Bene vixit qui bene latuit,*" a sentiment not at all in accord with prevailing notions nowadays; for to live out of sight is, with most people, religious and otherwise, the reverse of living well.

His "Diaries" are very interesting, showing what sort of a man he was even in those little things which, like straws on the surface, show the way the stream flows. All sorts of things find a place: things personal and relative, things great and little, things belonging to the world as well as to the Church, things of God and things of men, things carnal and things spiritual, things of time and things of eternity. We quote a few almost at random :—

(1661) *March 8th.*—"Contests about the Liturgy; an everlasting bone of contention, till removed or mended."

Feb. 15th.—"I. went to Chester; Robt. B— with me. The dean and chancellor, Dr. Baldwin, persuaded with me to conform, telling me else my preferment was gone. 'And what? are you wiser than the king and bishops?' But God grant I may never be left to confer with flesh and blood in such matters. I visited Mr. Brown, a prisoner as disaffected, who said, 'Fear not to suffer for God; 'tis sweet. His presence makes a prison a palace.'"

Feb. 17th.—"One other Sabbath spent without disturbance, blessed be God! Might our enemies have their will, it should not be so."

March 14th, 15th.—"Garden prepared. I sow. God knows who may reap. The Lord make me wise to sow to the Spirit, and then of the Spirit shall I be sure to reap life everlasting."

March 20th.—"Garden finished, in time of an eclipse. Lord, lift up upon me the light of thy countenance, and let nothing cloud it towards my soul."

March 28th, 29th.—"Assizes at Hawarden, when Mr. Steel and I were presented for not reading Common Prayer. He that hath delivered doth deliver; and I trust also he will yet deliver."

April 8th.—"Two of our kine calved together, and all well. I bless God. Methinks I see even our common mercies flowing in to us in a covenant way, which puts both sweetness in and value on them."

April 23rd.—"King crowned. Great joy; much sin; the Lord pardon. It was a very wet evening, which prevented something of God's dishonour."

April 26th.—"This day twelvemonth I was married. A good day. The first year God took order that married persons should not go forth to war, neither have I; but now I must prepare to 'endure hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

The entry next below shows that we are not more hardly dealt with as to weather, and seasons for sowing, than our forefathers of those days were. Total abstainers, too, may note what Mr. Henry suggests as to the retributive providence of God in these matters. Let them also note that Mr. Henry both brewed and drank beer. But he was "temperate in all things." From this some of them may likewise take a useful and not unnecessary hint. May was late for barley-sowing.

May 9th, 10th.—"A very wet season. God is angry with us. Now prepare to meet thy God, O England! And, good Lord, in the midst of wrath, remember mercy and say, 'It is enough.'"

"Barley much abused in drunkenness, and now barley seedness (sowing) hindered. God is righteous."

"*August 25th.*—"Common Prayer tendered. God knows how loth I am to go off my station; *but I must not sin against my conscience.*"

Sept. 22nd.—"Mr. Taylor restored to Holt by the Bishop *who barks not because he cannot bite.* Lord, stir up thy strength and come and help us. In vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of the mountains."

But we must break off these quotations, which are not the less curious as we proceed, but full of all manner of things, many of which are specially curious, and some very suggestive.

The antiquarian will look in vain, however, for matters in his special line. This is rather surprising, and as much to be regretted, seeing that the whole neighbourhood is specially rich in early British, Roman, and other remains and associations. The adjoining parish to Worthenbury is Bangor Monachorum, the monks of which made such a firm stand against the proud pretensions of Augustin, the emissary of Pope Gregory, that hundreds of them were slain and their house destroyed, about the beginning of the sixth century.

Not far from Bangor, in another direction, is the parish of Hanmer (Mr. Lee's own parish), where, like many other things and persons also, "*in reduced circumstances,*" is the Lake where it is said the monks of Bangor baptized their converts one thousand four hundred years ago. This collection of water is called *Llys-bedydd* (court of Baptism), and some fields near it are still called *Holy Crofts.*

We thank Mr. Lee for this information, and for his statement that the persons baptized were CONVERTS, therefore not infants. The rite was performed, then, not by sprinkling from a basin, but according to the apostolic method, baptism proper. As Bangor-Monachorum is on the Dee, a broad river, and both deep enough and shallow enough for the purposes of baptism, they must have had other reasons than the need of "much water" for going to Llys-bedydd.

But we must close a paper already too long.

We are much indebted to Mr. Lee for his patient research and evident sympathy in some things with the author of the "Diaries," &c. The book would have been all the better if the author had kept himself free from that one-sidedness which mars the doings and sayings of many good men, and if he had looked upon the great contention between Charles I. and the Parliament in the light of the nineteenth century rather than in the light of Lord Clarendon's History; but notwithstanding his evident Tory leanings and churchly assumption, which are a fly in the pot of ointment, the book is full of much that will interest and profit the careful and devout reader.

We will only add that, after leaving Worthenbury, Mr. Henry resided a short time in Whitchurch, and then removed to Broad Oak, where his second son, Matthew, was born, and where he spent the rest of his life, busying himself in agriculture, preaching, visiting, and other employments, besides making sermons which, we are told, proved a rich source of supply to his son in preparing that Commentary which has won for itself so distinguished a place.

Mrs. Henry survived her husband some years, ending her life in the same house where she first saw the light. The house now standing at Broad Oak, tenanted by a Baptist family, is much smaller than the old timbered building of Mr. Henry's days, which furnished materials for the

present and three other houses. The old barn chapel has passed away, though the pulpit cushion remains. The oaks, too, have disappeared, excepting one which overhangs the road leading to Whitwell Chapel. This, and the old wall of red brick bounding the garden on the north, are the sole remains of the Broad Oak of the seventeenth century.

The little graveyard at Whitwell bears testimony to the piety of many of the descendants of the Henry family and its branches, among whom the name of one should be mentioned who, not many years ago, passed at a good old age to his rest and reward. In the instance of this good man, Joseph Lee, and of many others in the past, and some in the present, the promise has received its fulfilment:—"The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee."

Saved on the Brink of Destruction.

DR. GUTHRIE, in his autobiography, writes as follows:—"A merciful interposition of God's hand occurred during my ministry at Arbirlot. I had gone to the rocks on the east side of Arbroath that culminate in the noble promontory of the 'Red Head,' on a day when the waves were, so to speak, 'running mountains high.' Though the tide was making a considerable breadth of the rocks that shelved at a sharp angle into the sea lay bare, I leaped down on one, and had no sooner lighted on the slippery weeds that covered it, than my feet went out from below me, and, laid flat on my back, with my face to the sky and my feet to the sea, I was off, like a ship at her launch! Instantly taking in all the danger, I gave myself up for lost. I could swim, but in such a sea I would have been dashed in pieces against the rocks. By God's providence the very extremity of the danger had the effect, not of confusing, but of calming my mind. I remembered that the rocks there, formed of what is called 'plum-pudding stone,' had often nodules that, consisting of harder matter, had resisted the action of the waves, and rose above their polished surface. I remembered also how, but the very day before, I had got the heels of my boots armed with iron, and it came on me like a flash of lightning that, if I pressed firmly against the rock in my descent, I might peradventure catch a projecting nodule, and be saved—brought to a standstill by that. This flashed on my mind like an inspiration; and, through the divine blessing, by this device I was plucked from the jaws of death—saved, when nothing else short of a miracle could have saved me."

Depend upon it, Guthrie never needed arguments to convince him of a special providence. Here was no miracle; but was not the God of miracles there, giving to the mind calmness, and remembrance, and resolve to test the possibility of escape? It is in the little things that God is seen. Chance did not place the projection where it was, nor put new iron heels on Guthrie's boots, nor nerve him to keep his feet well down upon the rock. No, the Lord himself was there, and his holy angels were keeping watch over a precious life so full of after-usefulness.

C. H. S.

Italians in London.

THE foreigners in London would alone populate a city of considerable size; and as they represent nearly all the principal nationalities of the world, they claim the sympathy of Christian people. We rejoice that they have it in some measure. Occidentals and Orientals have the gospel message carried to them in their own language; and once a year a Foreigners' Fête is held in the grounds of some wealthy friend of the cause in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

The Italians are a band by themselves, and are chiefly found in and about the neighbourhood of Soho, Leicester-square, and Hatton-garden. In the last-named quarter the Italians are, for the most part, of the poorer sort; and because they are what they are, we are the more glad to find that an Evangelical service is conducted for their special benefit by Professor Leone Levi.

For years past these poor people have inhabited this locality in very considerable numbers, and may almost be called a colony. Certain lodging-houses, kept by Italians, and patronized almost entirely by their compatriots, were once said to be "dark and gloomy enough to suggest a Roman catacomb." The inmates of these places are constantly varying, however; and some, with their organs, will traverse the country for a month before they return. "The inmates are not all artists in music," remarks one visitor among them, writing some years ago; "some have performing monkeys, and some, I presume, are dancers, and are dressed out in a very attractive way, with different-coloured ribands and streamers artistically woven about the breast, and decorating their peculiar Italian hat, so high and so narrow at the top, but which, nevertheless, when arranged with its national trappings, becomes the Italian exceedingly well." Though there is a good deal to see and to hear in these dingy lodging-places, they are not the most accessible places in the world; both the landlord and his customers are jealous of any English interference, however well meant.

We hinted at the outset at the large number of foreigners in London; but even with the census returns before him, an inquirer cannot readily find out the exact number, for the simple reason that those belonging to foreign parents are reckoned as English children if born in the metropolis. Different authorities thus give different numbers. What one knows for certain is, that certain tribes prefer certain quarters, or even particular towns: Germans predominating in Manchester and Bradford, while Italians and Belgians are most numerous in London. In and about the East-end and the river-side there is a considerable number of Asiatics who are actual heathens. The Europeans, who are nominal Christians, are divided into several sections. The Lutherans and the Greek Church adherents have places of worship of their own. The Roman Catholics are, for the most part, French and Italians, with a few Spaniards. The work in which Professor Leone Levi takes an active part is a mission to the Roman Catholic section of foreigners in London. The operations are naturally attended with considerable difficulty. Indifference and ignorance are visible at every turn; and this native darkness is aided rather than checked by the presence of the priests. The fact can hardly be too often reiterated, that Popery really

possesses no power either to enlighten or to raise the most needy classes of this or any other nation.

More than a quarter of a century ago a missionary to the Italians was appointed by the committee of the London City Mission; but the difficulty of finding a really competent man soon led to the abandonment of the enterprise. It is obvious that the man required must be a fluent speaker of Italian; he must be something more than a mere Protestant —the meaning of which the Italian peasantry do not understand—he must be a good man moved by something of that enthusiasm which inspired the Reformers three hundred years ago. The visitor originally appointed was superintended for a time by Dr. Leone Levi, but when the man resigned, no one was found to succeed him. The Society for the Benefit of Italians was founded at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Being thoroughly conversant with the Italian language, Dr. Levi has all along looked after the work; and the missionary now employed is himself an interesting character, whose personal history is suggestive of what the gospel may achieve. This man (of whom we shall have more to say further on) is an Italian nobleman who, having left his native land for political reasons, and having become converted, is now the humble servant of his poor countrymen in the vicinity of Hatton-garden. The missionary's wife is, we believe, an English authoress.

In answering the question, Who are these Italians in London, or what are the classes into which they are divided? we reply, that, in the first place, they consist largely of organ-men, who are as a rule sadly ignorant. Ice-makers or confectioners come next, whose easily-recognized shops or stalls in the streets attract a full share of English patronage. Image-makers constitute another section whose art is appreciated by considerable numbers. A more skilful band are the *employés* of scientific instrument makers, whose masters are usually bigoted Romanists of a hopeless kind. Priest-ridden, and ignorant of the elementary truths of the gospel themselves, the masters exercise anything but a salutary influence over their dependents, who are still more in the dark regarding their best interests.

Many changes, political and social, educational and religious, have come over the scene in the course of twenty years. Twenty years ago the Italians in London, or the people who passed as such, were not always from Italy. The revolution of 1870 and consequent social upheavals have made a great difference, so that, much more than ever was the case before, the Italians in our metropolis really come from Italy. These emigrant adventurers differ according to the locality from which they come—natives of Northern Italy being, as a rule, much better educated than those who come from farther south. The revolution has benefited the country in many ways; the land was delivered from political thraldom, and a system of national education was introduced, such as would never have been known under the hateful rule of Pope or Princelet. Now that the people are better educated, they are less superstitious than their predecessors of a former generation. In their own towns and villages, as well as in London, they fear, rather than respect, the priests; they are at heart really indifferent to all religion, and are chiefly devoted to making their way in the world.

Their traits of character differ from those of the English poor in London. They are not addicted to drunkenness, and they are so temperate or even abstemious in the taking of food, that at tea or other festivals the chief difficulty is not the providing of sufficient for the guests, but to induce them to eat what is upon the table. They are also remarkably industrious, and only need an intelligent appreciation of the gospel to make them all that people can be expected to be in this fallen world.

The wrongs suffered by Italian children have frequently been mentioned both by speakers and writers, and the injustice is really of a kind which ought not to be tolerated by a country like England. Children of tender years are sometimes brought away from home and friends to be introduced into a condition of virtual slavery. In one instance, which occurred last winter, two boys were carried off by an adventurer from a village near Naples; and when, through the action of Dr. Leone Levi, the case was put into the hands of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, the fact came out that numbers of such unhappy children were kept by people in London, who make money by their enforced service of organ-grinding. There are people at this moment in London, who make money by this traffic; but the number is not so great as it was a few years ago. A wrong is not only directly inflicted on the children, but they are brought up in a condition of ignorance which is contrary to the law both of their country and our own. In the neighbourhood of Hatton-garden there is a large Roman Catholic Italian church with an evening-school attached; but it is not likely that the benefit derived from such a quarter is very considerable. Nor can many of them be reached by our own educational machinery; for although the Education Act nominally includes all—foreigners as well as natives—it becomes inoperative in the case of those children who do not know English. Hence, the question arises, Should not an Italian teacher be employed in a quarter like Leather-lane, one who is really competent to convey instruction to the children in the language they alone comprehend? In Whitechapel one or two Germans might also find employment in a similar capacity.

The work we have referred to is not the only work of the kind undertaken in London; for another small mission is also carried on by a converted Jesuit named Passolenti, who in the first instance offered his services to Professor Leone Levi. As no funds were available for his stipend, the ex-Jesuit made an opening for himself—first, by preaching to the foreign masons employed at the New Law Courts at the time of the strike; and next, by forming a Church of England Society, which in time was supported by some wealthy persons. Mr. Passolenti is now an ordained minister of the Established Church, and he is encouraged by the co-operation of some of the leading Evangelical clergy.

What, then, is the aim of these Christian Italians, who thus carry on a mission to their benighted countrymen? Is it merely to Protestantize them? It would be a difficult matter even to make them comprehend the meaning of the term. The aim is to make them understand Bible truth, and those maxims of the gospel of which they are so deplorably ignorant. The Bible is to them literally a sealed book; they know nothing whatever about it. They seem to be naturally listless and careless, so that they need to be quickened and stimulated until they feel

some interest in the things which pertain to their eternal welfare. This cannot be done by simply teaching them to abhor Popery; but by showing the attractiveness of the gospel when unmixed with superstition. As strangers in a foreign land, whose advantages in their own country have not been equal to our own, we certainly owe them something, and it is our privilege, as well as our duty, to add a little joy and brightness to their lot. The cases of conversion which have occurred inspire hope and encouragement; they are the harbingers of a fuller harvest when the power of the Lord shall become manifest. No church has yet been formed, but that is one of the possibilities of the future.

Beyond all that has been said, there is a tinge of romance in the personal experience of the missionary already referred to, who works among the Italians under Professor Leone Levi's superintendence. The Count is a Venetian nobleman, who, prior to the Revolution of 1848, occupied a seat on the judicial bench of Venice; and for no greater crime than desiring to see his country delivered from the hateful yoke of Austria, France, and the Pope, he suffered four years' imprisonment in the dungeons of the so-called "Holy Father," when those places were at their worst through the country being ground down into the dust of degradation by the tyranny of priestcraft. "In Rome I lost some valuable years of my life, lost them in the gloom of a prison-cell," he remarks; "but in Rome also the light of divine truth broke on my darkened sight, showing me the grave errors of the Roman Catholic faith, and opening my eyes to the great truths of the Reformed Religion, as truly founded on the Holy Scriptures." This great discovery, and the congenial work in London which has solaced his many years of exile, have more than compensated for the loss of property, official employment, and social distinction, which the Count has had to bear. About twenty years ago he wrote out the narrative of his curiously chequered career; and the story ran through the nine numbers of "The Leisure Hour," which appeared in January and February, 1864. If any one should desire to become correctly acquainted with the infamous character of the government of the late Pope prior to the happy deliverance of Rome in September, 1870, let them read what this political refugee has to say.

If any of our readers have a desire to see the Italians in London in their own quarters, they may do so by walking into Soho, by visiting the market of Leather-lane on Sunday morning, or by going to the docks. Being all alike in the dark, their one want is the gospel.

Masters and Disciples.

LIKE the prophets of Old Testament times, the ancient sages of India were the philosophers, divines, teachers, and leaders of the people. They lived in forests, and wore mean clothing made of the skins of animals, or of the bark of trees. Their time was partly occupied in meditation and study, and partly in instructing their disciples who dwelt with them. They did not live a celibate life; for their wives were often reverenced as much as themselves. Many of the Reeshees

and Gooroos are described as ascetics who lived mainly on the roots and fruits of the forests where their hermitages were built. Even these, however, received what their disciples obtained by begging from door to door in the villages and towns. Some sages were wealthy; and their wealth consisted of the many cows they had been presented with by those who resorted to them for help. Even kings reverenced them as holy men; and their leafy dwellings were regarded as sacred. Uninvited, even monarchs did not dare to enter the precincts of their retreats for fear of the sage's curse.

The disciples they gathered round them did not waste their time in idleness: in return for the instruction they received, they had to watch the cows graze, plough and sow the land, and in other ways serve their teacher and master. Usually their devotion was entire. Unquestioning and implicit obedience was considered the only service worth rendering to their master. Of this we have an instance on record that will bear translating.

With a Reeshee named Dhomonys dwelt three disciples, Upomoshyo, Aroonee, and Bade. Calling Aroonee to him one day, he said, "My son! go into the fields and make a ridge to prevent the water running out." The disciple, knowing how necessary this was for the rice that grows in many feet of water, went to the spot at once where the bank had given way, and there he saw the water running off into a lower field. All his efforts to stop the stream utterly failed. Again and again he exerted himself, but to no purpose. At last, in despair of being able to comply with his master's wish in any other way, he placed himself in the gap and stopped the current.

In the evening, the sage, seeing Aroonee had not returned to the hermitage, inquired of the other disciples how this was. "Master," they replied, "Aroonee went at thy command to make the ridge in the field." Then, with these two, the Gooroo went to the place, but no Aroonee was to be seen. He called him again and again, till at last a reply came up from the place where the disciple lay. Rising, he went to his master. "Where hast thou been all this time?" inquired Dhomonys. "Master," he replied, "I tried hard to stop the water, but could not. At last I obeyed thy command with my body and succeeded. Command what I shall do further for thee." To which the sage replied, "My son, I bless thee! Thou hast obeyed me without reserve. I ask no more."

Such is the story as given in the Mahabharat. It is often related to enforce and illustrate the duty of disciples to their Gooroos. Fear of their teacher's curse is a great means of producing this desired obedience and entire devotion. How different the motive power that makes men willing followers of Christ! All down the ages his disciples have been ready to give up all in his service. "The love of Christ constraineth us;" and we dare not, cannot, would not, live for self, since we are devoted to our Lord. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it," says our Master; "but whosoever shall lose his life *for my sake* and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

Barisaul, Bengal. R. SPURGEON.

Sunset Musings.

IT would be impossible to tell the number of those who have been made happier and holier by the sweet influences of sunset hours! Have not the hallowed memories of eventide so woven themselves into the texture of some lives that everywhere there may be traced a golden thread of sunset glory? And have not these recollections proved to those who treasure them gleams of gladness for gloomy days, beams of blessing for busy hours? Above all, have they not in the quiet time of Bible-study, thrown new light on hidden truth, and given fresh radiance even to the sacred page itself? The earth is indeed "full of the goodness of the Lord," and instead of refusing to look upon its beauties, because of the curse of sin, it were better to drink in the loveliness, by grace allowing it to minister to the nourishment of spiritual life within. Some of these "sunset memories" seem to illustrate so clearly the going down of life's sun, as seen in Bible history, that it is hoped no apology is needed for the liberty of introducing them.

It was a summer evening, and a party of tired tourists, from Loch Maree, were dining at Gairloch Hotel, when suddenly the room seemed filled with a rich glow of light. Dinner was for a while forgotten, and many of the visitors went to the window, delighting in the indescribable beauty of the setting sun. There were the shimmering wavelets that seemed alive with joy, and the soft, dark outlines of surrounding hills, but *the* sight of all was the sky itself, so pure and glorious, that it appeared none other than the shining of heaven's own light. Surely this grandeur of glory, this vividness of colour, glowing with brilliancy so rarely seen, bears a close analogy to the going down of the sun, at summer-time of Enoch's day on earth. The life of him who "walked with God" must indeed have been as the shining of the summer sun, and when we read that before he had reached half the average age of his contemporaries, "he was not, for God took him," we catch the parting glory of a sun that truly has not set, but gone to shine elsewhere. "By faith translated that he should not see death," having, before translation, testimony that he had pleased his God—are not these rays of light too dazzling to describe or look upon, but so beautiful as to lead the tired traveller to forget a while the toils and pleasures of this lower life, and for a time to look upward to that which is to come?

But another sunset memory now comes to mind—a somewhat sad and stormy one, but beautiful withal. This time it was autumn, and autumn on Lake Geneva, when, owing to an unfavourable season, the mountain peaks surrounding it had more than their usual amount of snow. The day had been in many ways an unquiet one, and longings for home had mingled their inarticulate voices with the mutterings of thunder and the sounds of wind and rain. But suddenly the whole scene brightened. From the window a side view only of the lake could be obtained, and the sun itself was hidden completely, but the garden below was bathed in light, while it was manifest that the "parting gleams of sunshine" were everywhere "kissing" everything. Yes, even across the lake, where the dark hill-sides deepened in intensity of blackness, till they

reached the water's edge, their snowy tops had caught the kiss, and blushed to rosy gold. There were storm-clouds still; but what mattered that now, since even they, too, were lined and edged with light? And could there be a truer picture than this of that sunset on the top of Pisgah, where, after a long day of storms and difficulties, the spirit of Moses was kissed into the brightness of heaven's own glory? His ear had heard the thunders of Sinai, and the fitful moanings of a restless unbelief; but though there were clouds of judgment and dark mountain sides, there was rest and peace for him in the light of forgiving love. His one act of disobedience had seemed the blackest cloud of all, but was it not all blotted out in the brighter glory of a better Canaan?

But grand and beautiful as sunsets such as these have been, perhaps there is nothing which so touches the heart and life, as the quiet, still beauty of a December eventide, when away behind the houses and few scattered trees of a London suburb, one catches sight of the mysterious dusk, and the dull glow, which is neither red nor brown, and feels the sort of hushed awe, so easy to experience, so difficult to describe. There is in such a sunset a mingled rest and hopefulness that seems lacking in those of any other season of the year. The bare trees, the thought of the departing year, everything conspires to make it appear a veritable going-down of the sun, an actual passing-away of all things old; but the invigorating influence of just a touch of frost in the air, and a nameless something in that sweet mysterious sky, equally suggest the coming of a brighter dawn, and a blessed creating of all things new. It is just such a sunset as this which seems to present itself to the mind when looking at the closing chapters in the life of David. Day is over, a whole year has flown, and old, and full of an old man's wearinesses, the aged king feels that life itself has well-nigh gone. Calmly he reviews it, that life so full of strange vicissitudes, and as he remembers all its varied experiences, he is more sure than ever that "the secret of the Lord is with the righteous" and that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." But as he thus reflects he remembers that he has not yet done all his work, for has he not still to give to Solomon his son a charge to build a temple for the living God? Accordingly a solemn assembly is summoned, and to Solomon is given the work his father had so coveted to perform himself. And then the old man, kingly enough still, turns and commands the princes of Israel to help his son, adding with an emphasis which only a ripened experience such as his can give, "Now set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God." So satisfied was he that such a search was the one worthy object of a noble life, that even to princes he could name no higher. There are many other sunset glories connected with his last hours, but none are brighter or more beautiful than this. It is advice suitable for every one, from the youngest child to the oldest believer, from the most careless sinner to him who takes rank above his fellows as a prince in Israel. To the newly-awakened one, whose thoughts turn rather to the blessings which he gives than to the Lord himself, there comes this emphatic "Now," and ever as he journeys onward, scaling heights as yet unseen, and peering into depths as yet undreamed of, these words will follow him, acquiring continually a new significance, "And *now* seek *him*." We want his companionship, the holy conscious-

ness that the Lord is with us—with us not only in the hour of prayer, but through every busy minute of the day—with us not only in the time of deepest sorrow, but in these little tiresome vexations which so easily move to irritability, and make it so hard to keep back the sharp or unkind word. We want his guidance, that instinctive turning unto him at all times, which if more continually practised, would save the Christian from so many of life's blunders. To ask him how to invest the money, to seek his help to do the shopping rightly,—would not life be brighter, sweeter, holier, if this were done more commonly? But above all, we want him. A personal knowledge of "the Lord your God." "Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth *me*." "And this is life eternal, that they might *know thee* the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Surely this is knowledge worth the seeking, if the gain to us shall be eternal life. And knowing him like this, having found him for ourselves, we shall want others to receive like blessings, and shall go forth with new power, telling the outcast and ignorant of the treasures to be obtained from such a search. There are so many perishing for lack of knowing him, that surely all those who have beheld his glory should be eager to make known the gladness they have found. And are not those who have been learning longest, and whose day's end is close at hand, the very ones who most of all should speak of what they have been taught? A vessel lying on the sands, in front of a small seaside town, one evening, attracted the attention of some visitors, who began speculating as to whether or no it would remain the night. The cargo was already unladen, and a good day's work completed, surely it would now rest until the morning. But no, the tide had turned, and was flowing in rapidly, and, before many minutes had passed away, the barque having all sails hoisted, was speeding away in the direction of the setting sun. It was very beautiful, every sail shining in the sunlight, but more lovely still is the sight of that aged or suffering Christian, who, knowing that the day has almost gone, yet still works on for Jesus, and goes out in full view of sunset, shining in glory-light, to be ready at day-dawn for service on a brighter and better shore. W. D.

Our Lord's Shortest Answers, "Go" and "Come."

WE read in Matt. viii. 31, 32: "So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, *Go*."

If we *depart* from Christ there is destruction at once for us (v. 32).

We read in Matt. xiv. 28, 29: "And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, *Come*."

If we *come* to Christ there is salvation at once for us (v. 31).

Alnwick, Northumberland. A. GRAINGER.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

IT has been our custom to give just a taste of Mrs. Spurgeon's Annual Report of her Book Fund. From many who have read it we have heard the emphatic declaration that it is the best report which has yet appeared. The writer of the record thinks very little of her own composition, but in this we take leave to differ from her, and we think that those friends who spend sixpence with Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster in purchasing "The Book Fund and its Work, 1883," will be of our mind. It is a delicious morsel.

Alas, since the issue of this little book certain of the most generous donors to the work have been taken home. All our enterprises have during the last few weeks lost several of their best supporters; but the Lord liveth, and as he has provided hitherto, we are persuaded that he will not fail us, but will send by other stewards as the former ones go home.

The extract given is from the notes of the month of July.

How the Gifts of the Book Fund are valued.

Looking through some of my letters to-day to see what I could glean of summer fruits for my dear reader's enjoyment, I thought it might be pleasant to make a "confection" of a few of the innumerable "good things" which are constantly dropping from amongst the leaves of my very large correspondence. There will be no novelty in this digest—can any new thing come out of a Report?—but it will at least convince any one who will take the trouble to read it, that, "partial" as I may be to my dear "Master's" books, I am by no means alone in my avowed enthusiasm.

Taking first the "Treasury of David" (it being seemly to give the place of honour to the *magnum opus*), I note the experience of a Congregational minister, who says concerning it:—"It has been most helpful to me in quickening and strengthening my spiritual life; it has enlarged my understanding, and added immeasurably to my store of knowledge. It has provided me with such savoury meat, and I have relished it so much, that now I seek diligently to obtain more. You could not have conceived of a truer or better way of helping a poor minister than by adding to the little stock of books which he fondly calls his library."

A pastor in the Midland Counties writes:—"The cxixth Psalm has been a favourite portion with me for years, but I have found it difficult to commit to memory. Was this because 'its expanse was unbroken by a bluff or headland . . . a great sea of holy teaching . . . without an island of special and remarkable statement to break it up'? (See preface to Vol. VI.) Be this as it may, henceforth I launch upon it with such a copious and accurate chart to guide me, that I long once more to explore the whole; and already it seems to lie before me like a vast lake, whose every creek, and bay, and island, promises some new scene of delight. It has been my custom for years to keep some work in reading as a sort of companion to the Bible; and when, on Saturday night, I saw the pains Mr. Spurgeon had taken to unfold the riches in this wonderful psalm, I resolved at once to put it side by side with my Bible, and to study the whole comment which forms the bulk of the

goodly volume. Thank you so much for sending me this Royal Banquet, and please thank Mr. Spurgeon for letting so many of us share in what he tells us has been a means of grace to his own heart."

The "Treasury of David" is so serviceable a work to men with small libraries that it is no wonder its appearance is hailed with joy and gladness when sent as a gift by the Fund. "Many a hearty 'God bless him!'" says a country pastor, "escapes from our lips when the goodly volumes are unwrapped, and a glance into the pages reveals the treasures awaiting appropriation." The "Treasury" is a continuous stream of blessing, an unfailing storehouse of provision, a rich mine of sacred wealth; and, therefore, the poor pastors, hungry and thirsty and needy, covet it earnestly as one of the "best gifts." "There is no work," writes a clergyman of the Church of England, in acknowledging the volumes which I had sent,—"there is no work the possession of which could have given me greater pleasure than the 'Treasury of David.' A brother-clergyman of extensive reading said to me a short time ago, 'Whatever you do, get Mr. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David"; it is by far the most valuable contribution to the literature of the Psalms.' Indeed, a glance at the volumes has convinced me that my friend was right, and that Mr. Spurgeon is a Christian philosopher of the Eclectic School. I only wish it were possible that he could do for the whole Bible what he is doing for this special portion."

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As for the "Sermons," no words of mine can tell the blessing the Lord vouchsafes to *them*, not only in the conversion of sinners, but in quickening, arousing, and refreshing the preachers of the Word; they are prized and used largely as patterns and helps to pulpit preparation, and as constantly serve as aids to private devotion. A pastor in the far west of America says:—"I read a 'Sermon' for my own spiritual advancement every morning after the Bible, and this keeps me so full of good things that I am always fresh for my work. I use them as I use the water from my well—to refresh myself and regale my friends, serving them up in my own measure and manner." Again, a minister in England writes:—"Last week I was making a sermon on Col. iii. 2, 3; and, turning to Mr. Spurgeon's 'Sermons' for 1880, I found on page 193 some thoughts which put my mind just into the right course; and, aided by the Holy Spirit, a difficult subject was made clear, and I was enabled to present it to my people; and this morning I was meditating on the Beauty of Christ as set forth in the words, 'Thou art fairer than the children of men,' and again I received much help from the same source. I just refer to these recent instances to show how great a boon you have conferred on me in putting these volumes on my shelves."

"I never allow my sitting-room to be without a few of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons," says another friend, "so that those who come in may read, or take away a copy with them, and some very dear to me have thereby been greatly blessed."

May not this suggestion of quiet service for the Lord find a quick response in some timid heart? Those who cannot "speak a word for Jesus" might surely be able to place a few "Sermons" in the way of careless or seeking souls, and let Mr. Spurgeon speak to them, while they pray for the Word to be made fruitful.

"The amount of good I get from reading the 'Sermons' no tongue can tell," writes a grateful recipient; "they are full of savour and blessing! It is a marvel how Mr. Spurgeon can continue to pour forth such utterances as these sermons contain, and even to excel all previous efforts, as the last volumes abundantly testify. Of course, I say this, looking at the human side of the matter; it is no marvel that the Lord, whom he serves, should thus show his divine power and sustaining grace in his servant."

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The first series of "Lectures to my Students" was the "first-born" of the Book Fund—the "beginning of its strength"—and it must not be passed over without loving notice, coupling with it now the two later volumes, of which some one has truly observed, "The very best of Mr. Spurgeon's work, and the very best things he says, are to be found in these Lectures." The joy with which I send out these volumes knows no qualification; I am as sure of my harvest with such precious seed as if the golden grain were already gathered within the garner. To young and old alike they bring wholesome instruction and weighty counsel—offered, too, with such genial grace that none can turn away offended. "I am delighted," writes a minister of high standing, "with the sanctified common-sense which characterizes the two volumes of 'Lectures to my Students'; and though I have been some years in the ministry, I find valuable hints in them, and many echoes in my own answering experience of the need of friendly advice such as they offer."

"Thank you very much for the 'Lectures,'" says a young beginner; "from them I have gleaned many a wise suggestion, and in them I have met with many a hard but not unprofitable blow. God bless Mr. Spurgeon for the loving, earnest, faithful words found in these volumes." In one case a very practical improvement in demeanour is induced by the perusal of these fervent addresses, and amusingly confessed thus:—"I have carefully read the 'Lectures,' and I believe they have done me good. *My wife says I have not so many silly ways as I used to have: I don't look at my watch so much when speaking, or use my handkerchief so vigorously!*" Then, again, comes testimony to higher influence:—"Mr. Spurgeon's lecture on 'Attention' benefited my delivery; but when I read the address on 'Earnestness,' my soul was led into the very presence of God; and, after a day spent in holy joy, I preached at night as I had never preached before, and two souls were brought to Jesus!" A learned doctor, who presides over a missionary college in Egypt, shall be the last witness on behalf of these precious books. He says, in a letter to me:—"I used the first volume of 'Lectures' last year with my students, reading it off in Arabic while they took notes. Mr. Spurgeon is easily translated even into Arabic—clear, logical, simple, solid. 'May his shadow never grow shorter!'"

Surely all this is blessed encouragement to continue the distribution of books which are so powerful for good!

"For every printed word becomes a seed
That, planted, *must* spring up—
A flower or weed;
And he who writes—may write
What millions read."

I think, dear friends, you will know that my desire in transcribing these few testimonies out of the thousands at my command, is not unduly to boast of or triumph in my dear husband's works—to God be all the glory for all that has been done through them! But I want you to catch the tone of the bell which is always ringing at my door, and to see the quality of the provision which is being constantly handed out to eager applicants. These letters exhibit my work and its consequences far better than any amount of dry statistical information could do; and therefore I give them to you with a happy and grateful heart, and "TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE."

Stories of John Wesley.

THERE are many lives of Mr. Wesley, and he who writes another must necessarily borrow material from Mr. Tyerman's massive work. Dr. Kirton, whom we always associate with buying your own cherries, has compiled a shilling book which is published at the office of *The Christian*, and contains in a handy form all that the bulk of our people need to know of the great Methodist. The work is very well done: the book is eminently readable, and will be sure to command attention. To stimulate our own friends to get the biography we give the following anecdotes which will be new to many:—

"A story is told by Rev. J. Reynolds in his 'Anecdotes of Wesley,' to the effect that Wesley was deeply moved while at Oxford, by an odd interview which he had with the porter of his college. It appears that the man late one evening went to the young collegian's room and said he wished to talk with him. After a little pleasantry Wesley told him to go home, and get another coat. The porter replied, 'This is the only coat I have in the world; and I thank God for it.' Wesley said, 'Go home and get your supper.' The man responded, 'I have had nothing to-day but a drink of water; and I thank God for that.' Wesley remarked, 'It is late, and you will be locked out; and then what will you have to thank God for?' 'I will thank him,' replied the porter, 'that I have the dry stones to lie upon.' 'John,' said Wesley, 'you thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank him for?' 'I thank him,' returned the poor fellow, 'that he has given me life and being; and a heart to love him, and a desire to serve him.' Reynolds adds that this was related by Wesley himself, and that the interview convinced him at the time that there was something in religion to which he was then a stranger."

"On the last Sunday in the year 1788, when he was eighty-five years of age, he had to preach in All-Hallows Church, Lombard Street, for the benefit of forty-eight poor children belonging to the St. Ethelburga Society. There was an immense congregation gathered to hear him. While putting on his gown Wesley said to his attendant: 'Sir, it is above fifty years since I first preached in this church; I remember it from a particular circumstance. I came without a sermon; and, going up the pulpit stairs, I hesitated and returned into the vestry, under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who stood by noticed my concern, and said, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand on my shoulder, she said: 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' This question had such an effect upon me, that I ascended the pulpit, preached extempore with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

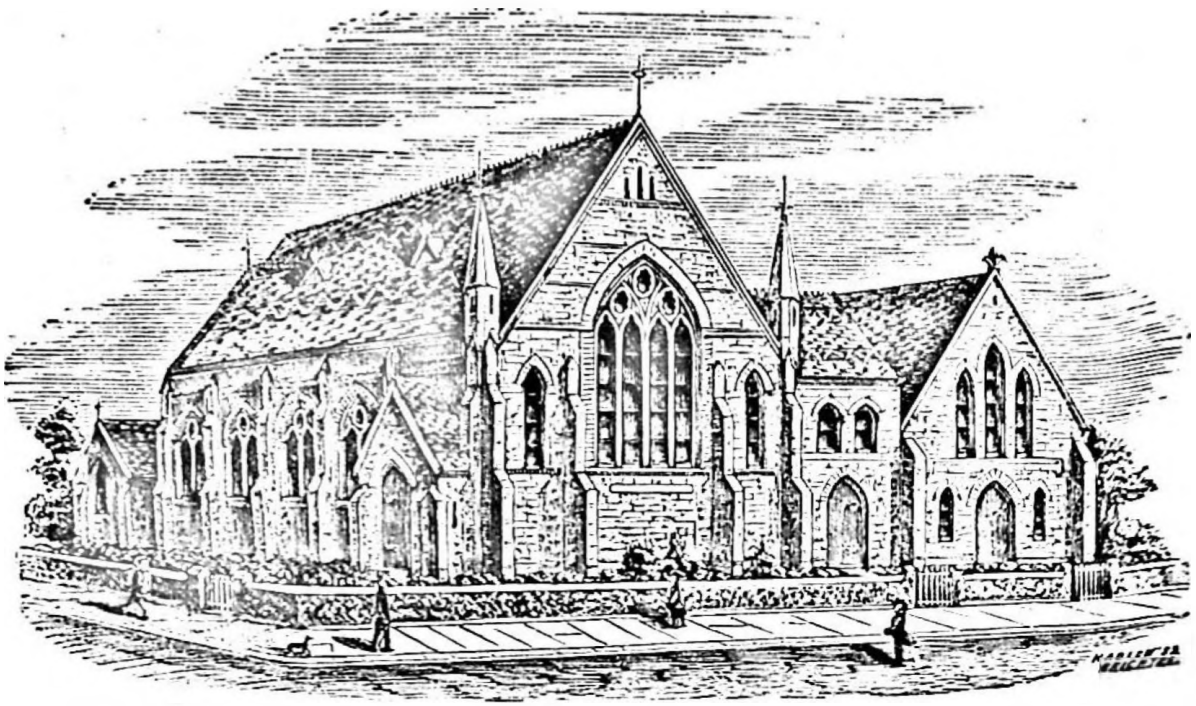
"One of the secrets of Wesley's success in preaching was his adoption of a plain style and homely illustrations; and for this he gives the following sensible

reasons: 'Having preached one of my most polished sermons in a country church, and noticing that the people gaped and stared so much, I concluded they did not understand it. I then put out all the words I thought not in common use, and in preaching the sermon again I noticed they heard it with their mouths half-open. I then said, 'It will not do yet.' In the house where I lodged there was an intelligent servant-maid, and at a leisure hour I called her in and said: 'Betty, I have preached a sermon, and have some doubts whether the people understood me; I will read it slowly, and you will stop me at every word you do not understand, and I will change it for a word that you know; and if you understand the sermon the people will understand it.' So I proceeded, writing a plain word over every hard word. At length 'Stop, sir; stop, sir!' came so often that I grew impatient; and I said, 'I am surprised at you, Betty; I am sure everybody will understand that word.' To which she replied, 'I do not know, sir, what it means.' Suffice it to say, that I read the sermon through, and on preaching it a third time the people heard it with their mouths shut."

"While preaching at Doncaster in the summer of 1790, Wesley related the following striking fact: 'A poor woman of the Roman Catholic persuasion, having had the misfortune to break her china crucifix, immediately went to her priest to inform him, mourning greatly on account of the sad circumstance, and frequently crying out, 'Now I have broken my crucifix, I have nothing to trust in but the great God!' When Wesley repeated these words he appeared to feel strongly, and in a manner peculiar to himself exclaimed, 'What a mercy she had the great God to trust in.' A respectable Roman Catholic who occasionally visited the chapel was present, and was powerfully affected. 'The great God to trust in,' touched his heart. He was deeply convinced of his need of salvation, joined the Methodist Society, became an ornament to religion, and to the day of his death continued in the Wesleyan fellowship."

"Like the apostles, Wesley found that his preaching did not greatly lay hold of those in high positions in society. 'Not many mighty, and not many noble,' were influenced by his labours; still he numbered a few families of good position among his followers, upon whom he exercised a powerful influence for good. A striking illustration of this may be gathered from the following incident, which took place at the house of a gentleman who had invited him to take luncheon with one of his preachers after Wesley had done preaching. This preacher, like many of the class during that time, was a man of very plain manners, and quite unconscious of the restraints belonging to good society. While talking with the daughter of their host, who was remarkable for her beauty, and who had been profoundly impressed with Wesley's preaching, he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. 'What do you think of this, sir,' he said, 'for a Methodist's hand?' The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said, 'The hand is very beautiful.' The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when a few hours later she appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except what nature had given."

"Wesley was one day walking along a road with a Christian man who was relating his troubles, and at the same time saying he did not know what he should do. As his companion was expressing his doubts they happened to pass a stone fence over which a cow was looking. 'Do you know,' asked Wesley, 'why that cow looks *over* that wall?' 'No,' replied the friend in trouble, 'I will tell you,' answered Wesley: 'because she cannot look *through* it. And that is what you must do with your troubles: look *over*, and *above* them.'"



Help needed for Worthing.

OUR good friend, Mr. W. F. Stead, worked at Worthing with all his heart, and as the result of his labours a small school-chapel was erected. He has retired from the scene, and we trust will soon be found working elsewhere. Mr. Crouch, of the neighbouring town of Shoreham, has left his comfortable sphere to attempt the gathering of a solid Baptist church in Worthing. We know his perseverance, and firm confidence in God, and therefore we believe he will pull through, though it must be uphill work. We ought to have a strong and useful Baptist church in Worthing, and by God's grace we shall have it before long. It is needful to build, and to do this will require large help from outside. All friends who know Worthing as a sea-side resort should send prompt aid. The larger of the two buildings represented above gives a good idea of the new chapel, which is to cost £2,000. The friends hope soon to have the first £1,000 in hand, and to commence building this month. Having pledged themselves to carry out this work on the "owe-no-man-anything" principle, we trust that the Lord's stewards will supply them with the necessary funds for its completion at once. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Pastor, C. Douglas Crouch, Oxford-road, Worthing.

Notices of Books.

Happy Childhood. Little Talks with Little People. F. G. Longley.

The Publisher has surely put together all the woodblocks in his possession and made them into a sort of scrap-book for the young. We have on former occasions found fault with Mr. Longley's engravings, and therefore we are glad to observe a very marked improvement. The mixing up of pictures of such different classes presents a peculiar appearance to the critic; but for children it is probably an advantage. At two shillings this is one of the cheapest of children's books. Prettily bound, and profusely illustrated, it makes a very acceptable present.

The Parables of our Lord. By Marcus Dods, D.D. [The Parables recorded by Matthew.] Macniven and Wallace.

Dr. Dods, in this instance, writes well in all respects but one: he seems to use dry ink. He is supernaturally free from anything approaching to unction. Surely the Sahara is not more utterly parched. The same truth which with McCheyne would glitter with heavenly dew is with Dr. Dods as free from moisture as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego when they came out of the fiery furnace.

Contrary Winds, and other Sermons. By W. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have before had occasion to speak favourably of a volume of sermons by this author. Such originality of thought and familiarity of address can hardly fail to secure a large and attentive auditory. The subjects, too, are attractive from their frequent reference to matters of great public interest. The present volume is made up of sermons selected because of such references, and this, with all its advantages, has also its serious drawbacks. We care little for references to current events, and are far better pleased with frequent and prominent allusions to the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel. Such allusions are always clear and forcible when they appear in Dr. Taylor's discourses.

The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture. By George T. Ladd, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We have a treatise here in two large volumes, each containing seven or eight hundred pages. The treatise is not so much upon doctrine as upon the inspiration of the Scriptures. What is the Bible? is the question that is professedly discussed. It is dedicated "to that great number of Christian teachers and thinkers who hold the Biblical system of moral and religious truth, but who are in doubt as to what they shall conclude concerning the sacred writings in which that system is contained." Shame that there should be a large number of such teachers. As we do not come within the description, having no such doubts to be removed, we may be excused from a careful study of these numerous pages. Yet we have read enough to have formed an opinion upon this book, which is partly favourable and partly unfavourable. The inspiration of the apostles is considered to be the test of the inspiration of Christ; and the teaching of Christ to be the test of the inspiration of the Old Testament writers; but chiefly in reference to what is expressed to the exclusion of what is implied. That Christ did not quote from the ancient Scriptures with critical accuracy, is supposed to be a concession to their critical inaccuracy: this we do not admit; it arose from the simple fact that he was not speaking to professed critics, but to the common people who heard him gladly. Scarcely anything with respect to what portion of the Scriptures is inspired or what inspiration teaches is considered by our author to be yet settled; but he thinks that the progress of modern investigation gives promise of such a desirable result. This may comfort doubters; to believers it is as much a bit of news as that the Dutch have taken Holland. That such volumes should have been needful is a sad reflection upon the history of Christianity, and it raises a grave question as to the purity of the Christianity of the present age. If not needful, however, for its main design, this work may be a valuable contribution for subordinate ends to the religious literature of modern times. It is the result of years of minute and elaborate investigation both of the Scriptures themselves and of the researches of others—an investigation conducted with a conscientious desire to know the truth, and to make it known to others. This work neither sanctions the evangelical, or, as it is styled, the traditional theology of the past, nor the excessive scepticism of the present time. It teaches that the design of all Scripture is to reveal Christ as an object of faith for salvation, however imperfect and doubtful the revelation may be.

We fear that the main result of this treatise will be to unsettle the faith of many and to settle the faith of none.

The Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Revised Version. By Francis Tilney Bassett, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A skilful work of superfine criticism in which ancient manuscripts are examined, accurate translations canvassed, and the proprieties of punctuation considered with elaborate comment on ten notable texts of the New Testament. Though a small book, it requires rather close reading, and very clever people to read it. Our author has a righteous jealousy for that fundamental doctrine of the faith of every true Christian, the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. We could almost fancy that he was ready to pounce on the "Revised Version" before it was published. Some suspicion was evidently lurking in his mind, that the Arian views of certain of the company would exert a pernicious influence on the decision of the Revisers in respect to particular texts well known to most of us as the arena of fierce controversy in the days of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and since then of Socinian and subsequent strifes. The liveliest passage, with the deadliest illustration, will be found in the centre of this little volume. The question raised is whether we shall retain or reject the word "God" in 1 Timothy iii. 16. Our main objection in this instance to the Revised Version is its obscurity. We cannot make out what it means. Our author in this instance acts as one of the watch-dogs of the flock, and his deep baying must be very unpleasant music for the wolves.

Biblical Theology of the New Testament. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by Rev. David Eaton. Two Vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This work will, no doubt, be acceptable to a limited circle of scholars as an important contribution to Biblical criticism. The author is careful to explain at the outset that his plan is entirely distinct from a "History of Christian Doctrine." He constructs no dogmatic system; he does not interfere with any theory of inspiration; he merely scrutinizes each book of the New Testament by itself to get at its meaning. In conformity with this scientific principle, he divides his treatise into five parts, and subdivides those five parts into numerous chapters, and innumerable sections. Thus he begins with the synoptical gospels; then proceeds to consider the earlier discourses of the Acts of the Apostles, the first Epistle of Peter, and the Epistle of James; the third part is devoted to the preaching and teaching of the Apostle Paul; a fourth division includes the Epistle to the Hebrews, the second Epistle of Peter, the Epistle of Jude, and the Book of Revelation, all of which he attributes to "the Post-Pauline period," while he reserves to the last the study of the Gospel and Epistles of John. To the best of our judgment this particular species of commentary, exegesis, or whatever else you like to call it, took its rise among the Rationalists, and has gradually come into favour among the orthodox. But we can assure our friends that it rather savours of profound erudition than of holy unction.

God's Time-piece for Men's Eternity. By Rev. George E. Cheever, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a quaint title, but it gives us no clue to the contents of the book. Many great and important truths are here clearly and strongly expressed, and chiefly in opposition to the prevailing errors of modern times. The eternal consequences of sin and the readiness of God to pardon are strenuously maintained; but the pardon is for the sake of the love which the Son of God has shown to men in taking their nature and participating in their sufferings rather than because of the merit of his substitution in dying for their offences, and rising again for their justification. What is most needed in the present day is the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness with healing beneath his wings. The atonement must be to the front in every case.

Heaven's Messengers: being a Series of Loving Discourses and Stirring Addresses by Eminent Preachers and Divines. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Excellent sermons, no doubt; for the authors' names comprise such as Guthrie, Krummacher, and Jonathan Edwards. Nevertheless we do not think the book is worth 3s. 6d., though it is handsomely bound. One-fourth of it is catalogue.

Gertrude Ellerslie. A Story of Two Years. By Mrs. Meldrum. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

A handsome volume externally, and within most gracious. So long as we must have fiction, we hope women like Mrs. Meldrum will employ their pure hands and loving hearts therein. Personal religion is here illustrated by a charming story. This would make an elegant present for a young lady.

Fourpenny Reward Books:—Brave and True. Johnnie Tupper's Temptation. By Gregson Gow. *Poor Tom Oliver,* and *The Children and the Water Lily.* By Julia Goddard. *Fritz's Experiment.* By Letitia M'Clintock. *Climbing the Hill,* and *A Year at Coverley.* By Annie S. Swan. *Lucy's Christmas Box; or, How Georgie found his Cousin.* Blackie.

Very pretty little Reward Books. Excellent within as well as without. Perfect marvels of cheapness and good taste.

Walter Alison: his Friends and Foes. By M. L. Ridley. J. F. Shaw.

A book boys are sure to read, if they get the chance; it will help to make them Christian and manly. The suburban boarding-school of thirty years ago, with the "manners and customs" of each denizen, from the "principal" down to "buttons," is done to the life, and will prove an amusing reminiscence to many an "old boy."

Alick's Hero. By Catherine Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Another admirably written story for the boys, who in a very natural and yet winning way will learn from little Alick and his "hero" that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that the choicest earthly blessing is a praying mother. To our mind, this is the gifted author's best effort.

May Lester; or, The Fruits of Self-Denial. By Mrs. John Brett. Partridge and Co.

A good story, with the spirit of temperance running through the whole. It well illustrates the truth, "A little child shall lead them." May there be many more "Mays." We heartily commend these "fruits of self-denial" to all readers.

Dr. Blandford's Conscience. By Sarson C. J. Ingham. Nisbet and Co.

A thrilling story illustrating the mischief which may be wrought by a sceptical mind. Dr. Blandford is the type of men whom we have known, whose presence in society is that of a leper spreading infection. He cleverly, for his own amusement, undermines the faith of others, while he himself might rather be described as without heart than without belief. The narrative runs in the usual manner, as a brook that ripples on; but in this case the stream is a pure and health-giving one. The way in which humble, personal testimonies tell upon the conscience of the listener is well set forth; and the force and safety of strong dogmatism, as instanced in the Particular Baptist minister, are also hit off most cleverly. Altogether, one is thankful to find a graphic pen occupied upon so useful a business. We would inform our friends as to price, but we do not know it.

Child Marian Abroad. By W. M. F. Round. Boston, U.S.: Lee and Shepard.

A child's story of a visit to Europe from America, telling of sights and adventures in London, Rome, Venice, Vienna, &c. The incidents make the child Marian very precocious, and a capital letter-writer; indeed, that is the great disadvantage of the book, it is too old and mature for little ones. The visit to the Pope is a singular comment on the statement that Child Marian was a sturdy Protestant; but it is invidious to point out any one special blemish, the other faults might be jealous. We are afraid it will not be a favourite on this side the Atlantic: it is "Helen's Babies" very much watered.

The Madman and the Pirate. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet and Co.

Just the kind of book in which Tommy or Harry will revel. As full of glorious adventure and exciting improbability as it is possible to be. A South Sea island is the principal scene, and a Christian madman one of the principal actors. It will make youthful eyes flash and hearts beat high, and certainly produce nightmare if indulged in till bedtime. How could we better recommend it?

The Glories of Christ, as set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews. By E. A. H. (Mrs. Gordon). J. E. Hawkins, 36, Baker-street.

We are pleased to see an enlarged edition of these Notes on the Hebrews. Many sermons have been suggested to us by them, and we shall look them through again with assured hope of more. Mere hasty tasters of books will care nothing for this "essence of meat," and will probably vote it incoherent and unreadable; but who cares for what they say? We hardly know of any instance of "much in little" which can rival this condensation of holy truth.

Moral Education: an Elementary Manual for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Families. By the Rev. Peter Prescott. Hodder and Stoughton.

Very good. But should not our author have given us a fresh story or two? These are old, very old, mediæval, patriarchal, antediluvian, pre-historic; no, not quite *that*, but in a Pickwickian sense all that and more. Our schoolboy days rise before us, and, as we read these ancient verses and twice-told tales, we say with Solomon, "The thing which has been is the thing which shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun." The young people "in schools, colleges, and families," who are not already familiar with these old friends, must be little donkeys. Apart from this, we highly commend the book, and wish it extensive use. The more of such moral education the better.

How is the Divinity of Jesus depicted in the Gospels and Epistles? By Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Is Christ divine? was the subject, as originally advertised, of Dr. Whitelaw's contribution to "The Theological Library." The altered and elaborate title he now adopts is intended to offer a full explanation of the nature and design of his work as it is here submitted to the public. His avowed purpose is to devise an altogether new line of argument in conformity with what he speaks of as a new science of Biblical criticism. "Waiving all inquiry into when, where, or by whom the several writings which compose the New Testament were produced, taking up the gospels and epistles at whatever date the newer criticism may be pleased to permit them to exist in the condition in which we now possess them, it will be the object of the following investigation to unfold the doctrine of Christ's divinity as it lies depicted in their pages." . . . . "It will be found that, with a striking unanimity, they describe it as existing in a threefold state or condition,—*in Pre-incarnate Glory, in Incarnate Self-abasement, and in Post-incarnate Exaltation.*" Such a treatise must necessarily trench on the most delicate points of orthodox belief; and it is not for us to define the limits within which there may be here and there a divergence of sentiment among the faithful disciples of our Lord; but the constant reference to authors of repute, ancient and modern, will suffice to protect every page from a suspicion of inadvertence or unsoundness. For students of the Greek its careful *exegesis* will have a special charm. Certainly it is not the sort of book that would secure for our colporteurs many customers; and probably it is rather too scholastic for most of our Sunday-school teachers to appreciate.

Mother's Queer Things; or, A Bag of Stories. By Anna Warner. Nisbet and Co.

Surely "Mother" must be the *Anna Warner* who wrote the sweet little hymn which every Christian mother's child knows by heart—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

for these "Queer Things" and the "Bag of Stories" are made to teach the little ones at home that Jesus loves them, and not them only, but also the little ones in China, and India, and Africa; and all sorts of queer people in all sorts of queer places. We will not give a further clue to the queer book, lest we "spoil the fun." Yes, *fun* in such a book, and lots of it, too; for there are two funny little American children in it, and they are "all there." There are many very sweet, terse expositions of Scripture truth in the book, and it ought to prove a gold mine to all missionary societies.

Life's Eventide; or, Loving Words to Aged Pilgrims. By Wm. Frith. Partridge and Co.

Tender suggestions and exhortations, intended to cheer and gladden life's setting sun. Whilst there is nothing that is novel, there is much that is precious in these discursive papers, and to many of the Lord's lowly ones they will be as lights in the waning day.

Simple Words to Anxious Seekers. By the Author of "Light and Rest." Partridge and Co.

Exactly the thing to put into the hands of anxious souls: simple, yet profoundly true: evangelical, but not superficial; a plain finger-post, pointing always to Christ as the soul's hope. Every Sunday-school teacher and other Christian worker should have "Simple Words" at hand to back up their personal testimony and help to lead the longing spirit to the Saviour. It cannot but do good, for it supplies a need often felt in the inquiry-room.

A Brief Account of the Life and Labours of George Müller (of Bristol). By Mrs. Müller. Nisbet and Co.

Anything that concerns our gracious friend Mr. Müller is of deepest interest to thousands of Christian people who reverence him for his "work of faith." This little sketch gives a brief outline of the wonders which prayer has wrought in his many institutions. It is a tender tribute of affection from the worthy partner of his labours. It is the romance of Christian confidence in God in this prosaic, unbelieving, nineteenth century.

The Mould of Doctrine: a Study of Romans vi. 17. By J. B. Thomas, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A vigorous statement of the teaching of baptism as understood by our own denomination. The incident that called forth this statement was of temporary and local interest mainly, but the book will be permanently valuable. It is crisp in style, trenchant in logic, and, withal, devout in tone. Men whose minds are inquiring on the subject, and who want a safe guide, could not do better than read this.

Does God answer Prayer? By the Rev. R. McCheyne Edgar, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

It may be that there is some deficiency in our mental organization, but for the life of us we cannot see much in this treatise. It has been highly appraised by those for whose judgment we have great veneration; but to us it seems to be much ado about nothing. If these great vital truths must be treated philosophically, let it be done in first-rate style. In this case it seems to us that the author says, "Here's a difficulty! Fetch a broom, and let us raise a dust around it! There! There! You can't see any difficulty now! That question is settled for ever." With the dust in our eyes, we feel that we saw more before the broom was brought than we can see now. Our author is sound and right; and it may be that he will meet some people's doubts. We have no doubts, and if we had any we should find them increased by the treatment of our good friend. Still, let the reader peruse this treatise for himself, for our judgment is not that of most of the reviewers, and they may be right.

Moravian Missions. Twelve Lectures. By Augustus C. Thompson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Good history, and yet dull reading. It is a wonderful story, the very romance of Missions, this grand labour of the Moravians. Everybody should read the record, and every library should preserve it. But yet we are disappointed. The subject is worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott; but in this volume it grows dreary. So little incident, so little of moving, living, thrilling picture, where one looked for so much. It is almost wicked to say this, for however dry the details, such a Christ-like work should fill the heart; but we are thinking of the many who ought to buy and read this book, and we do not believe they will do either. It is a fine volume, and as a history it is beyond all praise; we are perhaps unwise in looking for other qualities in it. Well, let this volume stand in the heavy-armed historical phalanx, but pray give us a popular book with all the glorious incidents in full march, casting darts of fire among this half-hearted generation.

Men worth Remembering. Richard Baxter. By Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

The Dean does his very best to be impartial, and to draw a truthful portrait of holy Richard Baxter. We judge that he is fairly successful, and that his sketch will be much valued by admirers of the man of God. It is a noteworthy biography to be produced by an Episcopalian, and to be so thoroughly appreciative. Many will, we hope, be led to read the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and other works which are here heartily commended, and generously criticized. Having once commenced the book, we were bound to read on till the close, and when we reached the last page we felt that we had a clearer view of Baxter's outward life and character than we had ever gained before. And yet we feel bound to add that somehow Baxter was not there—the man himself was gone. The Baxter of Baxter the writer has not touched; we even think that he has caused the essential soul and being of the man to evaporate. Perhaps this would be the result should fifty other writers attempt the task: to represent Baxter of Kidderminster fully, one had need be as full of zeal as he, and yet as great a sufferer; and be at once a Precisian and a Liberal, a Calvinist and an Arminian, a scholar and a man of homely words, and, most difficult of all, a mystic and yet superlatively practical. This sketch is excellent, *as far as it goes.*

Good Lives. Some Fruits of the Nineteenth Century. By A. M. Symington, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Dr. Symington has never done better. In nervous, clear, but fascinating language, he tells the story of such men as Elihu Burritt, Sir Titus Salt, Stephen Grellet, William Pennefather, William Arnot, Dr. Candlish, and many others. It is just the kind of book to fire young men with enthusiasm, and young Christians with devotion, and to make the old folk's blood tingle again with admiration and joy. Where larger biographies would alarm a busy man, these brief sketches will attract.

If we dare choose, where all is good, we should say that the bright paper on William Pennefather is the choicest, doing honour, as it does, to a beautiful life. Get this book, read it, then pass it on; but be sure not to forget to let it finally abide in the Sunday-school library.

Memorials of Mrs. Sutherland, Missionary, Old Calabar. By Agnes Waddell. Paisley: J. & R. Parlane.

A tender, touching story of modern missions to Africa; showing how much can be done by loving earnestness to win the most degraded to the Saviour. Christian biography is among the best stimulants to holy devotion, and this special life is of no ordinary kind. Oh, for many such holy women for Christ's service!

The History and the Science of Drunkenness. By William Ackroyd. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

No one can complain that this is dry and unreadable: it might almost be ranked among curiosities of literature. The chapter upon "the uses of drunkenness" is a grim satire. One can hardly believe that Mr. Matthieu Williams is in earnest, but one author quotes him to show that the perversity of man has supposed a virtue even in the rank weed of drunkenness. Mr. Ackroyd says, "Drunkenness as a useful agent has indeed found a scientific advocate, who has advanced the highly startling but plausible doctrine, that this vice is promoting the world's progress, by ridding civilized communities of their worst members. More than a hundred and twenty thousand persons die every year in the United Kingdom, whose deaths are directly or indirectly attributable to drink. Therefore it would appear that if drunkards are in the way, alcohol very efficiently carries on the operation of weeding them out, and this end is brought about by excesses they apparently delight in. Such a view has been advanced by Mr. Matthieu Williams, who maintains that drunkenness is promoting civilization and the general forward progress of the human race." Temperance advocates will find helpful information in this history.

How they lived in the Olden Time. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

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Miracles of Mercy; or, Asked of God. By EMILY P. LEAKEY. Shaw and Co.

VIRTUALLY a Report of Miss Leakey's Home in Exeter. Very pleasantly written, and plentifully interspersed with personal stories. We feel sure that the unvarnished tale must do good to many, though we can well imagine that others will take exception to certain of the details. Workers have their own specialities and peculiarities, in which they may well be indulged, since their service leads to beneficial results. Writers also, who at length advance into the front rank, must in the beginning be tolerated in displaying oddities of their own; they will work their way. This lively and gracious book might be criticized from many points, but we prefer to thank God for the holy labour which it records, and for the promise which it gives of still better things to come.

The Voice of Wisdom. A Treasury of Moral Truths from the Best Authors. Selected and arranged by J. E. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo and Co.

A COLLECTION of extracts, proverbs, &c., arranged alphabetically under certain subjects. We do not think the selection is either the best or the worst that could be made. We do not quite see what end the compiler had in view; for one could hardly make much use of the brief passages which he has arranged. Yet he has at least shown that out of the old fields cometh all the new corn, and out of the old books cometh all the new matter which men learn; even as Chaucer told us long ago. The quotations are many of them quite fresh, though others are as old as Egyptian mummies. Together they make up a treasury which many a man might feel rich in possessing, though there are far better volumes of the same order.

Men worth Remembering. Richard Baxter. By Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

The Dean does his very best to be impartial, and to draw a truthful portrait of holy Richard Baxter. We judge that he is fairly successful, and that his sketch will be much valued by admirers of the man of God. It is a noteworthy biography to be produced by an Episcopalian, and to be so thoroughly appreciative. Many will, we hope, be led to read the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and other works which are here heartily commended, and generously criticized. Having once commenced the book, we were bound to read on till the close, and when we reached the last page we felt that we had a clearer view of Baxter's outward life and character than we had ever gained before. And yet we feel bound to add that somehow Baxter was not there—the man himself was gone. The Baxter of Baxter the writer has not touched; we even think that he has caused the essential soul and being of the man to evaporate. Perhaps this would be the result should fifty other writers attempt the task: to represent Baxter of Kidderminster fully, one had need be as full of zeal as he, and yet as great a sufferer; and be at once a Precisian and a Liberal, a Calvinist and an Arminian, a scholar and a man of homely words, and, most difficult of all, a mystic and yet superlatively practical. This sketch is excellent, *as far as it goes.*

Good Lives. Some Fruits of the Nineteenth Century. By A. M. Symington, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Dr. Symington has never done better. In nervous, clear, but fascinating language, he tells the story of such men as Elihu Burritt, Sir Titus Salt, Stephen Grellet, William Pennefather, William Arnot, Dr. Candlish, and many others. It is just the kind of book to fire young men with enthusiasm, and young Christians with devotion, and to make the old folk's blood tingle again with admiration and joy. Where larger biographies would alarm a busy man, these brief sketches will attract.

If we dare choose, where all is good, we should say that the bright paper on William Pennefather is the choicest, doing honour, as it does, to a beautiful life. Get this book, read it, then pass it on; but be sure not to forget to let it finally abide in the Sunday-school library.

Memorials of Mrs. Sutherland, Missionary, Old Calabar. By Agnes Waddell. Paisley: J. & R. Parlane.

A tender, touching story of modern missions to Africa; showing how much can be done by loving earnestness to win the most degraded to the Saviour. Christian biography is among the best stimulants to holy devotion, and this special life is of no ordinary kind. Oh, for many such holy women for Christ's service!

The History and the Science of Drunkenness. By William Ackroyd. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

No one can complain that this is dry and unreadable: it might almost be ranked among curiosities of literature. The chapter upon "the uses of drunkenness" is a grim satire. One can hardly believe that Mr. Matthieu Williams is in earnest, but one author quotes him to show that the perversity of man has supposed a virtue even in the rank weed of drunkenness. Mr. Ackroyd says, "Drunkenness as a useful agent has indeed found a scientific advocate, who has advanced the highly startling but plausible doctrine, that this vice is promoting the world's progress, by ridding civilized communities of their worst members. More than a hundred and twenty thousand persons die every year in the United Kingdom, whose deaths are directly or indirectly attributable to drink. Therefore it would appear that if drunkards are in the way, alcohol very efficiently carries on the operation of weeding them out, and this end is brought about by excesses they apparently delight in. Such a view has been advanced by Mr. Matthieu Williams, who maintains that drunkenness is promoting civilization and the general forward progress of the human race." Temperance advocates will find helpful information in this history.

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Sacred Streams: Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible. By Philip Henry Gosse. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d.

This new edition of a little work published more than a quarter of a century ago, merits special notice. It is embellished with a useful map and more than forty engravings. What book, do you ask, shall I buy for a birthday present to give my nephew or my niece? Here it is. You cannot do better. A home of faith, and a field of hope, is the land watered by those broad rivers and running brooks of sacred story. The Rhine owes much of its charm to legendary lore. The Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland are more enchanting now than they were a century ago, because the Poet's fancy plays around their varied scenery. But what shall we say of the enchantment cast upon Palestine by holy Scripture? What of the fascination of Scripture itself? Is it not infinitely more lovable than ought else beneath the sun?

The Kingdom of God. By Hector Bettex. Translated from the French by John Churchill. Hawkins.

The pre-millennial view of prophecy is here prospected. Conciseness is the chief, perhaps the only, claim of this little volume to our consideration. The author was a Swiss by birth, and a minister or missionary in France by profession. To Catholics at St. Etienne he preached the Protestant gospel. He has evidently borrowed light from English literature, and reflected it back by the aid of a translator.

Gospel Gems. A Collection of Notes from the Margins of the Bible of John Berridge. W. Wileman.

We cannot conceive why these notes should have been unearthed and published. We feel sure that no one would have protested against such a folly more earnestly than John Berridge himself. There is absolutely nothing remarkable in them.

Notes.

Since our return to London we have been inundated, as usual, with requests for sermons or speeches in various parts of the kingdom. How much we wish we could satisfy them all! It may save some trouble to intending applicants, as well as afford us a little relief, if we inform all our friends that we have already made as many promises as we can hope to fulfil between the present time and the close of the May meetings, and it will be a great mercy if some who are expecting us do not again suffer a disappointment through our oft-recurring sickness. No one knows except those who are constantly with us how great is the ever-increasing strain of the work that properly claims our first attention, and if we could only perform *that* as it deserves, we might well be excused from outside engagements. On coming home we plunged into a flood of extra work, and the result is inability to leave our bed, through pain and weakness.

On *Monday evening, January* 28, special prayer was presented that the Pastor, who was expected to leave Mentone the following day, might be brought back in safety and in health. Dr. Kevorkian, a native of Armenia, who was present, told the story of his conversion through reading a Bible lent to him by one of the Christian converts employed by his father. His decision cost him the loss of parents, friends, and home, and his name was even erased from the national register. Dr. Van Lennep, who laboured at Tocat, where Henry Martyn died, received him into his house, gave him further instruction in divine things, and sent him to America to acquire some medical knowledge. He is now returning to Tocat to open a Medical Mission.

On *Monday evening, February* 4, Mr. Wm. Olney, in the name of the whole church, gave thanks for the safe return of the Pastor, and prayed for continued and increased blessing upon all the work of his hands. Mr. Harrald was asked to give an account of the efforts made to carry the gospel to the natives of Mentone, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon spoke of the many opportunities of usefulness of which he had been able to avail himself during his period of rest. It was a happy season. It is one of the finest sights under heaven to see some 1500 persons met together to pray. We must have a blessing while prayer is thus highly esteemed among us.

On *Monday evening, February* 11, the pastors, deacons, and elders of the church met to celebrate the communion of the Lord's Supper before the usual prayer-meeting, and spent a very pleasant and profitable season together. At the public gathering in the Tabernacle, among other

matters of special interest, Mr. Wm. Olney gave an account of the service held on the previous evening at the Bermondsey Town Hall, where the Lord Mayor of London delivered an evangelistic address to a crowded congregation. The Pastor also spoke of Mr. Moody's visit to him on Saturday, and of the beginning of the mission at New Cross on the following Tuesday. In the prayers that followed, a blessing was asked on both these efforts, and on all similar work.

On *Wednesday evening, Feb.* 13, the annual church-meeting was held in the Tabernacle, after about twelve hundred of the members had taken tea together in the school-room and lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, there was a large attendance, and the proceedings throughout were marked by the hearty cheerfulness which seems ever to pervade our large church-family whenever it meets. The treasurer was able to report a balance in hand on every account except one, on which there was a small deficiency, which was defrayed before the meeting. The statistics were as follow: — Increase: by baptism, 310; letter, 108; profession, 30; restoration, 1. Decrease, by joining other churches, 302; emigration, 13; non-attendance, 127; other causes, 8; death, 69; making a decrease for the year of 70, the present number on the church-books being 5,341. The names of 43 pastors of churches who were formerly students in the College had been allowed in error to remain on the roll, and the removal of these, together with a specially severe revision of the books, accounts for the lessening of our numbers. One new deacon, Mr. Buswell, was chosen to fill the place of our late Brother Mills; and the following resolution, proposed by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and seconded by Mr. W. Olney, was unanimously and enthusiastically carried:— "That the church gratefully recognizes the goodness of Almighty God in sparing to it, and to the Christian church at large, the invaluable life of our beloved Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon; and that, in order to celebrate worthily this his Jubilee, we raise a suitable memorial and present it to him; and that it be an instruction to the deacons to take this matter vigorously in hand, and carry it forward as they may deem best."

THE PASTOR'S JUBILEE.—If the Pastor is spared until the 19th of next June he will be fifty years old, and the church at the Tabernacle desires to commemorate the event in a suitable manner. At the Pastoral Silver Wedding in May, 1879, the sum of £6,233 was presented to the Pastor, as a thankoffering to God for enabling him to complete the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate. £5,000 of this amount was at once invested as an endowment for the almshouses, and the remainder was devoted to various portions of the Lord's work at the Tabernacle which were in need of help. The Pastor has no wish to be personally benefited by any testimonial that may be presented at his Jubilee celebration, but he does desire that some permanent monument of God's goodness to him and to the church should be erected as the outcome of the approaching commemoration. Plans are not yet fully matured, but one of the objects to be secured is the erection of a TABERNACLE JUBILEE HOUSE, in the place of the chapel-keeper's cottage which has now been pulled down in connection with the improvements that are being made in the street at the back of the Tabernacle. With ever-increasing works of charity, additional accommodation is needed, and it has therefore been decided that a house shall be built suitable for the present needs of the various agencies that will have their head-quarters there. The cost of this, with the necessary fittings and furnishing, will not be less than £1,000, in addition to the amount required to pay the ground-rent, so that the church may not be burdened with the annual charge: and this sum will be the first to be defrayed out of the Jubilee Fund.

The demolition and rebuilding have been proceeding so rapidly that the new house is already in course of erection, and will be finished during the coming summer. On *Friday afternoon, February* 8, the memorial stone was laid by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, in the presence of the students of the College, and a number of the London ministers who had met to make arrangements for the Conference. After the ceremony had been duly performed, prayer was offered by Mr. B. W. Carr, and short addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon.

We cannot tell how much our friends at home and abroad will be constrained to consecrate in connection with our 50th birthday, but we could mention several other desirable objects for the reception of their bounty. Among other matters, we find that the ALMSHOUSES ENDOWMENT is not sufficient to meet the increased allowance to the aged sisters who there end their days, and, as a consequence, the Church Poor Fund has to bear a strain from which we should be glad to have it relieved, as every penny of its income is needed to meet the constantly-growing needs of the large numbers of our poor members whom we must continue to assist. If the Lord should move some one or more of his generous stewards to devote £1,000 of his Master's money to this useful purpose, it would awaken in us intense gratitude, and, we believe, would be an offering of a sweet smell unto our gracious God.

On the afternoon above mentioned (*Feb.* 8), a small meeting was held at the Almshouses in celebration of *the ninety-fourth birthday of* MISS FANNY GAY, *the oldest member of the church at the Tabernacle.*

Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Deacon W. Olney, and Elder J. T. Dunn attended as representatives of the officers, and there were also present eight of the other inmates of the Almshouses, whose united ages, together with Miss Gay's, amounted to 701 years. Our aged sister was born on the thirty-first of January, 1790, and joined the church in February, 1807, so that she has just completed her seventy-seventh year of membership. As a Christian her life has been most exemplary. In her early days she devoted herself heartily to work for the Lord, and specially aimed at bringing young women and girls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Her memory for good things is as fresh to-day as it ever was, and she can repeat with ease hymns and portions of sermons that have been blessed to her soul. Prayer was offered, Psalm xxiii. was read, Psalm ciii. was sung, and each of the inmates gave her personal testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to her during the long period of her earthly pilgrimage.

College.—Mr. J. R. Watson, who, since he completed his course with us, has been studying medicine at the Charing Cross Hospital, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for Mission work in North China. Mr. J. J. Turner, who came home from China some months ago, has gone back to the Celestial Empire as the representative of the Baptist Missionary Society in Tai Yuen Fu.

Mr. C. A. Fellowes has left Keynsham, in order to become co-pastor with his father at Trinity Chapel, Edgware-road. Mr. A. F. Brown has removed from Brentford to Enfield Highway; Mr. W. Goacher from Milton to Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire; Mr. W. W. Haines, from St. Leonard's to Wood Green; Mr. G. H. Kemp, from Langham, to East Dereham; Mr. A. H. Smith, from Conings by to Chesterfield; and Mr. T. N. Smith, from Monks Kirby to Warwick.

Mr. W. C. Bunning, who has for many years done a noble work in Geelong, has taken charge of the church at West Melbourne, which Mr. A. J. Clarke left that he might devote himself entirely to evangelistic labours. Mr. McCullough writes very hopefully of his services in the Exhibition Building at Hobart, and he hopes that before this year ends the erection of another Tasmanian Tabernacle will be commenced.

On *Friday evening, February* 8, about seventy of the London members of the Pastors' College Association met to make arrangements for the Twentieth Annual Conference, which is to be held in the week commencing April 21. A happy evening was spent in prayer and conversation upon the best method of making the Conference a season of spiritual profit.

Up to the date of this meeting we had not heard of the loss of any of our number during the year, but a few days afterwards we received tidings of the sudden death of Mr. John Wilson, of Mount Union, Iowa; and about the same time we heard that one of the students, Mr. Alexander Stewart, had fallen asleep at Ventnor, where he had been staying for the past five months, in the hope of recovery. "Who'll be the next?" is a question that we who are left behind may well ask.

Evangelists. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* two months' mission at Leicester will be brought to a close just as the present magazine gets to most of our readers. The following letter from Pastor F. B. Meyer, B.A., will convey a good idea of the blessing which has rested upon our brethren's labours:—

"Leicester, Feb. 14, '84.

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I know you will be interested to hear of the progress of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's mission in this town. It has been so far an unqualified success, and though they have now been with us for six weeks, the interest shows no signs of decrease; on the contrary, the meetings are better attended than ever. They have already visited Carley-street Chapel; Archdeacon-lane, with its spacious Chapel and Memorial-hall; and Emanuel Church; and are now in the midst of a three weeks' visit to Melbourne-hall. The pastors of the chapels already mentioned are more than satisfied with the results; but I will specially speak of our own experience. We are accustomed to crowds at Melbourne Hall, but certainly never such crowds as have gathered to hear these two men. The place seats 1,300, but on the last two Sunday nights 1,600 must have been crowded into it, and hundreds were sent away unable to gain admission. The impression made is very deep, not only upon our own people, but upon those who are not accustomed to attend places of worship, and scores have been inquiring the way to be saved. The Evangelists are so different that there can be no comparison between them, and each draws his own constituency, whilst they are so one in purpose, that each meeting works up to a common and glorious result. I never remember to have listened to evangelistic addresses more full of Scriptural teaching, grace of style, and spiritual power than those given by Mr. Fullerton. They captivate the more cultured, whilst they arrest the masses.

"The Evangelists evidently do not fear work. They add a daily prayer-meeting and an afternoon Bible-reading to the Evening Addresses; on Saturdays they hold immense gatherings for children, and crowded Song Services in our large Temperance Hall; and on Sundays they are as fresh as the morning air for the seven o'clock meeting. Every Sunday in February, in addition to their other services, they have addressed large gatherings of men only in the Skating Rink; and we propose that they should conclude their Mission by a week's services in the same place; and for this

purpose we have arranged to have it seated. It is early yet to speak about results, but I am sure that hundreds will have reason to thank God that ever you sent out such men, and that their steps were directed to this town."

On March 9th the Evangelists commence a series of services in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, under arrangements made by the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city. In April they will be at Dr. Barnardo's New Hall, and Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, and will afterwards visit Cardiff, Dundee, and Galashiels and neighbourhood.

Mr. Burnham's services at Countesthorpe, near Rugby, and Barton's End, Gloucester, were blessed to the conversion of many, and the awakening of others to concern about their souls. He has since visited George Lane, Woodford, and this month is engaged at Melbourne, Cambs., and Swanage, Dorset; although at the date of making up these "Notes," he is obliged to send a substitute to take his place, as he is too ill to leave home.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker's meetings at Ross were instrumental in leading many to decision, and a like result followed from their fortnight's work at Stratford-on-Avon. They have also conducted a Mission at Frome, which has been equally blessed; and they have since visited Mr. Knight's church at Bradford. Our brethren will be glad of a few more engagements for the summer months, in which they have some vacant dates.

Mr. Russell has been for the past two months holding evangelistic services in various towns in the Potteries, according to arrangements made by Pastor C. T. Johnson, who speaks very heartily in commendation of the evangelist's work. The first fortnight was spent at Longton, then a week at Fenton, another at Stoke, and afterwards Eastwood Vale, Burslem, Latebrook, and Butt Lane were to be visited in turn. Up to the date of making up the "Notes" most cheering reports have come from each place. The way had been well prepared by prayer-meetings and house-to-house visitation, and large numbers have professed to find the Saviour. Mr. Russell writes that he is free after May, and will be glad to make arrangements with any brethren who desire his help. In the summer he would prefer the sea-side, or some other part where open-air work would be likely to be successful.

ORPHANAGE.—The third annual report of the READING YOUNG LADIES' WORKING PARTY has recently come to hand. Through the willing help of the forty-two ladies who have met month by month at the house of our esteemed friend, Mrs. James Withers, the honorary secretary, one of our untiring collectors both for the College and Colportage, two parcels have been dispatched, containing 271 garments for the children, beside 8 sheets, 3 pillow-slips, 5 comb-bags, and a large scrap-book. We are very grateful to all who have thus assisted, either by their work or by their contributions, to minister to the wants of the orphans committed to our care.

On *Tuesday evening, February* 12, a large number of the collectors brought their boxes and books with the amounts received, and after tea, assembled in the dining-hall. The President occupied the chair, and heartily thanked all present for their help in maintaining the institution. Two of the girls recited, several of the children sang, the hand-bell ringers rang a merry peal, and interesting addresses were delivered by three of our "old boys." Pastor R. S. Latimer gave an interesting account of his work at Willingham; Mr. Lake, a member of Pastor A. G. Brown's church, spoke of his labours at Lea Bridge; and Mr. J. Maynard, who is now a student in the College, related the story of his conversion while in the Orphanage, the meetings which he and other Christian lads used to hold while in the institution, and the work for the Lord in which he had since engaged, first in London, and then in Africa. As these earnest young brethren related what God had accomplished through them, we think all who listened to them must have felt amply rewarded for everything they had done or given towards the support of the home which had sheltered them in their time of helpless orphanhood.

The total brought in by the collectors was a little over £120, in addition to which we received more than £100 from friends who were unable to come to the meeting, to all of whom we are deeply grateful for their continued sympathy and practical help.

We find at these meetings that we greatly need a suitable hall in which to hold our evening gatherings, for at present we have to turn our kind helpers out of the dining-hall, where they have had their tea, and leave them to shiver in the open-air while the room is re-arranged. We cannot tell whether the forthcoming Jubilee celebration will help us out of the difficulty, but it will be a great boon to us when the way is made clear for the erection of a building which will be available for such meetings, and also for the Sunday services of the children.

The builders are proceeding satisfactorily with the new house for the head-master, and the offices and apartments for the teachers and the staff, and we think all who come to the *fête* in June will be pleased with this portion of the Stockwell property. At the present time we have in hand, on the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund account, about £70 less than the amount that will be required to complete the contract, while we shall also need at least £600 to pay for the making of roads, walls, gates, drains, &c., in addition to the cost of furniture and fittings for the buildings now in course of erection. We shall be glad,

therefore, if our friends will still continue to help this portion of the funds, while not forgetting the general fund for the maintenance of both boys and girls; for we have yet to erect the laundry before we can consider our plans complete, whatever may be done in the matter of the hall above-mentioned. Since writing the above, one generous donor has sent us £500, of which one half is to be devoted to the Building Fund.

On *Thursday morning, February* 14, Dr. Parker's noon-day service at the City Temple was made the occasion for directing special attention to the character and claims of the Stockwell Orphanage. A number of the children attended, and assisted in the musical portion of the service; the Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Charlesworth, and Mr. J. Manton Smith took a public part in the proceedings; and at the close of the worthy doctor's eloquent sermon, twenty of our little girls made the collection, which amounted to £58. We feel specially grateful to Dr. Parker and his friends for this spontaneous act of liberality.

During the end of February and the beginning of March, Mr. Charlesworth has arranged to hold meetings in aid of the Orphanage at Peterborough, Melton Mowbray, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Gainsborough, Retford, Lincoln, Grantham, Wisbech, and Holbeach. We trust our friends in each place will do all they can to ensure the success of the gatherings.

Our readers will remember that, in the January number of our magazine, we inserted a notice "To Poets," at the foot of which was placed an engraving of a waste-paper basket. One of our friends has sent us the following effusion, which, in spite of what he says, must be described as poetical, and we need scarcely say that neither cheque nor verse found its way to the basket:—

"My dear Mr. S——,
That I may not transgress,
Not a verse shall I send (if I know it);
So please do not found,
Spite of rhyme or of sound,
Any charge on *me* as a poet.
Of verse, not a speck
Will you find, but a cheque
Enclosed for Stockwell, since you ask it:
But though prose the most terse,
If you *should* count it verse,
Cheque and verse must go both to the basket."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 31st, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Church, Leytonstone, per Pastor John Bradford	3	16	9
Mr. G. H. Harris	10	0	0
Parson's Hill Chapel, Woolwich, per Pastor John Wilson	3	17	0
Baptist Church, Wellington-st., Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor G. Wainwright	5	5	0
Βαπτισμα	9	6	7
Collection at King's-road Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. Anderson	8	4	4
Anonymous	1	0	0
Mrs. Dix	20	0	0
"Z. A.," P.	10	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. J. McElkinny	0	5	0
M. Bryson	0	5	0
P. H. S.	0	2	6
Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	5	10	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
"Anon.," Yapton	0	5	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	3	6
Mr. F. Renard	1	0	0
"Our Ebenezer"	0	10	0
Mrs. Allan	1	10	0
Ann Dale	0	10	6
A friend	5	0	0
A widow	0	10	0
Mr. Alex. W. Scott	5	0	0
Alperton, per Rev. John Thomas ...	0	15	0
Moiety of collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	6	14	0
Mr. Alfred H. King	0	2	6
Queen's-sq. Baptist Church, Brighton, per Pastor J. S. Geale	2	2	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
A. D., Stirling	0	10	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	1	0	0
Collection at Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. H. White	4	0	0
Executors of the late Miss E. Laird ...	5	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	1	1	0
Miss E. York	0	5	0
Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis	13	8	2
Pastor W. Hamilton	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. Cyrus Blanford	1	1	0
Rev. George Hearson	2	2	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Orphanage Sunday-school	7	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	1	0	0
G. C., Rothiemay	0	2	0
For Christ's sake	0	3	9
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 20	26	0	2
„ 27	26	18	6
Feb. 3	26	0	8
„ 10	10	10	10
			89 10 2
			£272 1 3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Gillespie, per Mr. H. J. Searle ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. R. Close, per Mr. W. Olney ...	0	5	0
Free Church Sabbath-school, Fort-william, per Mr. J. Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Hurnard	2	0	0
Mrs. Hall	1	0	0
Mrs. Gowing	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery...	0	6	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. John F. Yeats	369	8	4
Cowl-street Sunday-school, Evesham, per Mr. Warmington	6	7	10
Mr. A. Culverhouse	1	1	0
Mr. G. Fawcett	1	0	0
Horley Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor B. Marshall ... 0 19 7½			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class 0 13 5½			
	1	13	1
Mr. G. Nicholls	1	1	0
Mr. John Maggs	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Hoare, per Miss Starr ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb	0	3	0
Mrs. Birkinshaw	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Brown...	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff ...	0	13	9
Mr. James Tomlinson, per "Christian Chronicle"	0	5	0
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
Sale of Socks	1	19	4
A widow in Auchterarder	0	5	0
Baby's first tenth	0	2	0
Marcus Fielding	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	3	3	0
A sermon-reader, Clapham	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Collins	2	2	0
A. Z., per V. J. C.	1	0	0
Lynton-road Sunday-school, Bermondsey, per Mr. Blackman...	1	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	1	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Unwin...	0	5	3
Collected by Miss F. B. Charles... ...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss J. Alder	0	7	0
Mr. T. P. Alder	0	10	6
Collected by Miss M. E. Smith	1	14	0
Mrs. Tebbutts' Box ... 1 1 6			
Master Tebbutts' Book ... 1 0 6			
	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Wooltorton	2	1	6
Collected by Master A. B. McMaster...	2	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	1	0	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Norton	0	3	3
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	12	0
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Wardell	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Tribbett	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain ...	0	11	6
Collected by Miss K. Thompson ...	2	14	3
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	10	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Miss H. Eustace	0	10	0
Mrs. Watts	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Bragg	3	0	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	4	6
Young Women's Bible-class, Foot's-Cray, per Mrs. Booker...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Parsons	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Johnson	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. File	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Bartlett	0	6	10
Collected by Mr. Frankham	0	2	10
Collected by Miss Cox	0	5	7
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald			1 2 0
Per Pastor R. S. Latimer :—			
Miss Mary Ingle ... 2 2 0			
Mr. James Ingle 0 10 0			
Mrs. T. Frahock... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Bailey 0 2 6			
Mr. H. Love 0 2 0			
R. S. L. 0 10 0			
			3 16 6
Collected by Mrs. Oakley			1 0 0
Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :—			
Walworth-road Chapel, per Mr. Frank Thompson ... 14 2 1			
Donation, Mr. H. G. Gilbert. 1 1 0			
			15 3 1
Baptist Chapel, Upper Holloway, per Rev. J. R. Wood			11 2 6
Mr. D. Smith			4 4 0
Mr. S. Gillespie			3 3 0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...			0 2 0
Collected by Miss Newth			0 14 6
Collected by Miss Medland			0 11 3
Collected by Mrs. Kahlert			0 8 6
Collected by Mr. Waddell			0 4 8
Mrs. A. Barry			1 0 0
Mr. E. C. Wright			1 0 0
A sinner saved by grace			1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle...			6 18 6
Mr. D. Osler			5 0 0
Thankoffering from "K."			1 0 0
Young Women's Bible-class, Salters' Hall Chapel			0 10 0
Christmas offering from Sunday scholars, Sittingbourne			1 10 0
Mrs. Dix			20 0 0
"Unknown"			0 10 0
A country minister			0 3 0
Mr. A. McCay			2 0 0
Miss Robertson			0 5 0
Mr. W. S. Smith			20 0 0
Mr. James Baker			1 0 0
Widow Smith			0 4 0
An old sailor			6 0 0
Three or four friends of the children...			0 5 9
Collected for Christmas Festival, by Brockhurst Sunday-school scholars...			1 7 6
H. E.			0 2 6
Mrs. Harriet Browne			5 0
Mrs. Morrison			1 0 0
Collected by Master E. L. Tucker ...			1 3 0
Miss King			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Toovey, senr.			0 5 0
A labouring man			0 2 6
Mrs. Stockwell			2 2 0
Miss Vowles, Datchet			0 10 0
The Misses Murray			2 0 0
Collected by E. Roberts :—			
Mr. R. Fairley 1 0 0			
Mr. J. D. Skinner 1 0 0			
Mrs. J. R. Lewis 0 5 0			
Mrs. Howland 0 5 0			
Mr. S. Reeves 0 5 0			
Mrs. Barnes... ... ... 0 2 6			
Miss Comfort 0 2 6			
			3 0 0
Mr. A. G. Wyatt			2 0 0
Miss Isabella England			0 5 0
A reader of the sermons			0 5 0
Mrs. Godfrey's class			0 10 0
A friend, per W. R. Scott			0 5 0
A working lad			0 2 6
"Blairgowrie"			0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
W. P.	2	0	0
Master B. C. Forder	0	10	0
Collection at Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry	0	12	6
K. Potter	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Mather	1	10	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	0
Messrs. E. and H. Whitehead	4	0	0
Collected by Miss E. North	0	10	0
Collected by E. Brondie	0	16	6
Mrs. Mutch	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mutch	0	18	0
A trifle for the Orphanage, M. P. ...	0	2	6
A reader of the sermons, Saltcoats ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew ...	4	6	6
J. Perry	0	8	0
H. M.	0	5	0
Proverbs iii. 9	0	1	0
Mrs. T. R. Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. G. Cooper	2	2	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mrs. Diaper	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hopper	0	10	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
A lady, per Mr. Mateer	1	0	0
"M."	1	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	6	0
A. Barrett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hooper	0	10	0
From an aged believer	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Robins	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Shaw	1	0	0
Miss Nunn's collecting-book	2	2	0
"A widow's mite," Forres	0	5	0
Miss E. L., Young Women's Class, St. Giles-street, Edinburgh	0	10	0
"Our Ebenezer"	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0
Mr. William Ronald	1	10	0
M. A. H.	1	0	0
A few friends at Insch and Kinellar, per Mr. G. Gibb	0	9	6
Working man, Folkestone	0	5	0
Mrs. Tompkins	1	0	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mrs. Rhodes, collecting-book	0	13	6
Part of a "tenth"	0	6	0
Annie and Lizzie Armstrong	0	5	0
A. F., Weston-super-Mare	1	1	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Bonnington Hall Mission Sunday School, Leith	0	15	6
Mr A. Hobbs	1	0	0
Thankoffering from Surbiton	1	1	0
Mrs. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	1	0	0
Miss Agnes Austin	0	10	0
Mr. D. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Garrett	0	5	0
"One hasty speech"	1	1	0
F. H. Morgan	0	2	6
Collected by Mary McEwan	8	12	0
Alice Yates	0	10	6
James, Spencer, and Maud Blyth ...	1	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. Mifflin	1	0	0
M	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. Alfred Bale	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading :—			
Mr. W. Moore	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Morris	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Huntley ...	2	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Jacob Davis	0	2	6
	10	8	6
A. D., Stirling	0	10	0
A. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	10	0
Rev. J. M. Gibson, M.A., D.D.	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	1	0	0
Friends near Hayward's Heath	1	0	0
Mrs. M. McIntyre	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Hudson	0	7	0
Madame Joubert, per Mr. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Mr. Mungo Lander	20	0	0
K., Glasgow	0	2	6
A poor widow	0	4	0
Mrs. Collins	0	2	6
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Joscelyne	2	2	0
R. E. and J. S., a special thankoffering	0	12	0
Proceeds of entertainment by Orphanage Choir at South-street Chapel, Greenwich :—			
Collection 23 5 6			
Donations :—			
Mr. James Duncan ...10 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Huntley ... 5 0 0			
Mr. F. W. Warnington 5 0 0			
Mr. W. B. Fisher ... 5 0 0			
Mr. T. P. Fisher ... 5 0 0			
Mr. John MacGregor 2 2 0			
Pastor C. Spurgeon ... 2 2 0			
Mr. T. W. Boord, M.P. 1 1 0			
Mr. D. Batchelor ... 1 1 0			
J. M. N. 1 1 0			
Mrs. Reed 1 1 0			
Odd farthings by G. F. Lee 0 8 6			
Collecting-box by Mrs. W. C. Harvey 0 13 6			
	62	15	6
Less expenses	4	0	0
	58	15	6
M. S. A.	2	10	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	1	0	0
Executors of the late Miss E. Laird ...	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Joyce	1	18	0
Mr. Michael Pask	1	2	0
Mr. C. L. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss E. York	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Weeks	0	5	0
The Hon. Mrs. West	1	0	0
Mrs. Howard	10	0	0
Anon., per W. D. L.	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Smither	1	1	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Bayley	1	0	0
Thanksgiving for special mercies, Pershore	0	5	0
A Clapham Thankoffering	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Atkinson	0	5	0
Miss S. M. Stedman and her scholars ...	0	8	6
P. H.	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Underwood	0	5	0
Mrs. Macgregor	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, jun. ...	1	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Cozens	0	10	0
Three friends that love the Lord ...	0	5	0
Mr. John McBeath	1	0	0
A friend	0	2	6
From Hayward's Heath	0	2	6
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	12	14	0
A few friends at Henley-in-Arden, per Mrs. John Lord	0	11	0
Collected by Pastor G. D. Cox	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris	5	11	6
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	5	14	0
Mrs. M. Blake	1	0	0
A reader of "The Sword and Trowel"	0	10	0
Mrs. Gwillim's Legacy	100	0	0
A Friend	5	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor W. Burnett :—			
Mr. Burnett's box ...	0	8	6
Mrs. Burnett's box ...	0	6	6
Mr. Perry's box	0	7	1
Mrs. Burton's box ...	0	4	1
Mr. J. Waters' box ...	0	2	0
	1	8	2
Rev. W. Burton and Mrs. Alexander...	4	0	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
J. B. K. (quarterly) ...	0	2	6
Miss Arkill (quarterly)...	0	5	0
Mr. W. F. Masters (quarterly)	0	10	6
Mr. J. McIntosh... ...	0	5	0
	1	3	0
Miss Evelyn Annie Sims	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	13	6
A Thankoffering from Leighton Buzzard	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	8	0
Collected by Miss S. Buxton	1	2	0
Collected by Mrs. C. M. Bidewell ...	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	9	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. B. Barker ...	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher, Melton Mowbray :—			
Mr. J. T. Crosher ...	2	2	0
Frankie and Mary ...	0	10	0
Sundry box	0	12	3
Discount for cash ...	0	6	8
Mr. Edgson	0	5	0
Mr. Wilford	0	5	0
F.	0	5	6
Mrs. Waite	0	5	0
Mr. W. Garner	0	5	0
The Countess of Wilton	0	5	0
Mr. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. Willcox	0	5	0
Messrs. Heyworth and Co.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rogers	0	5	0
Mr. Bott	0	10	0
Smaller amounts ...	3	3	3
	10	4	8
Miss A. A. W. Knight	0	10	0
Miss M. E. Sharman	1	2	0
H. H. D.	0	5	0
Edge-Lane	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Morris	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Mainwaring	1	0	0
Mrs. Gaily, per Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem :—			
P. L.	1	0	0
P. M.	0	10	0
P. S.	0	4	0
S. P.	0	2	0
B. S.	0	4	0
G. E.	0	12	0
Church of England ...	0	5	0
Dust	0	2	6
W. G....	0	2	6
A. C., and family	0	6	6
	3	8	6
Sunday-scholars at Strone House, per Mrs. Moubray	0	13	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Wigney and friends, proceeds of "Teetotalers' Magazine"	1	10	0
A Thankoffering from Edinburgh ...	0	16	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	10	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	2	0	0
Mr. Everidge	1	0	0
A Friend, Feering Hill	1	0	0
For Christ's sake	0	3	9
J. B. C.	1	0	0
G. M.	5	0	0
E. W...	25	0	0
Mrs. Craven Mansergh	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Sandwich, per Bankers, January 31 ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. H. C. Bannister	1	1	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Henry Brown... ...	0	10	0
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
	0	15	0
Per Mrs. Charlesworth :—			
Mrs. Altham	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers...	2	2	0
Mr. Smith, Torquay ...	1	1	0
Mrs. John Aukland ...	0	10	0
	6	16	0
Collecting Boxes received at the Orphanage, Feb. 12 :—			
Alford, Master W.	0	5	7
Antill, Master Wm. ...	0	0	2
Allen, Miss	0	17	9
Ansell, Mr. H.	0	4	3
Brewer, Misses Alice and Lily	0	10	6
Bowden, Miss A. M. ...	0	4	11
Brown, Miss D.	0	5	11
Buswell, Mrs.	1	15	4
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	0	18	3
Burton, Mrs. W.	2	4	0
Butler, Mrs.	0	17	5
Bates, Master W.	0	9	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	17	5
Brook, Miss	0	5	10
Butler, Miss E.	0	2	6
Bull, Master H.	0	0	10
Barrett, Miss E.	0	8	6
Bennington, Miss	0	8	4
Baker, Miss	0	1	8
Barnes, Mr. T.	0	19	5
Beal, Mrs.	0	5	1
Bruin, Miss	0	10	1
Bennett, Louisa and John	0	0	4
Bartlett, Miss M	0	9	0
Brice, Miss F.	0	1	6
Crew, Miss	0	10	0
Chapman, Mrs.	0	7	8
Cook, Miss F.	0	2	7
Call, Mrs.	0	2	10
Chard, Mr. T. P.	2	17	6
Chittock, Master Wm. ...	0	11	9
Chapman, Mrs.	0	1	9
Capel, Miss	0	9	5
Choat, Miss	0	4	0
Cairns, Master E.	0	3	11
Carter, Miss E.	0	5	0
Conquest, Mrs.	0	8	7
Cousins, Master E. ...	0	3	5
Chapman, Mrs.	0	4	10
Cane, Mr.	0	6	10
Chizlett, Master C. J. ...	0	2	8
Crane, Master W.	0	4	5
Charles, Miss Rose ...	0	4	5
Cook, Miss A.	0	13	6
Drew, Miss C.	0	7	11
Davis, Miss	0	12	11
Dury, Miss L.	0	4	3
Debenham, Master A. ...	0	2	0
Descroix, Miss	1	0	0
Davis, Mrs.	0	11	9
Davis, Miss C.	0	0	9
Drury, Master W. E. ...	0	4	0
Dawes, Miss M.	0	8	2
Dickson, Miss A. ...	0	4	0
Douglas, Miss A.	0	0	8
Dee, Mrs.	0	11	9
East, Mr.	0	13	8
Elston, Miss A.	0	3	1
Everett, Miss E.	0	3	0
Evans, Miss A.	0	1	2

	£	s.	d.
Emery, Mrs.	0	7	3
Evans, Master S. H. ...	0	3	8
Edmunds, Mr.	0	13	2
Fraser, Mrs.	0	11	0
Fern, Master C.	0	5	1
Field, Misses G. and K. ...	0	16	4
Franklin, Mr. W. R. ...	0	0	7
Frisby, Miss F.	0	7	11
Frisby, Master T.	0	6	3
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	3	10
Fellows, Mrs.	0	10	10
Franklin, Mr. J. J. ...	0	6	7
Furniss, Mrs.	0	15	7
Fergusson, Miss A. ...	0	7	9
Fuller, Miss L.	0	1	0
Fairman, Mrs.	0	19	9
Groves, Miss F.	0	4	2
Groves, Master J.	0	4	0
Groves, Miss B.	0	3	3
Gamble, Miss	0	6	2
Gillard (the late Miss), per Mr. E. H. Bartlett...	0	12	7
Gibbs, Miss	0	7	1
Gillet, Mrs.	0	7	0
Goodeve, Miss S.	0	2	7
Grant, Miss	0	6	9
Gray, Master A.	0	9	2
Gummer, Miss	0	4	5
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	4	8
Hull, E. J.	1	7	2
Hancock, Miss	0	10	3
Homewood, Miss	0	5	9
Hockey, Mrs.	0	6	1
Howl, Miss E.	0	2	1
Hayler, Mrs.	0	6	10
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	6	9
Higgs, Miss	1	19	8
Hutchison, Mr. R.	0	3	2
Howlett, Miss A.	0	4	3
Hutchison, Miss B. ...	0	3	2
Hoare, Master W.	0	8	0
Hoare, Miss E. J.	0	7	0
Hodby, Master E	0	2	7
Horner, Master	0	4	2
Hall, Miss	0	4	1
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	8	9
Hutchins, Master A. ...	0	2	3
Ivimey, Miss (mothers' meeting)	0	12	2
Jones, Miss M. E.	0	3	2
Jones, Miss E. E.	1	0	0
Jones, Master William ...	0	2	3
Johnson, Mr. E.	1	11	0
Jarvis, Mr. William ...	0	2	0
Johnson, Miss K. M. ...	0	7	3
Kerridge, Kate and Nellie	0	16	4
Kennard, Miss	0	4	1
Knight, Mr. G. H.... ...	1	6	0
Kerry, Mr. E. E.	0	13	10
Lewis, Miss A.	0	12	3
Leach, Master C.	0	2	0
Luxford, Miss	0	5	1
Lane, Miss A.	0	16	0
Laker, Mrs.	1	14	8
Lines, Miss A.	0	2	6
Larkman, Miss	0	4	8
Longley, Mrs.	0	12	6
Legg, Miss E.	0	3	4
Lambert, Miss	0	1	3
Lucas, Miss F.	0	4	9
Manning, Miss	0	13	3
Monk, Mrs. G.	1	1	10
Murrell, Misses E. and M.	1	12	0
Mann, Miss	0	17	10
Middleton, Mrs.	0	2	3
Moore, Miss...	0	7	7
Mallison, Mrs.	0	3	5
Merritt, Miss	0	14	3
Martin, Master D.... ...	0	8	2
McNeil, Master G.... ...	0	0	6
Mackey, Mrs.	0	12	3
Moore, Master A.	0	0	5
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	3	6
Mills, Master F. C. ...	0	2	9
Marwood, Thomas and Edgar	0	0	3
Matthews, Miss M. ...	0	2	3
Middleton, Miss S. ...	0	1	3
Mansfield, Mr. Wm. ...	0	5	9
Messent, Miss G.	0	1	3
Messent, Masters W. and A.	0	2	9
Middleton, Miss A. ...	0	0	5
Messent, Frederick C. ...	0	1	5
McNeil, Misses Lizzie and Nellie	0	8	4
McNicoll, Miss M.... ...	0	11	6
Norman, Mr. D.	1	18	6
Narraway, Miss E. M. ...	0	5	11
Nicholls, Miss C.	0	1	0
Nutt, Miss S. A.	0	3	5
Nash, Miss A.	0	7	3
Offer, Mrs.	0	10	3
Offer, Miss	0	0	7
Powell, Miss Rose... ...	0	0	8
Pash, Master H.	0	3	6
Parker, Mr. F.	0	1	4
Pyner, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Poole, Miss A.	0	4	6
Pickering, Mr.	0	8	1
Price, Miss F.	0	3	5
Perryman, Master	0	6	4
Peters, Miss F.	0	7	8
Rawlinson, Mr. J.	0	0	9
Reading, Mrs.	0	2	10
Roan, Miss	0	13	2
Revell, Miss H.	0	4	9
Richardson, Mrs.	0	5	1
Renford, Miss J.	0	3	8
Ransome, Master H. A. ...	0	3	10
Scudder, Miss	0	9	0
Sutherland, Miss Dora ...	0	8	3
Sands, Misses N. and M....	2	2	9
Spencer, Mrs.	0	9	1
Sullivan, Miss	0	4	7
Smith, Master Joseph ...	0	9	1
Smith, Miss Ida	0	10	6
Smith, Mrs....	0	2	7
Skipper, Miss L.	0	3	1
Snee, Miss C.	0	8	2
Smith, Miss	0	5	6
Syrett, Master A.	0	2	4
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	6	7
Soper, Mrs.	0	15	0
Sargent, Master R. L. ...	0	3	4
Swain, Mr.	0	4	0
Spence, Miss C.	0	0	8
Simmons, Master G. ...	0	3	2
Smith, Miss G.	0	1	7
Short, Mr. H.	0	2	11
Thomas, Mr. Geo. E. ...	0	2	3
Terry, Master W.	0	3	6
Thomas, Miss Ada... ...	0	17	11
Underwood, Masters T. and E.	0	0	3
Underwood, Mrs.	0	0	11
Vero, Miss	1	11	8
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	10	1
Watkins, Miss A.	0	6	3
Wade, Miss Agnes K. ...	0	10	2
Woodcock, Mrs.	0	19	2
Walker, Mrs.	0	14	3
Ward, Miss A.	0	7	11
Watkins, Master E. ...	0	2	0
Watkins, Mrs.	0	7	4
Waud, Miss F.	0	1	5
Webb, Miss L.	0	2	2
Willard, Mrs.	0	0	8
White, Miss M. A.... ...	0	3	10
Orphan Boys' Collecting Box. No. 12 House, per Miss Starr...	0	7	11

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Employés of Messrs. Marshall and Sons, per Mr. Morgan	1	15	1			
Robert Street Ragged-school, per Mr. Everett.	0	9	5			
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	4	7			
				90	19	4
Collecting Books received at the Orphanage, Feb. 12:—						
Bonser, Miss	1	8	6			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Boggis, Master	0	5	6			
Baker, Mr.	0	17	6			
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	17	6			
Bowden, Miss E.	0	10	6			
Baverstock, Miss	0	11	0			
Bowles, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Brown, Miss	0	16	0			
Brewer, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Boggis, Miss	0	1	9			
Cunningham, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Cooper, Mr.	0	16	9			
Cann, Miss	0	17	0			
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	8	6			
Day, Miss	0	11	0			
Evans, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Frost, Miss	0	7	0			
Fryer, Miss S.	0	16	0			
Good, Miss	0	5	0			
Goslin, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	5	0			
Jephs, Miss	2	6	0			
Leworthy, Miss	1	5	6			
Livett, Mrs.	0	13	6			
Lawson, Mrs.	1	5	6			
McEwen, Mrs.	1	9	0			
Millar, Mr. C.	0	15	0			
Porter, Miss...	0	12	0			
Pearce, Miss Jeanie ...	0	13	0			
Ryan, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Robinson, Mr. J.	0	5	8			
Shayes, Mr. E.	0	5	6			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0			
Whitehead, Mrs.	0	12	0			
Webb, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Wilkes, Mrs.	0	2	6			
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0			
Ware, Miss	1	1	0			
Donations:—						
Howard, Miss	0	3	0			
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Eley, Mr., per J. T. D. ...	0	16	6			
Garrett, Charley and Elsie	0	10	0			
Sale of Tea Tickets ...	2	2	6			
				35	11	2
				£1175	9	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS:—112 lbs. Butter, Mr. S. Newton; 28 lbs. Pudding Powder, and 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a barrel of Apples, Captain Milburn, per Mr. William Olney; 2 churns of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; a sack of Apples, Mr. George Keep; a sack of Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; a quantity of Bread, Mrs. Unstead: a sack of Brussels sprouts, Mr. J. Walker; 2 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Henry Steed; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale, Haslam; 120 Eggs, Miss J. Ward; a box of Sweets, &c., for "Little Bob," Mrs. E. Thompson.

GENERAL:—400 copies of Christmas number of "Sunshine," Rev. W. M. Whittemore, D.D., Editor; 13 articles for Bazaar, Miss Bull; 18 useful articles, The Young Women's Bible Class, at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 14 articles for Bazaar, Mrs. A. Green; 13 articles, Mrs. M. A. Daniels; a box of Black Lead, Mr. T. P. Chard; a quantity of Magazines, Mr. R. Blundell; 8 Dolls (dressed), Miss Lottie Grove; 12 Balls, 4 lbs. Sweets, boxes of Games, and Handkerchief Satchel, Mrs. G. Thompson.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—4 dozen pairs Stockings, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce; a quantity of Clothing, and travelling expenses from Portsmouth for orphan girl, Kate Cooper, the Young Ladies at Lake-road Chapel, Landport, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst; 44 articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 10 yards of Pompadour, M. O. L.; 148 articles, the Young Women's Bible Class, at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 6 articles, Miss Oliver; 24 pairs House Boots, Mr. Kerridge; 5 articles, Miss Lily Harris; 72 articles, Mrs. Howard; 6 Ice-wool Scarfs, Miss L. England; 1 Dress and 2 Hats for a little girl, the Misses Buswell; 12 articles, Mrs. Moss; 12 articles, Mrs. Poole; 40 yards Calico, Mrs. Silverton; 12 articles, Miss Smithies; 76 articles and 65 yards of Dress Material, Mrs. G. Thompson; 30 Articles, Miss Lottie Grove.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—A parcel of Ties, "Three Friends"; 6 Shirts, the Young Women's Bible Class, at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 12 pairs Stockings, and 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Fouracre; 16 pairs Cuffs, and 12 Scarfs, Miss Lottie Grove; 20 Day and 8 Night Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 12 Shirts, Mrs. A. P. Scrivener.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, West Croydon:—						
W. Y. G.	5	0	0			
A Friend	1	1	0			
Mr. F. S. King	2	2	0			
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0			
Mary Aldous	0	10	0			
M. Sarbury	0	5	0			
Mrs. Saunders	0	5	0			
				10	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers for "Reading House":—						
Mr. Joseph Huntley ...	2	0	0			
Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0			
Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper	0	10	0			
				4	0	0
Collected by Mr. Philip L. Kitchen, Peterboro':—						
Mrs. Abington, Ringstead	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Vergette, Peterboro'	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Kitchen	0	5	0			
Collection in Sunday-school at Baptist Tabernacle, Peterborough ...	0	5	3			
Mr. J. R. Sturton	0	2	6			
Small sums	0	2	3			
				1	5	0
A reader of sermons, Dumfries				1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Bazaar at Bedford, per Miss M. J. Ashton	2	5	0
Mrs. H. P. Waters	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Bowen	1	0	0
J. R., per Pastor E. Richards	0	10	0
Alice's money-box	0	6	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
E.W.	25	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. H. C. Bannister	1	1	0
	£52	1	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Ludlow, per Miss Fitzgerald	1	7	6
Cambridge Association	30	0	0
Kettering District	5	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Lancashire Association, Accrington District	10	0	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff, Castletown, and Penrikyber Districts	30	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Crosby Garrett District	5	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Church Gresley Districts	20	0	0
	£238	17	6

N.B.—Subscriptions above have to be supplemented from the General Fund.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Parnell	0	10	0
F. A. F.	0	5	0
Mr. Julian's legacy	10	10	0
Mr. H. Mowl	0	5	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	1	0	0
Anonymous	0	10	0
Mrs. Maclean	1	0	0
A. B.	4	0	0
Mr. Kerr	0	2	6
W. P.	1	1	7
C. C., Keith	0	5	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. J. Withers	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	0	10	0
The Misses R. and E. York	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
S. D.	4	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Hurrell	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson (Half-yearly)	7	10	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co., for 1883	2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne, for 1883	0	10	6
	£39	7	7

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Peterchurch, Ploughfield	2	0	0
Anonymous	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	3	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services, Zion Chapel, Cambridge	16	13	6
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services, St. Andrew's-street Chapel, Cambridge	18	0	0
Mr. Alex. W. Scott	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Countesthorpe	1	15	0
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support	50	0	0
P. M., for Mr. Burnham's support	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Barton End, Gloucester	4	0	0
S. D.	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services, Archdeacon-lane Chapel, Leicester	10	9	0
	£162	15	6

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Mrs. Dix, £20.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1883.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,683	0	0
„ Donations	3,231	17	8
„ Legacies	555	5	0
„ Collections by Students	482	1	8
„ Annual Meeting	70	0	2
„ Interest on Deposit Account	75	5	1
	6,297	9	2
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1883	1,740	16	7
	£8,038	5	9

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,525	11	3
„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	2,784	6	2
„ Clothing	59	15	0
„ Lighting, cleaning, and warming	155	4	7
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office disbursements	210	5	7
„ Books to Students on leaving	144	12	0
„ Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	575	10	3
„ Annual Conference,—Hire of Material, Labour, and Decorations	347	6	6
„ Furniture, Fittings, and Scientific Apparatus	52	12	7
	5,855	3	11
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1883	2,183	1	10
	£8,038	5	9

JAS. A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

Examined and found correct, 6th February, 1884.

W. P. OLNEY,
B. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1883.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	609	17	3	By Salaries of four Evangelists, and help to two others	866	9	6
„ Contributions by Churches visited	512	17	10	„ Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	100	0	0
				„ Printing	19	16	6
	1,122	15	1		986	6	0
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1883	154	11	11	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1883	291	1	0
	£1,277	7	0		£1,277	7	0

Examined and found correct, 6th February, 1884. { W. P. OLNEY, B. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1883.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1883	420	15	11	By Loans to Churches :—			
„ Repayments of Loans	1,044	19	9	Small Dole (Worthing)	100	0	0
				Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth	500	0	0
				Hampden Chapel, Hackney	200	0	0
				Hornchurch	250	0	0
				Leytonstone	400	0	0
					1,450	0	0
				Balance in hand, 31st December, 1883	15	15	8
	£1,465	15	8		£1,465	15	8

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1883	5,067	4	6
Cash Balance in hand „ „	15	15	8
Total amount of Fund	£5,083	0	2

THOMAS H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct, 6th February, 1884. { W. P. OLNEY, B. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1884.

Children offered to Moloch—a modern Practice.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is difficult to gauge the depth of depravity which led men in old time to pass their children through the fire to Moloch. We shudder as we think of such cruel homage to a fiend blasphemously dignified with the name of "god." We can hardly imagine that there now lives upon the face of the earth a human being who would attempt to justify so immeasurable a crime. This seems to have been the culmination of Manasseh's enormous mass of sin: "and he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom." Nothing can be conceived of more atrocious, and though the king himself repented, and obtained mercy of Jehovah, yet in after ages this great sin of Judah's ruler, connived at by his people, was laid to the nation's charge, and therefore were the people removed into all kingdoms of the earth.

Now, a crime which can no longer be committed in one form may still be perpetrated in another: the essence of the transgression may abound long after one form of it has been utterly abolished. It is so with this immolation of children to Moloch: it is practised still; practised by many who wear the Christian name. We grieve as we write, but the rebuke must not be withheld. Too many professors sacrifice their children's souls to the Moloch of *the world.* What means the placing of boys in godless families as apprentices? Why are lads placed, for business advantages, where their morals are tainted, and their souls defiled? In sadly too many cases the great question as to religious example is not even asked, but the one and only consideration is to get the youth into a large firm, where, by push and energy, he may rise into a position. True, he may be initiated into the foulest vice: but what of that? The principal is irreligious, and cares nothing about godliness, or even about morals; and the house might readily be known to be a hotbed of every form of evil: but what of that? The boy is doomed to go through the Moloch-fire, and the father, though a

member of a Christian church, pushes his boy into the flames with a hypocritical prayer that he may not be too badly burned. Perhaps his son does make a business-man, and an infidel, or a debauched young man: but what of that? How can parents avoid such calamities? We hesitate not to say that the damnation of many a son has been directly contracted for by his own father when he signed the boy's indentures. It would be idle if we threw our child over a precipice, to kneel down, and devoutly pray that he might arrive safely at the bottom; his mangled carcase would grimly mock our detestable supplications; but when parents place their offspring under the influence of graceless employers, to live with youths of licentious character, it is just as absurd for them to talk of their pleading for their dear boys that they might be kept from the evil of the wicked city. Ghastly falseness! They thrust them into the fire, and cover their infamous act with the loathsome unction of a prayer that they may come out of the burning, fiery furnace unharmed. Nebuchadnezzar never went the length of such impiety!

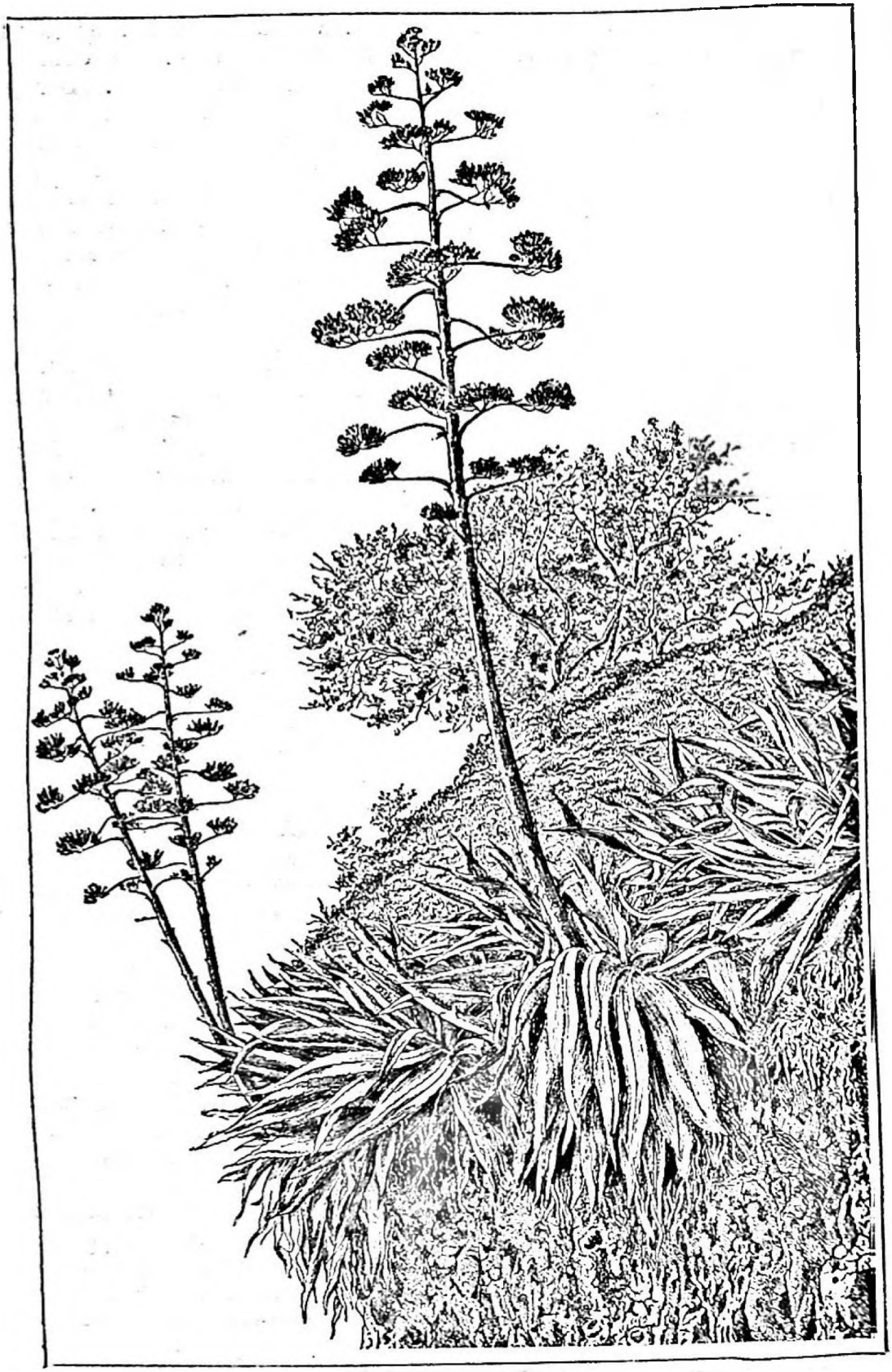
The girl, too, is not safe from the cruel kindness of her parents, and in her case the mother is often much to blame. The Moloch of *society* shall have her for its victim. Of course she must be dressed like a vain woman of the world, and taught to dance, and set to sing songs which are not those of Zion. Would you keep her out of society? She must be introduced to frivolous acquaintances, and allowed to attend questionable amusements. Why not? She will by-and-by be picked up by some graceless fellow, who will make her a handsome husband, and most probably devour her substance, laugh her out of every pretence of religion, and make her a miserable woman: but again we ask, What of that? Society must have its victims, and it seems that she must kidnap them from Christian families, and Christian men and women must act as executioners of their own children, aiding and abetting their giving up of their souls to the most heartless and most foolish of all the world's idols, called society. Alas! that the society of saints should be so dull, the ways of God so desolate, that to give the dear girls a little "life" they must be led over to the world's transparent lies, and taught to find happiness amid its base enchantments.

Upon both boys and girls this immolation is frequently practised under the pretence of giving them a first-rate *education*. At home, a school is selected only because of its fashionable reputation; and at next vacation time the young people have already learned so much that they ask why they may not go to the theatre, for they have greatly enjoyed private theatricals; and soon it oozes out that they are schooled in all kinds of evil through the zealous tutorship of their schoolfellows, for which no antidote has been found in the holy warnings of earnest teachers, for the teachers have also helped them as far into worldliness and gaiety as they decorously could. But the fashion is to send young people abroad to learn modern languages, and with these they learn a great many vices and errors, both ancient and modern. It is a Catholic school. What of that? What of anything, indeed? If not a Popish school, the teaching is tainted with German unbelief: what of that? These are only sparks of the Moloch fire. Can we have a burning without smoke and black? These Puritan scruples are old-fashioned.

The young people *must* know French and German, even if they go to Tophet in the process. And this is the silent thought of church-members, deacons, and, must we add, ministers? It is even so. Surely the prayers of such saints for their children's salvation must make even pandemonium laugh. Such a fine farce, such a rare comedy, must be an entertainment such as the prince of darkness could not readily get up for his royal delectation in the Opera Comique of hell if he had not the help of Christian professors. When worldlings do thus with their children none can blame them; but this from men and women who talk of holiness and communion with the Lord Jesus! This from those who aspire to be soul-winners! Why, it must seem to Beelzebub to be too much of a good thing.

This mischief may be detected in another form, in the too common *drinking customs*, which are still cherished in a few families. Children are taught to drink, encouraged to drink, and praised for drinking; the glass is even made a reward for good conduct. It will be little wonder if they grow up to equal, and surpass their seniors, when precept and example are pointed by contemptuous jests aimed at abstainers. We have heard Christian people declare that if their children acquired a taste for strong drink it should be in after life, but they would not bear the responsibility of training them in it; and we have thought this to be true common sense. But what is that spirit which leads a professed believer in Christ to put the bottle to his neighbour's mouth, nay, to his child's mouth? What is that spirit which has induced some to trample upon the scruples of the little one, and exclaim in anger, "I will have none of such nonsense. Are you going to teach your parents, and set up to be better than they?" Thousands of boys are the victims of Bacchus, for their fathers train them to take their share of beer; this is mostly among the working-classes; but are there not too many in all ranks of society who in other shapes offer their children upon the altar of the fiery fiend? Let the careful parent think this matter over before he further countenances wine at juvenile parties, or at holiday festivals. It may seem a trifle, and in itself it may be so; but when the son becomes a sot, it will afford his father no pleasure to remember that he told him to "stick to his beer," or taught him how to know a glass of fine old port. If men will resolve to be the slaves of sin, it is not of necessity that the sin should be intoxication, which exerts so baneful an influence upon those around them, and so fearfully opens the door to other vices. Yet it is to this most grovelling of idols that multitudes of the young are offered up a living sacrifice; and the question is—Shall this be done by those who claim to be members of the body of Christ? Oh, that the answer might be a negative,—emphatic, unanimous, decisive!

Murder is a deed most foul. Soul-murder cannot be put into a secondary class of guilt. The soul-murder of our own children must be a crime which reeks to heaven. Will not every one, who fears that he may have been chargeable therewith, cry out before the Lord, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation"? As it will be our crown to win souls, so will it be a dishonour and a blot to cause a soul to perish. The Lord hold us back from so grave a crime. Amen.



THE ALOE-PLANT.

Doing and Planning.

A USEFUL man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. The bridges were swept away so often by floods, or burned by the enemy, that Miles was as necessary to the Confederate army as Jackson himself. One day the Union troops had retreated, and burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Jackson, determined to follow them, summoned Miles. "You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer shall furnish you the plan, and you can go right ahead." Early next morning Jackson, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge-builder. "Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?" "General," returned Miles, slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picter is or not!"

We want a few more men of the Miles order. In fact, we could do with miles of them. They do not plan but work. While others debate they perform. A committee has met six times, and has at last appointed a sub-committee to consider the cheapest place to buy a box of matches; but our practical brother has lit the fire, dried the poor creature's clothes, given him a basin of soup, and sent him on his way rejoicing,—yes, done it a hundred times over before the great match-discussion has verged upon a decision. In the name of all the humanities, let us have fewer plans and more bridges, shorter red-tape and longer bits of flannel; and if possible, less bitter cry and more wool on the poor people's backs. Measureless oceans of talk are not equal to a single cup of cold water really given in Christ's name.—C. H. S.

Through Death to Life.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe-plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and, in blooming, dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe-plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant-plant, that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And to die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer Divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine!

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He died, but his life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, his loss is our gain—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view, and die away,
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain;
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Author unknown.

The unused Umbrella.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folk's religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that this is the case with the hoarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life. C. H. S.

My Birds.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

TRUTH to tell, I have only two that are *my very own*, and though I think them wondrously beautiful (probably because they are *mine*) I could scarcely hope to pluck sufficient feathers from their wings for such a quiver full of arrows as I venture to hope this paper may present. I intend, therefore, to include their relations, whether near or distant; especially those which have flown across my way, and in flying have dropped a seed which may now fructify. Such are "my birds," indeed—my angels, if you will—who on swift wing have silently taught lessons to my heart.

Nor shall I stop at so short a radius. All the birds are "my birds," for "my Father made them all." Christ Jesus is heir of all things, and I am a joint heir with him, so all are mine.

> "Mine to prompt to minstrelsy
> By their matchless melody;
> Mine my sordid heart to raise
> To higher spheres and angels' lays."

We have the highest possible authority for learning lessons from the fowls of the air. The Best of Teachers feathered many of his arrows from their wings, and pressed even the sparrows into his service. His grace and wisdom shone like the sun upon the black raven's wing until its feathers seemed covered with yellow gold. Surely if so dark a bird be worth "considering," we may hope (if he will teach us) to learn much from those that shine with golden glory and sing with matchless music. It does not follow that the gaudier wings will bring the greater good, for gay binding often implies anything but grave reading. Yellow-backed novels may be called the canaries of literature, yet their music is wretchedly poor. We want something more than "mere song"; and meat, though from a raven's mouth, is better than mere melody from a sweet-voiced mocking-bird. School-books are not often stamped in colours and edged with gold, and many of God's lessons come to us 'twixt covers that are the plainest of the plain. The same truths, however, would be as true, and prove as profitable, if placed between cloth of gold; and lessons may be learned from humming-birds, those little rainbows on the wing, from birds of paradise, and from canaries, the primroses and croci of God's aërial garden.

"My birds" (they are canaries) are all the more interesting to me because they are indirectly connected with the Lord's work. They have not, like the turtle-doves, cooed in the courts of the temple, but they have carolled in the Auckland Tabernacle bazaar. It seemed their joy last Christmas twelvemonth to mingle their songs with the tinkle of musical boxes and the trill of the piano. There they hung for six hot days in their houselike cages, amidst Chinese lanterns and decorations, just in front of the "Pastor's and Young Men's Stall." First given to and then purchased for the Tabernacle Building Fund, their songs then and since have seemed connected with the service of the sanctuary not yet erected. They never fail to remind me, too, of the goodness of God to us when he enabled us in

so small a place (comparatively) as Auckland to raise £1,000 by that sale of gifts. Perhaps I can have no better opportunity than the present of thanking friends who helped us then and afterwards. "My birds," if you could hear them, would sing my thankfulness with golden and silvery notes, rewarding you for gifts of gold and silver and notes to our good work. May I add that we are still in need?

I would not check my songsters' notes nor yours, but praise the Lord for all things; but the experience of "my birds" has not been all singing. They have had, like most, their troubles and their narrow escapes. I suppose there is more than one cat in existence to every cage, and they will climb the curtains or scale the walls rather than miss their prey. How Puss will sit and watch, feasting her eyes on the balls of gold; then, suddenly, her patience being quite exhausted, she makes a fatal spring, and down comes cat, cage, and canaries and all. Such a catastrophe has happened not once nor twice in my canaries' story; but fortunately with little damage beyond the breakage of glasses, frightening the prisoners, and the thrashing of Grimalkin. *Yet she did it again*, blind to her own interests as mortal men, and as perverse as they.

Our joys are never beyond the reach of an enemy. Fond gazelles and fair flowers are the special marks of disease and death. Only in heaven are our treasures safe. Good Master, give us grace to hang our joys in the mansions thou art preparing for us, "where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Although "my birds" were guaranteed to prove exceeding songful, they failed to render half as much music as was promised and paid for. To remedy this I borrowed another, who by a good example caused the dumb to sing. Such may be the force of a holy and happy life. David praised God in sacred solo, saying, "I will bless the Lord at all times"; but he longed to set others singing too, as he cried, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." I have seen "my birds" sitting on their perches as woe-begone as possible, their feathers puffed out and their heads hidden, looking like yellow guelder-roses with their stalks off, when suddenly a mean, weather-beaten sparrow has lighted on a verandah-post and begun to twit and chirrup at such a rate (especially if he found a crumb or two) that he woke the canaries up, and because they felt twitted by the twittering, or perhaps anxious to silence him with their superior song, they struck their golden harps and sang a while like seraphs. A poor sick saint can set the noblest chanting, just as a tuning-fork can pitch the key for the grandest oratorio. A returning prodigal can influence the harps of heaven! Try it, dear reader, poor lone sparrow though thou art, wet and cold in the storm of sin. There is shelter in Christ, and "bread enough and to spare," and he himself will rejoice over you with singing.

But as soon as the hired chorister departed, "my birds" resumed their inexpressive silence. An occasional "sweet" was all they ventured, and even this had to be extracted with gifts of groundsel and sugar.

I then tried the experiment of separating them. I did not put them in different rooms, but in two cages, and with immediate result. They established at once a musical communication, and seemed to sing against each other from early morn to dewy eve. How their little

throttles must have ached when they went upstairs to bed (they always roost on the top perch), and yet, without liniment or lotion they were ready for another chorus next morning, early enough to sing the sun up! This separating process is one of the Lord's ways of dealing with his songless saints. When the little one was placed in the celestial choir, songs went up from those who while they had their treasure here forgot to love its giver! A friend has been removed across the sea, and, while absence has made the heart grow fonder, it has also caused more prayer and praise to the God of the whole earth than when the friends were wrapped in one another's undivided love. Each fond bird, though lonely for a while, has been led to say, "Farewell, dear friend, my God has put thee in another cage—not in another room, for the universe is a single chamber to him—and now we will sing of our Redeemer more often and more sweetly than when we were together. Absence from each other will knit our hearts more closely to *him*, and daily shall *he* be praised!

I came across a canary once which could not be made to sing at all. Even sugar did not make it say "sweet," nor music make it sing. Not a sound was heard, not a single note. Closer examination revealed the fact that the bird was "dead as a herring." Its sorrowing friends had stuffed it, propped it up on its accustomed perch, and provided it with seed and water to aid the delusion. What a fraud! It was well enough to stuff the bird, but thus to "stuff" admiring friends was too bad. For my part I would not tolerate such an imposition in my parlour. I had almost rather have a cage of unclean birds than such a mockery. Wire cages are meant for living birds—glass-cases are most suitable for dead ones. I wonder if these words will be read by any who are represented by this mocking bird. Do you sit in the pew, or perhaps on a high official perch in the sanctuary, and yet never really praise God? Are you surrounded with gospel viands—"Bread of Life" and "Living Water" which remain untasted? God save us from being like the stuffed canary, having a name to live, but being really lifeless!

The memory of another warbler occurs to me—a little shrill-voiced fellow, smaller and shriller than the tiniest bush bird that whistles amid New Zealand forest. So tame was he that on a lady's hand he would sit and sing with a precision and brilliancy quite astonishing. Unabashed by quite a crowd of admiring onlookers and listeners, never did he attempt to hop off, or fly away, but on he sang without a rest until his fantasia was complete. But then (and what a falling off was there!) he subsided into an imitation bird whose song was produced by mechanism. He was "all alive" so long as the spring pulsed, but soon the daughters of music were brought low. Our bard was inspired with a key, the spring of his song was of steel; what wonder the tune was metallic and shortlived! While we must praise so clever an imitation, we are the more grateful that all our songsters are not mechanical. Precision and brilliancy are well enough, but feeling and life are more important. We do not need artistic so much as *heart*istic singing. Surely nothing can be more unsavoury to God than praise (?) from highly-trained voices while heart and soul remain unmoved. Judas did not stay to sing the after-supper psalm; let all such traitors do as he, and quit the choirs of God.

This musical-box bird aptly represents those, too, who are wound up by a season of revival services or other religious sensationalism. Such are small bodies (in spiritual things), but each sings loud enough for six, and feels like singing all the time; but that time lasts no longer than while the special cause remains. Each note weakens the spring, and soon they are songless till the revival key is inserted and turned again. At the outset these excitable ones are the admired of all admirers. Pastor and people crowd round them and make too much fuss by half. "Wonderful experiences," and "heavenly raptures," and "sinless services"—such rare and shrill notes thrill the deluded listeners, when suddenly there ensues a silence deep as the grave; all is over; the chain is all unwound; the spring is exhausted. Every one looks surprised, for they fancied it would "go on for ever."

One of the best ways to test a song-bird's life is to make it fly. If it can soar it can sing, and sing with vitality. The songs of a bird are a Christian's joys, its wings represent his faith. As Bunyan puts it:—

"This pretty bird, see how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace:
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

Birds without wings, and believers with very little faith, are anomalies that are to be met with: New Zealand, amongst many other curiosities, can produce such singular fowl. The apteryx or wingless bird runs (I was almost writing flies) in our bush until secured for the enrichment of home and foreign museums. With no tail and the merest apologies for wings it is a *rara avis* indeed. Poor little thing (it is about the size of a guinea-fowl), I should think it will be glad when, like its colossal fellow-country bird, the moa, it is pronounced extinct. "Would I were a bird!" can surely have no reference to one that has only the rudiments of pinions and is rudderless as well. No! all I could covet of a bird's belongings would be its powers of flight, that I might "fly away and be at rest."

Nor is the Christian happy who has only the rudiments of faith. He longs to mount up with wings as eagles, and constantly chides his wingless spirit saying—

"Go up, go up, my heart, dwell with thy God above
For here thou canst not rest, nor here give out thy love.
Go up, go up, my heart, be not a trifler here:
Ascend above these clouds, dwell in a higher sphere."

This is a sad but by no means a hopeless condition. Better far be an apteryx Christian than a stuffed-canary hypocrite, or a musical-box professor. It is a mercy, however, when faith is not overgrown into presumption. It is as possible to have too much wing as too little. It is supposed that the beetles and butterflies of Kerguelen Island in the South Atlantic are wingless lest they should be blown out to sea and lost. A beneficent Creator has thus provided for their safety. They are confined to the lonely islet, it is true; but better such confinement than a watery grave. It is well for us to abide on the rock of ages. Presumption may tempt us to try a flight across the sea, faith bids us stay "at home."

May the God who adapts these insects to resist the danger of their special circumstances keep our faith!

> "So very weak am I, that I both may and must
> Commit to Him my very faith, entrust to Him my trust."

Writing thus reminds me of the little "Wide awake" that was driven to take refuge on the good ship *Lady Jocelyn, en voyage* for Melbourne in July, 1877.

One evening, with breeze enough to make the "old lady" spin along, we found a land-bird fluttering round the ship, as glad to reach the rigging as Noah's dove must have been to regain the ark. The ocean waif came so close that each passenger tried to grasp it, and the worthy skipper almost succeeded in securing it. But the feathered visitor from the unseen shore misinterpreted his intentions, resolutely dodged the hand that would have rescued it, and with its small remaining strength persisted in being *free*. Alas for it that freedom meant death! Soon the tiny twitterer fluttered over the quarterdeck, and then dropped astern. The wind was freshening, the sea rising, and the sun sinking; and away back into the storm and darkness the frightened wide-awake departed, watched by anxious eyes until the sun gleamed no longer on its feeble pinions, and hope of its safety died with the dying day. The remaining history of the luckless land-bird can only be conjectured. Perhaps another vessel bore down upon it, and rescued it; but far more probably it fell exhausted on the billows, floated a while on the unwonted element, then sank to death, thinking—if birds can think—how near it had been to salvation.

The parable needs no explanation, but application it must have. Driven with the wind and tossed as thou art, poor fellow sinner, wearily working thy way across a waste of waters, there is One, the Captain of our salvation, who longs to save you. He cries, "I would take thee home to my heart, but thou wilt not come to me." Your sun is sinking; surely, if slowly, the storm is rising; is it possible that you prefer to drop back into outer darkness? Fall rather into the hand of the Lord Jesus, whose grasp is salvation.

What a contrast to this little stranger were those grand fellows that kept us company from the Cape to Australia! "Like flying pursuivant," the Mollyhawks, and Cape-pigeons, and snow-birds, and whale-birds, and Cape-hens, followed faithfully in our wake. How anxiously we looked for the first albatross! One day there was a shout that the glorious sea-king was in the camp, wheeling and gliding in and out amongst the white tents of the snow-birds. Some one has wittily said that the only change of scene at sea is between seeing ships and shipping seas, but, believe me, there is much to wonder at and rejoice in. No one can guess the pleasure derivable from watching the tireless wings and graceful gliding of the albatross. Though the vessel "rips through it" at the rate of fifteen knots, he finds no difficulty in keeping up, and ever and anon sails for'ard without any apparent extra exertion, as much as to say, "Come along, old lady, how slow you are, to be sure!" Our sails were straining, cords creaking, and masts bending, but friend Albatross whirled, and wheeled, and darted, and glided with wings outstretched ten feet or more from tip to tip, racing the wind, yet motionless to all appearance. What joy to fly just so!

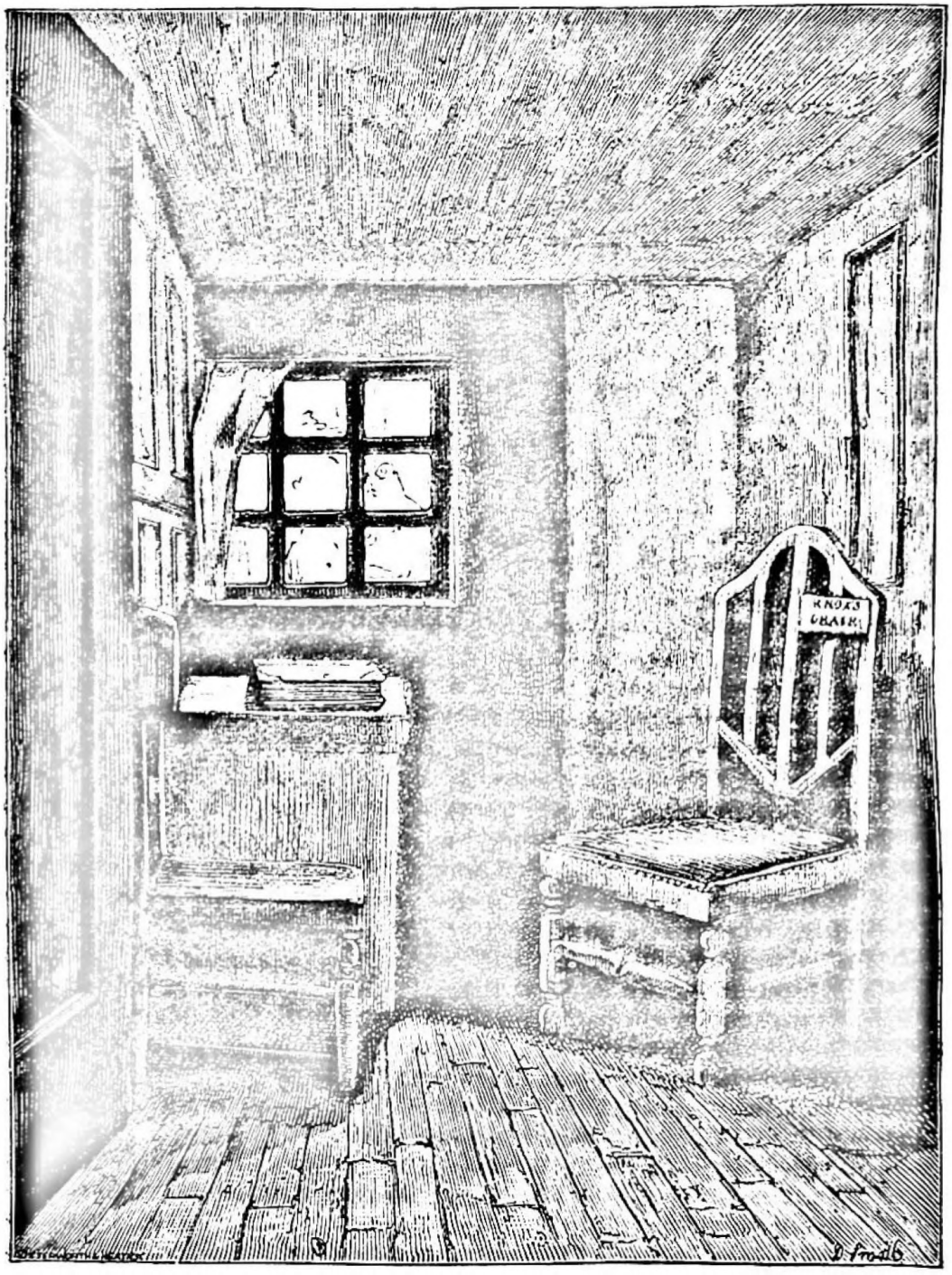
Strong sea-bird of the Southern seas, fain would I glide like thee in the midst of the storm, sailing above the billows and delighting in the breeze! As thou art superior to other sea fowl (for thou hast greater gifts than they), gliding while they fly, speeding when they fail, so would I, by power in-wrought, sail on without commotion and excessive effort which they have who do not know the secret strength. The grace of God is to the Christian what the extra wing-joint is to the albatross.

I have been truly grieved to see this noble sea-king captured. When our ship was hove to through stress of weather, the albatrosses folded their wings and sat like swans upon the sea. Then the cruel anglers baited their hooks, and the majestic birds, so safe when on the wing, soon bit, and were bitten. How they lashed the frothing waves to whiter foam with their great strong wings! I cannot bear to think of their sad and painful look when being dragged on deck, as though they knew that they were to be ensconced in a glass case in a colonial hall, or stuck piecemeal on ladies' hats, or muffs, or jackets. Poor Albatross, with snowy breast, the whiter for the red blood from thy wounded mouth! How sad is thy condition! How is the mighty fallen! Alas, that the bait allured thee to thy ruin!" Alas, for those who in an evil moment yield to fascinating sin, and wreck lives that else were noble. Let those who fly fastest and highest beware of—

"Satan the fowler who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways."

I have rejoiced to see some of these birds release themselves ere quite secured, sometimes with the hook remaining in their mouths. I could hope that they might live on, though always with the painful reminder of their near peril. So, thank God, many have been well-nigh taken by the adversary, and the scar which remains deepens their gratitude; for they can say, "The snare is broken and we are escaped!"

But I have flown far enough away from "my birds" and their singing. I would, in conclusion, urge all to song. Surely each has a voice. There is nothing without voice. If we praise and serve the Lord as we best can, he will be satisfied. I have heard a parrot try to produce the canary's note, but he was better at screeching than singing. He was ridiculous as well as inharmonious when attempting what his beak was never formed for. Whistling and piping, cawing and cooing, carolling and chirruping, are bird-notes peculiar to various species; so among men there are diversities of gifts. Nor is there any one who has not some cause for song. One rainy morning I was quite surprised at the loud chorus resounding from within and without the house. I must confess I felt little inclined for song myself, and wondered why the canaries and larks seemed so full of it. I came to the conclusion that the former sang for joy that they were not out in the rain-storm, but in a sheltered cosy home; and the latter sang for joy that they were not caged, cabined, and confined like their golden relatives—a wet liberty to them being preferable to a warm and dry imprisonment. When we have learned, in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content, we shall bless the Lord at all times, his praise will be continually in our mouth. Oh, that it may be ever spring-tide in our hearts, that the church and the world may hear our constant melody, and have to say, "The time of the singing of birds is come!"



THE STUDY OF JOHN KNOX.

(*From "Old and New Edinburgh."*)

Religious Sites and Scenes of Edinburgh.*

THE wonderful way in which the printing and publication business of Messrs. Cassell and Company has developed since John Cassell came first to London, between thirty and forty years ago, is shown by the fact that at present something like forty serial works are issued from the establishment monthly, ranging in price from sixpence to half-a-crown a part. Though published at a price and in a manner which places them within the reach of all persons who purchase books at all; the works, as regards their production, are for the most part of the most costly character, differing in this respect as widely as it is possible to differ from the books in parts which are still sold by hawkers in country places at two or three times their real value. The productions sent forth from Belle Sauvage Yard are generally cheap as well as popular; and it is impossible to over-estimate the far-reaching comprehensiveness of their educational mission. Many, such as *The Quiver* and *The Bible Educator*, are decidedly religious, and the rest are pervaded by a wholesome Christian tone.

In "Old and New Edinburgh" the publishers have excelled themselves. Interesting as the Scottish capital has always been supposed to be by readers of history and fiction, these beautiful volumes will abundantly prove that the natural attractions and old-time associations of the northern metropolis cannot readily be over-estimated. Probably there is no city of its size in the whole world of which ardent topographers can tell so many stories. When, as in the volumes before us, the pencil of the artist is also enlisted to recall the past, as well as to portray the present, the reader is not likely to be disappointed with the entertainment. Scenes quaint, picturesque, or naturally beautiful, pass before the reader as in a panorama, and these are accompanied with those racy narratives which are associated with every square yard of the old city of Edinburgh. With the exception of London, there is no place of such absorbing interest to the English-speaking race, and the interest is heightened by the fact, that the scarcely semi-civilized Edinburgh of the sixteenth century became a chief centre of the Reformation in the British Isles. The city, and indeed Scotland generally, may be taken as representative of the elevating power of the gospel; for from being a backward people, or "A poorer England," the Scotch have advanced to the front as regards enlightenment, while in point of wealth Scotland occupies a higher place than England herself.

The site of Edinburgh is not supposed to have been particularly well adapted for an important centre in the first instance; yet even to the eye of a casual observer, art and nature have combined to make the city attractive. Our Scotch friends believe it to represent the acme of excellence, and we shall not question their verdict. "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere I now find congregated in this one city," wrote Sir D. Wilkie in 1799: "Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Saltzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa

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* "Old and New Edinburgh: Its History, its People, and its Places." By James Grant. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Three volumes, crown quarto, price 9s. each.

and Naples. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis." The city was first styled "the modern Athens" in the early part of this century, when the brilliant literary coteries of *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Edinburgh Review*, and others were on the spot, before railways had brought the English and Scotch capitals within nine hours of each other.

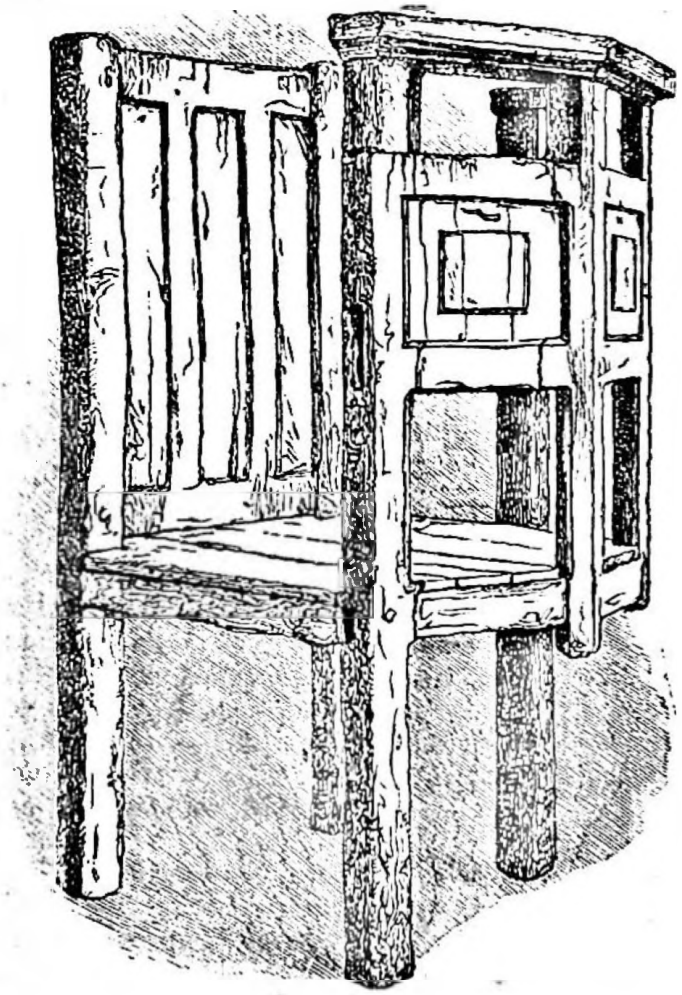
Edinburgh early became a chief centre of the Reformation; and there the storm raged with a fury peculiar to the Scotland of that day. Fully to appreciate the intrepid heroism of Knox and his associates we have to take into account their stern surroundings. The representative of the old corrupt order of things was Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, the favourite of the Pope, a slave to French influence, and, consequently, the evil adviser of the ill-fated King James V., who was nephew of Henry VIII., father of Mary Queen of Scots, and husband of Mary of Guise. The violence of the rival partisans of the French, and of the cause of the Reformation as represented by England, reduced the country to a condition of anarchy. Having befooled the young king by his unpatriotic advice until James apparently died of despair, Beaton himself, in spite of the splendid fortune which had attended him in life, died even more miserably than his master, having been murdered in 1546. He was stricken down on May 29, or shortly after he had witnessed Wishart's martyrdom, the sufferer himself, as is well known, having predicted the archbishop's fate.

"*Master George Wiseheart*," as Foxe calls him, was a "blessed man of God," who answered well, as he stood undaunted before "the furious rage and tragical cruelness of the malignant church." Tall in stature, "polled-headed, and on the same a round French cap of the best," with black hair, a long beard, of a melancholy cast of countenance, and well-spoken, he was judged to be a comely personage. His clothing and mode of life, as referred to by Tylney, who knew him well, afford a curious insight into these rougher times. Thus as a gentleman, whose charity to the poor was always marked, he wore a frieze gown, a fustian doublet, plain black hose, shirts made of coarse canvas, the sheets of his bed having been of the same material. "He had commonly by his bed-side a tub of water, in the which (his people being in bed, the candle put out and all quiet) he used to bathe himself." It is said again, "he was a man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating covetousness, for his charity had never end, night, noon, nor day."

In times when zeal for the waning Papacy stimulated blinded fanatics like Beaton to make a last struggle against the Reformation, a man like Wishart was not likely to go long unmolested. He was arrested in Edinburgh, thrown into the castle of St. Andrew's, brought before the raging ecclesiastics by armed men, and after a sermon in which heresy was defined and condemned, a zealot who is spoken of as a "fed sow, frothing at the mouth like a boar," witnessed against him. Then came the articles of accusation, each of which commenced with such abuse as "Thou false heretic, runnagate, traitor and thief, &c." He denied the chief superstitions of popery, said that every layman was a priest, and so on. After laughing and mocking a good deal at their meek and innocent prey, the savage bishops condemned him, little thinking that the death of such a victim would do more to further the

good cause than all the efforts of the church to retard it. Wishart died praying for his enemies, and adding, "This grim fire I fear not"; but Beaton died soon after, crying, "Alas! Alas! Slay me not! I am a priest!" "And so," adds Foxe, "like a butcher he lived, and like a butcher he died, and lay seven months and more unburied, and at last like a carrion was buried in a dunghill, A.D. 1546, the last day of May."

So popular was Wishart at the time of his martyrdom, that the archbishop took care that the castle gunners were at their posts. When



THE PULPIT OF JOHN KNOX.

(*From "Old and New Edinburgh."*)

he was first arrested in Edinburgh, John Knox, as his disciple and attendant, desired to share his master's fortune; "but Wishart," as the most accomplished historian of those times remarks, "who had seen how precious a mind and heart lay behind the rugged features of his follower, would not allow it. 'Gang hame to your bairns,' he said to him, 'ane is sufficient for a sacrifice.'" In the good providence of God, Knox went home to abide his time, and then to preach the gospel with irresistible power.

Knox, Craig, and Melville, are three of the preachers who chiefly helped to make the Reformation a fact in Edinburgh. Born in 1505, *Knox* himself had just completed his fortieth year when Wishart was burned; and that is regarded as having been the turning-point in his religious life. From that day forward he espoused the cause of reform, and never once swerved in his allegiance. While lodged in the castle of St. Andrew's, as a place of refuge from the ferocious Romanists, he was taken prisoner in the siege which ensued, and for a year and three-quarters he served in the French galleys. In the spring of 1549 he was released, however, and on coming to London so secured the favour of Edward VI., that he might have enjoyed promotion in the English Church had he been so inclined. He settled for a time at Berwick before proceeding to Edinburgh; and while in the Border town he is supposed to have inaugurated the Puritan practice of using ordinary bread at the Lord's Supper. He retired from England after the death of the king, to minister to a congregation at Frankfort, and even spent some years with Calvin at Geneva. He returned to his native land in May, 1559, and the astonishingly rapid consummation of the Reformation was mainly owing to his efforts. The story is far too long to be repeated here; but what the Earl of Morton said at the grave of the departed pastor was as effective a funeral oration as could have been uttered: "Here lieth a man, who in his life never feared the face of man; who hath been often threatened with dagge and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honour."

Speaking of Knox's house in Edinburgh, Mr. Grant says: "It is to the credit of the Free Church of Scotland, which has long since acquired it as a piece of property, that the progress of decay has been arrested, and some traces of its old magnificence restored. A wonderfully picturesque building of three stories above the ground floor, it abuts on the narrow street, and is of substantial ashlar, terminating in curious gables and masses of chimneys. Perched upon the corner above the entrance-door, is a small and hideous effigy of the Reformer, preaching in a pulpit, and pointing with his right hand above his head towards a rude sculpture of the sun bursting out from among the clouds, with the name of the Deity inscribed in three languages on its disc."

This house is every way deeply interesting; for it was here that the pastor did much of the work which tended towards shaping the course of the Reformation. "The First Book of Discipline," ratified by Parliament, in the drawing up of which Knox had a principal share, is supposed to have been completed here. Here, also, he lost Marjory his first wife, the like of whom, according to Calvin, was not then to be found in the wide world; and thither, when nearly sixty, he brought home the beautiful and youthful Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree—a prize that, according to the Reformer's enemies, could not have been won without practice in the black art. In that superstitious age many absurd stories under this head were fabricated, and were of course believed by the people. The leading statesmen and soldiers of the time frequently assembled beneath the pastor's roof; but the more prominent the station occupied in such times, the greater the number of enemies a man was likely to have. It was so with Knox. On one occasion he was fired at through the window, and would probably have been killed

had he been sitting in the seat he usually occupied. Providence preserved him, and grace gave him favour in the eyes of the people When he preached for the last time in St. Giles's he was followed by the whole congregation as he slowly walked to his home.

Second in interest to Knox alone, is *John Craig*, who died at nearly ninety years of age in the last year of the sixteenth century. His life-history was a truly wonderful one even for that wonderful age ; and his example and teaching were well calculated to give stability to the Reformation. Educated at St. Andrew's, he became a Dominican monk, and feeling drawn towards the evangelical doctrines, he retired to the Continent, and there the reading of Calvin's Institutes completed his enlightenment. Arrested at Rome, he made the bravest possible stand before the judges of the Inquisition ; and condemned to be burned, the sentence would have been carried out had not the mob broken open his prison to celebrate the death of the Pope Paul IV. After many painful adventures, he reached Scotland, laboured with Knox, and became the chief leader of the great movement after the death of that Reformer in 1572. He was mainly responsible for "The Second Book of Discipline;" and besides a catechism which was in general use throughout the country for fifty years, he composed the First Covenant, or King's Confession.

In the little chapel of St. Mary Magdalene in the Cowgate, the visitor may still see the sanctuary intact wherein Craig preached the doctrines of grace, the singularly interesting edifice having long been occupied by the Edinburgh Medical Mission. On one occasion, some years ago, we joined the Sabbath evening congregation gathered in from the Cowgate, and the associations of the place made a vivid impression on our mind. The gospel preached was of sterling quality : the window above our head had the arms of Scotland surrounded with thistles, while encircled with laurel were the arms of Mary of Guise, the ancient painted glass being the only fragments of the kind throughout all Scotland which have survived the iconoclasm of the Reformation. There Craig preached in Latin until he relearned his native tongue, which during twenty-four years' absence he had almost forgotten ; and there the General Assembly of the Protestant Church of 1578 was held.

In walking about the old town of Edinburgh we find that many of the most interesting sites are exceedingly squalid ; but these remind us that nearly forty years ago the city became a notable example of Ragged-School work. It is peculiarly striking, while perambulating the slums to come across old-time inscriptions which were dictated by Puritan piety. Thus, on one house on the Castle-hill, said to have once been the residence of the Earls of Bothwell, may be seen over the door, "Praised be the Lord my God, my strength, and my Redeemer. Anno Dom. 1638." A still more ancient motto is found in Baxter's Close opposite to the house where Burns the poet had "his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff-bed at eightpence a week." The words are, "Blessit . be . the . Lord . in . all . His . giftis, now . and . evir." On another house in Manchine's Close, which has passed away, there appeared over the door, "O Lord, in the is al my traist, 1569." The Canongate had formerly its full share of these legends, *e.g.* : "It is an honour for man to cease from strife :" and "Blessed is he that

wisely doth the poor man's case consider." Such things afford us glimpses into the past of a kind which cannot be obtained from histories. They show us that these streets were formerly trodden by pilgrims who looked for a better country.

While our interest in the ancient city never flags, the truth is unpleasantly forced upon us that Edinburgh is full of anomalies. Paxton Hood says, "It is unfortunately true that the perambulator must usually pay for his explorations by winding through a world of filth. It is something astonishing that such a noble city, with a people capable of such noble things, should abide contented amid such singularly filthy highways and byeways. Never shall we forget the disenchantment which came over our minds when we first went down the Canongate. Here for many years has run down, as into a common sewer, the beggary and destitution, the dirt and drunkenness of the great city; in this street, in which the proudest nobles, the Morays, the Montroses, and the Argyles lived or moved with their cavalcades to and fro, is seen nothing but dirt and squalor now, while spirit-shops everywhere abound, where once the houses of proud nobles stood." If possible, the plight of the Cowgate is still worse, and the wonder is that some local Board of Works has not come into existence to carry out a sanitary reformation. Successful efforts may be made by missionaries to raise individuals; but to do anything on a large scale the masses need to be delivered from whisky and filthy rooms.

What Edinburgh has been, and what it is to-day, constitute a social and historical romance; and the manner in which pen and pencil have placed the matter before us in Messrs. Cassell's magnificent volumes leaves nothing more to be desired. G. H. P.

How not to talk.

A CONTEMPORARY says: "A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk." This is unvarnished truth. The need is conspicuously seen in the House of Commons, but it is felt in a measure in all other houses. The art of holding the tongue deserves to be placed at the head of all acquirements. Silence is golden. The other day, when six women were driving along at full speed, they suddenly paused, and we thought we heard music: we had to rub our eyes to make sure that we were not among the angels: the quiet was more sweet than harpers with their harps.

At a public meeting, how deliciously the brethren speak when they are short! Their tones grow more and more melodious as they near the close, and their last sentences are sweet beyond compare. Let them hurry on, and let us have those last words, which are their best words. Blessed is he who knows when to leave off! More blessed is he who never begins to talk till he has something to say! Most blessed is he who does not speak at all, because the time is far spent, and the friends are quite as tired as they need be.

C. H. S.

Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!

IN the deeply-interesting autobiography of the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, the following anecdote, related of the son of Mr. Tuppen, the predecessor of Mr. Jay, illustrates, in an affecting manner, the baneful influence upon youth of infidel publications and evil companions:—

"Mr. Tuppen was a widower, and had only one child, a son, residing with him, and articled to a solicitor in Bath. This son had more than his father's natural talents, and was a good scholar, and gave much promise of rising above many in his profession. He also seemed much inclined to walk in those ways which are pleasantness and peace. When, therefore, he had come of age, on his birthday, he wrote a paper entitled, 'Rules for my conduct.' It began thus: 'I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and blessing of God upon my future years. But in order to this, I know I must adhere to certain principles and rules; the first of which is PIETY. Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.' But, alas! this goodness was as the morning cloud or early dew, which soon passeth away. These hopeful appearances were in a few months blighted, and in a few more entirely destroyed.

"'Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a companion of fools shall be destroyed.' This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical, or, as by a patent of their own creation they call themselves, free-thinking young men; gave up the Sabbath; forsook the house of God which his father had built; abandoned the minister to whom he had been greatly attached; and boldly left off to be wise and to do good. But as his fall was rapid, so his new course was short. Swimming on a Sunday for amusement and experiment, he caught a chill which brought on consumption. This for months gave him warning and space for repentance; but it is to be feared this grace of God was in vain. During his gradual decline he refused all intercourse with pious friends or ministers; and when his good nurse entreated him to call me in, as I lived close by, and there had been such an intimacy between us, he frowned, and rebuked her, and ordered her to mind her own business. On the last day of his life, unasked, I ventured into the chamber of the dying man. He was sensible, but exclaimed, 'Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!' He then raised himself up in the bed, and wringing his hands, exclaimed, 'Oh, that young man! That young man!' I said, 'My dear sir, what young man?' With a countenance indescribable, he answered, 'I will not tell you.'

"How was my soul agonized, for I had loved him much, and had endeavoured in every way to render myself agreeable and useful to him. But 'one sinner destroys much good.' What have I seen, in a long ministry, of the dire effects of evil associates and licentious publications! He kept moving about, and grasping the bed-clothes; and after a disturbed silence muttered something about seeing fire, and then suddenly expired.

"Should this solemn and true statement fall under the notice of any youth who has had godly parents, and a religious education, and not only outward advantages but serious convictions and resolutions, from all which he has turned aside; surely here is enough to awaken his

reflections and fears, and to enforce the language of inspired wisdom and love: 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.' 'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.' 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'"

In Vino Veritas.

MR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was asked to write a poem for a certain celebration, and understanding that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, he made his verse of a form and put into it the matter which he thought most suitable for the affair. The president, who was a teetotaler, returned the poem with certain emendations annexed; and, in his letter to the author, said he had consulted the clergyman of the place, who had made the required changes, as the sentiments expressed in the original poem with reference to liquor were not those generally entertained by their community. This is the poem with the alterations:—

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
While the ~~nectar~~ logwood still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ decoction still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ dye-stuff shall run.

The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ half-ripened apples their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ taste of the ~~fragrance they shed!~~ sugar of lead!
For summer's ~~last roses~~ rank poisons lie hid in the ~~wines~~ wines!!!
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~ stable boys smoking long nines.

Then a ~~smile~~ scowl and a ~~glass~~ howl, and a ~~toast~~ scoff and a ~~cheer,~~ sneer,
For ~~all the good wine, and we've some of it here!~~ strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and beer!

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
~~Long live the gay sovereign that laughs for us all!~~ Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!

From "The History and the Science of Drunkenness." By William Ackroyd. Simpkin and Marshall.

William McGavin,*

MERCHANT, EVANGELIST, AND CONTROVERSIALIST.

SIXTY years ago the name of McGavin was a prominent one in the land. His "Protestant" was a great power in its day, and formed the best available storehouse of anti-papal argument. He was a merchant of Glasgow, and a deacon of the Congregational church in that city; and besides wielding the cudgels so vigorously in resistance of Roman Catholic aggression in Scotland, his fervent Christian spirit led him to spend considerable energy and time in evangelizing the Highlands, which were less accessible then and less known than they are to-day. He lived altogether a life which was well worth living, and the imposing monument to his memory which adorns that most romantic of cemeteries, the Glasgow Necropolis, commemorates the career of one who, rising from the ranks, and engaged all his life with marked ability in secular business, proved that it is possible to achieve at the same time not only a local Christian usefulness, but an influence for good which shall make itself felt in the country from end to end. The story of such lives is worth the telling, as it is told by his nephew, if only to kindle in others a spirit of emulation. Thousands of young men who will read McGavin's "Life" have before them opportunities as good as ever he had of becoming a living fountain of blessing; and if they will devote themselves with similar ardour and untiring persistence to whatever good work lies within their reach, they will, like him, live to purpose, and leave a blessing behind them.

He was born in 1773, and came of a sturdy covenanting family. His father was a worthy farmer of Auchinleck in Ayrshire, who, though in comfortable circumstances, was far too generous to grow rich, except in the love of the poor people whom he benefited. He brought up his sons with strict economy, and wisely told them to look to their own industry for their living. Both he and his wife were Secessionists, and were in the habit of riding together—on one horse—to Kilmaurs, a distance of twenty miles, every Sabbath-day, to worship. Not very good for the horse, one would think. When William was ten years old the family removed to Paisley, intending to go farther and emigrate to America; but the death of the youngest child, eighteen months old, bound the mother's heart to the Scottish soil where its little grave was made, and they remained in Paisley. William, who as yet had learned no more than to read, was apprenticed to a silk-weaver. His hours were from six in the morning till sunset in summer, and later in winter; but he made such good use of his time in self-improvement that his master said to him, "William, it's clear, whatever you were meant for, it's no' weavin'." His brother John, who as eldest of the family had received a better education, opened a school in Paisley, and from him William acquired a knowledge of writing and arithmetic. In four years he left weaving, and obtained a more congenial situation in a bookseller's shop, where he became acquainted with such rising literary men as Tannahill and Alexander Wilson, the poets, and with the youthful

* "The Merchant Evangelist: being a Memoir of William McGavin, author of 'The Protestant.'" By the Rev. William Reid, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

John Wilson, afterwards renowned as "Christopher North." He joined a "literary society," distinguished himself among his young compeers by the ability of his essays, and soon afterwards succeeded his brother John as master of the school. From the time when, in his eighteenth year, he joined the church, he engaged actively in Christian work, and in 1797 originated the Paisley Sabbath-school Society, and opened a number of schools for the religious instruction of the young on the Sabbath-day.

He removed to Glasgow in 1799 to become clerk to Mr. Lamb, an American cotton-merchant, with whom seven years later he entered into partnership. Religion was at a low ebb in Glasgow in those days. The close of the rebellion in 1745 had been followed by religious and political stagnation. The scepticism of Hume chilled the atmosphere of the colleges, and affected the pulpits, where Socrates and Seneca were more admired than Paul or Jesus Christ. The cold prelections of Moderatism set forth repentance and good works as the gate of heaven, to the utter ignoring of a crucified and risen Saviour. The great body of the people treated religion with indifference, and those who gave it any thought, regarded it rather as a barren speculation than a power over the daily life. Upon this apathetic state of things the French Revolution broke like a thunder-clap, and startled the nation from its slumbers; and when its first effect of panic passed away, people began to think more deeply both of their political institutions and their theological beliefs. In Scotland, James and Robert Haldane, the former a retired sea-captain, and the latter a private gentleman, led the evangelical revival. They travelled in a light carriage with a copious supply of religious tracts, and preached the gospel on the highways, or in the schoolrooms, wherever and whenever people could be got together to hear, and sometimes they assembled in thousands. Salvation through the blood of Christ alone was the doctrine that rang through the land, from the lips of these adventurous laymen, and roused the ire of the established clergy. They were opposed in every way, brought before magistrates, fined, condemned in the General Assembly; but they fearlessly carried on their work, and many were converted.

McGavin watched these doings with intense interest. To him the salvation of souls was the one thing needful; and as the Congregational Church was the only Christian body which viewed the movement with favour, he was drawn to that communion, and became the colleague of his minister, Mr. Ramsay, preaching twice and sometimes thrice every Sabbath-day for seven years, when he resigned his position, and joined the church of which the Rev. Greville Ewing was pastor. Mr. Ewing was one of the greatest of those who had seceded from the Church of Scotland on account of its icy moderatism. He formed a Congregational Church in Glasgow, preaching in the circus there, which was placed at his service by the liberality of Robert Haldane. This building accommodated three thousand hearers, and the congregation consisted mainly of those who had been non-church-goers. Here again Mr. McGavin was invited to assist Mr. Ewing in the pastoral office, but declined on the ground that a man who undertook the duties of the ministry should give himself wholly to them. He became, however, a deacon

after the pattern of Stephen. Glasgow, which when he entered it possessed but one benevolent institution, the Glasgow Missionary Society, had thirty-three societies of various names at the time of his death, with an annual income of £30,000. In the formation and management of most of these Bible, Missionary, Sabbath-school, Tract, and Hospital societies he bore an important part, and his hands, as he said, became so full of public business that he could scarcely command an evening for private study, or an hour to write to a friend.

But the evangelistic labours inaugurated by the Haldanes had for him the greatest charm. As often as possible he secured a few days' or weeks' immunity from business, and travelled along the beautiful lochs of the Clyde, preaching, talking, distributing tracts far and wide. And in that district of glorious scenery of lake, and cloudy mountain, and moorland, he often became witness to the spiritual glories of the new creation, as the throng of listeners hung upon his lips, or the simple-minded convert in some Highland cot told out the story of Christian experience and love: for it was his custom to hire a boat with two sturdy rowers, and land wherever fishing-hamlet or shepherd's hut was to be found, that he might talk to the inmates of the love of Christ. Sometimes he would find on the wayside a humble-minded Christian, who through the preaching of "the missionaries," as Haldane's evangelists were called, had come to a knowledge of the truth, and now travelled forty miles every Sabbath to hear the gospel: at other times he would discover in some Highland cottage a bright trophy of grace, in a rough setting; like the old woman, for example, in Glencroe, of whom a good story is told. She was seated in bed, as he entered the cottage, which, contrary to usual experience in the district, was scrupulously clean.

"You are an old servant of Christ, I understand?" said he.

"Servant of Christ!" she responded. "Na, na; I'm naething pit a puir sinner. It's nine-and-forty years syne he pegan tae serve me."

"Serve you; how?"

"Dae ye no ken that?" she replied. "In the hoose o' Christ the Maister serves a' the guests. Did he no' himsel' say, I'm amang ye as ane that serveth? When he brocht me hame tae himsel' he then pegan tae serve me, an he hae served me ere syne. Nane ere compleened o' Christ pein' a pad servant!"

"Well, but I hope you are a servant for all that. You know it is said of the state of glory, his servants serve him; and what is perfected there, must begin here!"

"That's a' fery true. I ken that I'm under his authority; pit somehoo I dinna like tae think much aboot servin' Christ. It gies me nae comfort."

Of these evangelizing tours we may gain some idea from one of his own letters to his wife. "I wrote you from Weem, and we have since been so busy as scarcely to allow time to write. We spent two nights in Fortingall, and a whole day in Glenlyon. We went about a mile above Invergarry, where a congregation was assembled in a wood, and we both [Mr. Ewing and himself] addressed them, after which Mr. Kennedy, as usual, gave the substance in Gaelic. The service was rather more than two hours and a half. The lofty peaks of the mountains

were covered with snow. My text was suggested by the scene: it was, 'Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.' We found a number of sensible people who spoke good English, some of whom are Baptists. When we returned to Fortingall we found a congregation assembled for us again. We had scarcely time to take a late dinner, and at seven o'clock we began service. We continued till ten o'clock; and though the place was crowded to suffocation, the people seemed as if they could have heard all night. We left that delightful spot yesterday morning in a seated cart, and reached this [Killin] in good time for dinner. Last night an event occurred which I think I shall never forget, as a signal instance of divine interposition on behalf of myself and many others. We went to the Independent meeting-house, which was crowded to excess. We had both finished, and Mr. K. was near finishing his address in Gaelic, when the floor gave way, and the congregation fell down with a crash, and I in the midst of them. Mr. Ewing got out he scarcely knows how; but one of my legs was wedged in below a table which fell near me. While unable to stir, I endeavoured to persuade the people all to lie quietly and they would yet be safe. They did so, and we were drawn out, one by one, without serious injury to any person, except that one young man had his leg broken. The place was above a stable, in which were seven horses, one of which was killed, the rest received no hurt. We are about to set off for Lochearnhead in a seated cart, and intend to spend Sabbath in Callander."

These gospel preachings were regarded in no friendly light by the lairds and ladies of the districts where they were carried on. At Ardeonaig the Lady of B—— ventured to the door of the meeting-house, and on being invited to enter, declared "she would not go inside alive," but afterwards seeing other ladies within, and apparently unharmed, she too ventured in. "I daresay," said a good woman after the service, "she cam' in dead, but it will be well if she went away alive."

We have said that the Evangelists were known as "missionaries," but the title was used in some places to distinguish religious persons from others. Near Killin there was a man whose name generally appeared on Lord Breadalbane's black list for poaching and destroying salmon and trout. "We will, no doubt, find such a one here," said his lordship on one occasion. "No, my lord," said his factor, "you will not find him there now." "Why, what has become of him?" "Please your lordship, he has become a missionary." "A missionary! What is that?" "A missionary, my lord, is a man who will neither steal deer, nor kill salmon trout, nor sell smuggled whisky." "Well, then," said his lordship, "I wish all Breadalbane were missionaries."

We have little space left to notice McGavin's literary work. Busy man as he was, he contrived continually to issue from his mercantile office useful writings in the shape of religious controversy, history, tracts, and books for the young which would fill a dozen goodly volumes. The most famous of these was "The Protestant," a weekly periodical which he maintained for four years, and of which our own Robert Hall said: "*The Protestant*, a series of periodical papers composed by Mr. McGavin, of Glasgow, contains the fullest delineation of the Popish system, and the most powerful confutation of its principles in a popular style, of any work we have ever seen. Whoever wishes to see Popery

drawn to the life in all its hideous wickedness and deformity, will find abundant satisfaction in the pages of that writer." This periodical was commenced in 1818, and was occasioned by the erection of a splendid Catholic chapel in Glasgow, which was admiringly spoken of by a writer in one of the Glasgow papers in reply to some animadversions of Mr. McGavin's as "a building which for ages to come would adorn and ornament our city." Mr. McGavin responded that he had no objection to the city being adorned with stately buildings by those who could afford to do it; but he asked whether that house was not built at the expense of a poor, and, in some instances, a starving people, and whether money was not extorted by fear of future punishment. The Almighty hated robbery for burnt offering; and if the means by which the house had been reared were inscribed upon its front, it would remain for "ages to come" a monument of Popish hard-heartedness and cruelty. A controversy thus arose concerning Popery itself; and with the view of obtaining greater space and freedom for its discussion, McGavin commenced his periodical. Its origin was entirely incidental: he had no plan in his mind when he began it; but it grew under his hands till it became an arsenal for Protestant warfare, and met with an astonishing circulation. Separate editions were published in England, Ireland, and America, and the press could with difficulty keep pace with the demand for it. The Catholic party put forth a counter periodical, "*The Vindicator;*" but this was crushed in the grip of the powerful controversialist; and they at length aimed at him a heavier blow by entering an action against him for libel, the damages being laid at £3,000. The trial came off in Edinburgh in 1821; Mr. Cockburn (afterwards Lord Cockburn) appearing for the Catholic party, and Mr. Moncrieff (afterwards Lord Moncrieff) for the Protestant. McGavin's allegations were all proved to be truthful; but the Catholics won the verdict on a technical ground, with £100 damages. McGavin, however, was not allowed by his admiring fellow-townsmen to bear the expenses of the trial, which were met by public subscription.

Other valuable controversial works flowed from his pen: notably, an exposure of "Owenism"; a merciless reply to Cobbett's lying "*History of the Protestant Reformation*"; and a luminous series of "*Letters on Church Establishments*," which express, perhaps, with greater clearness and point than can be found in any other work of the same compass, the Scripture argument on behalf of Voluntaryism.

This good citizen had not only a strong, clear intellect, but a warm heart. Like his father, he was a generous friend to the poor. A great deal of money passed through his hands, but he never became possessed with the love of it. He was a true husband, too, and one of his wife's greatest afflictions was the loss of his company during his absence on evangelizing tours, though sometimes he took her with him. On one occasion—to tell a story which illustrates both points—he lost £10,000 by the failure of a firm which he had accommodated by putting his name to their bills. He announced the fact to his wife as he entered the house. She threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and exclaimed, "O Willie, I'm right glad to hear it; it will surely be an end at last of your going to preach in the Highlands."

Mr. McGavin died by an attack of apoplexy on the 25th August,

1832. His remains lie, as we said, in the Necropolis, Glasgow, and are marked by a statue erected by the citizens of Glasgow in his honour only a few paces from the colossal monument of Knox. His friends in his native parish of Auchinleck also reared a monument to his memory, on which they inscribed the lines—

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

C. A. DAVIS.

John's Privileges and Peculiarity.

THE beloved Apostle John was in four remarkable ways honoured above his brethren; yea, even above the first three. 1. He was nearest to the Lord at the Table, leaning upon Jesus' bosom. His communion was very close and tender, suited to his character as "that disciple whom Jesus loved." 2. He was nearest to the Lord in his passion. He fled as all did, but soon returned, and entered into the high priest's house, and gained admission for Peter also. He stood at the foot of the cross with the holy women, and faced the cruel soldiery and the ribald herd of mockers. Fellowship with Christ in his sufferings is a high attainment. 3. He accepted the guardianship of the Virgin-mother, when her Son and Lord in his last moments said, "Son, behold thy mother!" It is no small thing to be trustees for Jesus, of his gospel, his honour, or his people. 4. He was favoured with the brightest and fullest visions of his Lord in the Isle which is called Patmos. He was a seer, and the chief of all the seers. The vision of God was unveiled before his eyes.

Whence these peculiar indulgences? Of course, they spring from grace, for we are no longer under the rule of law and the principle of debt; but what grace was there in John which wrought in him these glories? Was it not that John was, of all the disciples, the most like his Lord? He was holy in behaviour, and over all his holiness there shone the mild radiance of love, which is just the one peculiarity of Jesus which all men must perceive, if they have eyes at all. John was the most striking picture of Christ that could be found among the twelve.

Now see our question answered. Who should lean upon the bosom of the Well-beloved but the loving follower? Who should be a close eye-witness of his Master's deadly griefs but the tender one who could enter into them? Who should be appointed to care for the widow and the bereaved but he who was all affection? And who should behold the glory of God, whose name is love, but the Apostle who, beyond all others, lived only to love? Our communion, constancy, service, and illumination will all be measured by our holy resemblance to Jesus in a truly loving carriage and deportment. The name of John is common enough. Oh, that more of us possessed his character! Truly, this is "the Gift of God."

C. H. S.

The Rector's Vest, and how he came by it.

AN OUTLINE OF FACT. BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

IT is evening—cold, dark, stormy! The streets of London present a most uninviting appearance, and the few pedestrians who are abroad move with more than their accustomed speed.

A gentleman, detained at business somewhat later than usual, hastened towards home, and as he passed a thoroughfare leading from the Camden Road, his attention was arrested by a young woman who stood in the shadow of a wall, as though seeking to avoid, while really trying to attract, the notice of any chance passer-by.

A benevolent impulse led him to speak to the lonely girl, and the story of her hardships, told with touching simplicity, brought the tears to his eyes. Here is the story in its briefest form.

Since the death of their parents she and her sister rented a single room, and resolved by honest industry to keep the wolf from the door. Ill-paid for their work, they scarcely earned sufficient to provide the bare necessaries of life, and but for the proceeds of some articles of furniture they prized for the associations of earlier and happier days, they would have been quite unable to meet the just but imperious demands of the landlady for the rent of their apartment. When work was scarce their outlook was a dreary one, and an emphatic negative was the only answer with which they met the oft-recurring question—"Is life worth living?" The hope, however, that a change for the better would come sooner or later made life just barely tolerable, and they held on in spite of failing health and sickening disappointments.

One dread alternative often presented itself to their thought, but they shrank from it with loathing, and spared no effort to secure employment, however ill-paid it might be. There were all the elements of a noble heroism in the struggle they maintained, but at length the crisis was imminent, as failure seemed inevitable. The workhouse, the gaol, and the penitentiary were the only asylums the country offered; but for the last two they were not qualified, and as for the first, they were too proud to seek admission within its walls. Strange as it may seem, the fact remains that the honest poor consider themselves degraded by parochial charity, however greatly they may need it, and prefer rather to endure any hardship than to "*enter the house.*" They do not despise the bed or the board of the workhouse, their own resources yield them nothing half so good; but they resent the cold officialism which accompanies their bestowal. It is impossible, perhaps, that a legal system of relief should discriminate between the unworthy and the deserving poor; but those whose poverty is a misfortune feel that they ought not to be treated in the same manner as those whose poverty is due to their vices or their crimes. Sober, honest, industrious, these two sisters resolved not to obtrude their misery upon the notice of the relieving officer, a resolution they soon had cause to regret, for the temptation asserted itself with ever-increasing potency to secure the means of their subsistence by surrendering the charm of their womanhood.

It was on this errand the younger of the two was bent when seen

shivering with cold and vainly striving to conceal, by the affectation of a smile, the sadness of her heart.

Scarcely doubting the truth of her story, the gentleman resolved, however, to test its accuracy by a personal enquiry. Her address was readily given, and, placing the price of a meal in her hand, he advised her to return home at once and await the issue of his call on the morrow.

According to promise he went to the house, and soon found from the landlady the confirmation of the whole story: it was too terribly true! The question how best to render efficient help to save them from starvation or disgrace demanded an immediate answer, and through the good providence of God it was not delayed.

As employer of female labour, the welcome visitor could offer regular work and good wages to skilled waistcoat makers, but the proposal was made only to be declined by the sorrowful confession that they had never qualified for such employment. For a moment the outlook was as dark as ever, but a glimmer of hope relieved the gloom as the remark was urged, "But you are not too old to learn!" With what joy they now regarded the prospect it is not difficult to imagine, and the change which came over the scene needs no description!

Within a very few hours these two sisters, buoyant with a new-found hope, were seated as learners in a busy workroom, and it was not many weeks before they were able to make a garment without further instruction or help. Until they could earn sufficient for their maintenance by their new industry, the gentleman secured the needed funds for their support from the rector of a neighbouring parish. Self-help very soon more than justified the brother help afforded, and a feeling of hopefulness succeeded to the paralysis of despair. How grateful they were the sequel will prove.

To bring them under direct Christian influence was felt to be a prime necessity, and they consented to attend a well-known Baptist chapel. Under a faithful ministry it was not long before they found the Saviour, and became consistent members of the church: "Old things have passed away; all things have become new!"

As soon as they were comfortably settled in their new vocation they resolved to make the rector, who had proved their friend, a silk vest as an expression of their gratitude. Many a stitch was sewn to the accompaniment of a falling tear, for the memories of a dark and bitter past haunted them; but as the task approached completion their tears gave place to smiles, and their sighs were resolved into songs.

With a brief and simple note the vest was sent to the rector, and was received with a mingled feeling of surprise and joy. When he wore the garment for the first time, and thought of its romantic history, its silken folds moved with the pulsations of a heart which felt the thrill of a sacred gratitude. Though but the contributor of a single link to the chain of circumstances which had such a happy conclusion, he had as much real satisfaction in the result as though he had been the exclusive agent. It is ever thus in the economy of grace! There may be an unequal division of labour, but there is a perfect fellowship in its reward. A spiritual partnership secures to every co-worker the possession of a perfect crown. "To every man a penny," whatever be

the measure of his toil, is a law of the kingdom which receives its sublimest fulfilment in the world beyond; for the Saviour will say to every one of his servants at last, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

What an incentive to labour for Christ! How it should nerve us to endurance and stimulate us to heroic service! Surely there would be no lack of devoted "workers together with God" if we fully apprehended the destiny and the reward of those who use the talent with which they are entrusted, and are "faithful unto death!"

It is pitiable to think of the many wanderers in our towns and cities whose hearts come well-nigh to breaking by reason of the hardship of their lot, or the burden of shame incurred by a course of sin. What would they not give to retrace their steps! And how eagerly would many of them—perhaps all—welcome the ministry of a true friend! That the guilt is theirs does not discharge us from our obligation to "seek and to save the lost." That the task is a delicate and a difficult one does not justify our refusal to attempt it. A tract kindly given, and a few words gently spoken, may lodge a seed in the heart which, watered by prayer, may yield an abounding harvest.

Those who labour amongst the most abandoned classes often tell of successes which might move an angel to envy if this were possible; and, surely, none are so abandoned as those who are estranged from friends, rejected by society, and to whom the endearments of home are a painful memory!

The grasp of the hand of a brother,
The voice of a sister in prayer,
The message of love and entreaty,
May win them from sin and despair!

What rapture of song will be sweeter,
Or guerdon your efforts repay,
Than the sob and the sigh of contrition,
Or the penitent's effort to pray.

Then leave not the outcasts to wander,
Regardless of God and our laws,
Till, stricken with fever, despairing,
They lie down to die at our doors.

The love of the Saviour constraining,
Go seek them wherever they roam.
There's room in his heart to receive them,
And room in his heavenly home!

The Teachings of Jesus.

IN order to observe the value of our Lord's teachings it will be well to remember the various terms used to designate the truth involved within them. It is "*light*," which is to shine in all the world. It is "*seed*," which is to multiply unto the world-wide harvest. It is "*fire*," which is to purify all. It is "*leaven*," which is to leaven the whole lump. It is "*bread*," which is to feed a hungry world. It is "*water*," which is to refresh thirsty nations. It is "*spirit*," which is to give life to a dead world.—*From "Influence of Mind on Mind." By John Bale.*

"Sunday Outings."

BY ONE OF OUR FORMER STUDENTS.

"HAVE you anything for Sunday?" was no unusual question for one student to put to another, and the eager gaze into the questioner's face, if "No! do you know of an engagement?" was the reply, indicated the eagerness with which the opportunity was seized to have a "Sunday out" to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The "Sunday outing" was beneficial in very many ways; it broke the monotony of hard, continuous study, which is, according to Solomon, "a weariness of the flesh." It gave us an opportunity of filling our lungs with oxygen unmixed with fog or smoke. It permitted us to leave behind the clatter of horses' hoofs, the uninspiring rumble of the "'bus," the dead, hollow whistle of the tram-driver. It gave us the much-desired privilege of replenishing the scantily-filled purse. It allowed us the heavenly enjoyment of praying to, and singing of, and telling about

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given."

It brought us in much choice and holy experience that was not dearly bought, though it made us work desperately hard to keep abreast of our work.

I look back with feelings of intense joy to the time when a brother-student and I began services in a little hall in the centre of a rapidly-growing town about thirty miles from London. How our hearts were lifted up as we saw it gradually fill to overflowing with men and women desirous of hearing the "old, old story"; how they beat with joy when we saw these friends pressing into the kingdom of God.

Never shall I forget the angelic bliss we possessed through the first convert. My brother (who had been down for the Sunday) called to see me on his way home, to tell of one who had on the Sunday evening before found the Saviour. How we praised and blessed his holy name for consecrating the little hall by saving one precious soul; for sealing home the truth as uttered from the hearts and by the lips of his "unprofitable servants"; for permitting us to be the means, not only of making one soul happier, one family happier, but heaven happier. How we pleaded that this first conversion might be but as the first large drop of the approaching "showers of blessing."

That our pleadings on that Monday afternoon, in my little room, were not in vain is shown by the fact that now (five years since) there is a church, consisting of over one hundred and thirty members, worshipping in their own school-chapel, seating two hundred and fifty, which is over-crowded every Sabbath evening; a Sunday-school with nearly three hundred scholars: and many other branches of work in a flourishing condition, led on and presided over by my brother-worker; and he is hoping that the day is not far distant when the much-needed chapel, seating between six and seven hundred, and costing £2500, will be built.

But to return to the little hall. One Sunday evening a middle-aged woman, who had stayed to the prayer-meeting, seemed reluctant to go; this induced the question, "Are you seeking for salvation?" She replied, "I should like to speak to you for a moment or two." Accordingly we sat down, and she began, and, without apparently taking a breath, said, "Sir, I am not in the habit of attending such a service as this: give me high church service if I must attend any. I merely came in to see what was going on. Sir, sir," with a loud voice, she cried, "I'm predestinated to be damned! I'm predestinated to be damned!" and, grinding her teeth, she savagely said, "God's a hard, angry, cruel monster, crushing a poor worm like me to the dust!" and, with rapid utterance, continued, "Does he not say, 'Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated'? Didn't Christ say, 'I thank thee, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and

prudent'? Don't the Bible say, 'Whom he did predestinate, them he also called'? Does it not say, 'Elect according to the foreknowledge of God'? What right has he to predestinate me to be damned"? and, with venomous hate, she concluded, "The cruel thing!" Having had her say, which almost took the breath out of me, to hear my Heavenly Father spoken of in that way, I said, "You've been studying Byron, have you not?" (I had been reading Byron's "Cain" the week before, and I felt convinced that she had done the same, and was led away by it.) "How do you know?" said she; and before I could reply, she went on, "Yes! yes! I have read it, and re-read it, and sucked it in, and believe every word of it." "My good friend," I began, "if God, in his infinite mercy, has predestinated some to eternal life, ought we not to rejoice, or otherwise *none* would be saved, and all would be lost: will you please show me any passage where it declares God predestinates any to be damned. Bless his holy name, he only predestinates to salvation, and never to damnation, and if you are damned you will have to thank Byron, the devil, and yourself. But, good woman, I am persuaded that you are predestinated to be saved. Do you call him—An angry God? a cruel God? a monster? Listen! 'God is love.' 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his *friends*.' But 'God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet *sinners* Christ died for us.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*.' Instead of God crushing you, it's your load of sins, and he is waiting to take it from you. Hark to the voice of Jesus. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

The poor, distracted mind seemed a little calmed, and she said, "Please pray for me," and down at the bottom seat in the little hall, together we prayed "The God of love" to forgive this sinner her wicked thoughts and feelings against One who saith, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." We prayed that her eyes might be opened, that she might see the marvellous display of his love as exhibited upon Calvary's cross. After prayer I invited her to come again, but she was leaving the town in the morning, and so, once more pointing her to "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," we parted with these words, "Don't let Byron damn your soul, and remember, God—is—love."

Four of the brethren in connection with the work were waiting to close the hall, but before doing so we assembled ourselves "around the mercy-seat," and pleaded earnestly for the salvation of this poor sinner.

Six months or more passed by. One Sunday evening, while the hymn before the sermon was being sung, who should I see in the centre of the hall but this very individual who had said she was "predestinated to be damned." It was as an inspiration to me, and my heart went up to God to help me to preach the glorious gospel, and to send his Spirit to take it to this woman's heart, if she had not already received the blessing. After the sermon, while the last hymn was being sung, I quietly stole down to where she was, and whispered, "Is all well?" Her flashing eyes and smiling face were answer enough. Gripping my hand, as one who had just escaped from the torments of hell and was sure of an abode in heaven, she said, "All is well." I ascended the platform, and at the close of the hymn said, "Dear friends, before I pronounce the benediction, allow me to say, there is a friend with us to-night who said in this hall six months ago that she was predestinated to be damned; she's here to testify that she used the wrong term, she ought to have said, 'I'm predestinated to be *saved*.' What a foolish mistake to make. Instead of being for ever shut *out* of the ark, she is shut *in*. Instead of being for ever cast *from* heaven *to* hell, she has been drawn *from* hell *to* heaven. The 'rulers of darkness' had turned the glorious doctrines of predestination into as hideous a monster as themselves to the eyes of this dear friend, but she finds now it bears the form

of 'an angel of light.' Instead of being as two millstones about her neck, it is as wings upon which her soul shall fly. Now she has found out her Satanic error—'Her night is turned to day,' 'Her sorrow turned to joy,' 'The garments of praise' have taken the place of 'the spirit of heaviness.' 'The cruel God of anger,' as her evil imagination fancied, is 'The God of love.' Let us praise the Lord for this, and ask him to bring others to look at the 'High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,' through the atonement on Calvary; and though poor sinners may creep toward him, as the prodigal toward his father's home, it shall again and again be said, 'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.'"

After the prayer-meeting that followed, I gathered the particulars of her conversion. Upon leaving the hall that night, still in darkness, still heavily burdened, still wretched, she seemed to gain a little hope that she might after all be mistaken. Living in Camberwell, she went one Sunday afternoon to "Ned Wright's," and, after an impressive service, returned home. Whilst looking out of the kitchen window, musing upon all that had passed, and trying to pray, the "little hall conversation" came to her mind, and as she thought and thought of what was said, light broke into her soul, and with ecstatic tearful joy she exclaimed, "I see it! I see it all! God is love! God loves me! Christ loves me! I am saved!" And from that day (to use her own expression) she had been as happy as it was possible to be on this side heaven.

Again and again had we evidence of the infallibility of God's Word. Amongst other instances this text, "For the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword . . . and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," was illustrated in the following manner. A person of no religious character was induced to come to the hall. It was a novelty for her to be at a Christian service. She lived near to the friend who played the organ, and he and his instrument were on the platform near the preacher. After the service this woman, in tears, said to the friend who had invited her, "That devil of a L— (the organist) has been telling that preacher all about me —the sneak! He shall hear of it."

Another incident comes to my mind of the certainty of the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." An only son was being trained for the naval service, on board the ——, at ——, as an engineer, to do duty on board a man-of-war. It had ofttimes been the wish, if not the prayer, of the parents, that their boy might not be trained for the purpose of fighting, destroying, and killing; but rather, that he might live in peace, do good, and be a blessing, yet how could it possibly be altered? They had spent their little all upon him, and he must continue in his profession. One day, to the blank dismay of both father and mother, a telegram was received to the effect that the boy would be home by a certain train "dismissed with disgrace." What could it mean? What had he done? Of what crime was he guilty? and a thousand such questions came rushing into the minds of the agitated parents. The mother retired to her room to pray, but could not. Taking up "Morning by Morning," she turned to the portion for the day, and to her frightened, troubled heart, the words were as "balm to the wound": "I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not": Jeremiah xxxiii. 3.

The boy arrived. The offence committed was very trivial compared with the serious punishment. Every means used to get him reinstated failed; all their money was gone, and could not be recovered; the boy was at home without a character. Is it surprising that the parents' faith sometimes sank below zero? yet we continually said,

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head."

The son began studying, and worked hard for the Civil service, but failed; tried the excise office, but failed (his heart was still in the engineering, for which he longed). Every door that he endeavoured to enter closed in his face, and we had great difficulty in buoying up the hopes of these tried ones, upon the certainty of the promise, "Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." At last the voice was heard; the way was opened; the youth walked therein.

A gentleman of sympathetic, kindly heart was told the story; he went and saw an intimate friend, who is a partner in a firm of ship-builders and ship-owners, the result being, that without premium or any expense, he was taken on by the firm as an improver; every opportunity was afforded him of learning the engineering; fair wages were given and increased as he advanced, and to-day he is sailing over the wide ocean, not on board a man-of-war, but as a "man of peace"; not on the look out to bombard forts and blockade harbours, but to enter them with precious cargoes for the blessing of mankind; not expecting to receive orders to begin killing his fellow men, but skilfully superintending the machinery to save life; and instead of being ordered away from England and home for four or five years, with the risk of war breaking out, in which he would have to take part, he is home every six months, to the joy and pleasure of his father and mother. From the naval service he has been *promoted* to the mercantile, exactly in accordance with the wish of his parents, but not in the way they could ever have dreamed.

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

These are but a few specimen cases, confirming the truth which, as students, we were taught to preach, and the "Sunday outings" made our otherwise happy College life happier still, and sent us out into the great harvest-field with these words upon our lips, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

Notices of Books.

The Clue of the Maze. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

This elegant little book has secured most hearty commendation from reviewers. Our heart's desire is that it may be read by those who are being injured by modern doubt, and that it may serve as a seasonable tonic to brace their faith. One shilling will not be a very heavy investment for those who have friends and acquaintances to whom the little book might prove a message from God.

Brands plucked from the Burning: and how they were Saved. By J. H. Wilson, D.D. Partridge and Co.

We remember the most of this book when it appeared under the title of "Our Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them." This little collection of facts connected with mission and ragged-school work will serve to encourage workers when they feel cast down by a sight of the evil around them. Wildernesses have become gardens through the power of divine grace. The most sunken have been elevated by the gospel. Given a true heart and a believing mind, and nothing is impossible. This little work is not sensational, but it gives facts in simple language.

Life of Luther. By Julius Kostlin. With illustrations from authentic sources. Longmans, Green and Co.

We will not enter into any lengthened remarks upon this masterly biography, but simply say that, though we are well posted up in Lives of Luther, we know of none which is comparable to this. It should pass through every Book Society, and take up its place in every Christian library. We say little, because what we say is meant to be emphatic and unreserved.

Ye Olden Time. English Customs in the Middle Ages. By EMILY S. HOLT. J. F. Shaw and Co.

MISS HOLT has here produced a fascinating volume. From her many historic narratives one might have been sure that she was great in English history; and this book shows how just the inference would have been. We cordially commend this pleasing record of old Saxon customs to all who are lovers of the antique. Thanks, Miss Holt! Hearty thanks!

Endless Punishment Defended. By the Rev. S. C. BARTLETT, D.D. With Preface by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price twopence in paper covers, sixpence in cloth.

THIS appears to us to be one of the ablest and most conclusive of all the treatises upon this subject; and, therefore, we have reprinted it. We rely upon the friends of the old faith to spread this antidote on all sides. It is most economical to give it away in a cloth cover, because it is then preserved, and obtains many readings. It ought to be scattered broadcast.

The Teaching of Analogy upon Future Punishment. By the Rev. GEORGE ROGERS. John Snow and Co. Price Sixpence.

MR. ROGERS has already done excellent service to the cause of truth upon this question. As his years increase he feels more than ever the solemn importance of the orthodox doctrine, and therefore he girds himself to withstand its many and many-coloured adversaries. He has in this pamphlet written well. Those who set themselves to diminish men's fears as to the results of their sin undertake an evil task for any age: but in this infidel era they minister a superfluity of naughtiness to a race which is reckless enough already. We stand in the old faith, and see no shadow of reason for moving an inch.

The New Handbook of Sunday-school Addresses. Edited by ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Elliot Stock.

To teachers who are called upon to address the school, and find themselves short of time for preparation, these notes of addresses must be very helpful. The outline themes are well put together, liberally illustrated with anecdotes and emblems, and earnestly aimed at the highest good of those addressed. We scarcely remember a Sunday-school handbook of which we could speak so warmly.

Xophil. A Parable. By BENJAMIN J. GREENWOOD. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s. (The whole proceeds of the sale will be given to the Building Fund of the Catford Hill Chapel.)

A VERY hopeful beginning for a young poet. Truth is here earnestly and attractively expressed in a form which is likely to win attention and impress the heart. The writer exhibits considerable power and freedom in the use of language; his rhyme and rhythm are all that we could wish; and in future efforts we shall hopefully expect more of that mental imagery, which after all is the soul of poetry.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts: being Extracts covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. SPENCE, M.A., Rev. JOSEPH EXELL, M.A., Rev. CHARLES NEIL, M.A., with Introduction by the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

WE should like to see a little more of this stupendous work before we give a definite opinion upon it. When a work extends to six or seven immense volumes it grows costly, and a reviewer is chary in advising purchasers to invest so deeply. The plan is very comprehensive, and the selection of extracts is in good hands: we should expect a first-rate result. In this volume so much space seems taken up with the invoices that the goods are all the fewer. We are reminded of a block plan of an American city, from which we learn rather what is proposed, than what is performed. The work as a whole, if it be carried out as we believe it will be, must be of priceless service to those who are able to place it in their libraries. We wish the spirited projectors the largest success in completing their work, and in commanding a sale for it.

Where shall I Educate my Son? A Manual for Parents of Moderate Means. By CHARLES EYRE PASCOE. Houlston and Sons.

YES, friend Dombey, you might do a worse thing than consult Mr. Pascoe as to what you will now do with Paul. You want to know something about the great public schools. Well, here you are! That list of schools, with the scales of Fees, is worth anything to you. I am sure I don't know how you could get together all the information which is here condensed and arranged for you. At the same time, friend D., I daresay you will pick the worst school of the lot, for I do not think you know much about it.

Songs for the Nursery: a Collection of Children's Poems, Old and New. Edited by ROBERT ELLICE. W. Mack.

OUGHT we to blush as we confess that we enjoy a good "children's book"; ay, we are pleased with nursery rhymes and stories? Not with all, for some goody-goody books are enough to make a cat sick, and we hope the wee laddies tear them to little bits; but in real, live, juvenile play-books we find recreation and refreshment. This is a fair specimen both in printed matter and pictorial illustration. We expected to see the name of Marcus Ward for publisher, for the tasteful little book is quite in his style; as it is, we wish our good friend Mack an entrance into every nursery with these "songs."

Woman and Temperance; or The Work and Workers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. By FRANCES E. WILLARD. Hartford, Connecticut: Park Publishing Company.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH once said that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of America was doing more for the Temperance cause than all other Temperance societies combined. In this very handsome volume, Miss Willard, the President of the Society thus eulogized, has jotted down what she calls "field notes" concerning about fifty out of the 250 of her coadjutors whom she thought worthy to be thus immortalized. Most of the ladies, whose portraits are here given, and whose biographies are briefly sketched, took part in the Crusade, or Women's War against Whiskey in 1873-4; and the victories won by the weak women's powerful pleading with God and with men are here faithfully recorded by eye-witnesses of the struggle. Any one who wishes to know the true story of that wonderful movement should get this book, and read it carefully and prayerfully; and who knows whether English matrons and maidens might not be moved to take up the work in the same fashion as their cousins across the water? We are not called upon to decide whether our American friends adopted the wisest course when they went to the saloons, and sang and prayed until in whole districts every liquor-shop was closed; but we would gladly welcome any agency which would bring about such results in this country. There are, however, in this book, indications that the extraordinary excitement of the crusade was followed in many places by a reaction, and an ultimate increase in the places for the sale of drink; and we are therefore more hopeful of permanent blessing from the training of children in Bands of Hope, the reclamation and education of adults by means of the Gospel Temperance Movement, and all other operations by which the British public is gradually being prepared for the total overthrow of the traffic in strong drink, for which we wait, and work, and pray.

The Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers. Vol. VIII. Elliot Stock.

WE can well believe that many teachers find considerable help from this storehouse. The editor evidently earnestly aims at really and practically assisting the young teacher.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1884. Edited by ROBERT RAE. Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

Mr. RAE has done his work as well as usual, and as the result has gathered together a mass of statistical and other information that must be invaluable to speakers at Temperance meetings.

His Mother's Book. By H. F. E. J. F. Shaw and Co.

This book tells a touching story about the "best of books." A little boy with the Bible brings blessings upon a bird-fancier, who thereby becomes a believer. It is just the sort to suit Sunday-schools. The exterior recommends the interior. May many a mother make it a present to her boy.

Wild Hyacinths. A Tale. By Lady Hope. J. F. Shaw and Co.

There is much good in this story. We especially liked the chapters entitled "Possibilities," "Boats at Sea," "Golden Lines," and "Sunny Lands." As a whole the tale is well sustained and shows the emptiness of the world, with all its vanities; and the fulness of divine things with all their grace and glory. "Wild Hyacinths" are worth buying and preserving. We hope many a lady will take the hint.

My Battle Field. By M. A. Paul. Bible Christian Book-room.

The evil effects of intoxicants, and the decisive victory over temptation, pleasantly shown in a temperance story, so true to life that we can hardly treat it as fiction.

Two Saxon Maidens. By Eliza Kerr.
Luther Miller's Ambition. By Lillie Montfort. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

The former of these two little volumes contains stories of the struggle between Heathendom and Christianity during the eighth and ninth centuries in our island home. One is cast in Northumbria at the time of the venerable Bede; the other among the men of Wessex, when they were strenuously resisting the incursions of the Danes in the days of Alfred the Great. Historical facts have been sufficiently studied to make them profitable reading for our girls and boys.

Miss Montfort's little tale offers a healthy stimulus for our lads.

The ink-photo illustrations lend additional charm to both these books.

Kitty Parr's Blue-Ribbon Dinner. By S. J. Fitzgerald. Price 2d. T. Woolmer.

Good: very good. The little story is of the kind which will touch many a working-man on a tender point. Strong drink is the poison of domestic love, and the blue ribbon is a fine material for true lovers' knots.

Miss Blake's Tinies. By Fanny Simon. Sunday School Union.

Tiny histories of little people, each interesting. Miss Blake kisses all the dirty children, and wraps them in her own shawls; and this no doubt accounts for her success. Well worth reading.

Daintree. By Bernhard Heldmann. Nisbet and Co.

We may be dainty, but we did not relish reading "Daintree." It is a story of a strong-minded father, who wishes to force his whims upon his two sons. Failure and disappointment are the result. There is plenty of Scripture interwoven with the story, but not always appropriately.

The Robber Chief; or, Too Good for his Trade. By Edward Burton. J. F. Shaw and Co.

In the course of their historical readings our youth will unhappily meet with more than enough authentic instances of foul treachery, lawless raids, and cold-blooded murders, without needing works of fiction to pander to the taste most boys have for such narratives. It may be that in this book lawlessness is only employed as the setting of the gems of heroism and magnanimity; but we fear most boys would think more of the setting than of the gems.

The Emperor's Boys. By Ismay Thorn. J. F. Shaw and Co.

The "Emperor" is one of two uncles (well-to-do country gentlemen) who have charge of two nephews of very opposite characters. An interesting story is woven out of the duties and trials of her heroes by the authoress, who aims in this way at educating her young readers in what is generally esteemed as true and noble. She might have taken for the motto of the book—*Noblesse oblige;* but as for duty to God, or "true nobility—the love of Him," it is not so much as mentioned; at any rate, we cannot find it. Our readers would, therefore, be surprised if we said much to recommend it to their notice.

The Christian Treasury. Volume for 1883. Groombridge and Sons.

SOLIDLY good. We are glad that it finds a constituency. It could bear a little more life, and yet be innocent of the crime of vivacity.

The Baptist Messenger. Volume for 1883. 61, Paternoster Row.

The Baptist Messenger is always a full pennyworth. We would say more, but as our sermon is the centre dish on the table, we hardly care to do so. All the rest of the feast is wholesome.

After Work. Home Reading for the Family Circle. Elliot Stock.

LIVELY, cheery, fresh, popular. We have no fault to find. The more of such periodical literature the better.

The Baptist Hand-Book for 1884. Alexander and Shepheard. *The Congregational Year-Book*, 1884. Hodder and Stoughton. *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England.* Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THESE handbooks so increase in bulk that it will need a giant to handle them. What a mass of information they contain! If they fall short, how soon their errors are pounced upon! For our own part, we thank the editors for their great care and general accuracy. May those parts of the field, which they map out, be blessed according as the good seed of the gospel is sown in them, and become so largely increased that several volumes will be needed to give us the joyful information of a divine increase year by year!

Footsteps of Truth. Volume for 1883. J. F. Shaw and Co.

WE have no doubt that Mr. Hurditch, by his "Footsteps of Truth," supplies spiritual help to thousands of readers, whose wants are not exactly met by any other magazine. Spiritual minds, less anxious for freshness than for solidity, will here feel safe. Beauties of style and graces of composition are by no means despised, but they are regarded as quite secondary to truth and unction; and, hence, numbers of Christian people are glad of such reading. We are sometimes asked to what section of the Christian church Mr. Hurditch belongs; we can only reply that friends would do well always to ask at head-quarters. Why not get the information from the man himself?

Our Own Magazine. Volume for 1883. Morgan and Scott.

PLAIN gospel, attractively put. The Children's Special Service Committee are to be congratulated upon issuing a monthly of which so many good things might be said. It is no small ease to one's mind to know that the narratives of this magazine are all true. Many will think this quite sufficient reason for making "Our Own Magazine" altogether their own.

Old Jonathan: The District and Parish Helper. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

WE always delight to meet with "Old Jonathan," whether on his monthly visits, or on his annual call. This year the volume comes in attractive garments. It costs only eighteen pence, but it is worth much more. Full of gospel truth, and at the same time lively and pleasing, this periodical is a favourite with us.

The Sower. Volume for 1883. Houlston and Sons.

A SOUND magazine; but if the editor does not bestir himself some of his subscribers will think the pages are becoming rather dull. We shall be sorry if it is so, for in these bad times we need every advocate of the truth to be fresh and vigorous.

The Mother's Friend. Volume for 1883. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume, in paper cover at 1s. 6d., is about the cheapest thing we know of. We do *not* think the magazine the best in the market, but still it has a goodness of its own which we could not wish to depreciate.

The Messenger for the Children. Volume for 1883. 18, Paternoster Square.

STRIKES us as being specially well conducted. Our Presbyterian friends, both in Scotland and England, are singularly favoured in the matter of their Juvenile Mission Magazines. This cannot be excelled, or even rivalled.

One-Room Life, and a Record of One Year's Service during 1883. By ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. Morgan and Scott.

MR. ARCHIBALD BROWN gave himself up to the noble service of the poor of London long before such work became notorious and popular. We have seen him at death's door in the agony of his soul over the awful poverty of the East of London, and he has made our heart heavy as he has told his story—a story, mark you, of what he has personally seen. This "record" will live on high. He is a dear servant of our Lord, doing service of priceless value. It is a joy to him to hear others swelling his warning cry, but he feels that all that is being done, or that will be done, will never touch the heart of the great evil which is now seething and festering among us. The poor fallen ones must be sought out one by one, man by man, woman by woman. We know of no one who is so likely to conduct such excavating work successfully as Mr. Brown himself. He and his missionaries are working splendidly, and they ought to be supplied abundantly with the sinews of war. The evils to be met can never be exaggerated, and cannot be set on one side: they are evident, urging, and overwhelming. The whole force of the church, with all the auxiliaries it can enlist, will not suffice for the dread struggle; heaven itself must interpose.

We wish Mr. Brown infinite blessing in carrying out the sublime life-work which the great Father has set before him. May grace and strength be hourly supplied!

Pity for the Perishing. The Power of the Bible in London. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. With an Introduction by Earl Cairns. James Clarke and Co.

No one need grow dull for lack of an interesting book while this volume is within reach. We remember with what delight we used to read the descriptions of ragged London in "Household Words" more than thirty years ago; and Mr. Pike has brought those striking papers vividly before our mind's eye. He has done his work well, and seized upon a seasonable hour for putting it before the public. The special topics are sufficiently various and numerous to afford a fair bird's-eye view of soul-saving work in our vast city. There is nothing sensational; everything is according to sober truth; and hence there is much to sadden, and much to console. The deep degradation of the fallen mass is not questioned; but good reasons are given for the belief that things are better rather than worse, and that in future, if grace and zeal be increased the evil can be grappled with and overcome. We feel sure that Mr. Pike will command a host of readers.

The Harvest of the City, and the Workers of To-day. By PEARL FISHER. With Introduction by Dr. SINCLAIR PATERSON. J. F. Shaw and Co.

ANOTHER touching description of our great and forlorn city. There is a little spice of book-making about this volume, but still it will do good, and help to swell the ever-rising tide of sympathy with our poorest people. London's poverty is, no doubt, much of it caused by its sin, but we are equally sure that much of its sin is the natural result of its poverty. We must each one do a little to help if we cannot do much; and almsgiving must go hand-in-hand with preaching and prayer.

Down in the Depths of Outcast London: being Facts not Recorded in "The Bitter Cry." Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. (One Penny.)

THE London City Mission is anxious to gain some little advantage for its great work from "The Bitter Cry." Assuredly it ought to do so. Its work is the most like of anything to that which is needed. The more house-to-house visitation the better. Cases must be dealt with one by one. It is idle to speak of communities or even classes in the lump; these poor wretches must be made into individuals if they are to live; they are dying because they are still treated in the mass. Now is the time when rich men should give their thousands to the City Mission: they will get no drums and tambourines for their money, and very little "blood and fire;" but they will see souls saved, and struggling poverty helped.

Light from the Old Lamp. Homespun Homilies. By J. Jackson Wray. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Jackson Wray can do many things, but he is at his best as a preacher. He is a man of force, especially in graphic description. Succeeding Whitefield at Tottenham-court-road, he ought to be no common man, and he is no common man, as these sermons bear witness, though they are so modestly styled "Homespun Homilies." We have here some thirty popular and useful discourses: they will hold the reader fast, and they must have riveted the attention of those who heard them. Such vivid descriptions must prevent a single eyelid from dropping: we seem to see the scene which the preacher depicts so movingly.

The Eternal Life-Blood of Divine Sonship. By S. Borton Brown, B.A. Partridge and Co.

The author of this pamphlet will scarcely expect his readers to accept all his statements and conclusions without much careful consideration: there is a startling thoroughness of assertion that challenges question, and a novelty of expression which may easily be regarded as extravagant, if not false. And yet, withal, we cannot but feel that the writer is devoutly anxious to reveal deeper truths concerning the sin-cleansing power of the blood than those generally taught. His book is certainly not milk for babes, and had better not be meddled with by them; but it may prove meat for men who will independently examine by the Scripture its assertions. Distinctly for students and ministers, and not for the general reader.

Between-Times. By Lady Hope. John F. Shaw and Co.

Very gracious. Contains much that is admirable, but we think rather more that is overstrained in the way of spiritualizing. The work is on the same lines as "*What aileth thee?*" but it does not come up to that suggestive volume. After thus frankly expressing our opinion, we add with great heartiness that, as compared with the mass of issues from the press, this is a book deserving of all praise: well-meant, quickened by a true spirit, and tending in the best direction.

Heart Chords' Series. My Work for God. By Bishop Cotterill. *My Object in Life.* By Archdeacon Farrar. *My Bible.* By Canon Boyd Carpenter. *My Soul.* By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A. *My Hereafter.* By Dean Bickersteth. *My Father.* By Bishop Oxenden. *My Walk with God.* By Dean Montgomery. *My Aspirations.* By the Rev. Geo. Matheson, D.D. *My Body.* By Professor Blaikie. *My Aids to the Divine Life.* By Dean Boyle. *My Growth in Divine Life.* By Prebendary Reynolds. *My Emotional Life.* By Prebendary Chadwick. *My Sources of Strength.* By the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A. 1s. each. Cassell and Co.

All these make up an attractive series of devotional books. That by P. B. Power we have read throughout with inward profit and intense pleasure. We cannot hope that all the little volumes are equal to this one, but as they can be purchased separately, friends can make their own selection. We thought it right to select another test specimen, and we lighted upon that of Archdeacon Farrar. This is not to our taste at all. Mr. Legality would have extolled it to the skies, but there is not even a veneer of gospel in it. The learned canon seems to have no idea that there is any distinction between "works" and "grace." For the matter of that, he is by no means alone. A little experience of divine truth within the soul would be "as the turning of things upside down," with many of our modern teachers.

The English Baptists, who they are, and what they have done. Being Eight Lectures by General Baptist Ministers in London. Edited by John Clifford, M.A., LL.B. Marlborough and Co.

The Baptist denomination, from the General Baptist point of view, is exceedingly well set forth in these lectures, which were delivered by the entire staff of General Baptist Ministers in London. It is very creditable to this little band that they should each one have done so well. Altogether, they have made up a thoroughly good shilling's worth, which every Baptist ought to purchase.

Infidel Objections Considered and Refuted. By the Rev. F. E. WHITMORE. J. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a valuable compendium of evidences in favour of inspiration and gospel truths, in opposition to the avowed sentiments of modern scepticism. It proceeds upon the right principle of looking first at the reasons for a proposition, and then at the objections against it. Apparently unanswerable objections may be made against a truth for which overwhelming proofs may be adduced. Nearly one half of this book is made up of extracts, because this was needful for the accomplishment of its design. It would doubtless have been far easier for one so thoroughly acquainted with his subject to have written an independent treatise upon it than to have selected extracts from a variety of authors, and made suitable comments upon them.

By renouncing the literal for a geological interpretation of the first chapter of the Bible, the author has, we think, invalidated his own subject, and hindered his own purpose. If the Bible begins with an allegory in the form of simple narrative, without any intimation to that effect, who shall say what in the sequel is to be literally or what is to be allegorically understood? With this exception we commend the volume as a complete exposure of the fallacy and dishonesty of the infidel pretensions by which many are led astray in the present day.

Notes.

IT has often happened, when we have been laid aside by painful affliction, that the Lord has moved his stewards to send in specially large sums of money for the various institutions under our care; and during our recent illness this happy experience has been repeated. To the honour of our gracious Lord we desire to make a public record of his fatherly kindness. Just about the time that our sufferings commenced, one dear friend, who has long helped us most generously, forwarded £200; this was almost immediately followed by £250 from another liberal friend; the next day £500 came from a Christian lady who has oft refreshed us; and within about a week another honoured sister in Christ gave us a similar amount. Some of these sums were left at our disposal to appropriate where the need was the greatest, and thus we were able to repair the walls where there was any sign of weakness.

While we were still confined to the house we received the news, which in various forms has been published in the newspapers, of a legacy left by a Leicester gentleman. Under the provisions of his will the Orphanage will receive £1000; but there is no truth in the statement that a large fortune has been bequeathed to Mr. Spurgeon personally. The residue of the testator's *personal* estate goes to the Leicester Infirmary, while his *real* estate is charged with the payment of debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and certain legacies. All that can be said at present is that there will, probably, be a balance to come to Mr. Spurgeon. It was generous and thoughtful of the testator to make such a bequest, but he little dreamed how much would be made of it by the tongue of rumour. We merely mention this that our friends may not restrain their help to the various societies, and to prevent disappointment to intending applicants, who are anxious to relieve us of the large amount which they erroneously suppose is coming into our hands. Had the rumour been correct we should have been able to dispose of the largest amount with ease, since we have just now several localities before us in which churches ought to be formed, and places of worship erected; but we have not the means with which to aid in the desirable works. God will send what he pleases, how he pleases, and when he pleases; and his withholdings will be as much for his glory as his givings.

On *Monday evening, Feb.* 25, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor came to the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle to ask for special supplication on behalf of four female and two male missionaries who were about to leave for China. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, in the enforced absence, through illness, of his brother, and many fervent petitions were offered for the suffering Pastor and the missionary band, several of whom briefly spoke of the manner in which they had been led to offer themselves for the work of the China Inland Mission. It was a holy convocation, the influence of which will long be felt by those who were thus publicly commended to the care and blessing of the Lord; and we believe that one effect of the words spoken and the prayers offered will be that others who were present will in due season respond to the divine call, "Who will go for us?" by crying with the prophet of old, "Here am I, send me." China needs and deserves the choicest spirits from among

our churches. There are many such among our readers. Will there not be volunteers?

On *Monday evening, March* 3, both the Pastors were too unwell to be present at the prayer-meeting, but the Lord was there, and so were many of his suppliant saints. The last half-hour of the meeting was profitably occupied by members of the Students' Missionary Association. Several brethren prayed for the success of missionaries both abroad and at home, and Mr. Warren delivered an address on "The crying need of Africa." The other prayer-meetings of the month have been well sustained, but there has not been anything calling for special mention here. It is our joy and delight that the people do pray. Here is the power of a church. The minister may be feeble in body, but he cannot be weak in testimony with a pleading church behind him. What need be feared when saints abound in supplication? What can be hoped when the meetings for prayer are thin and cold?

One of the greatest disappointments during the past month was the unavoidable absence of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon from the opening ceremonies of HADDON HALL and the substantial block of buildings erected for the perpetuation of the work hitherto carried on by Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., and the workers of the Green Walk Mission, Bermondsey. With this exception, the dedication of the new premises has been most satisfactory. The first sermon was preached on *Wednesday, March* 5, by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon; the Lord Mayor presided at the luncheon which followed; and Mr. Samuel Barrow occupied the chair at the public meeting in the evening. At the close of the day the Treasurer was able to report that the whole amount, about £6000, needed for the erection and furnishing of the buildings, had been raised. We are anxious still to secure the balance required to meet the ground-rent of £45, so that all contributions received in the Hall may be devoted to purely missionary purposes. A poor people ought to have no burden beyond the needful expenses of aggressive effort. Another thousand pounds would lift this stone out of the road.

Since the opening day, sermons have been preached; public meetings have been held in connection with the Mothers' Meeting, the Mission Workers, and the Gospel Temperance Movement; and the Sunday-school, the Bible Classes, and the various agencies have settled down in right good earnest to their work in the new quarters. Every night that the Hall has been opened it has been crowded, and many souls have found the Saviour during the first fortnight's special services.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 18, the twentieth annual BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL was held at the Tabernacle. Between seventeen and eighteen hundred men enjoyed a hearty meat-tea in the Lecture-hall and School-room, and two hundred of the master-butchers and their wives were entertained in the College buildings. A large number of other persons joined them for the evening meeting, at which the Tabernacle was nearly filled. Mr. J. Herbert Tritton presided; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Henry Varley and Richard Weaver, and the singing was led by Mr. Frisby's choir. This meeting affords a good opportunity for the clear presentation of the gospel to a great company of working-men, and also for the utterance of plain words of warning and expostulation concerning the vices in which certain of them have indulged. Cases of conversion, as the result of these gatherings, have been met with, and it is hoped that many have been permanently benefited by the good advice to which they have listened.

On *Wednesday evening, March* 19, the second annual meeting of the TABERNACLE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall, after about two hundred of the members and friends had partaken of tea in the School-room. In the unavoidable absence of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who was obliged to content himself by sending a letter, the chair was taken by the Rev. J. P. Gledstone, of Streatham; prayer was offered by Mr. W. Bowker; addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastor C. Spurgeon, Dr. Barnardo, and Mr. J. W. Harrald; and the singing was under the direction of Mr. Chamberlain and the Blue Ribbon choir. Mr. Smithers, the Secretary, read the report, which contained the pleasing information that during the year no less than 1,200 persons have signed the pledge, while many have been led not only to give up the use of intoxicants, but also to accept Christ as their Saviour. The Elephant and Castle Theatre Services have also been blessed to many. Help has been rendered by speakers from the Society at the meetings on Sunday evenings in the South London Palace. The expenses of the work have amounted to about £150, and the balance of £4 15s. 7d. in hand will need to be supplemented by special subscriptions unless the work is to be crippled for want of funds.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans asks us to say that she is very grateful for a valuable box of clothing from A. B.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. S. Hockey has become Pastor of the church at Brentford. Mr. J. Bateman is removing from Harston, Cambs., to Tue Brook, Liverpool; and Mr. J. McNab, from Great Broughton, to Millom, Cumberland.

Mr. M. Baskerville, who has done a good work at Caxton, Cambs., during the past three years, is leaving for the United States, where we trust he will soon find a suitable sphere.

The following extract from a letter, written by the doctor who attended our late student, Mr. A. Stewart, at Ventnor, will be read with deep interest by many friends:—

"One gets pleasure and profit in coming into contact with a nature and heart like your late student's. I shall not forget the fine lesson in submission he gave me four or five days before he died. Till then the proverbial hopefulness of his malady had shown itself strongly, and I at last met it definitely by saying that medical art would no longer avail, and that time grew short. He looked at me to make sure of my earnestness, then smiled, bowed his head very low (he was sitting up in bed), and said, 'Well, then, let the Lord do as seemeth to him good.' Under the circumstances, there was something inexpressibly fine in the words, and face, and manner of the man."

The half-yearly meetings of the Students' Missionary Association have been held recently. On *February* 15, Mr. W. Olney presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi, on Mission Work in India, and by Mr. T. L. Johnson, who pleaded the cause of Africa. On *March* 7, the Rev. W. R. Skerry, of Woodberry Down Baptist Chapel, spoke with much power upon the words, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

During the past month a new church has been formed at *Aldershot*, where Mr. J. R. Cooper, one of the students, has been preaching for about a year. At the recent anniversary meeting it was reported that one gentleman had given a valuable site for the erection of a chapel, another generous donor had presented £100, a friend had promised 10,000 bricks, and about £90 had been received or promised towards the Building Fund. Altogether, the enterprise has been started most hopefully, and we trust many liberal helpers will enable the project to be carried through speedily and successfully. We ought to have a good Baptist church in Aldershot, both for the civilians and soldiers, and we hope before long this desirable end will be attained.

Evangelists. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Edinburgh are still being continued while these "Notes" are being written, so we must postpone a full report of them until next month. We have, however, already heard sufficient of the beginning of the mission to make us very thankful for the large numbers who have listened to the gospel from the lips of our brethren, and for the blessing which has already rested on the message they have delivered.

Mr. Burnham, with the help of Mr. Broad, as he was not well enough to take all the services, had a most cheering work at Long Buckby. He has since visited Melbourne, Cambs., and Swanage, Dorset; and this month he goes to Swansea, and next month to Carlisle. He wishes us to mention that he is free for engagements after May 25th.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker report great blessing upon their labours at Stockport, and also at Allerton, Bradford.

We have received from the pastors and delegates of the North Staffordshire Baptist Association a letter conveying their hearty thanks for *Mr. F. Russell's* services in the Potteries during January and February. In it they say, "Our brother has commended himself to the Christian love and esteem of all the churches visited. There was the true ring about his preaching, and it proved to be the power of God unto salvation." During the past month Mr. Russell has been at New Whittington, where many have received the message of life as he has spoken it.

Orphanage.—All the places mentioned in last month's Magazine were duly visited by Mr. Charlesworth and his choir. The whole of the meetings were very largely attended, and in some instances hundreds were unable to gain admission. In nearly every case earnest requests have been presented that, as soon as possible, a second visit may be arranged. Financially the tour was very successful; and we most heartily thank all the generous donors, and the kind friends who undertook the work of organizing the meetings. We pray that they may be abundantly rewarded by the Father of the fatherless.

The following engagements have been booked:—May 3 to 7, Luton, Cambridge, and Waterbeach; May 20 to June 9, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Liskeard, Looe, St. Austell, Falmouth, Helston, Penzance, Hayle, Redruth, Truro, and Devonport. Our friends in the east and the west will doubtless do all they can to make the meetings successful.

On *Friday evening*, *March* 7, the Orphanage Sunday-school prizes were distributed, Messrs. Nisbet and Co. and Messrs. Shaw and Co. having supplied the books at half-price, the special discount being a donation to the Institution. The children and their teachers spent a very pleasant evening together, Mr. Lambert Gore contributing to their enjoyment by a recital of "Lost Gip" and three scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Annual Fête of the Orphanage will be held on Wednesday, June 18th. Country friends, please make a note of the date.

Friends willing to collect contributions, to be brought in at the annual fête, can have books or boxes by writing to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

Colportage.—A review of the working of the Colportage Association for the past year shows that there is every reason for thankfulness and hope. The colporteurs, as a whole, have worked well and made very fair sales. Their visits have been welcomed, and in many instances useful;

and the literature sold has in some cases displaced that which was doing harm to its readers. Thousands of gospel addresses have been given, and the utility of colportage, as an efficient evangelistic agency, has been acknowledged by all who have tried it. A gentleman, who has jointly supported two colporteurs for several years, writes:—"They are both doing an *increasingly* useful work. The spiritual condition of our country districts, and the lamentable absence of life in the pulpit both of churches and chapels, is so fearful that I am amazed that you are not asked for more men than you can find, especially as the cost is so moderate, and the workers so efficient, and evidently owned of God." This is the testimony of a member of the Established Church, and at once shows the unsectarian character of our colporteurs' work, and urges upon others its wider adoption.

Twenty more men could easily be added to the seventy-two now at work, if as many new districts would furnish £40 a year each, which is all the expense they would bear towards the colporteur's support. The Association will gladly supplement local subscriptions of £40, but cannot undertake the entire support of a colporteur, which usually costs as much more. A wealthy person, unable personally to work for the Master, can thus secure, at a small cost, the efficient visitation of a district by a Christian man, who will scatter God's seed of truth all around, and do a valuable evangelizing work. Ministers and churches may employ a worker who will supplement all their regular agencies, and go to "the regions beyond"; or any energetic worker may collect the £40, and so get a man to work his district.

Further information will be gladly furnished, and remittances thankfully acknowledged, by W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The editor of the American edition of the *Christian Herald* writes to us from *New York* as follows:—"I think it will cheer you to learn that we have recently heard of some very remarkable cases, in which very wicked and desperate characters have given up their revolvers and bowie knives, and have become like children in spirit, through the blessing of God on your sermons published in our columns. One aged reprobate, sixty years old, died last week, whose last two years were in startling contrast to all his past life. The transformation was the wonder of the neighbourhood for its completeness. From being a public terror he became a public blessing, as gentle and as kind as a woman. He was delivered from drunkenness, profanity, unchastity, and blood-shedding. *On his death-bed he desired that you should be told of this*, as he owed his conversion, under God, to a sermon of yours which he read in a stray copy of the *Christian Herald*, which some one brought into the Ranch and left behind. He quaintly said that 'he should tell Jesus about you.'"

Another instance of blessing through the same agency, in the State of *Illinois*, is thus described by the man benefited:—"Through the influence of strong drink I had broken the law of our land, and was for nearly five months confined in a county jail. I became convicted of sin, and for about four months I was in darkness, and at last in despair, when there came to me a *Christian Herald*, containing your sermon, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (No. 1,723, "Knock.") It gave me courage, and I redoubled my efforts, and renewed my pleas; and, thanks to the grace of God, I am to-day standing on the solid Rock, Christ Jesus. Do you wonder, dear Sir, that I want to thank you? I cannot tell you half I would like to, or express half that is in my heart; but as this letter goes out, over the mountains and plains, and across the sea to you, I send a prayer up to the Father that he will keep you and bless you. . .

"Thankfully yours,
"_____"

A friend in *Scotland*, in sending a donation for the Orphanage, wrote:—"Perhaps it may cheer you to know that, in a letter I received recently from an officer on board an Indian-trading merchant-steamer, he says, 'I have been getting Spurgeon's sermons sent out, and really they are sweet. Next to God's Word, there is nothing I like better to read.'" The writer adds—"For myself I cannot tell you how much my soul has been profited by the ministry of your pen."

A *Queensland* correspondent writes:—"Believing that ministers are deserving of encouragement in their work, I give you a reminiscence or two—

"(1) I roam back in memory to 1858, when I was farming in Victoria. We lived in 'the Bush,' and, as you may imagine, church-services were somewhat scarce, and somewhat mediocre when we did get any. But it was scarcely fit that we should be heathens 'a'thegither,' so my plan was to get my men and household together on Sunday evenings for worship. Some of our lads, bred in Scotland, could sing a little, so we raised a 'lilt' after the true 'auld' Presbyterian fashion. By-and-by came the sermon, and what came so handy as one of Spurgeon's? I invested in a heap of 'Spurgeon's,' pamphlet fashion, and read to the folk assembled. On the night now visible to my memory the text was, 'Walk about Zion, &c.' (Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.) I preached away with all my might, being deeply interested in the subject, when, happening to lift my eyes off my paper, I caught 'Jock' looking as though he was

staring at a Punch-and-Judy show. I put on more steam, and as I reached the end of a stirring passage, 'Jock' brought his fist down on the table with a bang, and sang out, 'Weel, weel, did anybody ever hear the like o' that?'

"(2) A Presbyterian clergyman thought it wise to beat up our quarters, so we met him half way at the school-house. He was a queer fellow, and has since worked 'muckle ill to the kirk.' 'Our minister gave us a grand sermon the day,' said a knowing hearer, well up in criticizing sermons; 'wasn't it grand?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it wasna that ill, and if you'll come over to my house, I'll show it t'ye in print, for I read it to my men last Sabbath evening.' It was Spurgeon on 'The Three Raisings.'

"(3) Picture yourself now in Queensland. Imagine a sugar-planter's house, surrounded by a spacious verandah. At one end sit the men of the plantation, all sedate and orderly. A few Chinamen fringe the back seats, possibly to see what is going on. In front stands the organ, with my daughter ready for her part. Nearer sits the head of the house, with her brood around her, like a 'white tappet hen'; and further away is a reading-desk, with cushion and cloth, all *en règle*. Standing there is the writer, with his 'specs' on, for age is telling, and small print is trying to his eyes. A psalm is sung, prayer offered, the Scriptures read, more singing, and then one of Spurgeon's sermons, another hymn, and then the benediction. Many are ready to say in this land that the lamp has gone out, and, truth to tell, it flickers very low; yet there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Those who have known that the Lord is gracious, and that Jesus is their Saviour, help to keep the flame burning. Thank God, my dear Sir, that you have, by your sermons, been in some measure the means of letting the glorious gospel light shine on the hills of Queensland; and though at times you may be brought low, and be unable to see results from your labours, yet ever remember that there may be some, in this dark land, who may have reason to be thankful to you for sending

'The lamp that never fails
To these dark and sinful shores.'

It is Saturday afternoon, so I must go and hunt up a 'Spurgeon' that will please reader and hearer to-morrow, so good-bye. Excuse the liberty I have taken, and

"Believe me,
"Yours truly,
"_____"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 23, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor R. T. Lewis, Chesterfield:—			
Miss Fanny Carey Lewis ... 1 0 0			
A friend 0 10 0			
A friend's wife 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
Bradford-street Baptist Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor J. J. Knight ...	1	7	6
Cross-street Baptist Chapel, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	7	4	4
Collection at Alton Baptist Church ...	1	3	11
Mr. J. S. Hockey	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Sinclair	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Soham, per Pastor C. Gomm	2	0	0
A Friend at Arundel, per Mr. Graham	0	10	0
Mr. Daniell White	10	0	0
Collected at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, per Pastor A. Bax	8	7	8
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mrs. W. Sutcliffe	0	10	0
A Friend	100	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Miss Forwood	0	5	0
Miss C. A. Harting	0	10	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	1	0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0
Per Rev. Robt. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. I. Spurgeon 0 4 0			
Mrs. S. Spurgeon 0 10 0			
	0	14	0
Mr. Wm. Champness	2	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Collection at Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster ...	3	4	0
A Friend	100	0	0
Mr. Robt. Gibson	10	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly) ...	0	2	6
Baptist churches at Saint Hill and Hemyock, per Pastor A. Pidgeon ...	0	18	6
Mr. R. Booth	1	0	0
Pastor J. Cruickshank	0	5	0
Pastor W. Stokes	0	10	0
Faversham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. A. Slack	1	1	0
Part Collection at Baptist Chapel, Stow-on-the-Wold, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	1	3	0
Baptist Church, Stow-on-the-Wold, Young Men's Bible Union	0	10	0
Pastor J. Green	0	5	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
C. W.	0	5	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	10	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Priestman	1	0	0
R. W. M., Belfast	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Feb. 17 ... ... 32 5 3			
,, 24 ... ... 33 7 8			
Mar. 2 ... ... 27 18 0			
,, 9 ... ... 34 0 0			
	127	10	11
	£511	13	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Frank Jackson	1	1	0
A friend of the Orphans	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Green :—			
Annie Green 0 5 0			
Lucy Harrison 0 2 0			
Elizabeth Philpot 0 1 6			
M. E. 0 2 6			
Mrs. A. B. 0 1 0			
F. W. Green 0 2 6			
J. B. Green 0 2 6			
Mrs. Green 0 3 0			
Mrs. Croucher 0 0 6			
Mrs. Smith 0 0 6			
Fanny Smith 0 0 6			
J. Thornton 0 1 0			
Lizzie Green 0 1 0			
	1	8	6
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline	0	10	0
Caroline's brothers and sisters	0	7	6
"In memoriam," Captain Gimblett	3	0	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Eliza, Bella, and Eddie Gray	0	5	0
A Friend	100	0	0
A Shropshire friend	0	5	0
Master John Bisset's Mission-box	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Parson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Braithwaite	0	5	0
Collected by Miss J. C. Bennett	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Furse	3	3	0
Mr. W. Irving	0	3	0
Friends at Shalmsford-street, per Mr. John Wood	0	2	6
E. M. S.	250	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Commonwealth"	50	0	0
G. W.	1	0	0
West End Library, Brighton	0	1	7
Postal Orders from Cookham	0	4	0
A friend, Huddersfield	0	1	6
Mrs. T. Fleming	0	10	0
Collected at the City Temple, after sermon by Dr. Parker	58	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Law	1	1	0
C. J.	0	1	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Pickard	3	0	0
Mrs. M. A Spindler	5	0	0
Collected by Master Frank Smith	0	15	0
Lockee Baptist Sunday-school	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Dixon	0	15	0
Proceeds of magic-lantern exhibition at Baptist Sunday-school, Dorchester, per Pastor J. J. Dalton	1	0	0
A few friends in Irvine	1	12	0
F.	1	0	0
Mrs. Reid, per Rev. E. Maclean	0	10	0
Lettie, Liverpool	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Wilson	1	0	0
Miss C. A. Harting	0	5	0
A thankoffering	2	0	0
Mr. H. Couldrey	0	2	6
Weekly offering at Richmond Baptist Chapel, Liverpool	4	2	8
Matthew xxv. 40	2	2	0
A birthday offering	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hacksley	0	3	0
Anon.	5	0	0
L. B.	0	5	0
Weekly offerings at Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford	3	13	6
W. Pelling and friends	0	6	0
H. Spice and friends	0	5	3
Miss C. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	4	6
Mrs. Goff	0	5	0
Mr. J. M. Lister, per Rev. J. Brown	1	0	0
W. S.	1	0	0
Miss E. Chenoweth	25	0	0
Miss Guilford	2	0	0
Mr. William Biggs	2	0	0
Mr. James Lundie	0	7	6
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Miss C. H. Brereton	0	5	0
Mr. E. O. G. Head	0	4	2
Mr. James Ballantine	0	5	0
Mrs. G. S. D.	0	10	0
Miss Janet Murray, per Mrs. M. Fergusson	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	3	0	0
Mr. M. Romedenne	1	0	0
T. W.	1	0	0
J. N. O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	7	6
Lizzie, Arthur, Walter, and Georgie Bunce, interest on savings	0	10	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Cooper and friend	0	5	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. T. Lee	10	10	0
Collected by Miss Webber	0	14	10
Collected by Mr. Thomas Boulton :—			
Mrs. Bullock 0 5 0			
Mrs. Lidsey 0 5 0			
Mr. Smith 0 2 0			
Smaller sums 0 16 0			
	1	8	0
Collected by Mr. Garratt	0	5	0
Per Mrs. Woods :—			
Willie Woods 0 5 6			
Joey Woods 0 10 1			
Florrie Woods 0 11 1			
Louie Woods 0 10 6			
Gertie Woods 0 8 9			
	2	5	11
Miss Marion Helen Bett	0	10	8
A widow, per Mrs. Ward, per J. T. D.	5	0	0
S. T. T.	0	12	6
Mr. Jos. Hughes	1	0	0
Per Mr. G. Bunting :—			
T. H. Clare 0 5 0			
Swaffham friends 0 3 0			
Tom and Annie 0 13 0			
	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Faulkner	1	0	0
J. H. Reynolds, Birmingham	2	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	16	6
Mr. S. Hobbs	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Mimpress	0	13	2
Miss Daisy Atley	0	0	6
By sale of dress	0	5	0
Mr. Woolidge	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. V. Small	0	4	4
Mr. W. Thomas, per W. J. Lewis	1	0	0
Pence saved by Masters W. & H. Lewis	0	5	6
From an invalid, Leamington	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1	8	0
Children of Eld-lane Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch	1	10	0
West Croydon Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Miss Whiteman	10	0	0
K. E. Cooper	0	5	0
A deaf and dumb disciple of Jesus Christ	0	5	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
F. G. B.; Chelmsford	0	2	6
Captain Hoskin	0	10	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	14	8
S. A. S.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
J. C., Irvine...	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Thompson...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	2	0
Tim Flinders	0	3	0
Mrs. Sarah Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. C. C. Harris	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood ...	2	2	0
"Inasmuch"	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson...	3	0	0
C. W....	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
"Because we are spared to our little ones"	0	4	0
Misses Jennie and Mary Davie ...	0	2	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	10	10	0
Leith Widow's Mite	0	2	6
Odd pence from odd little people ...	0	2	0
Left at the Tabernacle	0	2	0
Windmill-street Baptist Sunday-school, Gravesend	1	9	8
A Pastor's thankoffering	0	5	4
Mr. A. H. Scard s.	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mr. D. Peck...	0	2	6
Stamps	0	2	6
Per Mr. W. Yeatman, Magill :—			
Mr. Allmond 0 5 0			
Mr. Charville 0 5 0			
Mr. Adams... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Waddy 0 2 0			
Mr. Emery 0 5 0			
Mr. Strawbridge 0 2 0			
Mr. M. Mercer 0 5 0			
Miss Mercer... ... ... 0 2 0			
Miss Horton 0 2 0			
Mrs. Horton 0 5 0			
Mrs. Wylie 0 3 0			
Mrs. Watkins 0 5 0			
Mrs. Greeham 0 5 0			
Y. Family 2 0 0			
	4	11	0
A fruit-grower, per Mr. W. Dorey ...	1	0	0
Miss Beddome	0	8	6
Mrs. Webb, per Mr. Crewdson... ...	0	2	6
H. Y., March 14	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss Ann Curtis	82	12	5
Mrs. Dobson	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Jones	1	1	0
Mrs. Elder	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Davis	0	10	7
"A," Faversham	0	5	0
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts ...	0	2	9
Sandwich, per Bankers, February ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Carroll	0	7	6
Anonymous; per Mr. Buckmaster ...	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Priestman...	1	0	0
Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :—			
Peterboro', per Mr. Tansley 40 0 0			
Melton Mowbray, per Mr. J. T. Crosher 36 8 7			
Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton 27 3 8			
Louth, per Mr. Burton ... 40 0 3			
Retford, per Pastor S. Skingle 21 15 0			
Gainsboro', per Pastor H. B. Murray 18 12 1			
Holbeach, per Pastor M. Mather 9 10 8			
Great Grimsby, per Pastor E. Lauderdale 55 0 0			
Wisbech, per Mr. E. Dawbarn 21 6 11			
Grantham, per Pastor G. B. Bowler 18 0 0			
Voluntary offering at Hampden Chapel :—			
South Hackney 1 10 0			
Mr. James Jones 1 1 0			
2 11 0			
York-road Chapel, Lambeth, per Pastor T. Davies, M.A., Ph.D. ... 7 0 0			
	227	8	2
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Collingwood, per F. R. T.... ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Watson	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription :—			
Miss Sarah Ellis	0	5	0
	£1143	3	3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th to March 15th.—PROVISIONS :—A quantity of Bread, Mrs. Unstead; 120 lbs. of Cod-fish, Mr. S. T. Dobson; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a sack of Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 14 cwt. of Potatoes, Mr. A. Doggett.

GENERAL :—A quantity of Primrose-roots, Mrs. M. A. Beard; a cask of Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons, per Mr. T. P. Chard; a quantity of Magazines, The Misses Hastings; 22 copies of "The Reformation," Mr. J. B. Crisp; several small sets of Cricketing Material, Mr. P. Barton.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—24 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Burwell, per Mrs. D. Morgan; 2 Dresses, Mrs. E. Gauge; 6 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 90 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. Cowey; 9 Articles, Mrs. Brown; 15 Dresses, Mrs. Des Forges.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—Trousers and Vest, Miss M. E. Jones; 9 Shirts, T. H. Clare, per Mrs. G. Bunting.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hickman	0	5	6
Mr. John Reid	2	10	0
B. E.	10	0	0
E. M. S.	250	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Upward...	3	0	0
The widow's mite, Edinburgh	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. T. R. Edridge, J.P. ... 5 0 0			
Mr. John Pelton 5 0 0			
A friend 5 0 0			
A friend 1 1 0			
Mr. Sinclair Pottinger ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Bowyer 0 2 6			
	17	3	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Hall	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mrs. E. P. Collier's children	0	12	8
Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ...	0	10	0
Misses K. and A. Pugh ...	0	7	6
Little Folks at Weddington House	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Mrs. Jacob Davis	0	2	6
Harriott Cooper	0	1	1
			3 3 9
Mr. A. H. Scard			0 5 0
S. F. C.			1 0 0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. H. Hector			1 0 0
			£299 17 9

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale	7	10	0
For Sandown District:—			
Miss Hadfield	8	0	0
Mr. A. Nisbett	2	0	0
	10	0	0
Norfolk Association for Neatishead and Tittleshall	20	0	0
Crosby Garrett District	5	0	0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Tring	10	0	0
Mr. J. E. Taylor, for Aylesbury District	2	11	2
A Friend, for Kent	33	18	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Mr. Thomas R., for Sellindge	10	0	0
Meyseyhampton District	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£173	19	2

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Jas. Hall	3	3	0
Mrs. Percy's Collecting Box and Stamps	0	11	6
Swadlincote Baptist Church, after address by Mr. Beard	1	12	2
Miss M.	0	5	0
A Friend	67	0	7
Mrs. Potter	3	0	0
Mrs. A. Dixon	0	15	0
Postal Order, Southport...	0	1	0
W. S....	1	0	0
Mrs. Westrope	2	0	0
A Friend	100	0	0
Mr. Robt. Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. Worthy Perry...	0	5	0
Mr. John Carrington	0	10	0
Daphne, Garnet, Strawberry, and Dot	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hassall	0	15	0
"With compliments," Andover ...	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Postal Order, Southport	0	1	0
	£196	4	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of Collection after Mr. Burnham's Services at Woodford	0	5	9
A Thankoffering from the East Finchley Baptist Church, for Messrs. Burnham and Broad's services	1	1	0
A Friend	100	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hassall	0	15	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£113	6	9

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE.—A Friend, £50; collected by Mrs. F. Gain, £1 10s.

JUBILEE TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Miss Jones, 7s.; Mr. H. Tribe (for Almshouses' Endowment), £21.

Erratum.—In last month's magazine, £7 entered in College List, from *Orphanage* Sunday-school, should have been *Almshouses* Sunday-school.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1884.

Anywhere for Jesus.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"GIVE me a knife and fork, and a chance," says the man of appetite. Grant his petition, he carries everything before him, and speedily creates a plenitude within. A man with true appetite for Christian service is much in the same condition. The true worker for God and for the good of men simply says, "Give me an opportunity, and the means of availing myself of it, and I ask no more." He asks only what is absolutely necessary. Even Archimedes must have a fulcrum for his lever, and of course he must have a spot of ground on which the fulcrum can rest; but this given, his lever proceeds to lift everything to which it is applied.

Some brethren are for a large portion of their lives looking for a sphere, and during the rest of their existence they are mainly engaged in looking out for a better sphere; and so their twelve hours run away in seeking a part of the vineyard where they may use their tools. Had half the thought thus vainly spent been put to the practical purpose of immediate service, something could and would have come of it. If these gentlemen had begun by qualifying themselves for a position, the position would have come to them in due time; and if they had continued to improve themselves in the place whereunto they had attained, and had they perseveringly made the best of all opportunities, they would have accomplished something, and would in all probability have risen to a higher plane of action. It seems to us to be of the very smallest consequence where a man begins a useful life. Give a God-sent preacher a pulpit and a covered building to protect the people from wind and

rain, and he will make his own way. Should he be surrounded at the outset with all possible aids, he ought to succeed, and therefore he ought not to be self-satisfied, but should aspire to something more arduous; for opportunities of self-development are evidently all the fewer where encouragements are many and everything lies ready to hand. Should a man commence life where everything is against him, where others before him have seriously failed, where there are all the disheartening omens which predict defeat to himself, it will be all the more to his credit if he prospers, and in the process of prospering he will acquire strength and wisdom, which will be even more valuable to him than the success itself.

We have known ministers who have begun with the smallest and poorest of village churches achieve a grand lifework; yes, and so have others who have commenced with no church at all, and have had the honour of upbuilding everything from a foundation of their own laying. Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties. The hard rock which they have quarried has been engraven with their names, and has rendered them immortal. Oberlin has left a famous name among pastors; but it is possible that if he had been appointed to a city church, and had addressed a congregation of wealthy burghers in Strasburg, he might never have been heard of. But for the very reason that the Ban de la Roche was so barren, so secluded, so untutored, he had opportunities of proving the civilizing and elevating power of the gospel upon his flock among the mountains. We question if there could have been an Oberlin, as he now exists in public memory, if there had not been a wild Ban de la Roche, to be the dwelling of a refined and spiritually-enlightened congregation. Let a young minister believe that difficulties are the raw material of a glorious life. With the Bible in his hand, love to God in his heart, and the Holy Spirit as his power, let him regard nothing as impossible.

The very things which would keep off an idler are attractions to the active and earnest servant of the Lord Jesus. It was a new thing in the world when Fletcher went to Madeley, refusing a far better living because he wanted more work and less pay; yet had he not made that choice, Fletcher might have always been a saint; but the peculiar saintliness embodied in "Fletcher *of Madeley*" might never have perfumed biography. He who would bless the world most fully must cultivate its waste places, and cause its deserts to blossom as the rose. This, if it be believed, will make the competition less keen for the apparently advantageous positions, and cause the thoroughly consecrated to make small account of *where* they shall labour, in comparison with *how* they shall give out their strength to promote the greater glory of God.

A man takes the position of head-gardener where horticulture has been carried to the utmost perfection. He reckons upon the honour of taking the place of one who made the garden renowned by taking every prize at floral exhibitions. He ought not to forget that he has that renown to keep up. It will need daily diligence to maintain the garden in its present high-class condition; he will be continually subject to comparison with his eminent predecessor, not always to his own credit; and he must be an extraordinary man if he really goes beyond the accomplishments of the man whose place he has taken; yet this will

assuredly be expected of him. He ought to make sure of his ability before he enters upon such a post. Yet many young men would like to take a pastorate where everything is specially prosperous, where the preaching has been of the rarest order, the church-work of a model kind, and the spiritual tone of the highest pitch. Where better men shrink from entering, the worse are eager to climb up. Competent brethren cry, "*nolo episcopari*," and must be *thrust* into the position by those who are convinced of their qualifications; but there are others who bid for the place itself, and fancy that the qualifications will come with it. They will have their work cut out if they are able merely to maintain in going form the admirable work of those whom they succeed, and they had need put themselves through many heart-searching examinations before they venture upon the serious task. We all know what became of Phaeton when his rash hands ventured to grasp the reins of the chariot of the sun.

On the other hand, a working gardener takes a position at the head of affairs where every part of the domain has been neglected: general mismanagement and ignorance have ruined alike trees, and shrubs, and flowers; walks and lawns are all in disorder. We judge his task to be comparatively easy, and its immediate reward to be manifest. Everything that he does by way of improvement is seen at once; the hoe and pruning-knife work wonders. The order which he introduces strikes the attention of his master, who smiles as he sees every day a measure of delightful progress. He has the benefit of contrast with his predecessor, and probably wins more praise than he actually deserves. When rich crops reward his toil they are enhanced by the remembrance of past years of failure; and he himself finds no small pleasure in seeing how readily nature answers to his touch, and rewards his careful attentions. His forlorn sphere contained within it all the elements of hope, and he should count himself fortunate to have chosen it.

Of course, the result is not uniformly the same in either case. The successor of the eminent horticulturist may strike out a new path, and by God's blessing achieve as much as had been done in former days, and even more; and in the other case the garden so sadly neglected may go from bad to worse, till the owner may even regret the slovens whom he has discharged. We have seen both cases illustrated in churches and ministries. A young brother, modestly daring, has proved to be in God's hands the equal of him who fell asleep amid universal regret; and great has been the joy of the people and the glory of the Lord. Alas! we have also seen gross incapacity followed by yet deeper uselessness, and the new-comer has gained nothing by the failure of his predecessor except the power to do still greater mischief. Such men are out of place altogether, and remind us of the witty remark of one who was asked, "What do you think of our minister's preaching?" "Why, I think he did much better four years ago." "How can that be? He was not a preacher then, but a shoemaker." "Just so. That is what I meant. He did much better then."

Our first business is to become vessels fit for the Master's use. This being done by the quickening and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, our next endeavour should be to wait upon the Lord, saying, "Show me what thou wouldst have me to do." Should no work be laid upon

us immediately, it is ours obediently to wait; not with our eyes shut, certainly, but without that wearing anxiety which is pretty sure to blunder into a position which it will ere long blunder out of. We are not called upon to break open doors; but when the open door is set before us, we should be prompt to enter. To run before we are sent may involve our having to come back again at a slower and more sorrowful pace; but to watch for the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, ready at once to bestir ourselves, is the posture of wisdom and safety. Our waiting upon God must be true and real, and not a mere pretence. We must not be looking out for that which is pleasing, but for that which is fit. We are to go where God appoints, and not where we desire. Picking and choosing with fastidious haste, according to preconceived notions of what is due to our noble selves, will end in ignoble loafing. We have all heard of the man in the wood who wanted a stick, and saw many good ones, but concluded that if he walked on further he would still see many equally suitable, and perhaps one better than all; and so he hesitated until he came to the end of the wood, and then must needs limp all the rest of the way home for want of a staff. Vain men have thrown away opportunities in the past for which they would give their eyes to-day. As profligates have lived to hunger for their former leavings, so have workers longed for the humble spheres which aforetime they despised. Some of God's Jonahs would be glad to go to Nineveh now if the Lord would but send them. He who once dreamed that he was an Isaiah would now be right glad to be an Amos, but his own pretentiousness has shut him out. As—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

so in the sublime affairs of life eternal, in the service of the Ever-blessed, there is a tide which bears a man to usefulness; and this once missed, the man may lie at his moorings till he rots away in very wastefulness of fruitless complaining and regret.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." O servant of the Lord, work for thy Master in some form or fashion, as best comes to thee! The first thing that comes to hand may not be the greatest, but it may be the fittest to begin upon. Work with energy and full-hearted zeal, trusting in the Lord for present help for the present burden. Give thyself to this which God gives thee, and thy Lord and his people will see what thou art doing. If thou art wrongly in the lowest room, the Master of the feast will soon bid thee come up higher. The church this day needs thorough-going men as much as ever. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, the thorough-going, devoted worker will not long be left in a corner. The swan does not remain for life in the duck's nest. The man shall not wait long for his hour, though many an hour is waiting for its man. Enter the ranks of the Lord's arm as a private; it is the only way to obtain promotion in the heavenly service. Neither purchase nor patronage will be found available in the real warfare of life. Outward ecclesiastical rank may seem to come of such outward help, but advancement according to the commission of the King of kings comes only of his grace as the reward of service done, or hardness borne. The only way upward in the sight of

the Lord is to go downward. He who descends to complete self-abnegation has ascended to true honour. He who makes himself the least is already the greatest. The lowliest service, the gentlest forbearance, the tenderest sympathy, the fullest self-sacrifice, the deepest humility—these are those qualifications for "the first three" which we ought all to cultivate, for without them a place among the mightiest will prove a fatal honour.

"Bother Pity: buy a Bun!"

HE was prosperous in business, and held a good position in the church of which he was a member, but, suffering a reverse of fortune, he suddenly disappeared. His loss was a matter of regret to his brother officers, and a good many conjectures were suggested as to his fate.

Having lost his capital, and not wishing to be a burden to his friends, he removed into very humble apartments in a poor neighbourhood, and established himself as a vendor of cheap pastry. If he could not regain his fortune by his new enterprise, he could, at least, maintain himself by honest industry, and thus preserve his independence. Willing to work, he preferred the reward of his own industry to the gratuities of his friends—an example to many able-bodied pensioners!

Passing along a by-street one evening, a friend, who had known him in his prosperity, recognized him in spite of his altered costume, and ventured to speak, but the interview was not agreeable to either party. The dignity of the travelling pieman was touched by the patronizing tone of his friend, and he could scarcely conceal his wounded pride; not that he was ashamed of his new vocation—he was fully satisfied of its honesty, and the conviction was his solace.

It was with some degree of impatience he listened to the affected condolence of his friend (?), who addressed him thus—"My dear brother, I am *so* sorry to see you in this position: from my heart I pity you!" Seizing the first article from his barrow which came to hand, he held it up, as a salesman proud of his wares, and exclaimed, in tones which expressed the grief of a wounded spirit,

"BOTHER PITY: BUY A BUN!"

Whether the challenge was accepted or not we do not know, but of this we are certain—the expenditure of a penny would have been a more welcome expression of a genuine sympathy than the indulgence of the mere language of regret. Anyhow, the pieman has our profound respect for his prompt and effective expedient to test the sincerity of his friend.

The moral of this story lies so near the surface that none should miss it, and it is capable of many applications. This only we are concerned to say to our readers—Never consider a brother is degraded by any honest calling, however humble it may be; and do not let your sympathy spend itself in mere words if you meet a brother in adversity. Remember, "A little help is worth a great deal of pity." "BUY A BUN!"

V. J. C.

Outcast-London, from the point of view of one of our Colporteurs.

PUBLIC attention has of late been in a special manner directed to the condition of what is popularly styled "Outcast-London"—a term which would be puzzling to a stranger, and no doubt would be to us were it not for the connexion in which the words are found. But is the term a strictly correct one? We can well comprehend the state of extreme poverty of these people and their surroundings, but in what sense they are outcasts from society it is, to me at least, difficult to define. We can well understand the term as applicable to those who are shut up in prisons, reformatories, convents, and the like, but not to those who have the privilege of moving freely about in society. Is it because they are not visited by anyone? Not so; they are not only open to the visits of persons calling for temporal purposes, from the earnest and sometimes stern and pressing rent-collector, to the honest dealer in cats'-meat; but they have the benefit of the visits of the parish clergyman, his curates, sisters of mercy, and other helpers who minister to their spiritual and sometimes temporal necessities. They are also called on by the City missionary on his monthly round, by whom the Bible is read and explained, and prayer offered on their behalf. Scripture-readers also toil for their benefit; Bible-women are also found working in their midst, and other religious visitors from various denominations are incessantly at work for their good. They are also accessible to the preaching of the gospel both in mission-halls and the open air.

But though these people may not be outcasts in the strictest sense of the word, yet many of them are in a sad and wretched condition, not only financially, but morally and spiritually.

Some very dark and depressing pictures have lately been drawn of the condition of the London poor, and published in various pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, the general accuracy of which we would not for a moment doubt or call in question, as from personal experience we know them to be correct, as far as the general appearance of the districts and homes of the people are concerned. We fear, however, that in regard to particulars, the evils may have been sometimes exaggerated by the parties visited, who, in the expectation of obtaining temporal relief, have told the most pitiable tales of poverty and distress in an eloquent and thrilling strain, adopted for the occasion; or, if true, which they sometimes are even to the very letter, the narrators have failed to trace the evils from which they suffer to their legitimate cause, and have carefully abstained from arraigning strong drink itself as the cause of their present degradation, ruin, and downfall.

About nine years ago I was invited to a Sunday-afternoon meeting near Lincoln's Inn-fields, held for the benefit of the very poor, and especially for those without homes. A sort of Bible-class was held. A paragraph was read and explained, a short address given, and prayer offered. A good plain tea was then supplied to each, which, in many cases, was devoured with a zeal and avidity which showed they had long been waiting for a

meal. After taking tea with the members of the committee of management, at a separate table at the head of the room, I went to hear the celebrated Ned Wright, who was preaching the same evening at Exeter Hall. One of the recipients of the afternoon's relief, who had a most gentlemanly bearing and address, and who evidently belonged to a more superior class of society than the three or four hundred with whom he had that afternoon been associated, accompanied me. In the course of conversation he informed me that he had formerly been in the ministry, in which capacity he had served for ten years as a chaplain, and several more years as pastor of a Presbyterian Church, but had been brought low by misfortune, and was almost a stranger in London. He was out of harness, as the pulpits everywhere were well supplied with preachers. "I wish," said he, "that some of the churches would just give me a trial, I would give them entire satisfaction. Let me give you a portion of one of my own sermons as a sample." He did so as we walked along some quiet streets, the subject being "Moses' Choice;" and truly, his elocution was good, matter interesting, and style captivating, which made me feel sorry that a man of such good talents should remain unemployed. But alas! what are gifts without graces? Learning that he had no money, I gave him a trifling sum towards supplying his immediate necessities, for which he seemed thankful, and we shook hands together in High Holborn and parted. But lo! this was not all, for the same missionary gentleman who had invited me to the meeting, and who was well acquainted with his history, shortly afterwards informed me that my ministerial friend had kept back a part of the truth from me; for while it was quite correct that he had for many years belonged to the noble array of gospel ministers, yet he had fallen out of the ranks through the love of strong drink; was a drunkard still, and thus his poverty had been brought about by his own fault. I have not heard anything about him since. Similar cases abound, as I shall presently show.

Leaving these out of the question, it is quite true, as my own experience has satisfactorily proved to me, that there are thousands of cases of honest poverty, people whose distress has not been brought about by any fault of theirs, but from common and unavoidable circumstances which may happen to anyone moving in the same walk of life. Slackness of trade, personal and domestic affliction, death of friends, and various other circumstances may bring about the bitter distress in which many worthy members of society may be involved; besides which, the earnings of many of these people are very small, and, even when in full employment, barely sufficient to keep a home and purchase the common necessaries of life; what, then, must it be to them when deprived of a part or the whole of their scant earnings, the only means of the support of themselves and families? The following case has just been related to me by a City missionary in my district in Bethnal-green. It is concerning a woman who lives in Gibraltar Walk, which place I also often visit. Her age is seventy-three; by trade a tent-maker; has worked twenty-nine years for one firm; income 4s. 6d. per week, which is expended thus—rent, 2s. 6d; fire and light, 1s., leaving 1s. per week to live on, or seven farthings per day. How spent: bread, 4½d.; coffee, 1½d.; butter, 1¼d.; meat and vegetables,

1¾d.; twopennyworth of bones for Sunday's dinner; sells the bones for ½d; tea and sugar, 1½d. Short rations, indeed! The good missionary has been the means of procuring her sixpence and a loaf, which is now weekly added to her scanty pittance.

I find that thousands of the poor people of Bethnal-green and neighbourhood are wholly unable to rise to better positions in society because of the insuperable barrier which want of education places in their way. Not that I would at all depreciate them on that account; for as a result of nearly five years' acquaintance with the Shoreditch people and their surroundings, I am very pleased to state that, though poor, yet as a class they are honest, industrious, and intelligent. Their disposition towards me is friendly, and the number of my customers would be greatly increased if the people were only able to read my books, which alas! numbers are not. Mount-street, in the centre of my district, with its adjoining courts containing probably some five or six hundred families, at least, has very few adult readers; indeed, it would be a task for me to find a dozen adults able to read. This is a specimen of many other streets and courts in the neighbourhood. But even this is not the worst; for the juvenile population which are now everywhere being taught, have great temptations placed in their way in the shape of the bad literature with which the neighbourhood is flooded. Much of this is polluting in the extreme; but having referred to it already in a brief article written a short time ago, I need not here repeat what I there stated. A painful case as to the influence of infidel literature has lately come under my notice. The best way of dealing with it, especially by the young inexperienced Christian, is to let it altogether alone.

Intemperance is another great evil, and a cause—indeed, I may say a leading cause—of the misery and wretchedness which abounds. I do not think that the East-end is worse than any other part of London in this respect, though it may be more manifest, inasmuch as the facilities for hiding the shame, degradation, and crime resulting from drunkenness are less than in more respectable parts. The curse of intemperance is universal, and its effects are seen in every class of society; no age, rank, or position is proof against its blighting influence. I myself have not only witnessed street quarrels and fighting by drunken men in the street, but have several times come across females lying dead drunk on the pavement. One woman that I used to visit I sometimes found lying on a heap of rags in a corner of her room helplessly drunk, and cursing at a fearful rate. That the great evil and suffering proceeding from this great masterpiece of Satan is not confined to the poor, the following extract from the *Daily News*, written by Mr. G. R. Sims, abundantly proves. He says:—"Come to a common lodging-house and see what class of people fill the beds at fourpence a night. Poor labourers? Yes. Loafers and criminals? Yes. But hundreds of men who have once been in first-class positions, and who have had every chance of doing well, are to be found there also. For my purpose I will merely take the cases which have drifted to the slum lodging-house through drink. The following have all recently passed through one common lodging-house in one of the most notorious slums in London:—

"A paymaster of the Royal Navy. Two men who had been college

chums at Cambridge, and met accidentally here one night, both in the last stage of poverty; one of them had kept a pack of hounds, and succeeded to a large fortune. A physician's son, himself a doctor, when lodging here sold fuses in the Strand. A clergyman, who had taken high honours: last seen in the Borough, drunk, followed by jeering boys. A commercial traveller and superintendent of a Sunday-school. A member of the Stock Exchange, found to be suffering from *delirium tremens;* he was removed to the workhouse. The brother of a clergyman and scholar of European repute died eventually in this slum; his friends had exhausted every effort to reclaim him; he left a wife and three beautiful children living in a miserable den in the neighbourhood,—the wife drinking herself to death; children rescued by friends, and provided for."

A brother of a vicar of a large London parish died in the workhouse.

These are all cases which have passed through one common lodging-house. What would the others show had we the same opportunity of knowing their customers? These people have all been forced back on a rookery through drink. Sober, they need never have sunk so low as that. Now come from the lodging-house into the hovels—the places wher men, women, and children herd together like animals. To one fearful court we trace a former master in a celebrated college, a Fellow of the Royal Society. To another, a lieutenant in the army, who ekes out a miserable drunken existence as a begging-letter impostor. Among the tenants of houses that are in the last stage of dilapidation and dirt we find the sons of officers in the army and navy, of contractors, and wealthy tradesmen. Some of them are waterside labourers, and one is the potman of a low beer-shop. Perhaps the most dreadful case that has drifted to this slum is the wife of a west-end physician, who became one of the lowest outcasts of the neighbourhood, and died in the workhouse. Mr. Sims says that he could multiply instances like these, but there is no necessity. When I myself first came to London I was strongly recommended to hear a young minister in a celebrated west-end chapel, whose talents were of a high order. He was a fluent speaker, rich in matter, and fervent in style; I felt it to be quite a privilege to hear him. Only a few months afterwards that same young minister who bade fair for great usefulness was quietly suspended from his office as pastor of that important and influential church. For what cause? The intoxicating cup! What became of him afterwards I do not know. When shall this dreadful engine of mischief and destruction be removed from our midst? Not till the breweries, distilleries, gin-palaces, public-houses, beer-shops, licensed groceries, &c., where it is sold are closed, or converted into channels of usefulness. May the happy period soon arrive! Let us all do our best to bring it about.

The condition of many of the dwelling-places of the poor is another barrier to their progress and improvement. In the work of demolition and rebuilding in an improved state there are many—houses shall we call them? Nay, they are miserable hovels which are a disgrace to their owners, a blot on our civilization, and a scandal to public morality and common decency. These are let at an exorbitant rent, and crowded from floor to ceiling; many of the poor people being compelled to herd

together more like cattle than human beings. The number of families in some entire neighbourhoods very nearly corresponds with the number of the rooms in the houses, it being very rare for a family, however numerous, to occupy more than one room. When labouring as a missionary in the north-west of London eight years ago, I well remember regularly visiting a house containing sixteen rooms, with two small cottages at the back, each containing two rooms; each room was tenanted by one family, making a total of twenty families, or seventy-three persons of all ages. Quite a little colony this! nearly equal to the family of Jacob who emigrated to the land of Egypt, receiving a country many miles in extent as their portion. The missionary on my present district, before referred to, knows a house containing six rooms only, rented at £1 3s. 9d. per week, inhabited by six men, six women, and twenty-eight children—forty in all; one of the rooms is occupied by a man, his wife, and ten children. What a shameful overcrowding is here!

Had we time, other evils might be referred to as combining with those just named in producing and perpetuating the evils in our midst, viz., gambling, betting, card-playing, tobacco smoking; but we cannot enlarge on these at present, as we are anxious to turn our attention at once to a few remedies likely to bring about a better state of things. Firstly, we would heartily recommend the systematic visitation of the people in their homes. The apostles not only taught publicly, but from "house to house." This is a work requiring great faith and courage, and in which none but those who have the people's best interests at heart will for any length of time persevere. But though discouragements may be great, and difficulties immense, such a measure of success must ultimately be realized as shall cause the visitor greatly to rejoice and thank God. The Rev. J. A. Styleman Herring, vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, held a meeting in the early part of February in the present year, on Twenty-five Years' Work among the London Poor. He said he had paid some fifty thousand visits, knelt beside three thousand death-beds, preached seven hundred times in the open air, and was engaged on the "Clerkenwell Explosion," "Princess Alice Disaster," and other Relief Committees. After defining who are the poor, he proceeded to show that London, the previous week, supported ninety-three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven paupers; three-fifths of these were "indoor," which in Holborn Union cost 9s. 11½d. each per week, against 1s. 6d. for "outdoor." He spoke in favour of the compulsory setting apart of some of the wages for times of necessity, and praised the poor for enrolling themselves in Burial and other Societies. He said that the number of public-houses and drinking saloons should be greatly diminished. He rejoiced at the righteous outcry about the dwellings of the poor, and predicted much good as the result.

In visiting, especially the sick and aged, let a portion of God's Word be read, suitable remarks made, and prayer offered; only let the visit be short. I remember on one occasion making eight-and-twenty visits, in each of which I read the Scripture with comments, and offered prayer, and all in the morning and afternoon of the day. My present work as colporteur being of a more diversified character, does not leave me so much time for reading and praying with the people; still this is engaged

in as opportunity serves. There are, of course, many cases in which this duty cannot possibly be carried out, viz., in visiting shop-keepers, those employed in warehouses, etc. ; but with these a standing conversation may be sometimes advantageously held ; I have seen some deeply affected when dealt with in this way. Tracts, too, in many cases, have effected great good. In the work of visitation, temporal relief, when judiciously administered, may be made a great blessing both to receiver and giver ; but this is only in the power of a few. The rich have fine facilities for work in this direction, which I am happy to observe are utilized by a few, but much more needs to be done.

Secondly, better dwellings are urgently needed. I am glad that public attention is now being so earnestly directed to this important question. The subject was recently discussed in the House of Lords, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales being one of the speakers, and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the dwellings of the working-classes, and report thereon. In connection with better houses improved sanitary arrangements are needed—much better ventilation, for instance ; for a good supply of pure air is beyond all price. In some places a more copious supply of water is needed, though it is quite true that many neglect to use the supply they have. The trio of soap, water, and the juvenile face need to be brought into more frequent contact, and the people's homes need the same means to render them sweet, clean, and pure.

Thirdly, I have already referred to the simple tract as a means of doing good ; more especially is this the case with the wide distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and religious books in general, by means of the admirable and well-tried system of Colportage. Of course we refer to the sale rather than the gift of the book, our uniform experience being that anything bought will be more likely to be prized and read even among the poor than that which cost them nothing. Our own particular work is a mighty moral lever, and already has been blessed with wonderful success in the work of uplifting and saving the multitude. I cannot indeed conceive of a more useful work than this for bringing about the intellectual and spiritual advancement of the people. Were means forthcoming, both Great Britain and the continent might speedily be evangelized by means of this valuable agency for good.

Fourthly, and lastly, the most important thing after all is to get the people converted. Can this be effected ? Yes. How ? By the use of divinely appointed means, which means are the publication of the gospel accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit. Is it quite possible thoroughly to evangelize whole neighbourhoods and convert the lowest, worst, and most depraved of both sexes by these means ? More than possible ; quite certain. All over London ? Yes; all over the world. What guarantee have we that this will be done ? The word and oath of the great Jehovah himself, who has solemnly promised, saying, " As truly as I live, saith Jehovah, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

Old Bibles and their Associations.

FROM what we can learn directly from historians, and infer from copies of the Bible which have descended to our own time, it would seem that the old British Church honoured the custom of allowing the common people to read the Word in their own tongue. The first copies brought into the country, of which no specimens remain, would be Greek and Latin manuscripts, the Latin language being introduced during the occupation of the Romans.. After the original conquerors had departed, however, a good deal more was done in the way of translation than at first sight appears. There were Anglo-Saxon translations of some portions of the Scriptures; and it was not until the Latin Vulgate came into vogue with the landing of Augustine that the common people were really cut off from access to the Word. There is in the British Museum a beautifully written copy of the gospels which is twelve centuries old. That was formerly called St. Cuthbert's Book, and as the monks who originally had it in possession had no settled home, on one occasion the precious book was dropped into the sea, but happily it was recovered on the next morning, when it was found on the beach. That there is some truth in this legend is apparent from the fact that traces of salt water are still discernible on the leaves. Indeed, every one of these old manuscripts or printed volumes has a history, which, if it could only be known, would show that there is more romance in real life than there is in the weaker inventions of fiction.

The Romish prejudice against reading the Scriptures was one of gradual growth, and was of course an outcome of priestcraft. Even in what are called the Dark Ages, or as late as the time of Wickliffe, there were devout readers of the Word who naturally thought that they were conferring benefit on their fellow-parishioners by bequeathing copies of the Bible for chaining to reading-desks in churches. Thus, in 1378, a chancellor of the church at York left such a manuscript to the parish of St. Nicholas, Newcastle. About the same time, an Abbot of Wearmouth had three copies written out at his own expense, one of which he sent as a present to the Pope, and the other two he gave to as many churches, so that "all who desired to read any chapter in either Testament might be able to find at once what they desired." Similar anxiety to read the sacred writings was manifest at other times and in other places. King Edgar in the tenth century, though he is a favourite with chroniclers of Romish tendencies, sent the Bible abroad into every county of his kingdom so that all might read.

There are in Europe a number of old manuscript Bibles written on palm leaves. There was one of these curiosities at Gottingen, another at Copenhagen, while in the Hans Sloane collection of a former day there were at least a score of MSS. of the same material. Five or six thousand palm leaves are required for a complete copy of the Scriptures.

That the Bible has been valued in all ages by a greater number of persons than we suspect is plainly evident to those who have given the subject any attention. In the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassini, near Naples, are several manuscript copies more than a thousand years old. Those who have studied the manners and customs of the Dark

Ages are aware that copies of the Scriptures still survive which were once the chief treasures of their possessors in those times.

When printing was invented, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the first-fruits of the new invention were seen in the production of the Latin Bible. "It is a very striking circumstance," remarks Hallam, "that the high-minded inventors of this art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowned myriad of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of heaven."

John Gutenberg, the printer of this now almost priceless book, was born in 1410, and he died in penury in 1468. He invented an art which would effect mighty revolutions as well as confer the most amazing benefits on mankind; but, commercially, printing was not as yet remunerative, for there was no constituency who dared to purchase books on any large scale. Even while the printing of the great Bible was proceeding, the plant of the office was mortgaged to one John Faust, eight hundred guilders having been advanced to ensure the work being completed by August, 1455. Gutenberg's *chef d'œuvre* is one of the few printed books which could compete in point of commercial value with the Tyndale Testament at Bristol.

On very rare occasions a copy of Gutenberg's folio Bible in two volumes is seen in the market; but competition among would-be purchasers so raises the price that a purchaser is almost sure to have the best of the bargain should he be disposed to sell again. The late Duke of Sussex possessed a copy, which formerly belonged to Mr. J. Perry, editor of *The Morning Chronicle*. At the sale of his books the work realized what was supposed to be its full value—£195; but at a sale in 1858 this same copy went up to £595. We believe the latter is a small sum compared with what the price would be were a copy put up to auction to-day. For many reasons this is considered to be the most antique book in the world; for, as was stated in a catalogue of a quarter of a century ago: "Although in the annals of early typography there are many volumes of great interest, historically and locally, yet the present, as the first effort of the press for the promulgation of the Scriptures, must bear the palm over all others. That the work was printed with the view of selling it as a manuscript is almost beyond controversy. It was printed from type cut by the hand, made, most probably, as the work proceeded, in exact fac-simile of the letters of the manuscript, which it was intended to represent."

Caxton was not a Bible printer, but he translated and edited some portions of the historical books and parts of the gospels. Thus, "The Golden Legende, Conteynge the Lyves and Hystoryes taken out of the Byble, and Legendes of the Saints," is one of the rare prizes which collectors are eager to possess. It is the very first specimen of an English printed version of the sacred text. Genesis iii. 7 reads: "And thenne they toke fygge levys and sewed them togyder for to cover theyr membres in the maner of breches." Thus the Genevan, or

"Breeches" Bible, was not the originator of a phrase which has given it a name.

A sumptuous edition of the Bible, printed in 1717, is called the Vinegar Bible, consequent on a misprint in the running title of Luke xx., where "the parable of the vinegar" occurs for "the parable of the vineyard."

The first entire Bible printed in England was that which we recognise as Coverdale's, sent forth in 1535. In itself one of the rarest of books, there are secrets connected with its production which the annals of typography will never reveal. Though both Tyndale and Coverdale are supposed to have had some share in the work, when, or by whom it was printed, nobody knows. Speaking at the time of a copy which was sold for £190 in 1857, *The Literary Gazette* remarked: "The possession of a fragment only of our earliest Bible has always been a *sine qua non* with Biblical collectors, and the prices paid for such fragments, ranging from £30 to £150, is the surest test of the difficulty experienced in procuring even these. The present is a most desirable copy, but having the preliminary leaves folios 1, 2, 5, 6 in Genesis, the last seven leaves of Revelation, and the maps in wonderful fac-simile by Harris. When it is remembered that no perfect copy as yet is known, and that the Earl of Leicester's is the only one with the title, we need not be surprised at the late Mr. Lea Wilson, who possessed one with title and first leaf of dedication in fac-simile, offering £100 to any person furnishing him the original title, and the like sum for the next leaf, or that he did not live to see the accomplishment of his earnest desire to be the possessor of the first complete copy. At his death, his copy passed into the hands of Mr. Dunn Gardner, at whose sale on July 7th, 1854, despite the fac-similes, it produced £365." All the original copies of Bibles issued during the reign of Henry VIII. realize high prices.

Some years ago, on the occasion of a visit to Bristol, we happened to be inspecting the treasures of the library of the Baptist College, where a number of old Bibles are preserved, every one of which has some exceptionally interesting facts associated with its history, when in due course we came to the Phœnix of the whole collection—the perfect copy of the Tyndale Testament of 1525. Of course, the reader will not suppose that this unique treasure was permitted to occupy a place on a common shelf, like ordinary books, nor that it was even readily accessible to any curiosity-hunter who might be inclined to handle it and turn over its royal leaves. Those who desired to inspect the book had to make their wishes known to the authorities in charge; and then, by way of response, forth came the chief professor with the key of a fire-proof safe, from the innermost recesses of which he presently brought forth the book that is supposed to be worth as large a sum of money as any printed book in the world. Well may this be the case when the specimen is not only one of the earliest specimens of Bible-printing in English, but is absolutely the only perfect copy known to exist of the edition it represents.

The incidents of Tyndale's life were formerly so obscure that bibliographers could not tell with certainty how many editions of the New Testament the Reformer printed on the Continent before his martyrdom,

in 1536. The first edition, in quarto, with glosses, was partly printed at Cologne, and finished at Worms in 1525; the second edition appeared a few months after the first at Worms, without glosses, in 12mo, and this is represented by the Bristol copy; but there was a third edition at Antwerp in 1526, and before modern research had made the matter clear, the Bristol copy was supposed to be one of the latter. A fragment of the first edition, containing thirty-two leaves, is in the Grenville Library; and it is certainly a wonder that even such remnants of these copies are preserved when the keen-scentedness and ceaseless activity of sixteenth century Bible-burners are taken into account. Times were when the book which Dr. Gotch brought forth from the great safe would have been burned by the hangman with others in a huge bonfire, no one suspecting that a single copy, which escaped the sacrilege, would eventually represent a value in money sufficient to purchase a respectable estate.

But the history of the individual book which the Bristol trustees are sufficiently fortunate to possess is in itself remarkable. In the times of Queen Anne it used to be a fashionable pastime on Saturday afternoons for those who possessed the leisure and the means, to walk abroad in London in search of antique treasures belonging to literature or art, which were then more common, as well as much cheaper, than in these days of keen competition among collectors. An industrious collector of those times was Harley, Earl of Oxford, one of whose agents happened to bag the Tyndale Testament now to be seen at Bristol; and though the then high price of ten guineas was given for the book, Harley's fine taste enabled him so far to appreciate the worth of the treasure, that he allowed the man who had bought it a pension of £20 a-year for having rendered so signal a service. When the Earl died in 1741, everything connected with literature in England was at the lowest ebb; and Osborne, a bookseller who purchased the ex-minister's collection for £13,000, employed Samuel Johnson, the future great doctor, to write a preface to the catalogue. Ignorant of the value of the book which had come into his possession, Osborne put it down at fifteen shillings, describing it as "The New Testament, black-letter, ruled with red lines, and all the initial letters at the beginning of each book, representing the subject finely coloured; as likewise all the capital letters to each chapter throughout the book adorned with different colours, and raised with gold; neatly bound in red morocco." The fifteen shillings asked was speedily tendered by Mr. Joseph Ames, of Wapping, who was extremely delighted at securing "the first English Testament that ever was printed." The sale of Mr. Ames's library took place in 1760, when a bookseller named Whyte gave £15 4s. 6d. for the book. In 1776 it passed into the possession of Dr. A. Gifford, who eagerly gave £21 for the prize. The latter, as a Baptist, bequeathed his library to the College at Bristol, and the Tyndale Testament having been among the collection, it has now remained there for a hundred years.

G. H. P.

Encouraging Superstition.

THE following story is related in a book entitled "Round my House: Notes on Rural Life in France in Peace and War." By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.) The author says that he tells the anecdote because of its deep significance, and because of the light it throws upon the relation of the Church of Rome to popular superstition.

"A peasant girl, called Annette, who lived on a farm quite close to our house, was in the habit of drawing water at a well which happened to be situated near a lane. As this lane serves for a communication between several farms, and also connects them with the high road, a good many people use it. Well, this girl was drawing water at six o'clock on a very misty October morning, when some one gave her a hearty slap on the back, said '*Bon jour, Annette!*' in a cheery voice, and immediately disappeared in the misty twilight. What inference would the reader draw from this incident? He will conclude, at once, that some lad, belonging to a neighbouring farm, who knew Annette, had amused himself by giving her this greeting, and by disappearing in the mist before she could discover who he was. The vigorous slap on the back is evidence enough that the greeting came from a living human being, and not from an impalpable shade. This, however, was not Annette's interpretation of the incident. She told the story with evident accuracy as to the facts, but interpreted them as follows: the person who had said '*Bon jour, Annette!*' was not a living human being, but a ghost, the ghost of her own father, and the reason why he came to say '*Bon jour!*' in such an unexpected manner was that he was very uncomfortable in purgatory. This made the girl quite wretched. My wife tried to reason with her, adopting the obvious line of argument that, in the first place, the greeting had nothing of sadness in it, and, in the next place, that it had been accompanied by a good slap on the back, which a living lad might easily give, but a ghost not so easily. These arguments, however, proved utterly vain. The girl remained inconsolable all day, and in the evening went to seek comfort from the parish priest. Now the priest, instead of taking the rational side, and correcting the absurd superstition of which the girl was a victim, instinctively preferred to take the superstitious side. He accepted the incident as a real visitation from the dead, confirmed the girl's interpretation of it with the immense weight of his ecclesiastical authority, and told her that as she had now plain proof that her father's soul was unhappy she ought to have masses said for its repose."

When religious guides encourage superstition it is a grave fault. There is enough of the natural ore in most ignorant hearts, but it is a great pity that either priest or minister should go mining for it. If teachers smile upon miracles, they will soon have miracles to smile upon. We have heard of an instance of an ecclesiastic in high places, who said to a friend, "We shall have no miracles this year;" meaning that for certain reasons he intended to set his face against them, and so put an end to them. No doubt the crop of Papal wonders depends entirely upon the gentlemen with shaven crowns.

There is room even in England, and among Protestants, for a word

or two upon this subject. Our own observation makes us sadly aware that a superstitious belief in dreams, and visions, and voices, is not yet extinct; and we fear it will not be while some who should know better give a measure of encouragement to it. Not so very long ago, we were asked to interpret a good lady's dream, which struck her as very important. Its principal feature was a man whose head she could not see, but she could hear the dropping of blood. When we placed the ridiculous vision in its true light, as the result of a nightmare, or of indigestion, we fell in her esteem from the position of a prophet to that of an ignoramus. We heard afterwards that her own minister had given her a highly spiritual interpretation of the nonsense, and thereby raised himself in the lady's esteem. He was a ———, no, we will not mention the denomination to which he belonged; but we are half afraid that in that body there are not a few brethren who are prepared to endorse popular superstitions, or at least to utilize them for good purposes, smiling while they do so. The less of this the better. The error may seem trivial, but the outgrowth of it may be most mischievous. The belief in witchcraft would not still linger in our villages if all preachers of the gospel set their faces like a flint against it. We may never feel safe with regard to the inflammable material of superstition which remains in the human breast even in times of scepticism; at any hour it may serve as tinder for a new Mormonism, or some other form of wild fanaticism. There are not lacking portentous signs at this moment. What some have hailed as hopeful we have had reason to dread. Once or twice within the last dozen years the church at large has escaped from a fever of fanaticism by a hair's breadth, and the peril ought not to be perpetuated by unrebuked ignorance. C. H. S.

Little Boats Helping Big Ships.

A MENTONE MEDITATION.—BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

THE windows of the charming villa at which we stayed during the last fortnight of our happy sojourn at Mentone overlooked the harbour, in which a few small French and Italian coasting vessels and fishing or pleasure-boats find a safe anchorage or mooring. Any afternoon, when the sky becomes clouded, and the wind makes the sea-dogs show their white teeth, there may be seen, in the offing, schooners or brigantines with all sails set, straining their utmost to reach the shelter of the port before the sun disappears behind the lofty mountains which form the first line of the Maritime Alps. As soon as the incoming vessels are within sight, boats, manned by sturdy rowers, pull out to meet them, in the hope of earning a few francs by piloting and tugging them within the protection of the pier. Some captains refuse the proffered help, or decline it until they have tried and failed to bring in their barques without assistance. Occasionally a fair wind will enable the mariner to sail right into the harbour, but as a general rule the help of the boats is at once accepted, and slowly but surely the desired haven is reached. For a schooner, one boat is sufficient; but larger craft usually have one on either side of the vessel's bows. If stormy weather is prevailing or anticipated, the ships remain in their snug

quarters for days at a time, and sometimes, of course, they come to load or unload their cargoes here; but when they are ready for sea, and the wind is propitious, the boats are again in requisition to take them out far enough to catch the breeze which will speed them on their way.

These ships and boats are pictures of what can be constantly witnessed on life's ocean. Many a gallant barque will never be able to enter the port of holiness unless it receives the help of a little boat, and many a noble vessel will have to accept similar assistance at the beginning of its voyage if it is ever to sail safely and gaily over the sea of time.

People who are like the conies of the rock, a feeble folk, may yet be of much service to those who are in many respects far greater and stronger than themselves. NAAMAN was commander-in-chief of the host of the king of Syria, a great man with his master, and honourable, and a mighty man in valour, *but he was a leper*. Through this terrible affliction he lay, like some huge disabled Spanish galleon, becalmed, and unable to move an inch towards the much-desired port of health. Is there any little boat within hail? Is there any means of bringing this big ship out of this sad condition? Yes; for in Naaman's household there was *an Israelitish maiden*, who told her mistress of the prophet in Samaria, who could cure him of his leprosy. With the royal standard flying in the breeze, and favouring gales speeding it along, the great vessel was soon seen sailing into the longed-for haven; but a foul occurred, there was what threatened to be a fatal obstacle in the way, and all seemed likely to be lost. Another little boat came alongside, friendly voices pointed out the wise and safe course, their advice was accepted, and presently, without even waiting for a day in quarantine, the ship lay at rest in the harbour as peacefully as an infant upon its mother's breast.

Nearly a thousand years afterwards, SAUL, of Tarsus, was plunging on headlong, like a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction, with rudder gone, compass broken, chart defective, and a thick fog all around, through which neither sun, nor moon, nor stars shone for the space of three days. A little pilot-boat was sent out to look for the water-logged and dismasted hulk, that floated, like a derelict, upon the stormy waves, and through the mist and darkness these unexpected but not unwelcome words rang out from the pilot's speaking-trumpet, "Brother Saul!" The big ship was taken in tow, and presently was safely in dock, to be cleaned, refitted, and sent out as a vessel of mercy, prepared unto glory. At a later period in its history the good ship was again in difficulties; for being sent away from Damascus lest it should be destroyed, it sought to enter the harbour of Jerusalem, but the guns of the ecclesiastical fortifications frowned upon it, and were about to blow it to pieces as though it had been a pirate, when once more a little boat came to its assistance, and towed it safely into the desired port. The Scriptures thus describe the scene: "When Saul was come to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But *Barnabas* took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem."

Many a child has spoken the word which has decided a man to follow the Lord; and many a weak worker for Christ has led to him those who have been far more influential than themselves. We know little of Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, but the fact that he brought to Jesus that impetuous, fiery, outspoken brother of his will ever make his name fragrant in the whole Christian church.

The woman of Samaria, who came to Jacob's well at Sychar, while Jesus sat there, did not look a very likely instrument to be used by the Saviour as a home-missionary. Yet that little black boat, with an ugly name and a dubious character, was the means of piloting quite a fleet of ships into the haven of rest in Christ. "Many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did." "And many more believed because of his own word." The Lord can use the feeblest agents for the accomplishment of his divine purposes; therefore, if we are only like little boats, let us not lie idly in the harbour, but pull away with a will to tug in or out any vessel that may need our services.

This towing and piloting business is no child's play. The men engaged in it must be well acquainted with the state of the tide, the set of the current, the rocks to be avoided, and the channel in which the ship will be safe. I remember reading of a river-pilot, on a steam-boat, to whom a passenger said, "I suppose you know every rock in the river." "No, I don't," he replied. "Then," said the other, "how can you tell where to steer the vessel?" "Why, *I know where the deep water is.*" Just so, and that is quite enough to qualify a man, or even a child, to be one of the heavenly pilots. He may not know all the rocks, and shoals, and quicksands on which doubters, cavillers, sceptics, or infidels make spiritual shipwreck; but if he knows where the deep water is he is fully entitled to a certificate, and he may at once engage in the happy work of bringing others into the gospel Fair Havens, or towing them forth as they start on their voyage towards the port of eternal glory. Writing of deep water, reminds me of an incident connected with a recent storm in the North Sea. A Dutch "cooper" was trading among a number of Hull and Grimsby fishing-smacks on the north-west side of the Dogger Bank. Seeing indications of the approaching bad weather, the master of the Dutch vessel remarked that he would go across the Bank for shelter, and accordingly left the fleet of fishing-smacks. When the storm was over, the Dutch "cooper" returned, altogether unharmed. He had gone across to the deep water on the south-east side of the Bank, and there escaped the violence of the tremendous seas that made such havoc among the fishing-vessels. The captain of the "cooper" was a very wise man, and they who spiritually follow his example will do well. Oh, what safety there is in the deep water of the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure! What depths couching beneath are there in the unfathomed ocean of the Father's eternal love, the Son's atoning sacrifice, and the Spirit's gracious influence! He who knows where these deep waters are need not trouble himself to find the tortuous channels cut by ancient folly or modern thoughtlessness, whatever fine names may be given to them in the hope of deceiving the unwary.

But this is a digression from our subject, and we will, therefore, return to our Mentonese boatmen.

To tow a ship either into or out of the harbour is hard work. The strong rowers have to strain every muscle to the utmost, and put forth all their powers as they bend to the oar, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; and even then their progress is sometimes extremely slow—the vessel seems to lie upon the water like a huge, immovable log. Occasionally, when wind and tide have been against them, it has looked as though they must abandon the task; but by persistent toil they have at last succeeded in bringing in the ship where she can lie at anchor in perfect safety. In like manner, those who devote themselves to the work of soul-piloting must be prepared for severe and trying toil. They must expect disappointments and failures, and will need to exercise considerable patience and perseverance if success is at last to crown their efforts.

This piloting work, also, is very remunerative; at least, it is so in British waters, whatever it may be here in the Mediterranean. I have heard of a pilot, or master of a tug, demanding and receiving what appeared to be an enormous amount for his help in bringing a vessel into the harbour. Those who have done most business in heavenly pilotage declare that it is the best paying employment in the world. The gratitude of a saved soul, to the one who has been made the instrument of his salvation, is a greater reward than the highest earthly honours. The Apostle Paul, writing to his Thessalonian converts, said, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

Go on with your good work, little boats! Sunday-school teachers, village and open-air preachers, tract distributors, sick visitors, flower-mission workers, and all other toilers for Christ, persevere in your blessed occupation of piloting souls into the harbour of rest in Christ, or towing them out to the ocean across which they shall sail in safety to the haven of eternal felicity. Are there any little boats that are neglecting this Christ-like occupation? If so, what is the reason? One says, "I am such a tiny cockle-shell, what use can I be?" See what others like you have done, and go thou and do likewise. "But the big ships will look down with contempt upon my little craft." Never mind if they do. They have despised others for a time, but afterwards have been glad to accept their help; and if you only persevere they will welcome your assistance also.

When the little boats have towed the big ships either into or out of the harbour, they leave them at their moorings, or speeding across the sea, and go back to their own places in the port until their services are again required. In this respect, also, they furnish a good model for Christian workers. Some find it easy to do the tugging and towing and toiling, but they are not so well pleased when they have to retire into the obscurity from which they were temporarily called; yet those who are to be of use to the Master ought to be quite as willing to glorify him by doing nothing as by actively labouring in his service. After a certain time the boats would be rather a hindrance than a help to the vessels, and those who have aided others in beginning the voyage towards heaven may do them the greatest favour by leaving them to pursue their way alone. Although the boatmen rest awhile after their

heavy tasks are accomplished, they are not idle, but are on the look-out for another ship that needs their help. Thus should it be with Christians. While we are ready to come to the front when there is work to be done, or to retire to the rear when we are no longer wanted, we should ever be on the watch for souls as those that must give account, and while waiting for the next opportunity of serving the Lord, should present some such petition as this:—

"Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand, and heart, and nerve,
All thy bidding to fulfil;
Open thou mine eyes to see
All the work thou hast for me."

A Double Birthday.

HOW well I remember it! Seventeen years of age; just too old to ask that a birthday party might be kept, and just young enough to expect it; but nothing was said, and instead of having a merry party, all my friends went to hear two men preach the gospel. One was an ex-clergyman of the parish, whom we all held in honour, for he had given up his position in the Church of England upon conscientious convictions, born of reading the Bible and mixing with us Nonconformists. The other was an evangelist, who had accompanied him to give a short address at the meeting. Long had I determined to be a Christian, but could not. Again and again I had tried to change my life, but all to no purpose. I had well-nigh thought it an impossibility that I could ever become a believer in Christ.

Disappointed, sad, and sorrowful, I crept slowly up to the meeting-place, thinking that as there was no birthday party I might while away the time there. The ex-clergyman gave out his text, Romans viii. 1—"There is therefore now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus." I took very little notice of what he said, for I was not *in Christ*, and therefore it did not concern me. About the only things that struck me were his earnestness and his habit of constantly shutting his eyes while speaking. But when his friend—tall, bony, commanding, arose, *there was something for me;* his text was John iii. 18—"He that believeth not is *condemned already*." Never shall I forget how I trembled as with stern, censorious voice he declared that "*every unbeliever in that room was condemned already*." "*The wrath of God*" *was abiding upon them.* I wished with all my heart he would leave off, or speak more softly, but on he went, telling us of his visit to a man in a condemned cell. I can to this day see the prison-gates, keepers, corridors, and "*the cell*" in which the pale-faced man sat, with his head bowed down, buried in his hands, sobbing bitterly.

On and on the preacher went, like an awful tornado to me, carrying everything before it. I would have run out, but dared not. I would have hidden behind some one else, but could not. I would freely have sacrificed all my birthday presents than have come there that night. Then, to crown all, the speaker said, "All you that are in Christ hold up your right hand." Could I do this? No! With hands up all

round me, he said, "Keep your hands up, friends, while I pray for those whose hands are down." And pray he did. Deeper and deeper was "the iron of conviction" sent into my heart.

The service closed; the doors were opened; the people passed out; but to my horror there stood "the thunderer" at the door, shaking hands and speaking to all as they passed out. How could I manage to get by him? Had there been another door I would have rushed out that way; but pass him I must. Seeing him in deep conversation with a young friend, I ventured to push by as hurriedly as I could, but the long arm was outstretched, and the big bony hand had hold of mine almost before I knew it. "Do you love Jesus, my dear young fellow?" said he. What could I say? I was an unbeliever. I was condemned already. I was in the condemned cell. "No; I don't think I do," I said. He pleaded with me to give my heart to the Saviour. I would have scampered off, but my hand was in a "vice," nor was it liberated until he had told me of a boy he saw drowning, who clutched at a rope thrown to him, and so was saved, advising me, as a *sinking sinner*, to lay hold of Christ.

Then the strong hand opened, and away I fled, *of all lads the most miserable.* Never before had I spent such an evening, much less upon a *birthday.* Right above my head, as in letters of fire, the words seemed written, "The wrath of God abideth upon him." Home was reached, supper was laid; my appetite was gone. My bed I entered, but not to sleep.

Thinking over in my unhappy state all that had passed, I distinctly remembered that during the address of "the son of thunder" (for this he certainly was), he said, "I sometimes liken the poor, burdened sinner to my hand here (the left hand), with this book (his Bible) upon it. He is loaded with sin; his sin is daily pressing him down and down (his hand slowly lowered); he cannot rise to heaven with this load upon him, and if it is not removed it will sink him to hell." As I lay there in bed I felt just as he had described the poor sinner. Then, putting out his other hand beside the one "heavily laden," he said, "Let this hand represent Jesus; he has no load of sin—'he knew no sin.' If he was not a sinner, tell me why he suffered as though he were the biggest sinner in the world? For this reason—'He bare our sins in his own body on the tree,' 1 Peter ii. 24. *Our sins*, mind, for he had none of his own." Here the book on the left hand, the sinner, was transferred to the right hand, Christ. "Now, look," said he, "'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all,' Isaiah liii. 6. Your sin, then, is laid on Jesus. What did Jesus do with it? '*He made an end of sin;*'" and away went the book out of sight. Both hands were then presented without "the load of sin." "There," said he, "you are free; Christ is free. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." I saw it now as clear as noonday: the load had gone from my heart. I sat up in bed to praise the Lord; and now, instead of beholding the *words of fire* above me, I saw the angels ascending to heaven with the news, "A soul is born again."

Thus my natural and spiritual birth date from the same day of the month, and I was "born from above," became a child of God, a joint-heir with Christ, on my seventeenth birthday. F. E. B.

At the Prayer-meeting; or Dead.

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN AT A TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETING BY PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON.

I HAVE just lost one of the members of my church at Croydon. When I first went there she was an intemperate woman; and the sad part of her life's story would be very painful indeed. It must be now some ten years ago that, completely poverty-stricken through her drinking habits, though she had a little amount coming in regularly, she was almost starving She had reduced herself to the utmost want, and then she resolved, very wisely, that she would become a teetotaller. Signing the pledge, she became a new woman; she came to the house of prayer, the grace of God reached her heart, and from that time she was always at the chapel whenever the doors were opened. I used to tell her that I thought she really lived on the premises.

There never was a prayer-meeting held without Mrs. W—— being present. Whether I was there or not, she was. Once, about six months ago, she was absent; but when I asked her where she had been, she said, "I came there, and put the books down, although I could not stop to the meeting." She had come to the chapel, and reported herself, and then gone off to see some one who was ill. That was the only time I ever knew her to be away from a prayer-meeting until last Sunday evening, when I missed her again. I asked my deacons if they had seen her, or heard anything of her, and they said, "We do not know where she is, but she was not with us last Friday night, at the prayer-meeting." I said that I was sure she was dead, for if she had been alive she would have been certain to have been at the prayer-meeting. Nobody questioned what I said. All felt with me that she would not have missed two consecutive prayer-meetings unless she had been dead, or too ill to leave her house. During the evening service one of the deacons went off to where she lived all by herself, and, not being able to make anybody hear, he obtained assistance, and broke into the house. There he found just what we expected; she was there, *upon her knees, dead*, in her little parlour, and she must have died in great suffering, and in the act of praying to God.

She was a remarkable character. She visited and gave away tracts in the worst street in Croydon, and she had a singularly happy way of getting hold of very wicked people, to whom she would tell the story of her own life, and say that she used to be just like them, but by the grace of God she had been converted, and that grace which had don so much for her could do the same for them. There is a story told as an instance of the pranks that used to be played upon her. A young man thought that he would frighten her; so he dressed himself up as nearly like the devil as his imagination enabled him to do, and when she knocked at his door, he opened it, and called out, "I am the devil," and began to shout at her. Without being at all alarmed, she quietly put on her glasses, and looked him up and down, and said, "You ain't the devil, you are only one of his children." I thought the old lady had the best of it that time. I asked her if she ever saw him again, and she replied, "Oh dear, no! He just put his head in, and went off."

We shall sorely miss her; our prayer-meetings will have a blank through Mrs. W——'s absence that we shall not easily make up. I hope some of you will be such constant attendants at the prayer-meeting that if you are absent twice we shall say of you, "I am sure our brother or sister must be dead," although we do not want to have you departing from us so suddenly as did our good friend at Croydon.

A Questionable Ingredient of Popularity.

"ONE-THIRD voice and personal presence, one-third selection of sensational topics, and one-third heresy," according to the Boston *Journal*, are the ingredients for making "a popular preacher." We are very much afraid that this is true in certain regions; and we are quite sure that some young preachers think so. The last third is the easiest ingredient to obtain, and so they make it secure. Any pretender can be heterodox: you need neither study, nor think, nor pray in order to surpass all others in this line. Notoriety can be gained at once by just being singular, and setting up to know better than those around you. Everybody will talk about you at once, and you can impress yourself upon their memories by saying something very cutting and impudent, and as nearly blasphemous as you dare to make it. But is this a noble ambition? Can this be the course of a man of God? We think not. Perish the popularity which comes by any doctrine but the truth, or by any means but that of solemn, earnest well-doing! Empty sensationalism perishes like the green herb, and heresy dies like a noxious weed; but the faithful preacher of the word shall be had in everlasting remembrance.—C. H. S.

Important Trifling.

DR. SHAW, the naturalist, was one day showing to a friend two volumes, in the British Museum, written by a Dutchman, upon the wings of a butterfly.

"The dissertation is rather voluminous, Sir, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor gravely; "but it is immensely important."

Immensely important to butterflies, and those of like character! So have we seen elaborate essays upon insignificant topics, marvellous discourses upon nothing.

> "Narcissus is the glory of his race,
> He talks of nothing with a flowing grace."

Would preachers who waste Sabbath hours by ornate discussions of trivialities give themselves time for reflection, they would be ashamed of thus throwing away their hearers' best wealth. We have something better to do than to listen to prettinesses on the Lord's-day. It is all very well for crickets to chirp when earthquakes are destroying cities, but for ministers to be polishing sentences when souls are being damned is horrible. We are overdone with butterfly-writers and butterfly-preachers at this time, and have need of more pens and voices consecrated in downright earnest to the awful needs of immortal souls.—C. H. S.

Little "Jack," the Orphan Boy.

BY E. H. BARTLETT.

THE subject of our narrative was received into the Stockwell Orphanage in the year 1869, when he was about seven years old. He was very diminutive for his age, and continued to be so up to the time of leaving the institution. In consequence, there was a difficulty as to his future occupation, but a kind Christian doctor, who is a friend of the institution, took him into his employ as errand-boy and page, and so the difficulty was overcome. The first time I saw him in his page's livery caused me much mirth. I was on my way to the Orphanage one Sabbath morning, when in the distance I saw a very small boy approaching, with a long row of bright silvered ball-shaped buttons down his jacket, and a tall hat on his head. To my surprise (as I did not then know that he had left the Orphanage) it proved to be little "Jack," who came up to me with an air of consequence, as though he had suddenly developed from a simple orphan boy into a miniature man. For a very considerable time I used regularly to meet our young friend, and give him a word of encouragement and advice, on my way to his old companions at the Orphanage; offering, as I went along, a silent prayer that he might never forsake that Saviour whom I had every reason to believe he trusted, and that one day he might be actively engaged in the Master's service. While at the Orphanage he used to gather together some of his fellow orphans on the stone steps of the schoolroom for a little prayer-meeting, and there, in the simplicity of childhood, many would tell out their wants into the ear of the Father of the fatherless. This meeting was known at the Orphanage as "Little Jack's prayer-meeting."

A few years later, to my great delight, I found that he had risen so high in the estimation of his earthly master that the "buttons" were put aside, and he was raised to the post of dispenser in the surgery. My satisfaction was of a higher nature when he himself told me that he had been baptised, and had joined a Christian church. The first part of my prayer having been answered, I now felt that there was great promise of the second part being honoured also. For this I had not to wait long, for one day, to my intense joy, he called at my house for a private interview, and unbosomed to me his ardent desire to become a missionary to the heathen of Africa. In this I counselled him, and put before him the many difficulties in the way, and urged him to make it a very serious matter of prayer. "This," he said, "I have done, and am convinced that it is a call from God." "If you go to Africa, under what auspices will you go?" "I shall go on my own account, for I have saved sufficient money to pay my passage, and to leave a few pounds in my pocket on landing." "But supposing no field of labour offers itself, whereby you can be supported in the work; what then?" "I have thought of all that, and have made up my mind that on landing I shall seek a situation as dispenser, and then devote all my spare time to the Master's service." "Do you not think it would be better to labour, first of all, among the heathen of your own land, for a while, to see how the Lord prospers you in the work?" "Yes, I think it would, but I do not know how to go about it." "If

you would like to enter upon such work, I will send you among the most heathenish inhabitants of this great city." "That is just the work I should like." "If by next Sabbath week you are of the same mind, after having made it a serious matter of prayer, come to me on that day, and I will arrange for you to enter upon the work."

On the appointed Sabbath he made his appearance, and, according to promise, I introduced him to a Christian brother who was labouring in the common lodging-houses in Mint Street, Borough, and its vicinity. The first Sabbath evening's work made him ardently long to be the means, in God's hands, of doing a soul-saving work among these poor outcasts of society. Soon he became known and loved by his fellow-workers, and also by those to whom he carried the bread of eternal life. So successful was he, that it was not long before he was unanimously invited to act on the Committee of the little Society which seeks to carry the gospel to these dens of wretchedness and sin. Finding that there were thousands who were starving, both spiritually and physically, he soon determined, with the help of his friends, to call together, at an early hour on the Sabbath morning, several hundreds of poor creatures, to whom a good substantial breakfast was given, after which the gospel was preached to them. This effort was not in vain, for many were brought as humble penitents to the feet of Jesus. The first of these meetings was addressed by the head-master of the Orphanage, Mr. Charlesworth, and the second by myself. Never shall I forget the wretched and deplorable state of my congregation, and the eagerness with which they devoured the food placed before them. After all had eaten and drunk to their heart's content, they quietly settled down to listen to the gospel. Never had man a more attentive and quiet audience to speak to, and we believe great good was done.

All this work for the Lord was very precious to our young brother, and at the same time most encouraging; but still, his heart was drawn to his first love, and he longed to be on his way to Africa. At length he came to me again, and said that he had fully made up his mind to give up all in England, and go forth in the name of the Lord. Again I counselled him not to go, unless he could conscientiously feel in his heart that he had a call from God. This, however, was so evident that I could only wish him good speed and much blessing. Shortly after this interview, he called to bid me farewell, and in the month of May, 1882, he set sail for Africa, and safely landed, after a very rough voyage, on the 23rd June, 1882, at Port Elizabeth. Writing to me on July 5th, 1882, he says, "I stayed at Cape Town four days; I do not like it as well as Port Elizabeth, it is not nearly so clean. I landed here on the Friday, and got into work on the Tuesday; I am working for a chemist, one of the largest in the town. I have in view an engagement as dispenser at the Hospital; if I get this I think I shall most likely settle here." This, however, was not to be in God's providence, as will be seen further on. He continues his letter by saying, "You will be glad to know that I have seen Mr. Batts (a late student of the Pastors' College), and like him very much; in fact, we are quite thick friends. There is a great field of labour here—you would scarcely believe your own eyes if you could see the sin and vice which are carried on in so small a place. Pray for me that I may be

strengthened in the work which lies before me. It is with great pleasure that I now look back upon the happy times we have spent together, and I thank God that I ever knew you. The Lord seems to have used you as the means of guiding me in his cause. May the Lord bless you in all that you are doing for the extension of his kingdom." I have given this portion of his letter *in extenso*, to show that the Lord is indeed a prayer-answering God. As soon as I received this letter I laid it before the members of my class at their Friday evening prayer-meeting, and they wrestled hard for many weeks with God on his behalf, that he might become a power for great good in benighted Africa. In a subsequent letter he writes: "When I took the situation (at a chemist's) my way seemed blocked up from the work which is so dear to me. I was, indeed, grieved, and often wondered if I could have mistaken the call of God; this I thought impossible. On Sundays I would think of you all, which was always too much for me. I took all my trouble to the Lord in prayer, and watched for the answer, which seemed as though it was never coming." Behind this dark cloud that overshadowed his earnest spirit was shining a bright sun, which was soon to break through to light up his soul with fresh love, energy, and dependence upon his God. He says: "I had been in my situation for about two months, when one day Mr. Batts, the secretary of the South African Baptist Union, came into the shop to know if he could speak to me. I went out to him, and then he told me that the first Baptist church in Graaff Reinet had just been started, but the appointed minister was failing in health, and he said he had felt himself led to me to know if I would take temporary charge of the church. This, as you may imagine, was a great surprise to me. I told him I would think it over. He gave me twenty-four hours to make up my mind. I made it a matter of prayer that I might be guided by God. Mr. Batts came again next day for my answer. I felt it was God's work, and God himself who had called me. I felt I was in no way qualified to take the charge, yet I could not refuse. I thought I would leave it all to my Father." At this point another difficulty arose, which seemed to be insurmountable, but which God graciously overruled. Our friend shall tell it in his own words: "I was employed by the month, and so had to give a month's notice, and yet had to be in Graaff Reinet in less than a week. I spoke to my master, who, although he is not a professor, said that he felt he could not stand in my way, although he would be very sorry indeed to lose me, and he hoped I would make the notice as long as I could." Here God interposed, and inclined the heart of his master to let him leave his employ at once, with a letter of excellent recommendation for use in the future if he should require it. On the Saturday morning he reached Graaff Reinet, and on the Sunday morning preached his first sermon to the church and congregation. The pastor of the church had not left for England (his native country) when our young brother arrived, so that he had his company, but this was not to be for many hours, for he says: "I was left entirely by myself on Tuesday morning when the minister of the place left. I could only go to my knees and comfort myself with tears for a time, I so felt the responsibility. My confidence was in the Lord, and although I was alone yet I was not alone; I knew God would work his own will." In these words we have the simple trust

of a young disciple, alone in a strange land, without a single earthly friend, and yet he had with him the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and this he fully realised, and therefore could not fail in the work to which the Lord had called him. This state of loneliness was not to continue long, for the Lord soon raised up kind and loving friends, who rallied round him, and he was enabled to say, "I feel now, although I have only been in the town one month, as though I had been here for a year or more, I have got so used to the people; wherever I go I am known by both white and coloured people. The Lord has, indeed, blessed me here, and I must say I never did meet with such kindness in any part of the world. I am, too, on friendly terms with every minister of the town, and I have addressed people of every denomination and every colour—Kaffirs, Fingoes, Mattinese, Malays, Hottentots, etc., etc."

The account given me by him on the occasion of calling the first prayer-meeting is very curious. He says: "Last Sunday week (Oct. 1st, 1882), I gave out that there would be a prayer-meeting after the service. When I had closed, I left the pulpit as usual to shake hands with the people; when I turned round, I found that no one stayed behind but one old lady. Last Sunday (Oct. 8, 1882), I thought I would try once more. I gave it out again, and to my surprise no less than one-third of the people remained behind; perhaps this was owing to the fact that I had told them what I meant by a prayer-meeting. I spoke a few words to them, after which I led in prayer, asking any who wished to do so to follow me. As no one followed, we sang another verse, which was,

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done."

This gave me something else to say, after which I said we would have a little silent prayer. I do not know that I ever realized more fully the presence of God—the solemn silence was only broken by stifled groans. At last, one man could not contain himself longer, and rose to his feet, and poured out his heart before God. Many said they had never realized such a time before." No sooner had this great blessing been given than a heavy trial was to follow in the loss of nearly all that he possessed of this world's goods. "I have often prayed," says he, "that my gold might be taken if it hindered the Lord's service. He has seen fit to let it be taken. I have been robbed of all but thirty-eight shillings; but, bless his name, I am now dependent upon him, and I can work with a will." It was, no doubt, good for him that he should be brought to depend entirely upon the bounty of God, as it is for the most of his children.

We now come to a period in which our brother's mind was being very greatly exercised as to the necessity of a better education for the carrying on of the Lord's work more effectively, and in a letter to me, he says: "I did think of applying to Mr. Spurgeon for admittance to the College, this I think I shall do; but I want to be led by God, and I think that perhaps he has taken my money so as to make me stay where I am, but time will prove his will. Meanwhile, let your prayers be for our strength." The prayers of my class were again engaged on his behalf, and it was not long before God, in answer to those prayers,

guided him in the matter. In October, 1882, he knew not whether it would be the Lord's will; but in December he writes to me to say, "Last Monday week I wrote to Mr. Spurgeon applying for admittance to the College. For a long time this has been in my mind, but my only fear has been that if I should enter the ministry without the call of God, what a dreadful step it would be for me! For the last eighteen months I have made it a matter of earnest prayer, and feel fully led to write to Mr. Spurgeon upon the subject. I pray, and will you pray, that God may lead him to the right decision, whether I am a fit person or not? I fully feel and realize the importance of the step; it is my desire that the Lord's name through his word may be glorified. May the Lord lead us into that which is right for his name's sake." It is needless to say that Mr. Spurgeon took his communication into consideration, and in a short time he was on his way to England to be admitted into the Pastors' College, as the third student who had there received further training for the work of the ministry after having been brought up in the Stockwell Orphanage. I predict for my dear young brother a very useful life in the work of the Lord, and in after years I have no doubt that the Church of Christ will be made to rejoice that there is such a one in its midst. Christian friends have only to know him to love him for his ardent spirit in the service of the Lord.

I feel sure that those friends who contribute to the Orphanage will be encouraged to continue to support the institution, for doubtless there are other preachers of the gospel amongst the lads who are at present at Stockwell, or among those who will yet be members of the Pastor's large fatherless family.

In Memoriam.—Charlotte Gwillim.

DURING the Pastor's absence last winter, many gaps were made in the ranks of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Through the goodness of our God, this year all the officers were spared; but several of the members were called to meet their Lord. Many of these were little known beyond their own family circle, and the departure of all of them did not attract so much attention as the recent sudden death of the Duke of Albany. Yet every one of them has left behind some relatives or friends, who look sorrowfully into empty chairs, and gaze wistfully upon "speaking likenesses" which never speak, although those who have been bereaved cry, with Cowper, out of the depths of their aching hearts—

"Oh, that those lips had language!"

Some who have fallen asleep in Jesus will long be remembered for what they have done to advance the cause and kingdom of Christ; and amongst others, the sister whose name is at the head of this article deserves more than a passing notice.

Before speaking of Mrs. Gwillim, we must put in a word or two of affectionate esteem and heartfelt sympathy for her beloved husband, who is one of the elders of the Tabernacle church, and whose whole life is devoted to the Christ-like work of seeking to win souls. His special mission seems to be that of lying in wait at all services and meetings, watching for those who have been impressed, and following up the preacher's message with personal appeals for immediate decision. Many are to-day happy and useful church-members, who were arrested by our earnest brother as they were leaving the building. A few have

taken offence at his oft-repeated, but all-important questions, "Dear friend, do *you* know the Lord? Have *you* found the Saviour? Are *you* trusting in Christ?" But many more will ever praise the name of the Lord that it was put into the heart of our friend to attempt to clinch the nail which had been driven home during the delivery of the sermon. In addition to his services at the Tabernacle, where his Pastor speaks of him as "my hunting dog, always ready to pick up the game that I hit while I am preaching," Mr. Gwillim has been greatly used in the conversion and comforting of anxious enquirers whom he has visited at their homes. Many distressed and despairing souls have found peace and joy as he has unfolded to them the plan of salvation, either during an interview or by correspondence. This is not the place or the time for such a record, or we might mention many singular instances of the way in which the Lord has given his blessing upon the efforts made by our brother for the spiritual enlightenment of those who have been in gross darkness.

It was meet that such a man should have a wife "like-minded," who would naturally care for the souls of others; and such was the honoured sister, whose memory will be fragrant to many as long as life shall last, and to whom they will throughout eternity point as the one who led them to the cross of Christ. Having no children, husband and wife were able to devote their leisure hours and surplus cash to the work of the Lord. While in business, in a stationer's shop in the West-end, many opportunities were found of slipping a tract in a parcel, or speaking a word for Jesus. Our friends also kept well in view a good supply of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and other publications, in the hope that they might be bought and read by customers who would not otherwise have seen them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim thought it was most providential that all the arrangements in connection with their giving up business were completed the very day before Messrs. Moody and Sankey commenced their London Mission in 1875. Accordingly, they were able to enrol themselves among the Evangelists' regiment of workers, and evidences of their successful labours remain to this day. Mrs. Gwillim kept the names and addresses of those with whom she spoke and prayed, and afterwards corresponded with them, and sent them books that were likely to be helpful to them in finding or developing the life of faith upon the Son of God. One who received such counsel from her wrote:—"Sunday evening, after seeing you, I decided for Christ; but oftentimes feel how weak my faith is, and how many temptations there are to draw me away; but I know by asking help from above, I shall receive it." There was good ground for this assurance, for this friend is now a consistent member of the Tabernacle church. Another letter, that must have greatly cheered the recipient, contained the following sentences:—"I thank you very much for the tracts you gave me. I have found such comfort from them. I hope you may win many more souls to Christ. Many thanks for your kindness in showing me the True Light." Others wrote:—"I thank you for leading me to the Saviour." "I sincerely thank you for the kind words you spoke to me. I can trust Jesus." Beside many who were led to decision by Mrs. Gwillim, several were much helped by her Christian conversation and correspondence.

One young man, who has since passed through the Pastors' College, and whose ministry has been blessed to many, in writing a letter of condolence to the bereaved husband, says:—"I shall always have cause to remember dear Mrs. Gwillim with heartfelt gratitude. Just ten years ago, this very day, she was the means of leading me to Jesus. It was in the Lecture-hall, after an evening meeting, she first spoke to me about my soul, and read to me that precious verse, which I see you have upon the memorial card, John iii. 16. That verse was blessed to me. . . . *And so, she prayed for me!* It was just like her; and who can tell but that her loving prayers may have brought down the success and blessing which God has been pleased to give to my preaching?" The writer had been informed that his name was entered in her prayer-book, not "the Book of Common Prayer," but a little pocket-book in

which were the names of various unsaved relatives and Christian friends whom Mrs. Gwillim constantly remembered at the throne of grace. Of course, her Pastor's name was honoured with a prominent place upon the list.

While caring for the spiritual welfare of strangers, she did not neglect her own kinsfolk. To a niece she thus explained her reason for quoting so often that gospel in miniature, or little Bible, John iii. 16:—"This verse was the means of my conversion. When I read that word, 'whosoever,' I saw that it meant *me*, and then I was led by the Holy Spirit to see that it was all love from God, not anything that I could do, but all was done for me. I had only to accept the gift of God, which was his dear Son; and from that time I have not had a doubt of my salvation." The letter contained a clear statement of the gospel, and the assurance that the writer would pray that the truth might be brought home to the heart of her niece. The message was received, and the prayer answered; for, although fourteen years have elapsed since then, the one whose salvation was sought writes:—"This letter from my dear aunt was a very great help to me when I was anxious about my soul. I found peace the day after I received it, and I can say that since that day I have not had one doubt about my salvation. Praise the Lord."

Our sainted sister's pen must have been constantly employed in her Saviour's service. There lies before us, as we are writing, a letter from her addressed to a newly-married Christian friend, in which she counsels the bride to stand up for Jesus at the commencement of her married life, and begs her not to give up her work for the Master. Close by is the copy of another epistle, which was sent to one who had just lost her mother. The bereaved daughter says that she prizes the original very highly, as it was a source of great comfort to her in the time of sorrow. Some years since, Mrs. Gwillim wrote to the editor of *The Christian*, suggesting that an attempt should be made to secure the advertisement of texts of Scripture in the tramcars and omnibuses of London. In her letter she gave several passages which she thought likely to attract the attention of various classes, and, of course, amongst them she wished to see her favourite passage, John iii. 16. The matter was referred to in the columns of our contemporary, and, whether as the result of our sister's suggestion or not, we cannot say; but she certainly lived to see the desire of her heart in this particular partially realized; and at the present time thousands of the busy toilers of this great city have the living words of the living God brought before their notice at least twice every day, and no one can tell in how many hearts the good seed will produce fruit unto everlasting life. It appears that one text can be advertised, for a whole year, in one tramcar, for ten shillings. We fear that many half-sovereigns are invested in Christian work which is not likely to be half so remunerative as this method of publishing the gospel of the kingdom.

After being for a time in Brighton and Cliftonville, where both Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim were the means of winning many souls for the Saviour, they returned to London in August, 1879, and our departed friend soon found a congenial sphere of work in connection with Mrs. Allison's Bible-class. One instance of usefulness may be given as a specimen of many similar ones. A friend, writing to our bereaved brother, says:—"It gives me great joy to bear testimony to her being the direct instrument, in God's hand, to lead me to Jesus. It was the first Sunday in September, 1881, that I for the first time went into the Bible-class, trying to get away from my acquaintances, for I felt weary of them. I longed for something, I knew not what. At the close of the class I was leaving, feeling the same, when your dear wife took me so kindly by the hand, and asked me, 'Are you trusting in Jesus?' Not till then did I feel my need of a Saviour, and see myself as a sinner. She then spoke to me of the finished work of Christ. I shall never forget it." This interview was followed up by others, and by letters and books, and, as the new convert advanced in the divine life, she united with her spiritual mother in prayer for others in whom they were mutually interested. As long as Mrs.

Gwillim's strength permitted her to do so, she conducted the prayer-meeting in connection with the class, and many felt the power of her earnest pleadings. One of the members expressed the feeling of the rest when she wrote :—" Long had she been a humble follower of her blessed Lord ; and those most mourn her loss who knew her best."

The distribution of her Pastor's printed sermons was a work in which she took a deep interest. Writing to one of the speakers at the annual meeting of the Society which issues the sermons for circulation as loan tracts in country districts, she says:—" Will you say a word for Brighton ? The Lord is blessing the work of lending the sermons there very much. I believe that dear Mr. Spurgeon will meet many in heaven who have been brought to know and trust in Jesus through reading his sermons. One dear old woman wanted to buy the sermon that had been lent to her, because it had done her so much good. Another told the visitor that she would much rather stay at home and read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons than go to church. A poor woman who had been in soul trouble for many years found peace while reading one of the sermons. These are only a few out of the many cases of blessing that we often hear of. It appears that our friend was at one time away from London, and the temporary loss of Tabernacle privileges made her sympathize with others similarly situated, and she commenced giving away the sermons wherever she went. Her first visits, together with the message which the Lord enabled her dear husband to deliver, were owned of God to the conversion of a man and his wife, and this encouraged her to continue the work, and she never afterwards relinquished it. Travelling by rail, walking in the country, or resting by the sea-shore, she always had a sermon ready, and many thus received the word which God blessed to their conversion.

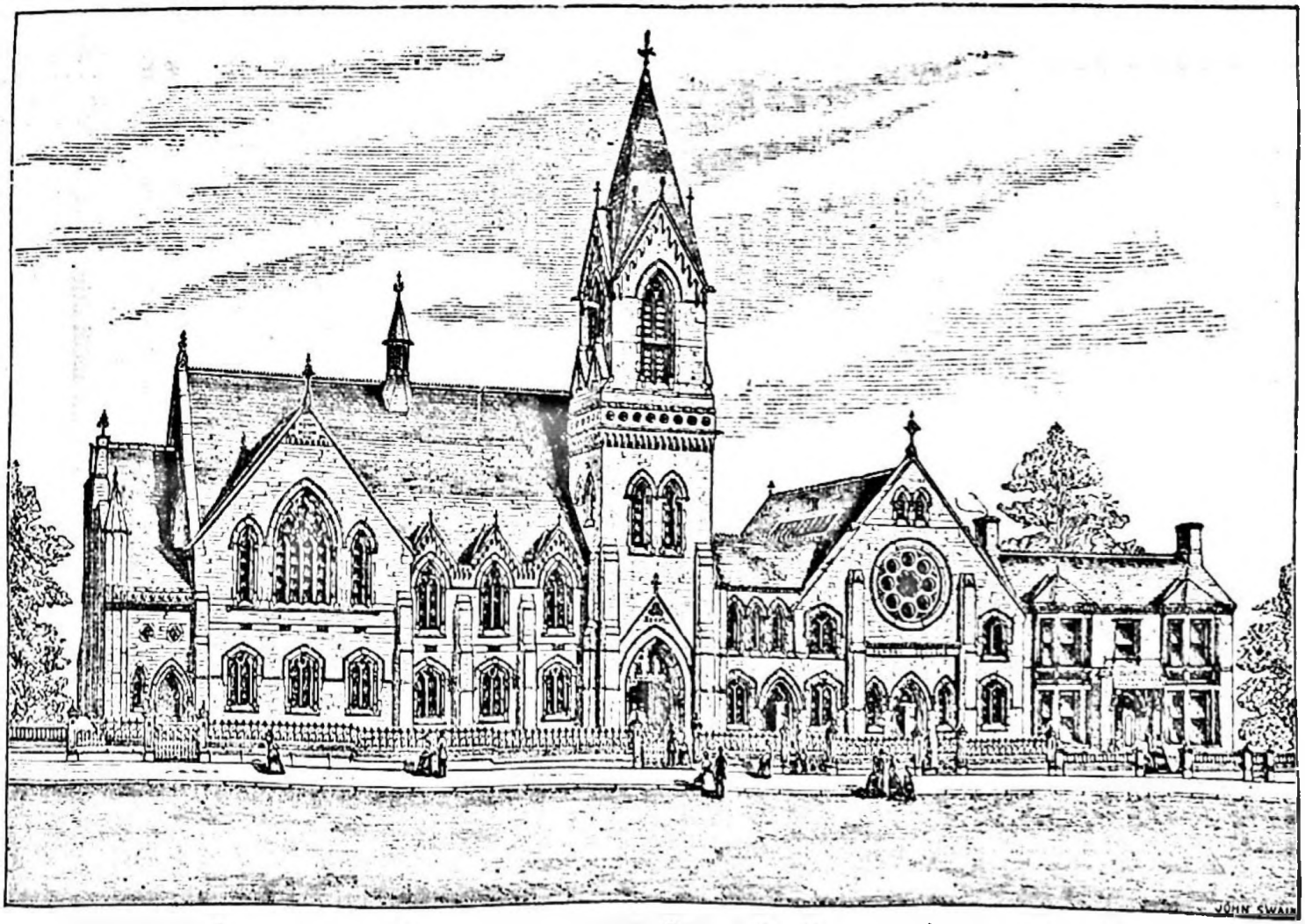
We might fill many pages with instances of blessing resulting from our sister's quiet but earnest service for Christ ; but we must draw this brief and imperfect sketch to a close. Her last illness was really brought on while she was helping at the great Orphanage Bazaar held at the Tabernacle in January, 1882. On that occasion she wrote, " A Plea for the Widow and the Fatherless," the first stanza of which was as follows :—

" There is a cause I wish to plead,
Oh, pray do hear my plea !
It is for those whose hearts oft bleed
With grief and misery."

Her interest in the Stockwell Orphanage was proved by the fact that it was her earnest desire that, if she should survive her husband, the sum of £100, which had been saved while they were in business, should be given to the Institution at his death. As it pleased the Lord to call her home first, our dear brother felt that it would give him the greatest joy to perpetuate her ministry by helping the work she so much loved, and therefore brought the amount to the President at the earliest opportunity, as a legacy of love from the dear departed one.

In September, last year, she went to Hastings, in the hope of escaping the trying fogs that usually visit London in the winter; and although the mildness of the season helped her for a few months, and gave her hopes of returning in the spring-time, yet on the 14th of January, as John Bunyan would have poetically put it, " There was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Charlotte, the wife of William, the pilgrim. So enquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was ; so the post presented her with a letter, the contents whereof were, ' Hail, good woman ! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence in clothes of immortality this day.' " In writing this record our desire has been that others, who think they have but little influence, may yet lay all they have upon the altar of Christ, that of each of them, as of her of whom we have written, the Lord may truly say,

" SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."



PROPOSED BAPTIST CHAPEL, SCHOOL, LECTURE HALL, CLASS ROOMS, AND YOUNG WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, WEST BRIGHTON.

Brighton.

IN an article upon "Church Life in Brighton," contained in the March number of *The Contemporary Pulpit*, we read the following sentences, which are evidently written by some one who is well acquainted with the town:—

"No one will deny that the Church greatly overshadows Dissent in Brighton; not that there are not vigorous dissenting congregations, with able preachers; but they are not keeping pace with the growth of the town, and are little more than holding their own. . . . On the whole, while not denying the ability of many of the preachers, and the efficiency of much work that is carried on, there is a general feeling in Brighton that there is room for two or three preachers of commanding ability, such as it has possessed in the past."

This witness is true, and as far as the Baptists are concerned it may be applied with emphasis to Hove, and the western part of London-on-sea. We are therefore right glad that Mr. Congreve has taken the lead in erecting a chapel and schools of a style worthy of the town. He generously gives £1,000 himself, and we observe that he has obtained promises of another £1,000. This last is very well for a beginning, but it is not more. Brighton deserves to be considered by all the Baptists in the kingdom. It is a place of such great resort that it does not so much belong to its inhabitants as to the countless visitors who throng its promenades. We have good ministers in the more central parts of Brighton, but it would be well to have one place of a more prominent type in the western quarter. There is so much room that we cannot be crowding out any one else, and so much necessity that all should help.

Mr. Congreve is commencing his *Young Women's Institute*, which is the building upon the right of the engraving, and the work will be proceeded with, portion by portion, as the funds are forthcoming. It will be an arduous work at the best, but it would not be so if others felt the importance of Brighton as we do. The town seems cankered with Ritualism, and yet in no place is a true evangelist more sure of an audience. We have heard scores of our brethren say, "We ought to have a large place in West Brighton": now is the time for them to come forward with their help. Neglected now, future generations may have to neglect our supineness. Mr. Congreve's address is Stretton, Third Avenue, Brighton.

Notices of Books.

The Preachers' Monthly: containing Studies for the Pulpit. Edited by the Rev. W. Hope Davison. New Series. Vol. VI. John Lobb.

This volume contains a good store of condensed sermons. Such a monthly visitor must come to lone preachers in rural places as a boon and a blessing. The Editor gives as much variety as the object of the magazine allows, and his selection of homilies is, upon the whole, a commendable one. We recommend ministers to buy the volumes, for then they will be likely to retain them among their stock-in-trade, and every now and then, when they are hard driven, they will find a discourse in them which they can use. These ministers' helps should be used as we use a walking-stick: we can walk without it, and we do; but when we cannot manage without its aid we are glad to lean on it *just a little* rather than not walk at all.

The Psalms in Private Devotion. By the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe. T. Woolmer.

The meditations, prayers, and invocations will be gracious and helpful to the general reader; but to our taste they have not enough in them of fresh thought arising out of the psalm itself. We would say of the book that it is good, but hardly up to the average ability which should lie at the back of all devotional works.

The Closing Days of Christendom. By Burlington B. Wale. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

This is a second edition, considerably enlarged and very considerably improved. Many thoughts of many minds are here assiduously collated and ingeniously melted down into small compass. The result of much reading on prophetic subjects is thus registered. In Mr. Wales's conception we are drawing near the time of the end. Like Mr. Grattan Guinness, he imagines that we are already in the rapids. Unlike Mr. Guinness he dispenses with disquisitions on cycles and calendars. "*Not dates but characteristics*" is his chosen motto. Thus he avoids the *adytum* and adopts arguments more likely to convince a less intelligent class of readers.

Thoughts on Holiness. By Mark Guy Pearse. T. Woolmer and Co.

As an inimitable story-teller we have long delighted to listen to Mr. Pearse: his Dan'l Quorm was a study of character that held us spell-bound, and was full of quaint, gracious wisdom. But he is a safe theologian as well as a charming writer, and these "Thoughts on Holiness" are brimful of deep teaching put in crystal form. His perfectionism is Scripture perfectionism, an ideal not a boast, a purpose not a pride. Young Christians will find in these pages a holy stimulus to devoted life and service, and older saints will learn much of the hidden things of God, those secrets of the Lord which are with them who fear him. Mr. Pearse has put all denominations under obligation for these brave, clarion words.

Wayside Springs from the Fountain of Life. By T. L. Cuyler, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

There is no need for us to say more of this little series of all-alive chats than that "they are Dr. Cuyler's, and just like him." For sentences that strike and stick; gems that gleam and glow; and thoughts that thrill, commend us to our American friend. A good dose of Cuyler taken on Saturday night, would work wonders in some pews and Sunday classes the next day. Try it, Sister Doleful, and Brother Prosy, and see the result.

Talks with Young Men. By J. Thain Davidson, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

A Yankee evangelist some time ago informed certain learned professors that the only man in Scripture who confessed himself a D.D. was Mephibosheth, who called himself a "dead dog." This was very rough upon doctors, among whom are numbered certain of the ablest of our brethren. Let any man read these talks of Dr. Thain Davidson, and he will neither think him a dog nor dead. He gives young men fine manly advice, full of grace and truth. Enlivened by story and proverb, fresh with sympathy, and on fire with zeal, these short lectures are just what they should be; and all that they further need is to be largely distributed among the crowds of our advancing manhood. To begin to read is to be bound to continue: the talks are so sensible, and so spiritual, that no one wishes to silence the talker by laying aside the book. Well done, doctor, we have always esteemed you as an earnest preacher, and we do not think your writing at all inferior to your living speech. At 3s. 6d. this volume would be a profitable investment for a teacher to read to his class little by little, though we fully admit that speaking out of your own heart is better than the best reading from the best books.

Capital for Working Boys. Chapters on character building. By J. E. M'Conaughy. Hodder and Stoughton.

A highly American flavour runs through this book, and we like it none the less for that. We should like every working-boy to read it. It is full of wise saws and modern instances, pithy quotations, and taking anecdotes. The spirit of persevering industry and independence will be fostered by such reading, while neatness, promptness, truthfulness, economy, and true religion are not forgotten. We are pleased with the style and spirit of the author: he reminds us somewhat of our friend Haig Miller, and he will develop into an author of that same quiet, genial, chatty, anecdotical school. Every wise father, who has sons about to leave the home fire-side, should give each one of them a copy of this capital book.

The Scottish Church and its Surroundings in Early Times. By Robert Paton. Edinburgh: Jas. Gemmell.

The people whose minister can give them such instructive lectures may think themselves highly favoured. Mr. Paton tells us about the very earliest apostles to the Picts and Scots, and then tells us of Columba, Mungo, Kemtigern, Cuthbert, Hilda, and all the shining lights down to the Venerable Bede. His lectures make a valuable book, but we wonder that he did not avoid the frequent repetitions which appear in it. In lectures given to an audience it is wise to rehearse things formerly spoken, in order that the assembly may catch the thread of the history; but in a printed book it is neither needful nor profitable. The volume wants boiling down: yet it does not need to become smaller, for many facts might be added concerning Columba and others which would occupy the space now filled by narrating the same fact three or four times. We do not say this to depreciate the book, which has much edified us, and is worthy of most cordial praise. No Scotchman should remain ignorant of this story of the olden time. All who would know correctly how the dawn of the gospel came to this island will find the facts plainly put in these lectures.

A History of the Jews in Rome. B.C. 160—A.D. 604. By E. H. Hudson. Second edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

A well-written work upon a deeply interesting subject: we wish the author would give us a second volume, completing the story of the Jews in Rome down to the present time. Miss Hudson has not made any discoveries, or greatly enlarged our information, for she had no access to original documents; but she has collected and collated facts which are known to most students, but which even they will be glad to see so well-arranged. Her volume is quite as much a history of Rome, or of Christianity, as it is a history of "the Jews in Rome"; indeed, it would have been a small affair had the writer confined herself closely to her subject. The Jews in Rome are a small object in the picture, but they are set well in the foreground, and perhaps all the accessories are needful to bring them out into fair light. At any rate, we have read the book with much pleasure, and advise others to do the same. Ministers and teachers will find here much that will throw light upon the relation of Christianity to Judaism, and of both of these to Paganism, and its sins and philosophies.

Elder Logan's Story about the Kirks. A book for the Young. By John Strathesk. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

We do not think that many English children could be made to feel an interest in the various Kirks of Scotland; but we have no doubt that north of the Tweed the juvenile mind will lend itself more readily to a consideration of the Secession, and the Relief bodies, and the Old Light and New Light Burghers and Antiburghers. Mr. Strathesk has written the history of the United Presbyterian Church with much heartiness, and he has made it as attractive as possible for the young whom he aims to instruct. It is most desirable that the brave days of old should be remembered, and that the grand principles for which the fathers struggled should be set before the rising generation. We fancy that young men and women will derive more benefit from this work than the younger folk are likely to do; for put the Presbyterian controversies how you may, they require a considerable measure of theological knowledge before they can be appreciated or even understood, and this knowledge is not commonly possessed by boys and girls. We commend "Elder Logan's Story" to every member of the United Presbyterian body, and advise that a copy be placed in every household belonging to that excellent community.

George Fox and the early Quakers. By A. C. Bickley. Hodder & Stoughton.

A portly volume, inscribed to John Bright. The life of one of the purest of mortal men deserves to be written over and over again. It was an inspiration to us to study that biography years ago, and it is still a stimulus to go over it again. Mr. Bickley has produced a very readable version of the life-story of the great Quaker, and we doubt not that it will be beneficial to all who read with earnestness and discretion.

History of the Canon of the Holy Scriptures in the Christian Church. By EDWARD REUSS. Translated by DAVID HUNTER. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1884.

THIS work, we are told by the translator, has long been known to scholars. By his skilful labour it is now placed within reach of the English-reading public. Much good may it do them.

Monsieur Reuss himself informs us that his history originally appeared as a series of detached articles in the *Revue de Théologie*, published at Strasburg; and the compact volume has already passed through two editions in France. There is little enough that is doctrinal or devotional in its tone. The author aims to construct a history without betraying bias or prepossession in favour of or in opposition to the Bible, as we possess it. He would fain have us accept his essay as a simple contribution to the modern art of scientific criticism in the department of theological literature. To a certain extent he does leave the facts to tell their own tale, though in the issue he lets us know what significance he attaches to them. The question is this—"How came the canon of Scripture to be composed of these books; so many, and not more?" Our space will not permit us to take even a cursory retrospect of the growth of the Canon while the scattered writings of the apostles were gradually collected into one book,—the New Testament. Far less shall we be able to glance at the winnowing process which separated the apocryphal writings of the Old Testament at first, and then entirely severed them from Holy Scripture. Lovers of literature who like to lounge about in the shady groves of history may here find pleasant recreation for their leisure hours. To the last three chapters we must turn for the cream of the volume. The age of "The Protestant Reformers" our author highly extols; though his copious quotations from Calvin and Luther lend colour to the suspicion that he prefers the scruples they expressed during the struggle to the services they rendered in bringing about a general accord. "The Confessional Schools" is the title of a subsequent chapter which interviews the immediate successors of the Reformers. He finds fault with these for diverting attention from Scripture itself, and constructing confessions of faith and catechisms, with the intent of stereotyping new standards of orthodoxy. In a supplementary chapter—"Criticism and the Church"—he takes us into his confidence, and acquaints us with his own convictions and conjectures. At the outset he admits that "The doubts of scholars have hitherto had the value only of individual opinions, and their influence on usages and institutions has been the less that, in most cases, they have remained unknown to the general public. The results of a science too bold and rash to inspire universal confidence have in no way encroached on the heritage of tradition." Still he thinks it desirable, in the interests of theology, "to build the conception of the Scriptural Canon on another basis." But this magnificent design is merely a castle in the air at present. Whether to develop it "by the processes of theory or by the help of history" he has not yet determined. In a passage too long to quote, though too significant to ignore, our author observes that the researches and debates which have been going on for more than a hundred years can record little else than mistakes and still-born hypotheses. Criticism has followed false tracks, and has often had to retrace its steps, after apparently wasting its strength. It is very improbable, he imagines, that the controversy will ever end in a general and complete agreement. Yet his own sympathies clearly flow with the *savans* whose avowed object it is to undermine the authority on which Holy Scripture is consolidated into one volume. If better success does not attend the labours of eminent critics in the future than have waited on any of those in the past, they may well give up their inglorious enterprize in despair. The sooner the better.

Amusement and Recreation. What to choose and what to avoid. By EVANGELIST HOPEWELL. Passmore and Alabaster. (Price 1s.)

VERY sensible remarks about how to provide yourself and others with healthy and useful amusement. The talk is exceedingly good; some may think it rather small, but it is healthy and honest.

Winning an Empire. By GRACE STEBBING. J. F. Shaw and Co.

To those who like reading of the din of battle and the clash of arms, this life of Clive will prove full of thrilling interest. To our minds the hero of the story is only to be admired from a military standpoint in "Winning an Empire"; for while victorious in war, he remained a conquered captive to the influences of opium. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Wilson's Tales of the Borders, and of Scotland. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

THE people who dwell on the borders of England and Scotland must surely be born story-tellers. It must be grand to sit over the big farm-house fire, and listen to legends, tales, and marvels like these. The *Arabian Nights* are dreary compared with nights around Kelso, and Yetholme, and Berwick, and the like. These seven volumes contain enough to stir all souls in our manse for the next twelvemonths. What with romance, domestic incident, martyr death, smuggling, poaching, gipsying, and all manner of adventure, there is something for everybody—something even to raise the hair, and make the flesh creep, should it be desired. Scrupulous folk who are particular as to the onion which brings the tear to their eye, can have their choice; and those who do not care to waste a pitying drop over fiction can also be obliged with a narrative of a more cheery kind. The tone and tendency of these volumes are at all times pure and manly. If ever we are snowed up for a night in a roadside inn, may a good providence arrange that "Wilson's Tales of the Borders" shall be in the cupboard, and we shall pass a merry time. What a mass of amusement in these seven volumes! They are neatly bound, and are only 2s. each.

"Go Work." A book for girls. By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAN. T. Woolmer.

SATURATED with grace and goodness. Here is nothing very brilliant in the direction of fiction, but the hallowed influences of true godliness upon daily life are sufficiently sparkling in their natural truthfulness. The story should be in every Christian family.

The Way of the Cross, and other Tales. By EMILY S. HOLT. John F. Shaw.

WE are sorry to meet with Miss Holt in this line. Tales into which Scriptural narratives are interwoven are peculiarly distasteful to us. Here is one in which a Gentile maiden desires to weave a piece of fine linen for the Lord, and it is bought by Joseph of Arimathæa! What! is nothing sacred? Must the last grave-clothes of our Redeemer be wrought into fiction? We know that some people are charmed and even profited by these pious inventions, but our heart revolts at them. Miss Holt does her work reverently and graciously, but it ought never to be done at all.

Busy Hands and Patient Hearts. Translated from the German of Gustav Nicritz by ANNIE HARWOOD-HOLMDEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

ALMOST childishly improbable. Germanic in style and name. Gracious and godly to an eminent degree. We have no heart to dissect a story so full of holy life.

Strawberry Hill. By CLARA VANCE. *The Judge's Sons.* By Mrs. E. D. KENDALL. *The King's Daughter.* By PANSY. *Glencoe Parsonage.* By Mrs. A. E. PORTER (Anchor Series). Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

FOUR volumes of a very cheap and attractive series of stories for the young. How the larger volumes can be sold for 1s. 6d. beats all our calculations. Of course, as these are American productions, there is nothing to pay for copyright; but where is there anything to pay printer, and publisher, and all other forms of the piper? "Strawberry Hill" and "The Judge's Sons" should in all conscience be sold at twice the price named.

Lory Bell. A story about Trust in God. By KATE WOOD. Partridge and Co.

A WELL-TOLD tale of a poor widow, who trusts in God to provide for herself and her fatherless boy, and whose faith is in due season rewarded. Rich relatives discover the lad, who grows up to be an eminent artist, marries his wealthy cousin, and of course they live happily ever afterwards.

The Angel in the Marble, and other papers. By G. F. Pentecost, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Our author is known as an earnest, zealous evangelist in America, and these papers are a collection of short pieces written in magazines, etc., and now made into a volume. There is a tender, beautiful presence of Christ in every page, and much teaching for the innermost circle of Christian experience. An illustrative style makes clear and popular what else would be metaphysical analysis only, and hence attention is arrested and sustained all along. It is a little book to be read, digested, prayed over, and then read again. At the same time we do not endorse all that Dr. Pentecost has written.

Sermons. By the Rev. James Smellie. J. and R. Farlane, Paisley.

It is said of the author of these discourses, in an introductory note, that, "He was above all things a preacher of the gospel." Judging from the specimen before us, this witness is true. It is the pure gospel, without an alloy of science falsely so called, or of modern thought rightly so called. It is the gospel, moreover, in its own simplicity, and as its own witness without the need of logic or rhetoric for its commendation or defence. It is the gospel of Erskine and Rutherford experimentally and practically applied. That it should have been appreciated in Edinburgh was a good sign of the times. It will now meet we trust with much acceptance elsewhere.

Characteristics of Christianity. By Stanley Leathes, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

This book consists of three parts in nearly equal proportion. There is a preface, in which the historical evidences of the resurrection of Christ are chiefly considered; and a course of lectures upon the genuineness of Christianity in distinction from all other religions in the world; and notes and illustrations in explanation of what might be thought new and less credible in the former part of the volume. As a defence of the outworks of Christianity, it is similar to that of Paley's, and in some respects a valuable addition to it. As a defence of Christianity itself, it is more evangelical than moral in distinction from that of Paley, though not to the full extent of the real meaning of that term. While he admires the Church of England, of which he is a distinguished representative, and would look upon its fall as a great loss to the cause of Christ, he does not consider it to be essential to the permanent welfare of the divine kingdom. The church he owns is not Christ, and much less should any part of it identify itself with him. Living Christianity is not a theological creed, but a personal union with a living Christ. He is evidently sincere and large-hearted, and would gladly if he could take the whole world with him to heaven.

The Little Horn of the East: an exposition of Daniel viii. 9 to 26. By the Author of "The Great Roman Eclipse." London: Elliot Stock.

A small section of the prophetic scroll is here placed under the powerful microscope of the expositor. The reader is supposed to have some previous acquaintance with popular literature of this particular genus. In that case he will be aware that "The Little Horn of the East" has been almost universally understood to denote Antiochus Epiphanes. Some other views have been put forward, but they have not found much acceptance among students. To these divergencies of opinion, our author refers in a short opening chapter; and then proceeds with a bold attempt to interpret this entire passage of Mohammed and Mohammedanism. As we have not ourselves a particle of preference or prejudice for or against the claim of either candidate to the heraldic title of "*The Little Horn*," we shall simply refer our friends to this interesting volume, for all the reasons, critical, historical, and practical, in favour of Mohammed. On the other hand, they can find in Albert Barnes's "Notes on Daniel" a fair résumé of the arguments for Antiochus Epiphanes, which have hitherto been received with general favour. In either case facts and figures must be taken into account. Each partizan finds it easy to be eloquent about the characteristics. Both find it difficult to determine the dates—"Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed."

Early Church History to the Death of Constantine. Compiled by the late Edward Backhouse. Edited and enlarged by Charles Tylor. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Two gentlemen of the Society of Friends have here catered for us in glorious style. What can a man of literary tastes, who has a sufficiency of this world's goods, do better than supply us with material for studying the history of the church of Christ? In this volume we have valuable photographs of many of the Christian and Jewish memorials now remaining in Rome. These alone would be a precious collection, but they are merely the illustrations of a truthful history of the earliest centuries of Christianity. To write early church history from the standpoint of the Society of Friends, and to light it up with accurate drawings, was the design of the author and editor, who share the creation of this volume between them. It is a bulky book, full of condensed facts, and it should enrich every wealthy Christian's library.

Notes.

Mr. Spurgeon rejoices to have been in better health for the last month, and to have been able to attend to his home work. More, however, he cannot undertake, and he would be glad if so many would not besiege him for services which he cannot render.

The Pastor's Jubilee.—The erection of the Jubilee House, at the back of the Tabernacle, has been rapidly proceeding. This is the first object to which contributions given to the Pastor on his fiftieth birthday will be devoted. The inscription upon the memorial stone is as follows:—"Jubilee House. *Erected by a loving people to commemorate the attainment of his fiftieth year by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Psalm cxviii.* 15, 16, 17, 18." It has been found to be impracticable to complete the arrangements for the Jubilee celebration before the College Conference, but early this month a meeting will be held, and our friends will doubtless soon receive an intimation of what is decided. It is hoped that this house will be paid for readily by the gifts of friends at the Tabernacle, so that it may be free before June 19.

There will be a public meeting in the Tabernacle on *Thursday, June* 19, when the Earl of Shaftesbury will be in the chair, if alive and able to move. He writes that, even should he be weak and ill, he shall be there if powers of locomotion remain.

As to the great preparations which are announced in the papers, they are quite unknown to us. We have made no preparation whatever. All that is done on the day must be spontaneous, for we are not going to use the slightest pressure. If friends desire to make an offering on our birthday, there are four admirable objects:—The Jubilee House, the Almshouses Fund, the Colportage, and our son Thomas Spurgeon's Chapel in Auckland. Mr. Spurgeon expects to be at the Tabernacle all day to meet with those who will call upon him. The usual Orphanage Fête will *not* be held on the Wednesday, but at some future date.

Mr. William Olney.—We little thought that so soon after providing a Mission-hall for Mr. W. Olney, jun., we should be called to part for a season with his father. Our senior deacon is one whom we can ill spare. Ever ready to speak for his Lord in a warm-hearted and stirring manner, he has long been the Pastor's constant helper in all sorts of ways, but specially at prayer-meetings and church-meetings. He is going to New Zealand, upon business, for six months. May God grant it may not be for a longer time. The church sends him forth perfumed with her prayers. Our hope is that he will be of good service to the churches which he will visit. We advise them to make much use of him. His presence ought to be a great help to them, for his absence involves a great loss to us.

Pastor A. A. Rees, of Sunderland.—This devoted brother has suddenly left us for the church triumphant above. It is but the other day that he was in our house, and though verging upon seventy, he seemed to have years of work in him. He was a good man, and true to the core. Among those who have left the Church of England to unite with Nonconformists we know of none more useful, more stable, more thorough. He was one who followed the Lord fully according to his light, and that with most scrupulous care. In his church work he was singular, because he aimed at exactness, and would do nothing which did not strike him as scriptural. He baptized believers, and broke bread every Lord's-day. He kept himself somewhat aloof from denominational meetings and movements; not out of a sectarian spirit, but from the very reverse. We know other choice spirits who feel themselves happiest in treading their own path, and never mixing up with that kind of religious policy which grows out of committees and their deliberations, denominational bodies and their aspirations. They certainly have the best of it in the matter of

comfort, and if they thereby become less responsible for the declensions of the age they are to be commended. For our part, we have lived in close fellowship with several of these free-lances, and we have never felt it incumbent upon us to draw them out of their isolation, for we have almost felt that their position was best for themselves, and perhaps for others. All Sunderland will miss our beloved brother. He was a power for good in many ways. His church will suffer immeasurable loss, and we beseech our Lord to consider her in her bereavement, and find her a good man and true to carry on the work which has been so well conducted hitherto.

On *Wednesday evening*, *February* 27, the annual meeting of the workers in connection with RICHMOND-STREET MISSION, WALWORTH, which is one of the Tabernacle branches, was held under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Dunn. There were one hundred and twenty workers present, to whom reports of the following agencies were presented:—Ragged-school, Sunday-school, Flint-street Sunday-school and Children's Services, Mothers' meetings, Penny Bank, Mutual Improvement Society, Pure Literature Society, Band of Hope and Temperance Society, Evangelists' Society, Tract Society, Christmas Dinner Fund (by which five hundred and fourteen persons were provided with a substantial dinner at their own homes), Excursion Fund (which enabled seven hundred and forty-four teachers and scholars to spend a happy day in the country, and provided a winter-evening's treat for three hundred of the younger children), Young Christians' Society, and Children's Special Services. The total amount contributed for these various objects, including £224 16s. 10d. paid into the Penny Bank, and £28 2s. 0d., collected for the Stockwell Orphanage, was £609 6s. 5d. The above statement conveys only a very imperfect idea of the great work for the Lord that is accomplished by the dear brethren and sisters in Christ who voluntarily labour in connection with this Mission in a district where their services are much needed.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 24, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor again came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting to enlist the sympathy and prayers of the church for two sisters who were about to sail for China. One of them was going out for the first time, but the other had already been engaged in the work for some years, and the congregation was greatly interested in the account of the blessing that had accompanied the gospel message she had delivered. May the express benediction of Almighty God rest on our brother Hudson Taylor, and upon the whole of the remarkable work of which the Lord has made him overseer.

On *Tuesday evening*, *March* 25, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL was held in the Lecture-hall, which was quite crowded with the teachers, parents, and friends of the scholars. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and delivered an address upon trusting in the Lord at all times, especially applying the text to Sunday-school work. Mr. W. Mountain, the Secretary of the school; Mr. S. R. Pearce, the Superintendent; Mr. T. H. Olney, the Treasurer; and Mr. J. F. Shearer, one of the students of the College, also spoke; and a choir of about one hundred of the scholars, under the leadership of Mr. S. Wigney, sang several anthems and sacred songs very creditably.

From the report presented at the meeting we learn that there are in the school at the Tabernacle 109 teachers and officers, all of whom are church-members, and 1,413 scholars, of whom 106 are church-members, 28 having joined during the year. There are children's services on Sunday mornings and evenings, weekly and monthly prayer-meetings for scholars and teachers, and four Bible-classes, which have been greatly useful. The library contains about 1,000 volumes, and is well used; and in the magazine department 300 volumes have been gratuitously bound. The Home and Foreign Missionary Society has raised during the year £157 7s. 11½d., of which £25 has been given for Zenana work, £25 for Mr. Guyton, of Delhi, £25 for Mr. Easton, in China, in addition to £50 annually contributed by Mr. Wigney's Class, £40 for Colportage, and £20 for Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. The general expenses of the school have amounted to £61 1s. 0d., the cost of a new harmonium being defrayed by the Pastor. The report also gives particulars of the Young Christians' Association, Band of Hope, Dorcas Society, Bible-reading Union, Mutual Improvement Society, and Sunday-school Stall at the Bazaar in aid of the Green Walk Mission.

The figures above given refer only to the home-school held in the rooms at the Tabernacle and College. There are, in addition, nearly twenty branch or mission-schools, which would bring up the total number of teachers to between four and five hundred, and of scholars to between five and six thousand.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 31, the annual meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon being in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. B. W. Carr, J. T. Dunn, and J. W. Harrald; and a small company of the Orphanage girls sang very sweetly some sacred songs, which they afterwards repeated in the Tabernacle. The members of this Society make up clothing for the poor, and also relieve them with pecuniary help, endeavouring at the same time to benefit them spiritually by Christian sympathy and

instruction. About £100 is annually expended upon this most needful work, and much more could be bestowed upon worthy applicants if the Society's funds could be increased. Any of our lady friends, who are able to help at the working meetings, will be heartily welcomed at the Tabernacle on the Thursday after the first Sunday in each month.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the same evening, the Pastor was greatly rejoiced to be again present, after several weeks' enforced absence through illness. All the prayer-meetings during the month have been largely attended, and the spirit of prayer has been graciously poured out upon those who have met together. The Thursday evening congregations have been almost as numerous as ever, and on Sundays the Tabernacle has been crowded. Best of all, the word preached has been blessed to the conversion of souls, and many are coming forward to confess their faith in Christ. Prayer is asked that the health of the Pastor may be continued, for a thousand things call for his personal and active presence.

MRS. SPURGEON'S SERMON FUND FOR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.—In return for the very kind interest which friends have taken in my new work of sermon distribution in distant lands, and the practical help they have given to the furtherance of the scheme, I have begged a little space in this month's magazine that I may give them a glimpse of its success and progress.

There are now 885 sermons sent out monthly; these numbers being always on the increase, as fresh names are suggested, or new applications are made to the Fund. 215 copies go to China, and the managers of the China Inland Mission have very graciously relieved me from the expense of postage by enclosing the sermons in the monthly package despatched from the Mission. This is a great boon, and enables me to send out larger quantities, and, as they are securely wrapped in nice strong envelopes (provided for the purpose by the same generous friend who supplies all my needs in this line), they can easily bear the somewhat rough usage which is sure to befall them in their after transmission to the remote stations of the Celestial Empire.

Very warm welcome the sermons have received from all quarters of the globe; delightful responses have been given to my enquiry, "Shall I send the sermons to you?" No greater encouragement in a blessed work could be desired than that which the pile of letters now lying before me contains. Let me give a drop or two of honey from a perfect hive of sweetness. A brother in China says, "We always read one of the sermons on Sunday evening after the day's work is over; we would rather go without a meal than miss this spiritual food." From South India comes the message, "We missionaries are constantly surrounded by the deadening influences of heathenism, and we need something like "Spurgeon's Sermons" to stir us up, and keep us spiritually alive. I have richly enjoyed those you sent, and shall be delighted to receive them constantly." A Missionary to the Maories, in New Zealand, scarcely knows how to express his gladness. "They will be thrice useful," he says, "and I trust a hundred-fold blessed. They will refresh my own soul, they will serve me for translation for our Maori paper, and then I shall leave them at isolated houses where the inmates seldom see a friend, or hear a word of gospel truth." A Pastor in Ceylon, heartily appreciating the gift, remarks, "After reading them ourselves, we find them most useful to lend to friends in the wild jungle district. You will not wonder to hear that Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have already found their way into planters' bungalows in the remote coffee districts of the island, where they help to spread spiritual light and power amongst our neglected countrymen. Mr. Spurgeon's hearers are to be found in every corner of the earth." From Agra, North West Province of India, I received the following testimony: "I think the new work, to which you have just set your hand, is a most important one, and that it will, under God's blessing, bring forth much good fruit. The regular supply of your honoured husband's sermons to missionaries will be of immense advantage to them, for, in their constant contact with error, it will prove a great safe-guard to have the grand old truths of the gospel presented to them in such a clear and forcible way. I know I shall find them of great benefit in my private study for the pulpit, and when I have done with them myself, they will be most acceptable for distribution in the Military Hospital which I visit weekly."

A sweet little letter in English comes from Saragossa in Spain. "I send to you most expressive thanks," says the writer; "the sermons are highly appreciated and useful. The 'Renewing Strength,' which I read today, especially has come like dew to my heart. Please God employ Mr. Spurgeon's talent for his glory, in Spain as in England."

I fear I must not take up any more space in these pages, though I have material enough to encroach upon them seriously. Let my dear friends imagine the quotations I have given to be indefinitely multiplied, diversified, and intensified; they will then have some notion of the charming echoes which have been called forth from all parts of the world, by the hand which first struck this loud chord of loving sympathy and help.

One fact with which to conclude: it tells its own tale, and in so doing it lays a petition at your feet. The sermons and their postage never cost less than £3 12s. per month. SUSIE SPURGEON.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. J. Dyer has removed

from Kilmarnock to Rickmansworth, Herts.; and Mr. W. Sumner, from Hull, to Sion Church, Armley, Leeds. Mr. W. Norris, who returned a year or so ago from Calcutta, has become pastor of the church at John-street Chapel, Bedford-row; and Mr. J. E. Oates, who has been tutor at Mr. Guinness's College at Hulme Cliff, has accepted a pastorate at Bury, Lancashire. Mr. W. Mann, who was for a time co-pastor at Cape Town, has settled at Keynsham, near Bristol.

Our son Thomas having written to us to send a pastor for the church at Cambridge, Waikato, New Zealand, we have selected Mr. J. G. Wilson, of Southend. He has arranged to leave London in the steamship *Doric*, on April 24th. We trust that his labours at the Antipodes will be greatly blessed. By the way, the Auckland Tabernacle Fund will soon be needed, as the chapel is commenced, or commencing, and we should be glad to make it more. These colonial churches will be great centres in the future, and our son's church will be one of the most important of them.

We have been very grieved to hear that Mr. J. W. Hartley, who only went out recently to the River Congo, has died of fever before he was able to commence his work in Africa. This is a heavy stroke.

While these "Notes" are in the hands of the printers, the twentieth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association is being held. The meetings are just too late for us to give a report of them in this month's magazine, or to publish the amounts which will be presented at the annual supper for the friends and subscribers of the College.

EVANGELISTS.—Dr. D. A. Moxey sends us the following cheering report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* Edinburgh mission:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The visit of your two evangelists has been quite an event in the inner Christian circle of our city. I say inner circle, because the members of it are always on hand whenever soul-winning work is going forward: the outer circle comes out strongly when a phenomenal evangelist, such as Mr. Moody, appears on the scene. To 'the true and the tried' of our workers the advent of these honoured brethren has been a memorable epoch; and, although we could have wished for more countenance from our ministers, and although, like all good evangelists, our brethren missed their co-operation, still the meetings got on without them, and increased in power and fruitfulness. The Young Men's Christian Association must have been greatly refreshed and encouraged in their labours by the month's campaign which closed on April 6; and it is to be hoped that the many conversions of young men may result in a substantial addition to their membership. The starting of a daily prayer-meeting at eight A.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, by those who could not, in consequence of business engagements, attend the noon meeting, may, I hope, continue as a memorial of our dear friends' visit to the Scottish metropolis.

"Rather unfortunately, as it seemed to us, though it may prove not to have been so, the large hall in which the meetings began and ended was engaged for a week of the time, and the work was transferred to a smaller hall, on the south side of the city. This place never having been associated with soul-winning work, the attendance fell off, and the facilities of the well-known Free Assembly Hall were conspicuous here by their absence. Still, even in this untoward soil the Lord's word did not return to him void. Anxious souls were dealt with every evening, and on the last night the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

"During their visit, the evangelists conducted the noon prayer-meeting, which was a distinct gain both to themselves and to the meeting. We are very apt to get stiff and formal in Edinburgh, and Mr. Fullerton has an easy, unconventional way with him, that first seemed to make the dear praying ones open their eyes, but which, I believe, ultimately won universal approval. Many of our brother's epigrammatic sayings, about what we thought were well-worn texts, have found a grateful lodgment in many a heart; and not a few lonely lives have been cheered and solaced by the blessed truth so quaintly presented.

"Brother Smith is a good story-teller. Hence, as might be expected, he is peculiarly acceptable to children. His management of a children's meeting is admirable, and his two addresses to the Band of Hope were voted by the young folks 'first rate.'

"Mr. Fullerton's addresses reminded us of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; but when we came to examine the point of resemblance, we found it was neither in the manner nor the intonation, but in the fact that both preachers had evidently drunk at the same Puritanical fountain. Mr. Fullerton is no imitator, but a preacher of exceptional originality and power: and from the human standpoint may fairly be classed among such men as Moody, Whittle, Pentecost, and Hammond.

"From beginning to end of their month's campaign the work extended in interest, and deepened in spiritual results. Night after night the large hall was dotted all over with groups of workers and anxious enquirers, and on the last two Sabbaths the crowds seeking admission could only be accommodated by having two separate meetings, at 5 for women, and at 7 for men, and admitting them by ticket. The number who rose for prayer on these occasions was exceptionally large, and all the workers had their hands full. Christians have been much quickened by the faithful word of our dear brethren at the early Sabbath meetings; the Saturday night Song Services, with the precious sentences interjected by Mr. Fullerton between the songs,

must have reached many a heart that otherwise might have remained untouched; and in the Evangelistic meetings there were often a solemnity and power that compelled the procrastinators and hesitators to decide for Christ, and sent many a careless one away with the arrow of conviction in his heart.

"Wherever they may go, we wish our dear brethren God speed, and we thank you for your recommendation of them—a recommendation that has been fully justified by the blessed results of their visit."

Since their return to London, our brethren have held a short series of services at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey; and afterwards attended the meetings of the College Conference. This month they are to be at Cardiff, and in June they go to Dundee.

Mr. Higgins writes hopefully of *Mr. Burnham's* visit to Melbourn, Cambs., while the Evangelist, on his part, gratefully acknowledges the benefit he derived from his intercourse with the Pastor. The friends connected with the Swanage Congregational Church had prepared the way for Mr. Burnham's services by prayer and house-to-house visitation, and in consequence the meetings were blessed to many right from the commencement. Among the converts a large proportion consisted of middle-aged and young men. Before the services closed arrangements were made for another visit in October. After a successful mission at Swansea, Mr. Burnham returned to London for the Conference, and he is now at Carlisle, where he will be until the middle of May.

Mr. Russell has recently held Evangelistic Services at Woodchester, Chalford, and Eastcombe, Gloucestershire, and in each place many have gathered to hear the word, and not a few have been led to the Saviour.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have also had great blessing in their services at Bury St. Edmund's. After the Conference they will go to help our Brother Genders, at Portsea, and afterwards will conduct a mission at Taunton.

ORPHANAGE.—On Easter Monday the relatives or friends of the Orphanage children brought in the amounts collected by them towards the support of the orphans. Including the contributions of those who were unable to be present, it was anticipated that at least £100 would be in this way added to the funds of the Institution. Helpful as this sum is, the gratitude of the collectors makes it worth far more.

On the 20th of this month Mr. Charlesworth and his choir start for their West of England tour, which will keep them fully occupied until June 10th. We need scarcely bespeak for them a hearty welcome in every town which they will visit between Bath and the Land's End, for we have already proved on many occasions that the Orphanage has nowhere truer friends and helpers than in that charming region.

Children and young people in various parts of the country find out different methods of helping the Institution. We have just received £2 5s. 0d. as the proceeds of an amateur entertainment by a few young friends in one provincial town, and 13s. from two country children, six and eight years of age, who obtained that amount by the sale of texts which they had illuminated, and sold for the benefit of the Orphanage.

Special Notice.—Will all our friends kindly note that *The Orphanage Fête will not be held*, as announced, *on June 18th*, but some time in July, of which due notice will be given. June 18 and 19 will be set apart for the Jubilee celebration of the President's birthday at the Tabernacle.

COLPORTAGE.—There is nothing new in connection with the Colportage Association this month, but attention is called to the Annual Meeting, which is to be held in the Tabernacle, on *Monday, May* 19, when the President, C. H. Spurgeon, is expected to preside, and addresses will be given by Dr. Green, one of the Secretaries of The Religious Tract Society, and some of the colporteurs. This is usually a most interesting meeting, and it is hoped that there will be a very large attendance.

PERSONAL NOTES.—*The Statesman and Friend of India*, for March 14, contained a full reprint, paid for as an advertisement, of our sermon, "Number 1500; or, lifting up the Brazen Serpent." We suppose this has been inserted by the generous friend who has done the same thing before. Although we are not personally acquainted with him, we thank him heartily for thus extending the usefulness of the sermons, and unite with him in praying that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon the effort to make the truth known to the English-reading population of India.

The native Pastor of an Evangelical church in *Egypt*, writing to thank Mrs. Spurgeon for a gift from her Book Fund, says:—"I feel indebted to Mr. Spurgeon for several benefits I have got from his writings. These have been the means of grace and edification to me. I often pray for him that he may continue to be a great instrument, as he has been, and as he is now, in the hands of the Master for the good of the church and the world; and that he may be preserved in health; and that a long and prosperous life may be granted to him. I always like to read his writings; they are full of Christ and his gospel. How I do wish to see him face to face, and to hear him! I believe that, if I am privileged to go to London at any time, the first thing with me will be to go and see Mr. Spurgeon, and spend a Sabbath at the Tabernacle."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 27th, ten; April 3rd, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Bridgwater Baptist Chapel, collection at Lord's Table, per Pastor H. Moore	1	0	5
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bovingdon, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	10	0
Pastor W. Thorn	0	10	0
Pastor A. A. Saville	0	10	0
Pastor A. A. Saville's Bible Class	2	0	0
	2	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards	2	5	0
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Mitcham, per Messrs. E. A. and F. C. Carter	1	1	0
Collection at Portmahon Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor T. Ings Stockley	5	13	0
Pastor Chas. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Grose	2	2	0
Mr. Marcus Martin	5	0	0
Pastor T. G. Gathercole	1	5	0
Mr. Ed. Sheffield	5	5	0
Rev. J. P. Chown	2	2	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Tonbridge, per Pastor T. Hancocks	5	0	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Collection at Octavius-street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	3	0	0
Pastor Isaac Near	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crisp	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Baptist Church, Bromley, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Woollacott	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Middlemore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	5	5	0
Collection and Subscriptions at Baptist Chapel, Elgin, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	6	2	0
Pastor H. Channer	0	6	0
Mr. Ed. Pink	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Miss A. M. Ardill	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Angus	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
Collection at Victoria-place Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch	5	0	0
Mr. G. O. Neal	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dobson	1	0	0
Mrs. W. N. Richardson	1	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	20	0	0
Mr. F. Howard	5	0	0
Mr. W. Monnery	5	0	0
Miss E. E. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mr. John T. Betts	15	15	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	2	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	10	0	0
Dr. J. A. Howard	0	10	0
Dr. J. D. Swallow	5	5	0
Mr. P. Holland	1	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Southwood-lane, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	2	3	9
Mr. W. Balne	0	10	0
Mr. E. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mrs. Frederick Heritage	2	2	0
Rev. Thomas Sowter	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ulverston, per Pastor R. Scott	1	11	0
Mr. F. J. Chapman	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	2	2	0
Baptist Church, Great Broughton, per Pastor Jas. McNab	1	0	0
Collection at Isleham, per Pastor J. A. Wilson	1	6	0
A Friend, per Pastor G. West	2	10	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Pastor R. M. Harrison	5	0	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Part collection at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor W. Genders	1	10	7
Pastor E. B. Pearson's Bible-class	1	2	3
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	10	0
Repayment by late Student	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. A. A. Urquhart	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Paige	1	0	0
A grateful grandmother	1	0	0
A sermon-reader and well-wisher	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Burt	5	5	0
Miss M. Heath	3	0	0
Mr. David McLaren	5	0	0
Mr. J. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. John Best, J.P.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Altham	10	0	0
Mr. R. C. Serpell	5	0	0
Per Rev. Robt. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. Joseph Spurgeon	0	10	6
Mrs. Robert Spurgeon	0	10	6
	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson, per Mrs. James Withers	5	0	0
Mr. H. C. Daniell	5	0	0
Collected at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	28	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Marks	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Mar. 16	33	16	3
„ 23	18	8	6
„ 30	32	4	4
April 7	27	17	3
„ 14	30	6	8
	142	13	0
	£492	15	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Walker	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Drake	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Barker	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	2	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
A mite from a poor woman	0	1	6
Captain A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Booth	1	0	0
Mrs. Hague, per Mrs. E. Booth	1	0	0
Miss Elizabeth Carter	0	5	0
Mr. Peter Rabey	2	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Downs	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
L. K. D.	1	5	6
Ashley and Eythorne Sunday-schools	4	0	0
Mr. W. Beals	1	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
A sympathizer, Oban.	4	0	0
A reader of the Orphanage tract, entitled, "Gone Home"	2	2	0
Miss Keys	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Rimell	0	5	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Ost	1	0	10
A. McKen and fellow-servants	0	13	0
Anonymous	0	10	6
The Misses and Master Arnott	2	2	0
Mr. Arnott's infant-class	0	1	7
Mr. G. O. Neal	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle United Christian Brothers' Benefit Society	2	2	0
Fochabers Sunday-school children	0	6	10
Bogmoor Sunday-school children	0	6	0
A friend	1	10	0
Collected by a Sunday-school boy at Gainsborough	0	5	6
Miss Ann Ferguson	0	3	6
Mrs. S. Hart	0	15	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Richmond St. Mission :—			
Children's boxes	13	15	4½
Children's special effort	3	0	7½
Young Men's Bible-class	6	11	5
Flint Street Branch-school	4	14	7
	28	2	0
Mr. S. Symons Martyn	1	1	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :—			
Rye-lane Chapel, Peckham, per Mr. A. Palmer	13	3	9
Rev. J. T. Briscoe	0	10	0
Mr. Creasy	0	10	0
Mr. Palmer	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Given at the doors	1	4	7
	16	0	4
Lincoln, per Mr. W. Wilcox	14	0	4
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	2	10	0
Mr. John Parkinson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Josie Arnold	0	8	0
Mrs. Abraham	2	0	0
Hampden Chapel Sunday-school, South Hackney	0	10	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	3	0	0
Mr. J. Hargreaves	5	0	0
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Orde, per Rev. T. Newlands	1	0	0
Mr. John T. Betts	15	15	0
Third Annual Amateur Entertainment at Stowmarket, per Masters Pearsons and Ennals	2	5	0
A servant's presents from visitors	0	6	6
Friends at Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	0	3	2

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. East, Kingston, Jamaica :—			
Mr. P. Chapman	1	0	0
Mrs. Stiebel	0	10	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	10	0
Mrs. East	0	10	0
Dr. Robb	0	10	0
Dr. Phillipo	0	10	0
Rev. — Pusey (Turk's Island)	0	10	0
Rev. W. Tucker	0	5	0
Rev. P. Watson	0	5	0
Rev. T. Tomlinson	0	5	0
Rev. T. Hutchins	0	5	0
Rev. — Scoburg	0	5	0
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0
Rev. W. Teall	0	5	0
Rev. J. Kingdon	0	5	0
Rev. J. Balfour	0	5	0
Rev. — Cochrane	0	5	0
Mrs. Oughton	0	5	0
Mr. Hicks	0	5	0
Rev. — James	0	4	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	4	0
Mrs. James	0	4	0
Mr. McWiney	0	4	0
Miss Skinner	0	2	0
Grace Wilson	0	2	0
Smaller amounts	0	10	6
	8	10	6
Miss Margaret Jones	0	10	0
The Misses Adams	0	10	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	0	5	0
Master Ernest Vince	0	6	8
Master Sidney Vince	0	6	8
Miss Ethel Mary Vince	0	6	8
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Miss C. Stone	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Beall	0	5	0
A friend, per Pastor G. West	2	10	0
Clepington Mission Sabbath-school, Dundee	1	13	8
Miss E. Eno	0	4	0
Collected by Miss E. Broncho	1	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
Found in Tabernacle weekly offering-box	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Munyard	5	0	0
Professor Andre	5	0	0
Annette	0	5	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	0
Given to Mr. J. M. Smith, at Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Straw-plaiters, Ivinghoe, Aston, per Mr. I. Horn	0	3	0
Mr. Kemp's country customer	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	15	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
A poor widow	0	5	0
Postal order from Putney	0	5	0
Mrs. Winsor's box	0	12	6
Mr. William Woodeson, per Mrs. James Withers	1	10	0
Mr. James B. Hay	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Moorly	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	8	0
Mrs. Sparey	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Josiah Ruck	20	0	0
Mrs. A. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Bell	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Great Broughton Good Intent Society, per Pastor J. McNab	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	11	6
Mr. W. Mayo	0	5	0
Mr. H. Lincoln	0	10	0
By sale of socks	3	3	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Silver wedding	0	10	0
A friend, per Miss Masenhelder ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Wilson...	0	10	0
J. G. J.	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, March 31st ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. Coates and Co., per Mrs. Brees	2	2	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Miss Humphreys	0 5 0		
Mrs. Mold	0 5 0		
	0	10	0
Quarterly subscriptions:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Collecting Cards, per list:—			
Orphan Boys 52 17 8			
Orphan Girls 33 18 0			
	86	15	8
	£348	7	11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 15th.—PROVISIONS:—5 sacks of Flour, A Cup of Cold Water"; 3½ boxes Valencias, Mr. Stephen Bayly; a 3 dozen case of Zoedone, The Zoedone Company, per Mr. William Barker; a churn of Milk, Messrs. J. and R. Broomfield; 1 bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

GENERAL:—A Canary and cage, "In Memoriam"; a White Wool Shawl, Mrs. M. Holmes.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 Hats, 3 Ulsters, and Dress Material, Mrs. Minter; 15 pair Boots, Miss Dobson; 40 Articles, The Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 pairs Stockings, Mr. A. McKae; 24 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 41 Articles, The Girls' Own Society, Ladbroke Grove Baptist Chapel, per Miss Head; 12 Articles, The Misses Glazebrook's pupils; 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynn Road, per Mrs. Pearce.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Woollen Shirts, H. Sheard; a Shirt and Collar, N. L.; 14 Woollen Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynn Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Allen, F., 2s; Arnold, G., 13s; Angell, A., 15s; Barter, A. S., £1; Bell, H. O., 5s; Banyard, H., 10s; Barnes, O., 5s; Bright, T. W., 3s; Burrows, L., 6s; Barrett, J., 1s 3d; Boorman, G., 1s 8d; Bett, A. A., 12s 7d; Bowles, J. N., 4s; Britton, G., 4s 3d; Belcher, S., 5s; Butler, E., 6s 9d; Brown, A. R., 10s; Barrett, H., 10s; Brown, E., £1 0s 2d; Croucher, H., £1 2s.; Cleaverley, J., 2s; Cassell, E., 15s 6d; Cozens, H., 8s 2d; Chamberlain, W., 8s; Crabb, A. J., 2s 6d; Clayton, H., 5s; Creasey, E. B., 4s 5d; Cartland, S., 3s 1d; Dean, A., 10s; Duff, E., 10s 3d; Dillon, G., 2s 1d; Dean, W., 2s 6d; Dancey, C., 1s 5d; Deacon, G., 5s 6d; Davis, E., 14s; Evans, J., £2 2s; Edgley, W., 3s 6d; Farr, E., 3s 3d; Foster, A., 4s; Fairclough, R., 2s; Fitch, E., 4s 6d; Ford, W. J., 14s; Fieldwick, S., 3s 8d; Franklin, J. C., 1s 6d; Gardner, E., £1 3s; Golding, H., £1; Gosling, E. J., 4s 1d; Garvan, W., 2s; Gladwin, W., 10s; Game, J., 7s 10d; Harris, W., £1; Hall, G., 8s; Hawken, L., 1s 9d; Hopcroft, A., 5s 3d; Horan, E. L., 12s; Hill, C., 4s; Hamment, G., 2s 6d; Hutchins, F., 1s 10d; Hatcher, J., 1s 8d; Ireson, E., 2s 4d; Jarvis, B., 2s; Jones, C., 2s 6d; Kibble, Geo., 5s 7d; Kemp, G., 6s; Kelland, S., 10s; Lloyd, A., £1; Lunn, E., 10s; Lister, V., 7s; Lowne, J., 2s 6d; Lenson, P., 16s 7d; Lamb, E., 3s 8d; Metcalfe, T., £1 1s; Moppett, F., 10s; Miller, R., 5s; Martindale, W., 6s 6d; Moore, A., 2s 9d; Marendaz, F., 12s 6d; Mead, B., 8s; Newman, A., £1 10s; Norton, R., £1 1s 6d; Price, S., 4s; Pritchard, G., 2s 11d; Pearce, J., 8s 6d; Perry, G., 2s 3d; Pitney, W. G., £1 1s 8d; Pickernell, E. G., 10s 7d; Roff, L., 9s; Ratcliffe, J., 7s; Rouse, F., 4s; Read, F., 4s; Rathmell, H., 11s; Seal, H., 10s; Sunderland, A., £1; Smith, H., 10s; Sparke, B., £1 7s 4d; Symmonds, Y., 10s; Smith, H., 6s; Smith, P., 4s; Stickland, E., 9s; Smith, E., 10s; Sulley, H., 3s 2d; Snow, W., 9s; Stokes, G., 4s; Trolley, R. H., £1 2s 3d; Talbot, E., 2s 1d; Unwin, E., £1; Vuller, A., 14s 6d; Warner, G. W., 10s; Wilkes, A., 1s; Weatherdon, H., 11s 6d; White, John, 10s; Weller, W., 7s; Wakerell, H., 6s 7d; Williams, H., 14s 6d; Wratten, E. D., 10s 6d; Westbrook, J. H., 12s 6d; Williams, J. H., £1.—Total Boys' Cards, £52 17s 8d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Andrews, E., 5s 6d; Ayling, E., 7s 3d; Ainger, K., 2s 6d; Blackwell, K., 14s 6d; Bettam, A., 8s 6d; Buckland, A., 10s 2d; Bartlett, C., 3s 6d; Bissett, M., 7s 6d; Breakspeare, A., 5s; Bates, M., 9s 2d; Burrows, F., 4s 3d; Bridgford, A., 2s 2d; Bullock, L., 6s 6d; Bridgman, A., 5s; Cooper, F., 8s; Chamberlain, M., 8s 6d; Chapman, E., 8s; Cox, E., 6s 6d; Castle, G., 11s 7d; Casey, M., 7s; Cooper, K., 15s; Cluse, F., 5s; Carroll, F., £1; Donnelly, G., 10s; Eagle, S., 7s 6d; Eagleton, E., 5s; Francis, J., 2s 1d; Gorey, A., 10s; Goldsmith, E. V., 5s; Gilmore, C., 5s; Gray, M. A., 7s; Gort, G. A., 6s; Howell, R., 2s; Hart, E., 4s 8d; Howell, L. H., 9s; Hill, A., 4s; Hayden, E., 10s; Ive, E., 3s; Jackman, L., 8s 4d; Kelland, J., 13s 6d; Kingaby, A., 10s; Lee, E., 10s; Lugsden, W., 7s; Long, M., 5s; Lamb, E. A., 2s 4d; Ladbrooke, J., 4s; Maycock, W. L., 3s; Marshall, M., 5s 10d; Moore, E., 5s; Mash, M. L., 8s; Nash, M., 3s 6d; Newton, A., 9s; Orridge, A., 2s 6d; Oakey, F., 5s 3d; Pentecost, E., 12s; Pope, A., 6s; Peepal, B., 8s 6d; Ramplin, F., 5s 6d; Rushman, H., 7s; Richards, L., 5s 2d; Shipway, G., £1 3s 2d; Stevens, M., 8s 3d; Smith, L., 13s; Salt, E., 6s 2d; Sharland, H. O., 2s; Slipper, F., 9s; Staines, C., 17s 1d; Somerscales, E. E., 7s; Spender, K., 10s; Sharp, H. R., 2s 9d; Spear, C. A., 7s; Scott, L., £1 1s; Steel, E., £1 4s; Thorp, E. M., 5s; Trill, N., 10s; Tilly, Grace, £1; Tollworthy, E., 19s 8d; Thompson, L., 5s 9d; Thomas, M., 8s; Veryard, R., 4s; Valler, C., 2s 9d; Williams, N., 5s 6d; Willis, A., 10s; White, H. A., 4s 2d; Willison, A., 10s; Wellington, E., 5s.—Total Girls' Cards, £33 18s.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
"In memoriam," Ethel Bertha ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Elliot	10	0	0
A young lover of Christ	0	2	0
Mr. Richard Lewis, for "The Liverpool House"	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A widow's mite	1	0	0
Alover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. James B. Hay...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Annual subscription :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
	£20	14	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham ...	20	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association ... 10 0 0			
Oxfordshire Association, per Mrs. Wood 0 19 0			
	10	19	0
Halesowen District, for 1883	5	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Mrs. Allison's class for Orpington ...	13	12	5
Thornbury District :—			
Per Mr. Day... ... ... 11 10 0			
Per Mr. T. S. Child ... 5 0 0			
	16	10	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Collection at Tring, less expenses of hire of hall, etc.	1	5	4
Minchinhampton District	10	10	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
Dorking District :—			
Rev. A. G. Everett ... 8 0 0			
Mr. Chabot 2 0 0			
	10	0	0
Calne District	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association for Arnold	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Grosvenor Square Congregational Church	7	10	0
	£232	16	9

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Per Miss Fosberry...	0	10	0
Sermon-reader	0	2	6
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	6
Mrs. Brittan Willis	2	10	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mr. George White...	0	10	0
Mr. G. O. Neal	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	22	12	5
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	1	18	7
Annual Subscriptions :—			
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. J. Powell	1	1	0
H. M. (Half-yearly)	20	0	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry...	0	10	0
	£89	0	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
E. N., Edinburgh	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Burnham and Broad's services at Long Buckby	4	4	0
Mr. J. Dore...	0	10	6
Mrs. Brittan Willis	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at New Whittington	1	0	0
In memoriam, March 22, 1882	0	1	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Melbourn, Cambs. ...	2	0	0
B.A.	2	0	0
Mr. John P. Scott...	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Murray	2	0	0
Miss J. Coster	0	10	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mr. B. Gledhill and his brothers and sisters	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Swanage	2	0	0
Staffordshire Baptist Association, Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services in the Potteries district ...	9	2	10
Mr. C. N. Houston...	1	0	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry...	0	10	0
	£31	18	10

Jubilee Testimonial Fund.—Mrs. Moore, £1 1s.; M. H., £2 2s.; The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., £5; Mr. F. W. Phillput, £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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1884.

The Influence of Company.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE effect of company upon our souls is less considered at this time than it ought to be. Probably the most of men are ten times more careful in selecting a horse than in choosing a friend. They do not thoughtlessly surround themselves with servants, and yet they leave the gathering of their intimates to chance. Because we are compelled in some degree to mix with the ungodly world in the course of daily business, therefore many imagine that there can be no harm in making unconverted persons our intimate associates. Such a mistaken idea must be mischievous, and the sooner we are delivered from it the better.

We must be coloured and tinctured by our friendships: it is unavoidable. The wisest of men assures us that "He that walks with wise men shall be wise"; and it is equally true that he who walks with fools will soon be foolish. Some men have great influence, and to be near them is to be assuredly affected by them. Even those who have least power over others have a measure of it, and unconsciously to ourselves we may fall in some degree under their spell. The Jews have a proverb that "two dry sticks put to a green one will kindle it," and it is doubtless true that, should one evil associate be unable to deprave us, there is a cumulative force in the example and persuasion of numbers. It is to be feared that where two or three are met together under the power of sin, there the devil is in the midst of them to aid their base endeavours. Now, it is a hard thing to go in and out among the children of darkness without learning some of their ways, and harder still

to meet them in companies, which make up synagogues of Satan, without feeling the baleful force of the god of this world. If the company of the wicked does not leave a smear it will leave a smell; if it be not deadly it will be dangerous. Some of us are more plastic or malleable than others, and we are the first to be impressed by our surroundings; it is to us, therefore, of the first importance to place ourselves in holy society, and shun all needless association with the godless as we would avoid the plague. We are ourselves acquainted with many who have been ruined by bad company,—such were C——, who became a reprobate through spending his Sabbaths in excursions and amusement; F——, who was led into peculation and ultimate embezzlement through his friends of the billiard-table; H——, who was never worth a penny-piece after he had found his heaven in the banquets of the Freemasons; and J——, who went from bad to worse through the company of those who laugh at purity, and call vice pleasure. Indeed, the list is endless; and we shall be conceited to no ordinary degree if we imagine that we shall be safe where so many have fallen, never to rise again.

When dubious associates cannot altogether prevail with us to do evil, they are sure to hinder us as to our growth in holiness. The higher forms of grace are extremely delicate, and the processes of their progress are intensely sensitive, and hence it happens that even the presence of the graceless may injure them. We do not wonder that the heathen, in their more solemn worship, were accustomed to lift up the warning voice—"Far hence, ye profane!" Instinctively one feels that in holy approaches to God the absence of the wicked is greatly to be desired. A word, or even a look, or a gesture from an influential worldling has soured the milk of devotion in many a pious heart. A note or two from graceless lips has reminded a holy man of a profane song which he would give his eyes to forget, for its recurrence to his memory has chased communion from his mind. These servants of iniquity are powerless to help us, but terribly potent to hinder us in our advances to our God. Who can make headway in faith while intimate with unbelievers? Who can dwell in hallowed peace when rough and headstrong spirits have unrestrained access to him? Who can be pure, and yet lay his head in the bosom of impurity? Who can keep his garments unstained, and yet toy with the unclean? The ascent to the heights of holiness is steep in itself, and we have enough burdens of our own to carry; there can be no need to link ourselves with those whose nature and disposition lead them to drag us down.

"Not with the light and vain,
The man of idle feet and wanton eyes;
Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling train;
My lot be with the grave and wise.

"Not with the trifler gay,
To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave;
Not with the empty idler of the day;
My lot be with the wise and grave.

"Not with the jesting fool,
Who knows not what to sober truth is due,
Whose words fly out without or aim or rule;
My lot be with the wise and true.

"With them I'd walk each day,
From them time's solemn lessons would I learn;
That false from true, and true from false, I may
Each hour more patiently discern."

In these times we observe a craving in certain minds after what they call "admission to society." Persons usually numbered with Christians have become rich, and this "society" fever has come upon them with their increased substance. They are not themselves extremely talented or accomplished people, and in years gone by they were highly gratified when the leading friends in the church welcomed them to their houses; but now, though they are assuredly no better cultured than they were, they look down upon their former friends, and say that they long to get into "society." If they would turn their talk into English it would run thus,—"We are now rich, and are carried away with self-importance. We reckon ourselves to be too respectable to associate with godly people in the middle station of life, much less with poor saints. We want to have the esteem of worldlings, and enter with them into gaieties and frivolities." When this desire is gratified, the consequences are that these foolish people are patronized by people who find their interest in so doing. They are allowed to provide expensive feasts, and are honoured by the company of certain nobodies, with big names, to whom a good dinner is an object. Their sons become genteel scamps, and their daughters are caught up in marriage, or in a worse manner, by penniless captains or profligate gentlemen, who devour their money, and treat them with heartless indifference. The family which might have been honoured, had it been gracious, goes over bodily to the godless majority, and is no more to be found beneath the banner of the Lord. Such is the influence of companionship when it is adored under the mystic name of "society."

But it is argued that we must have "society." So indeed we must, and if we find it among the godly it will be to our lasting and abounding benefit. An old Puritan has well observed that "Nothing in all the world contributes so much to the kindling, the firing, and the inflaming of men's hearts after holiness, as the society of those that are holy. Algerius, an Italian martyr, had rather be in prison with Cato than live in the senate-house with Cæsar. It is ten thousand times better to live with those that are holy, though in a dark prison, than to live amongst those that are unholy, though in a royal palace. Urbanus Regius, having one day's converse with Luther, tells us that it was one of the sweetest days that ever he had in all his life." There must be disease in the mind of that Christian who would not find delight in the company of many men and women of our acquaintance; for their experience, their holiness, and their communion with God have made their words as music to the ear. When a few true believers meet together, and hold converse upon the grand themes of our divine faith, the pleasure is as real as it is pure, as intense as it is profitable. We shall never forget an hour with George Müller, with Samuel Martin, with Baptist Noel. It has been our privilege to converse familiarly with many renowned persons, but we speak without any reservation when we say that with the most godly we have had the best-remembered and the happiest forms of intercourse. It will be among our sunniest memories

throughout life that we have many times had the good Earl of Shaftesbury all alone in dearest fellowship at our own home; and, much as we have valued his public utterances, one of our highest joys has been to hear him pour forth a full-volumed stream of story and incident of a personal kind connected with his own walk with God. We were never dazzled by his rank, but we have been profited by his friendship in a way which may be more freely spoken of another day. Yet have we found equal joy and good cheer in the company of godly men of names unknown to fame. We could mention a score of intimates with whom "a crack" is a grand treat. Don't tell us that we must go among worldlings for good company. Our private belief is that grace, in many an instance, quickens the intellect; that peace of heart breeds *bonhommie*, and that the loftiest pleasure comes of joys digged from the mines of godliness. The society of the fashionable is frequently vapid; the card which is the one thing needful of etiquette, is the token of the instability of worldly friendships. Even for mere interest commend us to gracious conversation: there is substance, freshness, life in it. The world stands on stilts; paints and powders its wrinkled face; ogles, and minces, and lies; one sees behind the scenes of its "*society*," and henceforth loathes it. But the society of true believers, though it may lack polish, veneer, and plush, has truth for its language, freedom for its atmosphere, sincerity for its spirit, and life for its characteristic. Nothing is more romantic than real life; and if we associate with those whose love to God impels them to labour for the benefit of man, and especially if we join them in their endeavours, we shall not suffer from weariness, or complain that we have fallen upon an age of prose.

As to the actually vicious, or profane, Christians can never be excused if they associate with *them*. The question is still debated in some circles whether alcohol is a poison or no, but we never heard any one advocate moderate doses of prussic acid; and so it can never be doubted that the company of a dissolute person of either sex is as much to be avoided as that of a cobra, or a panther. No matter what their talents, bad men and women cannot do good to us, or to our children. Out of evil comes evil.

"Why did you not take my brother's arm last night?" said one young lady to another.

"Because I know him to be a licentious young man," answered the wiser girl.

"Nonsense!" said the first; "if you decline the attentions of all licentious young men, you will soon be left alone in your glory, I can assure you."

"Very well," was the reply; "then I will be left alone; for I am determined, come what may, that I will have nothing to do with persons of loose character."

This little dialogue we have borrowed; but whoever wrote it sketched an admirable scene, which we believe has been many times observed with delight by holy angels. We commend it to all, and most of all to those whom it more immediately concerns.

We are so much under the influence of our comrades in life's battle that we dare not enter a regiment whose traditions are ignoble; we need to unite with the best, and rally to the most glorious banner. We

are none too good when aided by the most helpful associates; we can none of us afford to be deteriorated and debased by ill connections. The mountain of life must be scaled; crevasses, chasms, precipices, must be encountered. Almost without exception we must be roped together in this mountaineering: let the wise man accept only as his partners those who will pursue the ways of faith and virtue, for with these only will he reach the summit.

An Objector Answered.

"I DON'T like so much talk about religion," said a rude stranger in a city boarding-house to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. "I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to everything pleasant in the world. It ties a man up hand and foot. It takes away his liberty; *and it isn't natural.*"

"Oh, no," answered the lady, "it isn't natural. We have the best authority for saying so. 'The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, for they are *spiritually discerned.*' True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide."

A pause for a few moments followed; then the stranger began again—

"People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, anyhow. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them; nobody likes them, for they are like nobody; they are so very peculiar."

"Allow me to interrupt you again, sir," said the lady; "but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with Bible language that I shall have to introduce another quotation from the blessed book. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people."

"Does the Bible say they are peculiar, then? That's odd. That book, somehow, has got a dose for everybody. Yet, ma'am, you must allow that the commands that book lays upon us poor sinners are hard. It's thou shalt not, and thou shalt not, all the time. Why, its precepts and views of things are not only systematic tyranny, but they are narrow, very narrow."

"Yes," replied the lady, "they are narrow, for the Bible says they are. 'Strait is the gate, and *narrow* is the way that leads to life.' We have to struggle hard to keep in this narrow way, if we once get in it. It is too narrow for pride, worldliness, and sloth. It is too narrow for the service of two masters. It is too *narrow* for covetousness, envy, and all other evil passions. Hatred can find no place for so much as the sole of its foot in the narrow way. Good deeds, kind words, faith, hope, and charity, occupy all the ground, and will continue to hold it to the end."

The stranger listened surprised and annoyed, and at last arose and left the room, apparently a more thoughtful, if not a better man.—*American Messenger.*

Some Spiritual Soudans.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTIETH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE. BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

A YEAR ago comparatively few people could have told anything about the Soudan: now the name is in almost every mouth, and public interest centres more there at present than anywhere else on the earth. Pondering over this subject, some spiritual analogies have suggested themselves, which may not be inopportune.

A word or two first of all about the Soudan itself. Stretching from the Red Sea on the east for one thousand three hundred miles, and from Egypt proper on the north for one thousand six hundred miles, it seems to be a country worth the having; but it only seems to be. Since it was annexed to Egypt in 1819 it has brought nothing but trouble to that country. Ismail, who annexed it, was poisoned here. Rebellions have broken out at regular intervals; the trade, which began with ivory, has now turned to slave-dealing—black ivory, as these, our fellow-men, are called in the market. In 1860 the conscience of Europe was awakened on the subject of the slave trade, and since then until the present day the Soudan has always been in a ferment.

But our present purpose is free from political bias, and has but little to do with recent complications. The writer is wholly responsible for opinions expressed; but it would be a pity, with such a text ready to hand, not to express the thoughts suggested by it.

What do we mean, then, by a spiritual Soudan? Let us run the parallel.

1. The Soudan is a place of seeming strength, but of real weakness; an increase of territory, but a decrease of power; an expanse, but an expense. It has already cost Egypt millions of money, and can never possibly pay its own way. Such is the Spiritual Soudan.

2. It is, moreover, a wilderness; a place of burning drought, and dreary desert; with a dreadful monotony, and fearful climate. Such is the Spiritual Soudan.

3. It has a false prophet, the Mahdi, from whom great things were expected, but who, by the latest accounts, seems to have already passed his meridian. The same is true of the Spiritual Soudan.

4. There have been many massacres here, both of blacks and whites, and again the simile holds good.

5. The sooner it is evacuated the better. On this all hands are agreed, but the work is one of great difficulty. The Spiritual Soudan is likewise, once entered, very difficult to leave; but it is in the hope of inducing some to attempt the task that this paper is written, and may God give those of us who are outside, grace never to set our foot in this dreary country.

There is a DOCTRINAL SOUDAN. The old doctrines of grace have been counted too narrow for many modern minds, and so they have increased the extent of the country. They go in for breadth; but it is breadth of barrenness: for width, but it is width of wilderness. At first sight the addition seemed a gain, but the church, to its sorrow, has found out that it is nothing but loss: loss of assurance; loss of energy; loss of blessing. Here, too, have many souls been massacred: many black men of the world, misled by these broad notions, have gone down to death,

while not a few white men of the church have perished as regards any effective service for the Lord. Not *one* false prophet, but many have arisen here; but the influence of all is, we trust, on the wane; and soon will come the Deliverer who shall lead us back into the old paths, and to the true faith.

In this Soudan there are three provinces. The first is named *Modern Culture.* Some of the people here deny the atonement, and some the necessity of regeneration; but they are all brethren, for they all unite in exalting the creature at the expense of Christ. Very many are their words, full often, and very dry; for is it not a desert without water? The practical result is very small. An acre of roses is required to produce an ounce of otto; three thousand silkworms to spin a lady's dress; seventy thousand insects to make a pound of cochineal: but ten thousand times ten thousand of the vapid nothings which are poured forth in the name of "refinement," and "thought," and "progress" produce not so much as a grain of perfume, or a skein of silk, or an atom of colour. It is perhaps very wrong, but when we have, bewildered, listened to some of these learned and endless disquisitions we have thought irresistibly of that son of Erin who, on being asked of what sort of material his ragged coat was composed, said that he thought the most of it was made of fresh air. That is just our notion of the so-called broad theology of the day, only we are not quite sure whether the air is fresh.

In the days of Bubble Companies there was one formed "to carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." And actually there were found hundreds of persons who advanced capital on those conditions. Their folly is only exceeded by that of those who are willing to attach themselves to the last religious craze, whatever that may be; for neither they nor anybody else could say with certainty what it is.

Another province is called by the name of *Larger Hope.* In this many delight to dwell, and they speak of their enlightenment and freedom. Judging them by results, we should not fancy they had so much of either; for it is a matter patent to all that when a church begins to enter on this way it generally loses spiritual force, gathers in worldliness, and becomes lax and careless. We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. With the most excellent intentions in the world, the guess may be hazarded that perhaps after all there may be hope beyond the grave. The people immediately seize the bait, and are carried further by it than the man who threw it intended. And cold comfort it is at the best, and makes those who hold it cold as well. It is like that lady who, on the approach of winter, being asked what was to be done with the surplus ice, said that she thought it had better be given to the poor, for they had had none all the summer. Let them keep their ice, say we, and let us give the people a gospel which will rouse, and stimulate, and gladden.

Still a third province, which is named *Sinless Perfection.* Here are to be found many of the excellent of the earth who have strayed beyond the old boundaries in search of greener pastures, and who either have been, or will be, disappointed. Even in Egypt there is a land of Goshen where people may dwell at ease; but those who stray into the desert will either be taken slaves to some pet notion, or else wander like the

nomadic Arabs, and find no rest for the soles of their feet. To what lengths will not men venture! But recently a tract came under our notice, issued by some of those who believed in this monstrous doctrine. It said something after this fashion: "The devil will often tempt you, after you get the blessing, to believe you have sinned. What are you to do? Call the devil a liar, and go on 'reckoning' yourself holy." Could anything well be worse than this? While there is, in Christ, a blessed, and real, and daily victory over sin, how can any one, with an open Bible, dare to say that they have attained unto that which the apostle said he had not yet attained unto, neither was already perfect. To say this may seem like adding a huge province to Christian experience; but depend upon it, the addition is only a Spiritual Soudan. It is no real gain; but only a drain upon resources which are already taxed to their utmost.

What shall we, then, say? This, and this only: Let us get clear of the whole country as quickly as possible. Let us be willing to confess our mistake, and then as speedily as may be get back into the old lines, where in pastures watered by the overflowing river of the grace of God, we may learn more of his ways, and be presently prepared to be led into the promised and better land. The task of evacuation is difficult, and we need such a man as General Gordon to follow the "clue of the maze" and release the garrisons.

Oh, that this work were accomplished, and that the many who are now besieged by doubts and dismays were restored to the fatherland of faith! Oh, that men were willing to become as little children, and unquestionably accept their Father's word! The day will come: there are signs of it already. Agassiz says that "heavy heads always bow." Learning will not always be on the side of doubt.

There is, moreover, a CHURCH-LIFE SOUDAN. The same definitions apply here. It is a place of apparent resource and seeming gain, but it sucks the life-blood from the church. In this wilderness false prophets abound, and many a massacre of the innocents testifies against them. The sooner we get rid of it the better. As some friends may be unacquainted with the geography of the country, I will name a few of the chief provinces.

One is called *State Connection*, and there be many who hold that to sever this from the church would be to give up the scientific frontier, and abandon our chief support. But, to our mind, this is a Soudan. It supplies plenty of slaves, but it swallows plenty of souls. It gives material support, but takes away spiritual power, and the church will never be in a healthy state until it renounces State aid. There need not be antagonism between the two; but any friendship should be like the reconciliation of those two Irish worthies, Butler and Fitzgerald, who, when their quarrel was settled, shook hands; but they took the precaution of having an oaken door between them, and embraced each other through a hole in it, specially made for the purpose. They thus avoided any risk of being stabbed the one by the other. Our friendship with the State on religious matters is much of the same sort. It will be all the more lasting with a good stout separation between.

Ephraim and Manasseh were brethren, and so are "Plenty" and "Forgetfulness," the meaning of their names. We would rather be

without the plenty of the State, than forget the Christ who bought us, or the church in which we have been redeemed. "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning: if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Another province is named *Ritualism and Rivalry.* Indeed, these may be reckoned as two, but they are so closely allied as scarcely to be distinguishable: Ritualism, that is to say, of Non-conforming as well as Episcopal churches, and a very wilderness the whole thing is. The form soon becomes formalism, the rules soon do the ruling, and while these friends cling to rites the right leaves them, and still they deny that they are wrong. They closely resemble the man who, when told his house was blown away, assured his friends the thing was impossible, since he had the key in his pocket. So they, good souls, having the ceremonies and semblance, persuade themselves that they have also the substance. And so they may have; but they have none the more because of their ritual, rather the less.

And then, again, the painful rivalry which exists between churches is certainly not a source of strength. A certain amount of competition quickens the pulse of spiritual energy, but when the strife becomes bitter what better can the people be because of it? We shall never be all of one mind till all the clocks in the city strike twelve together stroke by stroke; but as we can know the time of noon without waiting for such a combination, surely we may also be prepared to have a catholic charity for all those who, though they differ in minor details, yet agree in the grand fundamentals of the gospel of grace. No one man or church has all the truth on his or its side, and the sooner this Ishmaelitish Soudan is relinquished the better.

A third section of this baneful country is called *Worldly Alliance.* Like Yorkshire, it is a very large county, and divided into I know not how many Ridings; but anyhow, many a church is here riding rapidly to ruin. This province is no strength to the spiritual kingdom, that is certain. Some say they cannot get the people, or keep them, without descending to the singing of worldly songs, and the introduction of worldly ways. That I deny; but even if true, it would be far better never to get them than to give them a name to live while yet dead. Having the heartiest sympathy with the Blue Ribbon movement, it will not be misunderstood if I point out the serious danger many of these organizations are making by introducing in many places a scarcely tolerable entertainment under the auspices of *Gospel* Temperance. These things ought not to be so. The church in a certain place we recently visited has actually begun to hold a weekly dance, in order to attract and interest the young people. This part of the Soudan reaches even past the Equator, and is too hot for the least germ of spiritual life.

But some say, "We cannot get money without descending to these worldly methods." Then go without the money, certainly; or, better still, start an honest calling and earn it; but with illegal lotteries, and all other such impure methods, have nothing to do. The silver and the gold are our Lord's. He surely can send enough to carry on his work without resort to such more than questionable expedients; and should He not send the money needed, we may well begin to question whether the work is of the Lord. There is here both a false prophet and a false

profit. Oh, it is life we want—more intense, earnest, sanguine, enthusiastic Christian life. This is better than thousands of gold and silver. In one of the temples in Japan there are to this day displayed the costly gems and lordly offerings which, when the temple was built, the nobles of the land presented to the god in whose honour it was erected. One noted man gave no gems and no gold, but instead thereof sent thousands of little saplings. People spoke of his meanness and miserliness, while they loudly praised the munificence and magnificence of the others. But to-day the glory of that temple is a long avenue of trees, miles in extent, forming an approach to the sacred enclosure, and these are all the product of the saplings given to the temple at the opening by this one man. *They* presented precious things without life. He gave LIFE. Hence the result. Now, God wants our life. Neither worldly nor ceremonial aid can be substituted for this, and if we have this, we can well afford to dispense with all other help. The life will assert itself, and in years to come not the church which had most magnificence will be most highly honoured, but the church which had most life. Away, then, with these Soudans. Let no trust be reposed in any of these outward things. As it is our life God wants, so let us depend solely upon his. In Cromwell's day the Royalists first called the Liberals Whigs, taking the first letter of each word in their motto, "We Hope In God!" and forming them into this word. God give us more of this sort of Whigs!

(*To be continued.*)

Anarchists in Theology.

THE story is told of a popular orator who, on one occasion, waxed so warm and eloquent over the iniquities of the Government, that, losing his head, he declared at last he would abolish everything! This seems to be the vein of our modern divines. Very few of them are overdone with theology, and therefore they abuse it. The grapes are sour to these foxes. But what little they have picked up at second-hand is mostly used by them as something to find fault with. They don't believe in this vulgar view, nor in that antiquated opinion; and in general they don't agree with anything whatever that has either sense or Scripture in it. They remind us of the candidate who was asked by a Scotchman, "How about the Decalogue, Jock?" and instantly replied that he should certainly vote for its total abolition. Their cry is, "Down with all that's up!" They are just Anarchists and Nihilists who have got into a church, and who think they will play the same pranks there as in a Red Republican Club. There's no stopping these foaming spouters—they must just run themselves dry; the mercy is that very soon nobody will take the slightest notice of them. Meanwhile, however, some of these destroyers, who have climbed into pulpits, are scattering the little flocks which have accepted them as shepherds; and this makes the matter serious for the time. Perhaps when they have quite finished their career of overturning, the poor people may return with renewed zest to that old-fashioned gospel which their clever young parsons could not endure.

C. H. S.

Samuel Rutherford.*

RUTHERFORD'S Letters are established amongst the devotional classics of the Christian church, and are better known, we venture to say, than his life. Many are familiar with Rutherford, the saintly spirit who dwelt in the suburbs of Immanuel's land and breathed the odours of heaven, who know little of Rutherford, the reforming preacher, who in his harangues to "congregations exceeding great felled the bishops and houghed the ceremonies"; of Rutherford, the great debater in the Westminster Assembly, whose resources and self-command made him a power in that illustrious gathering; or of Rutherford, the strong political wrestler, of whose "Lex Rex," one of the ablest defences of constitutional government ever written, Charles II. said, "it was not likely to be answered in his day." He was eminently a "man worth remembering," and Dr. Thomson's admirable biography will place a distinct figure in a niche of memory which to many persons has been vacant, or at best dimly occupied.

He was born in 1600, in Teviotdale, at a farm about four miles from the beautiful border town of Jedburgh. To the grammar-school attached to the old abbey of that town the lad was sent by his father, a four miles' daily walk, to get such education as the little district capital afforded. The master discerned in the farmer's son signs of remarkable ability; and the observation of the parents agreeing with the hints of the teacher, Samuel was, at the age of seventeen, entered as a student at the University of Edinburgh. The method of teaching at the University in those days was, as yet, immature. Instead of the branches of education being divided among the professors, each professor instructed his own youths in all the subjects required for graduation—a cumbrous and wasteful process. But diligence made up for defects of system, and for ten months in each year young Rutherford and his fellow-students spent eight hours a day with the professor, listening to his prelections in Latin, or disputing in the same tongue with one another. At the end of four years he took his degree, and two years afterwards won the position of Professor of the Latin language and Literature in the University over the heads of scholars greatly his seniors.

In two years more he married; and, in consequence of unpleasantness, which some technical irregularity in taking this step produced between himself and his colleagues, he, from wounded feeling, resigned his charge. The offence was not such as to stain his character, but bitter hours were associated with this passage of Rutherford's life, which led him into trains of self-reflection that ended in his yielding himself to Christ. More than once afterwards, when exhorting young men to consecrate to God the morning of their days, he lamented that, for his own part, he had delayed this momentous step till it was "high noon." "Like a fool as I was," said he, "I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end." He now steadfastly set his face for the Christian ministry, and entered on the study of theology, with what zest and success was

* Samuel Rutherford. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh. "Men worth remembering" Series. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1884.

presently shown by his eminence as a Christian polemic, and his mastery of the divine word.

The religious condition of Scotland in those days was a mournful one to a mind with Rutherford's convictions. The reformation set up under God by the genius and piety of Knox in the previous century had suffered lamentable declension. Reformation doctrines were frowned upon by men in power: ceremonies which were regarded by the people as unauthorized by Scripture, and as having a suspicious look Romeward, had been insinuated into the worship by the king's authority. The needle which James had introduced was used by Charles to draw in the thread; and things were growing worse. The General Assembly was now prohibited from meeting except by royal permission. Prelates were placed by Charles over the various Scottish districts, to supersede the Presbyteries; and there was fast rising in Scotland a conflict between life and formalism, between royal prerogative and the spiritual independence of Christ's church. The people everywhere chafed under the tyranny; and many a good minister either openly protested against the obnoxious innovations, or silently refused to comply with them.

It was in such a state of affairs that, in 1627, by the advice of Gordon of Kenmure (afterwards Viscount Kenmure), the inhabitants of the rural parish of Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, invited Rutherford to become their minister. By the influence of the same nobleman, the Bishop of Galloway was induced to waive his prerogative, and to yield a tacit consent to his receiving ordination by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. And so Rutherford and his wife entered the old Anwoth manse, circled and shaded with holly trees; and for more than two centuries the name of the saintly man has made the place sacred. We think of Rutherford and Anwoth just as we associate Baxter with Kidderminster, Doddridge with Northampton, Newton and Cowper with Olney, or St. Columba with Iona.

"Standing in the centre of the little town of Gatehouse, and looking northward," says Dr. Thomson, "you see rising before you, at no great distance, a succession of mountains, of moderate height, of varied shape, and green to the summit. These are separated from each other by grassy glens, which are watered by mountain streams, some of which on rainy days, like the impetuous Skyrburn, assume in a few hours the dimensions of a river. Those pastoral hills and valleys form the greater part of the parish of Anwoth. Skirting round the base of the nearest eminence for about a mile you come suddenly upon the venerable ruins of the church in which Samuel Rutherford began his remarkable ministry some time in 1627. The old sanctuary, standing in a natural basin, is surrounded by trees, and overlooked by wooded hills not far off. And while it is now roofless, its walls and belfry remain in good preservation, and are richly mantled within and without with ivy." As one stands inside this ivy-clad ruin it is not difficult to picture the place as it was two and a half centuries ago: the door by which Rutherford entered; the oaken pulpit, with the oval window behind lighting up his Bible; the galleries at either end of the kirk occupied by the titled families; and in every other part the densely packed seats of the farmers and peasants, who sat listening to Rutherford's melting eloquence, often raised above themselves by the almost seraphic strains of his adoration and prayer.

For this "little fair man" was a wonderful preacher. Though his elocution was defective, and his voice at times unnaturally shrill, Wodrow speaks of him as "one of the most moving and affecting preachers in his time, or perhaps in any age of the church." His sermons were usually "radiant with Christ, as incarnate, suffering, risen, glorified, and reigning. Much of his conversation glowed with this ever-welcome theme; he sometimes fell asleep with the name of Jesus on his lips, and the subject often shed a heavenly light over his dreams." In the pulpit his animation often grew to rapture, and those who would judge of him by quietly reading his sermons in their library must weigh well the remark made concerning another preacher, "that those who stole his sermons could never steal his preaching, which in its way was inimitable." Preaching was Rutherford's element. He rejoiced in it as a lark or nightingale may be supposed to rejoice in song.

The secret of his power was the mighty spiritual life that glowed behind all this activity. He rose at three o'clock in the morning, and spent the early hours in prayer, meditation, and study. For greater privacy he frequently retired to a spot midway between the manse and the church, still known as "Rutherford's walk." "There," said he afterwards, "I wrestled with the angel and prevailed. Woods, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses that I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and Anwoth." The later hours of the day were devoted to visiting the sick and to catechising in the families of his people. As an under-shepherd of Christ he endeavoured to know each individual of his flock by personal intercourse; and many a long walk was taken among the ferns and heather, and over the misty hills and across wild mountain torrents, to carry consolation to the dying; and we may trace, perhaps, the influence of this breezy, happy labour in the enrichment of his sermons and his extraordinary letters with natural pictures and analogies of extremest beauty; for they are redolent even now with a sweet heathery odour, and lighted up as with the glories of the atmosphere and sky.

To this period belongs the story of Archbishop Usher's visit to Anwoth. That broad-hearted prelate was on his way to his diocese in Armagh, and, desirous of meeting Rutherford, presented himself disguised as a mendicant at the door of the Presbyterian manse on Saturday evening, asking lodging for the night. Rutherford was in his study, and his wife, according to her custom, was catechising the household. To the question, how many commandments there were, Usher answered, "eleven;" and the good wife afterwards told her husband she feared the stranger was but ill-instructed in religion. The following morning Rutherford retired early to his sanctuary among the trees, and was surprised to find the stranger there before him engaged in prayer. Usher revealed himself, and Rutherford urged him to preach. Service time being come, Usher read out his text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." This explained all. "There," whispered Rutherford to his wife, "is the eleventh commandment." The story is characteristic of Usher's spirit of humility and ripe charity; and though it has been questioned is very far from being improbable.

Nine years were spent in this Anwoth pastorate, in the midst of which Rutherford lost his children and his wife, and himself passed

through severe illness. And now other troubles thickened around him. He had been amongst the firmest in resistance to ecclesiastical innovation and prelatic tyranny; and he had written a learned work on Divine Grace against the Arminianism of the bishops. Accordingly, Sysderf, the new bishop of Galloway, cited him to appear before the High Commission Court in Edinburgh, charged with Nonconformity, treason, and with having written a book against the Arminians. At the close of a three days' trial the scale seemed ready to turn on the side of justice, when the bishop threatened to lay the whole matter before the king. Rutherford was condemned, deposed from the pastoral office, and confined in Aberdeen during the king's pleasure. "There is no quarrel," said he, "more honest or honourable than to suffer for truth. That honour my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me, even to suffer for my royal and princely King Jesus. I go to my King's palace at Aberdeen; tongue, pen, and wit cannot express my joy!"

But the "banished minister" found this violent rending from his work hard to endure. He envied the sparrows and swallows that were allowed to build their nests at Anwoth. He speaks sadly of God as "seeking to take down his sails and to let his vessel lie on the coast like an old broken ship that is no more for the sea." "I had but one eye," he complains, "and they put it out. My one joy, next to the flower of my joys, Christ, was to preach my sweetest, sweetest Master and the glory of his kingdom. Oh, if I might but speak to three or four herd-boys of my worthy Master, I would be satisfied to be the meanest of all the pastors in this land, and to live in any of Christ's basest outhouses."

While forbidden to preach he exercised the more quiet ministry of conversation and personal influence, till the authorities took alarm and "threatened the people that haunted his company." He maintained, moreover, a correspondence with the elders and more intelligent members of the church at Anwoth, and played the pastor with his pen in a way that was to have consequences wider-reaching than he knew. His writing-desk became the most effective pulpit in Christendom. Those letters were kept in jewel caskets in the castles of Galloway, and circulated in farm-houses and cottages until they became stained with thumb-marks and tears. He never thought they were among the things men would not willingly let die; but after his death they were gathered and published, and became a treasure to the whole church. Paul wrote priceless letters from his prison in Rome; Bunyan from Bedford Gaol sped many a pilgrim in his progress to the Celestial City; and Rutherford's letters, most of them written in his exile, will minister comfort and inspiration probably for ages to come. They are an alabaster box of precious spikenard poured upon the feet of Jesus, filling the whole house with odour.

In February 1638, after eighteen months of exile, Rutherford returned of his own accord to Anwoth; and it is necessary to glance at the course of events which made this daring step possible. Charles, intoxicated by the flattery of Laud, believed that only some striking exercise of his authority was needed to lay the stubborn Scottish Church at his feet; and he issued a new book of Common Prayer which,

especially in the Communion Service, bore a strong resemblance to the Popish Mass Book. Orders were sent down that on a certain day it should be read in all churches. The day came—July 23, 1637. The High Church, St. Giles', Edinburgh, where Knox had so often thundered was crowded with an excited audience. The dean, arrayed in his new robes, began to read the new Prayer-Book, when a simple woman, a street hawker of greens, enraged at the innovation, seized the stool on which she had been sitting, and with shrill, angry cry, "Rascal! wilt thou say mass at my lug?" flung it at the dean's head, narrowly missing her mark. An instant tumult followed; the dean escaped by flight. The woman's sudden act struck a sensitive chord throughout Scotland. It was a match in a powder-magazine. Scotland was up, and could not be got down again to listen sweetly to the Mass Book. The Scottish Privy Council, sympathizing with the popular enthusiasm, appointed a commission to prepare a vindication of the rights and privileges of the church. Petitions rained upon the king to withdraw the Service-book, but he only ordered it anew; and on March 1, 1638, the people, led by their nobles and ministers, streamed in thousands to the old Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, to renew the "National Covenant." They signed it weeping, as in the awful presence of God, some with their blood, and writing after their names "until death." Samuel Rutherford's signature was there. It was a day of Pentecost. The enthusiasm spread from Edinburgh through the whole land. Rutherford was detained to help on the movement by his character and eloquence, and preached in the High Church of Glasgow preparatory to the subscribing of the Covenant in that city. Men called it "the second reformation." It was no act of rebellion: there was loyalty to the sovereign in his proper sphere; but the nation refused to lay at his feet the spiritual independence of Christ's church. "Sire," said Lord Loudon to King Charles, "the people of Scotland will obey you in everything with the utmost cheerfulness, provided you do not touch their religion and conscience."

In the work of reconstruction which now set in, a man of Rutherford's character and power could not well be spared, and he was drawn reluctantly from Anwoth, and appointed, in 1639, to the chair of theology at St. Andrew's. There he exercised with effect his intellectual and spiritual power, and, as one of his pupils said, "the University forthwith became a Lebanon, out of which were taken cedars for the building of the house of the Lord through the whole land." Five months afterwards he married a second time, after having been a widower ten years. His second wife, "a person of great worth, and piety, and worthy of such a husband," survived him.

Meanwhile, amid the national rejoicing in Scotland, Charles had sulked, dissembled, and prepared for war; and now his army marched northward to be defeated at Duns Law, and again at Newburn, when the Scottish forces made themselves masters of the northern counties. A conference to negotiate terms of reconciliation was held in London, and among the Scottish Commissioners were Henderson, Gillespie, and Rutherford. Charles was presently constrained by the necessities of his position to summon what afterwards became known as the Long Parliament, and in three days the "Committee of Religion" was

appointed which was inundated with petitions of grievances from all parts of the country. An ordinance was next issued for the calling of an assembly of divines to clear the doctrine and settle the government of the church; and the famous "Westminster Assembly," perhaps the greatest of Protestant councils, was convened. It consisted of one hundred and fifty-one members, of whom ten were peers, twenty commoners, and the rest divines. Rutherford was one of eight members from Scotland, "with rare stores of learning," so runs the description of him, "not huddled and confused in his mind, but so well arranged and marshalled as to come forth at his bidding; ready and eloquent in debate, and with such a saintly character as makes all listen to him with veneration and confidence." The assembly sat for five and a half years in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, and in its confession of faith, and larger and shorter Catechisms, bequeathed an invaluable legacy to the church.

Rutherford wrote several volumes during this period. "The Divine right of Presbyteries" was an argument for his favourite form of church government. "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself" and "The Trial and Triumph of Faith"—the latter an exposition of the narrative of the Syrophenician woman—are two of his most popular doctrinal and devotional works. But another work, his "Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience," proved that this acute thinker was not in advance of the prevailing intolerance of the age. It maintains that heresy is a crime against the State, and ought to be visited with pains and penalties. It provoked Milton to write his scathing sonnet "On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament."

"Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?

* * * * * *

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge—
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

But another work of Rutherford's, his "Lex Rex, or the Law and the Prince: a Dispute for the just prerogative of King and People," was of a different complexion. "Belonging more to the province of political science than of theology, this is by far his greatest work, both in respect to argumentative power and rich and varied learning; and it is justly regarded, even at the present day, as one of the ablest defences of constitutional government ever written." It created an immense excitement in the country; and the bringing over, forty years after, of William of Orange was the living embodiment of its principles.

His extending fame and eminent services drew fresh honours upon him. He was made Principal of New College, St. Andrew's, and soon after rector of the University, and was now the greatest man in the

Scottish church. But unhappy controversy arose concerning the admission to office of persons who had been hostile to the Covenant. Rutherford and many other great and good men took the intolerant side, and bitter feeling was aroused. Very mournfully he wrote—"I am broken and wasted by the wrath that is upon this land. It is hard when saints rejoice in the sufferings of saints, and redeemed ones hurt, and go nigh to hate, redeemed ones. Our star-light hideth us from ourselves, and hideth us from one another, and Christ from us all. A doubt it is if we shall have fully one heart till we enjoy one heaven."

We must pass now with one glance a period of twelve years, in which gigantic events strode across the arena of the national history. Charles has been tried and executed. The Lord Protector, Cromwell, the great uncrowned king, has followed him to the unseen world. His feeble son, Richard, has resigned, and Charles II. has come over from Breda with fair frothy promises, made to be disregarded. On new-year's day, 1661, the servile Scottish Parliament invested the king with arbitrary power, recalled the Covenant, abolished Presbytery, and by one sweeping Act revoked all Acts passed since 1638. The moors and glens of Scotland were soon to become a hunting-ground for the Government soldiery, with the Covenanters for their game; and the reign of the boot, thumb-screw, and scaffold was at hand.

"Lex Rex" was burned by the common hangman at Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, and its author was stripped of his dignities and summoned to appear before the ensuing Parliament on a charge of high treason. He was ill when the Government messengers arrived, and they were obliged to serve the summons upon him in his bed-chamber. They awoke him from sleep, and as he took the document into his thin hand the old fire kindled in his eye, and he gave them this answer—"Tell them that I have got a summons from a superior Judge and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrives I will be where few kings and great folks come." From his sick bed he sent out one last work, "A Testimony to the Reformation in Great Britain and Ireland," and then gathered himself up into a waiting posture for the voice that was to summon him higher.

Those closing weeks were a triumph. There was little of death in that dying. "I feed on manna," he said. "I have angels' food. My eyes shall see my Redeemer. I shall shine, I shall see him as he is. I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him, and I shall have my share." Some one spoke admiringly of his ministry: "I disclaim all," he said; "the port I would be in at is redemption and salvation through his blood." Again and again he cried aloud, "Oh for a well-tuned harp." On the afternoon of the day before his death he said, "This night will close the door and fasten my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five in the morning." And so it happened. His saintly spirit took its flight at that very hour. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

In former days he had written of his Master, "I dare say that angels' pens, angels' tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels as there are drops of water in all the seas, and fountains and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you. I think his sweetness since I was a prisoner hath swelled upon me to the greatness of two heavens. Oh, for a soul

as wide as the utmost circle of the highest heaven that containeth all to contain his love! And yet I could hold but little of it. Oh, what a sight, to be up in heaven in that fair orchard of the New Paradise, and to see, and smell, and touch, and kiss that fair field-flower, that evergreen Tree of life. His bare shadow would be enough for me; a sight of him would be the earnest of heaven to me." And now those mighty yearnings were fulfilled. This great flaming soul went up on the 29th March, 1661. All Scotland mourned over his body, and they buried it at St. Andrew's.

C. A. DAVIS.

Riches and Fire.

THIS world's wealth, that men so much desire,
May well be likened to a burning fire,
Whereof a little can do little harm,
But profit much our bodies well to warm:
But take too much, and surely thou shalt burn;
So too much wealth to too much woe does turn.

Thomas Brooks.

Faith's Pilotage preferred to that of Doubt.

TWO pilots are alongside our vessel; each one is eager to seize the helm. Let us take stock of the rivals and their several works. *Faith in God* has evidently steered many into a haven of personal rest, and their voyages have been grandly serviceable to that Humanity which we are nowadays so blandly invited to adore. As for *Doubt*, that popular guide of man's youth, it has assuredly left the barques which it has boarded to drift to and fro like derelicts, without owner or harbour. When it has come on board our own vessel we have been all in a flutter till it has swaggered off again.

Usefulness to humanity has come scantily enough from the sceptical principle. It has attempted nothing, and accomplished less.

"Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend."

Assuredly there will not be much lost if this popular gentleman called *Doubt*, who finds it needful ostentatiously to dub himself *Honest*, should be dropped overboard. He will not drown, and the yielding element will suit him. Investigation, judgment, conscientious care, must ever be exercised; but the harpy of unbelief, perpetually defiling the sacred and tearing to pieces the useful, we cannot and will not endure. To live to jangle is no ambition of ours. Plain common sense leads us to prefer virtue to vice, and, as a way to virtue, that same sense selects faith in God rather than incredulity. Surely it needs no surplus of wit to make this election. How can a man who has a right to be outside of Bedlam long debate which of the two to choose—the faith which sees the invisible God, or the blind unbelief whose highest glory is to know nothing?

C. H. S.

Hindrances to Worship.

BY C. SPURGEON, GREENWICH.

THIS is a subject not much considered in its bearing upon the interior conduct of our Public Worship. Our minds are so taken up with the hindrances which come from the outside of the house of God, that we are prone to overlook those arising from *within*. I am not so sure but that the greatest evils and hindrances are to be found *inside* the sanctuary rather than *outside*. Sometimes the greatest evils are the smallest, and the smallest the greatest; it is a paradox, I know, but it is true. The least hindrance inside the house of prayer becomes as great as the greatest outside.

The first of these that I must name is that of *late coming*. Service commences at such-and-such an hour, but certain friends are always punctually late,—somewhere about ten minutes after the opening prayer. The evil reaches from the pulpit to the pew; for it annoys the regular pastor as well as the regular seat-holder. Some of the solemn sacredness of the service is taken away by each late comer, for each disturbance detracts a little from the attention of those already assembled. Some will say, "Yes, but you must excuse this." One says, "I have such a distance to come." Yes, friend, it takes you twenty minutes to come, then start twenty-two minutes before service-time, and you will most likely be punctual. "Oh!" says another, "I am kept up very late on Saturday night, and it is hard to get up on Sunday morning." Very true; but you must remember that the preacher is often "detained before the Lord" later than yourself, and yet he must be up, and not a moment late in the pulpit next morning. An old adage tells us, "Where there is a will there is a way," and I believe that if some of our "irregulars" would only "will" in this matter, this evil would be done away with.

The second matter is this,—hearers *looking about during service*. It is a very little thing, but it does a great deal of harm. Many ministers become inured to interruptions, but even the most hardened will readily own that an inattentive, gazing listener is a great annoyance. I know some preachers fail to interest their audiences, and never show them truth in such a fashion as to engage their attention, but even this is no excuse for those who incessantly look about them. When I see people wagging their heads about like the Chinamen in the tea-shops, I wish to see it no more for ever. Let the eye be fixed, and the heart fixed too, and the person who sits next to the formerly restless one will mark the improvement. "There are many attractions which allure," whispers a conscience-stricken one. I am well aware of this, for Mrs. So-and-so has on a new bonnet this morning, and Miss Featherflower is dressed up to the nines to-day. But really, dear friend, the house of prayer is not St. Paul's Churchyard, or Regent Street, and if there are those who will make themselves milliners' advertisements inside the place of holy assembly, it may be partly your fault, because they know you will look at them. Pray do not lend yourself to either of these evils, but strenuously avoid both, and the service will no longer be hindered.

In the third place, beware of the prevalent habit of *coughing during service*. This is most indulged in during winter, though there are several who can accommodate (?) us with it in the summer months as well. It

is not only the asthmatical and phthisical who annoy the worshippers with their coughing, for many others have a kind of ecclesiastical cough. It is very strange that you never hear them cough in the parlour, or the market; but as soon as they settle in their seat at church or chapel, they suffer terribly in this way. Draughts and heated air, of course, are the cause of it, and the patient is to be pitied. I think the preacher has to be more patient than the cougher, for he is compelled to endure the harrowing sound all the time, whether it be in prayer or preaching. Some folks forget their manners or leave them behind, for they do not put a handkerchief before their mouths to check the sound. Out comes the cough with the full force of their lungs, to the disturbance of all.

There is nothing that Satan likes more than these littles to spoil our devotion. How often has the falling of an umbrella or the dropping of a hymn-book on the floor marred the earnest appeal or application of the minister! Do let us be as careful as we can, not to help the devil by distracting human minds from the gospel.

There is yet another hindrance. I know some good people who *can sing, but they won't sing*, and, I might say, ought to be made to sing. People get the sulks because the tune is not pitched in the right key, or because there is no organ going, or because it is congregational singing. There they stand like mutes on the door-step, looking about as black as those silent men. Why, friend, I would join in the singing, if I could only do it as well as the kettle on the hob. Give over your crotchets, and do not be too sharp on others who do their best. If you will only add a note to our song, the singing will not be so low, or so slow as it is at present. Join with hearty accord, and pray do not be a bar to prevent the glorifying of God in general praise. Never mind if you are not a musician, for the Lord will be pleased with "a joyful noise;" and "a shout" from the heart will be accepted of him. If everybody did as you do, there would be no singing at all, and then one of the best portions of our service would be lacking. Try your best to help in praising God.

The last item of importance is *inattention to the reading of the Scriptures*. Alas! many of our congregations take it for granted that the preacher always reads correctly, and announces his text rightly, and so they never turn to their Bibles to see for themselves. One who is used to giving running comments upon the verses after they are read is glad to see the upturned faces of the audience, for he knows that such have been following him in the Scriptures, and are now eager for the exposition. There is a way of entrance into Mansoul viâ Eye-gate as well as Ear-gate, and if we *look at* the Word as well as *hear it*, it will be the more likely to abide in us. Should not God's truth receive our best attention at all times? Certainly it should do so when we have come together for divine worship.

If older folks would give heed to this word of exhortation, their example would go a long way towards making the children attentive worshippers. Thus the rising generation will be trained in the right, and in after years these hindrances will be unheard-of things. May grace be given us to destroy these "little foxes," and our vine of worship will produce clusters like those of Eshcol.

Old Bibles and their Associations.

II.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to German versions of the Bible before the Reformation, some of which are printed, while others remain in manuscript. In 1860, Dr. Charlton gave some particulars on this curious subject in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries.

Ulphilas, Bishop of the Westro-goths, made a translation in the fourth century, portions of which have been printed in more modern times. Among versions in manuscript is one in the library at Stuttgardt, dated 1351. In the royal library of Vienna are three manuscript versions, dated respectively 1378, 1446, and 1464, the former being embellished with miniature paintings, which greatly enhance its commercial value. In the Ducal library of Gotha there is a finely illuminated version, as well as a beautiful copy of the New Testament.

When we come to printed German Bibles, we find that the earliest edition of 1466, or as some would say of 1462, is more than seventy years older than Coverdale's. The printer was Henry Eggesteyn of Augsburg, and about a dozen copies are supposed to be in existence. The second and third versions were printed in the same town in the decade following; and the third, produced by Jodocus Pflanzen, has the distinction of being the first Bible which was embellished with wood engravings. Other versions were produced at Augsburg, and also at Nuremburg. The ninth German version was printed in the last-named city in the year of Luther's birth. Of this antique work we are told: "It is in two volumes, and has yet the richly tooled and stamped binding on the oaken boards of the backs. The clasps still remain, and one of the volumes retains its richly ornamented brass corners, and central boss. The book is printed in double columns, with Roman numerals on the pages; and the paper is as firm, and the ink is as black as in any work printed in these luxurious days of ours. It is well known that the old printers not merely strove to reproduce in their types the caligraphy of the ancient manuscripts, but they sought, also, by rude wood-cuts, to emulate the miniatures with which the written copies were generally adorned. The initial letters in this Bible were left blank in the printing, and afterwards filled in by the hand; while on the initial letters of some of the more important headings much care has been bestowed. All the wood-cuts, more than a hundred in number, are coloured, probably by the same hand which inserted the initial letters. The colouring is vivid—somewhat like children's work of the present day; but it gives life to these quaint pictures." Low Dutch versions had also been issued before this time, or before the end of the fifteenth century. We see how the printing-presses were preparing the way for the Reformation, which it is thought would have commenced in England three generations before it was inaugurated on the Continent, had Wickliffe possessed the printing-press.

Polyglot Bibles are said to be the scholars' Bibles, although there are few indeed who can read the sacred oracles in eight or nine languages. The first to whom the idea occurred of doing any work in this department was Origen, the Christian father, who died about the middle

of the third century. His "Hexapla," which he commenced at Rome, and which consisted of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and five Greek versions, represented one of the most extraordinary feats ever accomplished by a scholar who had no printing-press to second his efforts. The indefatigable editor travelled for twenty-eight years in search of MSS., and, when completed, his work extended to nearly fifty volumes. The idea of multiplying copies of such a work by the pen, however, was quite Utopian, and it was never realized. Only fragments of the work have come down to modern times, as the original is supposed to have been destroyed by the Saracens in the year 638.

Just about the time that Luther was beginning the Reformation, the Psalms in Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Arabic were published at Genoa, and shortly afterwards the celebrated Polyglot, for the preparation of which Cardinal Ximenes contributed 50,000 ducats. Not more than six hundred copies, and three on vellum, were printed: one of these more than half a century ago realized £630. The Antwerp Polyglot, 1569-72, was undertaken under the auspices of Philip II., one of the few redeeming actions of an odious career. This filled eight volumes folio. The *Paris Polyglot* was completed in the middle of the seventeenth century, the originator having been a French lawyer, who was content to expend the whole of his fortune on the design. The work appears to have contained all that imparted value to its predecessors, with some other features, such as Syriac and Arabic versions, and a Latin translation of the whole. The *London Polyglot*, favoured by Cromwell, which favour was duly acknowledged by the craven-spirited editor, Bishop Walton, until the tide turned at the Restoration, when he found it convenient to forget his old friend to turn round and toady Charles II. The compliments of such a man were hardly of more worth than his insults, so that while his work remains we can well afford to forget the unworthy instrument. Bagster's Polyglot belongs to our own times, or rather to the days when the pocket Bibles of that firm had command of the English market.

We have, of course, no sympathy with the cause of Charles I.: still, more than ordinary interest attaches to the Bible which the sufferer used in his last moments. About twenty-eight years ago an engraving of this rarity was published, which was then in the possession of Mr. R. Skene, of Rubislaw. Sir Thomas Herbert, who attended the king in his last days, speaks of having received it from Charles's own hands; and he adds that in the margin he had "written many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it to the prince as soon as he returned." The volume is bound in royal style, and shows the rose as well as the thistle on a ground of velvet.

All persons who are acquainted with the history of printing and publishing in London are in some measure familiar with the typographical achievements of the Bowyers, with whom, indeed, died the race of learned printers for whom London and other European capitals were once famous. At the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present, the Mr. Bowyer who was a publisher in London determined to issue such an edition of the Scriptures as should surpass anything ever attempted in this or any other country. In 1856 the materials he gathered, known to collectors as the Bowyer Bible, were

sold at Manchester; and the auctioneer stated that Mr. Bowyer had determined to issue an edition of the Scriptures which, for cost and attractiveness, should be unrivalled. Two folio copies were produced: one of these was placed in the British Museum, and the other was illustrated in a manner surpassing anything of the kind ever attempted. Mr. Bowyer had been occupied nearly a quarter of a century in completing the work, which extended to forty-five volumes, all bound in a costly manner, the oaken case in which they were preserved alone having cost £150. The work included about six thousand engravings, the dates of which ranged from the middle of the fifteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth. The book was, therefore, the work of a lifetime; the engravings had cost £3,300, the total cost of the one copy having reached a total of £4,200. The fortunate purchaser of this lot secured his lot for £550; and, doubtless, were he inclined to sell at the present time, he would secure a very handsome interest for the capital invested.

In old country houses we may frequently come across old family Bibles with large copper-plates, which were subscribed for in numbers, and which with the binding have cost in each instance sufficient to procure quite a respectable library. Many of these represent mere adventures on the part of booksellers; and some, which appeared in the last century, were very dishonest adventures, as the names of the reputed commentators were sometimes simply hired to deceive the unwary. Some unprincipled clergyman, who was tolerably well known, would consent to lend his name, and become the reputed author of a work with which he had had nothing to do. Let us give one example. Robert Sanders was born in Scotland in 1727, and having received a good education, he relinquished his business of comb-making to become what was then known as a hack writer for the booksellers. He compiled a number of works which commanded a sale, and he was even employed by Lord Lyttleton to superintend the proof-correcting of his history. Sanders then wrote a satirical novel called *Gaffer Greybeard*, the chief aim of which was to abuse the leading Nonconformist ministers of the capital, and Dr. Gill of Carter-lane, and Dr. Gibbons of Hoxton-square, were especially held up to ridicule. His next enterprise appears to have been *The Newgate Calendar*, in five 8vo. volumes, containing the lives of criminals whose lives had been cut short by the law. The idea of such a man volunteering his services as a commentator is ludicrous, if not worse. He called himself Dr. Sanders, but because his self-created honours did not suffice to ensure the success of a book, the name of Dr. Henry Southwell was borrowed at the expense of a hundred guineas, while the unhappy hack received no more than about twenty-six shillings a printed sheet for his work. "Such was the difference between the real and the reputed author," remarks one; and in regard to Southwell, he adds, "No one that knew him ever suspected him of writing a book." Sanders himself says, "The success that attended the work was great indeed, and superior to any that had ever gone before."

Persons who possess a commentary by "Dr. Henry Southwell," printed about a century ago, will now know its value. As his first undertaking had proved so prosperous, Sanders decided on compiling another commentary; and having agreed with the booksellers to do the work at

two guineas a sheet, "the next thing to be done was to procure a clergyman's name as the ostensible author." He then tells how he went from one clergyman to another, the majority being too honourable to lend their names; but at last one Herries bargained to figure on the title-page for twenty pounds. Unhappily for Sanders and the booksellers themselves, a quarrel ensued, the poor author was very meanly treated, and by way of retaliation he revealed the entire plot in a circular which he distributed among the London coffee-houses.

Many of the large family Bibles of the past have special features of interest attached to them, although, in the majority of instances, the price they command in the market may not be high. In the last century people showed a partiality for folio editions, with fine copper-plates, or similar embellishments. One of these, without any printer's name, was sent forth in the days of Queen Anne; and among the curious maps is one of the Old and New World, in which America is marked JAPHET. The map is a professed delineation "of all the earth, and how after the flood it was divided among the sons of Noah." The sites of the Garden of Eden, the Tower of Babel, &c., are marked with an assurance which is quite characteristic of the times. The notes in these antique volumes are frequently curious, and are worthy of a glance from modern scholars.

In looking through the voluminous "Acts and Monuments" of our rambling, but still entertaining, friend, Foxe, the Martyrologist, we are reminded that there was a time when a man might almost risk his life by the mere act of taking a family Bible to be bound. In the evil days of Bonner, one Richard Waterson, who "dwelt with his master Duixile in St. Paul's Churchyard," sold a book to William Gie; and a binder named Spilman, who bound the work, was committed to the Lollards' Tower. "Being examined, Dr. Story demanded of Gie, wherefore he bought the Bible. He answered, 'to serve God withal.' Then said Bonner, 'Our Lady's Matins would serve a Christian man to serve God.' 'The Bible' said Story, 'would breed heresies; a bible-babble were more fit for thee.' So then they concluded that either of them should have forty stripes save one; and Bonner said, it was the law." The papacy never showed its semi-pagan origin more than in its antagonism to the Bible.

In addition to all we have said, however, old Bibles have private associations, which can be known to their possessors alone. How many who have ended their pilgrimage have left behind them the copies they loved best to read! Old letters are affecting reading when the familiar handwriting recalls the scenes of other days; but how much more so are the marks in the margins of old Bibles! The features of the writers once more stand out clear before us, and we seem almost to hear their voices utter the words they have left behind. Even when in pawnbrokers' windows we sometimes see copies of large folios, which once adorned the parlours of their possessors, we can realize how severe must have been the strain of poverty before the family parted with its best household treasure.

G. H. P.

Christ and his Death.

BY THOMAS HENSON.

THERE have been many false Christs, but they perished as they came; they do not live now; their names are only known in the pillory of history. But the Christ of God filled forty centuries with signs and promises of himself; then dawned upon the world in Palestine, shined in his little orbit for a few brief years, was then apparently eclipsed on Calvary, and rose again on the third day as the Sun of Righteousness coming forth in his strength; and for more than eighteen centuries has been filling the world with his light and life, with his power and his love. Various systems of religion, so called, had established themselves, and exercised a terrible sway over nations of men before he came, but some of them have already fallen before him, and others are slowly receding before his advancing light. The pride of intellect and the depravity of the heart have developed systems of ecclesiastical polity, of doctrines, and of corrupt practices and low living in his name, which must have destroyed anything not possessed of eternal vitality; but he has outlived them all, and his star remains ascendant above them all. He is going on to fill the whole world with himself.

There must be some definite reason for his great and wonderful success; especially as we consider his humble and lowly coming. A Galilean peasant, a carpenter in an obscure town; the son of a poor woman, though of royal lineage; unknown in all the great schools of intellect, learning, and thought; working by methods which were scorned by the worldly-wise and the ecclesiastically proud, he claimed to be the King come to establish a universal kingdom. While others advanced, as Pascal has said, by destroying their opponents, this ONE advances by the self-sacrifice of his friends. Mahomet called upon his followers to destroy men's lives; Christ calls upon his to lay down their own. Kingly warriors have dazzled their ages by shedding oceans of human blood; Christ is filling the ages with himself by the shedding of his own. As on the night of the last passover, his worst enemies have often been found among his professed followers. His mysteriously complex nature, and his wonderful death as the Redeemer of men, have, through eighteen hundred years been battle-grounds. His death, which even the coarsest infidelity dare not deny, has by theological disputants been frittered away from an atonement for sin to a mere martyrdom for advanced opinions; but though the thought of ages, like the wind, has veered and shifted from point to point, he has never changed to suit it; and penitent guilt and humble faith have always cleaved to his divinity and to his atoning sacrifice. The cry of the present day is, "Adapt your gospel to the age." Science, so called, has formulated new notions as to the origin of man. These new notions, if adopted, will demand a readjustment of theological doctrines. Meanwhile, the preacher has his book of revelations and instructions, and the new notions tilt against the old beliefs. We dare not attempt to adapt the gospel of Christ to the ages; our mission is to conquer the ages by the gospel which is revealed. The conflict has often been hot and terrible, but the victory has never yet trembled in the balance; it is certain, for he must reign.

One of the keenest of human cravings is for immortality. Agnostic philosophy offers to this hunger nothing but the dry, marrowless bone of posthumous fame. Christ, in response to that human craving, has brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel. Materialism, with its Sadducean philosophy, is silenced by him, not so much by what he said as by what he is. Materialism conceives of immortality becoming wearisome; but it is not conceivable that souls which have felt and tasted the power and glory of Christ's death can ever weary of him; and if a redeemed, blood-washed soul cannot weary of him, it certainly cannot weary of the life which he gives.

We want to know how this Jesus of Nazareth has come to occupy so vast a place in human thought to-day. How is it that his gospel has thus far outlived its conflicts, and proved itself such an irresistible and conquering power over men's hearts and lives? A living writer asks, "Why from among the many millions living in his own land and time did he alone become the Christ?" And he says, "The ultimate answer must be sought in his nature, in his person." The question and the answer both fall far short of what we want to know. We ask, On what ground has this Jesus thus far conquered and slain the enmity of sinful men and reconciled them unto God? And on what ground does he expect to go on conquering until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ? The ultimate answer to these questions must be sought in his death and resurrection; not merely as historic facts, but in his own and his Father's meaning in them.

How, then, do we understand his death? We hear of "theories" of Christ's death, and philosophies of the atonement; but we have a divine revelation of its meaning, and by that we are bound. If man is a fallen being he needs more than "attraction" to reconcile him to God. If he has transgressed the divine law, and brought upon himself the curse of that law, he needs a Saviour who can do more than *share* that curse *with* him; he needs one who can *bear it for* him. Where spiritual death reigns, spiritual quickening is necessary before attraction can operate. The curse must be removed before the soul will obediently respond to love's drawing. Without the fall, Christ as God incarnate is inexplicable to us; the fall, and human sin admitted, his death is inexplicable except as an atonement. What, then, did he himself say about his death? "I lay down my life for the sheep; the Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many." He spoke of his blood as "shed for many, for the remission of sins." What does inspiration say about it? Listen to the evangelical prophet:—"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." Hear the forerunner—"Behold the Lamb of God which beareth away the sin of the world." Mark the Pauline view of his death—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Think of the Petrine view of it—"Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." Take the Johannean view of it—"He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Amid the ever shifting thoughts of the centuries, the

faithful church has never let go the atonement which it believed to be in the death of Christ. To construe these Scriptures into a mere "attracting spectacle of love" to man, to deny them the precious kernel of expiatory suffering, and to offer the new theology as the sum and substance of the cross, is to treat very much of Scripture as clerical subscription treats an inconvenient portion of the prayer-book, in a "non-natural sense." A grand moral spectacle Christ's death certainly was, of love and of mercy, but not less so of justice and righteousness. It is not sufficient to say of that death, "It is love incarnate, bleeding, as the power by which God recovers the world to himself." A corn of wheat falling into the ground and dying is not a spectacle designed to attract, nor to display, it is a sacrificial death designed to give life to much corn. It is not necessary to deny and reject altogether many of the expressions of the New Theology respecting the death of Christ, except as definitions. They may serve as illustrations of divine love, in some measure at least; but they utterly fail as definitions of the death of the Redeemer. But even as illustrations many of them are feeble, and have very little in them for souls filled with Spirit-begotten convictions of sin. Christ's death is infinitely more than that of a "mother dying by devotedly nursing her child from the jaws of death." Mothers innumerable have done that without intending it. It was immeasurably more than that of "a father saving his prodigal son by dying of a broken heart over him;" many fathers have done that, but more by accident than by design. It ought never to be set side by side with that of a "brother perishing of exhaustion by saving his brother from drowning." It can never be brought into the line of comparison with that of a "physician perishing of the poison of some searched-for disease, leaving his discovery to save men's lives." Can you, dare you compare the objects and motives of these cases with those of Christ? Divine and personal intention on the part of God and of Christ was an essential feature in the nature of his death; accidental heroism in devotion—not, perhaps, quite free from self-interest, and desire of fame—was the essential feature of theirs. They are soon forgotten; Christ can never be forgotten, his name spreads. There is no life-germ in their deaths; his death gives life to the dead. He laid down his life as a ransom. It was the price which he intentionally, and, by fore-ordination, paid down for his people. All theories of Christ's death which fall short of atonement for sin, of substitution and sin-bearing for us, of propitiation and reconciliation by the sacrifice of himself for men, will perish, like arrows of glass upon shields of diamond, and when they are all gone, the sacrifice will remain.

Yes, it is this *atoning* death of Christ which answers our question as to his extended and extending kingdom. His Deity; his heavenly teaching; his God-like works; his holy life; were all essential steps, leading up, not merely to death upon the cross, but to his determinedly laying down his life as a sin-offering; and it is this sacrifice offered by him for sin, and accepted by God for men, which emboldens sinful, guilty, but penitent souls to rest in him. Modern thought demands that the old methods of stating these things shall give place to new phraseology which shall be more in harmony with Modern Culture. But the atonement was made for sinful, fallen humanity, not for Modern Culture. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, preached the gospel of Christ's

death dogmatically, not apologetically; that is how it needs to be preached to-day in royal and in peasant homes, in cathedrals and in barns. Very much of the New Theology sentiment is veneer and French polish, and the atoning death of Christ does not need them, but, like good sound heart-of-oak, is very much better without them. It is a perilous act for the signalman to turn on a wrong-coloured light. Preach the cross as a spectacle of love attracting souls to God by all means, but keep the RED LIGHT ever burning, showing that atonement has been made for the sinner, else you will not attract him even by such a display of beautiful love. Be quite sure that you believe it for yourself, and do not speak it with fear, hesitancy, and doubt. We are sent to proclaim it, not to prove it; to declare it as God's way of saving, not to apologize for it; to subdue men to Christ by it, not to adapt it to their tastes and desires. No man need desire anything greater than this atoning death by which to make himself great. Abraham saw Christ's day, and he fills a grander circle in human history than Xerxes; David's little pastoral song, full of Christ, has immortalized him far above Homer or Virgil; Isaiah's little tract glows with a brilliance before which Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato fade into dimness. Let go the substitutionary character of the Saviour's death, and you will take the life-blood out of the new song of heaven and eternity, and leave little or nothing to be sung. Hold it fast, preach it without faltering, and you will help to swell the vast multitude who will

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Ready! Ay, Ready!

CERTAIN characteristics of Moravian missionaries attract our attention—characteristics which result from the prevailing type of piety, as well as the social condition and habits of the church at home. So fully is the duty of evangelizing the heathen lodged in their current thought, that the fact of any-one's entering personally upon that work never creates surprise; it falls in with acknowledged obligations and general expectation; for no one is ever urged to undertake the foreign service, nor is urgency ever required. The answer of Ledyard, on his return to England from an expedition, and on being at once sought for by the African Association, will always remain historical. To the question, "When would you be ready to set out?" he replied, "To-morrow morning." So, too, Sir Colin Campbell asked for only twenty-four hours before starting for India. But the former was habituated to distant travels, and the other to military exigencies. At Marienborn, Zinzendorf sent one day for a Moravian brother, and said to him, "Will you go to Greenland as a missionary to-morrow?" The man has had no previous intimation of the matter. For just a moment he hesitates, and then answers, "If the shoemaker can finish the boots that I have ordered of him by to-morrow, I will go." When William Chalmers Burns was appointed missionary to China, and was asked when he could be ready to start, he answered, "To-morrow." Promptness of obedience to any call recognized as from God, so far from being exceptional and awakening surprise, is habitual among Moravians. It is a settled conviction that the most abject and the most remote of our race are within the line of that covenant which embraces the ends of the earth; that such are not beyond the redeeming efficacy of Christ's blood; and hence are to have a place in Moravian prayers, and, if possible, in Moravian personal efforts.—*From "Moravian Missions," by Augustus C. Thompson, D.D.*

Crowns, Ancient and Modern.*

A SUMMARY AND REVIEW.

AS supplementary to the ordinary annals of the nations, the book before us is of a kind which students of history cannot afford to overlook, the information given being not only curious in itself, but strikingly illustrative of the olden times. The author's enquiries extend to all nations where the crown has been a symbol of authority, while his quotations range from the Bible downwards. Readers who have never before looked into the subject will be astonished at both the quantity and the variety of incident collected, which, in point of time, extends through thousands of years. Speakers, lecturers, and others will find a good deal of material in the book which will serve for purposes of illustration. Mr. Jones's work also appears to be the only one in our literature which is specifically devoted to a general history of regalia.

A few references occur to allusions made in Scripture to crowns both "in a temporal and spiritual sense;" and on looking these out for ourselves we found them to be both numerous and suggestive. It was anciently the custom for royal warriors to wear their symbol of regal power even in battle; so that when David defeated the Ammonites (1 Chron. xx. 2) he took from the head of the king a crown which weighed a talent of gold, and contained divers costly jewels. The crown of the high priest was inscribed with "Holiness to the Lord." The bride and bridegroom were accustomed to wear crowns on the day of their nuptials; and in allusion to this, as Cruden points out, it is said by Ezekiel, that when the Lord entered into covenant with the Jews, he put a beautiful crown upon their head. The allusions to the crown are very numerous throughout the Bible; and under different circumstances, it is found to be an emblem of joy, of reward, of authority, and of victory. The crown of thorns placed upon the Saviour's head at the crucifixion, was the greatest mark of ignominy which Jewish malice could devise; but the many crowns he is described as wearing after his ascension denote universal sovereignty.

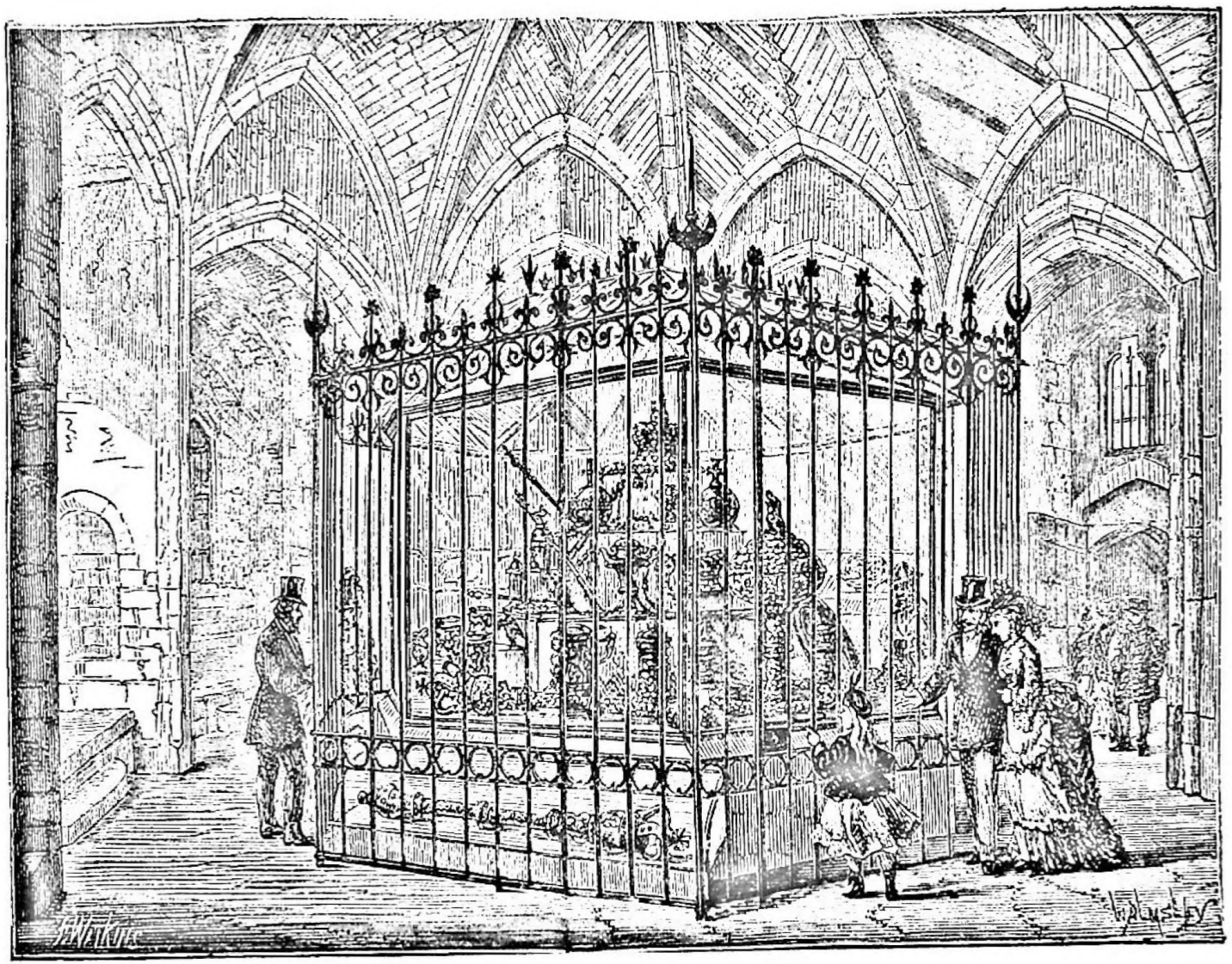
The possession of a corruptible earthly crown has been vulgarly supposed to be the acme of earthly felicity; many have committed atrocious crimes to gratify their ambition; and yet, on the contrary, others have gladly resigned a bauble which occasioned them more anxiety than satisfaction, having realized that

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

The cases of royalty are illustrated by a great number of instances, all of which prove that so far from being a luxurious sinecure, the highest pinnacle of human power has frequently been a condition of laborious bondage. Diocletian, Charles V., Gustavus Vasa, are among the most notable examples of those who have gladly resigned their state. The first was a persecutor who found reason to complain of dishonest ministers; the second was a priest-ridden fanatic, whose more gloomy characteristics were intensified in his successor, Philip II.; but the third was so venerated as the father of his people, that his abdication was accepted with tears. Our own King Alfred uttered a memorable truth when he said that "power is never a good unless he be good that has it;" and what Queen Elizabeth told her last Parliament, shortly before her death, has never been gainsaid—"To wear a crown, is a thing more glorious to them that see it, than it is pleasant to them that bear it." Canute, after he had becomingly rebuked his flatterers on the sea-shore, is said to have laid his own crown on the altar of Winchester Cathedral, and never again to have placed it upon his head.

A number of crowns more or less ancient attract the chief attention of antiquaries; but probably the two objects which, in connection with this subject,

* Crowns and Coronations: a History of Regalia. By William Jones, F.S.A. With ninety-one Illustrations. London: Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.



THE CROWN AND JEWEL-ROOM IN THE TOWER.

(*From "Crowns and Coronations."*)

chiefly fascinate persons of romantic tendencies are the Iron Crown of Lombardy and the Coronation-stone at Westminster. The fictions which have been woven about these relics are certainly much stranger than truth.

The "Iron Crown" is composed of gold and jewels, like others of its class, with the exception of the inner band, which the credulous relic-mongers who frequent the cathedral of Monza believe to have been made with nails used at our Lord's crucifixon. Even in the sixteenth century, this curious ecclesiastical toy was esteemed "as a most precious possession" of the church. The notion of its sacred character gained strength until the common-sense investigations of historians sufficiently exposed the imposture. This, however, did not satisfy "the Congregation of Relics" at Rome, a discerning body who as late as the reign of our George I. declared the Iron Crown worthy of being carried in procession, and of receiving the adoration of the faithful.

Wonderful indeed has been the history which those credulous enthusiasts have fabricated who seriously identify the roughly hewn mass in St. Edward's Chapel at Westminster with the very stone which Jacob "put for his pillow," and then "set up for a pillar" at Bethel. There is a fascination in the legendary narrative such as minds of a certain cast are unable to resist—those who believe the British nation to be descended from the lost Ten Tribes of Israel are ready to believe anything.

But "apart from legendary history," as Mr. Jones remarks, "the history of the coronation-stone is sufficiently ancient to claim for it an especial regard. It is to be traced, on the best authorities, into Ireland; whence it had been brought into Scotland, and had become of great notoriety in Argyllshire some time before the reign of King Kenneth, A.D. 834." From what quarry the block was originally hewn is one of those mysteries which will never be solved. Professor Ramsay's opinion, as given by Dean Stanley in his Memorials of the Abbey, is to the effect that "the stone is a dull reddish or purplish sandstone, strongly resembling that of the doorway of Dunstaffnage Castle, which was probably built of the stone of the neighbourhood. It is extremely improbable that it was derived from the rocks of the Hill of Tara, from whence it is said to have been transported to Scotland, neither could it have been taken from the rocks of Iona. That it belonged originally to the rocks round Bethel is equally unlikely; while Egypt is not known to furnish any strata similar to the red sandstone of the coronation-stone." Ever since the time of Edward I. all sovereigns of England have sat in the chair containing this relic, with the exception of Bloody Mary, who, in a manner which singularly harmonized with her character, occupied a chair specially blessed by the pope for the occasion. What followed the benedictions of "his holiness" history has sufficiently told.

A fine passage by Jeremy Taylor on Westminster Abbey is worthy of being reproduced: "Where our Kings are crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed; the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to dying like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust; to abate the height of pride; to appease the itch of covetous desires; to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, lay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to those of Kings, and our accounts easier, while our pains or our crowns shall be less."

In the old days of ignorance and superstition great account was taken of omens, whether good or evil, at the coronations of our sovereigns. Many inauspicious auguries were noted at the solemnities associated with the accession of Mary, while the queen's heart failed her lest the holy oil should have parted with its virtue through having been in a country lying under the pope's interdict. The evil omens at the coronation of Charles I. were supposed to be both numerous and alarming; for the king was dressed in white instead of purple, while

the sermon was founded on the text, "I will give thee a crown of life"—an unlucky subject, as was supposed, because it rather pointed to death than to earthly longevity. Speaking of Charles the Second's coronation, thirty-five years later, Richard Baxter says:—"There were very terrible thunders when none expected them, which made me remember his father's coronation, on which, being a boy at school, and having leave to play during the day of the solemnity, an earthquake about two o'clock in the afternoon did affright the boys and all the neighbourhood. I intend no commentary on the occurrence, but only to relate the matter of fact."

The Jewel-house in the Tower is one of the sights of London, and is well worth a visit on the part of those who would at leisure see whatever splendour there is in a corruptible crown. It is only by experience that the authorities have learned how to keep these earthly treasures safe from the hands of those who would either steal or injure them. At least one desperate attempt has been made to carry them off, and as late as 1815 some damage was done to the Regalia by a woman who forced her hand through the iron bars. What with iron pillars and plate-glass, however, the safety of the symbol of regal authority is now ensured. This reminds us that the possession of an earthly crown invariably brings anxiety; while the prospect of enjoying one that is incorruptible relieves the Christian of care even in this world, and gives a zest to life.

How the Possession of Saving Knowledge is to be Proved.

THERE is a *caro* and a *spiritus*, a flesh and a spirit, a body and a soul in all the writings of the Scriptures. It is but the flesh and body of divine truths that is printed upon paper; which many moths of books and libraries do only feed upon; many walking skeletons of knowledge, that bury and entomb truths in the living sepulchres of their souls, do only converse with; such as never did anything else but pick at the mere bark and rind of truths, and crack the shells of them. But there is a soul and spirit of divine truths that could never yet be congealed into ink, that could never be blotted upon paper, which by a secret traduction and conveyance passes from one soul into another, being able to dwell or lodge nowhere but in a spiritual being, in a living thing, because itself is nothing but life and spirit. Neither can it, where indeed it is, express itself sufficiently in words and sounds, but it will best declare and speak itself in actions; as the old manner of writing among the Egyptians was, not by words, but things. The life of divine truths is better expressed in actions than in words, because actions are more living than words. Words are nothing but dead resemblances and pictures of those truths which live and breathe in actions; and the kingdom of God consists not in word, but in life and power. Sheep do not come and bring their fodder to their shepherd, and show him how much they eat; but inwardly concocting and digesting it, they make it appear by the fleece which they wear upon their backs, and by the milk which they give. And let not us Christians affect only to talk and dispute of Christ, and so measure our knowledge of him by our words; but let us show our knowledge concocted into our lives and actions; and then let us really manifest that we are Christ's sheep indeed, that we are his disciples, by that fleece of holiness which we wear, and by the fruits that we daily yield in our lives and conversations: for "herein," says Christ, "is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; *so* shall ye be my disciples."—*Cudworth.*

The History of an Independent Thinker.

MINIMUS PRIGG was a young man who had a moderate taste for learning, and a *very* small talent for preaching. In the course of time he went to college and absorbed knowledge so quickly that his poor brains were overloaded and had no room to work. He therefore experienced a slight difficulty at the end of his college course; he could not find a church willing to receive him as pastor, people usually preferring a man who can preach to one who cannot. Eventually he compiled a set of sermons with the assistance of the printed volumes of Rev. Wm. Skyrocket, Doctor Dazzleme, and others, and the poems of Greening and Fifteenson, with the result that the church at Leadenhead gave him a call to the pastorate. His sermons, mainly on the *Mosaic* dispensation, were so well liked by the young people, that he became extremely popular for a time. But when he had exhausted the resources of the above-named works, and began to find his congregation decreasing, he looked out anxiously for a new sphere. At this juncture he read two new books, one was by Cocceius Carpus, D.D., and the other by Archdeacon Billinsgate. These eminent men had discovered the empty case of an exploded heresy, and, filling it with plenty of ammunition in the shape of "ifs," doubts, and abuse of orthodoxy, had flung it into the literary world, enjoying the loud explosion, and the beautiful wreaths of smoke and cloude of dust which it produced. Mr. Prigg gazed, admired, and cogitated. A happy idea dawned upon him. The famous weekly review, the "Christian Mollusc," had styled these men "Independent Thinkers." "Happy thought!" said Prigg, "I also will be an 'Independent Thinker.'" He compiled several discourses, in which he styled the Westminster Confession "a tissue he exploded dogmas," the doctrines of Substitution, Imputed Righteousness, and Future Punishment "immoral, uncouth, and revolting imaginations of the Puritan age." Whatever he read in the works of his newly-adopted teachers of slavishly and noisily preached. When asked what his theology was, he replied, "I have none, I am an 'Independent Thinker,' I have discarded worn-out dogmas." The notoriety he thus acquired brought its speedy reward. Mr. Diotrephes Demas, deacon of the church in the town of Chrysolatry, came to hear him, and in a few weeks he was asked to take the pastoral oversight of the small but select congregation in that town. He changes the tone of his teaching with every new book that comes out, and his congregation continues to be enraptured with his versatility. Meanwhile, all men who think for themselves, and preach what they find in a book which Mr. Prigg is independent of, smile at the phrase "Independent Thinker," and say that if slavishly following the last new book is independency of thought, language has become strangely corrupt, and new words will have to be coined to express ideas.

GEO. J. DANN.

The Martyr Child.

THE parents of William Hunter, the Brentwood martyr, deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. Condemned by Bishop Bonner to be burned in his native town, "his father and mother came to him, desiring heartily of God that he might continue constant to the end in that good way in which he had begun. His mother added, that she thought herself happy that she had borne such a child, who could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake." The noble woman then kneeled down, and uttered a prayer which showed how little present inconveniences weighed in comparison with final victory. "I pray God to strengthen thee to the end. I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bore." In the eyes of such people Jesus honoured their family by allowing their dear child to give his life for his cause. Such parents are not met with every day.

Notices of Books.

The Clue of the Maze. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster. 1s.

This pretty little book is so universally praised that it ought to enjoy an enormous circulation. The writer is, however, most concerned that it should get into the hands of persons whose faith is staggered by infidel insinuations. It is so tastefully bound that it makes an acceptable present. *The Clergyman's Magazine* calls it "an exquisite little gem."

Garlands for a Royal Grave: a Christian Tribute from our Pulpits to His Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

A selection from the sermons preached by representative men upon the death of Prince Leopold. It was a happy thought to preserve these garlands for the royal grave; and we have no doubt many will regard Mr. Stockwell's volume as one of the best memorials of the sad event. The book is tastefully got up.

Hours with the Bible. From the Exile to Malachi, with the Contemporary Prophets. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In this sixth volume Dr. Geikie completes his great work, so far as the Old Testament is concerned. We value every volume, and the last is not the least of them. The "Hours" are written with great skill, so as to be thoroughly solid, and yet deeply interesting: one rises from their perusal blessing God for the new light thus shed upon the histories of his word. A former generation was charmed with Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations," and the present age may count itself happy to have produced a successor of Kitto, worthy to wear his mantle. On a former occasion, when reviewing a previous volume, we thought our author a little lax, but his excellences are so great as to overshadow his deficiencies; and with the addition of a microscopical grain of salt we give a hearty commendation to his wonderful work.

John Wicliffe. By David J. Deane. Partridge and Co.

This is a small affair, but it contains the salient points of Wicliffe's story well brought out, and attractively illustrated. It is adapted for popular use.

Wiclif and Huss. Translated from the German of Dr. Johann Loserth. Hodder and Stoughton.

A valuable historical document which is most seasonable at this time. This offspring of profound research deserves a place in every library. Those brethren who propose to lecture on Wiclif will appreciate such aid as this learned volume will afford them. To such it will be deeply interesting; but we fear that the general public will think it too heavy for their superficial manner of reading. The connection between Wiclif and Huss is made clear as the sun. The deeper the search the more will it be found that Wiclif deserves equal honour with Luther, and that he was, in fact, the master mind whose influence produced Luther and all the Reformers. The printers and publishers have done their work well.

Christopher Crayon amongst the Good Samaritans. James Clarke and Co.

Contains most instructive details of certain of the best charities and charitable institutions. It cheers one's heart to see that so much good is being done; yet it almost creates a wish for wealth wherewith to help such noble works.

In the Slums. Pages from the Notebook of a London Diocesan Home Missionary. By the Rev. D. Rice-Jones, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

The writer of this little book is the clergyman of a district in St. Giles's parish. He quitted his former residence at Emperor's Gate, and occupied a house in the heart of his district, taking with him his wife and child. Such devotion to his work has brought him a rich reward. We care not to what church a man belongs, if he is doing work for the Lord in Seven Dials in the manner here described, he is a hero, even though he should seem a little petulant when Dissenting workers tread on his toes. Some of the best of workers are near to him, and he should be pleased that it is so.

Biblical Lights and Side Lights. Ten thousand illustrations, with thirty thousand cross-references. By Rev. Charles E. Little. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

This is a Text-Cyclopædia of quite a new kind. Subjects are illustrated by the Scriptures themselves. The passages are so arranged as to suggest sermons. We counted ourselves happy in possessing a copy of so serviceable a compilation, and we earnestly hoped that the volume would be republished in England, and become the companion of all our brother ministers. This desire is, we are pleased to see, at once carried out by *Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton*, and nothing remains but the circulation of the copies. As a saving of time and labour, the possession of this collection of Bible illustrations will be important to every one who speaks or writes upon religious subjects. Mr. Little's work is a great success.

The Fourfold Life: its Antecedents and Consequences. By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. Shaw and Co.

Here we have a well-developed argument. Prebendary Row, in his Bampton Lecture, has wisely said—"The personal history of our Lord must constitute the citadel of Christianity, and must therefore form the key of the Christian position, on which if we can retain a firm hold, we shall remain masters of the entire ground; and other points connected with Christianity will assume their due place and proper subordination. On this point, therefore, the defence of Christianity must be concentrated." Dr. Paterson defends our holy faith upon these lines. He is a divine of remarkable powers in the direction of Christian defence; and, indeed, in most other forms of holy service he is a man of renown. With great facility he popularizes an argument which else would be valued by scholars, but would never be understood by the people. Our hope is that to many semi-sceptics his words may come with power; but we also fear that certain unbelievers who dub themselves Christians are past winning by any form of human reasoning, for our impression is that their evil creed, or non-creed, proceeds out of a heart at enmity with God. Regeneration is the only cure for "modern thought." Still, it is our duty to do our best to reclaim the erring, and under this impression our good friend has sent forth his book—in defence.

Terse Talk on Timely Topics. By Henry Varley. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Varley gives us paragraphs upon a great variety of subjects. Those who are acquainted with his style of speech will recognize him in his writing. Against the rampant evils of the time he strikes as with a Nasmyth's hammer, and, indeed, there is need to do so. In every utterance he has the courage of his convictions, and the force which comes of intense belief. We do not agree with all that he writes; but we wish him success in this, his first literary venture in book form.

The Contemporary Pulpit. W. Swan Sonnenscheim, Paternoster-square. Monthly, sixpence.

We like this monthly. It appears to give a fair taste of the preaching of nearly all sorts of ministers, good, better, best, indifferent, bad, wise, and worst. The articles upon books and church life are better than we have seen elsewhere, and show a wide acquaintance with all churches and modes of thought. If it maintains its present standard, this magazine will deserve to be widely circulated. Of course, we do not endorse all the sermons, and views of doctrine; but as representing the contemporary pulpit in all its forms, it is worth the attention of all preachers.

Manual of Revivals. Practical hints and suggestions from histories of Revivals, and Biographies of Revivalists. By Rev. G. W. Hervey, M.A. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Likely to be very useful. Mr. Hervey is a master in the direction of Christian Rhetoric and kindred themes, and on the present occasion he speaks most judiciously and instructively. The outline discourses must prove helpful to men who are sorely pressed for suitable subjects.

Traveller's Talk on England's Crisis. By Samuel Wainwright, D.D. Hatchards.

Our traveller is a Tory, but he could not be accused of being stupid. He has greater reverence for the sayings of Mr. Disraeli than we shall ever feel, and this flavours all his talk; but he is a thorough-going Protestant, and has no patience with the Ritualists, and in this we are agreed. His book is "talk," but it is the *talk* of an able, thoughtful Churchman, who is by no means blind to the faults of the church which he prefers and therefore defends. We differ from him in two points out of every three, but we usually agree with his reasons even when he comes to a wrong conclusion, and we generally sympathize in his designs when we most heartily object to his methods. It has been an amusement to read this uncommercial traveller's chat, but it has not been mere amusement. We fear that we are "shooting Niagara," as Carlyle would say: we doubt not that Jesuits are working to stamp out the doctrines of the gospel; but politically the worst foes of liberty at this time are those members of the House of Commons whose tactics are making Parliament ridiculous, and the working of the Constitution impossible. It is time that men of all parties should combine in the resolve that national business shall be conducted in a manner worthy of a great empire: at present we think certain of our senators might learn improvement in the way of manners even from a pot-house club.

Student Life at Edinburgh University. By Norman Fraser. Paisley: J. and R. Parlane.

An admirable mixture of the gay and grave. University life at Edinburgh is sufficiently delineated as to its more dubious features, but the gracious influences around it are more lovingly dwelt upon. The book is no rival of "Verdant Green": it does not introduce us to drunken orgies under the disguise of good fellowship, neither does it paint the face of folly, making it appear as manliness; but it sides ever with the true and upright. It is, perhaps, for this very reason, not quite as lively as the general public will desire: we wish the author had done better, and we dare say he wishes it himself. Nevertheless, all who hail from "Auld Reekie" will read this book with amusement and pleasure, and will wish "God speed" to Mr. Fraser's attempt to introduce gracious subjects to youths who are too apt to forget such themes.

Stronbuy; or, Hanks of Highland Yarn. By the author of "Tobersnorey." Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Highly commended as this strange medley appears to be, by the "favourable opinions of the press" facing the title-page, we cannot bring ourselves to see anything deserving of special approval. Had it been entitled "A Collection of Highland Yarns" we should have judged it more appropriate: stories old, mouldy, clamouring for decent burial, are here told with infinite gusto as though quite fresh, and the reader is doubtless expected to laugh, which if he does it will not be at the story, but at the story-teller.

Wesley and his Times. By Dr. Morley Punshon. *John Wesley, his Life and Work.* By Matthew Lelievre. Both published by T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row.

Here, for one shilling, one may get a fair view of the devoted Wesley. Mr. Punshon's Lecture is only fourpence; but it is a rare groat's worth. Its rhetoric is simply unrivalled, and the condensed information which it conveys is wonderful. The book in paper covers by the French brother is only 8d., and truly it is in its own way a marvellous production. All that most men want to know of the apostolic Wesley they will find here, succinctly stated and well arranged. This is not the first time that a Frenchman has written a life of the great Methodist; and this is, perhaps, as successful a picture of him as any Englishman could have drawn. May the Wesleyan body be preserved from Rationalism, which is eating away the heart of other denominations, and be also delivered from that chill which is so apt to injure large and respectable communities.

Biblical Geography in a Nutshell. Containing many of the most recent identifications. By MARGARETTA SHEKLETON. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

IF this be in a nutshell it must be the shell of a very large nut, say a cocoa-nut. However, it is a very useful and interesting compendium of what is known concerning places mentioned in Holy Scripture. We have looked it through with much pleasure. We are half afraid it will not be popular; but those who use it will be profited by it.

Christ the First and the Last. By the late Rev. L. D. Harford-Battersby, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of these discourses was Vicar of St. John's, Keswick, and Canon of Carlisle, and his sermons have all the simplicity, and clearness, and earnestness which we expect from clergymen of the truly evangelical type. It is refreshing to meet with such gospel sermons in modern times, and especially from such an influential source. We could not have supposed that they were printed exactly as they were delivered without the advantage of the author's correction, if we had not been so informed. Great industry and care must have been expended upon their preparation. The preacher knew the age in which he lived. He heard the noise at a distance of those who spend their Sabbaths in hearing or telling some new thing, but he heeded it not except it may be to give his own trumpet a louder and clearer sound. We have here originality, without novelty; plainness, without commonplace; variety, without discord; things which accompany salvation set in due subservience to salvation itself. The volume is neat and attractive, and may be read at any time with interest and profit.

Studies in the Christian Evidences. By ALEXANDER MAIR, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

LIKE many other ministers of the gospel in the present day, our author feels anxious for intelligent members of our churches and thoughtful attendants at our solemn assemblies, lest they should be perplexed by the arrogant assumption of sceptics, or imagine that modern science has invalidated in any measure the sacred authority of Scripture. The method he has adopted is to discuss a few vital questions with the view of allaying such doubts and difficulties as are fostered by the spirit of the age; and this he does in a series of essays, each complete in itself, though together preserving an unbroken continuity. A commanding feature of this work is the deep conviction of Dr. Mair that no study of Christian evidences can be satisfactory unless it leads up to a personal faith in Christ. As the result of conclusive argument, the logical perception of any candid man may be lulled into a tacit acquiescence with the authenticity and genuineness of the sacred canon in whole or in part; yet there is a habit of indifference abroad so near akin to infidelity that it needs a microscope to distinguish one from the other. Over and over again, throughout these pages, the languid critic will find that he has to encounter a lively appeal to his conscience.

Fifty Sermons by the Rev. Aubrey Charles Price, B.A. W. C. Edmonds, 420, Brixton-road.

THESE sermons are unusually short, and exceedingly sweet. Vigorous and vivacious, they secure attention; evangelical and clear, they use that attention for the highest ends. We are not called upon to review the preacher, but only these fifty sermons; and we feel bound to say that they are admirable in their own order, and that we have been refreshed by their perusal.

The Voice of Jesus Day by Day. By F. M. MACRAE. Nisbet and Co.

SUFFERERS will find in these brief, boldly-printed gospel stories and hymns just the thing they need for the intervals of pain. There is much simple beauty and pathetic sympathy in every page, and, crowning all, the tenderest love for the Saviour. It cannot but do good, and hence it is a good book.

A Light unto my Path; or, the negative and positive aspects of Bible Teaching. By E. JANE WHATELY. Hodder and Stoughton.

A THOROUGHLY practical spiritual book, which deserves extensive reading. In outward form it is a very pretty, cheap volume for eighteenpence.

Services for Seamen, including sermons by the late Robert Philip, of Maberley Chapel. With an Introductory Essay by J. C. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool. George Philip and Son, Fleet-street.

It was meet that Mr. Ryle should write a commendatory line to this sailors' book, as his diocese includes one of the greatest seaports in the world. His imprimatur is a good guarantee that the work is thoroughly evangelical; and equally assuring is the name of Robert Philip, whose many works were all in great repute in his day, and deservedly so. This book of services is about as good as the best thing of the kind; and, indeed, the prayers are better than any others we have yet come across. A captain with this book will be set up for six months with services fitted for passengers and crew. The sermons are interesting and short—two main points on board ship. Some captains can pray extempore, and utter their own warm thoughts; we wish that all could; but for those who cannot, here is excellent help.

Outlines of Prophetic Truth; viewed practically and experimentally in the light of the Divine Word; from Creation to Redemption. By Robert Brown. London: Partridge.

There is much precious truth in this volume which must commend itself to the conscience of every enlightened believer. The author is sincerely devout, strictly evangelical, and specially fond of spiritual interpretations. Bright pictures full often break on the view of those students of the Bible who cherish an intense conviction that it is an open channel of communication between the Creator and his creatures; between the great Father, who is in heaven, and his dear children who are on earth. The research of such disciples of Christ is followed up by reflection; and their reflection is prone to grow so vivid that it presently asserts itself as a personal revelation to their own souls, which they feel morally bound to make known to their brethren. Only kindred hearts can conceive with what pleasure a Christian of Mr. Brown's calibre tells to others the thoughts that have been cheering or stimulating to himself. With the help to be derived from Messrs. Bagster's publications in the region of sacred philology, Dr. Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon, and Dr. Bullinger's Concordance, he takes a peculiar delight in searching into Hebrew roots, deciphering proper names, and detecting poetry in Greek words; always with intent to discover hidden analogies. Good man; he likes to look beneath the surface and soar above the horizon. And if we cannot follow him in all his fancies, we feel sure that he is tethered to the simple faith of the gospel. We fear the book is too bulky to circulate as freely as the author fondly hopes. Including the preface it contains more than eight hundred pages of large octavo. So far, however, from craving indulgence for such diffusiveness, he asks prayer that this first series of "Outlines" may pay, and thus pave the way for a second series. This sounds piously, but it seems to us anything but politic. As simple "Bible readings," issued in "penny parts," such studies in the Scriptures might obtain extensive currency.

Glimpses through the Veil; or, some natural analogics and Bible types. By the Rev. J. W. Bardsley, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Here are fifteen admirable sermons by the Rev. Jas. Bardsley, of Surbiton. They are somewhat after the manner of Hugh Macmillan, abounding and superabounding, in illustration. As sermons for a general congregation, they appear to us to be overlaid with chequer-work, overdone with ornament, parable, and metaphor. Instead of being houses with windows, these discourses are conservatories made entirely of glass; but this fault ceases to be a fault if we regard them as studies to be carefully considered at home. The preacher reading such a sermon would find sufficient imagery for half-a-dozen discourses, and this would be greatly to his advantage. We always feel safe with Mr. Bardsley as to doctrine and spirit; and, indeed, in every way we feel sure that our readers will be the better for reading anything that he has written. Those who purchase this most instructive volume will make a good investment.

Indirect Evidences in the New Testament of the Personal Divinity of Christ. By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG, D.D., Minister of Augustine Congregational Church, Reading. Stewart and Co., 41, Farringdon-street.

DR. YOUNG not only proves his point and slays his opponent, but he reduces the opposite theory to an absurdity, and so cuts his adversary in pieces. More and more are we amazed at Unitarians. How they can consider our Lord to be a mere man, and yet pay homage to his character, astounds us. Why, it is clear as noonday that no mere man who was modest, truthful, and noble could have spoken of himself as Jesus did. His language would deserve to be stigmatized as presumptuous, misleading, and even blasphemous, if he had not been most surely God. Dr. Young has done his work well. He evidently fights shy of some other burning questions, and in this he is wise so far as his book is concerned, for it has enabled him to keep to his point, and hammer his own nail on the head. A quotation from Dr. Bellows given as an appendix warms our heart to the book. Singularly enough Dr. Young dedicates his work to a Romish canon, but there is nothing in it contrary to the most outspoken Nonconformist Protestantism.

Book of Christian Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain; consisting of Extracts on Doctrine, Practice, and Church Government, from the Epistles and other Documents issued under the sanction of the Yearly Meeting held in London, from its first institution in 1672 *to the year* 1883. London: Samuel Harris.

So ample a title will sufficiently explain the character of this book, which will not only prove a complete guide to such as wish to become acquainted with the doctrine and practice of the Friends, but it is greatly superior to any one of the editions which have appeared at intervals through several generations. We can speak well of the industry and judgment of the editors in regard to their treatment of many things which we hold dear in common with themselves; but the book is not likely to travel far beyond the boundary of its own communion.

Suggestive Thoughts for Busy Workers. By J. OSBORNE KEEN, D.D. Bible Christian Book Room.

A COLLECTION of fairly good hints, arranged homiletically on Jonah, and some of the shorter Psalms. Useful to any Bible-class leader who is studying this portion, and has little time to think much over the subject.

Full Salvation: as seen in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." By Rev. W. HASLAM, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

A MODEST companion to the mighty work itself. This volume shines with reflected light, for it is but as a satellite to the great planet of Bunyan. Mr. Haslam cannot do otherwise than well, and here he has again led us into holy thought along a well-beaten, but never-tiring highway. Yet we have a suspicion that under all the good matter of the volume there lies a theory which may be mischievously used by others. We have great faith in the writer, and therefore say no more.

Darkness and Dawn. The Peaceful Birth of a New Age. Kegan, Paul, and Co.

IDLE dreams. They will do no harm, because they are too visionary; otherwise we should condemn them as dangerous, because likely to call men away from the stern realities of life to run after a will-o'-the-wisp, or a mirage.

The Law and the Prophets. The Hulsean Lectures. By Rev. J. WATSON, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster-square.

THESE Lectures are thoughtful, original, and well adapted for general use. They are accompanied by copious notes in smaller type, which will be much valued by studious inquirers into the results of the Biblical researches of modern times. What is not very usual, these notes are written in a more easy and flowing style. The genuineness of the Old Testament Scriptures is well maintained. Difficulties are acknowledged, but they are shown to have little weight against what may be advanced on the other side. It is pleasing to find that clergymen of the Church of England, when they do take an active and earnest part in the theological discussions of the age, are usually loyal to old truths.

Biblical Thesaurus: a Literal Translation and Critical Analysis of every word in the original language of the Old Testament, with Explanatory Notes. By the Right Rev. J. Hellmuth, D.D., D.C.L. Part I. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a prodigious undertaking, and when complete will be a perfect study in itself, not requiring further reference to dictionary, concordance, or any other book on the Old Testament. It may be presumed that the author had made sufficient preparation so as to see his way with a considerable degree of clearness and confidence through the whole work before he announced it to the public and actually commenced it. The first part includes the first fifteen chapters of the Book of Genesis, which in type and execution is all that could be desired. Though its chief value will be to the Hebrew scholar, it will enable those who are unacquainted with that language to see the Old Testament in its oriental as well as in its English dress; and will stimulate and help not a few to study the Hebrew language for themselves.

The Book of Job. By Hermann Hedwig Bernard, Ph.D, M.A. With Translation and Notes. By Frank Chance, B.A., M.B. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The principal design of this translation and commentary appears to be to give the correct rendering of every word, to supply ellipses, to rectify transpositions, and to seek the interpretation of words not so much in cognate dialects as in their use in other parts of the Hebrew Bible. It is a work of great critical research, and will rank, doubtless, amongst the foremost interpretations and expositions of the Book of Job. How far the Book is literally historical, and how far allegorical, is not attempted to be decided. It is chiefly considered to be a poetical description of actual persons and events, and sentiments uttered respecting them. It is scholastic throughout rather than theological. The explanation of the passage in the nineteenth chapter, commencing with, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is not that of the second coming of the Messiah, nor of the restoration of Job to his former health and prosperity, but as merely expressive of seeing through the openings of his flesh and skin more of God in the wonderful structure of his frame. This may suffice to show that whatever evangelical tendencies may have been felt, they do not appear.

Studies in the Book of Jonah. A Defence and an Exposition. By R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B. Hodder and Stoughton.

We count ourselves happy to have seen a work by a tutor of New College at once so learned and so sound. The ring is of sterling coin from the King's own mint. Here is a man of profound scholarship who brushes aside questions of authenticity as so many cobwebs, and is not ashamed to accept miracles when he finds them recorded in the Scriptures of truth. This volume is worthy to stand among the best specimens of the Jonah literature which is already rich and extensive. A good crown's worth of exposition.

An Examination of Mr. Henry Drummond's work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." By Wm. Woods Smyth. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Smyth finds fault with Mr. Drummond without reason. When once we come to deal with analogies, it is not likely that any two men will altogether agree about them. Upon the points which Mr. Smyth raises we are almost entirely with Mr. Drummond. We have no doubt that David was right when he said that he was shapen in iniquity; and though we hold the human will to be a very large part of human nature, yet we believe that, in regeneration, beyond the change of will, there must be a change in the whole moral nature of man. What we do complain of is the lofty tone of Mr. Smyth. Who is he that he should say that "Mr. Drummond has written throughout in simple and even genial ignorance of the great subject"? We will not say that the ignorance lies with his critic, but we certainly think that had his critic known more he would have said less, and perhaps would have written nothing. When a man goes to Professor Finney for his theology it is generally rather fishy.

Is God Knowable? By Rev. J. Iverach, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

The author of this volume maintains that "God is a spirit, personal, self-conscious, and capable of entering into personal relations with finite spirits, and that he may be known in a very true and real sense of the word knowledge." Yet "while we affirm that our knowledge of God is true and trustworthy, we by no means affirm that it is adequate and exhaustive. 'We know in part,' and in the end, when we have come to the limit of our knowledge, we cast ourselves prostrate in adoration before him, and say, 'Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.' But even then we go on to affirm, 'For of him, and through him, and unto him are all things. To him be the glory for ever, amen.'" With great force of truth the writer says, "A true hypothesis is one which will explain and account for all the facts. . . . Our complaint is that science neglects, or forgets to take into account, facts the number of which is quite incalculable." Precisely so; and if there were no other weak place in the hypothesis of the agnostics, this alone would be quite sufficient to secure its overthrow. If the foundation be not broad enough the edifice must come to the ground, however splendid the materials of which it is composed. The book is well written, and deserves to be well read. It is as full of thought as the skies are full of stars, and is calculated to be very helpful to the Christian whose mind has been exercised by the theories of the hour. We heartily endorse the statement made in the announcement of its publication,—"condensed in expression, biblical in doctrine, catholic in spirit, and by a competent writer."

Addresses delivered on various occasions. By Rev. F. Pigou, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

These addresses were read mainly at clerical meetings, and are specially addressed to clergymen, treating of the difficulties and helps in ministerial work. There is little that is fresh, but everything that is sound and good. We should not advise many ministers to buy them, for we do not believe they need them; but wherever a man does need to learn the alphabet of pastoral work, he may find it here. It is thoroughly evangelical and earnest in tone.

Notes.

The Jubilee.—The celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday is close at hand. Whatever is to be done to make the day memorable must be done at once. It is proposed to hold a meeting on the 18th June of a home character. The poor members will be invited to a free tea by the Pastor, and after tea the various branches of the work at the Tabernacle will by their representatives congratulate the Pastor. On Thursday, the 19th, the Earl of Shaftesbury will take the chair at a more general meeting, for the public as well as home friends.

With regard to the testimonial, Mr. Spurgeon cannot of course do anything in it himself, and therefore it is not likely to be carried through with the vigour which his leadership usually imparts. The Deacons are therefore the more anxious that friends should take it up with spirit. This advantage will be gained, that whatever is sent, will be absolutely spontaneous, and will therefore be a surer proof of loving attachment. On a former occasion a large sum was brought in by a bazaar, but this Mr. Spurgeon has all along declined, not caring for anything but what may come in by the unstimulated generosity of friends.

The following is the circular issued by the Treasurers, to which we would add that the thousand pounds already given will be nearly all absorbed by the Jubilee House. The three other objects selected by Mr. Spurgeon are the Colportage, the Almshouses Endowment Fund, and the chapel for his son Thomas in Auckland, friends can allot their gifts to either of these, or leave the matter open as the Circular suggests.

"Metropolitan Tabernacle,
"Newington Butts, London, S.E.
"14*th May*, 1844.

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Jubilee Fund.

"Dear Friend,

"It is widely known that Mr. Spurgeon will reach his *Fiftieth Birthday* on the 19th June next. Public appreciation of his life-work has already marked that day as a Festival, and preparations are being made to celebrate it in a suitable manner.

"The intention has been announced to

hold a Meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the evening of *Thursday, the 19th of June*, to be presided over by the Venerable EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. This will be made the occasion of presenting Mr. SPURGEON with an Address of Congratulation and a Testimonial of love and esteem.

"At a representative social gathering, held on the 6th instant, it was unanimously resolved, that in addition to 'The Jubilee House,' in course of erection at the rear of the Tabernacle, the presentation shall consist of a Sum of Money, to be placed absolutely and unreservedly at his own disposal, except in any case where the donor specifies a particular object.

"Over a thousand pounds were promised at once to open the Subscription List, and Messrs. T. H. OLNEY and W. C. MURRELL were elected Treasurers of the Fund.

"In addressing the intimate friends and ardent admirers of our Pastor, any reference to the services he has rendered to the universal Church of our Lord Jesus Christ would be superfluous. Of the Philanthropic Institutions he has planted and fostered, or of his manifold labours of love, we likewise forbear to speak. We simply invite you to join us in a tribute of personal regard to himself.

"Many of us feel that his life touches our own at every vital point. The hearts and homes of great multitudes have become happier and holier by his ministry. We are sure that he has made his mark on his own generation with the truest instinct of which our manhood is capable. The echoes of his influence have extended to remote regions, till his name has become a household word in every part of the civilized world. And he has multiplied himself beyond our power of computation by means of the men whom he has trained and sent forth in our own country, our Colonies, and our Foreign Mission Stations; to say nothing of the many more men and women of maturer years who have proved the quickening force of his example and his leadership, and have been constrained to devote themselves with a noble enthusiasm to Christian work.

"The list of love is now open to the spontaneous generosity of all who are ready to greet the opportunity. No further appeal will be made. As it is proposed to inscribe the names of contributors in the Testimonial, we shall feel obliged by an early response directed to either of us at the above address.

"On behalf of the Deacons and Elders,
"We have the honour to subscribe ourselves,
"Yours faithfully,
"T. H. OLNEY.
"W. C. MURRELL."

At one of the College meetings Mr. W. J. Mayers, of Bristol, gave the following clever paragraph, into which the titles of Mr. Spurgeon's works are dexterously inlaid:—

"Those who listened to the President's inaugural address had evidence that *The Saint and his Saviour* were on familiar terms. It was full of *Smooth Stones from Ancient Brooks*, and hearing it was like *Gleanings among the Sheaves*. In some passages it reminded us of the dew which comes fresh upon the earth *Morning by Morning*, while in others it was brilliant as the sunsets, which make the sky glorious *Evening by Evening*. It contained some of the brightest of *Spurgeon's Gems*, not only from the *Treasury of David*, but from that of Paul, Peter, and many others. It was full of *Flashes of Thought*. Indeed, there was a right *Royal Wedding* of thought and language. It was a true *Interpreter* of many of our feelings. It thrilled us with its *Trumpet calls to Christian Energy*. It abounded in *Types and Emblems*. *The Present Truth*, for the present age, was clearly expounded and enforced. It carried us back to the days of the *Lectures to my Students*, and was more helpful to us than many of the *Commentings and Commentaries* over which we are wont to spend much time. So pathetic were some portions of the address that the speaker seemed like a *Mourner's Comforter*, and so full of genuine sarcasm and wholesome humour were others that our hearty laughter and applause might have caused some to look upon us as among the very *Eccentric Preachers*. The address was fragrant with *Flowers from a Puritan's Garden*, and supplied us with many *Feathers for Arrows*. It was pithy as *John Ploughman's Talk*, and homely as the famous *Farm Sermons*. To some puzzled minds it was a true *Clue of the Maze*. *The Bible and the Newspaper* were laid under contribution in its illustrations. As it recorded *Christ's glorious Achievements*, it bid us all *Be of Good Cheer*, and when it is printed we shall spend many a *Spare Half-Hour* over its more than *Seven Wonders of Grace*. In short, it put into our hands both *The Sword and the Trowel* for upbuilding and combat, and it seemed to contain the quintessence of the twenty-nine volumes of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*."

It has been the Editor's great joy to take part on two occasions in Mr. Moody's work in Croydon. On Friday, May 16, all the students went over to Croydon, and formed part of an enormous multitude who gathered to hear a sermon from their President. We are more and more impressed with a sense of the remarkable power which rests upon the beloved Moody. His words are plain and fresh from his heart, and a special influence from on high goes therewith both to saint and sinner. It is a happy thing for London that such a shower of blessing is falling upon it.

In connection with our Sunday-school there is a Working Society for helping to clothe the families of our colporteurs. Mrs. Evans attends to the poor ministers, and this offshoot from her society is to look after the colporteurs. Materials would be

gratefully received, or second-hand clothing, or cash. Parcels can be addressed to Superintendent of Sunday-school, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLLEGE.—Mr. F. R. Bateman has settled at Clarence-road, Southend-on-Sea; and Mr. F. Tuck at Windmill-street, Gravesend.

Mr. A. K. Davidson has removed from Chipping Sodbury to Earl Soham, Suffolk; Mr. N. Heath, late of Gravesend, has gone to Salem Chapel, Ramsey, Hunts; and Mr. J. Smith has removed from Chatham to Cloughfold, Lancashire. Mr. W. E. Rice has resigned the pastorate of the church at Earls Colne, and sailed for Auckland, New Zealand, where he is to take charge of the church during the absence of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who is on his way home for a season. He needs rest; but he is not in seriously ill-health as has been reported. Our hope is that he will be so restored by the voyage as to reach England in a vigorous condition.

We have received good news from our brethren C. Testro, Sale, Victoria; W. V. Young, Ipswich, Queensland; A. Bird, Launceston, Tasmania; and H. T. Peach, Pietermaritzburg.

On Thursday, May 15th, the students of the College presented Professor Gracey with the following address:—

"To REV. DAVID GRACEY,
"Principal of Pastors' College.

"Dear Sir,—We, the students, who are now enjoying your tuition, and we who have only lately entered upon pastoral duties, deem the end of your twenty-first year as tutor a fitting time for proving in a practical way our deep gratitude to you. We are assured that our personal equipment for the task entrusted to us by our divine Master, and that the ever-widening usefulness of our College, are largely due to your influence. We cannot over-rate the value of your lectures in Divinity, your training in the classical tongues, your lucid and devout exposition of Scripture, and your discipline in Homiletics; while the kindliness of your manner, and the friendliness of your interest in each student, raise our admiration for your abilities into affection for yourself. As a token of our thankfulness and esteem, we, who have been enriched by the ripened fruit of your mind and heart, ask your acceptance of the accompanying gift, not for its own worth, but for the love it faintly indicates. With a view to the continued prosperity of our College, we unitedly pray that you may long be spared to carry on the work you have hitherto conducted so ably, so devotedly, and so successfully.

"Signed, on behalf of the brethren,
"HARRY H. DRIVER, Hon. Sec.
"May, 1884."

The address, which was most beautifully engrossed by Mr. Chambers, one of the students, was accompanied by two engravings of Gustave Doré's pictures, an autotype portrait of Mr. Gracey, and a silver biscuit-box for Mrs. Gracey.

The President had great pleasure in uniting with the students in this well-deserved testimonial which is a token of the esteem in which all the tutors are held. No institution among mortal men is blessed with more devoted workers than those who superintend the education of the young ministers of the Pastors' College. The Lord give great grace to those who learn that they may make the fullest use of their privileges, and become eminently useful servants of Christ.

CONFERENCE.—The twentieth annual conference of the Pastors' College Association was commenced on *Monday afternoon, April* 21, by a well-attended prayer-meeting at the East London Tabernacle. This was followed by tea, at which about two hundred of the ministers and students were present, and by a public meeting, when our dear brother A. G. Brown's great building was crowded with an interested and enthusiastic audience. The President, C. H. Spurgeon, occupied the chair, and after prayer by Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, expounded that portion of the parable of the Prodigal Son contained in the words, "But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry." Addresses were delivered by Pastors N. Dobson (Deal) and H. E. Stone (Nottingham), and Mr. J. F. Shearer, one of the students in the College, and our three singing evangelists, Messrs. J. M. Smith, J. Burnham, and E. J. Parker, led the congregation in sacred song. The offerings at the doors in aid of the College funds amounted to £16 8s. 8d. It was a glorious beginning of the week's meetings, and augured well for the success of all the after gatherings. At the same time the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon, was presiding at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, where many earnest petitions were presented for a blessing upon all the assemblies of the brethren during the Conference.

On *Tuesday morning, April* 22, special thanksgiving and prayer occupied the first hour and a half, in the course of which the President reported the death of Mr. Hartley, who had been stricken with fever before he had been able to commence his missionary work on the Congo. Very touching reference to the early termination of our young brother's career was made in the prayer of the Rev. R. Glover, president of the Baptist Union. The season of supplication being ended, our President delivered his inaugural address on Steadfastness.

On re-assembling, after a brief recess, the Conference business was transacted. The

names of 17 students were added to the roll of membership, four names were removed from the roll, the President, Vice-President, and officers were unanimously re-elected, and *Monday*, *June* 16, was fixed for the annual day of united prayer by all the churches connected with the Conference. The report of the College Assurance community, presented by Mr. Allison, showed that the payments during the year had amounted to £81 9s. 6d., which had been exactly met by the balance from last year, the subscriptions of members, and special donations. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Allison for his management of the fund, and he was asked to continue his services for another year. It was decided that an alteration should be made in the rules, so that while a subscriber of 5s. per year should receive, as at present, £10 upon the death of his wife, or £5 at the death of his child, one who paid 7s. 6d. would in addition secure to his widow or representative £10 in the event of his own death during the year.

In the evening, at the *soirée* at the Orphanage, short speeches were delivered by Mr. J. M. Smith and the Vice-President. The orphans contributed their share to the enjoyment of the brethren by their singing, bell-ringing, and recitations, and the proceedings of the day were brought to a profitable conclusion by Pastor F. H. White's interesting and instructive lecture, with dissolving views, on "The Trees, Flowers, and Fruits of Canaan." On returning home we felt that the high tone of the Monday evening meeting had been fully maintained during the whole day, and that we had great reason for gratitude to our heavenly Father for the blessing that had been poured down upon us.

On *Wednesday*, *April* 23, the first hour was again devoted mainly to prayer and praise. Several brethren who were too ill to be present, or who were obliged to be at home with their loved ones who were sick, were specially commended to the Lord. The President read the letter from the brethren in India, which is printed in the College Report, and also the following communication, from the Canadian Branch of the Conference, which came to hand just too late to be inserted:—

"Paris, Ontario, Canada.
"March 28, 1884.

"To the Pastors' College Conference assembling in London, England.

"Beloved President, Vice-President and Brethren, we congratulate you on the auspicious circumstances which permit you once more to assemble in Annual Conference. The memories of by-gone times of refreshing, while thus assembled, lead us to hang our harps on the willows, exclaiming, 'How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' Pastors' College! never shall we be able to erase from our affections the endearments that twine around thee, or from our minds the sense of indebtedness we owe to thee through thy honoured President. When shall the happy time arrive when we shall grasp the hands of our brethren, and greet them face to face? Until then, accept our sincerest and heartiest assurances of loyalty and love.

"Since last we were privileged to salute you, some changes have taken place among us as to our fields of labour; but by the sustaining hand of our God we have been preserved in life, and health, and character. Some of us have enjoyed the highest honours our Associations could confer upon us, and our voices have been heard and heeded in our general denominational counsels, while with voice and pen we have done our best to disseminate those glorious truths of divine revelation, so dear both to you and us. Nor has our labour been in vain in the Lord. To some of us great success has been given.

We very much regret that the great distances which separate us from each other, in this wide Dominion, make it almost impossible for us all to meet together, even annually. But while absent in body, we are often present in spirit.

"It cheers us to think that we are not forgotten by *you* in your annual assemblies; and by the knowledge that you pray for us, and sympathize with us, we are stimulated to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"May your meetings be fraught with heaven's richest benedictions, and may their influence reach even to us in this far-off land beyond the sea.

"We remain, beloved President and Brethren,—Yours in Christ Jesus, on behalf of the Canadian Branch,

"Robert Lennie.
"James Grant."

The rest of the morning was occupied with three admirable papers, by Professor Marchant, on "The head-ship of Christ: its relation to some present difficulties in our church-life and ministry;" by Pastor W. Townsend (of Canterbury), on "A ministry of power, a want of the times;" and by Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, on "Some Spiritual Soudans," the first portion of which appears in the present magazine.

In the evening the annual meeting of subscribers and friends was held under the able chairmanship of T. A. Denny, Esq. Prayer was offered by Mr. S. Thompson; the President presented a report of the year's work; addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Sir W. McArthur, M.P., R. Cory, Esq. (of Cardiff), the Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., Mr. Robert Spurgeon, one of our missionaries from India, Pastor T. J. Longhurst (of Cheltenham), and Mr. W. Y. Fullerton; and a number of our musical brethren helped us to praise the Lord by their sacred solos and choruses. At nine o'clock, a large company sat down to the supper given by the President and two or three friends, and prepared by Mr. Murrell and his helpers, and after the collectors had passed round the tables it was reported that £2,018 9s. 0d. had been con-

tributed or promised towards the support of the College. Friends unable to be present sent further sums, so that altogether considerably more than two thousand guineas came in to the funds; a result for which we first devoutly thank the Giver of all good, and next express our hearty gratitude to all the Lord's stewards who have thus generously helped us for another year to carry on the important work of training preachers of the gospel.

On *Thursday morning*, *April* 24, after a season of prayer and praise, the Vice-President delivered an address from the words, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion" (Psalm xx. 1, 2). Addresses were also given by Pastors A. G. Brown and J. Cruickshank on the "Urgent needs of the church, metropolitan and rural," and upon "Missionary work," by Mr. Robt. Spurgeon, missionary from Barisaul; and the meeting was closed with prayer by several of the brethren on behalf of these various works. In the evening the annual public meeting was held in the Tabernacle, which was all but crowded. The President was in the chair, and gave a report of the College work. Addresses were delivered by Pastors G. Duncan (Huddersfield), C. E. Stone (Chatham-road, Wandsworth Common), W. J. Mayers (Bristol), Mr. Robt. Spurgeon (Barisaul), and Mr. J. T. Mateer (Evangelist). At the suggestion of Pastor Duncan the offering at the door was presented to Mrs. Spurgeon for her "Book Fund." At the close of the public meeting the ministers and students were entertained at supper in the Lecture-hall, when a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Murrell for his care of the brethren during the whole week.

On *Friday morning*, *April* 25, the brethren had the joy of welcoming Mrs. Spurgeon, as well as their President, at the closing meeting of the Conference. Our venerable friend Professor Rogers was amongst those who led the supplications of the assembly. The following resolution was proposed by Pastor W. J. Mayers, seconded by Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel), and unanimously carried:—

"That, as members of this Conference, we recognise the good hand of the Lord in prompting and aiding the esteemed wife of our beloved President to minister in so gentle and generous a way to our mental and spiritual good, by the gift of the volumes now received. We thank Mrs. Spurgeon specially on behalf of some of the brethren among us for her welcome, heart-gladdening, home-brightening, and sermon-enriching parcels of books. We often think of her, but never without emotion. We often pray for her, but never without gratitude; and now that we are privileged to see her, we beg her to accept assurances of our Christian esteem and affection, and ever-deepening appreciation of all her labours of love. We join heartily in congratulating Mrs. Spurgeon on the renewed health in which we find our revered President, and our fervent supplications go out that their two valued and useful lives may long be spared to each other, to the church, to the world, and to the College. In token of the sincerity of the foregoing words, and as the only way in which we can show our gratitude, we hereby pledge ourselves, God helping us, to a fuller loyalty to our divine Lord, a deeper devotion to his work, and a clearer insistence on the only gospel which is worth the preaching, and which alone can bless the world."

Mr. Mayers also presented a beautiful basket of flowers to Mrs. Spurgeon, and the address and the present were suitably acknowledged on her behalf by the President. Then came the sermon by the President from Mark iv. 38, 39, followed by the Communion, and the closing Psalm (Ps. cxxii.) sung as usual by the whole assembly standing with hands linked. At the dinner in the Lecture-hall, the President presented to Mr. Murrell a token of their love in the form of books which had been subscribed for by the brethren to whom he renders such noble service; and Pastor F. H. White reported that one hundred and eighty-seven pastors had collected or contributed £500 11s. 7d. for the College during the year. Hearty thanks were given to the President, Vice-President, and the Tutors, on whose behalf Professor Gracey briefly responded. After a few remarks by Professor Blaikie, of Edinburgh, the twentieth Conference was closed by the doxology and benediction.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been conducting services at Tredegarville Baptist Church, Cardiff, during the past month. The pastor, Alfred Tilley, writes:—"The meetings have been attended with much present blessing, and we are hopeful of gracious results in additions to our own and other churches. . . . It may be well if I mention the impression left upon my own mind by these meetings. Of the addresses of our dear friend, Mr. Fullerton, it would be difficult in many respects to speak too highly. There has been throughout an entire absence of anything approaching sensationalism, and certainly there has been no such thing as an attempt to get up an excitement or to force persons into the enquiry rooms. The way of salvation has been set forth as clearly, and illustrated by incidents as interesting, apt, and striking, as I ever remember to have heard. For ability, Mr. Fullerton's addresses will compare with those of the foremost evangelists of the day. The singing and playing of Mr. Smith, which have been greatly admired by thoroughly accomplished judges, have added greatly to the pleasure and success of the mission; as also his reading and running comments on the

Scripture lesson, and his short addresses between the hymns."

This month the Evangelists are to visit Dundee.

Mr. Burnham has held very successful services at Carlisle, and is now at Crosby-Garrett.

Since the Conference *Mr. Russell* has visited Tetbury, and West Drayton; this month he again conducts services in the Pottery district. He will be glad to hear from brethren wanting his services in August or September.

Messrs Mateer and Parker have conducted a fortnight's mission at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea. Pastor J. W. Genders writes, "The speaking of Mr. Mateer is simple, scriptural, and earnest. He gives the impression of a man of God thoroughly devoted to the work of telling the glad tidings. His addresses seem to me most admirably adapted to an evangelistic mission. The visit of our brethren has produced quite a revival amongst us, which I feel persuaded will not pass away."

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual *Fête* will be held on *Wednesday, July 16th;* the usual day (June 19th) being appropriated to the Jubilee celebration at the Tabernacle. Mr. Charlesworth and his choir of boys have visited, during the past month, Cambridge, Waterbeach, and Luton; and they are now holding meetings in the West of England.

During the past year 970 articles have been made and presented to the Orphanage by the Working Meeting which is held fortnightly at the Tabernacle. Thanks, kind ladies, 970 times repeated.

Friends will kindly notice that the income of the Orphanage from the living is far below its needs, and it is drawing from its legacies. We mention this because some may think us rich and increased in goods. We do not advertise our needs in the newspapers, but we think it only right to let our helpers know how matters stand. The Lord will provide. It is ours to stir up the pure minds of his stewards by way of remembrance.

COLPORTAGE.—The annual meeting was held in the Tabernacle on Monday, May 19th, the President, C. H. Spurgeon, in the chair. Dr. Green, secretary of the Religious Tract Society, and several colporteurs, gave lively, natural, and striking addresses. The annual report was read by the general secretary, W. Corden Jones, and it is of such a kind that every Christian must feel an admiration for the work done, for it is surprising in its extent and in the blessing resting upon it. Some thirty of the colporteurs came up to London, and were entertained by the committee and friends. These met for prayer and conference on Sunday and Monday, and were addressed by Mr. Spurgeon and other brethren. They are a fine band of men, seventy-two of them. How earnestly we wish it could be made into one hundred at the least! No agents are at once so cheap and so efficient. Any district which can raise £40 a-year can have a man appointed. Our business is to find the money for the working expenses, and to make up the rest of the men's weekly salaries. To the few who aid us we feel very grateful. Oh, for more helpers!

The following is an epitome of the Report and of the work done by 76 colporteurs during the past year:—

Total Value of Sales.—£8,156 18s. 7d., including £235 9s. 4d. by book-agents.

Analysis of Sales &c.—Bibles, 7,768; bound books, over 6d., 53,209; bound books, under 6d., 75,579; Testaments, 5,052; packets of texts, &c., 35,969; magazines, 290,017; Total, 467,591. Besides this, 592,745 families were visited, and 7,514 Religious Services conducted.

Total Value of Sales since the Association was formed sixteen years ago, £75,830 1s. 9d.

The complete Report may be obtained on application, from the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Temple-street, London, S.E.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon very gratefully acknowledges a beautiful present of 13 knitted frocks and skirts for the children of poor Pastors, from "Surbiton."

PERSONAL NOTES.—An earnest brother, who recently joined the church at the Tabernacle, in relating his experience at the church-meeting, stated that while he was at work one day his eye rested upon a single leaf of our sermon on "Faith: what is it? How can it be obtained?" (No. 1,609). He picked it up, read it, and it was blessed to his soul's salvation.

We have lately received many testimonies to the usefulness of the sermons to aged Christians at home and abroad. The following instances will serve as specimens of many similar cases. One of our former students writes:—"I was speaking in a village under the shadow of H—— Castle the other evening. After the meeting I was told that an old lady was searching for me. I was brought to her, and she began to weep with joy, saying, 'You are from Mr. Spurgeon! My husband and I are over eighty; yet, bless the Lord, I can read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons! I get them every week, I do not know what I should do without them. Do tell him from me what a comfort they are to my soul.'" A friend, who sends a card announcing his father's death, says:—"I desire to tell you how much he and my mother have profited from your sermons. He has been a Christian for sixty-six years, but for four or five years has not been able to attend the means of grace; but the sermon has been rich food for his soul, and every week, when read, it has been passed on to other families."

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 28, ten; May 1, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	3	0	0
Collection at Wycliff Chapel, Reading, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	4	3	2
Proceeds of Lecture at Foots Cray, per Pastor G. Simmons	1	10	0
Mr. H. T. John Atkinson	1	0	0
Dr. Eugene Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	3	3	0
Old Baptist Meeting, Rushden, per Pastor W. A. Davis	3	0	0
Pastor H. C. Field	1	0	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	3	3	0
Baptist Church, Hawick, per Pastor W. Seaman	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Salt	2	0	0
Mr. J. W. Chisholm	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. J. Collingwood	2	2	0
The Hon. A. F. Kinnaird	2	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. Joshua Allder	2	2	0
Mr. H. Mallett	1	0	0
Mr. John Warren	1	1	0
Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley	7	14	6
Collection at St. Anne's-road Baptist Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor William Sullivan	1	7	0
Mr. James Coulson	1	1	0
Messrs. A. Struker and Son	10	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Coalville, by Pastor T. Hagen	0	15	0
Collection at Leafield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Tubb	1	0	0
Faith, No. 2	2	2	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. W. Withey	10	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Wolsingham, Durham, per Pastor G. Pring	1	0	0
Mr. G. Creasey, per Pastor H. Knee	1	1	0
Mr. John Rabbich	1	0	0
Collection at Commercial-road Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	2	0	5
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Faringdon, per Pastor E. George	2	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	5	6
Collection at Limpsfield, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	15	0
Pastor R. Ensoll	0	10	0
Friends, per Pastor R. Ensoll	1	1	6
Per Pastor J. Rankine, Guildford:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Small	1	0	0
Mr. Lunn	0	5	0
Friends	1	11	6
	3	16	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Godstone, per Pastor G. A. Webb	1	5	0
Collection at Portland Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	7	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	4	0
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible Class	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Maidenhead, per Pastor J. J. Irving	2	2	0
Donation from Brixham Church and Congregation, per Pastor J. E. Almy	2	0	0
Part Collection at Balsall Heath Road Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor J. E. Walton	1	1	3
A Friend, per Pastor A. K. Davidson	1	1	0
Part Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	4	4	0
Per Pastor W. Osborne:—			
Mr. Roper	0	10	0
Mr. Saunders	0	5	0
Miss Turner	0	5	0
	1	0	0
Contributions from Ridgmount, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	1	5	0
Contributions from friends at Haddenham, Bucks, per Pastor E. G. Sones.	1	8	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Prince's Risborough, per Pastor W. Coombs.	1	14	2
Collection at East-street Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. C. Lake	3	10	0
Contribution from Arthur-street Chapel, King's-cross, per Pastor W. Smith	1	1	0
Collection at South Shields Tabernacle, per Pastor G. West	5	0	0
Mr. Curry, per Pastor G. West	0	10	0
Mr. W. S. Lardner, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	0	0
Battersea Park Chapel, per Pastor T. Lardner	1	0	0
Per Pastor C. T. Johnson, Loughton:—			
Mrs. Freeman	1	1	0
Pastor C. T. Johnson	0	10	6
Mr. R. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Cyples	0	5	0
Mr. L. Booth	0	2	6
Mr. J. Saunders	0	2	0
Mrs. Pointon	0	2	0
Small sums	0	15	6
	3	3	6
Per Pastor G. T. Ennals:—			
Mr. Maris	1	1	0
Mr. J. Chaplin	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Mathew	1	13	6
	3	4	6
Contribution from Selly Park Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor A. H. Collins	2	2	0
Contribution from Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	2	14	6
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor G. Duncan	1	0	0
Baptist Chapel, Putney, per Pastor W. Thomas	2	0	0
Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Mrs. Feltham	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Dence	1	1	0
Baptist Chapel, Sandown, Isle of Wight, per Pastor F. J. Feltham	1	15	0
Mr. B. M. Tite	1	1	0
The Hon. Mrs. Trotter	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Croaker	2	2	0
Collection at Widnes Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. Yeatman	2	2	0
Boundary-road Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor T. Breewood	1	1	0
Per Pastor W. Julyan, Bournemouth:—			
Mrs. Garside	0	10	0
Miss Searl	0	5	0
Miss Drew	0	5	0
Miss Dunbar	1	0	0
Mr. Julyan	1	0	0
	3	0	0
Southend Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor H. W. Childs	2	0	0
Collection at New Brompton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	3	9

	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
A Friend, per Pastor J. Kemp	0	5	0
Collection at James' Grove Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. J. Dann ...	2	11	7
Collection at Chesterfield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. H. Smith ...	2	0	0
Friends at Halstead, per Pastor E. Morley	1	3	6
Mr. Alfred Southwell	0	5	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Collection at Congregational Chapel, Southport, per Messrs. Mateer and Parker	2	12	2
A Friend, per Messrs. Mateer and Parker	0	12	6
Miss F. Hawgood	1	1	0
Strode Crescent Chapel, Sheerness, per Pastor J. R. Hadler	1	0	0
Grove-road Chapel, Victoria-park, per Pastor W. J. Inglis	3	0	0
Old King-street Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans	5	0	0
Friends at Clay Cross, per Pastor Isaac A. Ward	0	12	6
Collection at Ramsgate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Robt. Wood	4	0	0
Shooter's-hill-road Chapel, per Pastor R. Chettleborough	1	0	0
Per Pastor W. Clatworthy:—			
Miss Collins... ... ... 1 0 0			
Friends 0 10 0			
	1	10	0
Pastor J. H. Banfield	0	10	0
Friends, per Pastor A. Greer	0	7	6
Collection at Earl's Colne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. E. Rice ...	1	0	0
Lordship-lane Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Thos. Perry	1	10	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Pastor W. A. Lang	0	10	0
Pastor J. B. Warren	0	4	6
A Well-wisher	0	2	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	5	0	0
Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith, per R. S. L.... ...	1	1	0
Collection at Chelsea Chapel, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	2	2	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	0	5	0
Collection at North Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Chadwick ...	4	10	0
Part Collection at Carshalton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	2	2	0
Collection at Ashton-on-Ribble Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. F. Frost ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Gotelee...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Benson	2	2	0
Miss Perkins	1	1	0
Miss Bowers...	1	1	0
C. W....	2	2	0
H. D.	1	1	0
J. T. Peppiatt	1	1	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. Gilbert Finch	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Buswell...	5	0	0
The Misses Buswell	3	3	0
Mr. Geo. Hollands...	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mrs. Huntley	10	10	0
Miss Hunt	1	1	0
Miss Riddle	1	1	0
Mr. D. A. Moxey	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hooper	3	3	0
Miss Hooper	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
T. P. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Penny	3	0	0
Mr. James Hall	10	10	0
Miss Hall	3	3	0
Mr. Wm. Evans	15	15	0
Mrs. Wm. Evans	7	7	0
C. E. Dain	0	2	6
Mrs. Dain	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	20	0	0
Mr. Philip A. Houghton...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Crack	2	0	0
Mr. Marsh, sen.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh, jun.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh, jun.	2	2	0
Messrs. C. Ball and Son	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gamage	3	3	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	0	0
Mr. J. Toller	3	3	0
Mr. J. L. Macarthur	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. G. Gathercole...	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. C. Goslin	1	1	0
Miss Mary Smallwood	1	1	0
J. G. and Mrs. G.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Field	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Mr. H. Aldous	1	1	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. W. A. Lovell	5	0	0
Mr. G Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Goldston...	1	1	0
Miss Goldston	0	10	6
Mr. R. Hills...	0	10	6
Mr. T. R. Hills, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. C. G. Hill	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs., and Miss Romang ...	3	3	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
J. H. G.	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Haddon	2	0	0
Miss Bertha Scott	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Cuthbert	1	1	0
Miss E. Cuthbert	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. James Oxley	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edwards	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell	5	5	0
Miss Parnell...	1	1	0
Miss Morrison	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Clarke	2	2	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and Friend	5	0	0
Miss Spliedt	3	0	0
Mr. Geo. Tomkins...	10	0	0
Mr. E. Dipple	3	3	0
Miss Wyburn	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hawkey	5	5	0
C. and M. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Hilyard	5	5	0
Mr. Alfred Norman	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Webb	0	10	6
X. Y. Z.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe	3	0	0
Miss Wade	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moss	2	2	0
Mr. Chas. Russell	2	0	0
Miss E. J. Emery	4	0	0
Mr. F. E. Neal	1	0	0
E. E. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Pastor E. Lauderdale	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lauderdale, per Pastor R. W. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cross	10	0	0
Mr. S. Bezzamy	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Cuff	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Manley	10	10	0
Mr. Henry Foster	5	0	0
Pastor W. Hobbs	1	0	0
Miss A. F. Smallridge	1	10	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. Richard Evans	15	15	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	3	0	0
Mr. W. Fox	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Clark	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	2	2	0
Miss Evans	0	10	6
Mr. George Redman	3	0	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr. George Redman	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Miss Hale	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Hammer	2	2	0
Mr. James Newman	3	3	0
Mrs. Hill	2	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Milne	2	2	0
Mr. M. L. Cox	1	1	0
Mr. J. R. Goslin	0	10	6
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	2	2	0
Mr. E. Mace	2	2	0
Mr. William Vinson	5	0	0
Mrs. Vinson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Short	2	2	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	10	10	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller	10	10	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Miss A. R. Habershon	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Cook	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scilley	2	2	0
Miss Clarkson	1	1	0
Miss Bryanshaw	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Fox, for support of a student for one year	50	0	0
Mr. Andrews	2	2	0
Miss F. Butcher	1	1	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
J. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hurlock	2	2	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	2	2	0
Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	5	5	0
Mr. D. Batchelor	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mills	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sorrell	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Newmarch	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Flaxman	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Barr	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander Brown	6	0	0
Mr. Robert Barr	1	1	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. S. H. Knight	2	2	0
Mr. C. Cleare	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Miss Turner	0	10	0
Mr. John Turner	1	10	0
Mr. N. Cumings	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Bellis	5	0	0
Mr. J. Leaver	1	1	0
Mr. G. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel Piggis	5	5	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thomson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison	2	0	0
Mr. S. Harris	2	2	0
Miss Harris	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. Ross	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ashby	1	1	0
W. and Maria Ross	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	5	0	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	2	2	0
R. S.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gloag	2	2	0
Mr. John Rowe	2	0	0
Mr. W. S. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. B. Buckmaster	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	5	5	0
Mr. John Bygrave	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Graves	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. R. Gordon	5	0	0
Mr. E. Hookey	0	10	0
Mr. George Alfred Blaxill	0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	100	0	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Rains	5	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	2	2	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne	2	15	6
Mr. W. Y. Fullerton	3	3	0
Collection at Lewin Road Baptist Chapel, Streatham, per Pastor A. M'Caig	2	17	3
Mr. W. Payne	5	5	0
G. and E. Virgo	2	0	0
S. S.	25	0	0
Mr. William Hawley, per Mr. J. R. Cooper	5	0	0
P. M.	2	6	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Mr. E. F. Stringer	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward, per Pastor J. B. Field	5	0	0
Collection at Conference Public Meeting at East London Tabernacle, per Pastor A. G. Brown	16	8	8
Mr. John Hughes	1	10	0
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	10	3	7
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	7	4	6
Pastor John Stubbs	1	1	0
O. B. S.	40	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	5	0
S. W.	5	0	0
Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Bantick	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Clarkson, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Withers	3	3	0
M. M. W.	1	10	0
A friend	2	0	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mrs. Chaplin	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. W. Davis	1	1	0
Rev. W. Stott	1	1	0
Mr. John Chapman, per Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Gould	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Lindley	3	3	0
Mr. John Anderson	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. J. Miller, J.P., per Pastor H. O. Mackey	5	5	0
Mr. J. J. Burnett	5	5	0
Mr. W. Heath	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. Archibald Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	2	0	0
Mrs. Bowes	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	10	0
The Editor of the "Christian World"	10	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. E. Bithray	5	5	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	5	5	0
Mr. B. Webb	5	0	0
Mr. E. Gammon	2	2	0
Mr. Wollacott	5	0	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. S. M. Hammer	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	6	6	0
Mr. B. W. Carr, jun.	1	1	0
Miss K. Carr	1	1	0
Mrs. M. R. Scott	3	3	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mr. George Manger	2	2	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	10	0	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Tubby	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Rea	10	10	0
Mrs. May	10	0	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Mr. J. K. Philip	1	1	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0
Mr. John Rush Thomas	1	1	0
Mrs. John Rush Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. G. Hamilton	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. Henderson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Summers	5	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0
Pastor E. J. and Mr. A. J. Edwards	2	2	0
Mr. A. Norris and friend	1	10	0
Mr. Frederick Rouse	5	5	0
Mrs. Keevil	1	10	0
Mrs. Keeley	1	1	0
Miss Chapman	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. James Clark	10	10	0
Mr. Henry Olney	2	2	0
Mr. C. J. Payne	0	3	11
Collection at North Finchley Baptist Chapel (additional), per Pastor J. Chadwick	0	5	0
Mrs. Drew, per Pastor W. Julyan	0	2	6
A Well-wisher	0	2	6
Collection at Dorking Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. G. Everett	1	13	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
Mrs. Gillham	1	0	0
Dr. Weymouth	2	2	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. E. P. Fishor	5	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mrs. Pratt, per Pastor A. McCaig	0	10	0
"Scotland"	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	3	0	0
An aged friend	3	0	0
From Crieff, M. F.	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson	10	0	0
The Misses Williamson	2	2	0
Master H. Williamson	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
April 20	34	15	3
,, 27	13	0	0
May 4	33	0	7
,, 11	24	10	3
	105	6	1
	£1984	17	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. Sprot	5	0	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mrs. Edmund Frost	0	10	0
Tollie and A. Madge	0	2	1
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0
A friend, per Mr. W. Michael	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	10	0
Durweston Chimers, per Mr. C. Adlem	0	11	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
In memory of little Seymour	0	7	6
Proceeds of sale of work by four little girls, per Mrs. Paul	4	0	0
Mrs. M. I. Dean	0	2	6
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Worth	0	2	6
A humble sister in Jesus	0	3	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
K., Glasgow	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Julia Davies	2	4	6
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mr. W. F. Masters (qrtly.)	0	10	6
Mr. J. O. Ball	0	10	0
Mr. J. McIntosh (qrtly.)	0	5	0
Miss Arkill (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jones (quarterly)	0	5	0
M. A. F.	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Kelleway (qrtly.)	0	2	6
Arthur L. Crumpton (do.)	0	2	6
	2	3	0
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Woodfall	45	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. French's box	0	10	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
S. S.	0	1	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
"A few stamps for your boys"	0	5	0
A servant, G. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. Collin	1	0	0
Thankoffering from a friend, Peterhead	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Strone House Sabbath-school, per Mrs. Moubray	0	14	0
M. N. W., Berbice	1	5	0
Proceeds of Orphanage Choir Meeting at Waterbeach:—			
Sale of tickets, tea, &c.	21	9	1
Less expenses	3	0	7
	18	8	6
Donations:—			
Mrs. C. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. G. F. Coxall	0	5	0
Miss Childs	0	10	0
Mr. T. Jacobs	0	10	6
Mr. R. Pigott	0	10	0
Mr. Ebenezer Smith	0	10	0
Mr. James Toller	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Toller	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur Toller	0	10	6
Miss Toller	0	10	0
Miss Esther Toller	0	10	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. S. J. Worts	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wootten	0	2	6
	26	10	0
Proceeds of Orphanage Choir Meeting at Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	21	0	0
Mr. J. Hind	0	1	6
A thankoffering, C. S.	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Wells	0	10	0
Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	0
Per Pastor W. Osborne:—			
Mrs. Phipps	1	1	0
Mrs. Grimwood	1	1	0
Mr. Stienley	1	1	0
Miss Bradley	1	0	0
Miss S. Bradley	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Miss English	0	5	0
	5	3	0
A happy family of seven children, per R. S. L.	5	0	0
M. C., per Miss Butler	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bygott	1	0	0
Mr. A. G. Spencer	1	1	0
Mr. J. Clark	21	0	0
Miss M. Kellett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Brixham Baptist Church and Congregation	1	2	6
From a Sermon-reader in Scotland	1	0	0
W. Kelly	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	7
Sale of Riding Habits	1	5	0
N. M., postal order, Clapham	0	4	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Durrant	5	5	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	2	6
S. S.	25	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Collected by teachers and scholars, Halbeath Sabbath-school	0	4	0
Collected by members of Mrs. Allison's Bible-class:—			
Miss Allen	1	12	6
Miss Taylor	0	7	9
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Nurse Davies	0	17	6
Mrs. Harvey	0	3	0
	3	10	9
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Younger	0	10	0
Mr. W. Munro	1	0	0
Mrs. Grieve, per Mr. Gwillim	0	3	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Mrs. Macleay	3	0	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Cupar, Fife	0	15	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	1	0	0
Mrs. Lund	0	10	0
Jenny and Harry Lund	0	2	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	2	10	0
A nurse	0	2	0
"I will pay my vows"	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	5	0
Rev. Jas. Williams	0	10	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
Collection at Farley Green Mission Room	1	7	6
"The Rookery" children's box	0	12	6
Mr. W. Wallace	2	0	0
Miss Allenby	0	5	0
Miss M. Hyatt	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
O. B. S.	40	0	0
Mrs. Bury	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Fector	10	0	0
Mr. Alonzo Young	1	0	0
S. W.	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, April	2	2	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per list	9	8	7
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, per list	5	14	1
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. I. Atkinson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Tebbutt	1	1	0
	£313	6	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.—PROVISIONS: 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 3 churns of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; a churn of Milk, Messrs. J. and R. Broomfield; 2 sacks of Flour, Mr. James Nutter; 4 sacks Potatoes, "Vegetarian."

GENERAL:—18 Comb Bags, Miss Descroix; a set of Cricketing Material, the Brixton Albion Cricket Club, per Mr. Hayley; a Hamper of Flowers, Mrs. E. A. Naylor; a Crochet Quilt, Mrs. C. Peel; a quantity of Choice and Wild Flowers, the Scholars of the Congregational Sunday-school, Wickham Market, per Mr. H. Roe.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—3 Articles, Miss Descroix; 13 Articles, "A poor widow"; 3 Articles, Miss Verrall; 40 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends; 35 yards Dress Material, the Misses Hastings; 10 Articles, M. O. S.; 74 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; several Worn Garments, Mrs. Kingham.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Vests, Mr. T. Mann; 3 pairs Knitted Socks and a pair of Cuffs, Miss Kirtley; 20 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; several Worn Garments, Mrs. Kingham.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Second List).—Ward, R., £1; Brooker, E., £1 7s 9d; Walker, A. J., 7s 6d; Bush, R., 10s 2d; Rees, B., £1; Bishop, H., 8s; Phillips, R. J., 6s 9d; Rees, J. G., £1; Brooks, G., £1; Stroud, W., 9s; Dimond, W., 10s; Hitch, T., 4s 2d; Hockley, W., 2s 6d; Underwood, E., 3s; Pascall, J. H., £1.—Total Boys' Cards, £9 8s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Second List).—McIlwraith, B., 5s; Fairbank, A., 5s 6d; Ingle, F., 8s; Adams, N. M., 8s; Solomon, B., 3s 6d; Pope, F., 6s; Fenn, A. E., 7s; Forman, L. Z., 13s 6d; Owen, M. A., 6s 5d; De Laiche, B., 5s; Broadhouse, N., 14s; Rooke, F., 6s 6d; Green, G., £1 1s; Buck, B., 4s 8d.—Total Girls' Cards, £5 14s 1d.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Sinclair	0	10	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	2	10	0
Mr. E. Oaltey	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Gunn	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Callam	2	0	0
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Woodfall ...	45	0	0
Hannah	0	2	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
M. N. W., Berbice	1	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
	£158	7	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown	30	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale	7	10	0
High Wycomb District	20	0	0
Oxfordshire Association—Witney District	10	0	0
Kettering District:—			
Per Mr. Jones 5 0 0			
G. E. 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Northern Association—Crosby Garrett District	10	0	0
	£155	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
S. S.	25	0	0
J. B. G.	5	0	0
O. B. S.	20	0	0
Per Mr. Whiting	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	15	0
Annual subscription:—			
Miss Penstone	0	10	6
	£53	0	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Haddon Hall	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel Long	5	0	0
Mrs. Allan, sen.	1	0	0
S. S.	25	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mrs. H. S. Pledge	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Bouttell	0	2	6
Mr. A. A. Urquhart	0	2	0
Miss Gillham	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Mitchell	2	0	0
	£42	19	6

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Mrs. Donaldson, £1; Mrs. M. Callam, £1 1s.

C. H. SPURGEON JUBILEE FUND.—Received to May 14th, in addition to amounts previously acknowledged:—Mrs. Dix, £10; Miss Raitt, 5s; Mrs. Grace Bulk, £1; Mr. John Hector, £5; Mrs. E. Dunn, £1 2s; Widow Chesterman, £1; Rev. Spencer Murch (for Colportage), £5; Mrs. H. Keevil, £20; Mrs. Ellwood, £10 10s; Mr. James Duncan, £50; Mr. and Mrs. Rains, £5; Mr. W. Ross, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Krell, £20; Mr. F. Fishwick, £5 5s; Mr. Thomas Liddiard, £1 1s.

The following promises have also been made:—Mr. T. H. Olney, £100; E. B., £100; Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, £100; Mr. and Mrs. Stiff, £100; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, £50; Mrs. Higgs and family, £50; Mr. and Mrs. R. Evans, £50; Mr. Samuel Barrow, £25; Mr. R. V. Barrow, £25; Mr. and Mrs. W. Olney, £25; Mr. and Mrs. Allison, £25; Mr. Murrell, £25; Mr. and Mrs. Carr, and Mr. and Mrs. Payne, £25; Mr. G. H. Dean, £25; Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs, £25; Miss Webber-Smith and Miss Webber, £25; Miss K. E. Emery, £25; Miss E. J. Emery, £25; Mr. W. R. Rickett, £25; Mr. Fisher, £23; Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, £20; Mr. Llewellyn, £20; Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, £10 10s; Mr. Keevil, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, £10 10s; Faith No. 2, £10 10s; Mr. Pearce, £10 10s; Mr. Everett, £10 10s; Mr. Mansell, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. W. Wayre, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Buswell, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. James Toller, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. W. Evans, £10s 10s; Mr. W. Johnson, £5 5s; Miss Heritage, £5 5s; Mr. Sansom, £5 5s; Mr. and Mrs. E. Frisby, £5 5s; Mr. R. Collins, £5 5s; Mr. A. Dunn, £5 5s; Mr. and Mrs. W. Edwards, £5 5s.

TOTAL GIVEN OR PROMISED TO MAY 14TH—**£1239 18s. 0d.**

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL PAPER

CONCERNING

THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1883-84.



Printed for the College by
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1884.

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The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church Meeting in the beginning of the year.

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 Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, 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 College.*

The Scripturalness of the Pastors' College.

BY REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

THE connection of a College with a Pastorate, though rarely exemplified, is in perfect accordance with the method by which the gospel was commanded to be preached to all nations, and to the end of the world. In the time of Samuel there was a school of the prophets to assist him in the religious instruction of the people, although he required none to be associated with him in civil government. Elijah and Elisha presided over a school of the prophets in their day. We have the names of twenty-five students who were associated with Ezra when he read and expounded the law to the people. Twelve of these were kept in reserve, six on his right hand and six on his left hand, upon an elevated platform, and the other thirteen were dispersed among the thousands of Israel to give the sense and cause them to understand the reading.

John the Baptist had no official helpers either in preaching or baptizing. His office was unique, without precedent or succession. It was the preaching *of John*, and the baptism *of John*. John baptized, but not his disciples; Christ baptized not, but his disciples. The ministry of the one was temporary and provisional only, the ministry of the other was final and universal. Hence provision was made for its continuance to the end of the world. Jesus made no new discoveries in science or art; he formed no society for the removal of civil or social evils; he organized no system of opposition to the particular errors of the times; he originated no church convention or ecclesiastical synod; he established no school for general education or special literary honours; but he founded a Pastors' College. "He called unto him whom he would, and they came unto him; and he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach." We have the names of those twelve students, and of several others that were subsequently added to them.

No sooner had the Apostles begun to succeed in their ministry than they summoned others to their aid. Stephen, Philip, and Barnabas are prominent among these, and are scarcely inferior to the Apostles themselves. Paul has his Silas and Timothy and Titus in close fellowship with him in his work; and Apollos, too, though encouraged by his eloquence to be somewhat more independent of him. He exhorts Timothy to select, in like manner, suitable companions in his labours. "The things which thou hast heard of me," he says, "the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." To Titus he says, "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting; and ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee." "Elders," here is an official designation irrespective of age. Titus, who was a young man,

was not likely to select those who were far beyond him in years to be his helpers and successors in the government and extension of the churches that had been committed to his care. One of the things yet wanting in Crete, and which Titus is instructed by Paul to set in order, was to ordain, or set apart upon his own nomination, elders in every city, not so much for service in the church as for evangelistic work in the city. Such was the order of the primitive churches according to the Apostolic rule, which continued for a time beyond the Apostolic age, but which, with other gospel ordinances, was soon perverted from its original design, and became the plea for all the gradations and pretensions of the Roman priesthood.

With the dawn of the Reformation, symptoms of the original institution reappeared. Wycliff in England, Savonarola in Italy, Zwingle in Switzerland, and Luther in Germany, had their young coadjutors, trained to diffuse and perpetuate the principles they professed. Of pastoral tutors Wycliff and Luther are the most prominent examples.

While Wycliff was at the head of one of the Colleges at Oxford, and one of its most popular lecturers, he had a band of men whose hearts God had touched to follow him in his theological sentiments, and boldly proclaim them to others. He knew nothing of Greek, but was not censured on that account by other Professors, by Bishops, or Archbishops, just because they knew nothing of it themselves. He was, however, well able to preach in Latin, and was foremost in all the literary and dialectic and scientific acquirements of his day; and yet he did not insist upon these as necessary qualifications for preaching the gospel. It was sufficient for him to know that the men whom he selected and appointed for that office were well indoctrinated in his views, and were able with clearness and ordinary propriety of speech, and with fervent zeal, to make them known to others. Wycliff's students became known throughout the whole country. Though plain and undignified teachers, they could not be hid. They who in high office in Church and State said, What will these babblers say? afterwards exclaimed, What do we? If we let these men alone, all men will believe in them! The alarm increased until a Papal *bull* roared and rushed out against them; but not before many were made glad by them, and glad for ever.

Luther also encouraged young men who had embraced his doctrines and were fired with his zeal to go and teach them to others, whenever and wherever they could; and the Reformation he introduced was greatly promoted by their instrumentality. They often returned to him and gladdened his heart by relating what great things God had done by them. He assisted them greatly in their work by the instructions he gave them, and the books with which he supplied them. "He was enabled," says one of his biographers, "to supply impoverished and deserving students with books that they could never have procured for themselves, and which materially aided their industry." Like causes in the present age still produce like effects.

In connection with every revival of genuine Christianity, originating in some one prominent leader, the hearts of some men have been touched by God to follow him. Whitefield and Wesley infused their revolutionary spirit into others, the effects of which remain to this day. In both these instances the fact, that gospel preachers make gospel preachers, was re-

markably exemplified. The College formed and sustained by Lady Huntingdon, which remains in the College at Cheshunt, was the result of the preaching zeal with which Whitefield inspired others; and the whole of Wesleyan Methodism attests the preaching influence of one man upon his followers. The like tendency may be observed in nearly all Christian ministers who have attained to a holy notoriety, and have been favoured with a considerable measure of success. An Academy for training young men for the Christian Ministry was founded in connection with the pastorate of Dr. Doddridge, which after being removed to Daventry, Wymondley, and London, became absorbed with two other Colleges in the College of St. John's Wood. It was prematurely urged upon the attention of Mr. Doddridge by neighbouring ministers, and was undertaken with more hesitation and formality than if it had spontaneously been suggested by the subsequent course of his ministry. Too many rules were formed for the subjects and course of study, instead of leaving them to be suggested by the requirements of the men for their work. The Academy sought to *make* ministers rather than to aid them. It was not so successful, therefore, as it might otherwise have been.

Colleges for the Christian Ministry are Scriptural in proportion as they are prompted and controlled by that ministry as its natural results. As spheres of extended usefulness arise the men will be forthcoming that are adapted to them; and the more experienced will give assistance to the less experienced in entering upon them. According to the Apostolic rule, "the things which they have received they will commit to faithful men that they may be able to teach others also." Training for the work of the ministry in this way becomes part of the regular means of grace, and the direct fulfilment of the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." There is a natural tendency in the Christian ministry to extend and perpetuate itself according to this rule. Every faithful pastor, according to his ability, seeks the help of others in making known the gospel that has been committed to his trust. He gladly avails himself of the most efficient of his church members for this purpose. As pastorates enlarge, this assumes a more marked appearance in what are styled lay-preachers. With pastors of a still higher grade, it was not unusual in former times to see one or two youths placed under their care in preparation for the full work of the ministry; and these, subsequent observation has proved to bear a favourable comparison with those who have been trained in a more ostentatious manner. The extension of the same principle even to greater numbers may be equally desirable, provided one and the same object be kept in view, and the same means for its attainment be employed. The tendency of Nonconformity, in the present century, has been to the centralization of its colleges in conformity with that church from which it professes to differ both in its character and design. The Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, with others on the Continent, had their origin in the Papal hierarchy, together with the honorary degrees for proficiency, first in the knowledge and practice of the laws of Justinian, and then in other studies. They are seats of learning rather than of religion; of literature, science, and abstract reasoning rather than of Biblical studies and theology. Although nearly all the clergy of the Church of England have emanated from them, a real evangelical ministry

is the exception rather than the rule. Nor do we marvel that it is so. Such being the necessary consequence of the course of study and admixture of motive and character in their students, no good can rationally be expected to come from the imitation of them by those who profess to have a higher aim. The aberrations of modern thought from the simplicity of the gospel in the leading representatives of Dissent, are to be attributed in no small degree to this source. The pride of intellect has been both its cause and effect. The spiritual condition of the churches is a painful symptom of the change. Look where the pure gospel has free course, runs, and is glorified, and you will find its guiding spirits are not those who have been trained without the church, but within its own limits.

The Pastors' College is the genuine result of a successful ministry. It has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. It was neither planned nor designed, but presented itself to notice, and asserted its claim for encouragement and support upon the ground of its own merits. If other pastorates had had their colleges in equal proportion, the results might have been still more hopeful. Failing this, the next best thing, if not the very best, was to have a share by sympathy and support in that which fully represented their own principles and design. Its particular training has not run upon the ready-made lines of other and more pretentious institutions, but has been suggested by abilities already possessed, and the further mental and spiritual qualifications required for their most profitable use. Its connection, too, with a pastorate of great order, extent, and vitality necessitates a familiarity with church government, both in its internal and external advantages, which might require years of after-experience to obtain. It need only be added that the results have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. One thing is certain—that even in the present day of great profession, of unparalleled advances in science and literature, and almost universal outcry for a more educated ministry, the professedly cultured are not achieving any remarkable success; the real work is being done more prosperously, more thoroughly, and more permanently by those who depend less upon the wisdom of man and more upon the power of God. Wisdom is justified of her children. Divine ends are accomplished by human means in proportion as the means themselves are ordained by God. His work must be done in his own way, not in ours. The continual prayer of the Christian minister, both in reference to himself and the encouragement he gives to the ministry of others, should be, "Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?" It is no part of our duty to invent methods; it is ours in the power of the Holy Ghost to follow where God, by His word and providence, leads the way.

Vice-President's Report.

TO have served for another year in any department of the Master's service, is most certainly matter for much praise and thankfulness; but in no section of the kingdom is this more the case than in the department for equipping fresh young soldiers for the active campaign of ministerial life. No very remarkable events have transpired, but a steady course of study in this College, and a continued demand for the public services of the Students, give cause for much satisfaction, and urge continued exertions upon all connected with this highly essential work. We have to deplore the loss of one of our most promising young men—Mr. Stewart—who, there is reason to fear, over-taxed an apparently very robust frame, and fell a victim to that scourge of our race—a rapid consumption; and though we bore the expense of a change to Ventnor for the winter, he died there, after some few months' sojourn, most calmly and triumphantly. We had cherished more than ordinary expectations concerning his talents, devoutness, and zeal, but we can only say, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

The moral and religious tone of the College we think to be as high as ever, and we hope that the literary and preaching standards are by no means lower. There is as much need as ever for our Pastors' College, and the constant choice of our men as pastors by the churches is a practical proof that we are meeting the need. Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may abide, and the power of it increase in our midst more and more each succeeding year.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

I HAVE every reason to be well satisfied both with the quality and the amount of work done in my various Classes during the year. At no previous period of my twenty-one years' experience of the College has the general standard of attainment been higher, neither has there been any decay in the spirit. On the contrary, an unusual ardour has prevailed, showing itself in eagerness to engage in Foreign Missions and in Evangelistic efforts at home. Since to preach the Lord Jesus Christ as a SAVIOUR is the all-absorbing aim of every study, it is no more than just to say that the brethren steadfastly hope to attain it by their preparatory work only in reliance on the Holy Spirit and in the exercise of faith and prayer.

I have continued to deliver my lectures in Theology and to use Dr. Hodge's Handbook; and have kept up the study of Homiletics and Church History, reading also, as a sample of Patristic Theology and of Church Latin, Augustine's "De Doctrina Christiana." We have read in the Greek Testament the Epistle of James, the 1st and 2nd Epistles of Peter, the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the Gospels of Mark and John, accompanying these subjects with Trench's Synonyms of the New

Testament. As Classics we have had Plato's "Phædo," Demosthenes's "De Corona," Virgil's "Æneid," and Cicero's "Orations against Catiline." The Junior and Senior Hebrew Classes have been occupied with the Grammar, and in reading Genesis, the Psalms, and the 1st Book of Kings.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

THIS year we have been able, from the health and industry of the men, to go through a good deal of genuine work, and if the same blessings are continued to the end of the summer session I would have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the very best we have had for years, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the work done. The conduct and character of the Students leave nothing to be desired.

Allow me, for the sake of strangers who may wish to know the nature of the work done in our department, to add a list of the text books used. Blackie's "Bible Geography," Angus's "Bible Handbook," Wayland's "Ethics," Butler's "Analogy," Taylor's "Elements of Thought," Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics," Fowler's "Inductive and Deductive Logic," Fleming's "Analysis of the English Language," and Bain's "English Composition."

Mr. Marchant's Report.

GOOD work has been done by the brethren placed under my care. Owing to the somewhat smaller Classes, the thoroughness of preparation has been more closely tested than on some former occasions; and, perhaps, this closer scrutiny has revealed, on the part of a few students, a tendency to sacrifice the knowledge of grammatical forms and rules to the more superficial business of mere translation. Still, on the whole, the year has been characterized by general diligence and thoroughness in work.

The Juniors have been engaged, as usual, with the Grammar and Delectus of each language. In more advanced Classes in Latin, two Books of Eutropius, some of Virgil's "Bucolics," and a good portion of the fourth Georgic have been read and parsed, while other brethren, who have but recently commenced it, have gone through the first nine or ten chapters of Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico." In Greek, a few chapters of the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, and several of the "Dialogues of Lucian" have been translated. Arnold's "Exercises," in both languages, have also engaged our attention. In Euclid, in addition to "Exercises," some of the Classes have gone nearly through the Third, some through the Second, and others who have recently entered have begun the First Book.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

MY department deals with natural science. We do not pursue science so much for its own sake as that it may be an aid to devout feeling and a stimulant to our faith. Science is not commonly regarded, I know, as having this tendency, and all will admit that, unhappily, scientific men as a body have been more remarkable for their antagonism to Christianity than for any other strong indication of character. If the unrenewed heart and stubborn will combine and strive by intellectual analyses of nature's laws to find out God, failure and the outcry, "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself," can alone be the result, if indeed, they do not end in blank atheism. But if the touched heart and reverent soul desire humbly to recognize the footprints of the Infinite Creator, then "the invisible things of him are clearly seen by the things that are made." God is found to be everywhere, and we exclaim, "It is *in* him we live and move and have our being." It is thus that we desire to gather around our subjects of study, and thus that we crave to be affected by them, and I am glad to be able to report that in this we have not been disappointed.

But this is not all: God, the Creator alike of matter and spirit, has worked, if we may so say, in a somewhat analogous manner in both; so that a wide comprehension of material laws must afford a world of illustration for spiritual truth. Is not this the reason that the Prince of teachers so continually uses parables, so frequently gives a representation of spiritual relations by material combinations? We have been, during three months of the past year, studying the laws of sound; and these have constantly suggested images and illustrations of moral and spiritual things. We have also been going over the laws of gases, the nature of the atmosphere, gravitation, &c.; and now and again the utility of the work beyond the mere acquisition of knowledge has been made most pleasingly apparent by the students themselves suggesting in private conversation telling images which had quite escaped me.

During the past year a very efficient Student's Microscope has been added to our Apparatus, objects for exhibition in which I supply from my own collection. We have found this of great service, and around the Microscope table a little knot will always be found gathered during tea on Friday, at which I am always present. We exhibit such objects of interest as may be calculated to enlarge our knowledge of the wonders of nature (which ought to mean the wonders of divine working), such as ciliary motion, the eyes of insects, the circulation of sap in living plants, the adaptation of legs and other parts of small creatures to the several purposes the instinct and habits of the owners require; the minute blood vessels of animals in their unimaginable multitude—man, for instance, possessing so many that their united length would possibly extend 12,000 miles.

The attendance at the Class has been very good. Settled pastors, formerly College Students, are often amongst us, and the interest taken in our work by nearly all is of the keenest kind.

May we all be so helped in the future that our studies may be of increasing service, and all that is within us may be more truly consecrated to the Lord Christ.

Notes of Work

DONE BY CERTAIN COLLEGE MEN.

COMPILED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR friends who are of a practical turn of mind will like to see what is being done by men who were once in our College. The proof of every institution lies in its fruits. In the matter of good accomplished by the instrumentality of our men the difficulty is to select specimens; to give the bulk would be out of the question. A very large number of our brethren could tell of the Lord's blessing their ministry to the conversion of sinners, and the increase of his church; and if we say nothing about the most of them it is only because we have no room for all in our Report, though they all live in our heart, and for all of them we magnify the Lord.

In our first selection we shall mention *brethren who have been occupied with building New Meeting-houses* since our last Report. In these cases this material work is only the outward sign of spiritual work performed. This toil among stones and mortar is by no means delightful, and with a poor people at your back it is often a new version of Israel in Egypt making bricks without straw; but yet where God has sent large increase, or opened new fields, it is a labour which must be attended to. Oh, that we had more means with which to help worthy workers, driven to their wits' end for money wherewith to pay for a roof above their heads! If our climate would only let us meet in the open-air all the year round! But then it will not; and what is the good of wishing? God's providential arrangements necessitate buildings to worship in throughout these British Isles; these will not spring up of themselves like Jonah's gourd, and therefore they must be built; and ministers must collect, and Christians must give according to their means. The weary labourers to whom this task is allotted deserve our sympathy, and we would show it by mentioning their names in these pages, as we have in most cases shown it by placing our name in their little collecting books, of which some people are so afraid.

Here is a letter from a region in which the population has increased beyond all expectation, and the religious accommodation is scant.

BATTERSEA.

Mr. Lardner says:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I write to cheer your heart, for I know it cheers you to hear good news from your sons. The Lord never blessed us so much as during the past year, both in temporal and in spiritual things. He has so helped us in our new building, having moved others to help us to nearly £2,400, that we are making the attempt to open Battersea Tabernacle free of debt. The foundation-stone and the top-stone brought in over £800. During the last few weeks the Lord has crowded our back rooms with converts. On one occasion the vestry could not contain all who came out: 29 that night confessed the Lord Jesus. A few Sundays since we baptized 25; and still the gracious work

goes on. We sadly need our larger house, but he who knows all will give it us soon, and we shall receive it from his own hand. We have several Missions, all lovingly worked, and his smile upon them all. We wish to do more, for He is worthy for whom we do it all."

The next instance of work done may be seen at

ORPINGTON, KENT.

In this growing village a very small congregation met in an exceedingly primitive building. Mr. White became their pastor. This good, earnest brother, having been a workman in a mill, had enjoyed no educational advantages. Several friends in the neighbourhood recommended this brother to the College, where he has studied for about three years. The same friends also set to work to erect a suitable house of prayer, and they have succeeded in building it. The congregation has very greatly increased, and Mr. White's ministry has been made useful to his hearers. In this place there will before long be a solid, self-supporting community ready to evangelize the neighbourhood, which will soon become a populous suburb.

Our brethren have long worked at

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

under great difficulties. Others attempted the task, but it returned to our hands, and under the leadership of Mr. James Smith a turn for the better has been taken, a church has been gathered, and a handsome chapel has been erected. The debt needs reduction, and, towards this, Christian people would do well to contribute; but we have every reason to believe that the church will stand under its burden, and do true service for the Lord in this place of fashionable resort.

TALBOT TABERNACLE, NOTTING HILL.

Our esteemed brother, Mr. Frank White, has gathered around himself an earnest, gracious church in the far west of London. The iron chapel in which the people were first gathered by our friend, Mr. Gordon Furlong, has become worn out, and a permanent building is an unquestioned necessity. As an instalment of the work, a lecture-hall with certain school-rooms has been opened.

The Christian says:—"We were much pleased by its simple yet commodious and comfortable style, which indeed promises well for the future building which it is hoped will ere long be erected in lieu of the iron Tabernacle, which has well served its time, and sorely needs replacing by a more enduring structure. Underneath the new hall are seven compact and cosy class-rooms, much wanted for the accommodation of Bible-classes and other meetings.

"Mr. Frank H. White read an address to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided on this occasion, as he did at the laying of the foundation stone, in July last, and then made a brief financial statement, from which it appeared that 1,076 donations have been received, making a total of £2,755 14s. 9d. The total cost of the present erection, including furniture, fittings, &c., has been £2,988 7s. 6d., of which £321 is debited to the proposed new chapel, as cost of erection of

party-wall, &c., belonging to the intended structure, leaving the cost of new hall £2,668. Thus the Lord has provided the money absolutely wanted, whilst £87 remains towards the £321 expended. It was hoped that the £234 would be raised that day (which hope was, we understand, realized), together with promises towards the £4,000 required for the new Tabernacle. No debt has been incurred, as Mr. White and his friends are firmly resolved not to proceed until funds are provided or promised."

PUTNEY.

This is a suburb which has rapidly grown. Here our work began in a room, was enlarged till it filled a school-chapel, and next developed into a healthy and growing congregation in a hired hall. This is an expensive and inconvenient arrangement, and so our friends have commenced a chapel, and hope speedily to have a public gathering to witness the laying of a memorial-stone. The church numbers 140 members, but it would have been far larger had it not been for the many removals by which the cause has suffered. Great outside help is wanted to enable this young church to provide a proper meeting-place. The people are doing their best, but funds do not flow in very rapidly. May the great Head of the Church move the hearts of his stewards to help this well-deserving interest, and so cheer Mr. Thomas, the worthy pastor. No one can estimate fully the necessity for the present, and for all time, of putting up suitable places of worship for the daily increasing multitude of our enormous metropolis. We are told that London contains *more than five millions:* what is to become of these if the ground is all covered, and places of worship are not provided?

WORTHING.

In this well-known watering-place a most hopeful enterprise is being carried out. It will, with God's blessing, lead in the near future to something worthy of a longer record.

Our good friend, Mr. W. F. Stead, worked at Worthing with all his heart, and as the result of his labours a small school-chapel was erected. He has retired from the scene, and we trust will soon be found working elsewhere. Mr. Crouch, of the neighbouring town of Shoreham, has left his comfortable sphere to attempt the gathering of a solid Baptist church in Worthing. We know his perseverance, and firm confidence in God, and therefore we believe he will pull through, though it must be uphill work. We ought to have a strong and useful Baptist church in Worthing, and by God's grace we shall have it before long. It is needful to build, and to do this will require large help from outside. All friends who know Worthing as a sea-side resort should send prompt aid. The new chapel is to cost £2,000. The friends hope soon to have the first £1,000 in hand, and to commence building. Having pledged themselves to carry out this work on the "owe-no-man-anything" principle, we trust that the Lord's stewards will supply them with the necessary funds for its completion at once. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Pastor, C. Douglas Crouch, Oxford-road, Worthing.

Rugby, Warwickshire.

The Secretary of the church at Rugby writes, under date of January 28th, 1884:—

"It is just four and a-half years ago since Mr. Henry T. Peach, of the Pastors' College, came to preach at Rugby. He found us in a very low and cold state, with a membership of 39, several of whom were non-resident, a chapel that sadly needed attention, and a schoolroom which was a disgrace to the denomination. Mr. Peach created such a favourable impression that he was offered and accepted the pastorate on November 9th, 1879: he soon had many tokens that the divine blessing was resting upon his labours by the addition of many to the church. During the intervening years Mr. Peach has laboured with much zeal, acceptance, and success. The chapel and schoolrooms have been rebuilt, on the old site, at a cost of over £1,200; and there now only remains £108 to be cleared off. Forty-two persons have been baptized during Mr. Peach's pastorate; and he leaves us, much to our regret, to-day, for work at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, with a flourishing Sunday School of 120 scholars, and a membership of 87. As a token of our affection and esteem, Mr. Councillor Wood (President of the Leicestershire Association of Baptist Churches), on behalf of the church, to-day presented Mr. Peach with a handsome illuminated address and a purse of money, as a parting gift; wishing him a safe voyage, and assuring him that the church would lovingly cherish his memory; and praying that God's blessing might accompany him to Africa, and make him eminently useful there."

South Stockton.

This rapidly-increasing town has, at the present, a population of 12,000. It is only separated from Stockton by the river Tees. A few years ago the provision for the religious wants of the inhabitants was sadly deficient. Observing this, some earnest members of the Baptist Church in Stockton, led by Pastor G. Wainwright, commenced preaching-services in the open-air. The next step was to take a small room over a stable in a back street, which, however, was soon abandoned for the more commodious Gaiety Music Hall. Here the services were conducted with considerable success for the space of fifteen months.

While in this place it was felt that if the good done was to be of an enduring character, a Baptist church must be formed. The Committee of the Northern Baptist Association was favourable to the plan, and promised help. Application was then made to Mr. Spurgeon to send a minister. Several, accordingly, visited the town, but not to remain. At last Mr. Spurgeon recommended Mr. Winsor, of Leeds, and he felt constrained to undertake the charge. Arrangements were then made for removal to the Co-operative Hall, and here the new church was formed in October 1881, when 37 members were dismissed from the Stockton church, Mr. H. Winsor at the same time receiving a unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

Under his ministry the work has been consolidated and established, and by his unceasing efforts a new and comfortable chapel, affording accommodation for 400 worshippers, has been built. The cost has

been about £1,500, towards which Mr. Spurgeon has contributed £50, and several of the Tabernacle friends have given liberal aid. Although several of those who began the work have returned to their old home, the membership at present is 57, and the congregations in the new building are good and steadily increasing. A debt of about £700 remains on the chapel. This work was set about by Mr. Wainwright and his friends in a self-denying spirit. Mr. Winsor is a very suitable person to carry on the work, and the case deserves well of all Christian people who have substance entrusted to them. Contributions towards the reduction of the debt will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Pastor, H. Winsor, South Stockton.

Colne, Lancashire.

Under the pastorate of our friend, Mr. A. Parker, a noble place of worship has been built in this busy town. He writes concerning it:—

"The buildings which formerly served us for chapel and school were too small, inconvenient, and much out of repair, and to put them in anything like condition would have required an expenditure of about £2,000. We, therefore, thought it would be better to build entirely new premises. Accordingly, we secured a plot of ground adjoining that on which the former buildings stood, and first built a new school, which we used for Sunday services during the pulling down of the old chapel and the construction of the new one. The opening services of the school were held in April, 1882, those of the chapel in October of last year. The time occupied in building was about two and half years, and the cost —exclusive of site—£9,000, towards which the sum of £6,000 has been raised.

"The sitting accommodation is for 760, the average attendance about 500. The school is at the rear of the chapel, and so arranged that ingress and egress can be made from one to another without going into the street. The assembly-room of the school will accommodate 600 scholars; underneath and in connection with it are sixteen class-rooms. There are as far as one can judge not only a fair field for labour, but also signs of encouragement in that labour."

Hawick, Roxburghshire.

In this Scotch town the little church under Mr. Seaman has enjoyed a pleasing measure of spiritual prosperity. It seemed doomed to extinction, but the Lord has smiled upon it in mercy, and we now hope that it will flourish. The pastor says:—

"During the past year we have had the joy of seeing the result of our labours in the opening of our new chapel. For the first time in the history of the church, and of the denomination which we represent, we are thankful to record the fact that we have a neat and comfortable chapel, built on our own freehold site, with only the small debt of £350. As Baptists, who have to contend with the deeply-rooted prejudices of persons opposed to believers' baptism, we feel thankful and are encouraged to believe that now we have 'a local habitation and a name,' many may be led to attend our meetings, and receive a blessing, 'even life for evermore.' When I think of our improved condition, I can thank God without boasting that he has enabled one of the least of

the men from the Pastors' College to help forward an old but struggling cause from the place of obscurity in a back street, without any building to meet in save a hired room, to the present position of greater usefulness which we now occupy."

LERWICK, SHETLAND.

From this remote region we have pleasing tidings of the growth of the little church which is under the care of our brother Richards. If ever a people deserved help these certainly do. We are not mentioning just now the spiritual results, but only the outward and visible signs thereof, and we think the change made in Lerwick indicates the hearty earnestness of the people. Mr. Richards says :—

"We commenced the year in a small meeting-house. At that time it had become evident that, if we were to exist,—not to say progress, we should have to move into a larger and more airy building. We could not see our way to build, as we were but a very small and poor people, and had not a farthing in hand towards the project. In the town there was no building that we could hire. In this state of embarrassment we met to consult as to what could be done, after which we resolved to make an effort to build ; and there and then, from about 30 people, most of them females, and all of whom have to work for their living, there were promises made amounting to over £60. Encouraged by this, we took further steps in the matter, but our intention was soon altered. A hall, with a house attached to it, was offered to us for the sum of £550; this we felt we would not let pass though we could only see our way to so small a part of the needed outlay, and therefore we closed in with it. We had to add another £100 for cleaning, putting in a baptistery, and so forth. This done, about two months ago, we were able to move out of the old place, holding 100, into a very comfortable one, that will hold about 350. This has placed us on a much better footing than before, and raised our hopes that this year may see a large increase in both church and congregation. But, alas ! we have still a heavy burden for so small a people; for, as yet, we have only raised about £250, leaving us £400 in debt, which we hope our Lord may incline the hearts of his people in various parts of the world to help us to remove during the year."

While we have thus selected places in which new buildings have been erected for the home churches, we are equally pleased to mention others *where Parent Churches have built Mission Halls or Village Chapels* at a distance from themselves to supply destitute localities with the gospel of our Lord Jesus.

THE CATFORD HILL CHURCH

has put up a hall at *Bell Green, Lower Sydenham*, and a right noble work is being done therein. The original church is itself young and not without its burdens, but it has proved its vitality and generosity by this gallant effort. Mr. Greenwood, the pastor, has great reason for rejoicing that an enterprise which has been enthusiastically carried out

by his friends has, also, in a marked manner, received the blessing of God.

One of the saddest features of the present period is the continued agricultural depression. This is no invention of a grumbling spirit, but a stern reality. Our country churches are made to feel this very grievously: their pastors can scarcely be supported, and all their operations are cramped. Yet we have instances of these churches,—despite their difficulties, providing Gospel light for hamlets more destitute than themselves; thus proving their right to live, and suggesting to the godly in the towns the need of keeping the rural churches in going order.

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.

Our admirable brother, F. E. Blackaby, labours in this little town with much blessing. The hamlet of Donnington had no place of worship except a room in a cottage, and this became so dilapidated that in wet weather rain descended from the roof, and in dry seasons parts of the roof and ceiling supplied more dangerous showers. All this is altered; for a generous friend has given a piece of ground, and the Stow folks have built a neat little chapel upon it. As a cheering specimen of how a village church may prosper even when the times are hard with the people, we give Mr. Blackaby's account of the work which God has done by him at Stow. He needs help for repairing and enlarging his own chapel and schools, and yet he has first cared for his poorer neighbours. Here is his report:—

"At your request I send a short description of the work since I settled here three years ago. Then the weekly offerings amounted to £60 per annum. Last year the sum of £90 was raised. Then £13 was the annual amount raised for Foreign Missions. Last year £26 was raised. Then no tract districts were in existence; now we have about 16, embracing the whole of this little town, and four villages adjoining. Then we had a dilapidated old house at our village station, in which we were in jeopardy of life and limb when we assembled to worship, which was only once on the Sunday. Now we have a snug little chapel, provided with all necessary comforts—stove, lamps, harmonium, &c., all paid for before the opening day in June last. Services are held twice on the Sunday, and once in the week, and the building has been *consecrated by the Bishop of our souls* in saving two dear friends within its walls; one a young person of 18, the other an old sinner of 65. Then our Sunday services were thinly attended. Last Sunday evening we could not see an empty seat. Then no young men's Bible Class existed; now we have one, from which nearly a dozen have found Christ. Then there was no Week-evening meeting at all; now we meet for prayer on Monday evening, and for prayer and an address on Wednesday. This, dear Mr. President, is the bare outline of 'what was,' and 'what is.' If I were to fill in the details, I should have to tell of much exercise of faith and patience, of sighs and groans, of wrestlings and prayers, of heights and depths, of intense joys and black sorrows, but, interwoven through all, innumerable threads of 'silvern mercies,' without which no such change could have taken place; therefore we cry, 'Not unto us, not

unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory!' While we look for greater things than these, to be accomplished in the name of Jesus the Redeemer."

FARINGDON.

Our excellent brother, Mr. E. George, feels the down-dragging influence of the agricultural depression, but both he and his church prove the cheering and uplifting power of grace, by undertaking one enterprise after another, and finding success in all by the divine favour. We think the following paragraphs reflect honour upon pastor and people:—

"Our work at Buscot (a village four miles from Faringdon) was commenced in the early part of 1881, by the Pastor holding Cottage Services. After some time the Primitive Methodists offered their chapel for sale and we eventually purchased the old building, which was very much dilapidated, for £30, and conducted services in it until the Spring of 1883, when the floor fell in, and the place was deemed altogether unfit for use. We were then obliged to build. Our good friend C. F. Allison, Esq., laid the foundation-stone on the 17th of May, when very interesting services were held. The opening services took place on July 25th, when the Rev. E. G. Gange, of Bristol, preached in the afternoon, and gave an address in the evening. The total cost of the chapel was £260, all of which has been collected, with the exception of £20, which we hope to clear off this month. A Sunday School has been started, and a Band of Hope, about 40 children in each; both societies are doing good work. The services are well attended, and we believe the seed sown will soon spring up and bring forth fruit. In addition to this, we have commenced working the little cause at Kingston-Lisle, a village seven miles from here; and in April next the church at Lechlade, six miles in another direction, will be under our pastoral care, and the services supplied by the Pastor and our Lay Preachers' Association."

WINSLOW, BUCKS.

In the above town Mr. Feltham fulfilled a remarkably useful period of pastoral labour. For the sake of the health of his family, he has now removed to Sandown, in the Isle of Wight; but before going there he had done splendid work, of which we give the record as far as it concerns the village of MURSLEY, to which he has been a true helper.

"Between three and four years since, the Baptist Church in the village of Mursley (near here) was by mutual and unanimous approval united with this church, then under the pastoral oversight of Mr. F. J. Feltham. With God's blessing a true revival was soon apparent, the congregations rapidly increased, and a gracious work in the conversion of souls took place. Presently the chapel, an ancient little structure, became too small for the numbers which flocked to it every Lord's Day, and it soon became evident that further provision would have to be made, and that immediately, too. Very heartily the pastor and people set to work with a view to the erection of a new chapel, and after much prayer and consideration it was resolved to utilize the old site. It was also decided not to begin building until we could see our way clear to half the amount which would be required. Through the kindness of our President and other friends, we were enabled to make a commencement. An architect

prepared the plans gratuitously, and in the beginning of 1883 the contractor proceeded to remove the old building and erect a commodious meeting-house, at a cost of £450. This beautiful village chapel was opened for public worship August 29th, 1883, by Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch, whose associations with Mursley have always been of the most loving character, for it was here that he preached his first sermon after entering college. With the exception of a loan of £100, free of interest, from the Baptist Building Fund, the whole of the money has been raised. To God be all the praise!"

Brixham.

We vary our run of country by mentioning a fishing-town where a Mission Hall has been opened by the parent church. This is an outgrowth of the prosperity of the church, and of the coming forth of several brethren to preach the Gospel in the streets and highways. The Secretary writes:—

"Our Pastor, the Rev. J. T. Almy, entered on this pastorate in March, 1883. The congregation is greatly increasing; twelve members have since been added to the church, many others are soon expected to come forward. The school and all other organizations connected with the church are in good working order. Since his coming amongst us our Pastor has established a Mission Hall, capable of seating 100 persons, in the rural part of the town, called Higher Brixham. This hall is supplied morning, afternoon, and evening on Sundays, and twice in the week, by a band of twelve Evangelists, nearly all fishermen who, being simple-hearted, but full of zeal and love, draw attentive congregations. Sometimes, when the weather is fine, they preach in the open air before repairing to the Hall. One pleasing incident is that the esteemed Vicar of the Parish, a thorough evangelical, attended at the opening of the Hall and has since given it his sanction and support."

Those who know the labour and trial of erecting places of worship, even with large congregations to back up the effort, will know how to estimate the operations of such churches as these we have mentioned. Persons who are affectedly spiritual may speak slightingly of such work, but this is for want of knowing better. True spirituality will not only sit still and contemplate, but it will gird itself to do service for Christ and humanity in ways which are by no means conducive to its personal comfort. Here are people perishing for lack of knowledge; they need to hear the Gospel; they must have a place to meet in, for they cannot stand out in the open roads in the wet and the winter: the falsely spiritual wish the poor people well, *and groan over the worldliness of those who vex their celestial spirits by asking them to contribute to a building made with hands.* But the truly spiritual cry to the Lord for his help, give all they can spare themselves, and toil on at collecting, till a room is built, the Gospel is preached in it, and souls are saved. Our brethren are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, neither are they ashamed of working hard to provide a place in which to preach that Gospel; and we rejoice that the Lord has given them the grace and the self-denial to labour to such purpose.

It was announced in the public prints the other day that money has become a complete drug in the market. Profitable investments appear to be few and far between. We suppose it is our duty to pity the poor rich man whose capital will not produce ten per cent., or even five. We do more than pity his deplorable sufferings, we propose to help him. In addition to several first-class investments which we have already mentioned, we will bring under his notice a number of others equally eligible. Should he fear that any of them may prove a failure, he can distribute the risk by taking a £10 share in each one,—a method which has been so highly thought of in the City that it is the basis of several monetary associations. The President of the College, who often finds himself severely pinched in trying to aid these numerous works, will at any time invest amounts without charging commission.

Carshalton, Surrey.

In this delightful village, watered by such abundant streams, we set up the standard of the Gospel in the Hall. Our students gathered hopeful congregations; and now Mr. Jasper is the pastor of a church of 100 members. He has been in his position for three and a-half years, all along worshipping in a hired hall: this is evermore a drawback and a difficulty; for those who can best help the work will not come to a hall, and the place is not the people's own, and therefore is not available for many most necessary purposes. Yet the congregation has increased in a marked manner, and the open-air services, which are very frequently held, have not been without result. The good people have taken a piece of land costing £520, and have raised the amount within £100. Land costs money in and around London; and this is a serious matter. At this present, no more can be done awhile, till Carshalton friends have rested a little, and then we hope they will make another effort, and get something towards a building. It would be a grand thing if some wealthy brother came forward and cheered them on by placing a solid corner-stone in the edifice. In the church at the Tabernacle there was a friend who built a chapel in memory of his father, and now that, to our unutterable loss, he is gone, his family are erecting a chapel in memory of *him*. This is better than wasting money on marble monuments. Anyhow, Carshalton deserves generous assistance.

Spring Hill, Birmingham.

Mr. W. J. Harris is in the following position:—

"Fifty-four have been added to the church this year. We have had great prosperity in every department of our work, but we are sadly in want of a new chapel. We are hindered on all sides by want of room. Our chapel is a small one, and not having any school-room, we have to use it both for public worship and Sunday-school work. The congregations fill the place to suffocation, and the school is in such a prosperous condition that children have had to be turned away because there is no room for them. It is very discouraging to have such opportunities for work and yet to be cramped for lack of accommodation. We are working under most serious disadvantages. Our chapel

is badly ventilated; and in consequence of the crowded state of the school is exceedingly unhealthy; it has no baptistery, so that we are compelled to go elsewhere to baptize; we have no separate class-rooms, and consequently the senior classes have to pursue their work amid the general buzz of the whole school. It is a marvel to me that in spite of so many hindrances we should have succeeded so well as we have; but I cannot help thinking that if things were otherwise we should, humanly speaking, have got on far better."

Surely the servants of God in the Midland metropolis will see that this brother has a fit place to work in. Already a move has been made. The Cannon Street Trust has made a generous grant, and friends have promised sufficient help to make a good beginning.

New Brompton, Chatham.

Here by the divine blessing, the church formed under Mr. Blocksidge has 134 names on its roll. The congregation over-fills the school-chapel, and there is urgent need of a proper meeting-house. The Pastor says:—

"Our great want is a chapel. On Sunday morning we are perplexed how and where to put the Sunday-school children, as they crowd out the congregation, and in the evening we cannot find room enough for the people. The schoolroom is built to accommodate 250 persons, and very often more than 300 people crowd into the building, occupying every foot of space. This cannot last; people will get discouraged by the inconveniences, and refuse to attend. We are doing our best to raise money for the Building Fund. The church is thoroughly united, prayerful, and hopeful."

Batley, Yorks.

Mr. Cooper, who left us last April, is supported by the Yorkshire Baptist Association. He says:—

"We have had a clear increase of eighteen members for the year ending 1883. This I consider to be a blessed and most encouraging result, when it is remembered that I settled here in April last only, and also that when I came the cause at Batley was as low as it possibly could be without being extinct. We are most sanguine of raising a flourishing cause here, as we are the only representatives of our denomination in a town of 29,000 inhabitants. Our services are held in a room, for which we pay £32 a year rent. This charge cripples us financially. We much need *a chapel to worship in.*"

Hounslow.

Mr. Pearson has been much cheered by being enabled to gather a church in a town which has hitherto offered little to encourage the labourer. He says:—

"This church has been raised during the past eighteen months, and now numbers 68 members, being 27 more than at this time last year. We are in the centre of a populous district, and if we had the accommodation, there is the opening for a thoroughly substantial church.

We are struggling against fearful odds. Our chapel is filled with an appreciative audience. The various branches of church work are increasing. We very sorely need a much larger building. Cannot some of the Lord's people come to our help?"

This is the continual cry. It is a sign of progress; but how are we to answer it? We are glad to do our utmost; but our funds are getting exhausted, and these works cannot be aided from head-quarters unless the Lord moves wealthy friends to supply the needful moneys. The President can have no personal end to serve in pleading for these churches, as he has no further connection with them than that which belongs to any one of the readers of this Report. Our thoughts about funds are simply and only because we long to see the gospel preached and Jesus glorified. Daily we feel the lack of means wherewith to aid our zealous brethren and their growing churches. After all, this is the best sort of want; and it is one which in due time the Lord will supply. If we were without the Holy Spirit's presence it would be a lack for which nothing could compensate.

TRING.

This town has other and stronger churches, but it contains no more earnest people than those under the care of our brother Charles Pearce. He came to us as a pastor, and continued his ministry all the while he was in College. He wrote to us out of a full heart, and we hope we do not violate confidence in quoting the following:—

"The past year is another year of my Lord's faithfulness and love: a year of steady growth in my own soul and in the Church. Never did I feel nearer to, and yet of myself further from, my Master. My desire to faithfully serve my God and my brethren increases with my years. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the intense yearning I have for souls. I must cease to live before I can be silent while charged with such a message. What a remedy for human ill is the grace of our divine Lord! 'He gave Himself for us.' Believing as I do in the hopeless, endless woe, of all who neglect the great salvation, I should be unworthy the name of man if I did not call, persuade, entreat. I am ready day or night, by any means, in any way, as the Holy Spirit directs, to bring men to a knowledge of the truth; it is my meat and drink, my joy, my life. We have commenced some fresh work:—A Band of Hope for our young folks; a class for women, conducted by my dear wife; a class for men, conducted by myself. These two classes are held in my own home, which is more attractive and comfortable than a cold chapel. I often have 15 or 16 men packed in my little room, some of them have been amongst the roughest and lowest in our town. We are much crippled for want of room, for our chapel is a very small one, and we have neither class-room nor school-room. Our place is like a hive, packed closely, and when I tell you that we always have seven, and often nine meetings in the week, not including Sunday, you will see that we are busy workers. Oh, that we had a building large enough, and suited to our work, so much more could be done! The Lord answer our earnest cries in this matter!"

Although we thus mention chapels, we place far in front of all the spiritual prosperity which creates the need of such buildings. The main point is for the truth to be preached and *lived;* and this is the sure cause of activity in holy work. One great part of such work is the training of the young, and hence the frequent need for enlarged Sabbath-school accommodation. This is the case at

CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON,

where Mr. Frederick Jones is labouring. The church is making a great effort to provide class-rooms for senior scholars and infants. At

ATHERTON, MANCHESTER,

the church feels so thankful for the blessing of revival, that it has resolved to build a new school and a minister's house, at an expense of £1,200. The minister, Mr. Edward Dyer, enters upon the enterprise, supported by an ardent people; but the work will require help from outside.

BUGBROOKE, NORTHAMPTON,

is a village of about 900 inhabitants, in whose midst there is an earnest Baptist church, venerable in years, and fruitful in good men. Mr. Flatt is doing well here, and therefore needs schools. There is no minister's vestry, and no place in which the baptized can change their garments. Moreover, there is no suitable habitation for the school, nor room for week-night meetings for prayer, and the advocacy of temperance and other good causes. Our worthy brother says:—"Our estimated outlay is £500. Among our poor selves we have promised £200, and are about to make an appeal to outside friends for the other £300." It is singular to find 117 persons on the church-roll in so small a town. This earnest community should be helped. Evidently the friends help themselves.

We are gladdest when reports from our brethren refer wholly to spiritual results, as in the case of

BIDEFORD.

"The Spirit from on high has been poured out copiously upon us—our own souls have been quickened in the divine life, and more than one hundred persons have professed to have found peace in Jesus Christ. A goodly number of those brought to the Lord have been baptized and received into our fellowship. After making every deduction there was a clear increase of sixty-seven to our fellowship at the close of the year; for this we thank God and take courage. W. GILLARD."

COMBE MARTIN.

This romantic village, where Mr. Glover has so long laboured, must have been visited by God in a very unusual manner to have seen so many conversions in its midst.

"During the year, in answer to prayer and as the result of effort, we have had a gracious revival; 84 believers have been added to our fellowship by baptism, while many have been united to other churches at a distance from us. At the commencement of the year we had special

services for about two months, conducted by ourselves, with a little foreign help for a few nights, with the above glorious results. The work has proved to be the work of God by the steady and consistent lives of the converts, and by their consecration to the Lord's service. We give the praise and glory to God who has wrought all our works in us and by us through his blessed Spirit, and who has saved these precious and immortal souls by his Son Jesus Christ. For the past blessing we heartily thank God, and for the future we take courage."

Hay Hill, Bath.

Concerning the ministry of our heartily-beloved brother, Mr. E. H. Hamilton, the Secretary of the church writes a letter which we must give entire. Blessed be God for such a workman: he needs not to be ashamed. Our only concern is that he has so little physical strength and is apt to labour beyond what his feeble health allows.

"We have to thank God for the spirit of power and love and whole-hearted consecration given to our dear Pastor throughout this year. His zeal provokes very many, and, undoubtedly, his ministry during the past year has had a marked power in this city. You will see by the statistical returns that our Pastor has baptized 91 persons during the year; many of these, however, did not join our church, but are in fellowship elsewhere. We may say of the church that it is all alive, very few drones being in the hive. During the past month of December, and now again in January, our dear Pastor holds an Evangelistic Service every Sunday evening in the Assembly Rooms, at 8 o'clock, for one hour. The attendance has surprised everyone, so many thronging to it; and, better still, great power has accompanied the word preached, so that many have professed conversion. All that we wish for our Pastor is as to his body: that he may be in health, and prosper, even as his soul prospers; but even this can be given to him of the Lord."

Wellington Road, Stoke Newington.

Mr. Ellis has seen the good hand of the Lord working with him, and therefore he is enabled to send in a delightful record, of which the following is the essence:—

"Looking back to the time (three years ago) when I left college, and came here, finding only 40 members in fellowship, and remembering that since then over 320 have been added to our fellowship, most of them conversions from the world, besides many others who have professed conversion and joined other churches, we are filled with deep gratitude to God for his mercy, and say, what has God wrought! To him be all the praise! Our net gain last year was 68."

Windsor.

With great joy we saw our friend, Mr. Charles Cole, settled over this old church, which had greatly declined; and with still greater joy we receive his account of the gracious dealings of God with him. He has proved his call to the ministry by doing a gracious work in Holland,

and we feel sure that the royal borough will find in him a very useful preacher of the word. Thus he writes :—

"If no seraphic vision has been ours, we have often had to exclaim, 'Truly the Lord was in this place and we knew it.' The attendance has very considerably increased, and the increase has been a steady growth from the beginning up till now: both Sundays and week evenings. There are only a few more sittings to be let. What is far better, the Lord is bringing souls to himself. Thirty have been welcomed since my settlement. The people have a mind to work. There has been twenty years' talk about an enlargement of the Sunday School premises. The School cannot possibly increase with its present accommodation. It is literally 'pot-bound,' and must have more room. We hope to report next year that this has been done, though we are not going to begin till we can see our way to *all* the money. Our motto is to be, 'Owe no man anything.' If we succeed in erecting the room, it is not unlikely we shall call it 'Rehoboth;' and say: 'For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.'—Gen. xxvi. 22."

South Shields.

Here is a cheering letter from Mr. West. It may seem egotistical to print it, but we have not the heart to touch a line of it; the love of the student to his President must furnish an excuse for ardent expressions.

"My beloved President,—I enclose a brief account of the work of the Lord here, as a testimony of the power of the truth, and a means of encouragement to you. Since my settlement in South Shields, in 1880, it has been my privilege and joy to give the hand of fellowship to more than 220 persons, and of these close upon 200 have been received by baptism, 44 during 1883. This has not been the result of special revival services, justifiable as these may be, but a steady increase resulting from the weekly proclamation of the truth. Congregations have filled our house of prayer, and scarcely a month has passed without some one giving evidence of a change of heart. Several hundreds have been paid off a debt which burdened the people four years ago, thus rendering the burden at the present time comparatively light. Our thankful hearts sing, 'The Lord is good.' My apology for sending this is my desire for the 'beloved President's' joy and encouragement, as to him I owe my conversion, college training, and those undefinable blessings which come from knowing him, and being brought under the spell of his influence. May the gracious Master preserve his life, promote his health, and increase his happiness, is the prayer of one of his spiritual children, G. West."

There is no end to this. We could keep on making extracts for many an hour. Purposely have we avoided mentioning the great and prosperous congregations in London, Reading, Bristol, Cheltenham, Cambridge, Nottingham, Leeds, Portsmouth, Bradford, and other large towns in which our brethren are well known. These cause us to praise God at every remembrance of them, and we trust that our faithful subscribers will be partakers in our joy. The other day we were saluted by a Custom House Officer who paid us special attention, and then added: "I have lived at Grimsby, and seen the blessing of God which rests on

Mr. Lauderdale, who was one of your students." We were cheered thus incidentally to find College work come home to us.

Space compels us to close an account which might have been continued indefinitely; for our brethren in America, Africa, Asia, and Australia, have all sent in interesting memoranda. These all tell of labour perseveringly endured, and of preaching honoured of God to conversions. Our heart is cheered because we can say without the slightest reserve or hesitation, that solid, abiding work is being done in the name of the Lord. The brethren are also faithful to the truth of God, and are not carried away by the heresies of the age. Here and there a young man with more ambition than grace becomes ashamed of old-fashioned doctrine; but he is an exception, and will become a still greater exception if he does not soon return to his first love.

In the southern world, owing to the influence of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon and Mr. J. A. Clarke, and the princely liberality of Mr. Gibson, of Tasmania, we are largely represented. Where there are now a few thousands there will in a short time be millions of English-speaking people, and those who can now impress the young empires will be doing a work for all time; hence we feel rejoiced to send out our men to those new fields. Our son Thomas has one brother labouring among the Maoris, and another brother is now on his way to take charge of the church in Cambridge, New Zealand. The more men we can send the sooner will churches be formed, and the cause of Christ extended over rising townships.

Finally, the Lord has hitherto sent us all needful funds for the College through the careful liberality of his stewards, and he will continue to do so. For this work we have never suffered lack: it is only by matters growing out of that we are at any time pinched. Will our kind helpers make sure to enrich us with their prayers? This wealth is better than thousands of gold and silver. A little with the blessing of God is better than great revenues without it. All our help is laid upon the Lord Jesus. We are not straitened in him, nor would we be straitened in ourselves. May be if we had exercised more faith we might have had ten times the blessing. Meanwhile we must and will rejoice in what the Lord has already given.

During the twenty-eight years of our existence as a school of the prophets, six hundred and seventy-five men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this day; but some (forty-six) have fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about five hundred and sixty brethren. Of these, five hundred and five are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

MORE than ten years ago, Mr. W. HIGGINS, who is now Pastor of the Church at Melbourn, Cambs., was set apart for the work of an Evangelist in connection with the College. His labours were greatly useful in reviving existing churches, and starting new ones, which have continued, with varying success, to the present time. In 1877 Messrs. A. J. CLARKE and J. MANTON SMITH received the consent of the President to go forth from the College, for the purpose of holding evangelistic services in connection with the churches which might desire their assistance; and, as long as Mr. Clarke's health permitted, they continued preaching and singing the gospel in various parts of the country. Wherever they went many where converted, backsliders reclaimed, pastors cheered, and churches strengthened. When, in 1879, Mr. Clarke had to retire from his post and go to Australia, Mr. W. Y. FULLERTON became Mr. Smith's co-worker, and from the first day until now they have proved their adaptation to each other and to the special work to which they were called. Testimonies are continually reaching us of the way in which the two men, who are totally unlike one another in many respects, yet exactly fit in to their respective places. Our brethren are always in great request, and their engagements are usually fixed many months in advance. Wherever they have gone the whole district has been moved, the largest buildings available have not been spacious enough to contain the crowds that have flocked to the services, and almost every church that has sought the Evangelists' aid has been largely benefited by their mission. During the year that has elapsed since the last Conference, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have visited Chesterfield, Maidenhead, Barrowford, Haggate, Nelson, Brierfield, Colne, Lumb, Waterfoot, Bury, Blackburn, Burnley, Preston, Portsmouth, Cambridge, Leicester, and Edinburgh. Details of the services have been published month by month in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and it is therefore unnecessary here to refer to them at greater length. No one more heartily welcomes the Evangelists, as a rule, than the ministers in the towns where the missions are held; for, instead of being in any sense the rivals or antagonists of the Pastors, our brethren are their earnest allies, and the converts whom they succeed in winning are counselled to join the churches already existing. In many places every Nonconformist minister has been a member of the Committee which has arranged for the meetings.

We were glad when Mr. J. BURNHAM offered himself for this form of Christian service; for he preaches and sings the gospel with much acceptance, and he is able to visit many of the smaller towns and villages which could not meet the necessary expenses of a visit from those brethren who can be employed to greater advantage where thousands instead of hundreds can be gathered together. Mr. Burnham has been, during the past year, to Poole, Worthing, the hop-gardens in Kent, Walton-on-the-Naze, Holbeach, Peterchurch, Ploughfield, East Finchley, Countesthorpe, Barton's End, Woodford, Melbourn, Long Buckby, Swanage, and Swansea. In several instances the same places have been visited

year after year, thus giving the most conclusive evidence of the appreciation of the Evangelist's efforts. Often have we had the cheering tidings of conversions in the houses where our brother has been entertained, and his public services have been the means of reviving many churches, and attracting to the chapels many who have received the message of everlasting life from his lips. Mr. Burnham has long pleaded very earnestly for a colleague, and we fully see the advantages to be derived from following our Lord's example of sending out his disciples in couples, but at present we do not feel justified in venturing upon the extra outlay that would be involved in such an arrangement. The contributions from the churches visited by all the Evangelists, together with the donations given specially for this object, and the amounts which we are able to allot from time to time, only just enable us to meet the regular expenditure, and keep a small balance in hand. If some of the Lord's stewards would entrust us with rather more of their Master's money for this desirable purpose, we might still further increase the number of those who are ready to respond to the oft-repeated appeal, "Come over and help us."

In the beginning of 1883 we undertook the support of Mr. F. RUSSELL, who had, while in the College, manifested considerable ability as an Evangelist, and the reports of his services during the past year have confirmed the wisdom of the arrangement. He has conducted meetings at Southport, Reading, Eastcombe, Minchinhampton, Great Grimsby, Nottingham, Leeds, Attercliffe, Caversham Hill, Newport (Isle of Wight), Longton, Fenton, Stoke, Eastwood Vale, Burslem, Latebrook, Butt Lane, New Whittington, Woodchester, and Chalford.

Messrs. J. T. MATEER and E. J. PARKER, although not actually dependent upon our funds, have needed occasional assistance, which we have been pleased to render; it is in our heart to do much for them if we can, for they are worthy men. Their first year of united labour has produced the most gratifying results, and large numbers have, through their instrumentality, been turned from the error of their ways, and have sought and found the Saviour. They have visited Gosport, Merthyr Tydvil, Troedyrhiw, Caerphilly, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Rushden, Sutton-in-Craven, Scarborough, Keighley, Leamington, Rawtenstall, Ross, Stratford-on-Avon, Frome, Girlington, Stockport, Allerton, and Bury St. Edmund's.

Two more of our former students, Mr. W. J. TAYLOR and Mr. J. G. WILLIAMS, are employed as agents of the Evangelization Society. This admirable Society, together with our Tabernacle Evangelists' Association and Country Mission, affords frequent opportunities for the students, while in the College, to preach the word in various parts of London and the Provinces, and thus it helps to keep before them the great end of the Christian ministry—viz., the glorifying of God in the winning of souls by the proclamation of the gospel. It is also a great joy to us to know that, in addition to the brethren who are wholly set apart for evangelistic service, we have in our ranks quite a considerable number of preachers who are both Pastors and Evangelists. Some of them are in constant demand, and would be still more fully devoted to this glorious enterprise, did not their duties to the churches under their charge tie them to the home-field. The Baptist Union Evangelization Committee has often had the help of our brethren, and

in most districts one or another of the members of our holy brotherhood is known as a man whom the Lord has specially qualified in this direction, and his neighbours and acquaintances are not slow to seek his welcome assistance.

In the rapidly-increasing roll of Pastors' College men abroad there are many Evangelists. For the past eleven years Messrs. WIGSTONE and BLAMIRE have been messengers of good tidings to many in priest-ridden *Spain*, and as the result of their labours several small churches have been formed, where those who have been taught in divine things have sought to instruct their countrymen, while the Evangelists have moved on to other towns where few, if any, have been acquainted with the gospel. Mr. B. SMITH has recently gone to Vigo to strengthen the little missionary band, who need our continued prayers, and deserve all the support that the Lord's servants can send them. They have no stated salary, but their wants have hitherto been supplied by the God, whose they are, and whom they serve, and in whom they will trust for the future as they have done in the past. In *India*, our friend, Mr. H. RYLANDS BROWN, of Darjeeling, spends a large portion of his time in evangelistic efforts among the tea-planters and other English-speaking residents. We have been glad to aid him from our Indian Evangelists' Fund, and we believe the money could not be more wisely expended, for Mr. Brown never asks aid from us as long as he can obtain it elsewhere. We have been grieved to hear of his illness lately, but trust he will soon be restored, that he may preach Christ to those whom he can reach in that portion of our Queen's dominions.

In the *United States*, our brother, Mr. G. BOULSHER, has been engaged for the last six or seven years by the Missouri Baptist Association as one of their State Missionaries. Last year he gave up all pastoral work in order to become Evangelist to the Missouri Valley Association in Carroll County, where his labours have been greatly blessed.

Australia is favoured with no less than three of our Evangelists. Mr. A. J. CLARKE, whose praise is in all the churches, has resigned his pastorate at West Melbourne in order to devote himself wholly to the work of which he feels himself called by God. Mr. J. S. HARRISON and Mr. E. ISAAC are continually engaged in holding special services in the various colonies at the Antipodes, and their word has been blessed to the conversion of many.

Many of our missionary brethren are Evangelists more than Pastors, and as we look over every quarter of the globe, we gratefully exclaim with the Psalmist, "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it."

Letter from Brethren in India.

"India, 1884.

"*To the President and Brethren of the*
"*Pastors' College Conference.*

"Beloved Brethren,—Unable to look you in the face, and clasp you by the hand, by reason of distance, we, the Pastors' College men in India, herein unite to send you our hearty greetings at this, the time of your annual gathering.

"One and all, we should rejoice to be with you, and to share in the spiritual feast which Conference provides. To one of our number that joy is granted, and heartily do we rejoice that, after nearly ten years of faithful service in connection with the work of the Baptist Missionary Society, our brother, Robert Spurgeon, is permitted to be present with you.

"His experience of the work in India will enable him to set before you the special and urgent claims of this great empire; and we trust that one result of his visit to England will be that, after a season of rest and change, he will be permitted to return to labour with us for the enlightenment and evangelization of the millions of this land, accompanied by others from among you whom the Lord shall call.

"Our number is few, and we are separated from each other by hundreds of miles; still we continue a united brotherhood. We have no special news to communicate as to any great religious awakening which has taken place through our instrumentality; still we trust that the work, both amongst Europeans and Natives, is prospering in our hands. Spared by the providence of God, if we may not be eminently useful, we trust at least to continue constantly faithful in the work to which the Master has called us.

"The atmosphere in which we move has a tendency to depress and discourage; and whilst this is true of the physical, it is still more true of the moral atmosphere. For the quickening and reviving of our spiritual life, and for blessing upon the work in which we are engaged, we earnestly crave a continued and increasing interest in your prayers. Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified with us, even as it is with you.

"In conclusion, we would unite in inviting the attention of our beloved President, and of brethren whom the Lord has greatly used in the conversion of souls, to India, as a field for evangelistic work. Four months would suffice for visiting most of the principal European stations of India, including the journeys to and from this country. Very welcome would such visits be, and nothing should be lacking on our part to make them truly useful. We have often been asked when our beloved President will pay a visit to India, and have been earnestly desired to invite him. We are confident that a winter spent in this way would be eminently beneficial to him, as well as being a great means of blessing here, and we would lovingly urge him to take the matter into his serious consideration.

"We are,
"Beloved Brethren,
"Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

"R. MAPLESDEN, Guntoor, Madras.
"G. H. HOOK, Calcutta.
"H. RYLANDS BROWN, Darjeeling.
"JAMES G. POTTER, Agra.
"WM. S. MITCHELL, Dinapore.
"ARTHUR W. WOOD, Agra."

The Maori Mission.

This Mission was started by our son, Thomas Spurgeon, of Auckland, at the request of a friend who was suddenly called to his reward; it is supported by Auckland friends, and is carried on by our former student, Mr. Fairbrother. It is a very important work, and deserves help from all who wish to see the native races converted and preserved from destruction.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

THE first milestone of an eventful journey is attained, and we would pause a while to look back upon the way by which our God has led us. We would do so with hearts full of thankfulness for something attempted and something done. We realize how small that "something" is; yet would we shout "Ebenezer," for the Lord hath helped us hitherto. The journey has not been all brightness. This could not be in a land of shadows. Nor has it been all darkness, for the Lord has proved our sun and shield—

> "And it cannot be
> Dreary, dark, or desolate,
> In his company."

We have experienced great alternations of sunshine and shadow. At times a glorious dawn seemed breaking upon us, and success was smiling, when suddenly the bitterness of disappointment fell upon us with its chilling shade. He who "reaps the bearded grain at a breath and the flowers that grow between" has come amongst us with his sharpened sickle. One of the brightest spirits with us at the beginning of the journey has been called up higher. We deplore her loss as a teacher in the Sunday School and a friend of the Mission. This bereavement, coming so soon after the decease of our friend who founded the Mission, but was not spared to see its progress, has been a sore trial to us. Day and night have indeed alternated, yet our trust is in the Lord, and we joy in the God of our salvation.

THE LORD'S-DAY SERVICES, though by no means all that we desire, have been far more encouraging than we could have expected. Many adverse circumstances, unfortunately, must be taken into account.

Through the curse of strong drink, and the demands of tourists to travel on the Sabbath, as on any other day, the day of rest often becomes with many of the people a time of work or sinful pleasure, rather than of holy rest and joyful worship. Meetings have regularly been held at Waitangi, Te Wairoa, and Ohinemutu. At the first and last named places the services took place in the Whares, named respectively Whakairo and Tamatekapua, while at Te Wairoa the schoolhouse kindly lent by Mr. Haszard has served us for a place of prayer. Though we are unable to report great things as the immediate result of these gatherings, we can assert that the work has not been in vain. The dying testimony of Raugimawhiti (Lizzie), one of our Sunday School scholars, and the profession and conduct of another still in the school, speak plainly of the cleansing power of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Since we have attempted to speak without interpretation, many more have come to Karakia (prayers), and are remarkably attentive. At our first meetings we were inclined to believe that the Maoris had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, so restive and fidgety were they; but now we rejoice in the attention and interest they manifest. This is in itself a token for good, and will, we trust, prove but the stepping-stone to greater things than these. Oh, that those who seem so glad to hear may hear and live! It has been our privilege to serve in the capacities of bell-ringer, pew-opener, and preacher at the same service, and right gladly would we "become all things to all men if by any means we might save some."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, which was originally started by Miss Haszard, is progressing favourably. The infant class has been divided between three native teachers. Then there is a senior boys' class, and one for senior girls, and one for men and women, ranging in age from fourteen to forty. We open by singing one hymn in English and

one in Maori. We then engage in prayer. Half an hour is allotted to lessons, and we conclude with praise and prayer. The largest muster has been 75, the average attendance being 45. Remember us, good reader, at 9.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. as we gather these together to hear of Jesus.

Gifts of clothes to these poor children have proved a great blessing. Often through the bitterly cold winter they would come to school without breaking their fast, and go the whole day with nothing but a little pia (gum of tree). Those only who live amongst them can imagine the sufferings of these poor little ones. Ill-clothed and half-starved, they may well be objects of pity. Our hope for the future is in the children; but if disease, the result of intemperance and improvidence, does its deadly work amongst old and young as rapidly as during this past year, our Sunday School will ere long be a thing of the past, and the race, in some respects quite noble, will have ceased to be.

THE BLUE-RIBBON ARMY has waged successful warfare against the greatest enemy of the Maori. The drink they obtain is specially prepared for them, and is indeed a vile decoction. What terrible scenes of sin and shame may be witnessed here as a result of imbibing what the Maoris aptly call "waihanrangi" (drunken water), "waiporangi" (maddening water), and "waipiro" (stinking water). An old chief, named Pehi, has said that the causes of the decay of the Maori race are "the smoke, the drink, and the diseases of the Pakehas." It is sad to know that so-called Christians are found supplying the natives with the body-and-soul-destroying liquor. Surely they must forget the curse pronounced against such—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also."

Quite a number of the Maoris have joined the Blue-Ribbon Army; and while some, alas, have fallen, others have, under the greatest temptation, shown determination and courage which deserve the highest praise. The cause, too, is spreading. In September last, a settlement thirty miles hence asked for the establishment of the "Army" amongst them, and during our visit more than fifty donned the Blue, and are keeping their pledge. Just lately another "call" has come from sixteen miles hence for Karakia, or prayers, as well as for a Blue-Ribbon Army.

Some one said a while ago, "I thought all the work was *done* amongst the Maoris." Would God it were all *begun*. Much more must be accomplished in this district, but the interior remains untouched. A recent traveller in the "King Country" gives us a sad insight into the darkness there. "I was anxious," he says, "to test the religious principles of our Hauhau friends, just to see whether a ray of Christianity was to be found in this wild valley. One old chief, when interrogated as to the present and hereafter, said, 'At one time I thought there were two saints in the island, Tawhio and Te Whiti, and I waited long to see if they would be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire; but I have waited so long, I am tired, and now I think there are no saints in heaven or in earth.' Another said, 'We believe in nothing here, and get fat on pork and potatoes.' It was, in fact, very clear that these natives were as deeply wrapped in the darkness of heathenism as were their forefathers centuries ago, and beyond a superstitious species of Hauhauism, no germ of religious teaching appeared to have found its way into their breasts." Such is the sad condition of hundreds of aborigines who know not God. May we not hope to reach them yet with gospel truth and saving grace?

Oh, friends of Christ and of our Mission, much has been done by faithful servants of God in this land and amongst this people, but "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." Help us still to carry the battle to the gates of the enemy. Financial aid and constant prayer are always needed. Are there any willing to join the fray? Looking round on this vast field with its comparatively few labourers, and looking forward to the great reward of faithful service, we exclaim expectantly—

"Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come
And *share* in the glory of the 'harvest home'?
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?"

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED FAIRBROTHER.

STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE. By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	DECREASE. By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	3	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783	447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954	487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932	487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528	500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908	636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
1882	387*	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152	654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
1883	382	4,923	1,027	2,024	191	8,165	694	1,828	152	1,750	4,424	3,741	58,724
TOTAL . . .		58,173	8,538	21,980	2,396	91,087	6,997	16,525	2,469	14,172	40,163	50,924	

382 Churches furnish returns for 1883: of these, 277† show an average increase of 15 members per church; 76 an average decrease of 7 members per church; 29 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 9 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

* The discrepancy between these figures and those printed in last year's Report is occasioned by the addition of returns from eleven Churches, which arrived too late for insertion in the Report.

† 52 of these are Metropolitan Churches, and show a clear increase of 1,182 members, or an average increase of 22 per church.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1884.

Cream of Tartar.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DO you know Mrs. Acetate and her friend Miss Tartar? If so, you know that we live in a terrible world, as full of horrible vices and detestable hypocrisies as an egg is full of meat; and you have also been informed that the church is quite as bad as the world, and perhaps a little worse. You did not think so once. In your simplicity you thought that there were good people about you; and, indeed, that here and there the beauty of holiness and the sweetness of benevolence were very manifest. These ladies have opened your eyes; not as Jonathan's were enlightened *with honey*, but with the very strongest gall. The precious tongues of these dear ladies have been your instructors, and now you feel that everybody is a deceiver, and deserves to be suspected. It certainly is not bliss to have obtained this knowledge; sometimes you wish you could again be ignorant of it. And you might be so with advantage, for the sour females are by no means the daughters of truth, and their tongues are not the oracles of the gods. We have seen on the play-bills the words, "The Lady of the Camelias;" but these sharp sisters might be called "The Ladies of the Gooseberries." Bless you, if one of them should dip her little finger into a honey-posset, it would turn to wormwood. There is a something in the flash of her eye which makes Miss Tartar to be dreaded by her servants as much as if she shot Redditch needles with every glance. She may not be so very narrow about the waist,

but she is remarkably contracted in the region of the heart. Her movements are pointed and angular, betokening a lack of joint oil, as of every other sort of oil except the oil of vitriol. No one has married the lady, and it is quite as well, for he who courted her would soon find that he had, indeed, caught a Tartar. Her voice is the gem of her corporeal perfections; it cracks like a whip and snaps like a rat-trap, and it has a continuity of sound in it, like the barking of a dog at night. Of course, like every lady's voice, it is apparently musical, and soft, and low, and sweet; but actually, to those who hear it often, it is shrill, piercing, rasping, and tearing, and the less of it the better. She is the dragon, guarding the tree of honour, lest any one who does not deserve it should obtain a golden apple: right faithfully does she fulfil her dragon-ship. This might be a serviceable vocation if she did not overstep it, as she too often does; for her resolve seems to be that no one shall be well spoken of, even if they do deserve it. She will have a blow at all who are held in repute, be they who they may. The archangel, who brought no railing accusation against the evil one, would hardly content himself with "The Lord rebuke thee," if he had to stand face to face with this feminine accuser of the brethren and condemner of the sisters.

The sulphurous acid of detraction, which is found concentrated in various individuals, is quite sufficiently perceivable in many quarters. Moreover, caustic is an article of large consumption in certain companies. It is often found in combination with a nauseous drug known as *self-esteem*, but quite as often in connection with another substance known as *disappointed vanity*. Wherever it is found, the corrosive power of ill-humour is to be dreaded, and it is well to remember that it is very apt to change into its own nature those upon whom it acts. Many have been rendered bitter by the ungenerous treatment of which they have been the victims.

There are persons in the world who seem to have hawks' eyes where anything evil is concerned, and especially if there be faults among good people. These are comparable to the eagle mentioned in Job. "From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she." I do not mean to insinuate that these keen-eyed folks are all of them feminine; on the contrary, some of them are exceedingly masculine. They are equal to any emergency in the matter of defamation. Do you talk to them of a minister who is distinguished for his gifts and usefulness? They at once inform you of an extraordinary action on his part, which has done much to damage his work; or, failing to fabricate a slanderous story, they hint that the good man is vain, or eccentric, or too impulsive, or something or other. Speak of a holy woman, who has been moved to a special enterprise, and has been eminently successful in it. In a moment you are informed of her crotchets, her masterfulness, her egotism, her want of tact, or her lack of gentility. Praise the members of a family distinguished for their benevolence and amiability, and you will speedily learn that they are the meanest and most irritable persons in the parish. Dear, kindly-disposed creature that you are, you are quite in the dark, but you will soon be enlightened, and will then discover that what you thought benevolence is mere ostentation,

and what you judged to be true amiability is the cunning instrument of selfish ambition. You will be shown into many a Bluebeard's cupboard, and find out many hidden "chambers of horrors," before you have done with your new acquaintances. It is a calamity to be forced to spend a day in the society of these destructive beings. As children break toys, and jackdaws tear up all things within their reach, so do these people rend up reputations and crush up characters. These are your iconoclasts—see how your idols are broken! They are your disenchanters—how many charming visions melt into thin air! Had one of these been in Eden, it would have withered in an hour. Stop! There was one of them there, and through his slanderous voice that Paradise was blasted.

We occasionally meet with persons of such a supremely bitter disposition that they find fault with everything except that which is of their own home-growth. Other people's opinions are denounced: it would seem to be impudence on the part of people to have opinions at all without first asking permission to copy the one which all should follow. Other people's modes of action are condemned; for none can work so well as the self-appointed model. Even other forms of phraseology are held up to execration, for veneration should perfect its imitation to the letter. These dear creatures will say nothing good of any but their own clique; nay, they will not hear anything good, but they will either flatly refuse to listen to anything to the credit of an outsider, or else they will neutralize the word of praise with some ill-flavoured story.

It is our conviction that if all the rest of mankind would believe with them, and increase their party, they would instantaneously secede; and if they found too many secede with them, they would split up again. They believe in the nonconformity of Nonconformists, and in the dissidence of Dissent. They feel all the more right because their rightness puts so many in the wrong. It is so pleasant to possess virtues which others may admire, but never hope to attain. A keen sense of their own infallibility, and an absolute certainty that nobody else can be compared with them, are their ruling attainments, and these are to be seen cropping up in every conceivable way. When they quote Scripture it would seem as if they knew no edition of the holy book except the Vinegar Bible. In the Prayer-book they are most at home when enjoying the Commination Service, or those delicious damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. Among all forms of doctrine, they take most comfort in that which proves the fewness of the saved.

There must be a use even for these human mosquitoes, and we have tried to discover it. May they not serve, first, to keep our godly exemplars from rising in our esteem beyond the range of imitation? If our good men were too good they might not have so much influence over us. Dr. Johnson once said, "If nothing but the bright side of characters were shown, we should sit down in despondency, and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in anything." George Herbert said, "If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools." Possibly, by making much of human foibles, our acid friends have lessened the number of demi-gods, and kept our heroes within the circle of fallible brotherhood. These worthies take care that our Cromwells are painted "warts and all," and so far they are our friends.

May they not also be serviceable in affording opportunities for the exercise of patience? Good men might never be so proficient in the point of gentleness and forbearance if they were not provoked by gossips, stung by scandal-mongers, and spurred on by detractors. The creatures themselves are base enough; but they may worry us out of our own baseness; at any rate, they help to unearth our bad temper, which else might lie hid like a fox in his hole. We feel ready at times to smite these bitter ones on the mouth for their want of charity; and this feeling proves to us our own deficiency in that virtue, and so humbles and benefits us. Fox used to say that every Irishman has a bit of potato in his head; and no doubt we have all a measure of intolerance in our nature. May not this be discovered to us by our snarling friends; and may not this be a help towards its removal?

At any rate, here they are, and we had better make the best we can of them. Our wisest course will be to keep out of their way. The next best thing will be to regard them as beacons, and avoid all malicious talk ourselves. It will be prudent to let them rail away at their leisure, without attaching any importance to what they say. We may also look at our own conduct in the peculiar light which they shed upon it. It will both amuse and edify us, if we remark how actions look under the fault-finding glass: we have no idea how easily a thing can be made to appear quite other than it is, and how readily, by a little distortion, the whole face of a transaction may be changed. This may teach us to be scrupulously truthful ourselves, and help us to be less grieved when our own behaviour is misrepresented. We live in a world where many are colour-blind, and more are wilfully accustomed to squinting; we should therefore be the less careful as to how a thing will look, and more intensely anxious as to how a matter really is.

Powers of Dispersion.

WHEN Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir till the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority, "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them!" We have known excellent men who could use that last sentence without being guilty of the slightest egotism. Whether they conduct a public service, or teach a Bible-class, or lead a prayer-meeting, the result is sure and rapid. Instead of saying with the Babylonian king, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" they can cry, "See how soon I disperse them!" After one or two such feats, would it not be well for brethren to rest upon their laurels? We have none too many strong institutions at present, and we do not wish that their number should be diminished. If, however, the brother must be seen and heard, let him now try the rake for gathering instead of the fork for scattering. It is the time of hay-harvest; he can learn what we mean by going into the meadows.

C. H. S.

Some Spiritual Soudans.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTIETH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE. BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

(*Continued from page* 262).

THERE is AN EVANGELISTIC SOUDAN, consisting also of three provinces, and to which our five definitions aptly apply. There is no need to make the application, for it will make itself apparent as we proceed.

The first province is called *Sensational Method.* Some may be surprised at anything on such a subject coming from an Evangelist, and to such it will possibly be information that we believe as little in animal excitement as they. Spiritual enthusiasm we must have; but that cannot be aroused by agencies which appeal only to the flesh. Occasional outbursts of passion may lead to permanent results, as when Protogenes of Rhodes, desiring to paint the froth on the mouth of a hound in the chase, and, despairing of doing it correctly, took the sponge with which he wiped off the colours, and in rage flung it on the canvas, thereby securing a perfect representation of the object desired, which all his skill had failed to produce. But not many painters have been able to succeed in such a hap-hazard way. Spiritual Protogenes there have been, and may be, but the rule of wisdom lies the other way. People cannot be galvanized into life, or swept on a wave of sensation into the kingdom of God, any more than that Hibernian countryman could get boiled eggs by making his fowls drink hot water. There is another way of securing the same result, and that is by a whole-hearted faith in God, and in his word, and in his Spirit—a clear and sincere presentation of the truth, an expectancy of immediate result, and a quick perception of the way of God's working, for he does not always work in the same way. But all purely sensational methods remind us of that painter who said he painted a bottle of ginger-beer so perfectly that the cork flew out before he could get the string on. And, indeed, but seldom in the midst of wild excitement does the string get put on at all. The whole affair froths out, and fumes over, and fades away. And is this not a Soudan, counted for a while as an acquisition, but soon discovered to be a wilderness? and alas! how many souls thus stirred up have gone away backward, massacred by the methods, and misled by the prophet who, though he came at first to deliver, turns out to be an oppressor, and fails to bring his followers the peace they sought.

Yet again, we come to a place named *Transient Expedients.* Here are to be found will-o'-the-wisps, and such like; bright, but brief. Some who, instead of witnessing for the good, make it their business to testify against the evil, and keep muddling in mud. Right and proper at times, no doubt, but scarcely the highest form of Christian service. Others, like meteors, flash a while before an astonished people, and they are gone, and the place that knew them once knows them no more for ever. This, too, is a Soudan, which evacuated, would give strength to the main position. We might, of course, keep the ports along the sea; nay, we must, for these evils must have no seaboard to help them in their growth; and testimony against evil may be given in so far as the Red Sea touches it, for we cannot speak of atonement without de-

nouncing the sin which needs it, and only in so far must this Soudan be retained.

Another province is known as *Exaggerated Statistics*. How many of the mighty have been massacred here! One can understand the genius of the man who, when eating cherries, always wore his spectacles, because the cherries seemed so much bigger that way; but it is a very different thing to put on a magnifying-glass when one begins to tell up the result of a special or even an ordinary work. There is more unconscious lying here than almost anywhere else, and the only safe plan is to learn wisdom from David's folly, and never number the people at all. A man of vivid imagination necessarily sees more than a man of less sanguine temperament; and why should we cause our brother to be offended? An enthusiastic admirer of Xavier once declared that he had converted ten thousand people on a desert island in one day; but surely he scarcely expected to be believed. And it is a very simple matter to make a mistake, and declare that our audience numbered actually more than the place could possibly hold; therefore we had better be rather reticent than otherwise, unless we are quite sure. Here is a case in point. A friend says he has watched a certain organization in a certain place. He has carefully tabulated their returns of converts, and has now reached the astonishing result that more people have been converted there than the population numbers; and, strange to say, the meetings of the body who converted them are not attended a whit better than they were before. *Reductio ad absurdum.* This, too, is vanity and vexation of spirit. A Polish countess has imbedded in a valuable brooch four crooked pins. They have a history. Her late husband, when cast into prison, and kept in solitary, dark confinement, would certainly have lost his reason, as so many others have done, but one day he discovered in his coat these four bent pins. He threw them on the floor, and then knelt down and found them—counted them, threw them down again; and so continued until, happily, he was released. We rather suspect that those who go on counting these crooked ones over and over again, and finding them, and losing them, only to find them again, in order to lose them a second time, are in some sort of a dark prison-house. Anyhow, they are in a Spiritual Soudan, from which may they speedily be delivered, and brought up to better ways.

Now we must speak of A MINISTERIAL SOUDAN, the first section of which may be called *Clerical Assumption*. Most sensible people are heart-sick and tired of ministers who cease to be men; and yet there are scores of men whose sole ambition seems to be to sink their manliness in ministerialism. Is it Carlyle who says that the world always follows kings? They do not follow ministers, as such! The day for that is over, and the man who leads, must lead, if he is to lead. People will not follow those who usurp authority; but scores of illustrations show that they do follow any man who can guide them. The mere assumption of clerical nicknames and manners cannot produce mighty results; but the honest attempt to be a man amongst men, and to do something seldom fails. Francis de Sales' motto was, "What I do, I do." Would that we could all be equally earnest, and get rid of the veneer and varnish which enshrouds so many. We should, then, not only accomplish more ourselves, but other people, fired by our example,

would do more, too. Nasmyth says that when he introduced his great steam-hammer, it not only itself produced marvellous results, but "its active rhythmic sound, by some sympathetic agency, quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel, and file in his workmen's hands, and nearly doubled the output of work." And is not this true of some noble workers whom we could name? More than half Mr. Moody's power consists in his capacity of setting other people to work by his own earnestness; and if you will turn to the cover of this magazine you will find another name which will give a standing illustration of the same principle. Both these men are able to lead and command, but in each of them there is an entire absence of anything like priestly assumption.

Dreary Monotony is the name of another province in the Soudan: monotony, not in word only, but in modes and in methods. In the conduct of a service we must always go by the printed plan: the same order must be observed, the same lines pursued as of old; or, if there is any change, it is but a reversal of the old order. Nothing new must be introduced, nor anything fresh attempted. Like the nervous man who was annoyed by two blacksmiths, the one of whom hammered on one side of his house, and the other on the other. Wearied with their clang, he paid them both to move, and was congratulating himself on the success of his scheme, when he asked one of the men where he was going to take his business. "Oh," said Jack, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his." And the nervous man and the long-suffering people are in the same fix. It is bread and cheese for dinner, and cheese and bread for supper all the way along.

And then there are those long-winded sermons! The Prussian prayer-book provides that the whole service, including the sermon, shall not exceed an hour; but while that is too short, a sermon of that duration is too long. Many steamers have been weakened by addition to their length, and many fine sermons have been spoilt in the same way. And as for the long-set prayers, they are a perfect weariness to the flesh. A few weeks ago we heard of a minister who was called in to see a dying child, and was asked to pray for her. He began in the usual manner, somewhere about the creation, and long before he got to the child, the little thing had passed away. Oh! that we could give up this awful Soudan wordiness; and, both in our prayers and preaching, go straight to the point, and leave off when we have done. This is quite possible to every one of us, except to any who may be like that man who was drowned in Portugal, and his friends in advertizing for his body, gave as one of the marks by which it could be recognized, that he had "a marked impediment in his speech." Here was a sad case. A man both dead, and having an impediment in his speech. Do you think you could find anywhere a minister combining the two qualifications?

But, worst of all, there is the district of *Social Conformity*, in which the spiritual power of many of us loses much of its edge and keenness. This, too, is a Soudan. Far better to be thought narrow than venture on the conquest of these dangerous places. Are not ministers, by the very virtue of their office, called to lead an exalted and heavenly life—more exalted and separated than even any of their flock? The men who have lifted the world in the past have been men who have dwelt on high

themselves. And if we descend to social proprieties, and political strifes, how can we possibly maintain our calm and communion? Take an interest in these things of course; take sides, too; but to throw ourselves into the active propaganda of them is to annex a Soudan to Egypt, and to draw both treasure and life from thence to it. To all such we had better say what Sir Boyle Roche said to the Irish nobleman—"I hope, my lord, if ye ever come within a mile of my house, you will stay there all night." Within a mile of these things is quite a measurable distance.

Last month a friend, whose name would be familiar to many, told us of his conversion. One day he invited a number of his former companions to dinner, and also asked his minister. From the latter he got a refusal, which upset him in no small degree. "Am I not as good as him," he asked. "He is setting himself up above me." But a calmer moment let him hear a voice which said, "If he come to your party he would have to leave his Master outside, and you know that." He did know it; and honoured the man for his consistency, and that proved one link in the chain which has at last bound him fast to God and to his service.

Will my honoured friends, the Sheiks, pardon this plain word from a junior? But, whether they do or not—evacuate the Soudan.

"When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn, where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with her meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook her wings.

* * * *

So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropt her anchor and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of the western world,
'Twere vain enquiry, to what port she went:
The gale informs us, laden with the scent."

The only other remaining is the INDIVIDUAL SOUDAN, and each individual can best tell what that is for himself. *Doubtful things* may certainly be included. Some Christians indulge in dancing, and theatre-going, and card-playing. Putting aside the question as to whether these are lawful, are they helpful? or are they not rather a very wilderness, which, added to a Christian profession, only brings disgrace and trouble? At any rate, many a precious life has been lost there, and for the sake of others, if not for your own sake, these things should be renounced. Bernard's three questions were good, when perplexed about any course of conduct. "Is it lawful? Is it becoming? Is it expedient?" If not, it is a Soudan, and had better be given up.

Selfish Idleness is another province of this vast desert domain. Oh! the chances some of us waste because of our sloth. If, as the negro said, original sin is laziness, we are compelled at once to admit that we are tainted. There are very few who have given up all this part of the Soudan. Many a time we miss our opportunity, or lose our power by our listlessness, like the old archbishop who went to bed,

"Meaning to pour oil and wine
I' the wounds of her next day—but long ere day
They had burned the one, and drunk the other."

Oh! that everyone whom these words greet were stirred up to a devotion to God and to souls. When the King of Greece came over to this country, a member of his suite had a most beautiful dog, which during the voyage fell overboard. His master entreated the captain to stop the ship and rescue the dog; but the captain did not deem the matter of so much importance, and, having the king on board, refused to stop. What did the master do? He asked, "Would you stop the ship if it had been a man?" "Certainly." And before they could hinder him he had flung himself into the sea. The ship stopped, and not only the man, but the dog was rescued too. And all because the man, devoted to the dog, identified himself with him in his peril, and braved even death itself to save him. Even a king was stopped by such devotion. How much better is a man than a dog! Go thou and do likewise.

And the last province we shall name is *Ceaseless Unrest.* How many, like those wandering Bedouins, are never fixed on any centre; never come to that settled peace which it is the privilege of God's children to experience. They are cumbered with serving, or much afraid, because they know not the perfect love which casts out fear. Fulness of love is perfect life. Let Dr. John Brown speak in this dialogue—

"'What is love, Mary?' said Seventeen to Thirteen, who was busy with her English lessons.

"'Love! what do you mean, John?'

"'I mean, what's love?'

"'Love's just love, I suppose.'

(Yes, Mary, you are right to keep the concrete; analysis kills love as well as other things. I once asked a useful-information young lady what her mother was. "Oh, mamma's a *biped!*" I turned in dismay to her younger sister, and said, "What do you say?" "Oh, my mother's just my mother!")

"'But what part of speech is it?'

"'It's a substantive, or a verb.'

"'I think it is a verb,' said John, who was deep in other diversions besides those of Purley; 'and I think it must have been originally *the Perfect of Live*, like thrive, throve; strive, strove.'

"'Capital, John!' suddenly growled Uncle Oldbuck, who was supposed to be asleep in the arm-chair by the fireside, and who snubbed and supported the whole household. 'It was originally, and it will be our own faults, children, if it is not that at last, as well as, aye, and more than at first.'"

I have almost finished. But, says one, "If we give up these Soudans, what have we left?"

You have the whole land of Egypt, strengthened and made better by the sacrifice. You have all the old doctrines of grace left; you have the church pure and primitive, as in the apostles' days, remaining; you have an Evangelism which consists in the proclamation of the truth in Jesus by the power of the Spirit of God, with signs following; you have ministers who count it a joy to follow him who came not to be deaconed, but to deacon; and you have Christians consecrated first to Christ, and then to his service, living in the world lives of purity, and rest, and love. Is not this sufficient?

"Yes," you add, "but we shall be considered narrow, and old-fashioned, and bigoted, and Puritanic if we renounce these things."

Better be narrow and keen, than broad and less intense.

"But," says another, "Egypt is a land of bondage."

True, and we that are in this tabernacle will always groan being burdened; but Egypt is none the better by the addition of the Soudan, which even Egyptian soldiers fear and dread, and while it may not be a place of perfect liberty, the day of deliverance shall soon dawn, and we shall go to the land flowing with milk and honey.

"I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store.
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

"I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast."

Then the more we abide in Jesus here, the safer and holier we shall be. All out of him is a Soudan. He is enough. Oh! my soul, see to it, that thou dost never seek any spiritual blessing away from him.

"Through life and death, through sorrow and through sinning,
Christ shall suffice thee, for he hath sufficed.
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning;
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

The Rat-catcher's Idea.

A CERTAIN country clergyman used to tell a good story of his going to a new parish, and asking a parishioner what his occupation was. "I am the village rat-catcher," the man replied; "and what are you?" The clergyman answered that he was the village parson, whereupon the rat-catcher was good enough to observe that he supposed "we must all get a living somehow."

If a man's one object is to get a living, let him by all means take to rat-catching rather than to preaching. It is probably legitimate to kill vermin to earn your bread; but it would be a prostitution of the sacred ministry to pursue it with that design. It is to be feared that not a few look upon the work in that light; and in their cases it is to the loss of the church that they did not buy a ferret and a couple of dogs, and seek small game under the floors of barns and stables. They would then have cleared men's houses of pests; but as it is, they are themselves the pests of the house of the Lord. Preach with a single eye to the glory of God, or else hold your tongue. C. H. S.

The Prisoner of Glatz.

DR. W. F. BESSER, pastor of Waldenburg, in Upper Silesia, in his Practical Commentaries, relates the following incident, which is undoubtedly authentic, as it occurred not far from the place where he resides.

In a cleft of a mountain range in Upper Silesia, through which the wild and raging Neisse forces its passage down to the Oder, stands the impregnable Prussian fortress of Glatz, a natural fastness, almost unequalled in the world, begirt with mountain-peaks like walls, and fortified yet more by human skill. The valley itself is shut out from the rest of the world; and one who is enclosed by the massive walls and gratings of the castle is an exile from the world, as if buried alive. Woe to the man imprisoned in Glatz! Everything calls out to him, "No hope remains for thee! no hope!"

Here, in the second decade of this century, lay the Count of M——, hitherto petted and followed; now hopelessly immured behind bolts and bars. By treason against the realm, and especially by personal violence offered to Frederic William III. of Prussia, he had drawn down the rage of that monarch on his head, and was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life. For a whole year he lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one star of hope in either his outer or inner sky; for he was a sceptic. They had left him only one book—a Bible; and this for a long time he would not read; or if forced to take it up to kill time and relieve his consuming weariness, it was only read with anger, and gnashing of teeth against the God it reveals.

But sore affliction, that dreadful and yet blessed agent of God, which has brought the Good Shepherd many a wandering sheep, was effectual with the Count of M——. The more he read his Bible, the more he felt the pressure of the gentle hand of God on his forlorn, hopeless heart.

One rough and stormy November night, when the mountain gales howled round the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, the count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convinced of his manifold shortcomings and sins; he felt that the source of all his misery lay *in his forsaking God.* For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wet with tears of genuine repentance. He rises from his cot, opens his Bible, and his eyes fall on Psalm l. 15: "*Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me.*" This word of God reaches the depths of his soul; he falls on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cries to God for mercy; and that gracious and compassionate God, who turns not away from the first movement of faith towards him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the storm-beaten dungeon of Glatz, and gave him not only spiritual but temporal deliverance.

The same night, in his castle at Berlin, King Frederic William III. lay sleepless in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favour was granted; and when he woke again he said to his wife, the gracious Louise, "God has looked upon me very

graciously, and I may well be thankful to him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——," replied Louise, "who is imprisoned in Glatz."

"You are right," said the sick king; "let him be pardoned."

Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz pardon and release. The prayer of penitential faith had been heard, and deliverance was granted by the providence of God.

And the God of our fathers still lives; he hears the cry of his children, and many times he answers even before we rightly call upon him. Now, as in ages past, the Lord looks down from heaven to behold the sighing of the prisoner, and to loose his bonds; and still, as of old, the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it, as the conduits of water are turned. Let us make him our Refuge, and confide in his power with an abiding and unshaken trust.—*Extracted from a work by Mr. Hastings.**

If you can't sing—whistle!

THE usefulness of some people would be increased if they were willing to undertake what they can do, without waiting for work which is beyond them. Very few, we presume, can do exactly what they wish, but this is not a sufficient plea for inaction. An ideal service is all very well, but it can only be attained by slow stages: we cannot leap to the summit of our ambition at a bound. Some of the greatest preachers have graduated in the Sunday-school, and those who have been most successful in moving multitudes have spent many an hour in pleading with individuals. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it"! This is an exhortation we need to urge continually, until every disciple becomes a doer, and every saint a servant of the Lord Jesus.

A learned doctor of divinity was conducting an anniversary service in a small village chapel. Having announced the opening hymn, he was surprised to find no one prepared to raise a tune. As the congregation stood ready to sing, seconds seemed minutes, and the suspense was anything but pleasant. The minister repeated the hymn, but still there was no precentor; and, though a doctor of divinity, he was not able to lead the service of praise. It was a critical moment, and he was about to advise the people to resume their seats, when a working man from the far end of the chapel came striding along the aisle, saying, as he walked, "I bean't agoin' to sing; I caan't sing: but I can whistle t' Old Hundredth." Without waiting the approving word or nod he started whistling, the congregation took up the tune, and the hymn was sung.

It is not our purpose to advocate whistling in a place of worship, but we do urge this simple moral, and leave our readers to make any proper application they please—*If you can't sing—whistle!* V. J. C.

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* "A Guiding Providence; or, Authentic Records of Divine Interposition." By H. L. Hastings, Editor of "The Christian" (American). London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster-row. Boston, U.S.A.: H. L. Hastings, 47, Cornhill.

Extempore Listening.

THE extempore preacher is the man who stands before an audience and speaks to them from a passage of Scripture without premeditation. Or he is the man who leaves his pulpit work until Saturday, and then writes as fast as pen can go through the required number of pages, finishing, with a short interval of sleep, just in time for service, and then reading what he has written to his people. Men of the above stamp are extempore preachers; and no one generally has occasion to doubt, whether they speak from paper or otherwise, the extemporaneousness of their performances. Extemporaneous preaching has its advocates. Everyone has heard the praises bestowed upon that brother who, upon opening his Bible when the time has come to preach, announces the verse which first meets his eye; and some years ago preaching brethren were not few who prided themselves upon such feats. But it is extemporaneous listening of which we now wish to speak. We are glad for the sermon's sake that it is much more common just now than the style of preaching to which we have been alluding, yet sorry enough that either of these things exists at all. The extemporaneous listener is the man who goes up to God's house and drops into his pew without having previously given a thought to the preparation of heart which is needful in order that the gospel may properly impress him. He has made no endeavour to get into the spirit. He has had no previous and special communion with God or with God's Word. Whatever reaches him from the pulpit must necessarily fall upon an unsympathetic heart; but the chances are that very little reaches him. Or the extemporaneous listener is the man who hurriedly and perfunctorily makes a decent show of doing his Sabbath-morning devotions—takes a peep at the Sunday-school column of the newspaper, say; or keeps the Bible open before him for the space of half an hour. It will be seen at a glance that all this is extemporaneous. And now if these two meet in God's house, the pulpit and the pew, little grace, we should say, would result from such a combination.

The preacher, as we have outlined him, has often received the attention of these columns—we trust that by this time he has mended his ways; it is only meet that we should address an admonitory word to his fellow-sinner of the pew.

Extemporaneous listening is self-damaging in the extreme. If the Christian is to live by every word of God, it is necessary not only that that word be put in available shape—expounded—but also that it be assimilated. The Sabbath-service is an institution of God, precious to the well-being of his people. By it God's will is to be made known; by it the inwrought graces are to be developed; by it growth in grace, and Christ-likeness are to be achieved: and the extemporaneous listener effectually shuts himself away from the only influences which are specially ordained to benefit his spiritual life. Neither the eloquence of Apollos, nor the earnestness of Paul, nor the melody of David can do its intended work upon a listless and unsympathetic heart. The case is clear enough, brother of the pew; extemporaneous listening conduces more than you may think to an unhealthy condition of soul.

It has its damaging effect also, reflexively, upon the pulpit, and thus becomes a double malediction. What preacher is not seriously affected

in the course of his delivery of a sermon by the attitude, gaze, and general listening demeanour of the individuals of his congregation? One bad listener is often enough to spoil a good sermon. Who has not at some time been completely thrown off the track by the brother who is much given to consulting his watch, or by the brother whose expression of countenance indicates clearly that the theme is uninteresting to him, or by the brother who is wrestling in the throes of fitful slumber? The evil genius of these distractions, unnoticed perhaps by any but the preacher, tampers with brain and manuscript to a distressing degree, and goes a very long way toward making good bad, and bad worse. If the truth were known, the flushed face, blundering utterance, and infelicitous expression are the result, in very many cases, not so much of inability, and lack of preparation, as of the preacher's detection of some extemporaneous listener confronting him in the pews.

And these evil things are infectious, of course. One extemporaneous listener breeds others. Just as the cough in the front pew goes its way through the congregation with the precision and regularity of the collection-box, so the inattention, the fidgeting, and the scarcely expressed lack of sympathy with preacher and theme, find their way also; and altogether, it will be observed, such a state of things existing, comparatively little good comes from the word of life, be it ever so faithfully proclaimed. The conclusion of the whole matter we think is somewhat thus:—

1. The hearer, before going to the assembly of God's people, should get his heart into sympathy with God's messenger. This ought not to be a difficult task. Let it be assumed that the messenger is sent of God with a special message, and any one who truly loves God can bring himself into such sympathy with the minister that what is good, and not the defects, shall be emphasized.

2. The hearer going to the sanctuary should by prayer and Bible reading so fall in love with God's truth that the minister's theme, whatever it may be, cannot fail of being in the line of his interested thought, and so be welcomed and appreciated.

Whether or not these two items cover the ground, we may say this with considerable assurance: the sermon ought never to be condemned as a tame affair, nor ought a minister's labour to be pronounced a failure, until the disaffected are very certain that they have not been playing the part of the extemporaneous listener.—*From "The Canadian Baptist."*

The One Book.

I AM a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit, coming from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf; a few moments hence, I am no more seen; I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book; for this end—to find the way to heaven.—*John Wesley.*

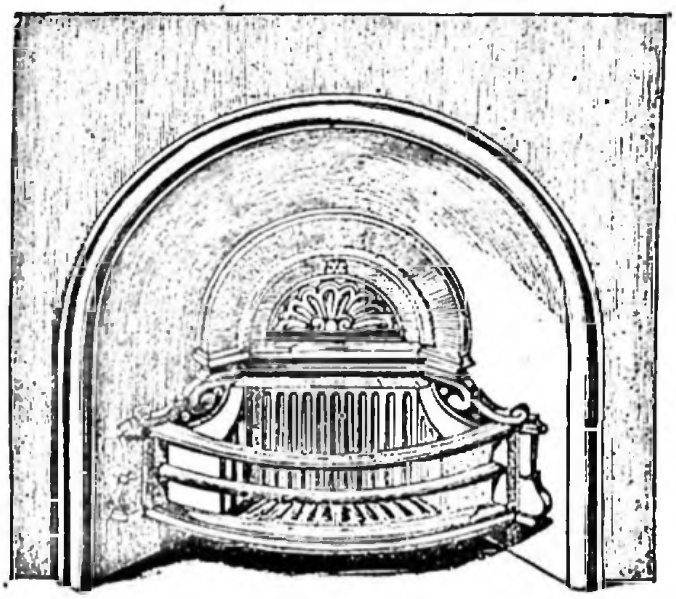
Where not to send Poems or Blank Verse.

BY THE LONG-SUFFERING EDITOR OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL."

"BLANK verse was first written in the modern languages in 1508, by Trissine." We do not know the gentleman, and do not wish to make his acquaintance. He lived a very long time ago, and it might have been as well had he never lived at all. We have seen a vast deal of very blank verse in our time, and feel no kind of gratitude to its inventor for having brought upon us this infliction. Oh, poetic brother, do try your hand at prose! You will be prosy enough then; but now you string together your long lines of nonsense, with such an absence of all thought, that you are altogether unbearable. We once saw an advertisement of a sermon in blank verse: we did not go to hear it, and the good man is since dead. We believe his discourse was dead long before. He has not sold the good-will of the poetical discourse business, and so there is no successor in the blank-verse-sermon line. Quite as well! Pulpits are dull enough without this last ounce of aggravation.

Milton and Thomson, Young and Cowper, we can all rejoice in; but your ordinary imitator of these sweet singers is blank as blankness itself. When the dear man feels that he must cover reams of paper with his effervescences, we have not the remotest objection to his doing so: it may be good for the paper-trade and good for himself; BUT, with the utmost vehemence of our outraged nature, we entreat him not to send his manuscripts to us, that we may pass our opinion upon them, and introduce them to a publisher. This is one of our afflictions, and by no means a light one. The quantity of time it takes to answer poets we dare not attempt to calculate. Moreover, there is the solemn responsibility of having such jewels to take care of. We do not feel worthy to have the charge of such priceless treasures. Burglars might run off with them, rats might eat them, our Mary might either sell them to the waste-paper man, or they might even drop into

THE RECEPTACLE BELOW.



Old and New Field Lane.

THOUGH Field Lane has long since disappeared, consequent on the triumphant progress of the Vandals who delight in town improvements, the narrow squalid thoroughfare, together with the district intersected, was once a most notorious haunt of the criminal classes. Even as far back as the days of the old city chronicler Stow, the "filthy alley" is depicted as the rendezvous of people who led disreputable lives; and until the time of their final removal, Field Lane proper—the thoroughfare itself, and Field Lane general—the surrounding district, maintained their hereditary depravity. Nearly every house in the main street was a receptacle for stolen goods, more particularly of silk handkerchiefs purloined from the pockets of London wayfarers. "It is a commercial colony of itself," wrote Charles Dickens, in 1837; "the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they come. Here the old clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief, and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff, rust and rot in the grimy cellars." The neighbourhood was generally known as Saffron Hill; and although such a name suggests a pleasant origin, a succession of topographers living in periods distant from one another alike testify to its bad character. Stow, Strype, and Dickens agree in their opinion, while Cunningham, in the middle of this century, is quoted by Mr. Thornbury as saying that the clergy of St. Andrew's were only able to visit some of the purliens when accompanied by constables in disguise. Of houses more or less notorious found in the crowded area, the most celebrated was "The Red Lion Tavern" in Old Chick Lane, a tributary of Field Lane, and which, abutting on the Fleet Ditch, was specially planned by a seventeenth century gipsy for the accommodation of hiding criminals. As from the Holborn Viaduct we survey the site of many departed rookeries, we can muse on what has been, but imagination cannot picture the reality.

When ragged-schools were first projected, soon after the accession of our present Queen, Field Lane was one of the first stations occupied, the school having been opened as quite a small venture in 1841. Again, to quote Charles Dickens, who appears to have been drawn to the spot by the picturesque old houses of the vicinity, and the savage side of civilization presented by the population, the school "attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces, young in years, but young in nothing else, that scowled hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint, and dirt, and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors."

This testimony was not by any means exaggerated; for according to another witness, who wrote in No. 75 of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," vice and fever held fearful sway all around the original school set up in West Street. It was further remarked that "the house has that battered, worn aspect which speaks of dissolute idleness, the windows are dark and dingy, and the street too narrow to admit a

current of fresh air; and it needed, on the rainy day of March in which it was visited, but a slightly active imagination to call up visions of the robberies and murders which have been planned in it, and of which it has been the scene." Those were the days when the inmates of Newgate alone included constantly a hundred lads under sixteen years of age; and we can well believe that not a few of these gaol-birds were natives of the neighbourhood which was significantly named Jack Ketch's Warren. Those young waifs, whether boys or girls, were surprisingly knowing as regards the ways of their own particular world; and while condescending to attend school—the boys, especially—took care by their behaviour to impress upon their tamers the fact that their reformation would not be the work of a day. Though their lot was such a hard one, and though the very atmosphere they breathed was vicious and criminal, their humour was irrepressible; and while vice marked their features, intelligence and an uncontrollable love of mischief not seldom lighted up their eyes. The whole school would sometimes recognize a "captain" in some youngster who seemed born to lead in any frolic or adventure that offered. Thus, while there was violent opposition outside the school, the teachers knew what it was to be frequently discomfited by rebellion within. To their honour it must be said, however, that they were never more than temporarily discouraged by such manifestations. They were rather accepted as symptoms of the chronic disease which afflicted that sin-ridden quarter of London. There were sites and scenes whose memories were associated with such adventurous robbers as Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and others of the eighteenth century who were hanged for their crimes; and was it to be expected that the children should be better than their fathers?

The street-riots were of such constant occurrence, and often assumed so formidable a character, that large bodies of armed police were necessarily marched to the scene of action to repress the disturbances. The desperadoes of Black Boy Alley were once the terror of all London; and on one occasion, in the reign of George II., a clearance was made by hanging nineteen murderous robbers from that locality in one batch. In his narrative of six years' missionary life spent in the locality, Mr. Vanderkiste refers to an old Bow-street officer who was able to tell of many a tragic scene there enacted—riots which he had assisted to put down. He had once to go out with an insufficient force to quell a street-fight in progress, when he cowed the entire mob by shooting a pistol full of red paint into a rioter's face, who, though unhurt, was carried to the hospital as a man mortally wounded.

The original treasurer, Mr. Starey, who took an active part in the operations more than forty years ago, tells of a boy who once attempted to stab the superintendent; and on another occasion a number of roughs decided on attending school for "a lark," and if any interference with their plan was threatened, they arranged "to rip up" the teacher. Mr. Starey's experience on the night in question was so characteristic of what others engaged in the work passed through, that a descriptive passage in his own words may be given.

On a certain Tuesday evening which had been set apart for women and children, a woman, breathless with haste, arrived with the news

that a party of men and boys was coming "for a lark." Realizing the import of the information, Mr. Starey fastened the door leading into the court, and went upstairs to the women and children who were awaiting his attentions. "I had, however, scarcely entered," he goes on to say, "when a loud crash, and a general rush up the dilapidated stairs, gave note of their triumph, and the room was crammed with the denizens of the neighbouring lane. Standing in the centre, I requested the men peaceably to retire. A few complied, but the majority resolutely refused. An appeal was then made to the females to give up the evening, and allow the men to stop, but with no better success. Fearing the consequences, I determined to send the children away; and whilst so engaged, at a signal given the lights were extinguished, the windows smashed, the forms and tables broken to pieces, and a general rush took place to the stairs with the movable articles of the room. Here the screaming, swearing, and uproar as they fell pell-mell over one another grew tremendous. At this time the landlord lay in an adjoining room in a dying state. His wife and two children, the only other inmates, kindly supplied fresh lights, but these were blown out immediately afterwards. After considerable difficulty the house was cleared, but not before the woman was nearly stripped to the back by the rough usage she received. Three policemen now arrived, having heard of the row, the scampering in the court giving signal of their approach. One stated, on inquiry, that they dared not come singly, so bad was the locality."

In this notorious district, the partially cleared area of which is overlooked from the north side of the Holborn Viaduct, the first ragged-school, that was so called in London, was commenced; and from the very humblest of beginnings this has gradually grown into the largest institution of its kind in the metropolis. Indeed, to trace the present well-known Field Lane institution, which requires £140 every week to keep its varied machinery in motion, to its source is like tracing the broad, deep river back to a gushing rill in a little-known mountain pass. The first beginning of all was made on the first Sabbath of November, 1841; and the assembly-room was in Caroline Court, Saffron Hill, a dangerous Irish quarter, where nearly all the people appear to have been Roman Catholics. Forty-five persons were brought together, the ages ranging from six to eighteen years. Without forms, desks, books or helpers, what could the solitary teacher do in the midst of such a crew? On the second Sunday he returned to the charge, when amid the uproar a gaol-bird, who had just come out of Newgate, threatened to stab him; and to add to the heroic man's perplexities, the Romanist landlord of the room doubled the rent. This action necessitated a removal to White's Yard, hard by; and there under various difficulties the work struggled on until the first anniversary of opening, when another removal took place to more eligible premises, 65, West Street, Saffron Hill, at a rental of 3s. a week. At this time the entire income does not appear to have exceeded £5 a year; but as the needs were great and the work was growing, the teachers decided on appealing to the Christian public for both personal assistance and pecuniary contributions. The first advertisement appeared in *The Times* early in 1843, and ran as follows:—

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Field Lane Sabbath-schools, 65, West Street, Saffron Hill.

THE Teachers are desirous of laying before the public a few facts connected with this School, situated in this most wretched and demoralized locality. It was opened in 1841, for instructing (free of expense) those who, from their poverty or ragged condition, are prevented attending any other place of religious instruction. The School is under the superintendence of the district missionary of the London City Mission, and is opened on Sunday and also on Thursday evening, when the average attendance is seventy (adults and children). The teachers are encouraged by the success which, under God, has attended their efforts, as manifested by the increased numbers and altered conduct of some of the scholars. This appeal to the Christian public is made to afford permanency to a work of charity, commenced and supported by a few laymen, whose means are inadequate to the expenses necessarily attendant upon the enlarged state of the school. Any lady or gentleman willing to assist as teachers will be cordially welcomed.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. P. Lorimer, 12, Colebrook Row, Islington; W. D. Owen, Esq., 43, Great Coram Street; Mr. S. R. Starey, Treasurer, 17, Ampton Street Gray's Inn Road; or by the Secretary, Mr. P. Macdonald, 30, Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell. Left-off garments sent to the School will be carefully distributed.

When the above appeal was issued, the school was in a sufficiently low condition for all its accounts to be entered in a penny memorandum-book; but the advertisement, remarkable in itself, and revealing the needs of a remarkable movement, attracted the notice of the present Lord Shaftesbury, and perhaps the first letter received by way of response was from this philanthropic nobleman. He encouraged the teachers, and promised them assistance. The work went on progressing in common with ragged-school work generally in London until the annual income in 1849 had increased to upwards of £300. The work was at this date carried on in a very commodious building in the neighbourhood of West Street; and it was there, just before the Great Exhibition of 1851 was opened, that the first Ragged-school Union Shoeblack Brigade was organized.

Field Lane Ragged School pursued its useful course for another ten years; but on Christmas-eve, 1858, *The Times* published a descriptive sketch and a leading article, which brought in donations to the amount of £7,000, besides increasing the income from £180 to £800 per annum. The area of operations was now enlarged; a refuge for females was erected in West Street at a cost of £1,500, and as the other premises were required, consequent on the erection of the Meat Market and the Viaduct, a large building for school and refuge purposes was erected at a cost of £10,000 on Saffron Hill. In the large school-room was a tablet bearing a succinct statement of the history of the institution:—

"In the year 1841, near this spot, the Field Lane Ragged School was opened. In the year 1850 the munificence of a lady enabled the school committee to add a Male Refuge for the destitute and homeless poor to the establishment. In the year 1858 a graphic article, written by Nicholas Woods, Esq., appeared in the *Times*, entitled, 'Our Homeless Poor,' describing this institution, its working, and its wants. The responses made to that appeal by a charitable and liberal public enabled

the committee to establish in addition a Female Refuge and Infant School, and otherwise greatly to extend the whole work and benefits of the institution, leaving the munificent balance of £12,000 towards the expenses involved in concentrating all the above charities, by the purchase of this freehold site and the erection and maintenance thereto of this extensive building. The foundation-stone was laid on the 18th June, 1865, by the most noble President of the Institution, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., who also opened the building on the 6th day of June, 1866."

It so happened, however, that in a short time the construction of a new main street by the Board of Works necessitated the removal of the buildings. The present premises in Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, were then erected, while the Industrial Homes for boys and girls were removed to Hampstead. Such has been the growth of the work.

When he took the chair at the fortieth anniversary of the Institution, Lord Shaftesbury reminded his audience that when he first knew Field Lane the school had but five scholars, and those five constituted the whole of the ragged-school children in London at that time. The Earl then continued:—"But recollect the predictions we had to encounter. We were told that this was a class that must be left to itself; it was past all human agency—past all government and rule—and must be left to be dealt with by the gaoler and hangman. We maintained a decidedly opposite principle; we went upon the principle of the gospel—we went forward with the gospel of the love of Christ in our hearts, and felt sure that, by his grace and mercy, we could not fail to overcome the enormous and unspeakable obstacles that stood in our way. See what has been the result. I am putting the figures very low when I say that during the career of the ragged-school system—and it is being carried on to the present moment, though in diminished proportion—we took off the streets of London about three hundred thousand boys and girls, put them in domestic service, or provided them with employment in various ways, every one of whom would have formed the aggregate of those who are termed the 'dangerous classes.' They are now good servants, good husbands and wives, and faithful subjects of Her Majesty; and, blessed be God, if we had the means we would still continue with the same blessed results. Do not go away with the notion that the need is not so great. I believe the necessity is the same. In many respects the population is worse; in some respects better. When you look at the enormous mass of the population who have been driven from localities required for 'improvements' into houses already overcrowded, you must see that the immoral and physical effects upon the people are even greater than before.

"I am delighted to hear the report of the Inspector, and those who came to report on our schools. They found good order. To be sure they did. Why, they will always find good order in a ragged school. I remember perfectly well walking through Scotland Yard at one time, and two ragged lads touched their hats, and said to me, 'How do you do, my lord?' I replied, 'Very well, thank you; how are you? Now, just answer me a question. You go to a ragged school, don't you?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'To be sure you do, my lads; ragged schools are the only places to make perfect gentlemen.'"

In addition to the Industrial Homes, which are, probably, the better suited for their purpose by being removed to Hampstead, all the usual branches of ragged-school work are continued at the principal Institution. There the ordinary ragged-school work is supplemented by the Refuge for the Homeless Poor; the Servants' Training Home, which is an especially important department; the Ragged-church Services, Mothers' Meetings, the Penny Bank, &c. The necessity for such a work is certainly quite as great as it was forty years ago, the establishment of Board Schools having in no degree rendered it obsolete. As the committee remind us, "A systematic increase is going on in the agencies of evil. Depraving entertainments, pernicious literature, and poisonous teaching, are growing with the population, and the tares are being sown with unflagging industry and unstinting hand." Our hopes are still based on Sabbath Ragged-schools; and we remember what Judge Payne said more than a generation ago:—

"Field Lane! thou wast a noted spot
For sale of things by thieving got;
But now thou art a glorious place
For thieves their footsteps to retrace;—
Forsake the ways they loved before,
Repent—and 'go and sin no more.'

And thou for years misnamed hast been,
Without a flower or spot of green;
But in thee now, by Sharon's rose,
The lily of the valley grows;
And though still barren lies the ground
A *moral* fragrance breathes around.

God sends thee now the shade, the shower,
And forms of thee a verdant bower,
To shelter those with weary feet
And aching hearts that in thee meet;
While Christian labourers ceaseless toil
To dig, and plant, and weed the soil."

The Cost of War.

GIVE me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of Peace. I will support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like universal incense to heaven.—*Stebbing.*

Old-fashioned Humility.

THE Baptist church at Ringstead, Northamptonshire, dates back to the year 1714. The church-book informs us that the third pastor was Mr. Robert Twaltree. "He was afore a member of this church, and called to the work of the ministry in 1752, and invited to this church in 1754. He laboured here for 43 years." It is said of him that he wrote a Confession of Faith in one hundred and thirty-five particulars. What has become of this document no one knows. He was a man sorely exercised in soul, and, while in a state of despondency went so far as to erase and scratch out his name from the three places in the church-book where it was inscribed: first, when he became a member; next, on his call to the ministry; and in the third place, upon his acceptance of the pastorate of the church. It is presumed that he did this because he felt unworthy to be named either as a Christian or a minister. He left a curious inscription for his tombstone, in case one was ever erected, which he seemed to doubt.

In Memory of
(r. t.)
In whose birth
In whose life
In whose death
(As in a glass)
Is clearly seen
The Depravity, the Frailty, the Mortality
of Human Nature.
He
Came crying (1 Sept. 1716)
Lived sighing (81 years)
Died saying (9 Oct. 1797)
"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."
He lived to die, and died to live.

This inscription, in the above order, is upon a tablet, with the exception of the last line; why that should have been omitted none can say. The tablet is upon the wall of what is now the old vestry, but was formerly part of the original chapel.

It is open to question if even Christian humility in the eighteenth century required a man to abbreviate his history so mournfully and also to write the initials of his name in small letters. It was well for him, and it is well for us all, to feel our unworthiness: at the same time the efficacy and all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ should also be remembered. It is cheering to know that, after preaching for forty-three years and sighing for eighty-one, "r. t." entered into the enjoyment of the great salvation. May the glorious gospel of the blessed God produce in us a greater cheerfulness than this epitaph displays; but may this be attended by a humility as true if not as sad. What a blessing that sorrowing and sighing saints are safe in the arms of Jesus! Might they not for this very reason change sighing into singing?

ISAAC NEAR.

Poverty and Drink in Relation to "Outcast London."

BY H. MURRAY BEDFORD.

THE letters of Mr. Inspector Williams on "The School Board for London and the Overpressure of Poverty and Drink," which recently appeared in the *Times*, are undoubtedly valuable documents, specially worthy the careful study of temperance advocates, as showing to how great an extent the education of the children of the metropolis is impeded by the intemperance of their parents; and, moreover, that the same intemperance, which is inimical to the rising generation from an educational point of view, is also destructive of the moral, social, and physical well-being of old and young, and is one chief factor in the production of that abject poverty which we all so much deplore.

The Pulpit, the Press, the Platform, and the Legislature are vying with each other in a laudable attempt to find a panacea for the ills of "Outcast London," and during the past few months we have been favoured with many and various suggestions for the amelioration of the condition of the large number of people included in that phrase. Those practically acquainted with the subject, however, are quite convinced that it is mere empiricism to propose to these people anything short of gospel-temperance. A great deal of sentiment, a morbid desire to be in the fashion and go with the stream, and literary professional readiness to adjust demand and supply, have all entered into the consideration of this question, and have all been more or less useful in awakening the dormant sympathies and in vitalising the benevolence of a thoughtless, free-and-easy, but by no means hard-hearted public. Mr. Williams draws our attention to some instructive facts, and our statesmen and others interested in uplifting the masses will, doubtless, know how to utilise his figures and statements. Certain it is, however, that no scheme for improving the condition of the masses, by whomsoever proposed, can be permanently successful which does not appeal to their higher nature, and include a plan for weaning them from the drink.

There is a strange jumbling of cause and effect in the minds of some people on this subject. Ask the man who has had any lengthened experience amongst the poverty-stricken classes whether bad homes produce intemperance in anything like the proportion that drunkenness creates wretched households, and he will smile at your innocence—that is, if he can summon a smile upon such a grim subject. No; let the truth be fearlessly faced and encountered—*drink* is the great culprit in this matter; and may we not justly speak of it as the "hydra-headed monster" who, as much as all other causes combined, betrays, depraves, and plunders the teeming mass of suffering humanity of their comforts and happiness? To those who live in misery and poverty through no vicious habits of their own too much sympathy and help can scarcely be given; but no good purpose is served by whitewashing intemperance at the expense of facts. Mr. Glover, the esteemed President of the Baptist Union, says it is simply impossible for language to exaggerate the

extent of the evil arising, directly or indirectly, from intoxicating drink.

Perhaps a few brief notes from my recent experience amongst the poor of London—an experience ranging over a period of nearly twenty years—may not be without interest to my gospel-temperance brethren. As a life abstainer, I have always made a careful note of the relation of drink to poverty in the cases that have come directly under my own personal observation, not in the spirit of the supposed "prejudiced teetotal fanatic," but in that of (I think) strict judicial impartiality biassed only by facts. The result is a very black charge-sheet against the drink.

A few weeks ago, under the inspiration of a Sunday-morning sermon by the Editor of this Magazine, I determined to make some special visits to the haunts of sin and misery in the metropolis, and accordingly I have been in direct contact with the so-called "outcasts" in the worst parts of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Drury Lane, Lambeth, Southwark, and Walworth. I know it is right and proper for God's people to "rejoice in the Lord always"; but how those who habitually labour for him amongst the "outcasts" can keep out of a state of chronic sadness is sometimes a marvel to me. Oh, the depths of sin and misery one has to witness! If there is one text of Scripture more than another, however, the truth of which has been forced upon my mind in this work, it is this: "Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In the majority of cases poverty and wretchedness are the sequence of intemperance and improvidence.

I am firmly convinced, then, that the Christian Church is moving in the right direction in multiplying Mission-halls in these benighted districts. On visiting Club Row, Bethnal Green, the other Sunday morning, I saw literally thousands of men and women loitering about on the pavement and in the road in the most listless manner. Some, it is true, were either buying or selling birds; others, again, judged by physiognomy and certain ejaculations, appeared to have no thought for anything except drink and crime. Still, it occurred to me, as I contemplated this somewhat unpromising mass of people, that, with a little judicious management, two or three energetic brethren, with the love of God and humanity in their hearts, might easily have filled a good-sized hall that morning from among the loiterers. Be sure of this, these people will never be induced to come within the walls of an ordinary place of worship. I said this some ten or twelve years ago, when writing on the subject of "The Working Classes and Public Worship." I am more convinced now than ever that if the blessed gospel-message is to be sounded in the ears of the lowest classes, it must be from the platform of rough-and-ready but cheerful halls. If the word "mission" be dropped, so much the better. The rose called by another name smells as sweet. We must not lose our fish in consequence of a deterring bait.

Leaving Club Row after an external inspection, I went on to some of the surrounding streets, and there made internal visits to some of the houses. What I saw and heard fully confirmed the statements made both in the "Bitter Cry" pamphlet and by Mr. George R. Sims. It is only fair to Mr. Sims to say that I knew him as a warm friend and advocate

of the cause of the abject poor years before the "Bitter Cry" was written. As he says, one does sometimes meet with cases of honest, struggling, heart-breaking poverty in the midst of vice and crime. Let me give one such from my own list. In the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green I found a sober, industrious man, suffering from a complication of chronic complaints, which frequently for days together totally incapacitated him for work, courageously endeavouring to keep himself, his wife, and six little children in the necessaries of life by boot finishing, paid for at a rate which must mean bitter privation at the best of times. The whole family lived and worked and slept in one small, low-pitched room, situated at the top of such a break-my-neck flight of stairs as it was never my lot before to ascend. It was surprising to find that none of the children had ever fallen down them and broken their limbs. From the door of the room you immediately began to descend by the stairs; there was no landing whatever. I need not say I was delighted to learn that the vicar of a church close by had just found out this deserving family, and he and his good wife had acted like—well, like Christians; they had brought food and raiment and hope to the sorely needy. Never shall I forget the look of gratitude on the poor mother's face as she showed me the articles of warm clothing which the vicar's wife had gracefully presented to the poor children.

Another case, for the particulars of which I can personally vouch, is, I regret to say, to a certain extent, typical of the majority as to the cause of the evil. A skilled artizan, earning from £2 to £3 per week all the year round, never gave his wife more (sometimes less) than ten shillings per week to keep herself and five children and pay the rent, the substantial remainder of his wages going to the publican. Thus did this family struggle on for years; and the poor wife and mother recently ended her miserable existence as the result of an accident caused by her husband when in a drunken, frenzied state, and for which he narrowly escaped penal servitude.

The third of my cases is that of a man whom I knew for years as a prosperous tradesman, having men to work for him, keeping horses and vans for the transaction of his business, and a neat little carriage for private use, being brought down by drink to the lowest depths of poverty, misery, and disgrace—verily, an outcast indeed. He is at this moment an inmate of a London workhouse, cast off by wife, sons, brothers, and sister.

Just one other case and I have done. Visiting one of the worst parts to be found in Walworth, I discovered an old acquaintance whom I knew formerly as a highly respectable member of society—a commercial traveller, with a salary of from £300 to £400 per annum. He now presented but the faintest resemblance to his former self, and was penniless, bootless, joyless, and hopeless. Transforming cause—drink!

Well, what is the remedy for all this degradation, sin, and misery—the misery of want and the misery of vice and sin? The answer is, An accepted and practised gospel! I have not the smallest faith in anything short of this as a radical cure. The problem of how to ingather the outcasts will never be solved in any other way than by winning the hearts of the prodigals to Christ. To this end the Temperance Society

has been proved to be a most useful handmaid. Let us, therefore, have a great multiplication of cheerful, attractive Mission-halls and energetic Temperance Societies; in other words, let us have an extended Gospel-Temperance crusade, both indoors and outdoors. No other lever can possibly raise the prostrate mass.

For this cause to have a fair field for its operations, however, the State must render its aid by making it more difficult to do wrong and easier to do right than is at present the case. Oh, that Mr. Gladstone would give legislative weight to this principle in its relation to the drink traffic! The "rookeries" should be compulsorily exterminated, and the removal of the public-houses should be at the option of the people themselves. When this is brought about—and brought about it will be—we shall have a free course for everything that is pure, good, true, and righteous, and the "bitter cry" will be succeeded by joyful notes of praise and thanksgiving. Then will come the glorious reward of those who have borne the heat and brunt of the battle; and then will they pour out their souls in thanksgiving to him who put it into their hearts to work.

Prayer Directed Aright.

THE *Madras Mail* is responsible for the following suggestive incident:—"'To Almighty God, care of H. E., the Governor of Madras.' Such is the literal address of a petition which has lately passed through the post, and been presented at Government House. The petitioners were some weavers, residing in the Trichinopoly district, who memorialized the collector regarding a grievance which they wished to have redressed. The local officer's reply being unfavourable, they appealed to the Board of Revenue, and meeting there with similar ill-success, they memorialized the Government. Here, again, they met with disappointment, and, as a last resource, they sent the petition addressed as above. There is something pathetic in the wording of the memorial. It is probably a genuine expression of feeling, and represents the last despairing cry of men suffering under a grievance for which they can obtain no remedy."

Who can read such an account in a secular paper without learning the moral? Are we not all weavers of a fabric we call life? Have we not all a grievance that can only be redressed by Almighty God? Do not many of us lay our petitions at the feet of other governors and powers? But if this be true in Christian England, it is a thousand times more true in Heathen India. There the woof of man's life is woven after a degrading pattern. Gods many and lords many are resorted to in prayer and supplication. But no evil is removed, no remedy supplied, no sin forgiven, no answer made. Is it not time that they should become weary of their ill-success, and "turn to the Lord"? Certain it is that, unsatisfied with idolatry, and restless in spirit, the people of India are in many parts learning to whom to direct their petitions, and he has said, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

ROBERT SPURGEON.

At Dr. Pusey's Grave.

A DIALOGUE.

ON a marble slab in the floor of the nave of "the Cathedral Church of Christ,"* at Oxford, is an inscription, inlaid in lead, to the memory of the late Canon and Professor of Hebrew, whose name has so long been known as a symbol of that ecclesiastical revival still popularly called Puseyism.

He was buried here in the presence of a vast concourse of sympathetic spectators, on the 21st September, 1882, in a vault where lie the remains of his wife and two daughters. His own original inscription to their memory is reproduced on the new stone; and the venerable doctor himself is thus simply commemorated:—

EDWARDI BOUVERIE PUSEY, S.T.P.,
LINGUÆ HEBRAICÆ PROFESSORIS
ET HUJUSQUE ÆDIS CANONICI,
QUI IN PACE ET MISERICORDIA JESU
OBDORMIVIT D. SEP. XVI. MDCCCLXXXII.
NAT. ANNOS LXXXII. DIES XXIV.
BENEDICTUS DEUS, QUI NON AMOVIT
ORATIONEM MEAM ET MISERICORDIAM SUAM
A ME.

"In the peace and mercy of Jesus." "Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me." As I traced these words on the marble, I recalled the memory of a sermon heard from his lips in my early boyhood, from one of those passages in St. John's Epistles which dwell on the love of God as manifested in his Son; and the conviction then formed (undisturbed since, amid all the conflict which has raged around his name) that, whatever of lamentable folly and pernicious error was to be found in the system, and however graceless many of his individual followers may have proved themselves, the man himself had deep practical experience of the transforming power of the love of Christ. Whatever else he was, he was one who loved and trusted in his God, by whom he was not forsaken in his old age. He had learned at his Saviour's feet the secret of "peace," and fell asleep at last trusting alone in the "mercy of Jesus."

As thus I mused, I was joined by one whom I recognized as a devout Churchman and constant attendant at the cathedral services; and we naturally fell into talk on the topics suggested by the memorial stone. My companion expressed the same belief in the Doctor's goodness, while strongly deprecating the direction in which his great influence was exerted; and our subsequent conversation took something like the following form:—

A.—I well remember a characteristic incident related to me by a clerical friend, as we stood together waiting for the solemn funeral procession. Speaking of the strength gained by conscious personal contact with the Saviour, he once heard Dr. Pusey mention that though in the course of his life it had been his duty to read carefully through many infidel works, none of them had for a moment shaken his faith; and he regarded this experience as a fulfilment of the divine promise: "Ye shall take up serpents, and if ye drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you." His soul rested in loving trust on the only Saviour; and though, like the rest of us, he "saw through a glass darkly" here, now he knows even as he is known. "In Christ!" That is the only security for life or for death. To be out of Christ is the condition of exclusion from peace and happiness here and hereafter.

* This is the official designation of the Cathedral at Oxford. The name "Christ Church" (Ædes Christi) should never be spelt in a single word, as the *Times* persists in printing it, thus confounding it with the Hampshire town.

B.—But do you not think there must be a state after death in which those who have not "accepted salvation" here may have another chance? I cannot believe that God made any souls to be finally lost.

A.—Every truly Christian heart would gladly share your hope. The subject teems with perplexities to many thoughtful minds. I knew a man, for many years resident in this parish, who through a long life was greatly troubled with intellectual doubts, which hindered his acceptance of the Divine revelation. He was an early disciple of that school of which grand old Thomas Cooper was in those days a prominent teacher; and though in after years he listened with attention to all his old master's lectures in defence of the faith, he was unable to shake off the fetters of unbelief till very late in life, when, I have good reason to believe, the change came, as he "humbled himself, and became as a little child." A dear and honoured friend of mine, to whom he had confided his perplexities, wrote to him some twenty years ago a letter, a copy of which, by a singular chance, is now in my pocket. Let me read you my friend's words on this very question. They may be of some help to you.

"With respect to the disturbing thought which you present, I cannot affect to offer a solution. I hold the problem to be unsolvable here, intellectually. Our only help is in a moral-intellectual process. For myself, I must confess that the thought of sentient beings, with so much capacity for suffering, being miserable for ever, is overwhelming. And then, as you say, we think of our own dear and beloved ones, and of the fearful possibility. But, I ask—Whence have we these deep human yearnings? *Who* has given us the natural and spiritual emotions of a father? *Who*, but THE FATHER! 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' 'If ye fathers, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father,' etc. Will not our Father pity us? And if, beside being Father, he is the Ruler of the universe, then 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do *Right?*' Surely! and so I bow the head. It was with highest reason that the Hebrew prophet declared, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' It is hard to attain to this; but that is *the resting-ground.* Then, to take the small to illustrate the great. We—you and I—have seen, both at home and in society, and among friends—*so long* as the untaught or perverted will of the child is *in opposition to the wise and just will of the parent, so long there must be unhappiness*, and a dividing gulf. I leave out, as I must, the question of the *why* of a possibility of the resisting and perverse will. That *is.* Because of it, we *are;* and the question with you and with me is not, 'Why does man exist?' but, 'existing as he does, how much light and guidance is there for him? and where may these be found?'"

B.—Yes. All that is true. I quite see that it ill becomes us to imagine ourselves in a position to dictate terms to the Almighty.

A.—It always saddens me to hear men discussing the purposes of God concerning those who die in unbelief; and even pleading their notions as a valid excuse for their own refusal to submit to the Divine claims. Why, if God had merely revealed to us his holy law, our hopeless defection, and his intention to visit transgressors with condign punishment, something might with some show of reason have been said against his dealings. But the grand theme of his revelation is summed up in the declaration, "God so loved the world that he gave his Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might *not perish*, but have eternal life." And the pity is that, instead of accepting this wonderful truth with the gratitude which is its due, men waste their precious time and harden their foolish hearts with vain speculations as to what will become of those who reject it.

B.—And yet it *is* a mystery—you cannot deny it—that so many are permitted to live and die without embracing—ay, and millions without even the chance of embracing—the "glad tidings."

A.—There are many mysteries in the world which we must accept, though we cannot pretend to explain. The very existence of suffering and death is one

of them. I was brought face to face with this mystery in my own experience not many months ago, when I watched a darling daughter through a terrible fever, and had at last to yield her up, and close her dear eyes, never to have my face irradiated and my heart cheered with their brilliant beauty again. I would have borne any torture—would have given my life to save the sweet loved one from the distress she was enduring. But my sympathy was powerless. The strong and relentless hand of death was upon her, and I had to submit. The mystery was dread and almost insupportable. But through it God taught me a yet greater mystery, which stilled my heart's murmurings, and enabled me to say with entire sincerity of soul, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." For through my agony I learned such a lesson of God's "inestimable love" as I had never learned before. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all!" If such was the anguish of an earthly father's heart as he watched the suffering of his innocent child, what must have been that of the Heavenly Father ("in whom every fatherhood is named") as he saw his Only-begotten and Well-beloved Son, the perfectly holy and sinless One, bearing the weight of the world's iniquity!—as he heard him plead "with strong crying and tears," "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," and could only reply: "My Son, it is *not* possible: the cup must be drunk to the dregs." It was not impotence which stayed the hand of the Omnipotent. He *might* have "spared" his dear Son; but he spared him not. Why? He was under no constraint, save the compulsion of his own infinite love for undeserving sinners! Oh! if the unimagined agony of the Son of God, as he bore on his head the weight of the world's sin, was consistent with the perfect love of his heavenly Father, because through it he would "bring many sons unto glory;" shall we wonder or repine if in our life, as well as in our faith, we meet with inexplicable problems? Surely, in the presence of this mightiest of mysteries, we can be reconciled to all other mysteries of the divine government, even if we cannot yet find their full solution. And this grand central conviction—the infinite love of the Infinite Father—affords a firm anchorage in every storm of doubt. Out of seeming evil God still educes good; and when our weak short-sight prompts the poet's question—

"What hope of answer, or redress?"

our faith can safely rely on the Rock on which our hope is anchored, "within the veil."

My friend gave sympathetic assent to these thoughts; and the topic soon changed as he spoke of the teaching commonly heard in church pulpits. We had left the cathedral, and were walking through the great quadrangle.

"I am tired," said he, "of hearing perpetual appeals to 'the church,' and extollations of 'the church' in every sermon. I know what it all means. It is the old assumption of the Church of Rome: 'Out of the church no salvation.' Roman Catholics say this of their church; the priests of the English church make the same claim for theirs. I hope your dissenting ministers don't indulge in that sort of talk concerning their 'denominations.'"

A.—No, indeed! An Evangelical Nonconformist cannot consistently be a bigot. On the sacerdotal theory of salvation, everything depends on the man's connection with a "true church," and his reception of the rites of that church by the hands of a duly ordained priesthood. We cannot wonder, therefore, when a Churchman refuses to recognise a Dissenter as a fellow-Christian. Outside the pale of "the church," he is bound to regard him as *ipso facto* in an unsaved if not an absolutely unsalvable condition. In our view, on the contrary, everything depends on the personal relation of the individual soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. We hold and teach that there is "none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus; but that "in him whosoever believeth is justified." "He that believeth in the Son of God hath everlasting life." "Come unto *me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest." Pardon, acceptance, safety, and eternal

life, are his free gift, to be appropriated by simple faith. "We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." And thus we can consistently recognise as our fellow-Christians "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," by whatever name they are called; and rejoice in the belief that there are many true members of "the household of faith" in every branch of Christ's church, who, differing on many matters of doctrine and discipline, are joined in one Spirit to "the Head," and will one day join the "great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tribe"—and every ecclesiastical organization, too—"who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

B.—Well, I have often thought that it does not seem to be God's will that we should all think alike in this world. It does not follow that we do not equally love the Lord Jesus Christ because in some matters we act on our different interpretations of his will.

A.—Just so. As I heard Mr. Spurgeon say last Easter Sunday, when expounding the tenth chapter of John's Gospel: Our Lord never promised that there should be but "one fold." In the original the word is "one flock;" and as a matter of fact there never has been but one flock, and never will be. The Good Shepherd goes before, and his sheep follow him; and all who know the Shepherd's voice, and follow him, belong to the One Flock.

B.—It is not at all inconsistent, then, with your convictions of divine truth to believe that a man may be a Ritualist, or even a Roman Catholic—may, in fact, belong to a false church, and yet be a true member of Christ's flock.

A.—Certainly. The point is, a man is not saved by his "views;" nor by his creed, correct or incorrect; but by the free grace of God, through his own personal appropriation of the Lord Jesus as his only Saviour. And men's churchmanship, so to speak—their ecclesiastical position, I mean—is largely determined by early education, tone of thought, or taste. "God fulfils himself in many ways." Some men's religious sense is moved by the fervid and impassioned appeals of a Revival preacher, whose manner and methods would be repulsive to others cast in a different mould; while some are reached through their æsthetic tastes, and are won to the love of God and faith in his Son amid the solemn grandeur of the church's services, whose hearts would never have been melted in the cold dreariness of a whitewashed "conventicle," or even warmed into life by the fiery zeal of the Salvation Army.

B.—Well, at all events, *you* are certainly no bigot.

A.—Nearly thirty years ago I was for ever cured of the spirit of intolerance. I had an elder brother, the dearly-loved companion of my studies and my pleasures, who, when a boy, was of a distinctly sceptical turn, and by his scoffing at sacred things caused his more tender-hearted brother many bitter tears. When he left school, he was articled to an architect in the town of L—, and in that capacity developed his growing taste for Gothic architecture, then in its early revival. His favourite pursuit naturally led him to read the Tractarian literature of that day, in which the renovation of our old churches brought in its train the restoration of so many of the doctrines and practices which had been rejected or disused at the Reformation. By the fascination of these works, together with the reading of a funeral sermon on the elder Pugin (an eminent architect, and a Romanist), combined with the persistent efforts of an Oxford pervert, then a Roman Catholic priest in that town, he was led not only to a close study of Roman and Anglo-Catholic theology, but to a devout search of God's word; and at length avowed himself a Catholic. But through these various avenues the love of God in Christ dawned upon him; his heart was changed by Divine grace; and when, a few months later, he lay on his death-bed, after a very brief illness, his trust in the One Mediator, the Great High Priest, was unfaltering, and almost his last words were—

"Nothing in my hands I bring:
Simply to thy cross I cling."

My daily prayer for years on his behalf had been, "Lord, lead him into all truth!" and thus the prayer was fulfilled; and by a way most unexpected and undesired, he was led to him who is "the Way and the Truth;" and "in the face of Jesus Christ" caught the first bright gleams of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God," so soon to burst upon him with unclouded splendour in "the beatific vision."

B.—I do not wonder that you were much impressed by such an experience. How fitly that hymn expressed your brother's faith! It has often struck me that in the hymns of the church all Christians seem to speak the same language.

A.—Yes; because in their hymns of devotion they speak the language of the heart; and the *hearts* of all real Christians beat in harmony, however their heads may differ. I think Lord Selborne points out this fact in the preface to his "Book of Praise." John Bunyan and George Herbert, Charles Wesley and Augustus Toplady, John Henry Newman and T. T. Lynch, Francis Faber and Frances Havergal sang but one song on earth, as they all join in the One Song in heaven.

B.—That reminds me of a very beautiful hymn I noticed in our Lenten service here last night. I think it is No. 186 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Can you tell me who wrote it? It begins—

"I could not do without thee."

A.—Oh, yes! I know it well. It is Miss Havergal's; one of her very best, I think.

"I could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost!"

The whole hymn breathes the very life-breath of every true Christian, by whatever name he may be called. Do you remember its closing verse?—

"I could not do without thee;
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But *thou* wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I!'"

Ah! my friend, in that supreme moment you and I will need nothing else if we have Christ as our All in All. And as in death so in life, his love is the only real uniting bond. "Ye are all one IN CHRIST JESUS!"

And so our thoughts have wandered back again to Dr. Pusey's grave, and those words of simple trust—

"IN PACE ET MISERICORDIA JESU."

Oxford, 1884. E. C. A.

The Auckland Tabernacle Foundation-Stone.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"HAVE you looked out yet?" said a voice the other side of the door early on the morning of Easter Monday, April 14th, 1884. "No, I haven't," replied another, and a very sleepy one, from Blanket Bay, "but it's gloriously fine, isn't it?" I must confess that it struck the latter speaker that the room seemed dark, though it faces the rising sun, and I fancied I heard the dropping of rain from a defective gutter; but so certain was I that nothing but holiday weather would fall to us that, despite appearances, I cast not away my confidence. We had prayed for fair skies, and, moreover, had received the promise of it in a rosy sunset on Sunday night. My early enquirer then informed me that there was a mist abroad, "like a London fog." On investigation, I found that the comparison was more highly coloured than the atmosphere, though it was unusually dense for this "Brighter Britain."

For some long time the sun and mist waged war with varying fortunes; but the king was bound to conquer! By degrees the mists folded themselves up, put themselves away, leaving their tails behind them in the shape of a dew so copious that grass and ground were as wet as if a heavy shower had fallen. It was not long after breakfast-time when the Pastor appeared on the scene, only to find in one place carpenters and decorators before him preparing the ground; and ladies elsewhere sandwich-making and bread-and-butter cutting. Nor had any of them commenced too early, for three o'clock p.m. soon came, and with it throngs of sympathizing sightseers. How they did press round the stone, and scale the foundations, determined to see all that was to be seen! It was a fine sight that met my eyes, when, just after the hour, I mounted the stone still hanging from the shears, and gazed around. For the moment I wished I were on a pivot advantageously to address the all-round crowd. Since this was out of the question, I faced the majority. On my right was the grand stand, with several hundred Sunday-school children, the sound of whose sweet voices had just been wafted away by the fresh southerly breeze.

Immediately to the left of the stone was a platform for officials, and ministerial friends, while eager faces on every hand looked bright with smiles, and the persons gay with the flowers and feathers of holiday attire. For a few minutes we sought the favour of our God, and then sung the hymn commencing—

"Thou who hast in Zion laid
The sure foundation stone."

Next came a pastoral, which pointed out our reasons for thankfulness and confidence. The no-debt policy was spoken of, the crowd evidently endorsing the sentiment that debts on churches were a disgrace to Christian communities.

The Pastor then read a copy of the declaration which was placed beneath the stone with the names of the church officers, building committee, architect and builder. No coins were inserted, for we have none to spare. Other items of interest placed in the rocky sepulchre were—a copy of the Word of God, of special hymns used on the occasion, church manual, and 1883 report, photos. of "dear old Wellesley, jun.," and of the young Pastor, a set of the "Baptist Builder," containing a short history of the cause, the daily papers, and the *New Zealand Baptist* and *Free Press*. It was next our joyful privilege to hand a beautiful silver trowel to Dr. T. B. Kenderdine, who acted as grand mason for the nonce. The beloved physician performed his task admirably in every detail, from the spreading of the mortar to the orthodox tapping of the corners, and the solemn declaration that the stone was "well and truly laid."

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

broke spontaneously from the throng, and then the doctor, as if to prove his work, ascended the stone pulpit to express his amazement at having been asked to fill such a post, and his gratification in doing so to the best of his ability.

The name of Dr. Kenderdine is almost a household word in Auckland, for he has proved himself a Christian man whose works of faith and labours of love are as numerous as they are unostentatious. The applause when he rose, and the attention when he spoke, proved plainly that the people delighted to do him honour. He heartily endorsed the no-debt plan, and expressed his belief that the gospel pure and simple will be preached in the new Tabernacle with even greater results than heretofore. Though it was out of fashion now to speak about the blood, and the substitutionary work of Christ, he rejoiced that no uncertain sound would be given on these essential truths. Mr. Robertson (Congregational minister) then offered his congratulations. Next came Mr. Carter, of Ponsonby, and erstwhile of Ceylon, who took the opportunity of excusing church debt, and gave us a somewhat novel definition of liability, since with him a person was not in debt unless he failed to pay the interest on borrowed money. My own view is that the principle applies to the principal, not merely to the interest, and it was cheering to notice that the crowd thought so too. It was Sheridan who said to the sailor that asked, at least, for the interest of his bill, "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest." Principal and principle sound so much alike, and the latter is so often sacrificed in the interest of the other, that we prefer to pay our way and keep out of danger.

Professor Aldis, a recent arrival at the Auckland University, told us that while some men took little trouble in preparation, yet made eloquent addresses, he generally reversed the order by providing a brilliant address, but failing in the delivery thereof. I am glad to be able to add that he entirely belied that statement, and, with words worthy of one who bears so honoured a name, advised us to humility, energy, and spirituality. He warned us against self-satisfaction, and trusted that our success would never make us say, "We have done great things for the Lord, of which we are proud."

Brother Woolley, of the Thames, was next in order. From the Baptist Church at that place he brought fraternal greetings, and assurances of heartiest goodwill. With the previous speaker, he referred to our resolution to incur no debt, suggesting that *if* there could be a question as to the nature of debt, all would agree that it is decidedly preferable to have none of any sort. He believed that no more appropriate motto could be inscribed upon the new building than "Ad majorem gloriam Dei," to the greater glory of God, and that it would prove in years to come as a lighthouse, "to give light, and to save life" to many shipwrecked souls.

When Mr. Fairbrother, of the Maori Mission, had said a few words, the Pastor announced the collection, and evoked considerable merriment by mentioning that the greater portion of the £35 he laid on the stone was made up of marriage-fees received by himself. Then was it seen that there were "angels hovering round," each one provided with a plate, nor did they return without having their wings covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold. The stone itself became the depository for gifts of all sorts and sizes, from the stonelayer's fifty pounder to the pence of the children. In all nearly £400 were given; a result most satisfactory, especially remembering that our own people have subscribed so long and liberally already.

Soon the crowds dispersed (there must have been two thousand people there); the flags were returned with thanks to their rightful owners, and the workmen were soon going on as usual. We may count ourselves fortunate in having as architect one of our own people, and a deacon; and as contractor a man who takes a real interest in the work. May they and we labour in this matter successfully—

"Until we bring the topstone forth
And shout, 'Grace, grace,' to it!"

Who shall tell the struggles and strivings, the ups and downs, and the ins and outs of the scene at St. James's Hall, where "the ladies of the congregation" played—only it was not much like play—the parts of so many Marthas in the thick of cakes, and hams, and bread, and butter, and tea? From early morn till dewy eve many hands made the work as light as possible, but it was heavy at that. We were unfortunate in failing to secure the Choral Hall—our Sunday evening place of worship—but others having applied before us it was a case of "first come, first served." So it was with the tea. By six o'clock the hall was crowded, and though 6.30 was the proper time we did not wait. Having sung for a blessing, No. 1 batch set to work, and soon altered the face of the tables and the insides of the teapots. Meanwhile, a hungry crowd besieged the doors, and it was all that Pastor and deacons could do to keep things straight. One did not like to ask the tea-drinkers to hurry; but those who waited on them inside, and those who waited for them without, heartily wished they would. And oh, how hot it became, though it was cold enough outside! Warm congratulations, ardent enthusiasm, fervent sympathy, glowing zeal, fervid devotion, and hot excitement, to say nothing of the caloric of several hundred persons, and fumes from as many steaming teacups, soon succeeded in making the weather inside decidedly tropical. A couple of relays about exhausted the number of the tea-fighters, as also the supply of provisions, and before eight o'clock we had turned the tables, and moved the seats (how easily it is *written*), and squeezed as many into the hall as could and would be squeezed. Many had to stand the whole time: we had some "squatters" with us (on the floor), while others contented themselves with coming to the door, seeing the crush, and going home conquered. One of the specially selected hymns started the proceedings, followed by an invocation of the Divine presence and power. The Pastor said a little about the church's work, and how he and his people were indebted to ministers of other denominations—to the lenders of the flags (he hoped their interest would never flag), to the indefatigable tea-providers, and to all who had helped to dispose of it. He trusted that none had had to remain hungry, for it was only fair to build up the corporeal tabernacle of those who had come to help build the Auckland Tabernacle. He could think of no better return to those who, sinking their denominational prejudices, had aided in erecting a place of worship for the Baptists, and a *baptistery*, than to offer to immerse them upon profession of their faith in Jesus Christ. After another hymn—and didn't the people sing in regular roof-raising style?—Mr. Peacock, M.H.R., delivered a thoughtful and practical address on Christian Labour, of which I cannot now speak particularly. The Rev. T. McKenzie Fraser then read a poetical effusion originally composed in celebration of a similar meeting in Melbourne.

"Although 'twas really written a many years ago,
Slight alterations made it exceeding *apropos*."

Then came Mr. Reid (Wesleyan), with Sermons in Stones, and good in everything he said. He alluded to the fact that our new place would be in very close proximity to his, and hoped he would love us none the less when we came nearer. It was here explained from the chair that the buildings do not face each other, and that though we shall be fighting, it will be back to back, shoulder to shoulder, and with a common enemy. Brother McNicol, a Presbyterian of long and honourable standing, having been called on, responded in an encouraging speech, which he concluded by relating how, as a student, he had been interested by an illustration used by the chairman's sire when addressing the members of the University. It was to this effect: that while it was for every Christian not to hide his colours, but to hold them as the lancer does his flag, it was not necessary for him to poke his spear into everybody's face. The last speaker (by no means least) was friend Potter, who gave us a real red-hot Primitive Methodist exhortation. His heart seems burning with love to souls, so he urged us not to be content with present attainments—to erase the "*ne*" from the old legend, "*Ne plus ultra*," and to sail beyond the

pillars of Hercules into fresh services and successes. It was then announced that with the proceeds of the tea considerably over the £500 on which the Pastor had set his heart had been raised during the day, and lest any one should be chagrined at not having had an opportunity to contribute, plates were to be held at the doors to receive their offering. Result--another £10. Our last hymn, being a version of Psalm cxi., by C. H. Spurgeon, gave the chairman an opportunity of referring to the practical interest shown by the pastor and people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and of asking the prayers of the congregation on behalf of home helpers. The pronouncing of the benediction terminated the day's proceedings.

There were as many grateful hearts as aching bodies that night. The unmarred success was cause for unmixed joy. Speeches, offerings, weather, spirit, were alike good, and the Lord's hand was evidently in all. We are now determined to push on in the work with redoubled ardour. Very much remains to be done, but we cannot doubt but that we shall succeed, and probably begin a new year in a new place of worship, with new favour from our God. Our expectation is from him. The prayer of our song was, and is—

> "The heads that guide endue with skill,
> The hands that work preserve from ill,
> That we who this foundation lay
> May raise the topstone in its day."

And when it is all complete, we will exclaim, as now, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

Mr. Spurgeon's Jubilee Meetings.

OUR readers will expect us to give them some report of the proceedings at the Jubilee gatherings held at the Tabernacle on June 18th and 19th, but it is difficult to know where to begin, and then where to end. Doubtless most of our friends have seen the full accounts of the meetings which have appeared in the daily and weekly secular and religious papers, and they are therefore already aware of the great success of the whole celebration. It is impossible for any one to chronicle the best part of the festival—viz., the love, esteem, and gratitude that were expressed in the hundreds of letters received from all parts of the world, or that found utterance during the two days in which the Pastor received the congratulations of his friends, first in his vestry, and afterwards in the great public meetings in the Tabernacle. If the building had been twice as large, there would have been no difficulty in filling it on both evenings; and we were very sorry that we had to refuse so many applications for tickets, and still more grieved that some friends who had tickets available for either the 18th or 19th did not use them the first night, and then on the second occasion could not find room in the already overcrowded house. They will, we are sure, understand that when a certain space is quite full you cannot put more into it. Our indefatigable deacon, Mr. Murrell, outdid the labours of Hercules in carrying out his arrangements, and if any one was disappointed it was not his fault.

The first note that rings out from the Tabernacle Jubilee trumpets must be one of heartfelt praise to our gracious God for his tender mercy in permitting the Pastor to reach his 50th birthday, and, together with his beloved wife, to pass through the arduous and exciting gatherings of the week in the enjoyment of such a full measure of health and strength. Both have known for many years the trial of pain and sickness, and they, therefore, all the more appreciated the blessings vouchsafed to them. It was also no small mercy that the Pastor's father, brother, four sisters, and son Charles, were able to be present at the gathering of the tribes. The only regret was that the beloved mother did not feel able to appear. Who can sufficiently bless the name of the Lord

for all the years of family mercy already granted; and if this could be done, what tongue or pen could adequately express thanks for the blessings which have rested upon the Church ever since "the boy preacher" has been its Pastor? Beyond all this, the Lord's constant care for all the institutions which have sprung up one after another, like olive plants round about the central tree, demands a song of jubilant thanksgiving, for which our most joyful praises seem all too poor. Truly "the Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." When we think of the discord which often divides both families and churches, we cannot but leap for joy as we see the dew of brotherly love sparkling all around, and are led by the Good Shepherd beside the still waters of peace.

Having sung our "Te Deum laudamus" with all our hearts, we must thank the thousands of friends who united to congratulate the Pastor, and to show in a very practical manner their love of him. First and foremost, of course, came our own church-officers and members, seat-holders, and representatives of all our "home" institutions, missions, schools, societies, &c.; but they were closely followed by the wider circle of readers of the sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel*, and other published works, which have either been the means of leading them to the Saviour, or have been their principal and often their only spiritual food, in addition to the Word of God. "You are my minister," is the message that constantly comes from all quarters, and it was, therefore, not at all surprising that the church and congregation outside the Tabernacle should join in the celebration of the Jubilee. The "list of love," containing the names of the subscribers to the Testimonial Fund is so long that we cannot see how we are ever to publish it, unless we issue a special number of the magazine entirely devoted to the Jubilee; but we can assure all the donors that their names will be lovingly preserved, as their gifts, whether large or small, have been gratefully received, and we pray that all may receive a rich reward for all their generosity and kindness. May that reward be theirs, not only in the present life, but more abundantly in that which is to come. We intend to keep all the addresses, letters, telegrams, &c., that literally poured in upon us, so that we may have continually before us a record of the many brethren and sisters in Christ who helped to cheer and gladden our hearts on this memorable occasion.

We can only give here a mere outline of the proceedings; for lack of time, space, and ability prevents us from doing more than that. We hope to publish a Memorial Volume, containing the special sermons preached from the texts inscribed upon the marble tablet affixed to the Jubilee House; but other work presses heavily, and it may be delayed. If it is done, we hope all who can will help us to circulate it, that it may be everywhere seen what cause we have for praising the name of the Lord, and thanking his children of almost every rank and name.

On *Wednesday, June* 18, on arriving at his vestry at noon, the Pastor found that the ladies of the Tabernacle Flower Mission had turned the place into a charming conservatory filled with choice flowers and plants. Through this room for about five hours there flowed a steady stream of happy friends, most of whom brought contributions as well as congratulations. Altogether, during the afternoon, the Pastor received on behalf of the treasurers of the Jubilee Fund more than £600, to be included in the amount to be publicly presented on the following evening. At five o'clock several hundreds of the church members were entertained at tea in the rooms under the Tabernacle, and intensely enthusiastic was the welcome when the Pastor and co-pastor, with the Spurgeon family, came into the midst of their guests. The evening meeting in the Tabernacle was specially intended for our own church and congregation, and representatives of our various institutions and branch schools, societies, missions, &c. When the hour arrived for commencing, there were few vacant seats in the building, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested as the speakers came upon the platform. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and the proceedings commenced with the singing of his

arrangement of the hymn beginning, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," the Clapham male choir, and a detachment from the Stockwell Orphanage leading the well-known tune, Miles Lane. Another hymn was sung, and then prayer was offered by one of the deacons, Mr. C. F. Allison, and one of the elders, Mr. W. Bowker. The Pastor next bore his testimony to the grace of God, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the gospel which had been preached by him, to which he traced all the success which had been granted to him; and then Mr. J. W. Harrald read the following list of the institutions, &c., connected with the Tabernacle:—

The Almshouses; the Pastors' College; the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists; the Stockwell Orphanage; the Colportage Association; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and Pastor's Aid Fund; the Pastors' College Evening Classes; the Evangelists' Association; the Country Mission; the Ladies' Benevolent Society; the Ladies' Maternal Society; the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society; the Loan Tract Society; Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society; the Evangelists' Training Class; the Orphanage Working Meeting; the Colportage Working Meeting; the Flower Mission; the Gospel Temperance Society; the Band of Hope; the United Christian Brothers' Benefit Society; the Christian Sisters' Benefit Society; the Young Christians' Association; the Mission to Foreign Seamen; the Mission to Policemen; the Coffee-House Mission; The Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School; Mr. Wigney's Bible Class; Mr. Hoyland's Bible Class; Miss Swain's Bible Class; Miss Hobbs's Bible Class; Miss Hooper's Bible Class; Mr. Bowker's Bible Class for Adults of both Sexes; Mr. Dunn's Bible Class for Men; Mrs. Allison's Bible Class for Young Women; Mr. Bartlett's Bible Class for Young Women; Golden Lane and Hoxton Mission (Mr. Orsman's); Ebury Mission and Schools, Pimlico; Green Walk Mission and Schools, Haddon Hall; Richmond Street Mission and Schools; Flint Street Mission and Schools; North Street, Kennington, Mission and Schools; Little George Street Mission, Bermondsey; Snow's Fields Mission, Bermondsey; the Almhouses Missions; the Almshouses Sunday Schools; the Almshouses Day Schools; the Townsend Street Mission; the Townley Street Mission; the Deacon Street Mission; the Blenheim Grove Mission, Peckham; the Surrey Gardens Mission; the Vinegar Yard Mission, Old Street; the Horse Shoe Wharf Mission and Schools; the Upper Ground Street Mission; Thomas Street Mission, Horselydown; the Boundary Row Sunday School, Camberwell; the Great Hunter Street Sunday School, Dover Road; the Carter Street Sunday School, Walworth; the Pleasant Row Sunday Schools, Kennington; the Westmoreland Road Sunday Schools, Walworth; Lansdowne Place Sunday School; Miss Emery's Banner Class, Brandon Street; Miss Miller's Mothers' Meeting; Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting; Miss Francies' Mothers' Meeting.

After another hymn, the Pastor assured Mr. D. L. Moody of the intense affection felt for him by the whole assembly, and the beloved Evangelist, whom the Lord has so greatly honoured, told of his indebtedness to the printed sermons and other works of the Pastor. Mr. Moody's reception was a burst of vehement love, and intense admiration. Mr. Chamberlain sang, "Abundantly able to save," and Mr. Harrald read a long list of addresses, telegrams, and resolutions of congratulation which had been received previous to the meeting. We cannot spare the space necessary for the names of all of these, but amongst those which had then or have since arrived we may mention the following:—The Canada Baptist Union, the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers, the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, the Western Association of Baptist Churches, the Denbigh, Flint, and Merioneth Baptist Association, the Carmarthen and Cardigan Baptist Association, the Devon Baptist Association, the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Baptist Association, the Midland Baptist Association, the monthly Fraternal Meeting of General Baptist Ministers in London and its vicinity, a large number of Baptist Ministers and Churches, the Tutors of the Pastors' College, the Canadian Branch of the Pastors' College

Association, the First Baptist Church Sunday School, Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A., the Professors in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., several French Pastors and Missionaries, in addition to those afterwards mentioned, the Committee and Officers of the Paris City Mission, and the Methodist Conference of Ireland, meeting in Belfast.

Mr. B. W. Carr, one of the deacons, then read the following address to Mr. Spurgeon:—

"To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

"With a united voice of thanksgiving to our ever blessed God on your behalf; with a cordial acknowledgment of the good services you have rendered to the universal Church of our Lord Jesus Christ; and with a profound sense of the high character and wide reputation you have established among your fellow Christians, we beg to offer you our sincere congratulations on this the fiftieth anniversary of your birthday.

"Accept our assurance that no language but the language of personal affection could fitly express the esteem in which you are held by ourselves and by the numerous constituency we represent. Were it possible for the lips of all those who love you as a brother, and those who revere you as a father in Christ, to sound in your ears the sentiments of their hearts, the music of their chorus at this glad hour would be like the noise of many waters.

"Gathered together as we now are in this sacred edifice,—sacred not by reason of any superstitious ceremony at the opening, but by the soul-saving miracles of grace subsequently wrought beneath its roof,—it becomes us to greet you first as Pastor of this Ancient Church. More than thirty of those fifty years you chronicle to-day have been spent in our midst. As our Minister, you are known to the utmost ends of the earth. Richly endowed by the Spirit of God with wisdom and discretion, your conduct as our Ruling Elder has silenced contention and promoted harmony. The three hundred souls you found in fellowship at New Park Street Chapel have multiplied to a fellowship of nearly six thousand in this Tabernacle. And under your watchful oversight the family group has increased without any breach of order.

"You came to us in the freshness of your youth. At that flowering age when boys of good promise are wont to change their curriculum from school to college, you had already developed into manliness, and there was ripe fruit as well as pleasant foliage on your branches. The groundwork of your education appeared to be so solid, and the maturity of your character so thoroughly reliable, that you were unanimously elected by venerable members of the Church of Christ to preside over their councils. The fair prospect of your spring-time has not suffered from any blight. Your natural abilities never betrayed you into indolent habits. The talents you possessed gave stimulus to your diligence. A little prosperity did not elate you, or a measure of success prompt the desire to settle down in some quiet resting-place. You spread your sails to catch the breeze. The ascendency you began to acquire over the popular mind, instead of making you vainglorious, filled you with awe, and increased the rigour of that discipline you have always exercised over yourself. These were happy auguries of your good speed. Not that the utmost vigilance on your part could have sufficed to uphold you amidst the vast and accumulating responsibilities that have devolved on you as the sphere of your ministry widened. He who ruleth in the heavens has screened you in times of peril, and piloted you through shoals and quicksands, through straits and rapids. His grace and his goodness, his promises and his providence have never failed you. From the hour when you first committed your soul, your circumstances, and your destinies to the keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, you have never feared such a disaster. To your unwavering faith in his guardian care we venture to attribute the coolness of your head and the courage of your heart in all the great adventures of your life. Some of us have been with you from

the beginning of your charge. Since then a generation has almost passed away. According to a law as legibly written as any law of nature, the Scripture has said, 'Instead of the fathers, shall be the children.' Hence, in not a few instances, you must miss the sires while you meet the sons. The retrospect of your career, to those who have followed it throughout, appears like one unbroken series of successes; but as our memory retraces the steps you have taken, we can testify to the exhaustive labours in which you have blithely engaged, the constant self-denial you have cheerfully exercised, and the restless anxieties that have kept you and your comrades incessantly calling on the name of the Lord. By such an experience you have enlarged the field of evangelical enterprise in the various institutions of the church. And it has been your happiness, not only to see the growth of those institutions beyond the most sanguine hopes you cherished when planting them, but to have received the grateful thanks of those who derived unspeakable benefit in partaking of their fruits. Such gratitude demands our notice, though only in the lowest degree. Your skilful generalship has laid ten thousand happy donors to your charities under lasting obligations to you for providing outlets for their benevolence. It has pleased the Lord to make whatever you do to prosper. You have been the faithful steward and the kindly executor of hundreds and thousands of pious individuals, whose fond design has been to lay up treasure for themselves in heaven by paying into the exchequer on earth of their substance, for the widow and the fatherless in their distress, for the poor and those who have no helper. Let the acknowledgments of subscribers to the various purses you hold in your hands, as well as those of recipients, cheer you as you enter on a fresh decade of the days of the years of your earthly pilgrimage.

"An occasion like this is so solemn, and an address like the present is so serious, that we may well search the sacred volume for suitable words. We feel sure that brethren in all parts of the earth pray for you. And we are equally certain that the churches which are in Christ throughout the world glorify God in you. The Lord preserve and keep you to the end. To this hour you have maintained an unsullied reputation among men. Erring as we all are before God, it is our sincere conviction that if such a thing were possible, a second edition of your life, revised by yourself, could hardly be an amendment.

"You braved much calumny on the outset of your career, and you have outlived it. The secularists who once denounced, now salute you. Where your theology has failed to convert them, your philanthropy has sufficed to enchant them. You are lifted in public esteem above suspicion, as a true man —no traitor or time-server. Your kindness to everybody has made everybody kind to you. You have illustrated the force and the fulness of a divine proverb which has puzzled many a philosopher: 'When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

"If, dear sir, you give us full credit for the intense sympathy we have felt when sickness and sorrow have weakened your strength in the way, you will not deny us the gratification of alluding to the private and domestic joys that pour down like sunbeams on your face and gladden your Jubilee.

"Your beloved and estimable wife, whose life long trembled in the balance, has been restored to health. Had she been less heroic and more exacting in her protracted illness, you must have been more reserved and less generous in the consecration of your time and thought to the good works you were doing. In the stillness of enforced retirement her inventive genius discovered new channels of usefulness. Her "*Book Fund*" is beyond all praise. And her delicate mission has been so appreciated, that throughout the British Isles, and in foreign lands, her name has become linked with your own at every station where an ambassador of Christ publishes the glad tidings of the gospel.

"Your father and mother, walking before God in quiet unpretentious piety, have both been spared to see their first-born son in the meridian of a career that has made their once obscure patronymic famous throughout the world.

"Your worthy brother, and trusty yoke-fellow in the pastorate, is still by your

side rendering good service, for which his fine business tact, and his manly but modest desire to second all your motions to go forward, eminently qualify him.

"Your two sons have both devoted themselves to the ministry; and each of them in his own sphere of labour has found proof that he was divinely anointed to his pastorate.

"To yourself, however, we turn as a central figure, recognised from afar by tens of thousands of people, to whom your name is an emblem of purity and power, and by whom you are accounted second to none among living Preachers; and your sermons are appreciated as a faithful exposition of the Gospel of God, instinct with the witness of the Holy Spirit, and therefore quickening in their influence on the consciences and the hearts of men.

"On your head we now devoutly invoke those blessings which we believe the Almighty is abundantly willing to bestow.

"May your steps in the future be ordered of the Lord, as they have been in the past. May a generation yet unborn witness that your old age is luxuriant and fruitful as your youth. May your life on earth wind up like the holy Psalter that you so much love. Be it yours to anchor at last in David's Psalm of Praise, prolific as it was of other Psalms, into which no groan or sigh could intrude. So may you rest in the Lord with a vision of the everlasting Kingdom dawning on your eyes, and Hallelujah after Hallelujah resounding in your ears."

After the Pastor had briefly but heartily responded, addresses were delivered by his father, and brother, and son: for these we have not room, but they were speeches which will never be forgotten. Another hymn was sung; Pastor A. G. Brown gave a soul-stirring speech as the representative of the College; then the students now in the institution, through Mr. H. H. Driver, presented an address, very beautifully illuminated by one of their number, Mr. A. C. Chambers. Mr. S. R. Pearce next spoke on behalf of the Tabernacle Sunday School, and, in the name of the officers, teachers, and scholars, handed to the Pastor an address, and a cheque for 60 guineas for the Jubilee Fund. Mr. W. J. Orsman related the story of his conversion through the Pastor's preaching, and his consequent work among the costermongers and others in Golden Lane and Hoxton; Mr. W. L. Lang read the translation of an address from a considerable number of French Pastors, Evangelists, and Missionaries; Mr. W. Olney, Jun., in the name of his absent father, and of the workers at Haddon Hall, congratulated the Pastor, who then concluded the meeting with prayer and the benediction. It was a night long to be remembered. The weight of love and mercy seemed almost more than we could bear. What could we do as we retired to rest but sing of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord?

Thursday, June 19th, the actual birthday, brought its usual quantity of letters, cards, contributions, and good wishes, and a large number of special Jubilee communications and gifts. Many friends came to the Tabernacle during the afternoon to wish the Pastor "many happy returns of the day," and long before the time announced for the evening meeting our great meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and spoke of his deep love for the Pastor, and of the beneficial effects of his preaching and work, bearing a peculiarly high testimony to the usefulness of the college. Mr. Harrald again read the lists of the institutions, addresses, &c., and also gave the names of a few of the notable persons who had written letters of congratulation. We may here mention such representative men as the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.; Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart.; Admiral Sir W. King-Hall; the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley; the Ven. Archdeacon Law, Dean of Gloucester; W. Fowler, Esq., M.P.; and the Revs. Canon Fleming; Dr. Allon; W. H. M. H. Aitken; Dr. J. Hiles Hitchens; Dr. Cunningham Geikie; Burman Cassin, M.A.; R. Glover, M.A. (President of the Baptist Union); J. C. Harrison; E. Paxton Hood; T. McCullough, (President of the British Wesleyan Conference); J. Guinness Rogers, B.A.; Hugh Price Hughes, M.A, and Edward White.

The speakers selected for the evening were Sir W. McArthur, M.P., and the Revs. Canon Basil Wilberforce, Joseph Parker, D.D., Newman Hall, LL.B., J. P. Chown, and W. Williams; and right nobly did every one of them acquit himself. We had also a deputation from the committee of the London Baptist Association, consisting of the Revs. Dr. Todd, J. R. Wood, J. P. Chown, J. T. Wigner, and F. A. Jones, Dr. Underhill, and T. Greenwood, Esq., in whose name a very generous address was read by Mr. Chown; Pastor W. J. Mayers, of Bristol, sang "When the mists have rolled away"; and the Rev. O. P. Gifford, Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, U.S.A., presented an address from the Baptist Ministers of Boston and its vicinity. Mr. Carr again read the address to Mr. Spurgeon; part of the hymn composed for the Jubilee by Mr. Charlesworth was sung, and then the Pastor heartily thanked all who had helped in any way to make the celebration so successful, especially mentioning the treasurers of the Testimonial Fund, Messrs. T. H. Olney and W. C. Murrell, who came forward, and after brief speeches presented to the Pastor a cheque for £4500. Both the speakers stated that it was the wish of nearly all the donors that their contributions should not be given, as on the last occasion, to the various works connected with the Tabernacle, but to the Pastor himself. Mr. Murrell also said that they hoped to make up the amount to £5000, and that the Fund would be kept open as long as any one wished to contribute to it. In acknowledging the amount, the Pastor expressed his gratitude, first to God, and then to all the givers present or absent, rich or poor. He said that £1,000 of the Testimonial would be handed over at once to pay for the building and furnishing of the "Jubilee House." He had stated that, if friends wished to celebrate his Jubilee, he did not want them to give him anything, but he should like them to build the house, and also help the Almshouses, the Colportage, and his son Thomas's Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund. This suggestion, however, evidently did not please the friends, but they preferred to give it to himself, for including £74 for the Orphanage, less than £250 out of the £4,500 received had been allotted to the various objects specified. Some friends had refused to give if the Jubilee was made a pretext for helping the institutions, but they would cheerfully give to the man himself. This being so, the receiver could not give the money in bulk to the various institutions, but he was compelled to accept it, and did so with great gratitude. Still, if the money did ultimately find its way to the institutions, he was sure that no one would get excessively angry. Now that it was all his own, he should like to please himself by appropriating to the Almshouses, £200; to Colportage, £200; to Auckland Tabernacle, £250. He should also give £100 to the deacons, *to be lent* to poor members, £50 to the Baptist Fund in his son's name, £100 to the Baptist Union Augmentation Fund, £100 to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and a sufficient amount to St. Thomas's Hospital to make him a Governor of that Institution, which was so beneficial to the sick poor of the church. It would be convenient to be able to aid all the work in various private ways which every director of institutions knows are ever present and pressing, but cannot be saddled upon the ordinary expenditure. Matters arise which demand an expenditure which could not be explained to the public, but can be met by personal gifts. These have often drained the Pastor, and he is most grateful to those who have supplied him with ready money for present and future needs.

The meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. J. P. Chown. It was a festival of fraternity. The desire of the Pastor that God might be glorified was, we trust, attained. Very memorable is the fact that no unkind or envious word has appeared in the numerous articles which have appeared in the public press, but an amount of kindly feeling has been evoked which must astonish our friends, while it humbles *us*.

On *Friday afternoon, June* 20, the series of celebrations was happily finished with a meeting at the Stockwell Orphanage, when an address from the children and workers connected with the institution was read by Mr. Charlesworth, and the little ones seemed overjoyed to give their President a rug for his carriage.

Notices of Books.

The Spurgeon Jubilee Album. Containing a brief sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's Life and Institutions. With Photographic Views and Portraits. Price 10s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

This is a very worthy memorial of the Spurgeon Jubilee. A work of art for the drawing-room table, and at the same time a historical document of an event which has been a joy to many. The price is moderate for such a production.

The Crown of the Road: Leaves from Consecrated Lives. By Rev. Charles Bullock. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster-square.

Lives of men who have kept to the centre of the Pilgrim Way, such as Sir James Simpson, Bishop McIlvaine, and Miss Havergal. We have read the sketch of Sir James Simpson with great interest and no little emotion. Mr. Bullock knows how to let people speak for themselves, and yet he is not a mere piecer-together of extracts. He is, in fact, a born book-maker. His fine Christian spirit comes out continually: he is no doubt a Church-man, but the church which he loves best is that which comprehends all the family of faith. We are glad to see that under his auspices a vast mass of pure literature is circulated, doing good and no harm wherever it goes.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Revs. Canon Spence, M.A., and J. S. Exell, M.A. The Acts. Vols. I. and II. 1 Corinthians. Kegan, Paul, and Co.

"The Pulpit Commentary" pursues its useful way. Of the New Testament we have now Mark in two volumes, Acts in two volumes, and one volume for 1 Corinthians. We fear that these commentaries will come out too rapidly for the pockets of our pastors, and we further fear that they are too diffuse. Whenever we consult "The Pulpit Commentary" we find in it something good, solid, and fresh. The men employed upon it do their very best, and when we do not agree with them we are still glad to know their minds. The plan of going through a chapter three or four times, with a set of homiletic notes by each of the writers, does not approve itself to us as convenient for the reader. It would have been better to have placed the outlines in the order of the verses, with the initials of the author after each one. Four men cannot go over the same ground without saying some of the same things: the choicer thoughts of the various writers would have occupied less space, and would, perhaps, have been of as much service to the preacher as their more extensive reflections. Still, when a man gets any one of these volumes he has got his money's worth, and it will be his own fault if he does not profit by every page.

Addresses and Stories for Mothers' Meetings. By Mrs. G. E. Morton and Miss Anne Hankey. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We have here a dozen homely addresses, each one upon some prominent fact in Old Testament history, happily chosen for the purpose of setting forth gospel truth in a very practical form. In one particular the book is scarcely true to its title; for instead of "stories," there is but *one* story, entitled "Good and Evil, a Village Story," the twelve chapters of which alternate with the Bible lessons; it is simple, natural, and full of good teaching for humble folk. To Christian ladies (especially those attached to the Church of England) who are not gifted with ready utterance—and the author evidently thinks such are to be found—this book will be helpful. May many poor women be gathered to listen to such plain and profitable talk.

"*Abide with Me.*" By H. F. Lyte. Nelson and Sons.

It was a good idea to illustrate this hymn with pictures suggested by its inimitable lines; and the idea is well carried out. Fifteen choice engravings on hot-pressed paper, a brief sketch of the author's life, and all nicely bound up, make a dainty little volume for the table.

Singing to the Heart. By LANCELOT MIDDLETON. Novello and Co.

THE author has issued this collection of original compositions as a characteristic remembrancer for his many friends, with whom he has been engaged in Evangelistic Services. The hymns chosen are designed to "set forth and urge towards a personal salvation consciously realized by a trustful appropriation of the atoning merits of the Lord Jesus." What a sentence! Some of the melodies are tuneful; but there are too many awkward intervals to suit ordinary singers.

The Baptist Hymnal, for use in the Church and Home. W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doc. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THIS is a most judicious selection of upwards of seven hundred hymns, with a familiar tune to each, and, in many instances, an alternative tune of a high-class character. Our best composers are largely represented, but as their tunes are for the most part valuable copyrights, we do not see how the book can be offered for sale in this country. The printing and paper are all we could desire, and the names of the editors are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their work. If the musical culture of a congregation justifies the adoption of such a book as this, the element of praise in the service of the sanctuary will be a delightful feature of Christian worship; as, indeed, it ought to be. The "Church Praise" of the Presbyterians is the nearest approach to this work by any of our Nonconformist churches we have yet seen.

The Promised Land, a Service of Praise, specially adapted for Sunday-school Festivals and Anniversaries. Compiled by T. AUSTIN. London: Wesleyan Sunday-school Union, Ludgate-circus.

THE text consists of passages from the Bible; the hymns are from the Methodist Sunday-school Hymn Book; there are five original pieces of music by the compiler, and ten by other authors. The work is printed in both notations, but our verdict as to its merit must be suspended till we have had an opportunity of hearing it performed.

The Hymns of Martin Luther, with Music. Edited by LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, assisted by NATHAN H. ALLEN. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

HERE are thirty-six compositions composed or selected by Luther, with the original German text and an English translation, forming a volume which will be welcomed by all who care for a musical memorial of the sturdy Reformer. The book is of American origin, we should judge; but we think the publishers have been well advised in offering it to the English public, who know how to appreciate a literary and a musical curiosity.

Animals' Own Tales. Interpreted for his nephews and nieces, by UNCLE WILL. Bible Christian Book-room.

YES, here we have the hedgehog's tale, the cuckoo's tale, and the donkey's tale. Why not the guinea-pig's tail? A book for the very little ones. It will teach them to love animals of all sorts.

Short Addresses given at a Mothers' Meeting. W. Isbister.

WE should say that these talks just suited the occasion. They introduce many subjects valuable to poor mothers; and withal, they keep the main matter well to the fore. Our only fear is that from their allusions to recent events and local incidents the addresses will speedily become stale.

Health Studies. By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

HIGHLY useful observations. Every man in the three kingdoms should procure this wonderful shilling's-worth of important information and advice, for thereby he may save many a guinea which otherwise he will have to pay in doctor's fees. Dr. Paterson is a wonderful man: earnest, thorough, and yet versatile. One moment he defends the orthodox faith, and the next he gives sound advice on health; and he is good in both directions.

Memorie and Rime. By JOAQUIN MILLER. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

FRESH and bright. A good help to pass away a recreative half-hour.

Letters and Essays on Wales. By HENRY RICHARD, M.P. James Clarke and Co., Fleet-street.

THESE letters attracted considerable attention at their first appearance in the Star Newspaper, as a spirited exposure of an official inquiry into the social and moral condition of Wales. The author vindicates the character of his native land as more moral, religious, and intelligent than any other equal portion of the British Empire; which he was enabled to do by an appeal to well-attested facts, and to documentary evidence that could not be denied. Though the letters were long and numerous, the public interest in them on account of their political aspect and their clear and forcible language was well sustained. It was a necessary sequence that so able a champion for the just claims of the Principality should have soon afterwards been selected as one of its representatives in Parliament. The Essays refer more distinctly to the ecclesiastical and educational condition of Wales. If ever a case could be made out for the disestablishment of a National Church, on the ground of its inability to secure the social, moral and religious improvement for which alone it has any claim to exist, it is surely made out here in reference to the Established Church in Wales. It is a hindrance, in fact, to all that it was designed to promote. It cannot be charged with having degenerated in this respect. It has been so from its first introduction to that country. None but those, we presume, who have a secular interest in it could wish it to remain.

Garton Rowley; or, Leaves from the Log of a Master Mariner. By T. JACKSON WRAY. Nisbet and Co.

MR. JACKSON WRAY has seldom done better than in this cheery, gladsome story of his. Pathos and piety in equal measure, and all put in a fascinating fashion, compel you to read straight on until you finish the book. Garton Rowley is as unique as Captain Cuttle; only that he has robust godliness in addition. The incidents are full of exciting interest, and their perusal must be healthful to every reader. A breezy, briny, bonnie book. Deserves to be in a second or third edition, and will be before long.

Hettie; or, Not Forsaken. By F. M. SAVILL. John F. Shaw.

A CHARMING little book. Her early training, by godly parents, served Hettie all through the "ups and downs" of an ever-changing life. It is a good illustration of "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row.

A SPLENDID Methodist story. We do not endorse every point of its teaching, but it is a good, healthy story, calculated to fire the heart of the sincere, and to rebuke the formal and lukewarm. It is somewhat after the style of Mark Guy Pearce: not quite up to his high standard, but fairly on the way. We are much mistaken if it does not become a great favourite in Wesleyan circles: it ought to do so.

Hermie's Rosebuds, and other Stories. By L. T. MEADE. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE could have wished for a larger bouquet of such fragrant "Rosebuds." Other flowers equally beautiful have been found in this mead; and these, though only in the bud, are charming.

Wilfred Hedley; or, How Teetotalism came to Ellensmere. By S. J. FITZGERALD. T. Woolmer and Co.

AN exceptionally good temperance story; showing how much good two real-hearted men can do against all odds in reforming an entire neighbourhood. We heartily commend it to our teetotal friends, saying, "Go thou, and do likewise."

Drier Stock; or, Life on the Frontier. By Miss L. BATES. T. Woolmer and Co.

WE have read much drier stock than this, and can say that the fruit from this stock has been juicy. It is a stimulating story, containing hints for village workers well worthy of being carried out.

Earth's Earliest Ages; and their connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy. By G. H. Pember, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have read this volume, and derived much instruction from it. It is quite out of the common way, and deals with matters scarcely thought upon by quiet believers. Spiritualism he exposes and denounces, giving a world of information upon the dark crimes of necromancy which have been perpetrated in these latter days. We were already somewhat cognizant of this, but we were not prepared for the chapter upon Buddhism. Gerald Massey says, "It is no very uncommon thing to meet in society men who declare themselves, 'if anything,' Buddhists." We take this statement for what it is worth, but it is evident that Buddhism is in favour with a certain company, whose rebellious hearts prefer any form of darkness to the light of God which beams from the face of our Lord Jesus Christ. Altogether, this is a singular book; wonderfully instructive in its own line, and strongly upon the orthodox side. The author is a bit of a gossip, and takes more notice of some aberrations than they deserve, but we would not willingly have missed the reading of such a book. When Mr. Pember gets into prophesying about Antichrist, we cannot follow him, nor do we endorse all his statements on other mysteries; but usually he is exactly after our own mind. Persons haunted by the demon of Spiritualism will find help in this masterly production.

Christianity Triumphant. Its Defensive and Aggressive Victories. By John P. Newman, D.D., LL.D. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Thoroughly American: would need many alterations to suit the English market; but sensible and vigorous, instructive and practical. We hope it will do good service in the States.

The Existence of Evil considered in its Relation to the Divine Sovereignty: with a Supplement on the Divine Fatherhood. By A. Medwin. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A long title to a small book of amateur theology. Our author is excessively modest in his own contribution, for almost every page has copious extracts from other writers. Still, when we have read extracts and all, we do not feel the mystery of evil in any way lessened, nor the divine Fatherhood made more attractive. There is much in the first essay that we cannot accept, especially as to punishment being only corrective and disciplinary; whilst the second seems to have been written in entire ignorance that there is a text which says, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to *become* the children of God."

Comfortable Words in the time of Sickness and Suffering. Second Series. Kerby & Endean.

A large print series of quotations from the Bible and the works of eminent Christian writers, specially designed for the use of the sick. Admirably designed and very successfully carried out; we hope it may have an extensive sale.

Life in a Look. By M. S. Baldwin, Dean of Montreal. Hodder and Stoughton.

All good. Every word true and trenchant. Full of Christ and power to present him as the soul's great need and great supply. We should like to see the refutation of baptismal regeneration issued as a separate pamphlet. Coming from an Episcopalian, it might help to open Ritualistic eyes to the folly and blasphemy of that superstitious error. May many find life by looking to Christ who first saw him as Saviour through these earnest papers.

The Baptism of the Ages and of the Nations. By William Cathcart, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Quite an extensive collection of examples of immersion in all parts of the world. We wonder if any one questions the fact that in the first ages all who were baptized unto Christ had their bodies washed with pure water. The worst part of the business is that so many believe in one way, and act in another. How they will answer for it to their Master we cannot tell.

John De Wycliffe, the first of the Reformers. By Emily S. Holt. Shaw and Co.

This is by far the best popular life of Wycliffe which has yet come under our eye. Our authoress is capable of great things, and here we have a fine specimen of her powers. Her style is flowing, and her spirit gracious. It is a great pleasure to read anything which she writes, and this is one of the very best of her productions. Long may it be ere her inkstand is dry and her pen ceases to move at her will. The beautifully-bound edition at 3s. 6d. is worthy of any library; but the man with small means can get it in pamphlet-form for sixpence.

John Wiclif, Patriot and Reformer. Life and writings by Rudolf Buddenseig, of Leipsic. Fisher Unwin.

Beautifully printed in the old-fashioned manner, and bound in imitation of vellum, this book is a thing of beauty. The specimens of Wiclif's writings are deeply interesting. The little volume gives for two shillings as much Wiclif literature as most men will need.

In Wiclif's Days; or, A Safe Hiding-place. A Tale. By Grace Stebbing. Shaw and Co.

A story into which the facts about Wiclif's companions are cleverly wrought. It gives a good idea of the great Reformer's times, labours, and associates. A tasteful book for a half-crown.

T. B. Smithies. A Memoir. By G. Stringer Rowe. T. Woolmer.

This honoured servant of God needs no memorial: his works will keep him long in remembrance. Yet are we glad of this brief memoir, for it gives the salient points of his life-story in a concise form. He was one of the best of men, and his practical shrewdness made his goodness influential in the highest degree. *The British Workman* mourns him, and *The Band of Hope Review* his life with sorrow that it closed so soon. He was *The Children's Friend*, and *The Family Friend*. In myriads of households he received *A Weekly Welcome*, for he was a *Friendly Visitor*, and united all sorts of people in a *Band of Mercy*. He is gone, but *The Earlham Series*, as his legacy of love, still speaks for God, and blesses mankind. Oh to be like him in breadth of sympathy, and diligence of service!

The Children's Pilgrimage. By L. T. Meade. Nisbet and Co.

It is a red-letter day in a reviewer's life when he comes across a new book—that is, a book which is not the concoction or dilution of other books. This story of child-life strikes us as about as fresh as any we have read for many a long day. It is charming, tender, elevating, and cannot fail to make the heart glow and the eyes glisten. Good every way, and we hope will sell by thousands.

Howard, the Philanthropist, and his Friends. By John Stoughton, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A treat indeed. Dr. Stoughton writes in the best conceivable manner. He has all the finest attributes of the accomplished historian, and the reader feels safe in his hands; but in addition to this he possesses the fascinating charm which makes great novelists so supreme over the many. We seem to know John Howard now: he is quite a familiar acquaintance; our author has made him walk and talk long after death. We prefer such a book as this to all the fiction that ever distilled from an imaginative brain; for while the mind is interested, the memory is enriched. Howard is fortunate in his biographer, and Dr. Stoughton is happy in his subject. Seven-and-sixpence will never be regretted if laid out in the purchase of this charming portrait of the great philanthropist.

"Little Abe": Popularly known as Bishop of Berry Brow. Arranged as a Service of Sacred Song. By John Burnham. 4d. Nicholson and Sons, Warwick Square.

Our good friend Mr. Burnham has provided a capital evening's entertainment in this Song Service. "Little Abe" is one of the most vivacious of books, and it is here abridged and interspersed with singing so as to make a delightful evening, especially in Yorkshire, where its dialect is familiar.

A Teacher's Commentary on the Gospel of St. Mark. By the Rev. RICHARD GLOVER. Sunday School Union.

ESPECIALLY fresh and original, with the essence of poetry perfuming all. We have been greatly charmed with this commentary. It is unlike any other exposition we have ever read. There is more genius in it than a man might meet with in a whole library of ordinary annotators. Sweetness and light abound, and a savour which partly comes from the mental characteristics of the man, but far more from the thought which he extracts from the divine Scripture. We might differ from Mr. Glover in many points, but we should always admire him. In this instance the differences are too minute to mention, but the admiration is thorough. We have here a *teacher's* commentary, but there is no student or preacher in the land who would not be the better for reading it. We can assure our readers of a high pleasure and not a little profit if they will procure the book. The infinity of Scripture is illustrated by such a work, for here is a man who sees things for himself, and with his own eyes; and he spies out teachings which other, and possibly more profound, expositors have never observed. Were ten thousand more open-eyed observers to enter upon the same field there would be always opportunity for new discoveries. Our examination of Mr. Glover's book has been its own reward. We feel indebted to him for much real and intense pleasure. Those who read his notes in the *Sunday School Chronicle* will rejoice to possess them in this abiding form.

Heart-Fellowship with Christ. By the Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN. Hodder and Stoughton.

EVERYTHING that W. Poole Balfern writes is full of gracious teaching, holy unction, and evangelical truth. His pen is never dipped in gall, but is always lovingly employed in the exaltation of Christ and him crucified. There is about all his works the aroma of the bruised spices, for he has had a full share of bodily suffering and mental affliction, which have made him prize all the more the doctrines of grace which have sustained him in every time of trial. Being laid aside from the public ministry of the word, "and with the shadows of evening now falling thickly around him," he desires in the volume before us, as in his first book, "Glimpses of Jesus," published nearly thirty years ago, "to exalt the Saviour in the affections of his people." The first portion of this work consists of brief meditations upon the titles and offices of Christ, with a short prayer appended to each of the fifty-two readings, which are marked out for each Sabbath in the year. Many afflicted believers will be helped and cheered by these "Glimpses of Jesus," as thousands of others have been by the previous volume bearing that name. "Christ in the Christian's Life" is the subject of the second half of the book, which also contains some choice specimens of Mr. Balfern's poetic genius. The volume is full of Christ and him crucified; and what more can we say to commend it to all who love the Lord Jesus, and long to be perfectly conformed to him?

Notes.

ON *Monday evening, June* 9, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. After tea, brief addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. J. T. Dunn, J. W. Harrald, Duncan S. Miller, and James Stiff. The need of this useful society is as great as ever, for many country pastors receive so little from their impoverished churches that they can scarcely support their families, and were it not for Mrs. Evans and her kind helpers they would often lack proper garments in which to minister before the Lord. During the past year 57 parcels were sent out, containing 2594 articles of clothing for the pastors and their wives and children, besides 429 yards of dress material and flannel, and 150 sheets, blankets, and quilts. The estimated value of the society's gifts was £373 16s. 10d. The report contained extracts from several letters written by ministers who had been helped by our good sisters, who must have felt well rewarded by the grateful appreciation of their kind services. The Treasurer was able to announce that there was a balance of £7 6s. 10½d. in hand, and the Pastor and Mr. Stiff each promised to give the same amount, so that the society should have a good start for the new year. If any of our lady friends can help at the working

meetings, they will be heartily welcomed; possibly others can assist with their needles at home. Contributions and materials, or parcels of clothing, should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. T. Carter has accepted the pastorate of the church at Barking, Essex; and Mr. G. W. Davidson has settled at Milton, Oxon. Mr. W. F. Edgerton has removed from Gamlingay to King-street, Oldham, Lancashire; and Mr. R. Marshall from Birmingham to Hayle, Cornwall.

Mr. A. R. Morgan, of Fairford, Gloucestershire, hopes shortly to sail for the United States. We cordially commend him to our American brethren, and trust he will soon find a church of which he can become the pastor.

We have so large a number of applicants for admission to the College, that it will be useless for any more candidates to write this year. As soon as possible we shall select those whom we can receive after the summer vacation, which will commence in the middle of this month, and terminate on Sept. 1st. We have not yet heard whether any church intends to follow the good example set by Pastor G. W. White and his friends, at Enfield, last year, by inviting the students to spend the first day of the autumn session with them. Pastor W. H. Vivian of Loughton, and his friends, have invited all the London ministers educated in the College to pay them a visit on July 1st.

Monday, June 16, was the day set apart for united prayer by the churches in the College Association. The President issued a brief note to the pastors in the United Kingdom, reminding them of the arrangement made at the Conference. Many pastors have written cheering reports of the meetings at which they were present, and we trust that all the churches will receive an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to the earnest, believing supplications which were offered. At the Tabernacle we had an unusually large attendance, and the prayers of the brethren had special reference to the approaching Jubilee celebration.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been holding services at Dundee during the greater part of the past month. Large numbers have been attracted to hear the word, and many souls have been saved. On June 19th they held a Jubilee Meeting, from which a message of congratulation was telegraphed to the assembly at the Tabernacle. Our brethren are now taking their summer holiday. Towards the end of next month they go to Galashiels and Hawick, and possibly other places in the neighbourhood; and in October they are to visit Belfast.

Pastor A. A. Saville reports that many were blessed during *Mr. Burnham's* visits to Carlisle and Houghton, and, as usual, the household in which the Evangelist stayed was gladdened with the joy of conversion. This we take as one of the best tokens of the Lord's approval of our brother's ministry.

Mr. Russell's services at West Drayton were well attended, and several received the truth that was preached. Pastor A. Smith believes that the church will be substantially benefited by the recent mission, and the sermons by Pastor D. Honour, of Deptford, who followed up the Evangelist's efforts with much success. During the past month Mr. Russell has been again in the Potteries district, where he has done good work, notwithstanding the difficulties caused by the miners' strike, and the consequent poverty and depression.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, who have just completed their first year of united service, report that at Taunton many young people were led to the Saviour. At Dalton-in-Furness the congregations were largely composed of men, several of whom were converted. This month our brethren are to visit Horsforth, near Leeds, after which they will rest awhile. They have a few vacant dates between this time and Christmas, for which application may be made through Pastor T. Perry, 4, Palmerston Terrace, Lordship Lane, S.E.

ORPHANAGE.—*The Annual Fête* will be held on *Wednesday, July 16th*. Although this year the Jubilee Celebrations have made our meeting a month later than usual, we hope it will be quite as successful as in the past. Will *all* our collectors oblige us by bringing or sending their boxes or books, with the amounts collected, so that they may have them exchanged for new ones if they are, as we trust, willing to continue their kind services to the orphans? The new buildings, of which the memorial stones were laid at the last *fête*, will be opened, and among the speakers we expect our son Thomas, from Auckland. He was unable to reach home by his father's birthday, as he had promised to preach at the opening of the new Tabernacle, erected by our good friend, Mr. Gibson, at Launceston, Tasmania, for the ministry of Pastor A. Bird. It is appropriate that, as our son bade his friends "good-bye" at the Orphanage, nearly five years ago, he should greet many of them again at the same place. The programme for the day is not yet fully arranged, but we shall endeavour to make it as interesting as on former occasions. Among the speakers we expect W. S. Caine, Esq. M.P., and the Revs. Canon Fleming, Owen Davies, and Colmer B. Symes.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have been very successful in their West of England tour. Meetings were held at Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Totnes, Plymouth, Liskeard, Looe, St. Austell, Falmouth, Redruth, Penzance, Hayle, Helston, Truro, and Torquay. The funds of the Orphanage will be augmented by some hundreds of pounds by the tour, and much information concerning the Insti-

tution has been given, from which a golden harvest may be anticipated in the future. In many of the cities and towns the chief magistrates presided at the meetings, and everywhere the boys won the highest praise for their singing, bell-ringing, recitations, and conduct, both in public and in the homes where they were located. Ministers of various denominations have worked and spoken heartily on behalf of the Orphanage, and other kind friends have collected subscriptions, or interested ladies and gentlemen in the Institution, and so contributed to the grand result indicated in the large amounts acknowledged in the present magazine. What can we say to all our generous helpers to express the gratitude we feel for all that they have done for our fatherless family? We pray that the Lord will abundantly reward them, in his own gracious way, for all their love to us and the orphans under our care.

The month of August is the time when we give the children a holiday. As some of them have no relatives who can entertain them, we are always glad to hear from friends in the country, or at the sea-side, who will welcome any of the friendless lads or lassies for the whole or a part of the vacation. All particulars can be obtained of Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary writes:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon, the work of the Colportage Association is going on well, but we want more of it done. Seventy Colporteurs are a fair staff to keep working regularly, but the organization is ready for as many more, only needing an extra hand or two to collect the books, &c., for the increased number of men employed.

"Friends who have not seen the Annual Report should send for one, and see for themselves the grand work which is being done by our band of earnest workers.

"Yours very sincerely,
"W. CORDEN JONES."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 22, twenty-one; May 26, ten; May 29, twenty-six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Mitchell	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lectures by Pastor W. G. Hailstone, Falmouth	1	10	7
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Hornsey-rise Chapel Bible Classes, per Pastor Frank M. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haydon	5	5	0
Friends at St. Andrew's-street Chapel, Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn:—			
Mr. T. W. Doggett ... 5 0 0			
Mr. E. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. C. F. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. G. E. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. F. G. Gifford 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Nutter 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Toller 1 1 0			
Mr. J. S. Watts 1 1 0			
Pastor T. G. Tarn 1 1 0			
	13	8	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Boyack ...	2	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	2	0	0
Mr. H. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. John Neal	3	3	0
Mrs. Margaret Wilson	0	10	0
Hoghton-street Baptist Church, Southport...	2	2	0
R. P.	10	6	0
Cornish youth, S. America	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. J. D. Link	5	5	0
Trusting-one	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. Philip Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Mr. T. B. Maddox...	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Wiessell	0	2	6
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	21	0	0
"K. J."	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. M. Morgan	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 18 ... ... 16 18 11			
„ 25 ... ... 31 3 7			
June 1 ... ... 30 16 7			
„ 8 ... ... 31 7 3			
	113	6	4
	£255	1	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Little always helps	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Fleming	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	0	10	0
Mr. J. Norkett	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Boyack ...	1	0	0
A Friend at Bethesda Chapel, Sunderland	0	4	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Salem Friends, Cheltenham	1	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Ernest B. Creasey	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. Fred. Edge	0	1	6
Mr. Joseph Cope	4	17	0
Mr. D. Fowler	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. Robinson Hindle	90	0	0
South-street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Greenwich	2	10	0
Mrs. Margaret Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley...	3	0	0
J. N. O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	6	0
A dying tribute for the Orphanage ...	0	9	2
S. H.	0	2	6
S. S.	0	5	0
Mr. D. Wilson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	15	10
Collected at Meeting of Messrs. Barrow's men at Haddon Hall	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander Wren	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. J. Leeson	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Palmer, per Mr. Spurgeon... ...	0	5	0
Cornish youth, S. America	1	0	0
Miss Newman	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris...	5	5	0
Mrs. Shearman	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	0	9	5
Miss Louisa Glover	0	1	0
Mr. N. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	0	0
Postal Order from Tring...	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	10	4
Mrs. E. Tyeth, Plymouth	100	0	0
Miss Marjorie Grieve	0	3	0
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage Gates...	0	8	10
Miss Bundock	0	2	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Eustace	1	5	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	5	0
Rev. J. E. Cracknell	0	10	0
Mrs. Larlham	2	2	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stevenson	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Smith	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
"Dolly," Munster Lodge, per Miss Lila Hall	1	0	0
W. S....	0	2	6
Mrs. W. S.	0	2	6
Birds from Paradise	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Bazaar Articles sold by Mrs. Walker...	0	7	6
Miss M. Bayley	1	0	0
Miss E. Eno...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wood, per Mrs. M. Angus ...	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	7	0
Mr. T. B. Maddox...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Parsons	5	0	0
A poor Christian in Braemar	0	1	0
Mr. T. Wiessell	0	2	6
K. J.	4	4	0
Mrs. Mary Dickson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	3	1	0
Mrs. Mills	0	6	0
Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker's box, Thame	4	5	2
Mrs. H. Dodwell	1	0	0
Miss Loosemore	0	5	0
Mrs Davis	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Mr. Freeman Cooper	1	0	0
A servant, L. M.	0	5	0
Three friends at Cheam, per Mr. W. G. Clow	0	6	0
Dr. Bennet	2	2	0
Darby and friends...	1	0	0
Miss Barker	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. John T. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mrs Sale	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. S. T. Barratt's box	0	12	6
Miss Adams' Bible Class	0	3	6
Mr. David Lofts	0	2	6
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. Leach 1 0 0			
Mr. Gregory 0 5 0			
Mr. Beecroft 0 5 0			
——— ——— 3 12 0			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Hall	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
L. K. D.	1	11	6
G. F. P.	1	0	0
Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir, after local expenses:—			
Cambridge, per Mr. G. Apthorpe 30 7 9			
Bath, per Mr. G. Cox ... 42 14 5			
Bristol, Tyndale Chapel, per Mr. Robinson ... 10 2 8			
Bristol, Broadmead Chapel, per Pastor E. G. Gange... 36 16 9			
Penzance, per Mr. W. A. Glasson 30 12 6			
Plymouth, per Mr. R. C. Serpell 46 2 6			
Mutley Chapel, per Mr. B. Adams 10 6 8			
Totnes, per Mr. Hayman... 15 15 0			
Looe, per Mr. Hicks ... 15 2 6			
Exeter, per Pastor W. J. Hillier 10 9 6			
Liskeard, per Pastor W. Ewens 13 17 6			
Torquay, per Pastor E. Edwards 50 0 0			
Helston, per Mr. J. Best... 45 15 0			
Falmouth, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone ... 45 5 8			
Hayle, per Mr. J. Bazeley 20 0 6			
Redruth, per Pastor J. C. Shanks 37 6 4			
Truro, per Pastor, J. S. Paige 60 0 0			
———	520	15	3
Orphan Boys' and Girls' Collecting Cards, as per List:—			
Boys' 5 9 0			
Girls' 4 3 10			
———	9	12	10
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss S. Ellis	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. M. Morgan	0	10	0
Dr. A. Cummings Air	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wormleighton	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. J. Windeatt	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, June 4th ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Mundy	1	1	0
Miss King, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
	£72	11	10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS: 2 churns of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; a quantity of Spinach, Mr. Wood; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 24 barn gallons of Milk, Mr. J. Higgs, per Mr. J. Rhodes; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; 3 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Owen Clover; a firkin of Butter, W. B. L.; a bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 46 quartern Loaves, Mr. Stephenson.

GENERAL:—Several copies of "The Graphic," Miss T. Traill; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood; 1 cwt. case of Soap, "Anon"; 6 articles for Bazaar, Miss A. Green; 5 shillings for the Girls of No. 1 House, Mrs. Buswell; 200 tablets of toilet Soap, Mr. T. P. Chard; 306 yards of Dress Material and 33 Handkerchiefs, Mr. Joseph Pentelow; 10 articles for Sale Room, "Westwood"; 16 articles for Bazaar, Mrs. Marshall, per "Christian Herald" Office; 24 Handkerchiefs, 2 Sheets, and 2 Pillow Slips, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 72 Straw Hats, Mr. Barford; 21 Straw Hats, Mr. Else; 24 Straw Hats, Mr. Ives; 13 Straw Hats, Mr. Clare; 36 Straw Hats, Mr. A. Plummer; 15 Straw Hats, Mr. Pextie; 48 Straw Hats, Mr. Carruthers; 12 Straw Hats, Mr. Burbridge; 24 Straw Hats, Mr. Mayles; 18 Straw Hats, Mr. Godfrey; 36 Straw Hats, Mr. T. Boutwood; 24 Straw Hats, Mr. Ordish; 12 Straw Hats and Trimmings, Miss Atkinson; 2 Straw Hats with names stamped, Mrs. Weatherhead; and 46 Hats from other friends at Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 Articles, Miss Annie Tidswell; a parcel of Worn Linen, Mrs. Kingham; 51 Articles, Miss Dawson; 6 Pinafores, Mrs. F. G. Ladds; 38 Articles, "Cambray Dorcas Society," per Miss S. Jones; 37 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 15 Articles, Mr. Joseph Pentelow; 22 pairs Girls' Hose, Mr. Wm. Hicks; 136 Articles for "Reading House," the Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—15 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. M. A. Holcombe; 2 Shirts, Miss Coelte; 26 pairs Hand Knitted Socks, Mr. Wm. Hicks; 3 Night Shirts, H. B.; 6 pairs of Hand Knitted Stockings, Mrs. John Clarke; 17½ yards Cloth, Mr. Joseph Pentelow.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Third List).—Maxted, G., 4s; Jennings, Alfred, 7s 6d; Joy, Arthur, 1s; Spurgeon, H., 3s; Martin, A., 1s 6d; Taylor, P., 1s; Lawrence, H., 2s; Miller, C., 5s; Davis, W., 4s 8d; Bridges, C., 10s; Usher, C., 4s 7d; Howard, F., 2s; Vardill, W. H., 3s; Andrews, F., 4s 6d; Wills, Fred., £1 0s 6d; Brock, H., 4s 6d; Dance, H., 8s; Chennell, F., 4s; Brown, H., 10s; Sarel, J. B., 2s; Imeson, Chas., 2s 3d; Barrett, Geo., 3s; Berry, G., 1s.—Total Boys' Cards, £5 9s 8d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Third List).—Beith, Alice, 3s; Cowlin, E., 2s.; Temple, L., 10s.; Webley, E., 1s 1d; Lawson, F. A., 7s; A. Williams, 14s; Glover, M., 6s 6d; Lawrence, M., 2s; Males, S. J., 2s 9d; Bishop, L. F., 1s 3d; Butler, K., 6d; Griffiths, L., 1s; Dance, F., 10s; Poole, A., 3s 9d; Appleyard, A., 6s; Davies, E. B., 10s; Conyard, E., 3s.—Total Girls' Cards, £4 3s 10d.

Orphanage Choir Meetings.—Some items, included in above totals, sent by correspondents for acknowledgment.—HELSTON, per Mr. John Best:—Mrs. Guy, 5s; Mr. Wearne, £1; Miss Atkinson, Windsor, £1; Miss A. Chegwidden, £1; Miss Janie Saundry, £1; Mr. Haswell, 10s; Mr. Reynolds, 5s; Mr. Heynes, £1; Misses Heynes, £1; Mr. J. Cunnack, 2s 6d; Mr. Berenger, 5s; Mr. J. Carter, 5s; Mr. G. H. Carter, 5s; Mr. Trengrouse, 5s; Mr. F. V. Hill, 10s; Mr. Shakerley, 10s; Mr. E. P. Kendall, £1; Mr. Jos. T. Mullion, 10s; Mr. John T. Mullion, 5s; Mr. W. Roberts, 5s; Mr. J. G. Reed, 10s; Miss Reed, 10s; Miss Collins, £5; Mr. R. S. Martyn, J.P., £4; Mr. W. Trevenen, 10s; Mr. John Toy, jun., 10s; Mr. J. Gill, 10s; Mr. Winkworth, 5s; Mrs. Harris, 1s; Mr. H. Toy, 2s 6d; Mr. C. Bray, 2s 6d; Mr. T. Davey, 5s; Mr. R. Woolcock, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Best, £5; Miss Best, £2; Miss M. Best, £1; A Friend, £1.

TRURO, per Pastor J. S. Paige:—Brydges Williams, Esq., M.P., £1 1s; H. Webster Lawson, Esq., £5; the Misses Tweedy, 5s; Captain Northey, 2s 6d; Captain Tregen, 2s; Mr. Pearce, Newquay, 5s; Sir J. M. Hogg, Bart, M.P., £1 1s; Mrs. James Buttershill, £2; Mr. W. J. Clyma, 10s 6d; Mr. W. Norton, 10s; Mr. T. Hicks, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Martin, £1; Captain Rouse, per Miss Rouse, 10s; Mr. Lake, per Mr. Haddon, 10s; Mr. Gill, per Mrs. Ferris, £1 1s; Erfurt House Boarding School, £1 1s; Collected by Miss Vivian, £1 10s 6d; Miss Rouse, £1 10s; Miss Colwill, 11s; Mrs. Row, £2 12s; Miss Allen, 11s.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Dumfries	1	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Butcher	1	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Palmer	1	1	0
Mr. M. J. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. James Withers ...	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Rosling	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory ...	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Toomer ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mrs. Charles Simonds ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Lousley	0	5	0
Mr. Hunt	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0
Robbie and Russell Jackson	0	5	6
Mr. Dawbarn	0	2	6
Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6
Mr. Fawcett	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Shepherd	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Parfitt	0	2	0
Mr. Baker	0	1	3
Harriett Cooper	0	1	1
Mr. Turner	0	1	0
Mrs. Collins...	0	1	0
Mrs. Lawrance	0	1	0
	11	17	10

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
In memory of loved ones... ...	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss S. Pierce	1	0	0
	£32	18	10

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas R., for Sellindge	10	0	0
Aughton Moss District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Tring	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington (quarterly) ...	5	0	0
	£85	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Stamps, per C. H. S.	0	2	9
Mrs. E. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert	1	0	0
J. & C. B.	1	1	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	20	0	0
Part of Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	75	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	8	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	0	0
Miss Burge, per Pastor J. Barton ...	0	5	6
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Thompson	25	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mrs. Duncombe	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0
Garnet, Daphne, Strawberry, and Dot.	10	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. John T. Stevenson	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	15	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. M. Morgan	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Olney	2	2	0
Mrs. C. L. Russell...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Norris	0	10	6
Miss E. Newman	2	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mr. Cockrell	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. Geo. Tomkins...	2	2	0
	£185	6	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of Collection at Brough, per Mr. Burnham	0	8	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Edinburgh ...	32	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horner	1	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Thompson...	50	0	0
J. A. M.	0	5	0
"From the Master"	20	0	0
Mr. Robert McDowell	5	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at West Drayton...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Carlisle and Houghton ...	3	0	3
The late Mrs. Allan	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	18	3	5
Mr. S. R. Turner	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Leicester ...	15	0	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	
D. E. G., Wilts	0	3	0
	£163	9	8

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Mr. Chas. E. Tidswell, 10s; Miss Dixon, per Mr. Dunn, 7s 6d; Mrs. Griffiths, £2.

JUBILEE TESTIMONIAL FUND.—£50 Bank of England Note, No. 07080, has been safely and gratefully received.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

Colportage Association.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

Rev. J. A. SPURGEON.

Committee.

Mr. C. F. Allison.	Mr. M. Llewellyn.
„ J. Buswell.	„ J. Passmore, Junr.
„ J. J. Cook.	„ W. Payne.
„ G. Everett.	„ S. R. Pearce.
„ G. Goldston.	„ F. Thompson.
„ G. Gregory.	„ C. Waters.
„ J. Hall.	„ Woollard.

Hon. Sec.

Mr. C. P. CARPENTER.

General Sec.—Rev. W. CORDEN JONES.

THE

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT,

1883.

OFFICE AND DEPÔT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,

SOUTHWARK, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1883.

THE Committee commend the following Report of the work of the Association to the prayerful consideration of the Christian reader, gratefully acknowledging the goodness of God which has enabled them to complete another of the many years since the Association was founded. They also take this opportunity of thanking the generous donors who have contributed the necessary funds, and trust that many more may feel led to aid in spreading the Gospel and pure literature.

The need was never greater than at present for such work. Education is enlarging the number of readers by thousands every year, and the enemies of purity and truth are increasingly active in using the printing press for their own purposes, to the temporal and eternal ruin of many. Let the church not neglect such a tremendous engine for good as a Christianized press, "whose leaves shall be as a tree of life for the healing of the nations."

Colportage was once a foreign and ancient mode of evangelizing, practised by a few obscure mountaineers of the Italian Alps in the Middle Ages; but it is no longer a foreign agency or a modern experiment. Experience proves that "it is second to none" in dealing with the question of the hour, which is, How to press home the Gospel individually upon the multitudes who neglect God and never enter a place of worship.

The fact that 392,745 regular visits to families have been made by our Colporteurs during the year testifies to the practical character of the work. But this does not include the thousands of cases where the Colporteurs, while engaged in their regular work of selling good and attractive literature, have come into casual contact with people and directed attention to their spiritual interests.

By the roadside, in the kitchen, and in the workshop or factory, these Christian workers are constantly meeting with persons to whom they endeavour to sell a Magazine, Book, or Bible, speak a word for Christ, and lead men to him. Much success has attended these efforts, and many during the year have attributed their conversion directly to the agency of the Colporteurs in the varied branches of their work. The reading of a book or tract, a word spoken by the wayside or in the sick room, the simple preaching of Jesus Christ in the cottage or open air,

all have in turn contributed to the well-being of souls. It is impossible fairly to estimate the results for good of the circulation of so large a quantity of Christian and other reliable publications sold during the year, as tabulated in the following figures:—Books and Bibles, 228,573; Magazines, 290,017; total value £8,156 18s. 7d., including £235 9s. 4d. by book agents, &c., and many thousands of Tracts gratis. But while the extent of the blessing cannot be fully realised, many illustrative cases will be found in the extracts from agents' journals which follow. Bad books have been given up for good ones, drunkards have been made sober, and sinners led to the Cross of Christ. Working with all Evangelical denominations, but restricted to none, the Association has laboured amid manifest tokens of the Divine blessing for which the Committee cannot feel too grateful. Liberal help has also again been continued by the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society by substantial grants of Books at reduced prices, for which the Committee gladly acknowledge their indebtedness.

In conclusion, they would earnestly appeal to all who value Evangelical truth and the blessings of a pure and elevating literature to aid them to stem the torrent of infidelity and injurious reading, now so widespread and baneful in their effects.

The number of Colporteurs employed is 72; but the Committee are prepared to start others where £40 a year can be obtained in subscriptions, and it is hoped that applications will be numerous during the coming year.

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 percentage 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, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE COLPORTEURS' REPORT.

In printing the selections below from Colporteur's letters, &c., a few under each heading will be found as illustrations of hundreds more of similar character.

CONTINUED INTEREST IN COLPORTAGE.

"I have much pleasure in being able to say, that throughout my district there are here and there signal tokens of the Lord's blessing resting on my labours. I have laboured here for upwards of nine years, and I find that my visits are welcomed more than they were, and many are anxiously waiting for me to pay them a visit, and bring their books."

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO-DAY, SIR.—"In the course of my visitation, I am constantly hearing the foregoing remark from people on whom I call. On one occasion, I had scarcely reached the door of the cottage, and before I had seen or spoken to anyone, the good woman from within called out to me, saying, 'I don't want anything to-day, Sir.' Thanking her I turned away, but while retracing my steps the words struck me so forcibly that I again approached the cottage. On entering I said, I had come back to ascertain if the words I had heard a moment before were strictly true or not. You said you did not want anything; of course that would lead anyone to suppose that you had got all your heart could wish, that you were quite satisfied with yourself and all your surroundings, and looking into the future, you can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; also, that because he liveth I shall live also, consequently you are looking forward with much joy to that time when your Lord shall call you away from earth to heaven. May I ask if such is the case with you? She answered, 'I wish it was, Sir,' and further told me of her great suffering in her body, especially the pain she had to bear arising from a diseased leg of long standing. After listening to this tale of sorrow, I very kindly told her that she did want something, she wanted at least freedom from bodily pain, and also freedom from sin, and then she would be free from eternal pain; and all this could be obtained by looking away from self and sin to the once-crucified but now exalted Saviour whose words just suited her, 'Come unto me.'"

CONVERSION AT HOME.—"In looking back over the quarter, one cannot but feel grateful as I think and see that our feeble efforts to do good have been blessed. True, I sometimes feel discouraged and cast down, yet, on the whole, the encouragements we get will far outweigh the discouragements, and there is much to cheer us. Every time we enter a village we are more warmly received, and there are very few doors that are not opened to us, and in every house I have an opportunity of speaking a word for the Master, and many a heart is gladdened, and sad countenances brightened as we talk with the people about the love of Christ; the one great difficulty is to get away from them, as they say, 'When are you coming again?' 'Be sure you don't pass without calling.' Various cases come up before us where *our visits or our preaching have been made a blessing*. One is that of a woman; as I entered the house, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Sir, I am so glad you are come; I have been anxiously waiting for you to come. I wanted to speak to you the last time you were here, but my husband and family were in and I did not like to open my mind, but oh, Sir, I am so miserable, and I am afraid I shall be lost;' and she burst into tears. I read several portions of Scripture, and talked to her; I then prayed with her, and as I rose from my knees she exclaimed, 'I see it now; I believe Jesus died for me, and that he has pardoned my sins.' I gave her a tract that I thought would help her. I have seen her once since and found her rejoicing in Christ."

YOUNG AND AGED NOT FORGOTTEN.—"During my visits I have had many interesting conversations with the people in their homes, and have been enabled to speak of a free and full salvation to the aged and the young. One such conversation was with a young woman, who told me she had been at home ill several months, and was then endeavouring to get admittance into the hospital at Salisbury. I asked her what hope she had got for her soul if the sickness of her body should prove fatal; she replied, she had no hope, if she had she would be quite content to die. I told her of Christ, who came not to condemn, but to save and to set His children free from the fear of death. She seemed to drink in every word about the great salvation, and I have every reason to believe that my visit, through God's mercy, was greatly blessed.

to her soul. I was told of much blessing upon a visit paid to an old man who lived by himself. He was ill when I called upon him; I spoke to him of Christ, and prayed with him. When I called the next month I found he had passed away, but was cheered by the neighbours telling me that he had testified that God blessed his soul through the 'man who comes round selling books.' I am thankful, dear sir, for these small tokens of the Master's presence and blessing with me, and earnestly pray richer blessing may yet be given."

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION USEFUL.—"On the 21st of February I went into a country village five miles from home with my pack of books, and sold a fair amount. I called at one house in which there were four women. I said to one of them, 'Are you saved?' The reply was 'No,' and the tears began to run down her face, and she said she had not been able to rest because of her sin; so I told her she was just the one Jesus came to save, and then I told her I would call and see her at her own home in a short time, so after making a few more calls I fulfilled my promise, and after a little religious conversation we both went down on our knees and prayed and believed, and before we got up God spoke pardon to her, and she was able to rejoice in God as her Saviour. I may say she is still going on her way rejoicing."

THE COLPORTEUR AND HOME INFLUENCE.—"A tract entitled 'A Mother's Love,' was liked so by a man that he ordered a hundred to give away. Called at a house where there are two families living and sold them some books. When I first called there a few months ago, neither of them would buy such books as I sold, and they used very bad language and their neighbours gave them very bad characters. I kept calling, and I am glad to say there is a marked change in their behaviour before me, and I have sold them several books. One day I took out 'John Ploughman's Talk,' and read part of the chapter, 'A Good Word for Wives.' They were so pleased with it that they bought it at once. At another place where there are two families living in one house, one woman I believe is trying to do right, but the other is a bad woman, and, as her neighbour says, she is an awful swearer. She is always asking for books that we do not supply, but every month I have managed to sell her something out of my pack. She is now taking in a 6d. magazine.

"I thank God as I look back upon the three years I have been in the district, I feel quite convinced my labours have not been in vain. There are three persons living who say that I have been the means in God's hand of leading them to the Saviour; and several others who have told me that what I have said to them has led them to think, and by other means, in some cases God's providence, in others, the preaching of God's word following, they have been led to Christ."

THE PIG PAID FOR.—"Among others, in December last, I called at a house, and the mistress said, 'Will you have a piece of pork pie?' I thanked her and said, 'I will.' While eating it she said, 'This is the first pig we have killed since we have been married that has been paid for; my husband used to spend his money in drink, and we had to feed the pigs on trust and pay for them after, but this one was 20 score (lbs.), and paid for when killed, and in addition to that—I am thankful to say—my husband has given his heart to God, and it was all brought about by what you said to my husband about a year-and-a-half ago, and the death of our little one in about three months after.'"

A YEAR'S WORK.—In addition to the more regular work, the Colporteur has held 280 Evangelistic Services, unconnected with any particular denomination, where opportunity offered, in the open air, cottages, and other buildings. He has paid 600 visits to families, with the object of offering spiritual advice and consolation; and has distributed gratuitously 7,000 tracts. The following extracts from the Colporteur's Report will illustrate the usefulness of this part of the work:—"Among the visits made in the earlier part of my work, one has been attended with much permanent blessing. The case was that of a woman, mother of a large family, who had long been seeking the Saviour; my visit and words of encouragement were made a blessing to her, and in a short time she was enabled to rejoice in Him whom she had long sought. She first purchased a Bible from me, and afterwards good books as means would allow. . . . . Such is the desire to obtain books, that where ordinary means fail, the rags and bones of the house have been sold, and the money thus obtained applied in purchasing them. . . . In visiting homes, in cases of affliction, where there is no chance of selling books, my work has met with blessing.

As I was about to retire to rest one night, there came two women to my house, requesting me to visit their father, who was very ill; I went that night and about five or six times after, and, before the man passed away, he left the testimony of his acceptance with God." Other cases might be quoted of working people, in the midst of overwhelming cares and troubles, being blessed (through this instrumentality) to a knowledge of that Saviour who "was in all points tempted like as we are."

THE AFFLICTED LOOKED AFTER.—"After working here for a year and nine months, my faith in the value of Colportage as a Christian agency was never greater. I have frequent opportunity for speaking to the families visited about spiritual things. As a result, some have been led to their serious consideration. One woman told me a short time ago, that the words I had spoken to her had been the means by God's blessing of leading her into peace.

"The sick are always glad to see me. One who is an invalid told me when last at her house I should never know fully the amount of good done by thus seeking out the sick and aged, and reading to them God's Word, and commending them to Him in prayer. I often visit those in this way who live in out-of-the-way places, who are especially appreciative. An elderly Christian woman asked my advice the other day with reference to her husband, who is opposed to religion, and would not allow her to read the Bible to him at night before retiring. His highest conception of life was to pay everybody their due, and look after himself; he ignored the idea that God had any claim upon him. To meet the first difficulty I took her a copy of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Evening by Evening,' a portion of which he listens to with pleasure every night. This book, together with a word spoken judiciously by his wife, seems to be dissipating his prejudice against Christianity, and inducing in him a humbler spirit. This is only one instance; if necessary, I could give many such.

"*The preaching of the Gospel* occasionally is also with much acceptance; whilst I cannot report any direct conversions, there is much to encourage. After an address a young man came and thanked me for it, as it had been blessed to him. I have given some attention to GOSPEL *temperance work*, and I think I am within the truth when I say that 50 persons are total abstainers to-day directly through my influence. Drink is the greatest barrier to the moral and material advancement of the working people.

"*The sales* of books this month are below the average, being only about £11 11s. in value. This is owing to the great depression in trade just now; consequently the people cannot afford much beyond the usual magazines. I see that during this first quarter of '84' I have sold 52 Bibles and Testaments, and 1750 books and magazines, amounting in value to £39 18s. 10d. These have in some instances taken the places of questionable ones, and in others found their way to homes in out-of-the-way places where books are not often thought of. This work is quiet but effective; the wonder is that it is not more extensively taken up by the churches."

VISITING AND RESULTS.—"I have made 6,188 visits in my work during the past year, many of which have been to persons in sickness, trouble, bereavement and death, and I have, by the blessing of God, been able to comfort many by prayer and reading God's Word. One afflicted woman told me she had been confined to the house six years, and expressed the greatest delight at my reading the Scriptures and praying with her, saying what a blessing it was that someone like me should go about finding out these cases. The mother at the wash-tub, as well as the children, will often with pleasure gather around to listen to the old, old story of Jesus and his love. All glory be to Him whose name is

'Manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary rest.'"

MARKETS AND FAIRS.

It is found desirable, in several instances, to allow the Colporteur to have a stal. in the country market or fair. In this way thousands of persons are spoken to and carry to their homes the good seed.

IRONBRIDGE MARKET.—"I have enjoyed much of God's presence and blessing in my work, both in selling of books and speaking a word for the Master in public and private. Just a word this time as to my sales and work in the Ironbridge Market every week. The sales have been very good; whilst in other ways I think the work has been very satisfactory.

"First—In reaching a lot of people who come from a long distance in the country.

"Second.—By way of advertisement, the seeing of a book on my stall and its recommendation by the party seeing it to others, thus helping me in my regular round.

"Third.—A person buying a book, 'Child of Jesus,' one week, came the next week and ordered twelve more, saying that she had been blessed so much by it that she wanted the twelve ordered to give away.

"Fourth.—Have taken an order entirely through exhibition of my books here for 'Fleetwood's Life of Christ,' to be taken in thirty shilling parts.

"My monthly magazine parcel, of which the value was only £1 2s. 2d. when I commenced the work now amounts to £2 15s. 0d.

"I have been successful in securing the orders and making sales in several respectable families. In one, the lady of the house having been induced to read 'Brother John Pearce, Colporteur,' has become very much interested in Colportage work. I am always to call when passing; she has been a good customer ever since.

"Meetings held.—A woman attending one of my regular Cottage Meetings, said, 'Mr. G., I shall never forget the blessed season I have here enjoyed, and I know not only me, but many others as well.' The hearty grasp of the hand, and the eager but happy look from many, speak volumes as to the good of our work here."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—"First I will give a description of market work. Shortly after being appointed Colporteur, it being the annual fair in the district, I determined to have a stall of some kind, and see if I could not do some work for the Master, and spread some good literature at the same time. This was in the middle of September, 1883. I brought out my kitchen table (I had nothing else), and set up a short distance away from the thick of the fair, and displayed the books to the best of my ability. No sooner was I straight than I had a crowd. I had to endure a considerable amount of 'chaff,' and some direct insults, but I went on with my work, and although I did not sell as much as I would have liked, yet I consider ten shillings or thereabouts fairly good.

"Some time after this I went down to Cradley Heath market with my box of books, hired a stall and lamp, and set to work. I got a friend to help me, and together we gave away 300 tracts and sold over £1 worth of goods. We had a congregation at one time of over 300 people."

CONVERSION OF A DISCHARGED SOLDIER.—"In Newport, in one week in March, I met a young man who had just left the army, and he asked me should he carry my pack. I said, 'No, thank you,' but, going into conversation, I found he had been kicked in the leg by his officer's horse, in India. He had been in hospital about three months, and about a week or so from this time he had been looking for employment, but could not succeed, and had the night before been out all night, and he had only had one penny basin of soup for two days. I gave him a few pence, believing him to be a deserving young man. I spoke to him about his soul. He said he had a praying mother, but never thought much of her. I asked him to pray to God with myself that night at ten o'clock, and he promised. A fortnight from this date he came to me in the market, where I had told him to come, and he had a handkerchief full of groceries for the week; he said he had given his heart to God that night, and he shall never forget it. He is now still serving God, doing well, keeping himself clean and tidy, and visits me in the market every Saturday."

SCRIPTURES SOLD.—"Visited Overend, near Cradley and Shortcross. Visited 41 families; sold a Testament to a family that possessed not a single copy or portion of the Scriptures."

TRACTS AND THEIR USEFULNESS.

TWO CASES OF BLESSING.—"Calling at a house on my way home, one woman told me, with tears in her eyes, that through reading a tract called 'Widow Bright,' I left some time before, she had given God her heart. During the month of January, the 9th, a man told me the same tale of joy, through reading a small tract I had left at his house."

HISTORY OF A TRACT.—"I have much pleasure in giving you the history of a tract that I gave away three months ago. The person to whom I gave it met me, and asked if I remembered giving him a tract, and I told him I did. He said, 'That tract was such a blessing to my soul that I put it away very carefully for a few days, when I thought of my son in the Mediterranean; so I wrote a letter to him and sent the tract in it, hoping that the Lord would bless it to him as He did to me. I thank God that I had the happy lot to receive it.'"

A SERVANT SAVED.—"I thank God I have been the means of saving a young woman, a servant at a gentleman's house, in this manner—I knocked at the door and offered introduction card, when she gave utterance to this sentence, 'What do you call this old thing?' I said, 'Give it to the master.' 'He's not in,' she said. I then asked her if she would like a book for herself, but she did not want one, and I gave her a tract, entitled, 'Guilty.' Calling on her the following week, she invited me in; I went, and she told me that the tract I gave her had been the means of saving her soul."

COLPORTEUR ON BOARD SHIP.

"I have lately devoted a part of the Sabbath to visiting ships and distributing tracts to the sailors. When I go on board they always welcome me, and then we have religious conversation. I sometimes find Christians on board. Sunday mornings is the best time, as most of the crew have nothing to do before dinner. Sometimes I find them mending their boots; some reading newspapers, and some writing, and some walking about with nothing to do. As soon as I begin to distribute the tracts they leave their work and put their newspapers away. I then speak to them about their souls, and give them a hearty welcome to join us in our evening service. If they can get on shore, sometimes they come. Sometimes there are foreign ships in harbour. I go on board of these."

PREACHING AND COTTAGE MEETINGS.

Though an addition to Colportage proper, many of the agents engage in preaching the gospel in a simple way, and several have been very useful.

UNDENOMINATIONAL WORK.—*Sunday and Week Evening Services.*—"On Sundays I am generally engaged in preaching the good old gospel of 'good will to man,' and some most blessed and refreshing seasons we have had amongst our Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodist friends, in their various places of worship in this district. Old Christians have been helped on in the old good narrow way, and others have professed to find peace, through faith, in the all-atoning blood and finished work of Jesus Christ our Lord. I am very pleased to make mention of our week-night services which have been held during the past three or four months, they have for the most part been well attended, especially at some of the chapels, where, heretofore, few week-night services have been held for the past few years. At such meetings we have endeavoured to bring the gospel before the people in the most attractive form, and the meetings have been made lively with song, and I am believing that good must and will follow, for 'Our labour is not in vain in the Lord.' During the past winter months we have delivered fourteen lectures in the different places of worship around us, illustrated with views. With pleasure we report that the meetings have been crowded each evening and much enjoyment experienced while going through the life of our Lord with about 50 striking views to illustrate his life on earth, and best of all it has come to our knowledge that not a few received much good through our efforts on these occasions."

AN AGED MAN LED TO JESUS.—"Another case is that of an old man, 70 years of age. He said to me one day, 'I thank God that ever you came here to preach, I used to think I was all right until one day I heard you preach. I was then led to see that I was wrong, and that I had been living in the dark all my life, and a few Sundays after, when you were preaching again, I was enabled to rejoice in Christ as my Saviour; and now, though I am an old man, my work goes lighter, and I am very happy, and oh, it does me good when I see you, because I know you were the means of bringing me to Christ.' I said to him, 'My friend, give God the glory'; he said, 'I do, but oh, Sir, go on to preach Christ, for I fear there are many like myself.' Thus one is cheered in the thought that our feeble efforts are blessed to the good of souls. It is a source of very great joy to me to be able to point a poor perishing sinner to Christ. During the three last months I have conducted or taken part in about 17 services each month. May the Lord make us more abundantly useful, for his Name's sake."

CONVERSION IN COTTAGE MEETING.—"In the evening I held a Cottage Meeting in one of the rows, and there a young fisherman gave his heart to the Lord. Since then I have helped at many meetings, both in speaking and pointing souls to Jesus."

COLPORTEURS PREACHING USED.—"After preaching one Sunday in our own little chapel at Cookhill I noticed a strange gentleman; the following week he wrote to me telling me the word was blessed to him."

A YEAR OF SERVICES.—"I have delivered 152 sermons and addresses on gospel and temperance subjects, besides the prayer meetings and Sunday School work, as for three months I conducted a Sunday School five miles from my house, which was without a Superintendent. I am thankful to say the work has not been without God's blessing. At an open-air meeting last summer a man received impressions which afterwards resulted in his conversion. One Sunday evening, two girls from the Sunday School professed to have found Jesus, they still give every token that the change was a real one.

"I have distributed 2,862 tracts in homes, by the wayside, and to men at their work, and they have invariably been received kindly. The results I must leave with Him who has said 'My word shall not return unto me void,' &c."

FRUIT OF OPEN-AIR WORK.—"Some time ago I told you of a place where I used to go during the summer months to hold open-air meetings. When I was there the other day I heard of the conversion of three young men that first got their convictions, if not converted, at those meetings. To use the words of a man who told me about them, 'We beat the bush but someone else caught the birds.' Thank God they are caught. Another is the case of a woman in this village who heard me give an address one Sunday afternoon, and the word was blessed to the conversion of her soul. She came to me one morning before I went out and told me how she had wanted to tell me before but could not, and she said I shall always feel thankful to you; and now her husband is trusting in Christ and their home is happy. Another is that of a young woman of praying parents who for years has been leading a gay life, but now she has given up her former habits and is an earnest and sincere Christian, and she told me that God made me the means of her conversion. One day I quoted a text and it made an impression upon her, and I spoke to her, and she told me she thought she was too bad for God to forgive her. I pointed her to the promises, and one evening I read a tract to her, and she told me that it was through that she was led into peace through believing. Thus is the work going on here. I am persuaded that not till the last great day will be known the good that has been done by the Colportage Association."

RESULTS FROM PREACHING SERVICES.—"A young man, having given his heart to Christ at a week evening service, informed me that I invited him to the service that very morning, when I was giving tracts among a lot of working-men about two miles away. A month afterwards the same young man purchased a nice pocket Bible to carry with him, also ordered the 'Sunday at Home' monthly, and changed his lodgings because unfavourable to his new and better life.

"Also, a woman remarked, 'I do like your Butter-cross services. I have been thinking it over; I want——you know——I want——you know——,' I said, 'You want Salvation.' 'Yes,' she replied. May the Lord Himself give her peace."

RESULTS OF BOOKS, &c. SOLD.

SUPPLANTING INJURIOUS LITERATURE.—"I should be very much better satisfied if I could sell more good books and could see souls saved, but the latter is the Lord's work and not mine; but I see very much success accomplished in my work apart from immediate conversions to God. There is what I in my ignorance call 'stemming or counteracting' work. What would be the influence of bad literature and fortune telling, &c., at great houses where many giddy young females live, if the pure literature was not carried and circulated by us, and a word of warning spoken for the Lord in such places? And yet some ladies and gentlemen would not allow us to call if they knew, but I thank God all are not of that mind. I believe I have been blessed to counteract a good deal of the evil in that way. I succeeded in placing John Ploughman's Almanack in a place where rubbish had been posted previously.

"People speak sometimes of much enjoyment in reading the gospel tracts we distribute. One woman said she had derived very great benefit from reading a book I sold her—'Prince of the House of David.'"

COLPORTEUR THE ONLY VISITOR.—"I am well received all through the district, and am often told that if I did not call to see the people nobody would. The reason is there are no ministers in the villages except the church minister, and in several villages there is no one at all; only in two is there a nonconformist minister, out of the twenty-seven which I visit. At Lockerby there are some coming forward to join the church. I go there once a month, mostly the first Sunday.

"The little work 'God's Light on Dark Clouds,' is very much liked; I think it will do good; and 'Garfield's Life' is very much liked, and they sell well. I find I have

rather more subscribers for monthly periodicals than I ever had, and they increase. This is cheering. *I never see one of those vile publications now; there were plenty when I came here. This is a good sign, and we know good books have taken their place.*"

INFLUENCE OF GOOD BOOKS.—"I find that for the year ending December 31st, 1883, I have taken for books and magazines £140 2s. 11d.

"Although I often meet with those who do not want any such books as I carry (they say my books are all so religious), still, many do buy, and I believe that good is being done. A lady bought 'The Life of President Garfield,' and gave it to a young man, and she told me afterwards that she believed it had done him much good. Another person read a part of it, and she wanted one for herself, and she hoped everybody would read it. Have sold a lot of 'Peep behind the Scenes,' 'Christie's Old Organ,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Black Speck,' &c. I believe these little books have done and are still doing a good work in this district.

"First let me notice *bookselling and its results.* Although I cannot speak with certainty of conversions, I am very hopeful of several, especially one young woman who took the 'Sunday at Home,' and who professed to have derived great good from it during an illness, and from enquiries I have made I have every hope that she has found Jesus. I have several testimonies to great moral good resulting to young men and others. I find people will read or get others to read to them, and by a little tact I am often able to get them to take good literature instead of the trashy, sensational stuff they have had before. I have during the last thirteen months added 272 new subscribers to my list, and scarcely lost any except by removal from the neighbourhood.

"A woman attending our Cottage and Open-Air Services has given up reading her penny weekly novel, and taken to reading the 'Christian Herald' instead. Another woman, who keeps a respectable lodging-house, testifies as follows:—'Yours are good books, Mr. C———, our young men have spent many a happy evening with them indoors.'"

BOOKS SOLD LEADING TO CONVERSION, OR OTHER BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

GOOD FROM A PRAYER BOOK.—"To day a poor woman at whose house I called, said to me, 'I have been looking forward to your coming round this time, as I wanted to see you. Have you a little book called "Prayers for Private Use" with you.' I said, 'No, I have not.' She said, 'Will you get me two next time, and do you remember selling one to my neighbour a short time ago?' I said, 'Yes, I remember bringing her one.' 'Well,' she said, 'I am so glad to tell you that it has been lent to my husband, and the Lord has blessed it to his soul's salvation. He was very ill when she lent it to him and we all thought he was dying, but the Lord has spared him. But if he had died he felt that he was safe. He said it was the reading of the book which brought peace to his mind, and now he is raised a new man and is going down to the chapel as soon as he is able to tell what the Lord has done for him.' The woman said she used to have preaching in her cottage for eighteen months to which he would never stay at home; and at last forbad the preachers to come any more. But now he wants the two books to give away, one for the village, and one to send to his son, who is a long way off, hoping that they may receive the like blessing through them."

GRACE AND TRUTH.—"All that I could say at this time seemed but of little use, and I recommended a little book entitled 'Grace and Truth' which could be read and studied after I had gone. The same was purchased and read, for on my next monthly visit I was greeted with much joy and very much thanked for having said anything about the one thing needful, even faith in Christ, but more particulary for selling the book which had indeed been the means in God's hands of opening her heart to his knowledge and love; her words being, 'I do love that book, I have had it on the table before me all day ever since, and I tell everybody about it.' I encouraged her to hold fast, and came away rejoicing, giving praise to our God."

MR. SPURGEON'S WORKS VALUED.—"A woman said she thought Mr. Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning' and 'Evening by Evening' were dear at the time she bought them, but she had derived great blessing from them that money could not buy, and would not now be without them. She belongs to the Church of England. Another said, 'That last book you sold me is the nicest book I ever bought; I get great help from it.' This was Mr. Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning.

"I find the 'Prince of the House of David' spoken of very highly very often, also Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.

"A woman at a lone house said the other day, 'We are so glad to see you, to bring us books and speak to us, for no one else comes to us.'

"Another said, 'I wish you would bring me, when you come again, one of your monthly books, as my daughter is so fond of reading 'Bow Bells,' and I want to break her of it.'

"Mrs. A. of M. says that she has received much blessing through 'Waymarks to Wanderers.' Mrs. T. at T., who said she was so full of doubt and fears, has been enabled to place her whole trust in God through reading some poetry in 'The British Workwoman.' Mr. D. of F. speaks to me of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Present Truth' as being the means, in God's hands, of doing him a lot of good. Mr. B. of F. tells me that the book that he bought of me has been made a great blessing among his family. I could mention other similar cases through either the book sold, the word spoken, or the prayer offered.

"Offered on sale to a lady 'Present Truth' by C. H. Spurgeon. 'Yes,' she says, 'I must have that for I am very anxious to be right, and all Mr. Spurgeon's works help me very much. Bring me another of his Farm Sermons to lend out.' I believe she has been saved by Christ through reading Mr. Spurgeon's works."

A Family Converted.—"I called upon a woman whose son had a broken leg, caused by his uncle throwing him over a hedge. I sat down and read part of a book, entitled, 'Her Benny.' The woman began to cry, and after reading a bit farther, she told me to sell her the book, and I did so. I called on her again; she expressed great joy at seeing me, and said that her husband had signed the pledge, given his heart to God, with herself and her daughter, aged 19 years; saying, 'God bless those two little children whose lives they had read in that nice book called 'Her Benny.'"

Reading leads to Enquiry.—"I am glad to tell you that 'A Peep behind the Scenes' and 'A Child of Jesus' have been blessed by God, and the means of causing three people, all living in one of the rounds I travel, to enquire about their souls' salvation. One woman, with her husband, had been accustomed to spend her Sundays in reading 'The Family Herald,' &c., but who, being persuaded to purchase 'A Peep behind the Scenes,' and reading it, was aroused, and led to the house of God; the preaching of His Word was blessed to her soul, and glad at heart am I to tell you both she and her husband have been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light, and although they have left the neighbourhood, yet I keep hearing from them. The last letter was as follows, which was written to a Christian friend:—'Tell Mr. W. my husband and I now spend our Sundays in reading God's Holy Word, 'A Peep behind the Scenes,' and attending God's house. Tell him how thankful we are he ever called at our house and persuaded us to purchase that book.'"

The Printed and Spoken Word.—"A woman who had been reading 'A Peep behind the Scenes,' never before felt that she indeed was a lost sheep, until she read therein about the Good Shepherd. Came to hear me preach, and the Lord sent the word home to her heart. The next Thursday, being that way with my books, calling upon her, she said, 'Praise the Lord, Hallelujah, all is well! How glad I am that ever the Lord sent you here. When will you come and preach to us again? for I am glad to tell you that I am now happy in Jesus. Oh! what blessed books are those two you sold me!'"

Taste for Reading created by the Colporteur.—"There is an increased desire for reading good books all over my district, and very frequently am I told of the benefit derived from reading them. It is now nearly twelve months since I gave one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to a person which led to her decision for God, and who has, since that time, witnessed a good confession before her family. Her husband also has been brought into the liberty of God's own children."

Sales.—"I am glad to report increase of sales during the past year. I find I have realized £214 2s. 8d., increase about £30 on last year. Bibles, 127; Testaments, 117; books over 6d., 1,153; books under 6d., 2,080; magazines, 7,639; tracts given away, 5,000. Although I cannot give any instance of conversion direct from books, yet much seed has been sown, and I pray that it may bear fruit to God's glory. The Lord has been pleased to bless my feeble efforts in preaching to the conversion of souls during the past year, and I am working two Bands of Hope during the week, besides other meetings that I am called upon to attend. I hope that you will remember me in your prayers."

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

Dr. *General Account for the year ending December 31st, 1883.* **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colportours—						
Wages	4,369	15	0			
Expenses	357	14	11			
New Packs	31	5	0			
				4,758	14	11
To Depôt Expenses—						
Salaries, Secretary, Travelling Agent, and Assistants	460	15	8			
Printing and Stationery	66	1	7			
Postages and Bank Charges ...	30	11	7			
Cleaning and Sundries	5	1	4			
New Fixtures	9	5	0			
Advertising and Travelling... ...	14	1	5			
Annual Conference Meeting ...	17	7	7			
Tracts for Distribution	10	0	0			
				613	4	2
To Surplus carried to account of Capital				89	17	8
				£5,461	16	9

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Gross Profit on Sales				1,836	2	0
By Subscriptions—						
For Districts	2,560	7	7			
For General purposes	1,054	4	2			
				3,614	11	9
By Interest on Deposit				11	3	0
				£5,461	16	9

Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1883.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
District Subscriptions paid (in advance)	120	8	2			
Publishers, Printers, &c.	975	2	9			
				1,095	10	11
To Capital—						
As per account to 31st Dec., 1882	1,911	2	8			
Surplus for 1883 (see General Account)	89	17	8			
				2,001	0	4
				£3,096	11	3

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Stock—						
At Depôt	529	5	4			
With Colportours	958	17	9			
				1,488	3	1
By Debtors—						
Colportours' balances (in transit) ...	341	12	0			
Book Agents	19	6	0			
District Subscriptions (in arrear) ...	236	17	6			
				597	15	6
By Cash—						
Balance in Hand	510	12	8			
„ on Deposit	500	0	0			
				1,010	12	8
				£3,096	11	3

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

[illegible] General Secretary. JAMES A. SPURGEON. [illegible]

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1884.

Common, but Saddening.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have seen it mentioned as a wonder, by old Puritan writers, that certain fish live in the salt sea, and yet their flesh is not salt. We have met with far greater singularities in the spiritual world, namely, men who live in a sea of grace, and yet are not gracious. It is very saddening to see professing Christians who are not even restrained from irreligious actions by the fact that they have made a profession of godliness. They have a name to live and are dead. The Ethiopian is called a white man, but he remains as black as ever. The hovel is labelled a palace, yet no attempt is made even to keep it decently clean. We know persons who hold orthodox opinions, and hold them firmly too, and grow warm in their defence; and yet they are not in the least degree affected by those glorious truths, but might for all practical purposes be upon the other side. We cannot make out how they can carry the heavenly fire in their bosoms, and not be burned; how they can swim in the boiling fountain of truth, and not be warmed by it. When they are in suitable company such persons will converse upon spiritual truths, and they will do so with an apparent acquaintance with them, and yet in their ordinary lives they are as dead to spiritual realities as if there were no such things. They believe that the ungodly are perishing, but they do not warn them, and they do not appear to have any concern that they should be spoken to by others about their souls. They believe in the power of prayer, and seem pleased that others should pray, but they themselves do not draw nigh unto God, neither can they bear any kind of personal testimony to the efficiency of sup-

plication. To all intents and purposes they are unaffected by influences which are powerful beyond all others. On a burning day we laid our hand upon a marble slab, which was exposed to the sun, and we were startled by its coldness: such are these persons. They live under a shower of grace, and are not wet; they grow by the rivers of water, and no dew moistens their branch. They have a form of godliness, but feel nothing of its power; they are like the statues in Westminster Abbey, which stand in their places, and bear all the outward similitude of human beings, but yet they never unite in the worship, for there is no life in them.

The picture which we have drawn will be recognized by many; in fact, by everybody except the persons who are portrayed thereby. These form a stumbling-block in the way of seeking souls, for such persons are apt to think that there is no power in religion, and that it is all a form. If I see a martyr at the stake, surrounded by a huge fire, and if on looking again and again I perceive that he is no more consumed than he was at the first, I am sure that it is all a matter of canvas and paint, and not a real flame at all. If a man drinks, and is not refreshed; or eats, and is not filled; we soon conclude that he has partaken of unsubstantial fare, and has been sitting at a phantom festival. It is grievous indeed when, by the inconsistency of the outwardly religious, enquirers are led to suspect that there is no reality in the gospel of our Lord Jesus. These unworthy persons also furnish very convenient excuses for those who have no wish to believe in the truth of our holy religion. In fact, they are infidel-makers on a large scale. They act as an encouragement to unbelievers, who can quote their example for ungodly conduct; thus they come under the censure of the prophet who charged Israel with being a comfort to Sodom.

This form of insensible religiousness is occasionally seen in persons who do not profess to be saved, and we cannot help thinking that they have borrowed it from the dead Christians among whom they dwell. They observe that these professors talk without feeling, and set forth an experience which does not at all square with their conduct, and therefore these persons count it no evil to imitate them, and feign a repentance and a sorrow for sin which they do not feel. The following story is but a specimen of a vast number which come under the notice of watchers for men's souls:—"Pastor R., of Elberfeld, was once sent for to see a dying man. He found the patient really very ill, and entered at once into an earnest conversation about the state of his soul. The patient began, in the strongest terms, to describe himself as the very chief of sinners, and declared that his past life filled him with abhorrence. He continued so long in this strain that the pastor could scarcely find an opportunity to speak. At last, taking advantage of a pause, he remarked gently, 'It was then really true what I heard of you?' The patient raised himself in the bed, stared in astonishment at the pastor, and demanded, 'What, then, have you heard? No one, in truth, can say anything against me'; and continued, in a strain of unbounded self-satisfaction, to tell of his virtues, and recount all his good deeds, pouring out, at the same time, a torrent of execrations against the slanderers who had tried to injure his character. 'It was not from foes or slanderers,' said the pastor, 'that I heard it,

but from yourself; and now it grieves me to hear that you do not believe what you said.'"

We were lately asked what, in our judgment, will become of these godless godly folk, these unchristian Christian people. Our reply was that we were none of us allowed to judge our fellow-men, but if it really were the case that there were persons possessing knowledge of the truth, and full acquaintance with its requirements, who nevertheless did not yield the slightest obedience to it, they must of course perish. Salt can preserve, but when salt itself has been tried in vain what remains to be done? If men cannot see in the sunlight, what more can be done for them? It is a dreadful thing to perish with the added terror of having held the truth in unrighteousness, restraining its natural force from operating upon the conscience and heart. If men dash themselves down to hell from the very rock of salvation they must be ground to powder. As to their present condition, these persons seem to be in greater danger than any others. It is not likely that they will ever be converted: the truth which is adapted to work that desirable end has already been brought under their notice, and it has exerted no power over them. In all likelihood they conclude themselves to be perfectly safe, and so they are clothed with the impenetrable armour of carnal security. Expositions and exhortations addressed to ungodly men are warded off from them by their own impression that it is well with their souls. The probability is that they will continue as they are, and sleep themselves into perdition; and perhaps, like Ignorance, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they will be ferried across the stream of death by one Vain Hope, and never discover their mistake until it is too late to amend it.

The unhappy story of the bushrangers, in Australia, will be fresh in the memory of most of our readers. These men were in a small inn, surrounded by a body of police, and for a while they defended themselves against all comers. At last, when their number had been thinned out, their leader was seen to come forth from the house, and to advance against his adversaries with a dauntless mien. Several shots were aimed at him, but they did not tell. He seemed to wear a charmed life; the fact being that he was encased in a kind of armour made of ploughshares, and thus he remained secure until a ball found out a joint in his harness. How many wear a secret and invisible armour of indifference and self-flattery, which protects them from the salutary woundings of the Spirit! But to what a pitch of hardness must that heart be brought which is not affected by the power of the grace of God! That which lies in the fire and is not burnt must be harder than iron, or an adamant stone. The blacksmith's dog sleeps just under the anvil, where the sparks fall around him; and the sea-boy, on the dizzy mast, falls asleep amid the loud roaring of the billows: even these are beaten in their drowsiness by professors who sleep on while all around them agencies are at work which might awaken the dead.

What responsibilities belong to those who have the gospel, and yet do not allow it to operate upon them! They lie by the river, and do not drink; they sit at the table, and do not eat. If they starve they are suicides. What is worse, they pretend both to eat and drink, and they cry up the provision to their neighbours, though they have not tasted

it themselves. Whither must they go who act thus? Is hell itself a punishment sufficient for men who make a mock both of law and gospel, and invite their own destruction?

Among all animals, there is not one which is more disgusting to a man than a monkey, simply because it is the image of an intelligent being without the intelligence; and among all characters there is scarcely one so objectionable as that of the external Christian, who is devoid of inward Christianity. These are as scarecrows in a field, who deceive none but the silliest birds; or as dummies in the shop, whom every one understands to be mere pretences. Truthful men need much patience to endure them, and the time will come when no such tolerance will be expected of them. Shams will be swept out of the kingdom of truth; death will be banished from the realm of life; and those who have made no living, obedient response to the hallowed influences with which they have been favoured, must be driven where none of these will be wasted upon them. A man will not long lay a stone asoak in milk, nor boil a mass of iron in water, nor dip a lump of lead in a dye-vat, nor try to wash a blackamoor white: he cares not to have his best things thrown away. It is even so with the Lord our God, for it is written, "The earth, which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God: but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing: whose end is to be burned."

A Long (?) Drive on an Irish Car.

TWO Scotch gentlemen were lately on a visit to the Emerald Isle, and visiting Dublin in their tour, they one evening left the hotel on an exploring expedition to see the beauties, as far as gaslight would let them, of the "sweet city." Never having been in that condition before, and being unacquainted with the latitude and longitude of the place, our friends soon got benighted, and lost their way. After wandering about for a considerable time, they at last resolved, as the surest and most expeditious way of solving their difficulty, to hire a car. Accordingly, forward they went to the driver of one, and asked, "Well, Paddy, what will you take to drive us to —— Hotel?" "Five shillings, yer honour," answered Paddy. "Ah, that's too much; you must do it for less." After hard battling, it was ultimately agreed that half-a-crown should be the fare. So Paddy, making sure of the cash, told them to "get in," and then coolly walked them across to the opposite side of the street, where the hotel was, to the no small mortification, and amusement also, of our tourists, who were scarcely prepared to find themselves in such close proximity to the place of their abode.

This reminds us of many who think they are a long way off from salvation when it is nigh to them, not even so far off as across the road. There is but a step between them and life eternal,—that step a simple childlike reliance upon the Lord Jesus. They imagine that many leagues of doing, feeling, praying, and striving lie between them and the Saviour, when he is standing right in front of them, and saying, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." C. H. S.

"The Great Creator."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT is a kind providence which makes the inhabitants of almost every spot on earth fancy that there is no spot like it. Blessed are the birds who think their own nest the best, as it undoubtedly is for them. Travelling in the Australian colonies, I have been pleased to notice that the spreading plains are paradise to the up-country squatter; the slab hut, surrounded by felled trees, and burning trunks, and rotting stumps, has a special charm for the solitary settler; and there is latent loveliness, which only he that feels it knows, in sand-hills and salt-bushes to dwellers in the desert. It has been my good fortune for months together to arrive, say twice every week, at "the prettiest spot in the colony," or "the healthiest place in the land," or "the most prosperous townships in the country." There are as many "unrivalled prospects," and "not-to-be-beaten views," and "salubrious situations" in the colonies as there are pieces of the true cross and toe-nails of Peter on the Continent, and each colonial imagines his spot, and his alone, worthy of such titles, just as each Continental citizen believes that his relic is "the original and only genuine." One place, it is true, is subject to hot winds; but these blasts, the inhabitants are specially careful to inform us, purify the atmosphere and parch up all pestilence. In another, the river runs dry (if that can be) more than half the year; but then, say they who dwell there, there is no sheet of water like it when it is full, and not such a bed anywhere when it is empty. One township is new, with just an hotel (?), a "store," and a forge—and the settlers all rejoice in its primitiveness. It will soon grow older: then they will rejoice in its comparative antiquity. A district is so elevated that oranges, and lemons, and grapes will not thrive; but, strange to say, the residents prefer English fruits, and say there is nothing like apples, and currants, and gooseberries, which, by the way, grow to perfection thereabouts. One person rejoices in a sea-view, though, if the truth were told, the winds are rather bleak, and the soil poor; another does not care for a view at all, probably because there is none to be seen. Happy he who is where he would like to be, and likes to be where he is. Some natural advantage appears to the resident of every port on the New Zealand coast, of every city near its shores, and of each country-township, too. Who would blame Dunedinites for crying up Dunedin and Port Chalmers, or Invercargillites for singing the praises of their city and "The Bluff"? Christchurchmen think everything of the cathedral city and its port—and so they should. Wellington is the empire city, the seat of Government, and reigns supreme, and rightly so, in the esteem of Wellingtonians. Napier, Nelson, Hokisika, and a host of other towns, are each the best for some reason or other in the unbiassed (?) opinion of dwellers therein.

Writing from Auckland, as I do, you will not be surprised, kind reader, to hear that it is first and foremost in my opinion, "And so say all of us" who climb its hills, and walk its streets, and pay its rates. "Where," says the Aucklander, "can you behold such sparkling waters

as those of the Waitemata, or such island gems as those which stud our sea? Are Italian skies as serene as ours, or Mediterranean waters as blue? What other place can boast extinct volcanoes by the dozen, and two great oceans kissing each other but for a half-mile slip of land betwixt their lips? And what a harbour! Why, its capabilities and beauties provide matter for a long leader in the paper almost every week, and there is more to follow."

"There is no harbour in the world like that of Hobart!"—so says the Hobartonian. Sydney folks say the same of theirs. They may not have seen another, but had they seen them all they would probably be "of the same opinion still," and all who live near other famous harbours harbour a similar idea concerning their own port. And each advocate is right! Not one is like the other! And the variety is charming! There is a story told to the effect that the officers of a man-of-war, while steaming up a certain celebrated harbour, took the precaution to fix a large board prominently on their vessel with these words painted thereon—"We think everything of your harbour. It is far finer than any we have seen!" By this means the citizens were answered before they asked the inevitable question. This is probably a story in more senses than one, but it serves to illustrate my point and the universal opinion that, "Whatsoever is is best."

I am not likely to forget sailing through Port Philip Heads into Hobson's Bay on a night in August, 1877. The day had been gloriously fine, and in a "spanking" breeze we had skirted the long-looked-for coast. The sunset was almost tropical in its splendour, and as we crossed "the Rip" the moon rose high and clear, just as it is seen occasionally at harvest time, or on frosty nights in "the old country." "What do you think of our Australian moon?" said a returning colonist exultingly. I admitted it very beautiful, but urged the fact (which I still believe) that it was identical with the luminary that had shone on us in Britain and when we crossed the line. But to one who next morning hoped to tread her adopted land again, there was something very special about its moon. Nor was the idea all moonshine. We ought to love the place we live in, and it is well when our moon, and our town, and our mountains seem brighter and better than all others. I, for my part, am prepared to affirm that our Auckland moon is second to none. If I mistake not, it is fuller and brighter than that which shines elsewhere. The very mountains in "our moon" stand unrivalled. Talking of mountains brings me, as parsons say, "more immediately to my subject." There is no mount (to Aucklanders) like Mount Eden. Reluctantly we own that there are higher ones, and more famous ones; but where is the one *like it?* Let echo answer "Where!" Though it were the smallest of all the hillocks, it holds the largest place in our esteem. Let no one blame us.

> "We love it, we love it, and who will dare
> To chide us for loving its mountain air?"

How easy is the gradient to the very summit, thanks to the Duke of Edinburgh, for whose ascent the road was formed! (I may mention here my indebtedness to H.R.H. for a similar convenience in connection with Mount Wallington at Hobart. God bless the Duke of Edinburgh!)

What ceaseless sonnets rise from the larks who always accompany the climbers to the tune "Excelsior!" What fine fresh breezes blow, which spring from icy cradles rocked in Southern seas! What rainbows can be seen therefrom, their feet apparently at the mountain's foot! Never was there better chance to find the pot of gold. What a panorama spreads to all the compass points! Facing north, there is Auckland city, with church spires, and house towers, and smoke-stacks, and ship masts. Then comes a band of deep blue sea, and then the north shore with villa-dotted hills and signal station; then Rangitoto, the islet mountain, the ascent of which means a new pair of boots, or rather an old pair, though they were new before the climb. There is the island quarantine ground—thank God, not often used—and Tiritiri, with its lighthouse, rendered famous recently by a sleepy skipper who ran his ship ashore right under the lantern's rays, and gave the wits of Auckland a new joke (which aged wonderfully quickly), for the vessel was named the *Triumph*. The great and little Barriers are islands still further seaward, which stand like sentinels to guard the way to "Brighter Britain's" brightest spot.

Far to the right stretches the gulf of the Thames—a worthy namesake of old Father Thames—and on the left the streams and hills of Helensville, and Kaipara. "Right about face," and less than six miles away, the waters of the South Pacific tide up to Onehunga through the narrow sand-barred mouth of Manakan, where H.M.S. *Orpheus* went down, the hills and heads echoing the while with a last volley fired as hundreds of soldiers and marines all sank beneath the wave! Nor must I forget to speak of city suburbs, and fertile fields, nor of what, though nearest, might be overlooked. At the climber's feet a funnel-like valley dips into the very heart of the hill. Long years ago the mount burnt with fire; Eden has been a hell, and Paradise a Pandemonium. Those steep sides, dotted with cattle down to the boulders at the bottom, were once alive with coals of fire, and this huge hole was once a vent for subterranean flames. Thank God, this is but a type of transformations wrought by grace. The great Creator by his Spirit recreates, and, as in the apostle's case, makes furious Saul a faithful Paul.

Up this mount a class of school-boys was taken in order that each lad might write an essay descriptive of the ascent and view. A good idea this. The youths thus obtained fresh air as well as fresh ideas, and pleasure and profit were wisely joined. To those who were not wholly given up to fun, the fact of having to write of the trip would enhance the enjoyment of the journey, and if aught poetical were in the lads, climbing the Acropolis would call it forth. We live in hope that the natural features of this land will help to excite artistic and poetic and literary tastes of no mean order.

Why should we not have a Shakespeare of our own where the Maori used to shake his spear, or a Burns where the volcanic fire burns no more? Why not a Walter Scott, where so many Scots have found a home (where are they not)? We would be glad enough to have a Pope amongst us, though we ever cry, "God save us from *the* Pope!" May we not hope for a Landseer where there is such land to see, or a Hunt amidst such hunting-grounds? We have Turners, and Constables, and Stones already; but, unfortunately, our turners work in wood, not

oils; our constables are gentlemen in blue, and our stones claim no relationship to Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. But who can say but we shall have them yet? Surely, if climate and scenery have any influence on mind and heart, such results may well be looked for in days to come, and boys who are taken up Mount Eden to write their tasks, breathing the freedom of its air, catching the fervour of its former flames, should write like Freedom's sons, fired with true poetic feeling.

Some of the papers these fortunate boys wrote—so an examiner told me—were very good. Thought and originality and powers of expression were put to the test in a novel way, and with good result. Well do I remember writing essays at school, and some of the subjects and "Remarks" are not forgotten. Our theme on "Guy Fawkes' Day" was pronounced "too magniloquent." Fancy being magniloquent about masked faces and stuffed guys, and "Remember, remember, the fifth of November," and tar barrels and bonfires! Another was on—

> "Not once nor twice in our rough island story
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

("Surely this was the magniloquent one," says somebody. No, I think not.) It was awarded the following criticism:—"*Very good;* but oh, Tom, if you were your father, how long your sermons would be!" The fault is not a frequent one with youthful *littérateurs;* but little did I dream that I should now be preaching sermons almost as long, though not half so strong, as if I were my father (God bless him!). But to return to Mount Eden, or rather to the juvenile descriptions of it. Among all the original remarks and clever sayings recorded of children—and their name is legion—none excels that which amused the examiner of these themes. The description of the start of the expedition, and the ascent of the mountain, being complete, the youthful author said, "And when we got to the top we saw *the great creator.*" It was very evident from what followed that the writer meant "*the great crater*"—whether by a slip of the pen, or ignorance of orthography, deponent sayeth not; but certain it is that, just as many a true word is spoken in jest, so here a glorious fact was chronicled by mistake. Well done, young scribe; you may make such mistakes again; and were I examiner, I would say, "Go up to the top!" Many a sightseer has looked into the depths of the crater while the great Creator was not in all his thoughts, and the panorama from Eden's hill has evoked no praise to him who made every paradise, and still walks and talks with his creatures in them. It has been our painful lot at times to be in company with those who have no eye for the beautiful, no heart for the grand. When others were in ecstasies, they were as cool as cucumbers (and about as green). The lofty peak capped with snow looked to them like a sugar-cone in a grocer's shop (could they find a grosser simile?). To us it was a vestal virgin stoled in white, who, wreathed with incense, ministered before the Lord. The clouds to such were composed of city smoke; to us they were "the dust of his feet." Verdant earth and glittering sea to them were land and water, and (quoth the ravens) "nothing more." In our esteem they were God's garden and heaven's looking-glass. The depths of the ocean they did not recognize as "the

hollow of his hand," nor were the stars to them like angels' eyes. It never occurred to such to say with the poetess—

> "I read his sacred name emblazoned high,
> With golden letters on the illumined sky;
> Nor less the mystic characters I see
> Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;
> In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
> I hear the voice of God among the trees."

Happy is the man who can see God in everything. Said an infidel to a child of Christian parents, "I'll give you an orange if you can tell me where God is!" "I'll give you *two*," replied the child, "if you'll tell me where God is not!" The boy did not want the fruits of the unbeliever's philosophy, for he had learned to fear God, and to see him in fruits and flowers, "who hath not left himself without witness, doing good, and giving us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness!" All God's gifts should remind us of the Giver!

Well do I remember being taken as a little fellow by a kind friend to London's Crystal Palace (wouldn't I like to be in the vicinity now!), and being presented by him with a drinking-cup of coloured-glass, with "Love the Giver," inscribed in golden letters round it. Could I look on that goblet, or drink from it, without thinking of the donor? So, as I drink in the mountain breezes and golden sunlight and the glorious view, I would recognize "the great Creator," and adore his love in giving me all things richly to enjoy; and especially when I grasp salvation's cup, red with precious blood-stain, I would notice the golden motto, "Love the Giver!" and call upon the name of the Lord. I have heard my honoured father tell of how, in his early days, when foes were far more numerous than friends, he was accused of misquoting Scripture, if not of blasphemy, for having said that "The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: *but the earth hath he given to the children of men.*" The poor caviller did not know that he was carping at a Scriptural text; but he went on to say—"Did not everyone know that which was written on the Royal Exchange, 'The earth is THE LORD'S and the fulness thereof'?" Yes, everyone did know that, but only some gratefully recognized that the Father has said to his son, "All that I have is thine." How blest is he who is thus "ever with" the great Creator, the giver of every good and perfect gift!

Such an one, and only such, steps from nature up to nature's God. While many make this their Sunday saying and neglect God's house, he makes it his hourly motto; but while even of rocky Luz he says, "Surely the Lord is in this place," and calls it Bethel—*i.e.*, the house of God—he "loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Yes; it is gloriously true that—

> "Where'er we seek him he is found,
> And every place is hallowed ground."

What sacred seasons have been enjoyed by out-of-door worshippers midst Scotia's heathered hills, and Cambria's crags, in the valleys of the Vaudois, and forest glades of Albion! There is a special charm to Christian hearts in open-air meetings. The feast is all the sweeter for

being *al fresco.* I could wish that such sacred picnics happened oftener. They serve to remind us of the services the Saviour held on the mount, and by the sea, and in the fields. Himself the great Creator, though the people knew it not, what appropriate lessons he drew from nature, of pearls for merchantmen, and fishing for fishermen, and ploughing for husbandmen. Lilies and lightnings, tempests and temple, ravens and doves, serpents and seraphs, trees and tares, figs and vines, pearls and ploughs, all lent their aid to illustrate his teaching. And well they might, for he had formed them all—"without him was not anything made that was made." The great Creator had every right to yoke his creatures to his car of truth, and we to-day may find them to be to us the Lord's messengers. "God is nowhere," wrote the godless schoolmaster upon the blackboard. "*God is* NOW HERE," said the child who had to read the writing. Yes, whoever we are, wheresoever we may be, the fact holds good,—"God is now here." Near to the infidel who denies him, near to the young heart that fears him. Here, in the wind and rain of a stormy day; here, in the sunshine and warmth of summertide; here in my grief—"a very present help in time of trouble"; here in my joy—himself the chief delight; here, and there, and everywhere, "the God of the whole earth shall he be called." The Syrians said that the God of Israel was a god of the hills, but not of the valleys; but they soon learnt that he could prosper his people in the plains as readily as he could help them on the hills. We, too, rejoice to sing, "In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength (or the heights) of the hills is his also." While Tabor and Hermon rejoice in his name, the valleys betwixt them "are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing." Where'er we dwell we are in the presence of the great Creator. Oh, to see thee, good Lord, in everything!

"The Polar star, the Southern Cross, alike thy power display:
Night unto night thy truth's declared, thy knowledge shown from day to day."

The Arctic iceberg is a great white throne, not for King Frost, but for thee, O King of kings. The ice king, and the sea king, and the sun king are tributaries to thyself. This great crater speaks of thee, thou great Creator. If it seethes with fire it reminds us of our God, who is a consuming fire—"Who toucheth the hills and they smoke"; or if the flames are quenched, we learn of thee, O God, who alone couldst stay the fiery issue, and heal the mountain's wound. "Thou art near, O Lord." Give us grace to feel thee, eyes to see thee, and hearts to love thee.

"God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree,
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night,
In the storm cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light,
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land,
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not God?" (*Eliza Cook.*)

Straight down from Heaven.

THE artless faith of a little child has often rebuked the mistrust of full-grown men. Confidence in God should strengthen with our strength, and our riper years should yield the rich harvesting of experience. It is sad when the hosannahs of the children carry with them a rebuke of the silence of adult disciples. The harmony of praise should swell to a grander and a richer fulness as the years roll by, and faith should become as stable as the hills as we near the moment of its coronation. If we do not "sing in the ways of the Lord" our silence is at once our sin and our shame: if we cannot "trust and not be afraid" we dishonour our profession, and rob the Lord of his glory.

We once heard a story which enforced the lesson we would urge. As far as we know, it has not appeared in print, and in transcribing it for these pages we appeal to the memory of twenty years ago.

Two little boys, left fatherless, lived with their mother, a poor delicate woman who strove to keep her home together by her earnings as a charwoman. From the uncertainty of her employment, they were often reduced to sore straits, and knew the pinch of severe poverty. Much that was needed to make home comfortable was sold for bread, and the demand for rent left them without means to replenish their failing stock of clothes.

One dreary morning the mother left home for a day's work before they had broken their fast, and she promised to return at twelve o'clock and bring them something to eat. As they watched the old Dutch clock, which hung in the corner of the room, they thought the hands had never moved so slowly before: it seemed as though they would never point to the expected hour. In their impatience they almost resolved to move the hands forward. The *tick tick* of the clock was like the measured tread of an army of relief, and hope made delay tolerable.

When, at length, the hour struck, one of the little fellows ran to the door, as he said, "to see if mother's coming." Poor child, he little knew the disappointment which awaited him! As he looked out, he saw it was raining, and the only person within sight was a rough-looking man, carrying a basket. With the added element of fear, as he saw the stranger make for the door, he ran back to his brother, exclaiming—"It's raining; and mother won't be able to come home, and bring us any dinner, for her shoes are so thin, and she has no umbrella; and there's a strange man in the doorway!"

The younger of the two remained silent a while, and then said—"Johnny, don't you remember what teacher said last Sunday?" When Johnny had confessed his forgetfulness, he added—"Why, teacher told us that whatever we ask the Father in the name of Jesus he will give it us."

"Did he?" exclaimed the little doubter. "Yes, he did," was the rejoinder, "so let's kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer and stop where it says, 'Give us this day our daily bread!'"

It was but a brief step from doubt to faith in such a crisis as this; and so they knelt, with clasped hands, and said,

"Our Father which art in heaven: hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven—

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD!"

And before they said Amen, the prayer was answered!

The working-man, who had taken refuge in the doorway, was on his way to dinner, and, hearing the talk and the prayer of the little suppliants, he took from his basket the loaf intended for his own meal, and threw it into the room. Startled by the noise, the little fellows rose from their knees, and clapped their hands, exclaiming, "Here it is! it's come straight down from heaven!" And so sure were they in this belief, that they were amazed they could not see the hole in the ceiling through which they thought it must have fallen.

That God had sent the loaf in answer to prayer was to them a fact as palpable as their own existence. Was it a childish credulity, think you? We trow not. The shower which seemed to disappoint their hope had a heavenly ministry: it forced the bearer of the answer of their prayer to their relief.

It is often thus in the experience of God's tried ones. The darkest mine holds a jewel; stars reveal themselves from behind the gloomiest cloud.

Whatever be your special need,
There's a promise you can plead;
Pray in faith, and God will hear,
And for your relief appear!

V. J. C.

Very Attentive towards the Close.

A VERY good little anecdote is related by Spohr in his lately-published "Autobiography." At the rehearsals of a certain oratorio of his he noticed that his little girl, eight years old, usually remained very grave and quiet until the final number, which was a fugue; then the little maiden's eyes grew bright, and she listened with the most animated and sustained attention. Spohr fondly concluded that his daughter had a *penchant* for music of a severe character, and asked her about it. "Oh, no, papa," she replied; "but I know when that piece is finished we go directly to the house for dinner"!

Just so. How many hearers are watching for "lastly" as a cat waits for a mouse! That good dinner is already delighting their sense of smell, by the help of a powerful imagination. As yet, their nose is more powerful than their heart, and the charms of a pudding are greater with them than the glories of the gospel. Well, weary ones, we must take care that we do not impose upon your patience by undue prolixity; but you must also remember that we cannot shorten our discourses to please your fancies. Those who grudgingly yield scanty attention to our sacred message must not complain if in return we give scanty attention to their desire for short sermons.

C. H. S.

The Gospel in Paris.*

THE Life of Mr. G. T. Dodds, missionary to the industrial classes of Paris, which Dr. Bonar has just given to the world, is the portraiture of a man whose example ought to benefit such as are half decided to take up their position in the great missionary field. Ten years ago Mr. Dodds was a student at Edinburgh; he died at the age of thirty-two, about eight years later, so that his brief day of labour extended to hardly more than five years altogether. It was a span, indeed, but so crowded with faithful service as to deserve such a record as Dr. Bonar has prepared.

Fortunate as regards his birth and education, Mr. Dodds was early the subject of missionary aspirations. His choice of the foreign field was the more singular and admirable in the case of a man whose constitution was very far from strong, and who might, therefore, on the plea of health, have claimed exemption from foreign duty. But throughout his student days Mr. Dodds was a keen and intensely interested observer, his conscience also was tender, and the reason why he chose to sacrifice the comforts and allurements of England was the powerful one—"So few go out." His mind was early made up, and he only waited for the Lord to find an opening.

Though not distinguished by any extraordinary genius, his abilities raised him above mediocrity, while as a student he worked thoroughly hard, always with a definite object in view. Though no striking incident is associated with his early days, there is something very taking in his early decision of character, and in that uncompromising attachment to evangelical standards which was apparent from the first. Thus in 1875, in his twenty-fifth year, he was able clearly to detect the tendencies of that so-called "culture" of which "modern thought" boasts so loudly. He said:—

"Culture is so much veneering, beautiful polish, superinduced qualities; and it makes a man with a bad heart look as good as one with a good one. There are bad men and good men among the culturists. If only we were face to face with the sternness of life, and saw its awful side more; for culture hides that, and shrinks from human misery, and shuts itself up in its theories. It wants the laying bare of the evil of the heart—the fall of man—and so the discovery that man is incomplete in himself, and can only be made complete out of himself, in Christ."

It was also while he was a student at Edinburgh that he wrote in regard to Ritualism, "How I do hate these High Church doctrines that stand between a man and Christ; and how I feel for those High Church people who are under their influence!"

Such was the student. After leaving college he became connected with the Grange Mission in Edinburgh; and on the occasion of passing

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* Life and Work of the Rev. G. Theophilus Dodds, Missionary in Connection with the M'All Mission, France. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Nisbet and Co. Price 6s.

The Gospel in Paris: Sermons by the Rev. Eugène Bersier, D.D., of L'Eglise de L'Etoile, Paris. With Personal Sketch of the Author, by the Rev. F. Hastings. Nisbet and Co. Price 7s. 6d.

through Paris in 1876, he had his first glimpse of evangelistic work among the *ouvriers* of the gay French capital. He says, "They prevailed on me to address a meeting, and I began with an interpreter; but finding that slow work, I dropped it, and made a desperate plunge at French, and succeeded. The people were most attentive, eager listeners."

As he was looking out for some congenial opening in the mission field, he was naturally attracted by Paris, because he was more completely equipped for that sphere than for any other. "Fully we talked the matter all over, consulting how he could best dedicate his gifts to the service of Christ," remarks Dr. Bonar. "He then opened up a communication with Mr. M'All; and ere long all arrangements were made for his going. It only remained to put all things in order at home. This was done. A house was taken for him at Belleville, 6, Rue des Fêtes; and in the beginning of November, 1877, with his wife and first-born son, he started for his destination."

The situation of the earnest evangelist in the French capital is as singular as it is full of interest. The general outlook would be absolutely alarming were not the preacher aware that in the gospel he carries a panacea for the dreadful evils which abound. Atheism and Communism go hand in hand, each being the outcome as well as the complement of the other. The wild notions which one class of unprincipled agitators openly proclaim threaten the very foundations of society; the demand is for property to be universally distributed, and the people are to be taught to live without Government and without God. As Dr. Bonar says, the young missionary found himself in "a city of Christendom with its crowds of unbelievers, to whom the Bible was a fable, Christianity an imposture, religion a device of priests for the victimising of the ignorant and the oppression of the poor." A lifeless Romanism has produced symptoms similar to those which preceded the terrible Revolution. We trust that the Reformation has not entered France too late to save the State from a repetition of horrors which still appal those who read them.

Heartily welcomed by Mr. M'All, Mr. Dodds at once proved himself the very man for the mission. Those early days were a time of seed-sowing, and the reaping so quickly followed, that the missionaries were stimulated to work in hope of ultimate victory, and to maintain the cheerfulness of faith. "The work here is wonderful, and the spiritual results are before one's eyes," wrote Mr. Dodds; "one meets with most striking proofs of it everywhere. To find Mr. M'All stopped in the street (as he was yesterday when I was with him) and asked by a woman earnestly to visit a family in distress through illness, is only one feature, and less remarkable far than the frequent awakenings and decided conversions one hears of." In point of fact, the virgin soil is yielding a rich return. "It looks like something new," said one man to his family, as he showed them a handbill received in the street. That remark exactly expressed the truth. Attracted by the surprising novelty of the simple gospel, the *ouvrier* and several of his household opened their hearts to accept the divine message. At that time, or in the closing weeks of the year 1877, the city was in a sad condition, three hundred thousand persons having

been out of work, the poverty and sickness being, of course, correspondingly large.

Devoted as he was to the ordinary work of the meetings, some of which were held where "the sound of the gospel was never heard before," Mr. Dodds looked after other details of the Mission with unflagging zeal and interest. The literary department engrossed much attention. "He soon found out that many a good theological tract is useless, and that many a little book enjoyed in England loses its charm when translated into French, unless the translator can throw the French spirit into his work. He set to work, then, to procure new original tracts, and new translations from those able to furnish them. This led him soon into a very extensive correspondence. . . . He was able to keep his eyes open for new books, not only in French and English, but in other languages, and to press them into his service. He seemed to know by instinct when a suitable work appeared, or who could write one." This work, together with the share he took in conducting the more than one hundred meetings a week which came off at the twenty-two stations, was evidently too much for his strength. He wrote, "I get home often at one o'clock in the morning, and I have no moment that I can call my own except I take it out of the small hours." We all know that such a practice soon tells upon a man.

It redounds to the credit of the working-classes of France that news of what was doing in the capital excited interest in the distance, and this led to the establishment of stations in some of the principal provincial towns. Lyons was the city which first attracted notice, a manufacturing centre of 350,000 souls—"A home of early martyrdom, now a seat of extreme popery, extreme infidelity, and democracy." Four stations were opened, and there are now five. Mr. Dodds laboured there for two months in the fall of 1878; but the warmer and more humid atmosphere so affected him that he speaks of "warding off influenza with arsenic and cinchona bark." The people also differed from the populace of the capital, and at times were disposed to be more unruly; but an intimation that much had been heard in Scotland about "la politesse Française" so powerfully appealed to their pride and self-respect that they at once became orderly. "I never saw a people so entirely without the *moral* aspect of conscience," remarked the missionary; "their conscience has been trained to sleep by their religion, and it is difficult to find where it is yet in existence." In another place he refers to the dense ignorance generated by Popery as surpassing anything he had ever seen before in its dreadful reality. "The heathen had something more—the light of conscience. But Rome has obliterated that. I am filled with indignation when I see what Rome has done; it has hidden the one book that is the foundation of the church, has cursed it, burnt it, and all that read it. I meet men who tell me that if they will only burn a candle-dip to the Virgin it will save their souls."

In 1880, Mr. Dodds accompanied M. Reveilland as a deputation from the churches of France to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia. They remained on the great continent nearly three months, during which time ninety meetings were attended, at eighty-three of which the young Englishman translated the speeches of his French colleague. He was a

close observer of life, and regretted much the conformity to the world which he noticed in the church. "There is a great deal of theatre-going among professing Christians in the States," he writes. . . . "Did they know what we know in Paris of the bright young lives that are drawn into the vortex of vice by the theatre and the opera!"

This tour was a pleasant time, sympathy was enlarged, knowledge was increased, and the interest of the best people in the New World was enlisted on behalf of poor France.

The work grew in interest the longer he continued in it. His adventures in other places than Paris show something of the condition of the country, and of the wonderful readiness which the people show to hear the gospel. Thus, when a new station was opened at Clermont, the assembly-room was packed to overflowing, numbers being unable to gain admission. Though the population was only thirty thousand, and the place was supposed to be a stronghold of Popery, two thousand avowed themselves to be "advanced men," yearning to break away from the trammels of priestcraft, but willing to accept something better than blank atheism if it could only be offered them. The field ever has been, and still is, wonderfully promising, but we tremble for the future when we remember the indiscretions of many well-meaning people.

"How is this success to be maintained, guided, and preserved from the inroads of error and human excitement?" asks Dr. Bonar. "If the Salvation Army take hold of the French mind, and its tactics be adopted, the fruit of all the present labour and prayer may be destroyed, and the result only be a harvest of a shallow religionism at the best, perhaps of fanatical delusion." Mr. Dodds himself says, "France is awake, and the Protestants of the next generation will be more inclined to work than their predecessors; but if the religious life of France is turned into this most seductive channel—*i.e.*, the Salvation Army—it will be most disastrous." Then Dr. Bonar asks, "Cruelly assailed by 'salvationism,' 'perfectionism,' and 'brethrenism,' and other forms of selfish sectarianism, would the converts be able to stand their ground?"

Mr. Dodds was in some respects a model missionary; but, on the other hand, the record of his life and labour sounds a note of warning which ought not to be unheeded in this fast-going age. We admire his earnest piety, his deep-seated loyalty to Scripture, and his intense love of his missionary constituency as indispensable to success; but after all, he lived too fast; by burning his candle at both ends, he seems to us to have burned out before his time. Though his constitution was never a robust one, he never showed himself any mercy in regard to work; but frequently held on through the live-long day into the small hours of morning, drinking strong tea to keep himself awake. The result was, that his natural stamina was so reduced, that it could not possibly have held out much longer unless some relief had been allowed. The final shock, which came from eating poisonous fungi, proved fatal to Mr. Dodds alone, though other members of the family were prostrated for a time. Indiscreet as he was, however, the young evangelist was indeed a noble character, a Christian pioneer of whom the home churches are justly proud, and one whom the French Mission can ill spare in this time of aggression and abundant promise. His memoir is one that will explain

to young men what is the best ambition. Students who are preparing for any kind of Christian service should not, on any account, miss the privilege of reading the suggestive and stimulating narrative.

At first we thought that "The Gospel in Paris," by Dr. Bersier, was a story supplementary to that of Dr. Bonar; but the book turns out to be a collection of twenty-five sermons by the great French orator, the discourses being preceded by a biographical sketch which will enable the reader the better to understand the preacher. "Eugene Bersier is an orator of the loftiest rank," we are told; but we do not need to peruse much of the book to discover that he is something better than a rhetorician; and his sanctuary stands near the spot where the St. Bartholomew massacre commenced and Coligny fell. The church is described as "a spacious edifice with a number of recesses all around, and a large gallery at the end. The pulpit is at one side, half-way down the church; it has a heavy sounding-board, and a deep green fringe depending from it, shading the face of the preacher."

Dr. Bersier is thus a preacher of the Reformation in Paris, and he has been so since the war of 1870, when, in conjunction with other earnest lovers of their country, he organized the Ambulance service, and did other work. After the demise of the Commune, he began to hold evening religious services at the west-end of the city, and these grew until a church had to be provided for the accommodation of his followers at a cost of £20,000. There is no doubt that the utterances of the earnest French divine will find acceptance with a wide circle of English readers; for such teachings should certainly find an audience on both sides of the Channel.

Warnings.

BY keeping our eyes open, and judging things upon Scriptural principles, we may often be forewarned in our dealings with certain characters. One man cannot see further into a millstone than another, and yet shrewdness sees where the ordinary observer is in the dark. A prudent man, with the fear of God before his eyes, is almost a prophet. Two or three instances are before our mind at this moment.

A gentleman went carefully into the stable where his horse was placed to bait, and he saw for himself that the proper feed of corn was in the manger. In a few minutes' time he was in the stable again, and the oats were gone. He taxed the hostler with taking them out, and remained while he saw his nag eat up his fair portion. How did he know that the hostler would steal the corn? *He had heard him cursing*, and therefore he knew that he would steal.

A friend met the deacon of a church in the street—a man whom he much esteemed. The aforesaid deacon begged the loan of £100, and the friend would have lent it to him with pleasure; but in the course of conversation the deacon observed, "Other people might rob you; but you know me as an old pilgrim. I am, I trust, quite past temptation." The money was refused, for the friend said to himself, "Past temptation? Past temptation? Why, he must be quite ignorant of

his own heart. He must surely be a hypocrite." And so he was. He knew that he was hopelessly involved even when he was seeking a loan from one who could not afford to lose the money: before that day was over he had failed. "Pride goeth before destruction." "A prating fool shall fall." His Bible had made our friend wise, and he was saved from loss.

A man who stood high in the city observed, with great satisfaction, that he had in a single morning cleared £30,000 by a speculation. A brother merchant remarked that he ought to be very grateful to Providence for such good fortune; whereupon the successful merchant snapped his fingers, and said, "Providence! pooh! that for Providence! I can do a deal better for myself than Providence can ever do for me." He who heard the observation walked away, and resolved never to deal with such a man again except upon cash principles, for he felt sure that a crash would come sooner or later. Great was the indignation of the man who stood high in the city when he was told, "If you and I are to have dealings it must be on strictly ready-money terms." He was insulted; he would not endure it; he would go to another house. That other house welcomed his custom, and in due time it was repaid by losing many thousands.

A tradesman chose a shopman from seeing him pick up a pin; Rowland Hill would button up his coat when he heard a man swear, for he did not want to have his pocket picked: thus for good or for evil little things may be tests of character. To deal with persons who have no respect for the Sabbath is always risky; to marry a man who can repeat a lewd story is eminently perilous; to buy goods of tradesmen who are "really giving them away" is to invite deception; and to trust those who flatter you is to court delusion. Do you meet with one who tells you many of the secret faults of others? Mind that you show him none of your own which you would not wish to publish. Does he tell you what others have said of you? Then say nothing of others which you would not wish him to report; for as sure as you live he will repeat all that you say, with additions. All dogs that fetch will carry.

By observing such things as these, men may be saved from deceptions. The difference between one man and another, in point of prudence, mainly arises from the fact that one man learns from his blunders and another does not. When we are once taken in by a person, we ought to take his measure so exactly that he will not be able to do it again. No mouse can be excused if it is caught twice by the same cat. Yet as long as the world stands, there will remain some in it who can never see further than the end of their own noses. C. H. S.

Evangelistic Work in the Terai and Western Dooars.

BY MR. H. R. BROWN, OUR FOREIGN EVANGELIST.

THE Darjeeling Terai is the belt of country immediately below the lower Himalayas, south of Darjeeling. The Dooars is the country ceded to the British Government by the Bhootiers after the war with Bhotan; the Western Dooars, to which allusion is now being made, cover an area of about 1,870 square miles. It is about ten years since the first tea-planter commenced operations there, whereas now, there are upwards of seventy men and four ladies living in the place. The district is a very unhealthy one. I found it to be so by painful experience.

I left Darjeeling in the beginning of December, and worked my way down the hills to their base. In one place I missed my way, and entered a bungalow I had not intended visiting. I had to rebuke a man for swearing in my presence—a very uncommon thing. On my telling him that every idle word was recorded against him, he quoted Byron, who speaks of the recording angel's quill being worn out. May the scoffer yet learn to pray!

In another place I spent a pleasant evening with the son of an English rector, and his brother planter. In yet a third I found the gentlemen scarcely disposed to allow me to pray with them; but a little boldness on my part secured the point.

It is impossible to dwell on a tithe of the incidents in such a tour as I am speaking of, and I can only refer to such as come first to my mind. On one occasion I was staying a few miles from a gentleman who claims that Englishmen are Israelites, and who had stated in print that he would be willing to lecture on the subject. Three planters and myself sent him a requisition, and got a promise of a lecture that afternoon. We rode some miles across country in a very harum-scarum manner, and on arriving at the bungalow, after explanations that, as that would be the first lecture ever attempted, allowance should be made, it was decided that we should meet in the verandah. Somewhat to my surprise I was called upon to pray, so we all knelt down. The lecturer opened his Bible and read out, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c., which in his mind meant, "Seek ye first the prosperity of the British nation." Two other planters joined us. It was a novel sight to see this gentleman, Bible in hand, addressing a number of brother planters in his verandah on a week-day afternoon. The opportunity I wanted was found in my proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and I was able there to preach Christ.

One night I was lost in the jungle in total darkness, but at length found the bungalow I was in search of. When staying with a Roman Catholic, who I found hated priests, prayer and Bible reading were not disallowed.

My ride into the Dooars from the Terai was a long one—a lonely ride through jungle, over the river Teesta, and along a dusty road. The first night was spent with two planters, who found their religion in Freemasonry. Swearing, free drinking, and justification of immorality

seem not to disagree with such religion. They were kind to me. Kindness is the only redeeming feature about some people.

A sporting planter was my next companion, and we got on very well together. It is necessary I should be guarded in my writing, lest any should read this to whom I make reference. My first Sunday in the Dooars was spent in camp with a colonel who has been a warm friend of mine ever since I came to India. During the following week—Christmas week—I stayed with him and his son. I was not idle, but rode round to the neighbouring plantations, returning at night. We were encamped by a river containing a little water, but many stones left high and dry. Christmas morning was spent in cutting through untrodden jungle in search of water, which might be utilized for a tea plantation. The most remarkable thing about our Christmas dinner was that we were able to fare as sumptuously as if in London, although we were out in the jungle. I met a gentleman here who looked upon religious people as deluded folks; but one day he asked me if I knew a really *Christian* man who could be trusted to manage a tea plantation.

An interesting service was held on the last Sunday in the year, when several planters rode in from the surrounding gardens. In one house near by I was pleased to find some really good evangelical books, which appeared to be read. As I go about, I circulate freely Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, copies of "Grace and Truth," and such like literature. I left the camp on an elephant, with the colonel, who dropped me at ——. The evening was spent in close religious conversation with a young man whom I afterwards found to be a Roman Catholic. Had some good tennis-playing the next afternoon. In the evening I was asked—a very unusual thing—to conduct prayers, and to comment on what I read. A Roman Catholic, a member of the Church of England, a Free-Churchman, a nondescript, and a Baptist knelt in prayer. The following day I was knocking about from place to place. At night I slept in a room with the son of a godly mother, who is very deeply interested in her son, as I found by the books she sends and the letters she writes to her far-off boy. Here I was most kindly received by the two planters, whose hospitality I shared. There was earnest talk and prayer. Alas, these planters live not as they should! But would not many at home who are propped up in their morality by their friends and associations live just as these do if they were located as these are? Reader, thank God for your privileges, and pray for these your fellow-countrymen.

For the next few days I was going from bungalow to bungalow, meeting with men of all sorts. I felt a deep interest in one young man, the son of a well-known godly man; but he is also sadly straying—another instance of broadening theological views leading to laxity of morals. As I knelt in prayer I thought how glad the young man's father would be if he knew of my visit!

At a service on the Sunday fifteen persons were present, including several ladies, who were in the Dooars on a visit. Soon after the one service I rode a few miles to conduct another. To about twenty different persons I was able to preach this Sunday. The next day I journeyed a very long distance, and reached my destination just before nightfall.

Here I met with a very hearty, but very odd fellow. On my suggesting a little service after dinner, he said, "Oh, no; after dinner is the time for hot grog; in the morning, if you like, but not at night." "Very well," I said, "I will take you at your word." It was not a very easy matter to get the four gentlemen who were in the house beside myself to a morning service; but at length I succeeded. "Now we are ready," shouted my host to me, in another room, "but we have not enough prayer-books." "Oh, never mind," I said, "I dare say we can manage without." Then there was a tinkling sound, and on my going in, Mr. —— was striking a bit of metal with a ruler. "I thought we might as well have it done properly," he said. In less than a minute we were on our knees together, and a feeling of deep solemnity came over us. It was an unusual scene in an out-of-the-way place. Lights were burning all night in the stables because of the tigers.

At about ten a.m. I commenced what proved to be a tedious journey. A guide was given me as I was going along a seldom-frequented road. By observing the sun, I found he was taking me round and round, and got from him that he did not know the way. My only course was to ride on, making enquiries wherever I found a man who understood me. At one time I was riding through deep standing water, at another through a field of burning jungle. A garden in which were tigers' and leopards' skulls on sticks, as *scarecrows* greatly amused me. At three o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the river I was in search of and sat down to breakfast. In about an hour I rode another twelve miles. The lines had fallen in pleasant places in that I had a Christian brother for a companion. One Saturday night I spent in the bungalow of the only married man in the district. The lady (who, by the way, had not seen an European lady for over twelve months), was very pleased indeed at my visit. The evening was spent in singing hymns, and in my reading extracts from one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. The following day I conducted service, and then rode twelve miles to conduct another. I was thrown from my pony, but unhurt. I and a friend were riding full gallop through flaming jungle, when my friend pulled up, having dropped something, so that my pony was suddenly stopped, *but I was not.*

One day I said to a planter, "The Apostle Paul says nothing about perils of riding; he does not seem to have ridden after his conversion; how do you account for it?" "I don't know, unless it was that that day on the road to Damascus he got such a cropper that he never cared to mount again."

In this neighbourhood I visited a Cambridge man, who is living in a bamboo bungalow, all alone, quite in the jungle—a gentleman in the wilds. In some places, in riding through the jungle, it was so dense as to seem to bury one. A forest, the home of herds of wild elephants, afforded an interesting ride.

I met a young man who had only been out two days. I learned that at home he had been piously trained, but had already taken considerable strides on the downward road. I got him on one side in the morning, and spoke earnestly to him about his praying mother, and urged him to live as though still under her immediate influence. Parents little know what they are sending their children to when sending them to India.

My last visit in the Dooars was a particularly pleasant one. The lady received me very warmly, as if she knew me. I soon learned why she was so glad to see me. She said, "You sent us a little book called 'Infant Salvation,' a word of comfort to bereaved parents by Mr. Spurgeon, did you not, when we lost our little one?" I said I supposed I did, for I often send a copy to any parents whose names are in the newspapers as having lost infants. She said, "You cannot think what a comfort it was to us to know that some stranger cared for us at such a time." We had some hymns and Scripture, and prayer—a refreshing season. Thus ended my visit. I had caught fever, which soon showed itself, and ultimately landed me in the Calcutta Hospital.

Folly of Delay illustrated.

A CERTAIN man had a long journey before him, which must needs be made in one day; for it would be impossible for him to journey a mile in that country after nightfall, neither was there any place wherein he could lodge on the road. He knew right well that this journey was appointed him, and that it was his duty to perform it; and, moreover, he told his best friends that he was fully determined to set out thereon; but he thought the matter was easier than they seemed to imagine. In his stable there was a fine stud of strong and swift horses suitable for the road, and a carriage stood ready for his riding. The traveller did not set out in the early morning, for he said that there was time enough. Meanwhile, by a certain custom of the country, two of his best horses were taken for the king's service, and this caused the traveller to look about him; but he soon quieted down, sat down to his dishes and his cups, and cried, "What's the good of haste?" While thus engaged, more of his horses were lost, or stolen, or else they strayed, and had he then set out and kept well to his journey, he had scarce the means left to accomplish it. Still he waited with his boon companions till one way or another his horses were gone, and he had nothing left to ride upon but a single wretched jade. Then he made much ado about setting out, and meant to fly along the road at a great rate; only it so happened that while he was resolving the sun went down, and he never reached the place where he would have been rewarded with honour and profit.

The explanation of the riddle is easy. A man in his early days, with his best years before him, is so foolish as to put off the concerns of his soul till he is older. Years follow years, and yet he delays—delays even when his last, worn, and feeble age is all that remains to him, and death comes before it is welcome. Alas, that men should think to perform the most important business of all at a time when all their powers and faculties are failing! God's service requires all our abilities in the prime of their strength, and it is wicked as well as foolish to put him off with our leavings, and endeavour to reach heaven on a worn-out steed at the fag-end of the day.

C. H. S.

Timothy Thomas of Aberduar.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

MR. THOMAS had the honour of baptizing Christmas Evans, one of the greatest of Welsh preachers and evangelists. This took place on the river Duar, in 1788. Aberduar is situate between Carmarthen and Whitland Junctions, and not far from St. Clear's Station, S. Wales Railway.

"Thomas of Aberduar" was for many years the representative of sterling orthodoxy, evangelical fervour, consistent and earnest piety, and manly, large-hearted Christianity, in South Wales, where he lived and laboured as a Baptist minister and well-to-do farmer. He was one of eleven Thomases who have occupied prominent positions in the denomination during the last century and a quarter, all descended from Thomas Morgan Thomas, himself a distinguished minister. Joshua Thomas, of Leominster, the historian of Welsh Baptists, was one of these.*

Timothy Thomas was a man with a big soul and a tender, loving heart; but he was an original, and eccentric; a man of strong convictions, who could come down on a theological adversary with the force of a sledge-hammer. He had a very definite theology. The truths of the gospel were to him so clearly revealed as to admit of no question. The "go, and he goeth; do this, and he doeth it," characteristic of military discipline, agreed with his notions. Perhaps the rationalistic atmosphere of Llandyssil and Lampeter, neighbouring towns, told upon his powerful intellect and ardent temperament, by way of reaction in this direction. He was good at an argument, but better at a retort.

One of the rationalistic brotherhood told Thomas one day that a man's religion was just a question of parentage; nothing more.

"If so," said Thomas, "I thank God your father was not mine." One of similar views was giving him an account of a discussion which had been held on "Universal Restoration."

"Well, and which party won the day?" asked Thomas.

"The Restorers, of course," was the answer.

"Indeed!" said Thomas. "Your hell is a wonderfully convenient place: it's exactly like a magpie's nest; you go in through one hole, and out through the other."

It was at a very early age that Thomas gave proof of his piety, and of that courage, promptitude, and decision for which he was noted. An incident that occurred on the day of his father's funeral, when he was a lad of only fourteen, shows the stuff he was made of.

Mrs. Thomas was deeply distressed at her bereavement, and at her loss of "a priest in her house."

"The family altar is fallen!" said she, "and there is no one to raise it again. I shall feel this deeply."

"No, mother," said young Timothy, "it shall not fall; I will do what I can."

That night the family worship was conducted by the courageous boy, and the stricken household was comforted.

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* See MS. in the Library of Bristol College.

The youth developed early into manhood. So also his piety and gifts. He was a mere stripling when he occupied his father's pulpit, as one of the ministers of Aberduar. The epithets of "Thunderer" and "Comforter," applied to the father, and inscribed in bold characters on his tombstone, came to be applied to the son. He was at once a Boanerges and a Barnabas. The people crowded to hear him, and a great revival broke out. Some, while listening to the young preacher, cried out for mercy; and others burst out with expressions of gladness, for they had found salvation. This was the case with many young people. The older ministers remonstrated with them for their enthusiasm, but Thomas stood up in their defence. "Brother," said he, to one of the complaining ministers at a church meeting, "do you presume to quench the fire which God has kindled in Zion?" He was silenced, if not convinced; and, better still, the fire burned on.

Thomas was instrumental in planting and watering new churches in his neighbourhood; and as Aberduar had a plurality of ministers, he was able to be absent from his charge on an average two Sundays a month, and so to cultivate a wide sphere of ministerial labour. He held a large farm in the Vale of the Tivy, and in busy seasons his presence was required at home late on Saturday and early on Monday; and he has been known to preach twice and ride eighty miles with scarcely any rest between. Constitutionally strong he must have been, and not less active and devoted. He was an excellent horseman, and prided himself on riding the best horse in the district, which, he used to say, was almost essential to his happiness.

His preaching, especially during the lengthened revival period, was with power and demonstration of the Spirit, and was little if anything behind the very chief of the most renowned of the Welsh revivalists.

Preaching on one occasion at a meeting in Breconshire, the people were greatly excited under his sermon. Another minister offered the concluding prayer, when Mr. Thomas again stood up and pealed forth in his most thrilling tones the one word "Bendigedig."* The fire burned up afresh; another prayer was offered, and another, and another, until seventeen had engaged in succession, and the meeting continued until daybreak.

Mr. Thomas might be quoted, in some modified sense, as an instance of "muscular Christianity." At least the following case looks in that direction.

On the Thursday, Friday, or Saturday before the Communion Sunday, the Welsh Churches hold a "Preparation Meeting," at which the spiritual condition and the general conduct of the members are taken into consideration, and discipline is administered when necessary. On one occasion a man named Morris had to stand his trial on the charge of having actually knocked down a Unitarian in the heat of a discussion. Mr. Thomas, though he would not have maintained in theory that physical force might legitimately be used to give emphasis to an argument, was not so averse to demonstrations of that kind as his brethren of modern times; and, we may add, as the spirit of the gospel requires. He could hardly help admiring the zeal of the offender, and was unable to banish all sympathy with the deed.

* Glory.

The trial proceeded :—

"Well, Thomas," said the pastor, in a hurried and abrupt manner, "I am sorry to hear that you are charged with some misconduct during the last week; let us hear all about it."

Thomas, looking very humble and penitent, began to confess :—

"To tell the truth, sir, the facts are these : Jack the miller and myself were having a little beer together at the Red Dragon, and "——

"Stop, Thomas," said the pastor, "let me ask you, before you go any further, did you pay for it ? "

"I did, sir," replied the culprit, emphatically, with a gleam of hope twinkling in his eye.

"That is in your favour, Thomas, decidedly in your favour ; when I take a drop of ale, I always pay for it ; I cannot bear those fellows who go about tippling at other people's expense; go on, Thomas."

"Well, sir, after a while we got into discussion about Jesus Christ; I, of course, holding that he is divine, and Jack that he is only a man ; and he said such shocking things that—flesh and blood, you know, are weak, sir—I couldn't stand it any longer, so, I am sorry to say, sir, I hit him."

"So you really struck him, Thomas, did you ? But what did he say ? "

"He actually said, sir, that the blood of Christ had no more virtue in it than the blood of a beast, and "—encouraged by the significant tones of the pastor—" I knocked him down."

"Well, brother," said the pastor, with a touch of unpriestly sympathy, "I cannot say you did the right thing ; but I must say this, I believe I should have done so too : go, and sin no more."

In some of the districts into which Mr. Thomas penetrated, on his preaching excursions, he sometimes had to encounter the violent oppositions of the Episcopal clergy, who, in some instances stooped to excite, and even hire, the ruffianism of the district for their purpose. In such cases Mr. Thomas's great strength, prowess, and tact were always equal to the occasion. When preaching one day at Holyhead in the open air, the clergyman sent his warden to prevent him. The church officer handed him a letter, requesting him to read it instantly. Mr. Thomas coolly put the letter in his pocket, and went on with his sermon. This irritated the official, and he laid hold of the preacher with a view to remove him by force. Mr. Thomas shook off his assailant, repelling him with such vigour that he excited the admiration and sympathy of some stout fellows in his congregation, who held the astonished warden in a very devout attitude until the meeting was concluded.

One day Mr. Thomas had been to meet his brother, the Rev. Thomas Thomas, of Peckham, who was on a visit to his native country. They were making their way to a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Brecon, where they had been announced to preach that evening. Mr. Thomas, of Aberduar, was riding on with a friend, while his brother and his spouse were following in a gig. They had not proceeded far when the horsemen heard loud cries for assistance. The travellers in the vehicle had been attacked by four strong men. Mr. Thomas spurred his horse and rode back as fast as he could, stick in hand. Two of the ruffians were soon floored, and the other two were very quickly disposed of,

when a party from a neighbouring public-house sallied forth to the aid of the robbers. Mr. Thomas had broken his stick in the first encounter, and there was a likelihood of his party coming to grief. Nothing daunted, however, he made a dash at a fence just opposite, and pulled out a prodigious stake, and was returning to the combat, when the landlord of the public-house, fearing consequences, interposed and put an end to the struggle.

Mr. Thomas shone forth in all his glory at great open-air gatherings, such as were, and are still, usual at Association and other meetings. If it were in a neighbourhood where his principles and doctrines were unknown or opposed, so much the better. He knew how to hold his own, even in the midst of an overwhelming multitude. His imposing presence, his courageous bearing, his respectable appearance, and, coupled with his practical wisdom and tact, a slight seeming haughtiness of manner, marked him out as one born to command and to be obeyed. If at any time there was any approach to disorder, he would stand up in full view of the multitude, and, holding his Bible in one hand and his license to preach in the other, he would demand order and attention by virtue of his two warrants, one from the King of England, and the other from the King of heaven, and the multitude would be awed into silence.

Once when he was baptizing in a river, he was rudely addressed by a clergyman in passing. "You may wash, but I will shear them," said the hireling. Thomas was ready with a reply:—"If you must have the fleece, Christ must have the sheep." Baptismal seasons, especially when in some river, amid wild or beautiful scenery, were always great occasions. Such, especially, was his first baptism in the beautiful neighbourhood of Llandilo, where the Towy winds its way to the sea. The view around would be inspiring, and is full of historical associations and memories. On one hand stood the Grongar Hill, where, beneath a hawthorn, Dyer wrote his celebrated poem :—

"Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest muses made,
Oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
Turned my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill."

On the other hand was the Golden Grove, where, in an old mansion replaced by the present seat of the Earl of Cawdor, Jeremy Taylor took refuge in the troublous times of Charles I., and where he wrote some of his justly celebrated works. Then, again, in full view stood perched on a giddy eminence the ruined castle of the Dynevors, and not far below, in the same valley, stood Ty Gwyn, once the abode of Sir Richard Steele. Roman and British camps, and the ruins of castles of ancient Welsh chieftains are there, too, to suggest their wholesome lessons.

Amid these scenes of fair and peaceful beauty, thousands assembled

from far and near that quiet Sunday morning. Thomas's usual command of a multitude had awed such as came for other than religious purposes, and a greater power than man's had arrested some in their downward course. Coming up from the water, where all had gone on with fitting solemnity and calmness, someone, almost breathless, informed Mr. Thomas that the parish clergyman had been detained an hour on his way to church by the vast crowd. Some of his friends feared the consequences; but Mr. Thomas was ready.

"I understand," said he, "that the respected clergyman of the parish has been listening patiently to me for the last hour; let us return the compliment, and all go to church to hear him."

In a very short time the church and the burying-ground were filled with the multitude, and the clergyman was delighted with the catholic spirit of the Baptist minister. Some few weeks after there was another baptism in the same place, and some of the least promising of the former congregation confessed that they had found salvation through faith in Jesus Christ.

For other incidents in the life of Mr. Thomas we have no space; but enough has been said to show what manner of man he was; a man who, possessing the noble and courageous spirit of the old Welsh chieftains, displayed also a truer and purer heroism, which he had learned in lowliness of spirit at the foot of the cross. He walked with God, and beneath all the eccentricities of his character there were a child-like faith, a saint-like devotion, and a martyr-like courage and patience.

"Oh, that I could pray like Thomas!" said one, himself a holy and devoted servant of God; "I have tried, but I have failed."

In his old age this brave, simple-minded, and toil-worn servant of God would sometimes say, "I have baptized, during my ministry, some two thousand persons, and among them one of the greatest preachers of his time—Christmas Evans."

And yet, when his friends would talk to him about his memoir being written, he would say, "There is nothing in my life worth recording for another generation." Such was "Thomas of Aberduar." He sleeps in the grave of his fathers; but he dwells on high, and his name and memory still live on earth—a heritage, an example, and an inspiration.

Notes on Pastoral Work.

BY A PASTORS' COLLEGE MAN.

"PASTORS and teachers" are amongst Christ's ascension gifts to his church, and we can say without the least egotism, many of these have been sent *viâ* the Pastors' College.

A pastor's work lies almost as much in the homes of the people as in his study, and although all due respect is to be paid to those brethren who say, "If you want us in the pulpit, you must not expect us in the home," we venture the remark, that ofttimes "a half-hour in the home is as good a preparation for the pulpit as two hours in the study," and it is far better for the preacher and the people, when the former *visits* as well as *preaches*.

From personal experience, I have found that many a sermon is suggested, many an illustration gathered, many an encouraging word heard, many a "precious jewel" found, by visiting the homes of the people.

It also gives one an insight into the trials endured, the struggles braved, the difficulties encountered, the crosses borne by the people to whom we minister, and it affords an opportunity for "personal conversation" by which more good is ofttimes done to that individual than half-a-dozen sermons.

Our College is rightly named the "Pastors' College," inasmuch as we are taught to be "men of God who visit the flock, as well as expect the flock to visit us."

In my early days of pastoral work, I had the joy of leading one precious soul to Jesus, whilst upon his dying bed, and with the help of my diary I will give the circumstances of his conversion.

Mr. W. was a publican (a total stranger to me), stricken down with paralysis of the left side, and not expected to live. He rallied, however, and after a few days I called to see him, and found him anxious about his soul. I continued visiting him for two months, with much profit to my own soul, and I trust not a little to his. One afternoon, I found him in great agony of mind concerning his sinful condition in God's sight; freely and frankly, he admitted, with sobs and tears, that he was a lost sinner. "I'm in the dark," he said, "and don't know which way to go—there's a place I want to reach, and can't get there. I feel as though I'm in a net, and can't break it." And then, with streaming eyes, he cried, "My heart is well-nigh broken. I see my folly now it's too late. I have often been asked to come to God's house, and would not—I have served the world, and now am left desolate—I wonder if the Lord would save such a sinner as I am." I need hardly say I told him of one "mighty to save," who could break the net, and set him at liberty; one who could lead him into the light, and bring him to Calvary, the place he desired to reach—one who could "bind up the broken in heart"—one who could "save to the uttermost."

I then read and expounded the parable of the lost sheep, which seemed to well illustrate his condition. I said at parting: "Friend W., if you can do no more than lie here and cry, 'Lost! Lost! Lost!' like the bleating of a poor lost, wounded, dying sheep, you will attract the attention of the Good Shepherd, who is out looking for poor lost ones like you."

About ten days after, I visited him again, when he said, "I did what you told me, and while I was crying 'Lost! Lost!' it seemed as though Jesus came and took me into the fold, and oh, I *was* happy; but, sir," he cried, "the joy has gone, *has gone;* and it seems at times as though the devil would take me out of bed, and carry me away. Oh, sir, what would you do if you were me?" "Do!" I replied, "Why, cry out for Jesus, of course; he is stronger by far than the devil."

For Jesus he cried, *to* Jesus he looked, *on* Jesus he relied, and many a happy chat we had together. The last time but one of my calling, he was very very low and weak, and I could scarcely catch the indistinct whisperings, but made out these three short sentences: "Hav'n't—lost—Jesus. Am—ready—to go. Will—meet—you—in glory." And then

in a few days he passed away to the "upper fold," to go no more out for ever. His name does not appear in our church book, but it is in "the Lamb's book of life." He never met with us in God's house, but he has met with the redeemed in "the house not made with hands." We never heard his voice joining ours in praising the Lord, but he is mingling his hallelujahs with those who sing "the new song."

During the time of this friend's long illness, a strong young shepherd who had regularly attended our services, but with whom I had had no opportunity for a conversation, was taken seriously ill. Hearing of this I started off, and having walked two miles to the top of a neighbouring hill, found him lodging with Mr. M., a labouring man, and a member of our church. He was in a sad condition of body, but happy condition of soul. I gathered from the friends with whom he dwelt that about midnight, though in great pain of body, he was heard singing one of his old Sunday-school hymns:

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?"

Then in the early morning he was singing a hymn from Mr. Sankey's book:

"I love to think of the heavenly land
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care."

When he saw me, he said, "I don't think I shall get better. I ain't afraid to die. I know Jesus, and he is *such a friend to me.*"

I visited him three days later and found him much weaker, but he greatly brightened up at the name of Jesus, and seemed so pleased to see me again. During the early morning, Mr. M. was with him, and began repeating to him this hymn—

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease."

And here he broke down, choked with emotion, and too overcome to proceed; but the poor young shepherd, turning his head, and looking at his sobbing friend, said—

"'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis *life* and *health* and *peace.*"

After some little conversation, he beckoned me to put my ear close to his lips, and with a whisper slowly said, "Won't it be nice for you to tell the people next Sunday that the poor broken-hearted shepherd, who used to sit under the gallery, is with Jesus?" I prayed with him; then at his request sang

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is their Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Blest, blest for aye."

Then came the farewell, and his last faint whisper to me was, "I'll meet you in heaven, and wait at the gate for you."

On the next Sunday, I did tell the people that "the poor broken-hearted shepherd, that used to sit under the gallery," was with Jesus; for at half-past five the next morning he passed away to be with Jesus, and on the Friday afternoon before the Sunday, we committed his body to the grave—dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

Having related the visits paid to an old man, and a young man, and with what blessed results, let me tell of a visit to a dear little child of five years of age who was seriously ill with bronchitis, and no hopes of recovery. I found the parents distracted with grief at the thought of losing their dear only child, and was not greatly surprised at the half-complaining remark, "Why should we have to part with our only child, while others with four or five children have them spared to them?"

"Isn't heaven a place good enough for your dear child," I said, "and if Jesus wishes to fold this little lamb to his bosom, will you hold back his hand? But the Lord has not yet taken her: let us pray that if it be for his glory and your good he will spare her." We did pray, and the Lord was pleased to answer the prayer, and the child was made whole again. From that time the mother began earnestly seeking for salvation, and longed to be numbered with "the people of God"; yet she could not grasp by simple faith the blessing offered, and now God used the dear little restored child to shew her mother how to trust in Jesus, and to yield to him.

Nelly was promised a new slate. "And when you get your new slate, you will give Alfie (a neighbour's child) your old one," said her mother; but Nelly made no reply. Next morning the money was given, the shop was reached, the slate was purchased, and in came Nelly rejoicing over her new-bought treasure. Taking up her old slate, she was about putting it into the drawer with her old toys, &c., when her mother said, "But, Nelly, you will give little Alfie the old slate?" Nelly pressed her slate to her, and hardly liked the thought of parting with it, and was again moving toward the drawer to put it away, when the mother again said, "Nelly, surely you'll run and give little Alfie your slate. Do, now, there's a dear." But the slate was more tightly grasped, and with a countenance somewhat sad, she looked up into her mother's face, and said, "Mamma, what would you do?" "What would I do?" said the mother; "why run at once and give him the slate." "Give me my hat, then," said the child; and away she ran at her mother's bidding.

When she had gone, her mother thought, "Oh that I could yield up to my God and Saviour, as my child has done to me, and just do as he bids me"; and, with this thought, she caught up her Bible, and went up-stairs, trying to pray as she went. Kneeling down beside her bed, she implored the Lord to help her to surrender herself to him; and there and then, while her dear child was obeying her, she obeyed her Saviour, believed on him with her whole heart, found full pardon for all her sins, and rose from her knees a happy woman, weeping for joy. Turning now to her Bible, it seemed almost to open of its own accord at Isaiah xliv. 22: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."

The next Sunday morning she stayed behind, after the morning service, to tell me that "this was the first Sunday she had come to chapel *with Jesus in her heart*"; and under the gallery, where "the poor, broken-hearted shepherd used to sit," she poured out her heart's thanksgiving that God had spared her child to show her the way to trust in Jesus, and to bless his holy name for "blotting out her sins," and "making her a child of God."

Next day she must needs walk three miles to tell her mother of the Saviour she had found, and then, going round to the neighbours, she got them to come into her mother's house, where she told them of what the Lord had done for her soul. Truly, "a little child shall lead them," and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

One other note upon personal work. A few Saturday mornings ago there was a knock at the door about nine o'clock. A woman from one of the hamlets had called to ask me to come and see a person who, to all appearance, was dying. Saturday *morning* was an awkward time to leave the study; but, remembering a similar request two years before, and what heart-chastenings I had because I left it *one hour*, and then when I went found the person had died fifteen minutes before, I said I would come at once.

Locking up my study, I started off. Reaching the house, I ascended a narrow stairway into a large room, open to the roof, with a partition across it, the other side of which lay the woman, upon an old "four-poster," suffering much from bronchitis. On the post of the bedstead, behind her head, some one had nailed a printed prayer (I presume for the use of the friends who waited upon her), and whilst I was remarking upon what true prayer was, she said, with great difficulty, because of her breathing, "Ah, sir, it's no use having the prayer nailed up there upon the bedpost"; and, laying her hand upon her heart, she continued, "*It must come from here, mustn't it, sir?*"

Being strangers, she endeavoured to tell me that she had had a former husband, who was a member of the Baptist chapel, and as he was dying he said, "Jane, I'm nearly in heaven; will you have my poor body buried by the Baptist minister?" and, turning her eyes up to me, she very innocently said, "Sir, I never see a man so happy as he was; *he seemed just as though he was getting ready to go to the fair.*" To visit the fair was the height of earthly bliss to this poor woman.

A cold, draughty room, with no fireplace, is a very unsatisfactory place in which a person must lie who is suffering severely from bronchitis; and, believing the only hope of saving her life would be in warming and steaming the room, I strongly advised her neighbours who were waiting upon her to get a stove and put in the room; this was done that morning, and, under the blessing of God, the woman's life has been saved, and I am hoping yet to know that through her illness and the word spoken her soul is saved also.

Very many other instances might be given if time and space permitted, but the foregoing is sufficient to show what kind of work is carried on *out of the pulpit* by one of "the Pastors' College men."

The Launceston Tabernacle.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT has been my joyful privilege to take part in the opening of two "Tasmanian Tabernacles" in 1880, and already to record particulars connected with them. But my generous friends, the Messrs. Gibson, have said, as Peter did, "Let us build *three* tabernacles," each of these for "Jesus only." The lovely island of Tasmania, though longer settled than any other of the Australian colonies, has not proved itself good soil for Baptist principles. For many years small "causes" have existed in the two principal towns, Hobart and Launceston, but they can scarcely be said to have flourished. Better times have been known than are at present, but for some reason or other the work has not prospered to any satisfactory extent. Close communionism and hyper-Calvinism may have something to do with this, but it is not within the scope of this chronicle to ferret out the secret of non-success. Suffice it to say that in each of these populous towns there has been abundant room, not to say pressing necessity, for a new cause altogether distinct from the old-established ones. A few years ago the Baptist interest was unrepresented in Tasmania save by these two city churches. The country was unsupplied till Mr. Gibson, of Perth, erected a chapel in that township—the first of the tabernacles—though it was not called by that name. A succession of ministries (mostly "our men") has been seen there, until Pastor Williamson, who I regret to say has just resigned, became in the hands of God the instrument of great good—conversions being constant, and Christian work aggressive. None can tell all or half the good the erection of Tabernacle No. 1 has effected—an ample reward to those whose purses and presence supported the good work from the beginning until now.

But one success leads on to another, or should do, in religious as well as business enterprise. Having possessions in other districts, my friend, and his like-minded son too, desired similar things for other townships. As many of my readers will remember, Messrs. McCullough and Harrison sailed with the writer in 1879 to start new causes at Longford and Deloraine. At these two places tabernacles were erected, the work progressing under the first pastors. Several changes have occurred since then, Brother Wood being now at Longford, and Brother Vaughan at Deloraine. These ventures were larger than the Perth one, and the structures finer, and the outlay greater. Perth has the honour of being the first-born, Deloraine and Longford, I suppose, are twins, and the Launceston Tabernacle, though last (at present), is by no means least. It is, indeed, larger than the other three put together, and rightly so, for it is situated in an increasing city, multitudes of whose inhabitants are not to be found in any place of worship on the Lord's-day.

Though by no means destitute of Christian effort, the place, speaking generally, remains godless, and though labourers were multiplied threefold there would still be "plenty to do." Perth is only fourteen miles from this northern city, so we do not wonder that, residing so close to it, and so often visiting it, our friends found it in their hearts to do for it also as for the smaller spheres. Thank God for the inspiration and for the wisdom granted with which the plan has been successfully carried out!

Having secured an eligible site, the liberal father and son (it is whispered that *Mrs. Gibson* was by no means a looker-on) sent "home" to C. H. S., requesting him if possible to secure a man who would be likely to build up a church and to establish a cause. In due time, Mr. A. Bird, formerly of Sandown, I.W., was providentially led to accept the post, and arrived in Launceston long before the edifice was ready. Ah, how easy it is to write about the opening of a building, or even to open it; but only he who has felt the same knows the worry and vexation of spirit involved in raising the house. Money matters (perhaps the greatest worry) did not in this case hinder progress or divide

attention; but the thousand and one details remained to be seen to, and there was no building committee to share the labour. Remarkable to relate, the work was well done, though none but architect and donors were concerned!

There are not wanting those who insinuate that success was the more probable on this very account; but these were, doubtless, disappointed candidates for some such office. Aware, as I was, that my friends hoped that I might get to Tasmania for the opening services, and anxious as I also was to do so, I saw no hope of it until a door opened suddenly for my return to dear Old England. Opportunely a letter from Mr. Gibson arrived indicating May 25 as the probable date, and asking me again to come over and help. Before the next mail arrived, bringing another pressing invite from Mr. Bird, my reply was on the way to Tasmania. I could spend a few days in the island *en route* for Britain, the 25th being one of them. I discovered in Melbourne that the Tabernacle was "not nearly finished," and my visit to it immediately after reaching the Launceston wharf confirmed the fact. No seats, no platform, no steps in front, no gravel at the back and sides!

But a week worked marvels—or rather the workmen did. They gave a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, the consequence being that quite a transformation was effected in a very little while. But they were "hard at it" well-nigh up to Sunday morning, scrubbing and cleaning, On Saturday the scaffolding was removed, though it had to be re-erected so that the pillars' capitals might be carved, and the bricks tuck-pointed. Considering all the haste and bustle, it presented a wonderfully tidy and prepossessing appearance when the opening day was fully come. What mattered it that the pews were not varnished, nor the platform rail French-polished? Worship was not hindered if the paint did smell a little (it was not so bad as incense, anyhow); and praise, and prayer, and preaching were none the worse because stuccoing and carving were not quite complete. The building itself is all that could be desired. Neither pains nor expense has been spared to make it substantial and yet pleasing in appearance.

Ornament, it is true, is not in the ascendant, especially within; but while those who can least afford it go in for elaboration (and debt) without limit, it is gratifying to find those whose ability is unquestioned preferring to build only with a view to capacity and comfort. The only portion which appeared too bare was the blank wall at the rear of the ample platform, but a suitable text of scripture inscribed thereon will put that right.

A sloping floor, none of your cramped-up pulpits, good wide aisles (Brussels carpeted), comfortable seats, not closed in, but open, so as to ensure coolness, a patent ventilation process, and good acoustic properties, ought to ensure, so far as such things can, a good congregation, and an attentive audience. But he who occupies the pulpit, under God, has most to do with this particular. Disadvantages as to ease and comfort are often surmounted when an earnest ministry is heard and felt; while, on the other hand, the luxuries of the pew—carpets and cushions and the like—will not suffice to attract, if food and fire are lacking.

I have every reason to believe the pastor-elect will draw the people to the house of God, and thereafter to the God of the house.

Never till I heard of Mr. Bird's appointment did I venture to claim prophetic honours. Over and over again I have declared that "I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet." But I cannot help remembering that the last time I preached in Launceston (prior to leaving for New Zealand) I gave out on the platform of the Mechanics' Institute the following text from Isaiah, "As birds flying, so shall the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem." I distinctly remember dwelling on the safety and security of the church of God, and of the truth it holds so dear. I insisted that as the times were never older than at present so they were never better, and we made our boast in the Lord that it was still "better on before." Much as I hoped that the Baptist cause would be revived in the city, I must confess that I was not then aware that the Birds would actually fly thither, and be the means of defending and delivering. Yet so it

shall be, with God's help. May he bless our brother, and the mother Bird, and the little Birds—the whole nestful—and make them a blessing.

It is very evident that up-hill work will be the order of the early days of the "new departure." Starting in the Institute only a few weeks before the opening, Mr. Bird gathered quite a number of devoted helpers round him; but it will, of course, be some time ere a settled congregation of eight or nine hundred (for the place will hold all that) is secured. If a winning way, and a loving spirit, and a grip of the old-time truths, and deep devotion to the Saviour, have any power about them (and they had till quite recently), I will venture to prophesy again to the effect that the little one will become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

Fire, as all who attentively read the *Sword and the Trowel* must know, is an essential element in success, and I verily believe that this also is not wanting.

It is not often that we preachers have an opportunity of hearing a sermon, and we may, in consequence, be a wee bit critical when we do. Whether this be the cause or no, I admit I felt inclined to criticize an effusion that I lately listened to on the text, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall never go out." But I did not attempt it when I found that an abler tongue had already spoken of the sermon, saying, "*There was no fire in it to 'go out'!*" I have not had the pleasure of hearing more than an address to children from the first pastor of the Launceston Tabernacle, but I feel sure that there is in him and in his words a fire heaven-kindled that will "never go out."

Already others have felt his fire and caught the flame. I rejoiced to find that thus early a Sabbath-school has been started with a band of earnest teachers, and though it is, of course, the day of small things, the day is bright with hope of "greater things than these."

At a prayer-meeting held in Perth, shortly before the opening of the Tabernacle, one brother prayed earnestly for its minister, asking, with other mercies, that he might be indeed a "Bird of Paradise." No one, I think, would be more surprised than he who asked if the letter of the petition were realized. The development of such a feathery appendage as the paradise bird rejoices in might indeed prove an additional attraction, compensating at least in part for the inconvenience arising from having such a tail to unfold, but the advantage would be very questionable; besides, *he might moult*. Moreover, my fellow-labourer is prepared to labour without finery of any sort, either the feathers of ritual or the flowers of speech. The prayer was evidently not intended literally. This same bird is sometimes called the lyre bird, and possibly in this sense the petition may be fulfilled, as our brother cries, "Awake psaltery and harp, I myself will awake right early," and then tunes the viol to sing of him who is so worthy of acclaim. Let special attention be paid to the orthography of the word—it is *lyre*, though pronounced liar; and we are persuaded this of our friend, that, "putting aside lying," he will speak truth with his neighbours, and proclaim with all his powers "the truth as it is in Jesus." Long may he live to do so! The fullest meaning of the very original prayer doubtless is, that he may ever abide in the pavilion of the King—learning the secret of the Lord, and finding on earth those fruits of paradise which make life and knowledge more complete. To such a prayer for every preacher of the gospel let every reader say, "Amen."

But I have been flying with Brother Bird; 'tis time I, like the swallows, found a nest, within the Tabernacle—or (staying fancy's flight) proceeded to speak definitely of the opening services. But here is a difficulty, seeing that I was the most prominent person in the happy transaction. If I knew of a patent by which I could speak of self without appearing egotistical, I would readily adopt it; but, not knowing, I think the less said the better.

This much, however, I must chronicle to the glory of the Master of assemblies, that both morning and evening the place was thronged, and the word seemed to be with power. An afternoon meeting for children, teachers, and friends was addressed by the pastor, who in simple language begged the little ones to

give their hearts to Jesus, not because those hearts were good, but, being bad, that he might make them better; or rather, give them new hearts and right spirits. I thanked God that no uncertain sound was given on this point, and that my friend has not imbibed (nor is he likely to) the notion that "all children are born good, and all we have to do is to keep them so." You will notice, kind reader, that I have put the last sentences between inverted commas, and why? Because I have heard from ministers of the gospel (Baptists too) the above sentiment propounded in words to which those I have used are as similar as memory can make them.

What a mighty big "all" is that—"*All* we have to do is to keep them so;" but it need not trouble Christian parents, for as the first sentence is false, the second is fallacious, too. Born good, indeed!—"They go astray from the womb speaking lies," saith the testimony, and further comment is unnecessary.

With grateful hearts we blessed the name of the Lord for the tokens of his favour in connection with the new house and the young cause.

But the Lord had by no means exhausted his treasury. Monday brought us more mercies. Every train brought in arrivals from the country; several all the way from Hobart. The celebration tea commenced at half-past five in the big school-room at the rear of and separate from the main building. 5.30 was none too soon for the hungry hunters from the rural districts, and the school-room was hardly big enough to hold them. But two relays put them through, and satisfied their cravings. I may as well tell my readers that a colonial tea-fight is somewhat different from English ones (Mrs. Bird noticed that). Sandwiches, and pastry, and fruits are included, price eighteen pence, and at times two shillings. This is all very well, but they feel it most who have to cater. But such a bevy of willing workers I have rarely seen, even at an old-established cause, and was as gratified as surprised to find that so soon the sympathy of so many and such labourers had been secured. One would have thought that the church was celebrating its majority, whereas the rejoicings were in connection with its nativity.

The inner man and woman being replenished, "A feast of reason and a flow of soul" came next on the programme; and I am sure that the country folk, as much as any, looked forward with as great interest and appetite to the mental provision as to the creature comforts. Mr. Wm. Gibson, jun., as chairman, was, undoubtedly, the right man in the right place. If father and son could have sat in the same chair, it might have been an improvement, but I can suggest no other.

Very suitably the chairman told us of his and his sire's sole object in these works of faith. They sought not their own honour, nor merely the advancement of the denomination to which they rejoiced to belong; but being anxious for the ingathering of souls and the extension of Christ's kingdom, they took the opportunity of rearing yet another place, within whose walls the tidings of "free grace and dying love" should always be proclaimed. Mr. Gibson further intimated that in this case, as heretofore, the entire property was made over to trustees, so that he and his father had no more control than the other members of the trust.

It is needless to say that this announcement was received with prolonged applause. If my readers "echo" it, they will do well. But what an array of speakers appeared on the platform, to be sure! Methodists and Presbyterians, and Independents and *undenominationalists*, were all represented. Nor were they all only to be seen. A member of each spoke, as well as Brethren Bird, Wood, McCullough, and "Son Tom." To me it remains a marvel that our country friends were able to catch the special train at 10.15, or that any of us went home till the morning. Surely, the speakers deserve great credit for keeping within bounds, and the chairman for the conduct of a meeting in which the clerical element was so "immense." I am bound to say that the addresses were good—not empty words or mere congratulations—and, considering the

undisputed fact that the new work will draw some workers from the older causes (for there are Baptists in many of these), the welcome was hearty and decided. One of the ministers took up the cudgels against those who declared hat there was "no room for another cause," and I am proud to add he knocked them (metaphorically speaking) into a cocked hat, as he pointed to the godless crowds, the lists of crimes, to say nothing of the churchgoers still unregenerate. "Why," said he, "there's room for a dozen!" Well done, Mr. Wesleyan (I forget your real name); you well deserved the hearty cheers of the responsive crowd!

In the course of this eventful day I had gone on a little begging expedition. I could not see why the Gibsons should have it all their own way, and I knew they did not want to. So I suggested to a good bookseller in the town that he should present a pulpit Bible to the Tabernacle. To this he graciously assented, and threw a hymn-book ("Our Own,") into the bargain. Now, listen as I tell the effect of example. Mentioning the bookseller's generosity at the evening meeting, I asked if no one else wanted a spoke in the wheel. Unfortunately, I was not posted up with a list of the articles wanted, but it occurred to me that a clock was one. And, true enough, a volunteer came forward at the close, promising to provide the timepiece, and giving there and then something to the pastor for the Lord's work. I will not tell what else the writer said in his address, because I think there was nothing more practical and fruitful than the above broad hint. But there was one matter on which no speaker could be silent, viz., the generosity of the good givers of the house. There was no fulsome flattery, but a grateful acknowledgment, and, above all, a deep gratitude to God, from whom all blessing flows.

While we all rejoiced in the God of our salvation, none were more anxious than the donors to make their boast *in the Lord*. Truly, it was a day of great joy to them; and if our wishes and prayers on their behalf are realized, they will be blest indeed. The pastor's speech was humble and hearty. All could see that he felt his responsibility, but that his trust was in the Lord his God.

On Tuesday morning ministers and delegates met, and after a season of very earnest prayer (how they prayed for the President!), Mr. Gibson, sen., took the chair, and the formation of the Baptist Union of Tasmania was proceeded with. Right glad was I to be at its origination—glad, on adjournment, to dine with the members, and glad immediately afterwards to say farewell to them, glad only because I was—

HOMEWARD BOUND!

Notices of Books.

Footsteps of Truth. Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. Shaw and Co.

IN the July number of this excellent spiritual magazine there is a portrait of our departed friend A. A. Rees of Sunderland, together with a brief memoir. This monthly furnishes many with a feast of fat things.

Outlines of the Teaching of Jesus Christ. By the late H. J. WINDUS. Elliot Stock.

AN outline of our Lord's doctrine. Full of Scripture; and therefore part of the book is beyond criticism. The author's own matter is by no means striking or specially instructive; but his intent was, no doubt, admirable. It was his dying employment to produce this treatise, and his wife is most anxious that it should be read. It is the product of his piety, and by it he bears witness to his generation.

The Christian Commonwealth: For the Advocacy of Good and Right, and Truth throughout the World. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS volume of the Commonwealth is valuable because of its admirable portraits, if for nothing else. From the point of view of its Editor it is very well conducted, and its articles are weighty.

The Lord's Prayer: a practical meditation. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. T. and T. Clark.

YES, the sub-title is most accurate,—the exposition is pre-eminently practical. The Saviour's model prayer is here viewed from a pastor's stand-point, and used for the daily guidance of his flock. Mr. Hall here finds not only sublime spiritual teaching, but suggestions upon honesty and industry in "Give us this day our daily bread," and arguments for total abstinence in "Lead us not into temptation." Are they not really there? Mr. Newman Hall is evangelical and practical through and through, and his writing in this case shows the man.

We are much pleased with the chapter upon the Fatherhood of God through Creation, and the higher Fatherhood by Redemption. Mr. Hall is not one of those who would curry favour with the heterodox by evaporating the gospel from his teaching; yet he shows his candour by quoting even from unsound authors when they happen to state the truth in specially pithy language. The work reveals wide reading and deep study, and yet it makes no show of learned criticism, but keeps its evangelical object so to the front that the scholarship is not obtruded. We are afraid that it is too big for the many, and too practical for the few, and hence its circulation may fall below its merits. Many sparkling images and impressive passages adorn the pages, but everywhere practical usefulness has been pursued with the concentration of a mind which cries, "This one thing I do."

A Religious Encyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a great work. In three volumes, at 24s. each, it condenses a vast amount of information of the kind which theologians greatly need. It is not exhaustive in the biographical department, though it aims at strength in that direction. We have looked for several important names and have not found them. This, however, is not to be wondered at when we reflect upon the vast number of names which are important from different points of view. We commend this "Cyclopædia" as very good; but we do not think it better than Smith or Kitto. We are glad to possess it, as it contains some matter which is not found in its predecessors. We could not endorse everything which it says, but that is not essential to a hearty recognition of its merits.

Psalms and Hymns for School and Home. Haddon and Co., Bouverie-street.

THIS collection takes a first place among hymn-books for the young. It is far in advance of those dreary affairs which we were forced to put up with in the days of our youth. All kinds of bright and sparkling verse are here included in juvenile hymnology. It must be long before our Sunday-schools will meet with anything better; we do not think they will need to look for it. The number of hymns is sufficient; the choice is excellent; and the arrangement is helpful.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland. By the Rev. CHARLES KIRTLAND. Alexander and Shepheard.

OUR old friend Mr. Kirtland has made up a thoroughly interesting pamphlet out of his very useful life. City Mission work does not seem to have been more easy or less romantic in his youth than it is now. But in England and in Ireland his adventures have been instructive and entertaining; and there is a good deal of vigour in the veteran even now.

History of Protestant Missions. By Dr. GUSTAV WARNECK. James Gemmell, Edinburgh.

A STATISTICAL summary of the Foreign Missions of all Christian countries conducted upon evangelical principles, carefully compiled; well calculated to excite missionary zeal, and to assist in the choice of the most hopeful sphere for its exercise. It establishes the encouraging fact that, notwithstanding difficulties and disappointments which usually attend the first attempts to introduce the gospel into the most heathen lands, the labour is not ultimately in vain in the Lord.

Hymns and a few Metrical Psalms. By THOMAS MACKELLAR. Porter and Coates, Philadelphia.

WE do not wonder that some of these pieces have been inserted in various hymnals, for they are worthy of it. A fair proportion of the hymns will yet be used by the church of God in this country. We congratulate the author upon his gift of song. If he cannot take his seat among the chief musicians, he, nevertheless, occupies a place of honour among those who sing unto the Lord.

The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is not a book for all classes, nor for those who have an unshaken confidence in the evangelical truths, nor for those who care for none of these things, but for those who are on the border-land between Theism and Atheism, and between Christianity and science falsely so called. It examines with candour the theories which in different ages and nations have been substituted for the only living and true God; refutes them with reason and learning equal to that with which they have been maintained; and clearly shows the evidence of one Supreme Being to be derived more from human consciousness and experience of moral government than from science, or logic, or the external argument of design. There is scarcely any part of Christianity itself, or of the evidences upon which it is founded, on which sincere and conscientious inquirers can be supposed to have their doubts, that is not freed from the clouds and mists that have been thrown around it in both ancient and modern times, and is not shown to have clear claims upon confident belief. This is, on the whole, a valuable summary of Christian truth, and a complete suit of armour against spiritual wickedness in high places.

The Domestic History of the Plank Family. By M. A. PAULL. F. E. Longley.

ELEVEN planks are here made to tell temperance tales while recounting what they saw after being sawn asunder. The boards build up but one story, although they are supposed to have formed parts of a scaffold, carriage, platform, ship, floor, hustings, arbour, pulpit, counter, coffin, and grave. The members of the Plank Family talk in anything but a wooden way about the evils of drink and the blessings of abstinence; and we are not in the least bored by what they say. M. A. Paull's appalling stories are, alas, only too true, even though she has in this instance given them in the form of fables which can be understood by a child. We hope the planks' talk will do a deal of good.

The Drink Problem and its Solution. By DAVID LEWIS, J.P. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

THIS able work cannot fail to be useful to all Temperance advocates. It furnishes a goodly stream of facts and arguments which will add to the water power of every "True Blue," in advancing the noble cause of sobriety and temperance. We commend it for its thoroughness, clearness, and temperate earnestness. Considered religiously, socially, physically, politically, and morally, the Drink Problem is undeniably advanced a stage nearer to a more satisfactory solution by this book.

Across the Ferry: first Impressions of America and its People. By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE remember our pleasure while reading a former edition of this work, but it seems a long while ago. Dr. Macaulay made his trip to the States at the commencement of the war between Germany and France, and therefore the remarks which were new and fresh when he issued his diary quite startle us now. Our good friend wrote his book in a fraternal spirit, and he has therefore given much pleasure to our American cousins, who have usually been caricatured rather than described by English writers. We delight in anything which tends towards concord. The more the two nations know of each other the better will they like each other. Are we not brethren? John and Jonathan will each consult his own interest by seeking the welfare of his neighbour.

These Fifty Years. Being the Jubilee Volume of the London City Mission. By JOHN MATTHIAS WEYLLAND. Partridge and Co.

WELL done, friend Weylland! Your book is as fascinating as the most charming fiction, and yet, God be praised for it, it is all true. When the three brethren met in that narrow den in Hoxton, who would have dreamed that the great City Mission would come out of their assembling? When the Lord's hand is in a work, it little matters how few and feeble the workers may be. Glory be to God for the fifty years' work of the City Mission! What would London have been without it? Our readers, if wise enough to buy this book, will be delighted to see the many streams of blessing which have flowed from this one fountain. It is a source of good to all classes, and deserves to be supported to a far larger extent by all Christian men. House-to-house visitation must be carried out far more rigorously, or London will become the most heathen of all cities. The people have given up going to the usual churches and chapels, and the churches and chapels must go after the people. God in his mercy sends men to men when he means to bless them: may he continue to do so through this admirable Society. We do not say that the Society is perfect; but those restrictions and regulations which we have heard people censure are many of them rendered needful by the working of Churchmen and Dissenters in one Society; and, really, this is so good a thing that both sides ought to put up with a good deal for the sake of it. The work has been done, and on the whole it has been done well, and therefore it is of no use picking holes in methods. God bless the Society more and more!

Memoir of Captain P. W. Stephens, R.N. By B. A. HEYWOOD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is the history of *a man*, both as to his inner and outer life. It begins with his boyhood and waywardness, proceeds to his manhood and conversion, and continues to describe his growth and maturity. It is an honest biography of one who was a true Christian, and yet a man of war—a combination which is evidently possible, though certainly remarkable. The portrait is not overdrawn, but describes the whole of the man, blemishes and all; just as a true memoir should do. The hero of this true story was not sufficiently known to make his memoir largely popular; but we doubt not that many will read it with interest and profit. A fine spirit breathes through the book, and we congratulate Mr. Heywood upon having done his work so well. Truthfulness and keen insight are apparent all through, and these make the book wholesome, and helpful. The price is 6s.

Memorial of the Spiritual Life and Ministry of the late Rev. Robert Walker. Houlston and Sons.

A MEMORIAL of a clergyman who was Second Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, but a faithful, childlike believer in the doctrines of grace. In August of last year we gave a quotation from this gracious memorial, which we had read to our soul's profit. It is singularly bare of incident, and is mainly made up of letters; but those who knew Mr. Walker will be glad even of these relics of departed worth.

Charles G. Finney: an Autobiography. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

AMONG the prominent Evangelists of the present century, the name of Mr. Finney, the President of Oberlin College, in America, occupied a foremost place. Trained for the bar, he showed much of the close grip of the lawyer in his preaching. He was emphatically a preacher to conscience, and many will remember the searching appeals with which he drove home upon men the conviction of their accountability to God. He died in 1875, at the age of 83, having, according to his light, served his God and his generation right faithfully. This is an interesting and inspiring autobiography. We do not often agree with Mr. Finney's theology, but that is not the question now before us.

Starlight Stories. By F. M. HOLMES. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

A FAIR collection of tales for the younger ones: none very startling, but all having a good moral.

Communion. By Rev. James Drummond, Clackmannan. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

This book is small, but the subject is passing sweet. It flows out of seven little words of wonderful significance at the close of a verse—John xiv. 20. They were spoken by Jesus to his disciples: "You in me and I in you." Here our author reads, "Communion" —on the one side—"of Christ with man," and—on the other side—"of man with Christ." Mapped out in nearly fifty paragraphs, each with an appropriate title, we have some choice aids to meditation.

Rock versus Sand. By John Monro Gibson, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

That thrilling parable in two parts, uttered by our blessed Lord at the close of the Sermon on the Mount, has suggested the title of this little book. The wise builder and the foolish builder readily occur to one's mind at the mention of Rock and Sand. Here we have a refreshing exposition of the foundations of Christian faith, and a racy exposure of the fallacies of cultured unbelief. Science is just now the empty pretext for an irreligious nescience. Some of the happiest rejoinders to the arrogant dogmas of scientific unbelief, like this of Dr. Gibson, are compressed into a small amount of letter-press.

The Last Prophecy. By H. E. E. London: James Nisbet and Co.

This is an abridgment of the late Rev. E. B. Elliott's "Horæ Apocalypticæ." It claims no merit of originality or research, though it deserves all credit for diligence and fidelity. The imprimatur of the renowned author, affixed in his lifetime, bears evidence of the interest he took in its publication: and a postscript supplies us with his latest thoughts on the unfulfilled portion of the prophecy. We can hardly imagine that any student of the Book of Revelation, whatever his predilections, would fail to acknowledge that the great work from which this is derived contains a standard exposition of a certain school of interpreters not the least popular. When first issued from the press, its diffusiveness seemed to repel the reading public. The late Dr. Cumming brought it into notice when he based on it a course of Sunday evening readings at Exeter Hall, which roused extraordinary interest. But while he borrowed from Elliott *ad libitum*, he bestowed his own colouring *con amore*. Elliott himself therefore in miniature is welcome enough to have run already into a third edition.

Sunrise on the Soul. By the Rev. J. Ogmore Davies. Hodder and Stoughton.

In thoughtfulness and good writing this book is quite up to the average of the present day, and a little above it. In theological sentiment it has more of the present than the past. The various incidents in the life of Christ may be devoutly contemplated and historically admired, without a man's feeling the burden of guilt and renouncing his own righteousness: that saving change comes through divine grace by a knowledge of the peculiar nature and design of our Lord's death. He lived that he might die, and he did not die merely because he had lived. There is a moral influence in our Lord's life, but the evangelical influence is chiefly in his death; any history, therefore, of the life of Christ which does not plainly set it forth as preparatory to his death fails in its main design. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, therefore God hath highly exalted him. His disciples were charmed with his life, but were reluctant to hear of his sufferings and death, and even slept during his agonies in the garden as though they had no concern in them, and yet afterwards his cross became their chief glory. Our want of interest in this book lies not in its graphic descriptions of many parts of the life of Christ, but in the absence of a full testimony to that which was the object and the climax of that life, namely, atonement for sin.

About Ourselves. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Nisbet and Co.

Five earnest addresses on "Two men shall be in the field: the one shall be taken, and the other left." Perhaps some who know the authoress as a novelist may be induced thereby to read these religious appeals. They are full of simple, homely, personal statements and thoroughly evangelistic in spirit.

The Church of England: her Principles, Ministry, and Sacraments. By Rev. W. Odom. Nisbet and Co.

Our worthy author is terribly exercised with the present position of the Church of England. He sees the utmost danger from her growing Popery and superstition, and yet clings desperately to State support and to the unscriptural practice of Infant Baptism. He wants to retain the seed, and yet not reap the harvest; to hug the heresy, and yet escape its results. The book is a poor effort to defend an indefensible position, and will be alike despised by Ritualists, Nonconformists, and all others whose eyes have been opened to the anomaly of a spiritual society in bondage to the temporal power. When will our brethren see that *golden* fetters are none the less fetters?

A Popular Introduction to the History of Christian Doctrine. By Rev. T. G. Creppen. T. and T. Clark. 1883.

A concise preface acquaints us with the design of this work, which in the main is well carried out. It aims to put a clear account of the creeds of the Church, as developed in the Christian centuries, within reach of Sunday-school Teachers, Scripture Readers, and students in general, who have not time or opportunity to master the exhaustive treatises of Hagenbach, Shedd, and Cunningham. To our idea, it is a marvel of condensation. The table of contents will suffice to inform the uninitiated as to the divers opinions that have brought about so much bitter disputation and deadly antagonism. The readable portion of the volume, some two hundred and fifty pages, is compressed like a telegram, or rather like a cablegram, where each word must be paid for. But not the least valuable, and by far the most ingenious, part of this book is to be found in the five appendices. These cover more than a hundred pages, and furnish a chronological catalogue of all the most important names and events of ecclesiastical history.

Heathen Mythology corroborative or illustrative of Holy Scripture. By Hugh Barclay, LL.D. Morison Brothers, Glasgow.

This little volume contains a short memoir of one who combined with a high office in Perth the courage of a strenuous and persevering advocate of the principle and practice of genuine Christianity. A republication follows of the substance of lectures which he delivered and of contributions to periodicals from his pen upon the traces of Old Testament facts in the customs and writings of heathen lands, and especially in those of Greece and Rome. The subject is far from being exhausted, but what is here given is remarkably instructive, and confirmative of Old Testament history.

Guides and Guards in Character-building. By C. H. Payne, D.D., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

A series of capital lectures upon Representative men of the Bible. There is a sterling ring about each article that commends the author's appeals to the heart of the reader. In perusing, we could not but wish that every young man, and young woman too, might have a copy of the book. Dr. Payne sets before youth many noble characters as "Guides," and reversely, examples to be avoided as "Guards." To select one history as better than another would be unfair, for all are good. The spirited manner and beauty of style are both worthy of patronage. It has given us pleasure to read Dr. Payne's work.

Notes.

All our readers know our son Thomas by his many articles in this magazine, and therefore they will excuse a father's endeavouring to promote the interest of the work of God under his hand in New Zealand. He has returned to us in better health than we expected. He will probably remain in England till the beginning of November, when the fogs will give him notice to quit Many friends have already aided him to erect his new Tabernacle in the centre of the important city of Auckland; but he needs some £3000 more to enable him to open the place without debt. Like his father, he pledged himself to have no debt; and with all before him that New Zealand needs, he is wise to

keep himself unhampered for doing good work in the future. His people have done splendidly, and will continue to do so; but outside help would be very opportune. Will friends do us the great favour of helping our son's work? They can, of course, give to the building-fund; but those who cannot do this may possibly be willing and able to give him an opportunity of preaching the gospel and taking a collection, or of lecturing in the week-days upon some interesting topic. This is not desired where such a thing would deprive any home-work of needed funds; but where a congregation would not feel it to be a tax it would be most gratefully accepted. The time is short; arrangements will have to be made somewhat hurriedly, and carried out by friends on the spot. We put out this request, not knowing who may be moved to reply, but believing that there are persons who judge it to be wise to secure those new countries in the southern hemisphere for King Jesus, and that one of the best ways of doing so is to build a substantial sanctuary for a successful preacher of the word of God.

In Memoriam.—ROBERT CURME.—Our dear brother, Rev. Robert Curme, vicar of Sandford, Oxon, has passed to his reward. He was a sweet Christian, of calm and serene spirit, full of love, and humility, yet firm as a rock in the doctrine of grace. When the denouncer of Baptismal Regeneration was shunned by many of the clergy, one of his brethren asked Mr. Curme, "How can you spend so much time in company with Spurgeon?" His gentle answer was—"It is more wonderful that he should associate with me than that I should meet with him." His love to us was wonderful, and constituted one of the joys of our life. He was beloved of all who knew him, and we were one with him in the faith which is in Christ Jesus. He passed away full of years, ripe for his rest.

GEORGE THORNILOE.—In the Temperance world the death of Mr. George Thorniloe will cause a great gap. He was a true-hearted brother, ever zealous to rescue his fellow-men from the horrible habit of drunkenness. Will not some other champion step forward to fill his place?

On *Friday evening, June* 27, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. G. Goldston, one of the Secretaries, gave a summary of the annual report, Mr. R. Hayward, the Treasurer, read the balance-sheet, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, by Mr. Bowker, the venerable President of the Mission, and by Messrs. J. Clark, F. Durbin, J. Scoones, and J. C. Travers, members of the Mission, who gave an account of the stations under their charge. The report contains particulars of the work at North Cheam, Teddington, Southgate, Bedfont, Shoreham (Kent), Cranford, Feltham, Stanwell, Bell Green, Brentwood, and Kennington-road. In all those places the gospel has been regularly preached, and many souls have been won for Christ. The workers are all voluntary, and the expenditure of the Mission, which last year amounted to £169 15s. 5d., is for rent, lighting, cleaning, printing, travelling, etc. The offerings at the stations realized £76 3s. 10d., subscriptions from members and friends, £19 2s. 5d., we were happy to contribute £10 to the funds, and the balance, with the exception of £6 8s. 4d. due to the Treasurer, was made up by collections, pew rents, etc. The work of this Mission is needed as much as ever it was. All around London there are villages and hamlets where gospel preaching is sadly lacking. We are doing all we can to supply the want, but we could do much more if we had the men and the means. Earnest Christian young men, who love the truth, and desire to serve the Lord by publishing the glad tidings of salvation, will do well to apply to Mr. G. Goldston, 2, Stockwell-road, Clapham, S.W., to whom contributions for the work may also be sent, or information with regard to openings for evangelistic effort in any district within a few miles of the metropolis.

This is perhaps the best place to mention that the sister Mission, the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION, is also greatly in want of qualified preachers and singers. The indefatigable Secretary, Mr. G. E. Elvin, reminds us that on the departure of Messrs. Moody & Sankey from England in 1876, the Association offered to send Evangelists to conduct missions and special services among all the churches in London where their help was desired. From that time till now the work has been continued with marked signs of the Lord's approval. Testimonies to the value of the Evangelists' labours have been received from ministers of various denominations, and some churches so highly appreciate the efforts of our friends that they arrange for their services at regular intervals. Mr. Elvin is anxious that the recent visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey should give a new start to the work of the Association, and he will not be content until every church in London has a series of special services, at least once a year, and as far as he can he will supply Evangelists whom the pastors will gratefully welcome.

If the work increases at the rate which is desired, many more workers will be required. Many of Mr. Elvin's men have proved themselves such acceptable preachers that we have taken them into the College, and some of them are now amongst the most useful of our ministers; others have removed to different fields of labour, so that recruits are wanted; and it is hoped that among Mr. Moody's workers and converts many will be found available for this department of Christian service. For preachers, we want

men filled with the Holy Ghost, able to tell out simply and clearly "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," willing to give short but earnest addresses, possibly to small audiences, in various parts of London. For singers, both brethren and sisters are needed, God-fearing, soul-loving, with good voices, a knowledge of music, and able to sing the gospel so that all who listen to them shall understand, even if they do not accept, the message of salvation. Additional work will, of course, involve extra expense, so that help for the funds will also be needed. We hope that amongst our readers there are many who can give themselves or their substance to this divinely-blessed agency. If so, communications to that effect, as well as applications from churches desiring the services of the Evangelists, will be thankfully received by Mr. Elvin, 30, Surrey Square, Walworth, S.E.

On *Sunday, June* 29, special services were held by the SENIOR YOUTHS' BIBLE-CLASS, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. S. Wigney's connection with the class. On the following evening, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Mr. Spurgeon presented some volumes of "The Treasury of David" to Mr. Wigney, and assured him of the love felt for him by his Pastor and the officers and teachers of the school, and of their deep sympathy with him in his enforced retirement for a time, through ill-health, from the work in which he has been so greatly blessed. At the same meeting the prizes won by the scholars at the last examination of the Lambeth Auxiliary of the Sunday-school Union were presented by the Pastor, and it was especially interesting that a daughter and son of Mr. Wigney were amongst the successful candidates.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. B. Curry has become pastor of the church at the Tabernacle, Great Yarmouth; and Mr. B. Preston has settled at St. Peter's, Kent. Mr. C. S. Medhurst has been accepted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work in China, for which he will have a further period of special study before he sails.

Mr. F. J. Benskin has removed from Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, to New North Road, Huddersfield; Mr. T. H. Smith, from Haddenham, to Chatteris, Cambs.; and Mr. G. West, from South Shields, to Heneage Street, Birmingham.

On *Tuesday, July* 1, Pastor W. H. Vivian and his friends at Loughton entertained between sixty and seventy of the London ministers connected with the Pastors' College Association. Nothing was wanting on the part of our generous hosts to make the day most enjoyable, and their guests fully appreciated the kindness shown to them, and heartily thanked Mr. Vivian and his willing co-workers. The day's proceedings were happily closed by a sermon in the chapel by the President.

Among the numerous addresses of congratulation received since the Jubilee meetings, none have been more welcome than a splendidly illuminated and beautifully bound message from the former students of the College now settled in Victoria, Australia, and a loving letter from the Baptist Union of Tasmania, which was formed principally by our brethren in that island after the opening of the Launceston Tabernacle, as described on another page.

EVANGELISTS.—Together with a thank-offering of £20 we have received a cheering report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Dundee. The season of the year was somewhat unfavourable for large week-night gatherings, but great crowds assembled each Sabbath, and many received the word preached and sung. This month the Evangelists recommence work at Galashiels.

Mr. Burnham has had a season of unusual blessing at Carlton Green and Saxmundham. At the former place a good farmer invited our brother, and though scarcely a dozen houses could be seen from the field in which the services were held, as many as five hundred people gathered on the Sunday afternoon, and seven hundred in the evening, to listen to the Evangelist's message. After the open-air services every evening, prayer-meetings were held in the barn, and there many who had been impressed were brought into the liberty of the gospel. At Saxmundham the services were held in the Congregational Chapel, and there also the visit of our brother was greatly helpful to both saints and sinners.

Mr. Russell reports successful services at Congleton and Eastwood Vale. Being unable to arrange for evangelistic missions just recently, he has rendered occasional help at the Sutton Mission-hall, and also at North Cheam and West Drayton.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have visited Douglas, Isle of Man; Skipton; and Horsforth. In each place many have heard the word, and not a few have believed.

ORPHANAGE.—We have never had a more successful annual festival than that which was held at the Orphanage on *July* 16. Heavy showers in the morning threatened to mar the success of the day's proceedings; but before the afternoon the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out right gloriously. Altogether, nearly eight thousand persons were in the grounds during the day, and the total financial proceeds, including £200 from the President from his Jubilee Testimonial, and a promise of £100 from R. Cory, Esq., of Cardiff, amounted to at least £1,200. For this noble help we are very thankful to the hundreds of donors and collectors who helped to make up such a goodly sum, and we are devoutly thankful to the Lord who inclined his stewards to contribute thus generously for the support of the orphan children who are under his

special protection. May the Father of the fatherless richly reward all who have had any share in supporting the happy family at Stockwell.

The programme was an unusually full one, and every item was carried out with good spirit. The President's collection of Pictures of the Reformation was on exhibition, and was visited by several hundreds of persons. The children marched in procession on two occasions, headed by the band from Dr. Barnardo's home. The new residence for the head-master, and the offices for the trustees, teachers, and staff, were formally declared opened by the President, who called special attention to the beautiful stained-glass window erected in the board-room, in memory of the late Treasurer of the institution, W. Higgs, Esq., by the members of his family. In the afternoon a large open-air meeting was held for the purpose of welcoming home Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The President occupied the chair. Hearty words of welcome were spoken by Mr. B. W. Carr, and Pastors W. Stott, and C. Spurgeon, to which our New Zealand guest happily replied, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the hymn commencing, "My Jesus, I love thee," to the tune of "Home, sweet home," Mr. Smith leading the song with his silver cornet. The Orphanage choir entertained a large number of friends with their sweet singing in the dining-hall. In the boys' play-hall the Orphanage handbell ringers had a large and appreciative audience. Several thousands of friends gathered for the evening meeting in the grounds, at which the Right Hon. Earl Cairns presided, and spoke most cordially of his esteem for the President, and his interest in the institution. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Canon Fleming, B.D., B. Colmer Symes, B.A., and Owen Davies, and the President and his two sons. At the close of the meeting, the Clapham Male Voice Choir gave an excellent sacred concert in the dining-hall; a number of our "old boys" made capital speeches in the play-hall; and after witnessing the very charming illumination of the grounds by Mr. Pain, the vast crowd slowly dispersed. We must not omit to thank Mr. Murrell and his regiment of willing helpers, who were busy for hours feeding the multitude; nor Mr. and Mrs. Allison, whose bee-tent was a great centre of attraction; indeed we assure all who assisted in any degree that we are deeply grateful to them, and pray that they may all be abundantly blessed in return for all their love to us, and their help to the Lord's work under our care.

COLPORTAGE.—The following circular is about to be sent to the secretaries of Baptist and Congregational Associations. We shall be glad if its issue will result in the increase of this useful but hitherto little appreciated form of Christian labour:—

"Allow me to ask your serious consideration of the claims of Colportage as a valuable and tested home mission agency, specially adapted for county associations, town and country home missionary societies, and generally wherever individuals, committees, or churches can be found to support it.

"The colporteur is one of the most *efficient* house-to-house evangelists known, and penetrates into houses and haunts not reached by any other Christian agency. The twofold appeal, through the powerful printed page, and by his pointed personal address, constitutes an agency for good of immense value. Visiting the same persons regularly every month, with a new and attractive selection of illustrated periodicals, books, and Bibles, his moral and spiritual influence is very great. He becomes the welcome friend of the people, and his visits are eagerly looked for both by young and old, while the literature sold displaces or neutralizes that of an injurious nature, besides much spiritual good being accomplished.

"The work, too, is so *elastic* that its details can be adapted to the special requirements of any locality. The sale of books, &c., occupies a fundamental place with the colporteur, but while thus engaged innumerable opportunities arise for pressing home the gospel message, while special classes of persons can easily be visited, *e.g.*, fishermen, navvies, colliers, and workmen of various kinds. As a helper in lay preaching, Sunday-schools, &c., the colporteur co-operates successfully with other forms of church work, and is the rival of none.

"Finally, on the score of *economy*, Colportage is by far the cheapest agency extant, as the entire services of a Christian man can be secured by a payment to the Association of £40 a-year. When this comparatively small subscription is paid by friends in the district, the Association assists them liberally by supplying any deficiency in the expense of maintaining the colporteur; for while the profit on the sales lessens the cost, a considerable balance usually remains to be provided from the General Fund beyond the £40 received in subscriptions from the district.

"A number of county associations, and of local committees, employ one or more colporteurs, some having increased the number sevenfold. It is trusting that you will kindly consider this matter, and lay it before your friends, that I venture to launch this circular, hoping that it will not find its way into the waste-paper basket until it has accomplished its purpose in leading to the employment of more colporteurs. I shall be glad to give any further information upon application.

"Believe me,
"Yours faithfully,
"W. CORDEN JONES,
"General Secretary."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—June 26, sixteen; June 30, thirteen; July 3, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Mills	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
An aged believer	20	0	0
E. J.	1	0	0
Miss E. Clark	0	2	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Miss M. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Pewtress	9	0	0
Mr. C. Fairley	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly) ...	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Alpha...	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert	5	10	0
Mr. A. Knight, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss B. McConnell	1	0	0
Mrs. MacIntyre	0	2	6
Mrs. Sturge, "In Memoriam"... ...	5	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. W. H. Willis	15	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 15 ... ... 28 3 3			
„ 22 ... ... 35 0 0			
„ 29 ... ... 33 2 6			
July 6 ... ... 26 16 11			
„ 13 ... ... 43 9 8			
	166	12	4
	£241	14	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Thomas Greening ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Critch	1	2	6
Master Archie Carter	0	2	6
R. W., Glasgow	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	2	11	6
Collected by Emily, Alfred, Charles, and Willie Jackson	0	7	6
Miss Carrie B.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Westley	0	10	6
Miss Chalk	0	10	0
M. C.	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Bartlett...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Atley	0	13	4
Mr. James Crouch, per V. J. C. ...	2	2	0
Mr. C. Scearch (collecting box)... ...	0	7	10
Collected by Mrs. A. Smith	2	0	0
S. W. London Band of Hope Union ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Spender	0	5	1
Collecting Box, No. 2 House, Girls' Orphanage, per Miss Butler	0	4	6
Mr. W. Ross's Mission	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Puttock	0	4	0
Mrs. E., per J. T. D.	4	10	0
Collected by Miss Derrick	0	12	2
Sale of a snuff-box	0	18	5
A Christian...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Runnacus	0	11	4
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	0
Miss Stedman's pupils	0	10	6
Mrs. Jegge	1	0	0
Mr. W. Matthew	3	0	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Hewitt, per Miss Jackaman	1	0	0
J. C. R.	0	2	6
E. B.	50	0	0
Miss I. Hogg	0	10	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	10	6
Albert Woods	0	1	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
A practical joke	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake	1	12	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Moray House Practising School, and Children's Sabbath Service, Moray House, Edinburgh	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	13	3
Mr. N. Leeder	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Mr. G. Van Abbott	1	1	0
Little Beattie's legacy	1	16	6
Mr. George Inglis' Bible-class	0	5	0
Exeter friend	0	5	6
K. G.	0	5	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
T. H., Bow	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Anne Bunting ...	1	0	0
M. K. Q.	2	0	0
Mrs. Graeme Oliphant	5	0	0
An aged believer	20	0	0
E. J.	1	0	0
L. N.	0	10	0
Mrs. Couttie...	0	10	0
A deaf and dumb disciple	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	1	0
Mr. I. G. Brown	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick... ...	1	1	6
Miss E. Clark	0	2	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Collected by Master Ollie Rossiter ...	3	15	0
From a friend	3	10	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	1	1	0
An old member of the Wesleyan Church	0	4	0
From "Sunnyside" kitchen	0	5	0
Collected by Master Bell...	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Fergus...	5	0	0
Mrs. Susan Griffin...	0	2	6
Mrs. Joseph Williams	0	10	6
Mr. W. A. Palmer...	0	5	0
Miss Adcock...	0	5	0
Mr. William Mitchell	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. F. Brown	1	0	0
A gardener	0	10	0
The captain, officers, and crew of the yacht "Ellida"	0	18	6
Isaiah xlviii. 10	0	5	0
Zechariah ii. 1, 2	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. John Smithers	0	0	6
Mr. P. H. Hankin	1	1	0
Young Men's Bible Class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	0	17	6
Mr. Wm. Graham	1	0	0
Capt. Bowring	1	0	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Widow Smith	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	2	6
Mr. Gordon	0	2	6
Mr. Clarke	0	2	6
Mrs. Cameron	0	2	6
Mrs. McGaw	0	2	6
Miss J. Jordan	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. White	0	10	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Cozens...	0	1	3
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	4	0
Mrs. Simmons	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Thomas	5	0	0
Mr. C. Fairley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Baskervill	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff...	2	0	0
Mr. T. H. Morgan...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Barouche	1	0	0
T. A.	0	10	0
A servant's presents from Visitors ...	0	3	0
Mr. C. C. Harris	5	0	0
A friend, per Mr. S. Sargeant	10	0	0
X., Norwich...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Mrs. Walton	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Husk	0	3	0
Per Pastor J. S. Paige:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Tucker 1 0 0			
Miss Mary Glasson 0 10 0			
Mr. A. P. Vivian, M.P. ... 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0
Half Collection on Hospital Sunday at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, after Sermon by Mr. Charlesworth ...	14	0	0
Part of Collection after Sermon by Mr. Charlesworth in the Guildhall, Plymouth	7	0	0
Miss Barker's Collecting Box	0	10	0
Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, and Artie's Collecting Box	1	9	0
Alpha...	0	5	0
Alfred Scales' Box	0	15	0
T. A. Y., July 7	0	10	0
Mr. John Masters	1	0	0
Mr. A. Knight, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Profit on Sale of Sermon preached in Lewes, by Mr. Spurgeon	2	13	4
Mr. Jas. Alp	3	3	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Collected by Richard, Sarah, and Ernest Pocock	1	0	0
Mr. John Marr	0	2	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	0	0
J. M.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Townsend	0	2	6
Lochee Boys' and Girls' Religious Association	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Matkin	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Cox	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Wm. John	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Holmes	0	8	6
Mr. J. Gray	0	5	0
Miss E. Pugh	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Day	0	3	0
Mrs. McCaig's Bible Class	1	15	11
Sale of Clothing	0	2	1
Collected by Master J. J. Hurst... ...	0	4	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Day	0	7	0
Mr. Oxenbridge	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Frank Thompson ...	0	5	2
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	10	10
Collected by Miss Nelmes	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Dennison	1	5	2

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Cooper 1 1 0			
Mr. Cooper's Collecting Book 0 15 3			
	1	16	3
Sandwich, per Bankers, June 30 ...	2	2	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, West Croydon:—			
Mr. Perry 1 0 0			
Mrs. Turner (Brighton) ... 1 1 0			
	2	1	0
Collected by Miss Roberts	0	4	9
Collected by Mrs. Harvey	0	3	7
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. G. T. Evans	0	7	6
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Olden	0	6	6
Collected by Miss E. Price	1	5	0
Collected by Miss Josie Arnold	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Snell	0	5	6
Collected by Miss Greenaway	1	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Steed	1	18	3
Collected by Mr. E. Tanton	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	11	0
Collected by Mr. Frankham	0	3	10
Collected by Miss Mary Little	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs J. Thwaites	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Musgrove	1	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper at No. 6 House Girls' Orphanage	0	19	1
Collected by Miss Roberts at No. 4 House Girls' Orphanage	0	6	5
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	5	0	0
Charles-street Baptist Sunday-school, Camberwell New-road	3	3	6
Miss H. E. Thirtle...	0	2	6
A friend	0	5	0
Sale of articles by Miss Drake	0	4	0
Miss Mee	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Cook	1	0	0
Mrs. M. S. Duly	0	5	0
Mr. Fred. Renard	2	0	0
Miss Jane Vowles	1	0	0
Mr. D. McKercher...	2	0	0
Mrs. Hatchard	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Middleton	2	10	0
Mr. John Macdonald	0	8	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Brasted	0	10	0
Postal Order from Cheltenham... ...	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Secombe	4	0	0
Received at the Annual Meeting at the Orphanage, July 16:—			
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss 1 7 6			
Abbott, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Allum, Mrs. 2 8 0			
Allison, Mrs. (Bible Class):—			
Miss Clarkson 1 10 0			
Miss Allen 1 13 6			
Mrs. Wilson 0 6 6			
Mrs. Perkins 0 3 0			
	3	13	0
Bonser, Miss	0	14	6
Bantick, Mrs.	2	0	0
Brewer, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bowden, Miss E.	0	12	6
Brown, Mrs.	0	8	0
Boggis, C. E.	0	10	6
Brown, Miss	1	13	0
Barrett, M.. H.	1	8	0
Bailey, J.	1	10	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	14	9
Carter, Miss E.	0	5	6
Crumpton, Miss	1	0	0
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	13	0
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	6	6

	£	s.	d.
Cann, Miss	0	10	2
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1	14	0
Miss Cockshaw's pupils:—			
M. Davis ... 0 3 6			
M. Ralph ... 0 5 0			
J. Ralph ... 0 6 0			
B. and E. Matthews 0 5 0			
M. Broadbridge 0 4 6			
N. Mulvey ... 0 2 0			
M. A. C. D. ... 0 10 6			
	1	16	6
Cockle, Mrs....	10	13	6
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	17	2
Evans, Mrs.	1	13	0
Evans, Mrs. E.	1	5	0
Ewen, Mrs.	2	0	0
Freeman, Mr.	3	5	0
Fisher, Mrs.	0	11	0
Frost, Miss	0	5	0
Friston, Mr. O.	2	12	6
Good, Miss	0	8	9
Griffiths, Mrs.	0	15	9
Goslin, Mrs....	0	10	0
Hickenbotham, Mrs. ...	3	17	6
Hallett, Miss	0	10	6
Hinton, Miss E.	1	1	0
Hubbard, Miss	1	6	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	3	0
Jephs, Miss	2	14	0
Knight, Mrs. J. E.... ...	3	0	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	10	0
Livett, Mrs.	0	16	0
Leworthy, Miss	0	16	8
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
Mann, Miss	4	0	0
Mott, Mrs.	0	12	0
McDonald, Mrs.	1	10	0
Oakden, Miss E.	5	12	6
Porter, Miss...	0	10	0
Powell, Miss	0	5	2
Phillips, Master E. ...	0	4	0
Pearce, Miss Jeanie ...	0	12	0
Rearell, Mr....	0	10	0
Saunders, Miss	2	2	6
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	5	0	0
Shayes, Mr. C.	0	4	6
Spurdens, Miss	0	13	6
Thomson, Miss	0	10	0
Tiddy, Mrs., Friends per...	2	2	0
Usher, Mrs.	0	5	2
Whitehead, Mrs.	0	12	0
Wilson, Miss	1	14	0
Wheeler, Miss	1	16	0
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Willis, Mrs....	2	2	0
	100	11	1
Donations:—			
Tagg, Mrs.	1	1	0
J. W., family box, West Dulwich	0	18	4
E. A. S.	1	1	0
Orphanage Bull-dog; per W. H.	2	8	6
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Healy, Mrs....	2	0	0
Weller, Fanny R.	0	5	6
S. B., (annual)	0	5	0
C. B., (annual)	0	5	0
Maitland, Gertrude and Amelia	0	4	0
Hadnutt, Mr.	0	10	0
Palmer, Mrs. G.	0	10	0
E. M. S.	1	1	0
Lizzie...	0	2	6
Perritt, Miss...	1	0	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	10	0	0
Tinniswood, Mrs.	1	1	0
Taylor, Mr. T.	0	10	0
Critchitt, Mrs.	4	0	0
Pearce, Miss...	2	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Romang, Mr.	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
An Offering	0	6	0
Wayre, Mr. W. H. D. ...	2	2	0
Buckmaster, Mr. and Mrs.	2	2	0
A Friend, per Miss Cockshaw	1	0	0
Turley, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Weekley, Mr.	1	0	0
Weekley, Mrs.	1	0	0
Watts, Mr. Isaac	2	0	0
Stone, Mrs.	0	5	0
Mather, Mr. Jno.	0	10	0
M. A. W.	0	4	0
N. M., Clapham	0	4	0
M. M., Kennington ...	0	4	0
A Friend, per J. M. S. ...	0	1	0
Mullis, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Farley, Mr. E. J. (annual)	5	0	0
Malone, Mrs. E.	0	10	0
Harrod, Mr. H.	0	10	0
Gross, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Hall, Mr. Jas.	5	5	0
	57	3	10
Boxes:—			
Mortimer, Mr.	1	7	6
Jackson, Miss Lilla Eva ...	1	5	0
Wood, Mrs. Jonathan ...	0	5	2
Ebury Mission Sunday Evening Schools, per Mr. Northcroft	2	13	0
Chandler, Miss	2	0	0
Per Pastor Burnett, Brasted:—			
W. Burnett's box 0 14 0			
Mrs. Burnett's box 0 11 0			
The late Miss Burnett's box 0 2 1			
Mr. Water's box 0 2 0			
Mrs. Burton's box 0 3 0			
	1	12	1
Old Baptist Chapel Sunday School, Guildford:—			
Girls' 1 8 2½			
Boys' 1 1 3½			
Infants' 0 8 11			
Mr. T. Pickett ... 0 16 10½			
Mr. W. Wadey ... 0 7 0			
Nelly Prickett ... 0 8 6			
Mr. Walker ... 0 10 0			
Added 0 0 2½			
	5	1	0
Edwards, Miss, Sunday School Class at Denmark Place Chapel, Camberwell...	0	12	0
Messenger, Mrs.	0	2	6
Cornwall Road, Sunday School, per Mr. Osborne	5	0	0
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	6	6
	20	4	9
Collecting Boxes:—			
Allen, Miss	0	17	2
Armitage, Miss A. ...	0	6	3
Atkins, Miss E.	0	7	10
Aldridge, Miss E. B. ...	0	9	8
Ackland, Miss	0	7	8
Akast, Mr.	0	1	8
Ackland, Mrs.	0	4	2
Atkins, Miss A.	0	7	3
Allder, Miss...	0	9	2
Antill, Master W.... ...	0	2	1
Allum, Master Alf. ...	0	4	1
Alford, Master W. ...	1	1	2
Alford, Mr. A.	0	4	9
Bartlett, Miss M.	0	5	2
Barnard, Mrs.	0	9	2
Bowes, Mrs....	5	15	0
Bartholomew, Mrs. ...	0	14	8

	£	s.	d.
Butler, Mrs....	0	18	0
Breeson, Mr. F.	0	1	4
Blandford, Mrs.	0	9	6
Beale, Miss	0	3	8
Bartlett, Miss Lily... ...	0	4	0
Bould, Mr. H.	0	16	2
Brewer, Alice and Lily ...	0	8	7
Blake, Miss	0	4	3
Bates, Mr. W.	0	11	5
Burrage, Mrs.	0	1	9
Boswell, Miss	0	4	3
Bennington, Miss	0	7	3
Butler, Miss	1	15	5
Bowden, Miss Alice ...	0	6	2
Bailey, Master Geo. ...	0	1	1
Bedwin, Mrs.	4	3	1
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	0	15	10
Bucknole, Miss	0	13	6
Besfer, Miss...	0	4	1
Beal, Mrs.	0	5	11
Brice, Miss F.	0	1	8
Black, Miss	0	3	9
Buswell, Mrs.	2	3	7
Bowser, Miss E.	0	8	11
Buxton, Master	0	2	4
Briggs, Miss	0	2	8
Buxton, Master A. ...	0	0	7
Bennett, Miss	0	9	6
Butler, Miss E.	0	1	7
Barnden, Mrs.	1	6	7
Barr, the Masters	0	16	3
Boultwood, Miss A. ...	0	9	9
Brook, Miss...	0	4	10
Baulf, Miss L.	0	7	9
Baxter, Miss E.	0	15	0
Boulter, Master C.... ...	0	1	5
Bunn, Mrs.	0	1	3
Brook, Mrs.	0	3	8
Burnham, Miss	0	5	3
Burton, Mrs. W.	2	2	0
Bruin, Miss E.	0	15	1
Barnes, Mr. T.	0	10	1
Bendall, Mrs.	0	6	8
Box, Mrs. J.	0	2	10
Butler, Miss...	0	7	10
Charles, Miss R.	0	5	10
Culver, Mrs.	1	10	6
Collier, Mrs....	0	11	9
Casey, Mrs.	1	2	9
Crow, Mrs.	0	2	8
Call, Mrs.	0	3	1
Chisholm, Mr. W. ...	1	8	7
Christmas, Miss	0	1	9
Caffin, Mr.	0	10	9
Cozens, Master E.	0	6	5
Coker, Miss A.	2	8	0
Chamberlain, Master W....	0	7	9
Chamberlarn, Miss L. ...	0	8	0
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	4	11
Capel, Miss	0	3	3
Chittock, Master Wm. ...	1	2	9
Clark, Mr.	0	2	5
Cropley, Mrs.	0	5	5
Clinker, Miss	0	5	6
Corrick, Mrs.	0	17	10
Crane, Mr. Wm.	0	2	11
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	12	4
Crew, Miss	0	11	11
Cobham, Master	0	6	7
Caine, Miss	3	7	9
Cannon, Master J.... ...	0	3	3
Cawston, Miss E.	1	4	10
Chapman, Mrs.	0	2	0
Cowie, Miss J.	0	7	1
Cranch, Master R. L. ...	0	5	4
Cowen, Mrs. H.	0	8	0
Cairns, Master W.... ...	0	5	0
Chapman, Mrs.	0	8	3
Cullingham, Mrs.	1	9	0
Cook, Miss F.	0	0	10
Collins, Miss	0	16	4

	£	s.	d.
Descroix, Miss	1	0	0
Dee, Miss	0	8	7
Davey, Mr. H.	0	9	0
Dice, Master S. and Effie	4	10	3
Denby, Master W.... ...	0	2	10
Dale, Miss	0	5	2
Deacon, Miss	0	3	4
Durwin, Mr. F. T.... ...	0	4	7
Day, Miss E.	0	3	0
Darby, Miss L.	0	3	0
Davies, Miss C.	0	7	6
Drew, Miss C.	0	5	2
Deakin, Miss	0	16	7
Dickson, Miss	0	2	0
Davies, Miss M.	0	4	3
Davey, S.	0	0	11
Debenham, Master W. ...	0	5	4
Dunn, Mr. A. E.	0	2	4
Dury, Miss L.	0	4	8
Evans, Miss C.	0	0	6
Emery, Mrs.	0	4	9
Elston, Miss A.	0	1	6
Evans, Mrs. J. D. ...	0	9	4
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	6	7
Evans, Master S.	0	4	0
Everett, Miss	0	9	2
Fairey, Miss (No. 7 House, Boys)	0	5	6
Frisby, Master	0	5	1
Frisby, Miss	0	9	3
Fuller, Master F.	0	4	6
Fern, Master C.	0	8	1
Finch, Mr.	0	3	6
Fraser, Miss...	0	2	8
Fairbrother, Mr. John ...	0	2	3
Furness, Mrs.	0	8	1
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	7	2
Fairman, Mrs.	0	15	2
Franklin, Mr. J.	0	5	3
Farrell, Miss	0	14	10
Fathers, Miss A.	0	1	7
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	3	9
Fergusson, Miss A. ...	0	11	9
Field, Misses G. and K. ...	0	14	8
Fremlin, Miss B.	0	5	1
Groves, Master J.	0	6	0
Green, Mrs.	0	12	0
Gray, Mrs.	0	10	9
Groves, Miss F.	0	6	0
Groves, Maud and N. ...	0	3	7
Groves, Miss B.	0	5	0
Gillett, Mrs.	0	9	4
Goodwyn, Miss	0	11	2
Garrett, Elsie and C. ...	0	8	3
Grant, Miss	0	6	5
Goodeve, Miss	0	4	6
Gaimes, E. E.	0	8	5
Gamble, Miss	0	6	7
Griffin, Miss	0	5	2
Gilliam, Mr. A. J.... ...	0	1	11
Grose, F. W.	1	5	1
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	8	11
Harbison, Master M. ...	0	1	11
Higham, Master James ...	0	3	9
Howlett, Miss A.	0	3	6
Heeson, Master C.... ...	0	3	7
Hay, Miss	0	9	7
Harris, Mr. F.	0	1	6
Hopkins, Mrs.	3	16	9
Hunt, Miss G.	0	7	7
Humphery, Mrs.	1	4	9
Horne, F. B.	0	4	2
Hudson, Miss	1	3	2
Hayward, Miss	0	4	9
Hewett, Miss L.	0	5	2
Heeson, Miss A.	0	2	11
Heeson, F.	0	3	0
Hunt, Miss	0	5	10
Hillen, Mrs....	1	1	6
Hunt, Miss	1	0	3
Higham, Master E. ...	0	2	7

	£	s.	d.
Higham, Miss	0	4	10
Hawgood, Miss	2	2	11
Hall, Miss	0	4	10
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	5	6
Hewson, Master A. W. ...	0	4	3
Horne, Mr. F. B.	0	4	11
Hardy, Mr. George ...	1	8	11
Heeson, Miss L.	0	2	4
Hutchins, Master A. ...	0	0	4
Howlgate, Mr.	0	18	3
Horner, Master	0	1	7
Hunt, Mr.	0	5	0
Hoare, Master William ...	0	4	3
Holly, Mr. E.	0	4	1
Hall, E. J.	0	18	5
Higgs, Miss...	3	9	10
Hollobone, Mr. H.... ...	0	4	10
Hoare, Miss C.	0	4	3
Hayler, Mrs.	0	5	2
Harn, Miss	2	0	6
Hale, Mrs.	0	8	9
Hobbs, Miss...	0	3	0
Hendrey, Mr.	1	13	7
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	8	11
Ivimey, Miss (mothers' meeting)	0	6	1
Jones, Miss E.	2	0	3
Jones, Master W.	0	3	9
Johnson, Miss A.	0	2	5
Jago, Joseph	1	4	11
Jones, Mrs.	0	6	2
Jumpson, Mr.	1	9	6
Johnson, Miss J.	0	16	8
James, Mrs....	0	9	1
Johnson, Miss	0	6	0
King, Mrs.	0	3	1
Knight, Mr. G. H.... ...	1	12	11
Kerridge, The Misses K. and M.	0	13	4
Kentfield, Mrs.	0	10	6
Kemp, Mr. A.	0	0	2
Kluht, Miss	0	4	11
Kemp, Mrs....	0	7	11
Lucas, Miss F.	0	5	2
Lee, Mr.	0	18	3
Luxford, Miss E.	0	3	11
Lewis, Mrs. L.	0	1	10
Langton, Miss	0	2	4
Lewis, S. J.	0	11	8
Larkman, Miss	0	5	10
Lock, Miss	0	6	4
Lewis, Miss E.	0	3	5
Laker, Mrs.	1	1	0
Lewis, Miss M.	0	2	9
Limebeer, Miss	0	4	2
Longley, Mrs.	0	11	7
Law, Mrs.	0	5	2
Leech, Mrs. K.	0	4	2
Lock, Miss E.	0	11	3
Lambourne, Mrs.	0	3	0
Lines, Miss A.	0	1	2
Lewis, Master W.	0	2	10
Lane, Miss E. A.	0	4	5
Lovegrove, Miss B. ...	0	5	10
Messent, Masters H. and E.	0	5	6
Messent, Master F. C. ...	0	1	0
Messent, D. B.	0	4	2
Messent, Miss G.	0	1	0
Minter, Master Kirkham ..	0	15	1
Maxwell, Miss	1	0	11
Monk, Mrs.	0	17	1
Middleton, Mrs.	0	12	0
Martin, Miss	0	5	8
Murrell, Miss M.	1	3	2
Mills, W. R....	0	3	6
Mills, F. C.	0	2	4
Mimpress, Mrs.	0	8	5
Morgan, Miss	0	15	9
Mellor, Miss	0	5	5
Middeton, S. and A. ...	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
McNeil, M. and E.... ...	0	1	0
McCombie, Mrs.	0	12	6
Mann, Miss	1	1	3
Moore, Miss A.	0	3	10
Merrett, Miss	0	2	1
Mackey, Mrs.	0	17	2
Mason, Miss...	0	2	5
Murrell, Miss	1	3	0
Matthews, Miss M. ...	0	2	3
Mills, Mr. Henry	0	15	4
Mills, F.	0	0	6
Mills, H.	0	0	1
Nichols, Miss	0	5	0
Nicholas, Mrs.	0	9	6
Narraway, Miss E. M. ...	0	7	6
Newth, Miss	0	4	0
Nash, Mrs. A.	0	5	7
Oxford, Master E. ...	0	13	5
Offer, Mrs.	0	4	6
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	11	6
Offer, Miss E.	0	3	3
Palmer, Master George and Grace	0	5	7
Powell, Master G.... ...	1	1	10
Peters, Miss F. W.... ...	0	5	2
Powell, Miss Eva	1	0	6
Palmer, Master G.	0	7	0
Pownall, Mr. S.	0	2	7
Pankhurst, Miss F. ...	0	4	10
Prebble, Mrs.	1	3	11
Pankhurst, Bennie ...	0	3	11
Patten, Mrs.	0	11	4
Perry, Mrs.	0	3	9
Pawsey, Miss E.	0	3	8
Pownall, Master E. ...	0	10	7
Possee, Miss L.	0	6	6
Pawsey, Miss A. E. ...	0	1	8
Pownall, Percy	0	1	4
Pownall, E.	0	0	7
Pash, Master H.	0	3	8
Price, Miss F.	0	2	0
Peabody, Mrs.	0	4	6
Priestly, Master F.... ...	0	4	2
Priestly, Master J. M. ...	0	0	3
Perryman, Master H. ...	0	14	3
Parker, Master F.	0	0	9
Pain, Miss C.	0	8	0
Powell, Miss R.	0	0	6
Powell, Miss	0	3	9
Roche, Mrs.	0	8	6
Roberts, Mrs.	1	3	11
Rogers, Mrs.	0	10	2
Richards, Mrs.	0	4	3
Ridley, Mrs....	0	2	6
Redford, Miss E.	0	2	2
Richardson, Mrs.	0	4	8
Russell, Miss E.	0	4	9
Rawlinson, Nelly and Fanny	0	1	1
Reading, Mr. Wm. ...	0	4	4
Round, Miss M.	0	3	7
Round, Miss L.	0	2	8
Rawlinson, Master J. ...	0	6	0
Rouse, Mrs.	0	12	0
Robson, Master F.... ...	0	2	8
Reveley, Mrs.	1	4	3
Snell, Miss	0	6	1
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	4	7
Smith, Mrs. S.	0	5	7
Sedcole, Master A. ...	0	3	7
Shepperd, Miss	1	15	8
Smith, Miss	0	2	6
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	6	4
Simmonds, Miss	0	7	0
Smee, Miss C....	0	7	8
Stocks, Miss...	2	9	0
Smith, Miss J.	0	13	7
Skipper, Miss L.	0	2	7
Sanders, Mr. W. H. ...	1	13	6
Saunders, Mrs. S.	2	8	10
Spencer, Mrs.	0	3	10

	£	s.	d.
Sandes, Norah and Millie	1	8	2
Sparey, Miss	0	7	0
Smith, Mrs. W. J.	0	8	7
Syrett, Master	0	2	5
Simpson, Miss	0	6	6
Seward, Miss G.	2	4	6
Spanswick, Miss J.	0	6	8
Slater, Miss H.	0	5	6
Stroud, Mrs.	0	7	0
Sadler, Mrs.	0	7	3
Sharp, Miss E.	0	2	0
Sargent, Master G. ...	0	2	11
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	6	4
Smith, Miss	0	2	7
Soulsby, Miss L.	0	6	2
Samuel, Mrs.	0	10	4
Swain, Mr.	0	1	7
Swain, Miss...	1	9	0
Smith, Mrs.	0	2	1
Scudder, Miss	0	11	1
Soper, Mrs.	0	4	6
Trory, Miss A.	0	2	3
Thorne, Miss	0	8	0
Taylor, Mrs.	0	12	5
Thomas, Mrs.	0	3	9
Tarlton, Miss	0	4	7
Taylor, Mrs. H.	0	3	9
Terrell, Mrs....	0	10	0
Thomas, Miss A.	0	8	7
Tyrrell, Miss H.	0	6	1
Thomas, Master G. E. ...	0	4	10
Toms, Miss L.	1	3	0
Turner, Mrs. M. L. ...	0	14	1
Tomkins, Miss M. G. ...	0	2	6
Vero, Miss M.	1	8	9
Vears, Mrs...	0	13	0
Womersley, Mrs.	0	12	9
Westmoreland, Mrs. ...	0	4	2
Wheatley, Miss	0	3	0
Wareham, Miss A. ...	0	0	4
Watts, Master J.	0	8	6
White, Miss M. A. ...	0	2	11
White, Master George ...	0	7	1
Woolley, Miss	0	7	1
Woodcock, Mr.	0	18	3
Waite, Miss...	0	6	6
White, Mrs.	3	6	0
Waddell, Mr.	0	3	11
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	10	9
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	10	5
Weeks, W. and F.... ...	0	3	4
Woollard, Miss	0	1	8
White, Miss E.	0	0	9
Ward, Miss A.	0	3	10
Weeks, The Messrs. J. & F.	0	2	7
Watson, W. J.	0	9	2
Warrington, Minnie ...	0	0	4
Watkins, Miss A.	0	5	1
Walker, Mr. Chas.... ...	0	1	4
Willis, Mrs.	0	4	8
Wells, Masters A. and H.	0	7	3
Waud, Miss F.	0	1	1
Weare, Mrs....	1	2	6
Waterman, Miss	1	14	9
Walker, Mrs.	0	9	1
Wassell, Miss	0	4	2
Williams, Mrs.	0	7	9
Woodmills, Master William	0	18	4
Weeks, Mrs.	0	7	4
Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs.	0	2	9
Box 4 T., no name ...	1	3	10
Younghusband, J.... ...	0	6	10
Robert-street Sunday-school	0	5	5
Young Women employed at Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard, per Miss Marshall	2	1	1
Teachers and Pupils of Hamilton College, per Mrs. Abbott... ...	1	10	7
Box with no name... ...	0	4	5
Odd farthings and halfpence ...	0	16	0
		£	s. d.
		211	17 0
Collected by the Misses Rust		0	9 0
Collected by Mr. G. W. Broadbent ...		0	6 0
Mr. Geo. Jingey		20	0 0
Dr. Coppin, per Miss Watts		0	1 0
Strone House Sunday-school, per Mrs. Moubray		0	11 0
Miss E. Hill		0	5 0
Mr. Gavin Brown		1	0 0
Miss F. A. Craig		0	4 1
Executors of the late Mr. B. Jewkes (less legacy duty)		9	0 0
Mr. G. A. Calder		21	0 0
Mr. Fergus, per Mr. R. Fergus... ...		5	0 0
Mr. S. Harwood		10	0 0
T. A. H. P. W.		5	0 0
Mr. John Franco		0	5 0
Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd		0	2 6
S. V.		0	10 0
Mr. Edward Jenner		2	2 0
Miss Mary Fraser		0	7 6
W. A. M.		0	5 0
Mrs. M. A. Younger		0	10 0
Collected by Mrs. Chas. Wood		2	0 0
Mrs. Mills		5	0 0
H. M. F.		0	2 6
Mr. Frank Butler		1	1 0
Mr. A. C. Johnston		0	2 6
Mrs. E. James		1	0 0
Miss M. Symington		1	0 0
Mr. G. Harris		0	10 0
Mrs. Cooper and friend		0	5 0
Mr. J. B. Parker		10	0 0
Mr. W. R. Fox, for support of one child for a year		20	0 0
Mr. Jos. Johnston...		5	0 0
Mrs. E. E. Adams...		1	1 0
Mr. R. Taylor		0	4 0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd		5	5 0
Miss E. C. Clutterbuck		0	5 0
H.E.		0	2 6
Mrs. H. Couldrey		0	4 0
Mr. John Wood		0	10 0
C. H. Spurgeon, from Jubilee Testimonial		200	0 0
Collecting Box, No. 1 House, Girls' Orphanage, per Miss Smith		1	0 11
Collected by Mrs. Tier		0	11 4
George Eloy, per J. T. D.		0	15 0
Collected by Miss Mackerill		0	8 0
Mrs. Thoday, per Miss Fairey		1	1 0
Exhibition of Mr. Spurgeon's Reformation Pictures on July 16, at Orphanage Annual Festival		9	16 3
Boxes at the Gates		5	10 10
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage, July 16, 1884:—			
Mrs. Price	0 2 6		
Tubby, Mr. H.	10 0 0		
Evans, Mr. R.	20 0 0		
Gamage, Mr. and Mrs. ...	2 2 0		
A Friend	0 10 0		
Norris, Miss (annual) ...	1 1 0		
Pence, Arthur	0 5 0		
Gallant, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0 18 0		
H. M. B.	1 1 0		
Number One	0 10 0		
A Lady	1 0 0		
Hill, Miss	0 15 0		
Given to Miss Newman by a Lady	2 0 0		
Misses A. and E. Newman	5 0 0		
Rea, Mr. W. T.	2 2 0		
M. T....	0 4 0		
A Friend	1 0 0		
The Right Hon. Earl Cairns	5 0 0		
Winsford, Mr. W.... ...	5 0 0		
G. T. R.	2 2 0		
Seward, Mr.	2 0 0		

	£	s.	d.
Quarterly Subscriptions, per the Misses Crumpton:—			
Miss Arkill ... 0 5 0			
Orphan boy, A.S.C., part of the Lord's tenth ... 0 2 6			
Mr. J. Jones... 0 15 0			
Mr. J. B. Kelloway 0 2 6			
Mr. J. O. Ball 0 10 0			
Mr. J. McIntosh 0 5 0			
Mr. W. F. Masters 0 10 6			
	2	10	6
	65	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	4	1	6
Mr. G. Cox	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Holborow	2	6	6
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	7	0
Collected by Miss Annie Bunting ...	1	3	3
Collected by Miss S. Fryer	0	12	6
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Spurgeon	1	13	6
Collected by Mr. Jas. Simpson	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Lepper	0	17	6
Collected by Mrs. Wooltorton	2	14	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman ...	0	8	6
Collected by Mr. E. Potter	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Box on counter at Sellindge	1	7	0
Collected by Miss Wain	8	10	4
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	14	0
Employes of Messrs. Marshall & Sons, per Mr. Jno. Morgan	0	14	10
Collected by Miss M. North	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. Masenhelder ...	0	11	0
Midhurst Baptist Sunday School ...	0	13	0
Collected by Mr. Lawrence	0	7	5
Collected by Mrs. Lawrence	0	6	7
Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Medland	0	4	6
Mrs. A. Plummer	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Walker	0	9	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Gloag	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Plummer	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Pastor W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. Hallett's children	0	7	6
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Miss H. Fells (2 qrs.)	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Milward...	6	10	0
	£1172	3	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS: A quantity of Bread, Miss Unstead; a sack of Greens, Mr. J. Walker; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. F. H. Cockrell.

GENERAL:—A hamper of Flowers, Bromley Congregational Chapel; 2 vols. "Kind Words," Mrs. A. H. Smith; some Flowers, The B—— Sunday School, Dransfield; 4 Egg Cosies, "Friends at Montrose"; a box containing Worn Garments, A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—31 Articles, Mrs. M. Caswell; 14 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; Material for Dress, Miss Hine; 42 Articles, Mrs. Stockwell; 7 Articles, "Sarah"; 16 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynn Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 31 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Article, "Friends at Montrose."

BOYS' CLOTHING:—A Box of Bows, Mrs. Moore; 17 Flannel Shirts and 9 Pairs of Socks, Mrs. M. Caswell; 4 Pairs of Knitted Stockings, Miss Cole; 4 Pairs of Stockings, "Friends at Montrose;" 15 Shirts and 1 Pair of Socks, Mrs. Stockwell; 2 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynn Road, per Mrs. Pearce.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Carrie B.	0	5	0
Miss M. Butcher	1	1	0
Miss Mary Monerieff	0	9	6
Mrs. Coleman	0	5	0
A friend, per Mrs. Coleman	0	1	0
Mrs. Couttie...	0	10	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Fergus...	5	0	0
Mrs. Scott, for "The Liverpool House"	0	7	0
Mrs. Johnston	0	10	0
Mrs. Walton	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Mote	1	1	0
Alpha...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Middleton	2	10	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
Mrs. Blyth	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected in Sydney, New South Wales by "Jessie," sister of one of the orphans 0 10 0			
Collected by Mrs. Butler:—			
Mr. Hugh Dixson 1 1 0			
Mr. B. Short 1 1 0			
Mrs. A. Haydon 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Butler 0 10 0			
Mr. Brown (Brisbane) ... 0 5 0			
"Little Ray" 0 8 0			
Small sums 0 4 0			
	5	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
	£21	13	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Waterlooville, per Mr. Lancaster ...	10	0	0
Aylesbury District...	10	0	0
Haddenham, Bucks, District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Norfolk Association:—			
Tittleshall District ... 10 0 0			
Neatishead District ... 10 0 0			
	20	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Mr. Elliman, for Tring	1	0	0
For Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrikyber	30	0	0
Oxfordshire Association:—			
Witney District 10 0 0			
Stow and Aston 9 1 0			
	19	1	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Grosvenor Square Congregational Church	7	10	0
Calne District	8	6	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown	30	0	0
G. E., for Kettering	5	0	0
Minchinhampton District	2	10	0
	£273	7	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Ground	0	1	0
Mrs. Susannah Cloat	0	1	0
Mrs. Yates	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Rowell	1	0	0
Mrs. L. W. Pole	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Given to Colporteur outside Mr. Moody's Hall	0	1	4
L. E. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Turner	0	5	0
J. W.	0	2	6
An aged believer	20	0	0
E. J.	1	0	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	1	1	0
Miss Annie Armstrong	0	3	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. M. E. White	0	10	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0
T. A.	0	5	0
Miss M. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Husk	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A. B.	3	0	0
C. H. Spurgeon, from Jubilee Testimonial	200	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. A. Gunn	10	0	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. McGregor	1	1	0
Mr. John J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
The Hon. Mrs. Howard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wells	0	10	0
Mr. W. Y. Thompson	1	0	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dennish	0	10	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
	£282	18	10

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	5	0
An aged believer	20	0	0
Miss M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Hay	10	0	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	1	1	0
Mr. I. Levinsohn	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Carlton and Saxmundham	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Dundee ...	20	0	0
T. A.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Bush	0	5	0
	£75	11	0

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Mrs. G. E. Buckenham, £5 5s; Mr. N. Cumings, 10s; C. P., 5s; A Member, £1; Mrs. Walton, £5 5s; Mrs. R. Wilson, £1; Squire, £1; Miss Allen, 10s; given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage, 10s; received by Pastor T. Spurgeon at the Orphanage *Fête*, £26 16s 10d; Another brick, 10s; A Friend, 5s; Miss M. Heath, £1 1s; Mr. J. Gwyer, 10s; C. H. Spurgeon, from Jubilee Testimonial, £250.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1883-84.

Trustees: *who are also Managers.*

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.	B. WILDON CARR.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.	HENRY SMITH.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.	CHARLES F. ALLISON.
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W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

THOMAS C. PAGE.

Head Master.	Secretary.
VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.	FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys and Girls.

Applications 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 candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form; for it would be useless to cause trouble when there is no prospect of success. If a form be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

The questions must be fully and frankly 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. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Under no possible circumstances can exceptions be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of approved candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries. Should these be satisfactory, the child will appear before the Committee in due course, and if it is then among the most needy and deserving, it may 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; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability, for the Institution is not a Hospital, nor a Reformatory, nor an Idiot Asylum. 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.

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. Now that girls as well as boys have to be fed, clothed, and educated, the income needs to be doubled. *Will not the reader of this Report become a helper?* Subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Collecting Boxes or Books may be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage. 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.

REPORT, 1883-4.

WHEN a year has been crowned with mercy it should be closed with praise, and we invite all who have had fellowship with us in the work of the Orphanage to join in blessing our Covenant God. Without the Lord nothing prospers, but with him nothing fails. The Stockwell Orphanage has always been covered with the wings of the Eternal, and so its little ones have nestled down in safety. Neither anxiety nor toil have been permitted to press so heavily as to become a burden, for our anxiety has yielded to a peaceful trust that "the Lord will provide," and toil has been rendered light by the assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Our language is, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." It is good work, for a good Master, who has set before us a good object, promises us good wages, and provides us with good supplies. We ought to be merry in the midst of such mercy.

The Trustees have all been spared and enabled to perform their arduous duties through another year; friends have been raised up for the Institution; funds have been forthcoming, and every way we are called upon to praise the Lord upon the high-sounding cymbals. Our tongue shall not be silent nor our heart forgetful; the whole Institution shall be perfumed with the praises of Jehovah, the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow.

To those who like to trace the progress of the Institution, the following table will be of considerable interest, from which it will be seen that we have received

NINE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR FATHERLESS CHILDREN!

This is a large family, but not too large for the bounty of the Father's House. "He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." See how easily the work is done. He does but open his hand and every need is satisfied. Another year's experience has proved that

> "He who feeds the ravens
> Will give his children bread.'

With gratitude be it said the orphans have never lacked a meal, and the managers have been spared the calamity of debt, and even the trial of overdrawing their banker's account. If at any time our faith has been put to the test, it has only led us to more fervent prayer, and the supplies have come when they have been most needed.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF INMATES.

BOYS.

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
1	Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	218
5	April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230
9	April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	April, 1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244
11	April, 1879, to March, 1880	41	568	41	324	244
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	42	610	44	368	242
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	54	664	52	420	244
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	38	702	48	468	234
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	47	749	44	512	237

GIRLS.

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
11	Dec., 1879, to March, 1880	29	29	1	1	28
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	7	36	1	2	34
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	58	94	0	2	92
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	41	135	2	4	131
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	40	175	5	9	166

Total number received—924. Left—521. In residence—403.

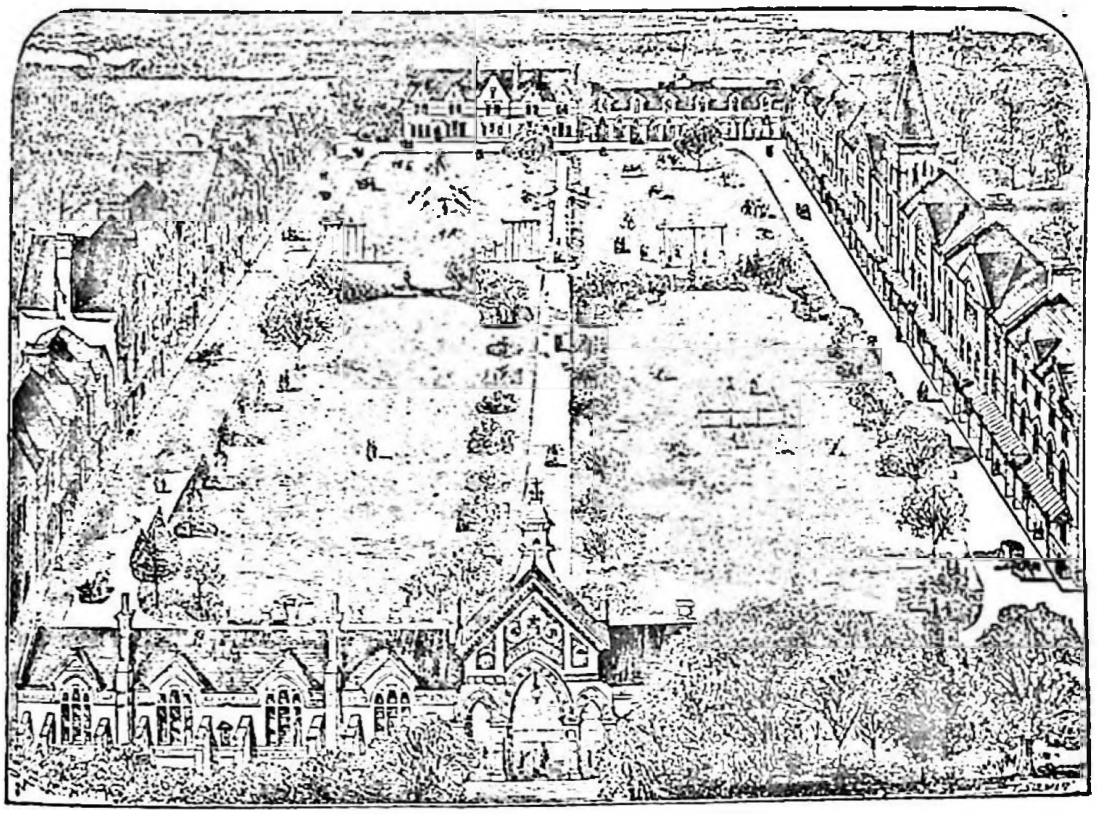
NOTE.—Of the 49 children whose removal we record, 35 were placed in situations, 9 were remitted to their friends, 4 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers, and one died in the Hospital.

Mr. John Maynard, one of the old boys, on returning from Africa, where he had charge of a church, entered the Pastors' College as a student for the ministry.

As many of our supporters are removed year by year, and new friends must be added to the list, we deem it advisable to recapitulate the guiding principles of the Institution.

1. It is based on THE COTTAGE HOME SYSTEM which, in our judgment, has superior advantages over every other. The loss of home and parental influence is a calamity to a child, and the wisest and best methods are necessary to compensate the loss as far as possible. Covering an area of nearly four acres in one of the healthiest suburbs

of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for its purpose. Each home is complete in itself, and each family has its own "mother." The boys dine in one common hall according to families; the girls' meals are all prepared in their respective houses, and it is a rule that both boys and girls assist in all the domestic duties of the establishment. Family worship is conducted in each department morning and evening, and the children learn the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's "Almanack." The terrace on the left-hand side of the



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ORPHANAGE.

quadrangle, with the schools over the centre block, are designed for 250 boys, and the terrace on the right for an equal number of girls. The building in the centre is the infirmary, with separate wings for boys and girls. The adjacent building is for the swimming bath and girls' play hall. For the boys a commodious play hall is provided at the end of the terrace.

Under the Cottage Home System the most careful supervision of each child is possible, and the best sanitary conditions are secured. Apart from the ordinary ailments incidental to childhood, and one or two solitary cases of a serious nature, there has been no illness to cause alarm or anxiety. By the good providence of God the children have been spared the ravages of an epidemic, and though many of them came of a consumptive stock, a short residence in the Institution has been found to improve their condition to a remarkable degree. We append the medical report, and a list shewing the cause of death in the case of fathers whose children were received during the year.

MEDICAL REPORT, 1883-4.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

I have now the pleasure to hand you my annual report, ending 31st March, 1884.

We have again been blessed with a comparatively clean bill of health, and our average sickness has been very small. We are fortunate in having an excellent staff of officers, and to this I attribute the early attention that all sick cases have received, and the general harmony that tends so much to the efficient working—medically and otherwise—of a large institution.

At the commencement of the year we had several cases of febriculæ, of the class now generally recognised as German measles. Some had grave symptoms; but, in the end, all terminated without trouble or complication. I find it a good plan to isolate for fourteen days, during the prevalence of eruptive diseases, all cases in which there is sore throat with febrile symptoms. Scarlet fever frequently follows.

Outside the walls of the Orphanage, cases of measles have been very numerous, but, I am thankful to report, our children have hitherto escaped. Two well-marked cases of hooping-cough occurred: these were at once isolated, and the spread of the disease was arrested.

Cases of ringworm—from the frequent importation of fresh children—have been numerous, and there is no disease attended by so many troublesome complications, especially when it affects the head.

One case of enteric fever occurred, which, we regret to add, terminated fatally.

One boy contracted scarlet fever, and on his return to his friends developed within three days a mild attack of small-pox.

Both these children were sent without delay to the Stockwell Hospital.

Several children have suffered from strumous diseases affecting the glands and eyes.

It is a matter of considerable importance as to how the bread is made. Pure water and cleanliness are essential to the production of a wholesome loaf. Under the management of the Committee, nutritious bread might be made on the premises of flour containing the bone-forming and nitrogenous portions of the wheat. A loaf made of seconds flour, good quality, and 20 per cent. of granulated wheat (through steel mills) will be sweet and pleasant to the palate after being kept three or four days.

Possibly the day will come when the Orphanage will have its convalescent home at the sea-side, to which we can send children without delay who require the change.

I subjoin a Table assigning the cause of death in the cases of the fathers of those children who were admitted during the year.

Consumption, 16; Pneumonia, 11; Heart Disease, 10; Accidents—(Drowned, 4; Run-over, 1; Railway, 1; Choked, 1; Suffocated, 1)—8; Bronchitis, 6; Paralysis, 5; Typhoid Fever, 5; Apoplexy, 3; Rupture of Bloodvessel, 3; Natural Causes, 3; Pleurisy, 2; Cancer, 2; Small-pox, 2; Inflammation of Liver, 3; Peritonitis, 1;

Anæmia, 1; Epilepsy, 1; Cerebral Abscess, 1; Tumour in the Stomach, 1; Stricture 1; Inflammation of the Kidneys, 1; Dysentery, 1.—*Total* 87.

Thanking you for your confidence,
I beg to remain,
Mr. President and Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SOPER, M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Our best thanks are due to our Medical Officer, Dr. Soper, and also to those honourable gentlemen who have for so many years voluntarily discharged, without fee or reward, the offices of Hon. Consulting Physician, Hon. Consulting Surgeon, Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon and Hon. Dentist. The last gentleman has a curious record of an immense number of teeth stopped or extracted, which shows that his office is no sinecure. As the work is all for love, and nothing for reward, we trust that these gentlemen will receive a special blessing from the great Father of the fatherless.

In order to the more efficient management of the Girls' Department, the Trustees have thought it wise to call in the assistance of a *Ladies' Committee*, by whose kindly observation and advice they hope to be better able to arrange for the comfort of that side of the establishment. A number of ladies, mostly the wives of the Trustees, very cheerfully accepted the duty, and we look for happy results therefrom.

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2. The institution is open to fatherless children from ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. Being situated in London, where the greatest need is concentrated, by far the larger number of children admitted have come from the Metropolitan area, and it will be seen that the poorest districts have benefited to the largest extent. This is as it should be, for we aim to assist the most helpless and deserving.

Our subscribers will be glad to note that as the knowledge of the institution extends, so its advantages are sought by applicants from all parts of the kingdom.

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES

From which children have been received.

LONDON.

Balham	7	Haverstock Hill ...	1	Paddington	4
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	1	Peckham	27
Battersea	11	Holborn	9	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	11	Pimlico	4
Bermondsey	63	Homerton	2	Poplar	4
Bethnal Green ...	5	Hornsey	3	Rotherhithe	5
Bloomsbury	2	Horsolydown... ...	5	Shadwell	1
Borough	7	Hoxton	10	Shoreditch	4
Bow	13	Islington	23	Soho	1
Brixton	23	Kennington	7	Southwark	24
Bromley	1	Kensington	3	Spitalfields	1
Camberwell	28	Kentish Town ...	6	Stepney	5
Camden Town ...	4	Kilburn	8	Strand	2
Chelsea	7	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Clapham	7	Lambeth	56	Stockwell	2
Clapton	5	Lewisham	4	Stoke Newington ...	4
Clerkenwell	10	Limehouse	4	St. John's Wood ...	1
Dalston	1	Marylebone	17	St. Luke's	2
Deptford	7	Mile End	7	St. Pancras	3
Dulwich	3	Newington	10	Sydenham	1
Finsbury	4	New Cross	9	Vauxhall	1
Hackney	14	Norwood	6	Walworth	36
Haggerston	1	Notting Hill	7	Wandsworth	13
Hammersmith ...	4	Nunhead	1	Westminster	10
Hampstead	2	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3

TOTAL ... ... 613.

NOTE.—Of the children received from London, it will be seen the *poorer* districts have furnished the larger proportion.

COUNTRY.

Bedfordshire, Bedford	3	*Devonshire*, Appledore	1	*Essex*, Dunmow ...	1
,, Luton	1	,, Bideford	1	,, Halstead ...	1
Berkshire, Newbury...	2	,, Brixham	1	,, Hatfield Heath	1
,, Reading ...	14	,, Devonport	2	,, Ilford... ...	1
,, Slough ...	1	,, Exeter ...	1	,, Leyton ...	1
,, Uffington...	1	,, Plymouth	1	,, Leytonstone ...	3
,, Wokingham	1	,, Stoke ...	1	,, Loughton ...	1
,, Wargrave	1	,, Torquay	3	,, Maldon ...	4
Buckinghamshire,		*Dorsetshire*, Poole ...	2	,, North Woolwich	2
Princes Risborough	1	,, Swanage	1	,, Paglesham ...	1
Winslow	2	,, Weymouth	2	,, Romford ...	1
Cambridgeshire,		*Durham*, Stockton ...	2	,, Stratford ...	1
Cambridge	2	*Essex*, Barking ...	1	,, Walthamstow	2
Wisbeach	1	,, Boxted ...	1	,, Witham ...	2
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1	,, Braintree ...	1	*Gloucestershire*, Bristol	4
,, Chester ...	1	,, Brentwood ...	1	,, Cirencester ...	2
Cornwall, Penzance...	2	,, Chelmsford ...	1	,, Gloucester ...	1
,, Truro ...	1	,, Chingford ...	1	,, Nailsworth ...	1
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1	,, Colchester ...	2	,, Painswick ...	1
,, Derby ...	2	,, Coggeshal ...	1	,, Stroud ...	2

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Gloucestershire, Wootton	1	*Lancashire*, Blackpool	1	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1
Hampshire, Lymington	1	„ Bolton... ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	1
„ Bournemouth...	1	„ Liverpool ...	4	„ Halesworth...	1
„ Christchurch...	1	„ Manchester ...	2	„ Ipswich ...	5
„ Hayling Island	1	„ Morecambe ...	1	„ Southwold ...	1
„ Landport ...	1	*Leicestershire*,		„ Stowmarket	2
„ Pokesdown ...	1	„ Lutterworth	1	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1
„ Portsmouth ...	1	*Lincolnshire*, Boston...	1	„ Bletchingley	1
„ Portsea ...	1	„ Lincoln	1	„ Catford ...	1
„ Romsey ...	1	*Middlesex*, Acton ...	1	„ Croydon ...	9
„ Southampton	3	„ Arlington ...	1	„ East Moulsey	1
„ Southsea ...	2	„ Barnet ...	1	„ Godalming ...	1
„ Winchester ...	1	„ Ealing ...	1	„ Godstone ...	1
Herefordshire, Ledbury	1	„ Edmonton ...	1	„ Horley ...	1
Hertfordshire,		„ Finchley ...	1	„ Kingston ...	3
„ Berkhampstead	1	„ Fulham ...	1	„ Leatherhead	1
„ Hoddesdon ...	1	„ Hampton-Wick	1	„ Red Hill ...	1
„ Redbourne ...	1	„ Harrow ...	2	„ Richmond ...	1
„ St. Albans ...	1	„ Hendon ...	1	„ Sutton ...	2
„ Ware	1	„ Hounslow ...	2	„ Tooting ...	2
Huntingdonshire,		„ Isleworth ...	1	„ Wimbledon ...	1
„ Fenstanton	1	„ Tottenham ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	2
Kent, Bromley ...	1	„ Whetstone ...	1	„ Hailsham ...	1
„ Charlton ...	2	*Norfolk*, Dereham ...	1	„ Hastings ...	3
„ Chatham ...	3	„ Holt ...	1	„ Lewes ...	1
„ Crayford ...	1	*Northamptonshire*,		„ Seaford ...	1
„ Deal	1	„ Brackley ...	1	*Warwickshire*,	
„ Dover	1	„ Kettering ...	1	„ Birmingham	2
„ Eynsford ...	2	„ Northampton	1	„ Coventry ...	1
„ Folkestone ...	1	„ Oundle ...	2	„ Leamington	1
„ Goudhurst ...	1	„ Peterborough	1	„ Oxhill ...	1
„ Gravesend ...	3	„ Thrapstone	1	„ Quinton ...	1
„ Greenwich ...	10	*Monmouthshire*,		„ Wolverhampton	1
„ Maidstone ...	3	„ Blaenavon ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
„ Margate ...	4	„ Newport ...	1	„ Chippenham	1
„ New Brompton	1	*Nottingham*, Retford...	1	„ Salisbury ...	1
„ Northfleet ...	2	„ Sutton ...	1	„ Summerford Magna	1
„ Orpington ...	1	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1	„ Swindon ...	1
„ Plumstead ...	2	„ Chip. Nor.	1	„ Warminster	1
„ Ramsgate ...	1	„ Kidlington	1	„ Westbury Leigh ...	1
„ Rochester ...	1	„ Thame ...	1	„ Wroughton...	1
„ Sittingbourne	2	„ Witney...	1	*Yorkshire*, Leeds ...	1
„ West Wickham	1	*Rutlandshire*, Uppingham	1	„ Bedale ...	1
„ Woolwich ...	5	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1	„ Burley ...	1
„ Wrotham ...	1	„ West Felton ...	1		
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2		
		„ Taunton ...	3		
TOTAL				291.	

NOTE.—191 provincial towns, representing 37 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 291 children.

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Cardiff ...	4	*Wales*, Llanelly ...	1
„ Bridgend ...	1	„ Haverfordwest	2	„ Rhyll ...	1
„ Builth ...	1	„ Hay	1	„ Swansea ...	2
TOTAL				14	

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Isle of Wight*, Newport ...	1
Ireland	2	„ „ Sandown ...	2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	613	Wales	14
Country	291	Ireland	2
Scotland	1	Isle of Wight...	3
TOTAL		... ...	924

3. The Institution is UNSECTARIAN—the question of the denominational connection of the parents having no influence with the Committee in considering an application. Orphanhood and need are the conditions required, and no child is prejudiced as a candidate on account of the creed of his father. In a matter of pure philanthropy sectarian preferences should have no weight, although the character of the parents and their usefulness in the Church of God constitute in some cases a plea for a more speedy reception of their little ones.

The supreme desire of the Committee of Management is that the children shall be instructed in the truths of our common Christianity, renewed in spirit by the Holy Ghost, and trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We are more concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ than devotees of a sect, and for this we will both pray and labour. It would be a calamity to be deplored were theological differences allowed to mar so beneficent a work as that of assisting the widow and the fatherless, and in this we rejoice to know that we have the hearty confidence and generous co-operation of friends in communion with every section of the Christian Church.

TABLE OF THE RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	348	Roman Catholic	3
Baptist	219	Brethren	3
Congregational	103	Moravian	1
Wesleyan	89	Bible Christian	1
Presbyterian	19	Not specified	138
TOTAL		... ... 924.	

4. The Institution is open to ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY. No one section of society has the preference. In considering the claims of an orphan, the station in life occupied by the parents has small influence in the counsels of the Committee. It will be seen in the table subjoined that, while almost every grade of society has been represented, by far the greater proportion of children belonged to the industrial and most necessitous classes. When a family has been dependent upon the weekly wage of the father, which in so many instances leaves but a slender margin for saving, with his death the whole of their support is gone at a stroke! If a lingering illness has preceded his death, their little hoard has been exhausted; if not, what remains will scarcely suffice to meet the funeral expenses. But for the ministry of an orphanage, a widow, left with several helpless little ones whose cry for bread pierces her heart, must have a feeling akin to despair. The relief afforded by our taking one child has often inspired a poor woman with hope, given her a little breathing-space, and enabled her to accomplish the difficult task which still remained. Often have our hearts been filled to overflowing with mingled emotions of sympathetic sorrow and sincere joy; sorrow for the trouble which still remained, and joy that we had been able to lighten the load, at least by an ounce or two. Frequently have we had to see the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our Institution. Are there not thousands who will share our burden and our blessing? Will not our reader continue to do so? Our subscribers will rejoice with us that the Institution has taken over the burden of no less than 924 fatherless children to the present date.

TABLE OF THE PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN :—

Mechanics	220	Policemen & Custom House Officers	11
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	142	Commission Agents	8
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	153	Accountants	10
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	127	Postmen and Sorters	6
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	96	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries ...	30	Surgeons and Dentists	4
Mariners and Watermen ...	32	Solicitors	3
Commercial Travellers	17	Fireman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	15	Soldier	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	13	Architect	1
Farmers and Florists	17	Gentleman	1
Railway Employés	11		

TOTAL ... ... 924.

5. To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child between the age of six and ten, NO PATRONAGE IS REQUIRED, provided there is room in the Institution. The most helpless and deserving are *selected* by a Committee, to whom the greatest need must always have the loudest voice; they are not *elected* by the votes of subscribers. In this way help is rendered to those who are least able to help themselves, or to secure the assistance of others. Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing the necessary certificates to prove that the candidates are eligible under the rules of the Institution. It is better that the admission of a child should be in response to the bitter cry of helpless orphanhood than as a reward for the diligence or expense incurred in dunning the subscribers for their votes. The amount expended, directly and indirectly, in qualifying for admission to some institutions, is in many cases almost equal to the value of the benefit secured. As it is impossible for us to receive all who apply, there is this satisfaction: the candidates are only declined for want of room, and not because, after expending their all, they have failed to procure the necessary votes to command success. The Committee appointed to consider the claims of the applicants devote considerable time and anxious thought to this department, and no case is rejected by them, unless it is proved to be less necessitous than others under consideration. Will our friends kindly bear this fact in mind, should an application in which they are specially interested not prove successful? In their judgment, and probably as a matter of fact, the children in whom they are interested are really destitute, and the mothers are highly deserving; but when we have only one vacancy for three or four or even more candidates, some must be excluded; and it may so happen that there is a still more destitute child and a still more needy widow than the one which our friends would select, and that case will have the preference. We are therefore compelled to set aside scores, or even hundreds, whom we should have been right glad to admit, because they have not attained to that pre-eminence in misery which wins our suffrages. Till someone will invent expanding houses, and show us how to make a pound grow into forty shillings when there is need for it, we fear it will always be our sorrow to have to turn many deserving applicants from our door.

We would here express our sincere thanks to our brethren of the Committee, whose valuable co-operation we greatly prize.

6. The children are NOT DRESSED IN A UNIFORM to mark them as the recipients of charity. To our way of thinking, there is something

3. The Institution is UNSECTARIAN—the question of the denominational connection of the parents having no influence with the Committee in considering an application. Orphanhood and need are the conditions required, and no child is prejudiced as a candidate on account of the creed of his father. In a matter of pure philanthropy sectarian preferences should have no weight, although the character of the parents and their usefulness in the Church of God constitute in some cases a plea for a more speedy reception of their little ones.

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very depressing, if not degrading, to dress a number of children exactly alike, and we thus endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid the monotony which waits on uniformity ; at the same time, we seek to realize the harmony which grows out of variety. And we are more than satisfied with the result, even from an economical point of view. Our subscribers will be glad to know that this feature has received the special commendation of the Inspectors of the Local Government Board, who were concerned in an enquiry into the advantages of the Cottage Home System, with a view to its application to the Pauper Schools of the country. In the suit of "broad cloth *versus* fustian or corduroy," an impartial jury would have no difficulty in declaring a verdict.

In the arrangements of the Schools, our object is to impart a plain but sound ENGLISH EDUCATION, in order to fit the boys for commercial pursuits, and as we have never experienced any difficulty in finding employers willing to take them when their time has expired, our methods must be considered to be successful.

EXAMINATIONS, 1883-4.

ART.

We presented 211 children for examination in Freehand, Geometrical, and Model Drawing, and obtained the following results:—

15 Gained Prizes.
56 Obtained Certificates.
100 Satisfied the Examiners, securing a grant in aid.

SCIENCE.

70 Presented for examination in the principles of Agriculture.
51 Obtained Certificates.
5 Gained Queen's Prizes.

---

34 Presented for examination in Electricity and Magnetism.
23 Obtained Certificates.

SCRIPTURE :—

In connection with the Sunday-school Examination, held in March last, we presented 134 children, and secured the following results :—

Gained Prizes	4
Obtained Certificates, 1st Class	20
„ „ 2nd „	77
Total ...	101

The children who are instructed in the Tonic Sol-fa system of singing took part in the Concerts of the Temperance Fête, and the Tonic Sol-fa Festivals at the Crystal Palace.

For the girls we provide a plain education, and we hope to fit them for house duties, so that they may be prepared for their future lives. Their *special* vocation must in a large measure be left to their mothers, but *our* view is to fit them for domestic service in good families.

A service is conducted for the elder children every Wednesday evening, by Mr. W. J. Evans, when addresses are given by ministers and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder children attend public service, and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage by

Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. A Sunday-school is held in the afternoon, superintended by Mr. W. J. Evans, when a staff of volunteer teachers instruct the children in the Scriptures. The Evening Service is conducted by friends who have shown great willingness to engage in this special work. The influence of earnest helpers from without is of the most salutary kind, and their co-operation is greatly appreciated by those who have charge of the children throughout the week. Children who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band."

7. For the support of the Orphanage more than nine-tenths of the amount required must come in the form of VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. Without locking up its surplus funds or legacies as an endowment which cannot be alienated, the Trustees have sought to secure an income by judicious investments in such securities as can be realized, should the necessity arise. When generous contributors have bequeathed a sum of money to the Orphanage, it is clear it was not their intention for the money to be expended within the year it became due. The wise economy of means comports with the principle of faith, and does not argue mistrust in the providence of God. In managing the Lord's money there should be as much prudence as if there were no faith. Our list of annual subscribers is a very slender one, but then we have many friends who send as regularly as though they were pledged to do so. To them the cause of the orphan is felt to be a very sacred obligation, and to send of their substance from time to time yields a pleasure all its own.

During the year our friends who take collecting boxes and books brought in the sum of £637 18s. 8d. Meetings are arranged for the collectors from time to time, when the President is pleased to see them, and personally to thank them for their efforts in a cause which is so dear to his own heart.

The children in the Orphanage were supplied with cards, and their friends collected £179 14s. 0d. This was regarded as a very precious offering, for it was for the most part collected in pennies, and was felt to be an expression of gratitude on the part of those who have enjoyed the benefits of the Institution.

Many friends residing at a distance, who are not able to attend the meetings, correspond with the President personally, and send in substantial assistance. There are always vacancies in this royal regiment, and early applications will be heartily welcomed.

Altogether the amount received during the year from books and boxes reached the noble sum of £979 14s. 4d., for which we are truly grateful.

Our friend and neighbour, Mr. Newman Hall, devotes the Christmas morning collection at Christ Church to the Orphanage, and this year our friend and brother, Dr. Parker, gave us a collection at the City Temple. A choir of the orphan children sang at each service, to the great delight of the friends present. We shall be glad to find this example copied, and beg to commend it as worthy of imitation, as the gain to the Institution goes beyond the amount of the collection.

Several young ladies' working associations have rendered considerable help by their loving labours, and their services are greatly appreciated. Service in so good a cause has its present joy, and will not miss the full reward by-and-by. May the Lord accept the freewill offerings of these dear friends, and bless every worker!

Many friends who cannot combine with others in such a work can render us good service by making any articles of clothing suitable for either boys or girls, between the ages of 6 and 15.

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth has gone to many places with his Choir and Hand Bell Ringers. The addition of £517 0s. 3d., after deducting all expenses, to the funds of the Institution from this source moves us to thank all our friends who have helped to bring about such a result. As stewards of the Lord's bounty, it was right that our friends should be informed of the nature and scope of the work in the best possible way, and as facts are more potent than words, the sight of a choir of neatly-dressed boys is more convincing than a long argument.

List of places visited and from which help has been received :—

LONDON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle (Temperance Society); Mr. Ross's Mission, Old Kent Road; Wandsworth, East Hill; Ditto, Chatham Road; Holloway, Baptist Chapel; Walworth Road Baptist Chapel; Greenwich, South Street Chapel; Lambeth, York Road Chapel; Hackney, Hampden Chapel.

COUNTRY.

Ashford, Kent; Alfold, Surrey; Aylesbury; Bacup; Boston; Cowes, East and West; Folkestone; Gosport; Gainsborough; Grimsby; Grantham; HighWycombe; Holbeach; Lumb; Lincoln; Louth; Melton Mowbray; Nelson; Oxford; Portsmouth; Peterborough; Ryde; Retford; Southampton; Tring; Wisbeach.

The meetings, as conducted, do not merely afford an evening's diversion; they aim at benefiting those present; and many testimonies have been received to prove that this object has been attained. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to correspond with any who can arrange for meetings in aid of the Orphanage.

From the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, under the skilful farming of Mr. Toller, we continue to receive a welcome supply of flour and potatoes. Other friends have sent us a portion of their potato crops, and several millers have occasionally forwarded sacks of flour. Puddings and potatoes form important articles of diet, and we shall be glad if farmers will remember our orphans in "seed-time and harvest." Such an offering of first-fruits will sanctify the whole crop. A good friend at Reading has dedicated a pear-tree to the Orphanage, and sends either the fruit or the money realized by its sale.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, but they are acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the Trowel*. We repeat our thanks to one and all. We are sorry 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*. Please therefore do us the following kindness :—Write in your plainest hand and put your name in the parcel, and then send a post-card or note to say that such a parcel is on the road and contains such and such articles.

The Festival took place in June, as usual, in celebration of the President's birthday. One feature of interest was the Stone-laying of the New Houses for the Officers by Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. James Duncan. The quadrangle is now nearly complete, but we require to build a laundry, a bakehouse, and a hall for Sunday-school Services and Meetings of Collectors. At present we are obliged to use the Boys'

Dining Hall for such purposes, and it is attended with great inconvenience and labour.

Following his own example of the previous year, Mr. W. Ross gave the children a strawberry tea in the Orphanage grounds. Several friends contributed to the success of the feast, and to one and all we tender our sincere thanks.

Before the children were dismissed for their Summer Holiday, they were taken to Brighton, and by the kindness of Mr. Murrell and the friends at the West Brighton Congregational Chapel, where tea was served, the day was one of great delight.

Many generous helpers have died of late, and unbelief has asked how their places will be supplied; but faith is sure that the Lord who sent us old friends can send us new ones. We have never made flesh our arm, nor will we; our eyes are towards the hills whence cometh our help, and our motto is, "I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID."

We pray that our loving helpers may long be spared to share in our service of love; but as our heartiest wishes cannot keep them on earth for ever, even were we cruel enough to desire it, we trust they will not forget the orphans when they are distributing their estates. Do not put them in a corner of the will which may be torn off, but in the centre, where the Lord's work ought to be. As it is most important to comply with legal conditions, in order to secure the validity of a legacy, we append the necessary form. Persons deviating from such form are likely to frustrate their own intentions, and no sane person would wish to do that. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. By forgetting this fact, friends have put the President to serious trouble, involving him in actions at law, and all sorts of unpleasantnesses. He has too much to do already, and does not want to have his back broken with the proverbial last ounce. Those are wisest who are their own executors, and distribute their money in their own lifetime; but if this cannot be accomplished, friends should at least make their wills, and see that they are plainly drawn up and properly executed.

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 following Tracts have been issued, and may be had for distribution, price 3s. per 100:—

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." 6. "Gone Home." 7. "Home in Sunshine and Shadow." 8. "Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage; its Character and Claims." 9. "Little Jack."

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,599	10	9
Provisions	3,547	5	2
Clothing	1,408	17	3
Laundry	452	2	9
Fuel, Gas, and Water	605	17	11
Books and School Requisites	93	17	1
Medical Expenses	111	15	3
Excursions	64	3	5
Gardening and Sundries	29	7	7
	7,912	17	2
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	533	5	4
„ Furniture, Repairs, and Insurance	553	4	11
„ Poor and General Rates	118	19	2
„ Girls' Orphanage Buildings	3,828	4	4
	12,946	10	11
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	4,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit March 31st, 1884:—			
For General Purposes	3,662	15	10
„ New Buildings	562	1	11
Reserved for Laundry and Bakehouse	2,000	0	0
	6,224	17	9
	£23,171	8	8

	£	s.	d.
By Donations:—			
General	5,268	19	0
Collecting Boxes and Books	979	14	4
Services of Song (less expenses)	517	0	3
	6,765	13	7
„ Legacies	5,916	0	9
„ Annual Subscriptions	234	8	8
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs and Insurance)	1,432	1	5
„ Donations—Girls' Orphanage	910	9	8
	15,258	14	1
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1883:—			
For General Purposes	4,432	18	0
„ New Buildings	3,479	16	7
	7,912	14	7
	£23,171	8	8

JOSEPH PASSMORE,
HENRY SMITH,
JAMES A. SPURGEON, *Acting Treasurer.* } *Trustees.*

FREDERICK O. LADDS, *Secretary.*

Audited and found correct, this 23rd day of June, 1884.

W. IZARD, Arthur Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES, 32, Moorgate Street, E.C. } *Auditors.*



REV. JOHN SPURGEON.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

Rev. John Spurgeon.



RACE does not run in the blood, but it often runs side by side with it. It is a high honour and a great responsibility to be descended from those who fear the Lord. Our father came of a Nonconformist stock, and *his* father was a faithful minister of the New Covenant, whose memory is still fresh and fragrant in many parts of Essex. The old gentleman, Rev. James Spurgeon of Stambourne, survived till a ripe old age, and now his son John is marching through the seventies, enjoying life and praising God. He has served his generation well should he even now fall asleep, which may God forbid; but those who hear him now remark upon his singular vigour, his ripeness of experience, and his fidelity to the old gospel. There is a strong fixedness of belief in our father's mind, and it would take an eternity of modern arguing to reason him out of his confidence. He knows what he knows, and determines to know nothing else. Amid trials not a few the Lord has been with him, and has honoured and sustained him, and the last idea in his mind would be to truckle to the inventions of the hour. May his eventide be long and light! We object to the "Reverend" for personal use, but we give it to the patriarchs as their right (thou shalt reverence the hoary head), and to our father as being heartily revered by his descendants.

The portrait is from America, sent by our brother, Mr. Needham. It is not all we should like it to be, but yet it is singularly happy in expression, and, as portraits go, it is far above the average. We hope our readers will agree that the volumes of our record would not be complete without our father's portrait.

C. H. S.

"Write the name of Jesus on all your Crosses."

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SWEET is this hour of prayer. All the sweeter because outside in the world we meet with so much of trouble and disquietude. We have each a cross to carry, a burden which we may not and cannot refuse. What shall we do with our crosses? For once we will go down to the Philistines and learn from them.

"*And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.*"

I know of nothing in which I could hold up Pilate as an example to you, save in this one thing: he placed the name of Jesus on the cross. Writing these words with his own hand, he refused to alter them: "Jesus, the King of the Jews" must stand over the cross whether the high priests rage or submit. The vacillating governor for once stuck to the truth, and would not be driven from it.

Now, whenever you have a cross, write the name of Jesus, the King, above it, and stand to what you have written.

Let us consider Pilate's inscription word by word. Over your cross take care that you set the name of JESUS. Bear your cross *for* Jesus, *with* Jesus, and *after* Jesus: this is a grand recipe for making it as light as it can be. Remember it is only a wooden cross that we have to carry, though our fears often paint it with iron colours. Neither do we bear upon our shoulder a cross which will destroy us, but one upon which we shall triumph, after the manner of our Lord. We have not to bear it first in the procession of sorrow which is wending its way through this ribald world; but "to bear it *after* Jesus," along a pathway which he has beaten for us. He has himself carried a cross far heavier than ours, and his hearty sympathy is with us. He is so united to us that all our crosses are his own. Bear your cross for the sake of Jesus. What could you not suffer for him? Bear it with Jesus. What can you not bear in his company? In this way you may joyfully carry your appointed load: the strengthening touch of Jesus will make the yoke easy and the burden light. Oh, that name of Jesus! I could talk till midnight of its depth of meaning, its sweetness, its power, and when the twelfth hour struck you would say to one another "Why, it is midnight, and the Pastor is only as yet upon the threshold of his theme." There is so much to be said about the name of Jesus that all the tongues of men and of angels would fail to tell the half thereof. It is the joy of heaven above, and meanwhile it is the solace of sorrow below. Not only is it the most majestic name, the most instructive name, the most truthful name, the most powerful name, the most sanctifying name, but it is also the most comfortable name that was ever sounded in this valley of weeping. If you will keep your mouth flavoured and your heart perfumed with the dear name of Jesus, you will find that every bitter thing becomes sweet, and the most unpleasant becomes fragrant. Jesus, Immanuel, God-with-us—why, this is as the opened windows of heaven, and as the inner melodies of the King's chamber. Our Saviour is the cross-bearer, Jesus is the crucified, and therefore we gladly take up our cross and

follow him, finding to our astonishment that *our* cross has grown light in the presence of his cross.

The Roman Governor did not fail to write "Jesus *of Nazareth*." Those last words meant scorn of the bitterest, as if he had said, "The wise man of Gotham," or Tom of Bedlam. To him it meant that an ignorant country fellow had set up to be a king. Marvel not if upon your crosses there should fall a bitter rain of contempt. Accept shame and ridicule as a part of your life's burden. Be thou also called "a Nazarene"; be not ashamed to own that thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. Who are we, that we should receive praise where Jesus received spittle? Let us settle it in our hearts that if there be an epithet of derision it may as well honour us as any one else. The world will not know us any more than it knew Jesus. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, the servants must not expect fair titles. Write *Jesus of Nazareth* on your crosses, and henceforth contumely and sarcasm will lose their edge.

Very significantly for us, the name of Jesus in Pilate's superscription is followed by the words *the King;* Jesus, the King. These also are highly consolatory words, because our hearts prompt us to say—"Did the King bear a cross infinitely heavier than mine? Then I, a servant, may well take up my load, which is comparatively so light. Jesus, the King, does he condescend? Then to follow him is the utmost height of honour. Jesus, the King, does he ordain a cross for me? Then why should I question his love or doubt his wisdom? If he bids me take the cross, what remains to a loyal subject but to obey? If he be my King, I should be a rebel if I kicked against the burden which he lays upon me.

Jesus, the King; is it not sweet to think that on the cross Jesus is the King? When he dies, for the first time in his mortal career his sovereignty is acknowledged by official authority among his countrymen, and the representative of Cæsar sits down in Jerusalem and writes, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." Hebrew and Greek and Roman had it, under Pilate's hand and seal, that the Crucified One was indeed a King. Then, my soul, if Jesus triumphed on the cross, canst thou not triumph under the cross if his grace be in thee? Art thou not still a priest and king unto the living God, despite thy griefs, and reproaches, and crosses? He that hath made us kings and priests unto God has not given us an empty title, neither does the fact of our cross-bearing in the slightest degree cast a doubt upon our royal dignity. We wear our coronets by patent of the King of kings, and our royalty none may question. Even when the cross weighs heaviest upon us, let us still rejoice that we are honoured to suffer with Christ, and are thus crowned as well as crossed. See the royal name set on our cross, and it will become at once lovely in your sight.

But Pilate wrote, "This is Jesus, the King *of the Jews*. "Well," says one, "what has that to do with us?" I answer, write this also on that great cross which the whole church has to carry after Christ. He is a King whom his subjects refuse. The heaviest cross the church has to bear is that the world will not bow to Christ. Perhaps in our younger days we said, We have only to tell men the gospel, and they will obey it; but we soon found out our mistake. We thought that there was very little for us to do except to push the world before us, and

drag the church behind us; but to-day we have a different opinion. We see the legions of darkness still in their entrenchments, and though we have won many a victory, yet how small our success compared with what still remains to be done! Africa, China, India, why, these are all parts of the great cross for the church to carry. Jesus is King of all these countries, for he is "head over all things;" but as yet we see not all things put under him, and this is our cross.

Write on the burden of your service these words, "Jesus, the King of the Jews": and be encouraged. Jesus possesses a throne which rules over Israel, even though Israel be not gathered. "Oh," says somebody, "the Jews are the last people that will be converted." Perhaps so, for judicial blindness has fallen upon them; but yet Jesus is their King, and he will yet bring them to bow at his feet. He despairs not of them, he doubts not that Israel shall yet adore him; wherefore be of good courage. Do you wish it had been written, Jesus, the King of the Gentiles? Ah! but this is better still; for when the Jews bow the knee to Jesus, then the fulness of the Gentiles shall be gathered in. Their conversion will be the capture of the innermost citadel of unbelief. I remember how Luther used to talk of the Jews in his wild, cruel way; he did not believe in their salvation at all; but we have made a great advance upon so unchristian a feeling. We hail with acclamation the title, "King of the Jews."

My point, however, here is this. The Jews rejected Jesus, and yet he reigned over them upon the tree; and we, too, shall triumph in that very point in which we are most tried, and perhaps most overcome. Tribulations crush us, but we glory in tribulations also. The cross was Christ's throne over Israel, and our affliction is our conquest over sin through the work of the Holy Spirit, sanctifying it to our purification. Let us not hesitate, therefore, to bear the cross which bore our Lord, and to write over our cross the same claim of kingship which was written over him.

Very plainly let us label our crosses with the regal title in full. Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin were the three common languages of Jerusalem: all men in the Passover crowd would know one or other of these tongues; hence the superscription was repeated in three varying characters. Let it be plain to ourselves, and then to all others, that we have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and that our griefs are akin to his and shared by him. Then our sorrows will build us pulpits from which to preach Jesus; or at least they will be pillars upon which we can uplift the adorable name of our Lord. Our afflictions will teach us many languages: we shall speak to the many sons and daughters of woe, and each one shall hear, in his own tongue wherein he was born, a brother voice proclaiming comfort to the mourners in Zion. It is well to carve the name of the Well-beloved everywhere; but the cross is a peculiarly suitable pillar for uplifting the dear memorial. This title will be read by many if we affix it to the cross. Some will scoff, but others will turn aside to indulge in thought awakened by our thoughtfulness, and to assuage their sorrows by learning how to make them golden links with The Man of Sorrows. Sure I am you will find it wisdom to

WRITE THE NAME OF JESUS ON ALL YOUR CROSSES.

Two Phases of Scepticism.

BY ONE OF OUR COLLEGE MEN.

THERE is sometimes nothing so foolish and ignorant, and at other times nothing so wretched, as scepticism. Both are illustrated in the two following incidents, the first of which shall be called—

THE IGNORANCE OF SCEPTICISM.

My wife and I were returning from our holidays, and after half-an-hour's delay at D——, we took our seats in a compartment already occupied by two intelligent-looking working-men. Before the train started, a commercial traveller, well known to us, took his seat opposite to ours, and a free conversation soon commenced. Among other topics, Manchester was introduced, and our friend volunteered the information that the Prince's Theatre, in that city, was a fine building. I replied that I had seen the building, and knew that it had a fine appearance from without, but had little desire to make the acquaintance of any beauty it could boast within, as I judged the *outside* of such places to be the *best side*. This remark aroused the interest of the two young men travelling with us; and, after a little whispering between themselves, one of them leaned forward, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but do you think it is wrong for a man to attend the theatre?" I confess I was somewhat surprised by the question; and when so many bishops and clergymen of the Church of England, and not a few ministers and church-officers of Nonconformist churches, are magnifying the stage as a powerful instrument for the moral and intellectual elevation of the people, it required a little consideration as to what answer I should give. I wished to emphasize the distinction between a *man* and a *Christian man;* so my reply was, that if a man had no *better* enjoyment than the theatre affords I could not blame him for attending, though I might deplore his being in a condition which rendered such enjoyment necessary. "Oh," said my querist, "I know that many a man has sufficient enjoyment in his home and his children not to need the theatre." "That is not my meaning," I replied; "but if a man is a *Christian*, and knows anything of the joy of Christ's service and communion, he will not be able to endure all the associations of the theatre, nor will he require such pleasure as it is able to give." This led him to declare his creed. "I am a Christian," he said. But when pressed to say what he meant by that, he explained that "he believed in Christ as a great and good man, but nothing more." My reply was that Christ had declared himself to be God, and had demanded to be received as God, and that anyone believing him to be "nothing more than a man" must have strange ideas of morality to call him "great and good." His murderers had called him "deceiver" and "blasphemer," and if he was not God their description is much nearer the truth. This difficulty he attempted to explain by saying that Jesus, though a good man, was not absolutely perfect, and this was one of his mistakes! Can anyone be surprised that such an explanation led me to "answer a fool according to his folly"? The

monstrous impudence and ignorance of the man who dares suppose that he has found spots on this glorious Sun of Righteousness! So I replied, "Pity you were not by his side to correct his mistakes! If you could have told him what words he should leave unspoken and what deeds undone, you might have succeeded in giving to the world an 'absolutely perfect' life!" This little piece of sarcasm was not very welcome, and very speedily my opponent changed the line of our discussion on to the evidence of our Lord's divinity. The evidence from miracles was met by the remark that "other men had performed miracles before Christ." But as I had noticed a little looseness in his statements about Scripture, I thought I would try and discover how much he did know; so I pressed him to say "what miracles were performed, and by whom?" His reply, given after some little hesitation, made him an illustration of Solomon's words—"When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one, that he is a fool." He evidently had learned a little, not much, of those parts of Scripture to which most frequently sceptics object, and through lapse of memory he had got a little mixed. So he said, "*Did not Joshua raise the widow's son?*" I could not forbear a hearty laugh at the expense of his ignorance before I retorted, "And I suppose Elijah made the sun and moon to stand still?" Is it not true that, not in this case alone, but in thousands of cases, avowed scepticism has no better basis than wilful ignorance of the Book it denies?

The second incident will illustrate

THE DESPAIR OF SCEPTICISM.

Not long after my ministerial life commenced, I baptized Miss P——. Before her baptism symptoms of a very unfavourable nature began to manifest themselves, and showed signs of rapid development. When I had to receive her into the church, her ominous cough had sounded so frequently during the service, and her eye had gained such a strange lustre, that I judged the end to be near, and gave her the text—"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Subsequent events proved the correctness of my suspicions. She was removed to her own home not long after, where, after a short illness, she fell asleep in Jesus.

I received intimation of her death from a young man who had frequently visited her while she was a member of my congregation, and who had hoped ultimately to make her his bride. Even at that time it was whispered to us that this young man was a sceptic. The extracts from his letters given below prove the whisper to have been sadly too true. He was evidently not one of that numerous class illustrated in the former incident. But the bitter, bitter experience into which his scepticism led him, and his hopeless attempts to disentangle himself from its coils, form a dark contrast to the bright hope and steadfast confidence resulting from faith in God's word. Without further comment, I quote from his letters:—

"I was brought up by strictly religious parents. My dear father was for many years a Calvinistic minister. But after leaving home I was brought into contact with free-thought literature and teaching. My natural love of enquiry led me to hear the opposite side; and, notwith-

standing my intense love for my father, and my bitter anguish when I heard that he was dead, I began to conclude that he, and all Christians with him, were deluded. Then, though not a lecturer, I openly, and boldly, and *sincerely* promulgated my views. But for some time past my mind has wavered, and I have felt that I might be wrong after all. And now, how shall I get at the truth? It is an impenetrable mystery to me. I pray to be taught aright, yet I remain in the dark. You will bid me pray with faith in Christ. How can I when I feel uncertain as to his divinity? And now I am left struggling with the world, and weary with the struggle; struggling with conflicting beliefs and arguments, and weary with the struggle; distressed beyond expression, ready to sink with weakness of body and anguish of mind. Oh, Sir, 'tis hard work living like this!"

What a moan of despair comes out from the gloom of his sceptical thought! No imprisonment of the body could occasion one-half the anguish which he suffered from the bondage to which he had submitted his mind.

The following extracts are a terrible commentary upon the words of Paul to the bereaved Thessalonians—"That ye sorrow not even as *others* who have *no hope*." One of the "others" wails out his despairing sorrow in the following words:—

"I followed her remains to the grave, and had I been prepared for the change, oh! how gladly would I have lain down by her side in the cold grave rather than face this world of bitter, *bitter* disappointment."

"I know what you would say. You would remind me of her now happy state, and ask if I could wish her back to this world of sorrow. But, oh, my mind is *dark*, DARK! It is easy for outsiders to talk; but who can tell the anguish of my mind as a thousand thoughts and regrets pass through it? I feel at times as if it must kill me. Oh! if she might but speak to me, and say that she was happy, and I could feel that some day I should be happy with her, I could bear it better, I think."

Such is the poor consolation which scepticism offers for the time of bereavement. Let those whose attention is being given to sceptical thought, be warned of the goal to which it leads. The seeds of doubt are easily sown in the mind; but it is not so easy to eradicate them when their evil tendency begins to be discovered. The intense and (I believe) *sincere* longing to believe the truth of Scripture, and the difficulty of bringing the mind to believe it, both of which are expressed so sadly in the above extracts, furnish a sad illustration of Cowper's words:—

> "He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;
> And he that will be cheated to the last,
> Delusions, strong as hell, shall bind him fast."

The two are before us—faith and doubt. The one means peace for the conscience, rest for the heart, freedom for the mind, and hope that fills the future with brightness;—the other means a troubled conscience, a weary and aching heart, a mind enslaved, and a future whose despairing gloom is not pierced by one solitary ray of light. Shall we not "take heed, lest there be in any of us an evil heart of unbelief"?

The Mystery of Election.

A GENTLEMAN who thought Christianity was merely a heap of puzzling problems, said to an old minister, "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans,—'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'"

"Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?"

"Oh, that part, of course," said the gentleman, patronizingly, and with an air of surprise, "'Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange."

"Well, sir," said the old minister, "how wonderfully are we made, and how differently constituted! The strangest part of all to me is that he could ever have loved Jacob."

There is no mystery so glorious as the mystery of God's love.

From "Anecdotes Illustrative of New Testament Texts."

A Protest.

THE house of prayer is a poor place in which to exhibit beads, ribbons, gewgaws, and trinkets. The evils of such extravagances are many. It keeps people from meeting, when they have not apparel as gorgeous as their neighbours. It loads the poor with burdens too heavy to be borne, to procure fashionable clothing. It leads many into temptation, debt, dishonesty, and sin. It causes many a poor shop-girl to work nearly all of Saturday night, that some customer's fine clothes may be ready for the Sunday show. It keeps people at home in cloudy or stormy weather, when, if they wore plain clothing, they could defy clouds and storms. It consumes the hours in dressing, crimping, and fussing, keeping people from worship, and wasting time, hindering the reading of the Scripture, and making Sunday a day of folly. It makes the poor emulous, malicious, and envious, and plants many a bitter thought in the minds of children and others, when they see their neighbours decked in finery—often unpaid for—and feel that people are respected, not for the integrity of character, but for the vanity of their clothes. It causes many a frivolous, trifling mind to forget God, and Christ, and the gospel, and to spend the hour appointed for religious service in comparing garments, studying fashions, and arranging their own gay attire. It causes vanity in the rich, and murmuring in the poor. It wastes the Lord's money, that is needed for more noble and important purposes. It leads the young in the path of pride, gratifying the lusts of the eye, justifying the vilest women in all their flaunting attire, and seducing to the paths of shame and ruin many a poor girl who might have lived an honoured and virtuous life, had she never desired more finery than she could honestly earn, nor decked herself out in such a way as would attract the attention of libertines and seducers. *It is forbidden in God's word.* And yet we seldom find a *minister* that dare open his mouth against this fashionable sin. God help us! Let us dress plainly before the Lord, for example's sake at home and abroad, for decency's sake, and for the sake of Christ.—*From "The Vanguard."*

Women in and out of Prison.

I.

AMONG the many Christian enterprises which are one of the chief glories of these active times, the missions to the criminal classes, which have been established in London during the last twenty years, occupy a chief place. They are fruitful in good results, and quite refute the assertions of those who think that the thievish class are callous to any reformatory discipline out of prison. The work of Mr. Hatton among men and boys, and that of Mrs. Meredith among women and girls, has triumphantly shown how amenable these unhappy offenders are to the Christian influences of friends, who come to them with sympathy, and with the ability to open doors of escape to all who desire to lead a better life. No philanthropic operations can prefer stronger claims to universal support; for the saving to the public must almost defy calculation. We can all in some measure appreciate the difference between a thief at large and the same person engaged in works of honest industry.

Only a little while ago the ordinary prisons were centres of moral and physical contagion, and a danger as well as a disgrace to the commonwealth. The more flagrant abuses were not abolished at one sweep without persistent, persevering effort. In Mrs. Meredith's opinion, Surrey, as a county, attained long ago to an unenviable notoriety in regard to its crime; and at a recent assembly she described Brixton Prison, in which the operations of herself and associates were commenced twenty years ago, as having been the worst spot in Christendom. In the most literal sense criminals were then outcasts of society: so long as the full complement of punishment was inflicted, no one seemed to care either for their bodies or their souls, while the gaol was a school which sent out its subjects viler than it received them.

The prisons of England were hardly better than common pest-houses until the later years of the last century, when John Howard traversed the entire country, explored their most horrible recesses, and created a public sentiment which attracted the attention of Parliament, and led to some measure of reform. While a good beginning was thus made, it was not until Howard had passed away that Elizabeth Fry, early in the present century, began to work for the amelioration of the treatment of female criminals, whose condition in Newgate and elsewhere was bad beyond the conception of the present generation. In the spring of 1817, Elizabeth Fry founded an Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate, and the work carried on in London was soon extended to provincial towns. The reforms asked for by the devoted Quakeress and her co-workers have been universally adopted in all prisons under British rule; and the only wonder to ourselves of these better days is, that such commonplace safeguards should have been so long ignored. Elizabeth Fry continued her great mission by travelling about Great Britain and Ireland, as well as through many of the nations of the Continent, very much after the manner of Howard; and when she passed away, in 1842, she had become recognized as one of the most distinguished philanthropists of her time.

In the county and borough prisons of Great Britain and Ireland there are about twenty-five thousand prisoners confined, and a tenth part of these are women. For more than twenty years after the close of Elizabeth Fry's labours these unhappy culprits appear to have been too generally neglected, their misery and depravity having been unknown to ordinary people outside of the dismal houses in which they were confined. The late Miss Carpenter wrote and spoke with much effect on the subject; she also read a paper before the Social Science Association, and the general result was a desire on the part of the public and the Government to inaugurate some system of improved discipline. For thirty years one devoted lady, Miss Frazar, had been a friend of convicts; but more extended and better organised operations were needed. So anxious were the authorities to welcome any kind of co-operation which promised to aid the cause of reform, that Mrs. Meredith was granted permission to enter any convict prison as a Protestant "gratuitous lady visitor"; while a lady of title accepted a similar privilege as a Roman Catholic.

One thing grew out of another; for, as the founder once remarked, "the work from the first was a Gospel Mission. No other power could be used to help the poor sinners, save 'Jesus only.'" Elizabeth Fry had provided a Refuge for women on coming out of gaol; and now Mrs. Meredith established a Certified Discharged Prisoners' Aid. "The effort to provide temporal relief," we are told, "was done in order to accompany the word of the Saviour with the same action as his, who gave things needful for the body to those to whom he proclaimed his great salvation." As the result of much prayer and hard persevering toil, the work became in time a thoroughly organised Prison Mission to Women, entirely managed by members of their own sex.

The first place visited by the band of Christian ladies was the old prison at Brixton; and that place was found so to abound in manifold horrors, that it was actually broken up. It was a centre of moral contagion past all hope of reformation. When a beginning had been made, other prisons were visited, the one at Woking having been among the number; and then it was discovered that the female convicts were, as a rule, the daughters of criminals similar to themselves. Hence it appeared that the most effective way of nipping crime in the bud was to get hold of the children before they were contaminated, in order to bring them up in ways of Christian thriftiness. At the Princess Mary Village Homes at Addlestone may be seen nearly two hundred little girls, the offspring of the criminal class, all of whom will, through God's grace, do credit to their training when they go out into the world. Mrs. Meredith's work is thus both corrective and preventive; being thus comprehensive, like the gospel to which it owes its success.

What is called the Prison-gate Branch of the Nine Elms Mission was commenced about nineteen years ago; but as has frequently been the case, those who laid the first foundation of an agency which has proved amazingly successful, had little idea of what they were doing at the time. On a certain morning, two ladies, who were associated with Mrs. Meredith in general operations, agreed to wait outside of Westminster Prison to befriend a convict who was to be discharged on that day. The scene which presently occurred when the great door opened

was thoroughly startling, and proved that the depths of female depravity had not yet been sounded, and that something further must be done to save the abandoned viragos with whom crime appeared to be a pastime as well as a profession. Those who were liberated represented a degradation lower than anything yet encountered on earth, and shocked those who saw their mad behaviour, and heard their horrid language, beyond the power of pen to describe. They rushed down the street in a way that showed how thoroughly hardened they were, and how unimproved they were by the prison discipline. While some few listened to what was addressed to them by the ladies, others answered in words of blasphemy, and then sought refuge in the public-house hard by. Some did not even hesitate to threaten violence to those who ventured to speak of better ways. The desperate character of the evil showed how urgent was the need of a remedy, and to their honour it can be said that the Christian ladies did not for a moment shrink from the heroic service required of them. The daily mission was at once established, and has been ever since continued, with the result that a great change has become apparent, not only in the altered aspect of the daily discharge at the prison-gate, but in the entire female criminal population of London. The public have been immense gainers by what has been accomplished; and for this reason the agency which has conferred the benefit deserves to be liberally supported.

The criminal class in London is in many respects a singular one; and those engaged in their reformation have found it well worth their while to study the characteristics of the constituency among whom they labour. Mrs. Meredith has done this; and her wide knowledge of the subject, which is shown in her "Book about Criminals, &c.," will in large measure account for the success achieved, especially when we remember that no conquests are attempted apart from the gospel, and the power of the Holy Spirit. The mere moral reformer who should set a hand to such work would soon despair, for many reasons.

If, as Mrs. Meredith would have us believe, "Criminals are public property," they pay remarkably well for looking after. Many of their tendencies may be wholly or in part hereditary; at all events, the moral obliquity which occasions their looking at things in the way they do is certainly peculiar to themselves, and seems to be a device of the Evil-one to save them from the prickings of conscience which might otherwise affect them. As a class, thieves are thriftless and communicative; but they are very jealous of any undue advantage being taken of what they choose to tell. Though ever ready to confess that what they do is wrong, they still lay the fault on their surroundings rather than on themselves. They show great instability, which makes them unable to resist the wiles of the tempter; and, as experience has again and again proved, the only thing that can help them is that faith in God which can remove mountains. Some of the fallen not only see their only hope to be in religion, but they even show discernment enough to choose good theology. "That doctrine would be the making of me if I could only take to it," said one of the fraternity, after listening to Broad Church sentiments; "but I'd rather go along with Ned Wright, and get saved at once." Reclaimed convicts betray no disposition to accept

anything short of the genuine gospel. They are shrewd enough to know that nothing less will touch their case.

They are a reckless and wasteful class; but they are not addicted to drunkenness to the degree that is sometimes supposed, for the reason that their wits must not be dulled by alcohol if their practices are to be successfully carried out. Light fingers must be controlled by clear brains, or the traps laid by the police cannot be eluded. Then, though their whole life may be a deception so far as the public is concerned, they ever carry with them a revealer of secrets which they cannot train to tell a lie. Though they deny the truth, "the eye reveals it," Mrs. Meredith tells us. "Their tongues they control, their hands they hide, their steps they muffle; but their eyes cannot be concealed; and these reveal the mystery." One of the most surprising things of their every-day life is the reckless way in which they part with their money. "When I have none, I am miserable until I get some; when I have any, I don't rest till it is gone," a very representative criminal woman once remarked to a Christian friend. "It is a queer thing, is money, Miss; it don't satisfy you to have it, nor to be without it. It puzzles me, does money. I'm spending my days sinning every way to get hold of it, I'm no better for any of my doings, but worse and worse every hour I live!" That was the confession of a common thief, who, before passing away from the scenes of earth, became one of those wonderful trophies of redeeming grace which show how the saving hand of Christ can reach to the very verge of hell. The most hopeless subjects of all are the professional beggars and impostors, the people who train themselves in the art of lying, and who have been known even to eschew drink for fear that they should be betrayed into speaking or acting the truth. If begging or letter-writing fails, they will not hesitate to assume the cloak of religion for purely mercenary ends. "I'm a Bible-woman now, not a beggar," drily remarked one of these adventurous experts—a quondam subject of Mrs. Meredith's Mission. "My work would fill volumes," she added; "I give tracts, and texts, and speaks to souls." Indeed, she compared herself to a revival in her own person alone, and all in the hearing of a minister at whose gate she had lain in a drunken fit only a few days before. This is another representative case, and, wonderful to tell, even this outrageous impostor went on until she was stopped in her career by sickness, and became a true suppliant for mercy. Her life on earth was cut short; but, as Mrs. Meredith assures us, "its history was continued in the words of the Evangelists: 'And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'" The daily experience of the Ladies' Association at Nine Elms has taught them never to despair of any subject, however hopeless she may appear to be. Why should it be otherwise, when the omnipotent hand of God aids the efforts of his earthly servants?

The work at the Prison-gate is carried on morning by morning by the devoted and heroic band of ladies who are associated with Mrs. Meredith in conducting the comprehensive Nine Elms Mission. The work is precisely similar to that which Mr. George Hatton carries on among men; and while it is equally onerous, it is quite as full of result. The reader will best understand what is being done if we give the notes of several representative days of the present year. While using our own

words, the facts have been drawn from the diaries of those who are actually engaged in the work.

Wednesday, March 12th.—Whilst waiting for the prisoners this morning, an elderly man accepted a tract, speaking in a tremulous voice: for a daughter only sixteen years of age was to be discharged. She had almost broken his heart, and he had come to meet her. The man was a Christian, and, speaking of his Saviour, he remarked: "He is my only comfort. My wife is a cripple and not a Christian, so that I stand alone with God." The poor fellow had also miscalculated the time of his child's liberation; and thus did not meet with her until the following morning. Eight accepted the invitation to breakfast; and after listening to Mark v., they also heard something about Christ being the Great Deliverer from sin, suffering, and the bondage of Satan. Five were taken to Nine Elms Home, and had work supplied to them.

March 13th.—The heart-broken Christian father met with his erring daughter, who, prior to her return home, gladly accepted the invitation to breakfast with eight others. The portion read was John iii.; and during the address which followed, many were seen to be in tears. One aged woman, especially, wept bitterly while confessing that she was a backslider. "I once loved and served Him," she exclaimed, "but I have wandered." After listening to proofs taken from the Bible of God's willingness to receive all repentant transgressors, she replied, "I will return to-day."

March 14th.—Fifteen women accepted the invitation to breakfast, and listened to an address on "Repent ye." One, who was a Roman Catholic, felt herself to be a sinner, and asked the Lord to forgive her. Although she confounded the Virgin Mary with Christ, her earnestness was nevertheless apparent, and her thanks for the attentions paid her unbounded.

March 16th.—Nineteen discharged prisoners sat down to breakfast; and after the parable of the Great Supper had been read, an address followed on the Saviour's love and his willingness to forgive all sinners who turned from their ways. Tears were freely shed; and three of the more elderly women declared that, by God's help, they would turn over a new leaf.

March 19th.—Twelve women returned to breakfast, and with one exception they appeared to be of a rougher class than usual. The exception was a woman whose appearance was superior, and whose manners were refined. While confessing that she was heart-broken, she also said that for eighteen years she had been the wife of a Congregational minister. The death of her husband was followed by other troubles, and in an evil hour she yielded to temptation, and also to the seductions of strong drink. Prayer, reading, and an address on Christ's invitation, "Come unto me," followed. One was supplied with work at Nine Elms Home; and another said that she had slept out-of-doors for a fortnight.

Many who go to prison for short terms are encountered time after time, and these represent the most unpromising cases. At another time, a batch, on coming out, will show very special characteristics of degradation. Thus, on the *24th of March*, when eight returned to breakfast, the women were so exceptionally dirty, that they looked as though they must have rolled themselves in the gutter for sport before

going into prison. "I did not know how to stand and speak to them, as the smell was so offensive," remarks one of the ladies, who nevertheless adds that she gave them the Word which the Master sent with her, closing with prayer for a blessing.

March 26th.—Ten accepted the invitation to breakfast; after singing, &c., Luke xv. was read to them. Several wept as they heard about the Father's welcome to returning prodigals. The confessions of the women were all more or less affecting. One had a sick husband and three children; a second said the Home was too far away; and another, who carried a little child in her arms, seemed to be glorying in her shame. Several accepted work; and as they were about to depart, a rather superior-looking Scotchwoman came up and said that she had been superintendent of a laundry in the north, and afterwards servant to a lady in London. While in the last situation, she had been taken ill; and having been ordered to take brandy by the doctor, she went out and drank two glasses; and this led to a disagreement with the mistress, which was not settled without the interference of the police. The result was five days' imprisonment. On the following morning, a poor girl of eighteen years of age came out of prison with neither stockings nor shoes; but both were supplied, the still sorer need of pardon through Christ being at the same time pressed upon the attention of all present.

March 28th.—Thirteen returned to breakfast, and seemed to be very grateful for the coffee and rolls, while each gave a reason for having been in prison. Some had become involved in debts; others had given way to drink; but all faces spoke of inward unrest. On the following morning, when a similar number were present, an old woman told her tale of sorrow while tears copiously coursed down her withered, weather-beaten cheeks. She then clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and declared, in joyful tones, that the Lord had heard her prayer. "I am sure God converted her soul," one of the ladies remarks. "I gave her a word of advice and counsel; she went off rejoicing in Christ."

Some of the poor women find their way into prison through the misconduct of relatives. Thus, one who had once been punished for taking poison, by which means she hoped to escape from her husband, who was an incorrigible drunkard, in the end took to drinking in hope of deadening her misery. Many such are encountered, and are saved by having a helping hand stretched out to them.

April 12th.—Among the fourteen who on this morning came in to breakfast, several had been in prison repeatedly, and these are the hardest to reclaim. A free salvation was offered. On Easter Monday two exceptionally sad cases were met with, girls who had fallen very low; and one of these, a farmer's daughter, who had well-nigh broken the hearts of her friends, left for her home on the same afternoon.

It is sometimes possible for a woman to get into prison without committing any remarkable crime. On *April the 16th* there was one among the fifteen at breakfast who told a striking story through her tears. She had enjoyed a comfortable home; and having among her acquaintances a needy woman, the latter was taken in and kindly cared for, until she was ungrateful enough to run off with the husband of her bene-

factor. Left alone to care for her two children as best she could, she for a time entered the workhouse; but subsequently, while trying to earn her own livelihood, she was sent to prison for selling oranges without a license. Hence her trouble, and hence, too, her gratitude when she obtained employment at Nine Elms Home.

There is wonderful diversity in all of these cases; but all prove that there is a power in the gospel which nothing can withstand. The great poet tells us, that—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"

but we know of something far better, so long as touching the hem of Christ's garment makes the morally diseased perfectly whole.

G. H. P.

Never too soon.

WHY do young people so frequently put off thoughts of religion till a future day? Do they imagine that they are too young: too young to be delivered from the guilt of sin, too young to be made happy in the love of God? Do they consider that the present time is too soon? Too soon to be doing right, and serving one's Creator and Benefactor! Whence can such an idea have arisen? Would any young man exclaim, "It is too soon for me to be honest and truthful; too soon to be loving to my parents, and kind to my friends"? How, then, can it be too soon to be true to God, and grateful to our Maker? Few ever think it too soon to gain the favour of men, much less of men who can do them great service; how is it that they talk of its being too soon to be in favour with God? The hand of the enemy of young men's souls is in all this.

If a fortune were to come in a young man's way to-morrow, we do not believe that he would refuse it on the plea that it was too early for him to be rich. If he could be promoted to an honourable situation in Her Majesty's service, we do not believe that our young friend would decline it because it came to him too early in life. We have heard complaints of the slowness of promotion in the civil service, but we never yet heard any man say that he had risen too rapidly. Truly good things can hardly be obtained too soon; for the earlier they come the longer time remains in which to enjoy them. In spiritual things we may fitly use the world's old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." True godliness is best with the dew upon it. Those who begin with God betimes shall see cause for gratitude in this matter as long as they exist.

We advise those who have long been hoping, to decide at once for Christ and holiness. You have halted too long between two opinions. Decide! Decide! It is ill to stand by the hour together looking at a feast: why not sit down and enjoy it? Who wishes to postpone happiness, and put off peace? They do this who delay the seeking of pardon, and tarry long before accepting the blessings of free grace. "It is better late than never," says one: say rather that "*It is better in such matters never to be late.*"

C. H. S.

Mind Your Own Business.

"HOW came you to have such a short nose?" asked a city dandy of a country boy. 'So that I should not be poking it into other people's business," was the reply. There are several people who ought to join the "Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society." The nasal organs which adorn (?) the faces of some folk remind us of the manufacturer who met with an accident in which his nose received an ugly scratch. Having no court plaster at hand, he stuck on the injured organ one of his gummed labels, bearing the usual inscription, "Guaranteed length, three hundred and fifty yards." This was surely a mistake; but there are noses about which would seem to be of any length when the question is as to their power to poke into the longest rat-hole. Paul Pry is a leading member of this family, and we fear that he wears a charmed life, after the manner of the Wandering Jew. It has been well said that there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business:—one is that they haven't any business and the other is that they haven't any mind.

At the least sign of prying, cautious people draw back, unless they want their private matters to be advertised. When people begin to tell you all about your neighbours, it will be wise to keep your mouth shut, for these same folk will soon be telling the neighbours all about you. Dogs that fetch will carry. Never pour precious liquors into leaking vessels, nor tell your private tales to common informers. Bad name that! We beg the tattlers' pardon,—we meant *common chatter-boxes.*

These meddlesome people are a curse to society; for they invent, and misrepresent, and exaggerate, and insinuate, till they separate true friends, and cause heartburns and jealousies. Oh, for a race of people with salted tongues, who would be silent sooner than speak evil of their fellows!

C. H. S.

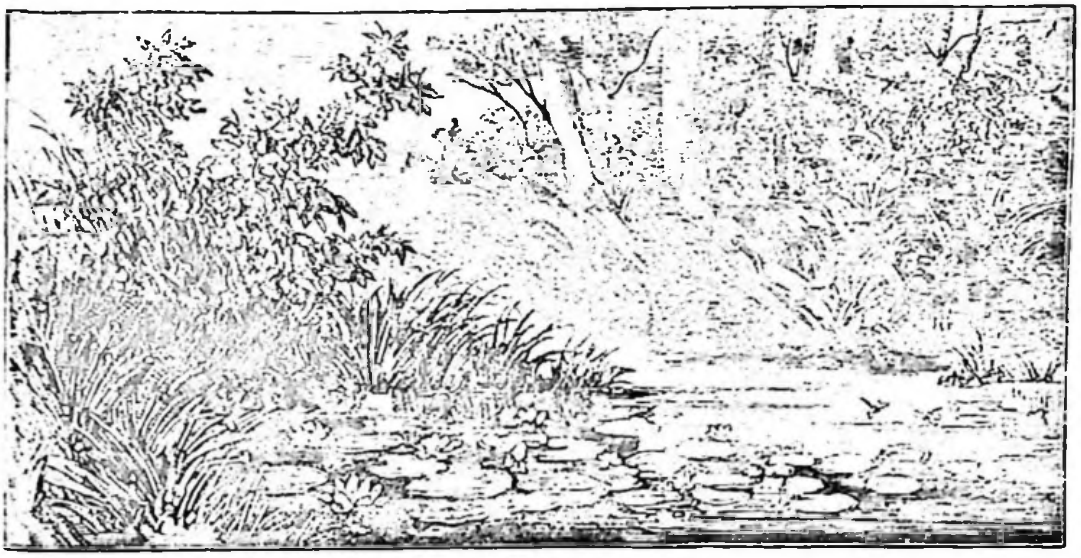
Proceedings of the Lime-kiln Club.

New Glasgow, N. S., Aug., 1884.

BROTHER GARDNER—Would you advise a young man who has learned the carpenter trade, and is considered a good workman, to study for the ministry if he thinks he has a call for that profession? He ain't much of a speaker.

Yours, etc.,
MARSH JACOBS.

"No, sah, I wouldn't!" was the prompt reply. "Eben if he had only half l'arned de trade, an' was considered a botch, my advice to him would be to peg along an' do de bes' he could. It am my solid opinyun, based upon de observashuns of a lifetime, dat one of de greatest enemies of religun am a preacher who was bo'n fur a cheap clerk or a poo' blacksmith. De supply am abundant widout any outsiders rushin' in. Fur ebery one preacher who kin git up an' make de dry bones rattle, an' sinners look out fur squalls, we have fifty who simply tire out deir congregashuns."—*From "The Detroit Free Press."*



Water Lilies.

HOW lovely are the lilies which *grow in the water!* They never pine with thirst; for their root is in the stream, their leaves float upon it, and their flowers peep forth from it. They are fit emblems of those believers who dwell in God, who are not occasional seekers of divine fellowship, but abide in Christ Jesus. Their roots are by the rivers of waters, and therefore their leaf shall not wither. A Christian minister once said to an aged Christian, "I pray the Lord often to visit you in his love." "*Visit me!*" cried the beloved saint. "Why say *visit me?* He lives here. Jesus dwells in me." To that abiding fellowship we ought each one of us to attain. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee." This is going to heaven by Pullman car, riding luxuriously as well as travelling swiftly. In this style of religion there are no doubts and fears; abundant grace drowns all mistrust. A little grace will save, but it will not make us sure of our safety. The fulness of the blessing can alone secure us the joy of it.

The longer I live, the more sure do I become that our happiness in life, our comfort in trouble, and our strength for service—all depend upon our living near to God, nay, dwelling in God, as the lilies in the water. To grow on the banks of the river of the water of life is good, but to grow in the stream is far better. God's lilies need to be in him who is their life. With all the earnestness of my soul I would entreat all whom I love to cultivate continual communion with the Lord. It may require great watchfulness, but it will well repay the believer for all his care. This river hath golden sands. Fellowship with God is a land which floweth with milk and honey. I would rather spend an hour in the presence of the Lord than a century in prosperity without him. There are secrets of unknown delight which can never be known to us till we rise above the outward and worldly, and come into the life of God, which is the life of heaven. By faith this is to be enjoyed even now. The faith which brought us life at the first, is the same by which we attain to life more abundantly.

C. H. S.

"My Beasts."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

DO not shrink, gentle reader, from my title. Birds, beasts, and fishes are all God's handiwork, and, having heard his voice from the birds, why should we not hear it from the beasts? Beast and brute are terms which, when applied to men, are reproachful and dishonourable; but it is no disgrace to animals to be beasts and brutes. And do we not do the creatures an injustice by comparing drunkards and debauchees to them? The lowest of them never sink so low as the rakes and roués of humanity. They are decent, and sagacious, and teachable in comparison with men who swear, and soak, and sin. Leaving a New Zealand port late one night by steamer, later than would have been but for embarking a circus troupe with all its properties and paraphernalia, I witnessed a sight in which certainly the beasts had the best of it. The horses—fine sleek Arabians—were safely ensconced down the for'ard-hold, the car labelled very conspicuously "Performing Monkeys and Trained Dogs," was on deck, and somewhere or other, out of sight, was an elephant of whom the management said correctly that he eat nothing and yet would never die (he was stuffed!). But just as the last whistle sounded, and the "springs" were lifted from the wharf, a party of men hustled a companion to the edge of the pier, and as if he were a part of the property (and a not very important part—a sack of potatoes, perhaps), pitched him on to the deck, to be caught, however, in the sympathetic arms of other members of the troupe. Thereupon commenced a scene of strife which well-nigh baffles description. Strong men who could rein in the restive steeds could only *try* to manage the raving fire-drinker. His hat went overboard in the struggle, and he would follow it. Self-destruction was his one desire just then, madman that he was. The clowns of the party stood by, but could not joke on so serious a subject. But one little man with a tight frock-coat and black hair curling out underneath a chimney-pot hat, smoking a cigarette, and strutting about as if all the circuses in the world were his, attracted my attention. He did not touch the "*beastly*" drunkard with his hands, but stood in front of him at every turn, commanded him to be still (he might as well have bade the moon cease shining), and ordered him about "like a dog." On enquiry, I discovered that the little autocrat was none other than *Professor Sylvester*, "the cleverest animal tamer in the southern hemisphere." My informant (one of the clowns, I fancy) added, to the professor's praise, that he "could tame and train anything, from a mouse to an elephant." But he was a *mere professor* when he took his fellow-man in hand, and even with such remarkable talent on board, it has to be recorded of the inebriate, "neither could any man tame him."

Those old-fashioned dogs which looked to me more like small grizzly bears, and those hideous monkeys (shades of my ancestors!) were far more tractable than the mortal man who had, as the saying is, "made a beast of himself." Need I say more in defence of my title? The cattle on a thousand hills are God's, and if we take our meat and

clothing from them, or work them, or pet them for our own profit or pleasure, we may well be content to learn lessons from them, the more so, seeing that whatever evil traits and ways they may possess are not peculiar to themselves, and are often aggravated by the ill-treatment they receive from man, who, though their lord and master by "right divine," has no right therewith "to govern wrong."

Someone who ought to know has said that no household is complete unless it includes an infant rising three years and a kitten rising three weeks. Alas! for "Bachelors' Hall," that its very name declares it to be sadly incomplete! One of the conditions on which, according to the anonymous authority, a house is worthy the name of home, was indeed complied with, for the kit was there; but there were not wanting some prophets of evil who pronounced that the bachelors' fondness for the cat augured ill for the probabilities of the introduction of the other item. Of the feline I have already spoken in writing of "my birds." There was, alas! too constant and close a relation between their feathers and his fur, and several times had I to catechize my cat *re* its predatory practices. There were rats in the stable and mice in the house, but only occasionally would puss honour these with his attentions. He was far too well fed, I fear me, to distinguish himself in the hunting-field. How often it happens that healthy and holy activities which should be natural to Christians are forgotten and neglected when prosperity feeds and fattens them! It used to be their meat and drink to do the Father's will, but now they eat without working; and while certain others are plowing, like the oxen in the Book of Job, these are content to be like the asses who were feeding beside them.

Speaking of asses reminds me of the assiduity with which my grimalkin would wait and watch for lawful prey when really hungry, or for "my birds," when bent on mischief. An hour was none too long a pause if pussy's paws were at last inserted in the prize, then to be subjected to the most exquisite tortures. It were well for us if we could show as much patience in prayer as the cat in preying—waiting for the tarrying vision which shall surely come.

The hideous catalogue of cruelties inflicted by the Inquisition always recurs to my memory when I see the poor victim in the cruel cat-claws. Long did the thirsty priests seek the blood of the saints; but having them under their paw, they stroked with its velvet alternately with scratching with its talons, as if to prolong a process that seemed to bring as much of pleasure to the tormentors as of pain to the tortured. The repeated rack, the slow fires, the cruel wheel, the dungeon-rot, were all after the manner of cruel cat and miserable mice. Never was the well-worn saying, "Like a cat playing with a mouse," more applicable than in the case of Inquisitors and persecuted Protestants.

I must confess that I fail to see why fondness for cats should be counted only childish and old-maidish. Though certainly not the noblest of domestic animals, it must be admitted that they have pleasing traits and interesting instincts. Many a true story of devotion and affection is told of them. They can be brave and wise, as well as sly and sleepy. They are not all thieves and robbers; wisely treated, they become companions for adults as well as playmates for little ones. We are apt to speak of them as if they were all Kilkenny cats, and

often blame *them* for scratching rather than *ourselves* for teasing. Nursery rhymes are not for the most part more remarkable for weight of reason than worth of rhyme; but I would in each home-fold have the simple lines reiterated by the lambs :—

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And *if I don't hurt her*, she'll do me no harm."

This will be a lesson for the treatment not only of felines, but of the feelings of human folk, who as a rule have as much electricity in them as the cat's back, to be developed if stroked the wrong way.

I shall make no apology for introducing my dog Toby to my readers. If they hear me they will gladly hear about my dog. Moreover, he was no ordinary canine. I say "was" because, sad to relate, he is mine no more. Born at the head-quarters of the Salvation Army in New Zealand, he early showed an unusual liveliness. They say that the place of birth has much to do with after-dispositions. But it is only fair to say that Toby left the scenes of his nativity before sufficient opportunity had been afforded for moulding the youthful character. On myself devolved that onerous duty when he reached his new home in Auckland. There was not much difficulty in deciding on his name. My father's dog at home was "Punch," mine at the Antipodes must, of course, be "Toby." It is wonderful (yet not so, in one sense,) how the smallest matter in a far-off land will serve to connect with dear ones thousands of miles removed. It is, I suppose, on this account that so many of the English names are repeated in the "Brighter Britain." Notwithstanding the choice selection of Maori appellations to hand, of which Rangiaohia and Whareongaonga are fair specimens, such commonplaces as Oxford, Cambridge, the Thames, Nelson, Blenheim, and the like, are in use as names of towns and rivers. And on the gates of suburban residences and country villas may be seen, often in adapted form, the names of villages and cities, and homes in the dear old land. Violets and primroses, and English flowers, too, are nowhere more prized than sixteen thousand miles from their native place and ours. Every breath of perfume from their lips is like a kiss scented with the love of—

"Home, sweet home."

Thus Toby's every bark (and he was good at it) seemed to speak of Punch, and remind his owner of Punch's master. Even with such reference there was very little poetry in Toby's effusions, they were mere doggerel at the best; but blessings on the noisy pup if only the very sight and sound of him and the mention of his name proved ever so small a link in one of the chains holding the suspension-bridge that stretches half-way across the globe!

I am at a loss to know what the Salvationists might not have made of Toby had they retained possession of him. He could readily have been taught to fall in line with the procession, and as one of the "all things that have breath" might have been expected to praise the Lord. I am glad to say that this remarkable movement has *not yet* assumed quite such outrageous forms in New Zealand as in other lands. I say "not yet," because there are indications that stranger tactics will

follow the strange ones already in vogue. One of their own poets also has said—

"And soon we got a band
To make the people come, *
And in the middle of the lot,
A Hallelujah drum!"

In Launceston, Tasmania, my curiosity and indignation were excited at hearing that the corps was in possession of a great attraction in the person of a "Hallelujah Kangaroo." The word "person" is used advisedly, because, it must be known, that the kangaroo was a man who by most remarkable leaps (stranger than a kangaroo's, for he had no tail to help him) followed the procession, or performed on the platform, to the astonishment of all, and the disgust of not a few. Jumpers I know, and Shakers I know, but who are these?—who indeed?—thus travestying religion, and playing on sacred ground! Oh, how I wish these jumpers would look before they leap—look at the remote consequences, and the claims of common sense, and henceforth recognise that there is a world of difference between the lame man leaping like a hart and a convert jumping like a kangaroo!

Neither was Toby with me long enough to be trained up in the way he should go. When on a visit "down South," I left him in charge of a friend who had the misfortune to lose him for me. He was just beginning to be useful as a guardian angel (though in reality a brown retriever) when, lo!—for me at least—the dog had had his day. No search or advertisement sufficed to find him; he was gone! Toby or not Toby was the question, and it was answered in the negative. The loss was vexing though trivial, and serves to prove what so many have experienced, that treasures and pets are wonderfully subject to loss and change. (By the way, since I wrote about "my birds," one of them has flown away and found a watery grave in a neighbour's water butt!) Well did the poet sing—

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

I am not at all sure but what such disappointments as these—for they are real though small—play a part in the discipline of life, and help to fit and fashion us for what is yet to be. But I would not have these trifles brooded over, as some are inclined to do, putting dogs and cats, as did the Egyptians, in shrines that ought to be reserved for nobler things and thoughts. It often happens that where children are not and friends are few, animals step out of their proper scale in creation and take too high a place. These things ought not so to be. Surely, it must have been just such a case that gave rise to the sad mistake now to be recorded. A pastor, more zealous than wise, visiting the house of mourning, said to the good woman who had lately lost a darling child, "I can sympathize with you, indeed, my friend, for I well remember how I felt when I lost my dear little dog, Oscar." If the poor soul had replied in anger, "Is thy servant a dog, that thou shouldest compare her

* The italics are mine.

child to thy cur?" who could have blamed her? The probabilities are that she felt too hurt to make reply, and it is to be hoped that the mistaken minister learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Did not this all come of putting Oscar on too high a pedestal, and, in a very literal sense, letting one's love flow out to creature things below?

I never did approve of the Belgian custom of yoking dogs (however large) to carts (however small). Dogs do not seem to me made to be beasts of draught or burden. But they have their uses. Have they not proved invaluable as watchers, and in many cases as Royal Humane Society's agents rescuing from the mountain snow or cruel wave?

A lesson learned from such a watcher remains with me. The noble animal was straining and tugging at his chain, barking most vociferously at me as a stranger. His master went up to him, but could hardly, with his authority, quiet the restless creature. To my surprise—with more than a grain of alarm in it—the owner undid the chain and let loose the dog of war. But I found that this was the most effectual way of saying and securing "Peace." Immediately the storm became a calm, and the irrepressible canine came fawning and fondling up to me with greeting shining from his kindly eyes, and welcomes wagging in his tail. My friend explained by saying that "Rover" never barked, much less bit, unless tied up, *then* he was as watchful and furious as a hungry wolf. "I can't get him to do his duty at all," said he, "except by making a prisoner of him." Is not this true of too many of the Lord's own, who are like dumb dogs that do not bark though watchings and warnings are as necessary as enemies are numerous? But when their master ties them up, with trouble or bereavement, distress of soul or disease of body, they wake up to their responsibilities, and are ever on their watch tower. Peace with the world, the flesh, and the devil we must never make—yet, since we might if we were let loose, be this the constant prayer of each:—

"Lest I should dream of making peace
Before the conflict's o'er,
Chain me as sentry to my post
Till vict'ry ends the war.

"Good Master, take thy servant's ear,
And nail it to Thy door;
I fain would be Thy willing slave
Chained to the galley's oar.

"The best of freedom is to be,
Lord, of myself no more;
Bind closer, Lord! I'll serve Thee then
Far better than before!"

The picture of the little girl sitting on the floor, looking up into the sprightly spaniel's face and saying, "Can't you speak?" must be familiar to all. Have we not often found the same query in our minds, if not actually on our tongues? And in one sense they can speak, aye, and eloquently too. I remember hearing, or rather seeing, one deliver a thrilling discourse on the subject of "Cold water—the best of beverages." He was attached to a steamer, the pet of all the crew, and the property of the captain. He had nothing whatever to do all day, nor am I sure

that he even went on duty at "the dog watch." But he believed in eating, drinking and sleeping. He came up to one of the men once with a beseeching look in his eyes, and a long red rag of a tongue lolling out of his mouth. But Jack was too busy to notice him. Whereupon he trotted off to where a row of fire-buckets stood, seized the handle of one between his jaws, and with the agility of one who had done it before, ran down some steps and up others, bearing the pail in his mouth. Having returned to where his friend the sailor was, he rattled the handle to attract attention, waited till he was noticed, then, bearing the bucket off again with a self-satisfied tail-wag, located it triumphantly at the foot of the pump! Who could help admiring the *dogged* perseverance of the creature, or refuse to work the handle of the pump at such a pleading prayer? The gusto with which he drank was delightful to witness, his very lapping an accompaniment to the temperance ditty which echoed in my ears—

"My drink is water bright
From the crystal spring."

or this—

"Water, sweet water, pure water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee."

And may we not learn hence how to pray when utterance is impossible? Just as the empty bucket in the dog's mouth, especially when placed under the pump, asked plainly enough for water, so our unspoken wants trembling on our lips, but brought to Him from whom all blessings flow, request very vehemently (for actions speak louder than words) for streams of refreshing grace. Nor shall we ask in this fashion, or indeed in any way, in vain. Blessed are they who thus hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

"Our weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can find
More angel-like than this."

But I shall have no space to devote to the stable if I give so much to the kennel. It may, indeed, be as well to start afresh with the horses, for, noble creatures that they are, they deserve a chapter all to themselves.

The Prudent Robin.

ON a winter morning when the ground was covered with snow, a robin, urged by hunger, entered an open window of the writer's house, to eat the crumbs spread for it inside. This visit he repeated several days, flying away unmolested. But one day the servant closed the window, and the bird found its way of escape cut off. As there was no intention to imprison the trustful visitor, the window was soon reopened. But the robin never returned. For a brief moment it had been captured, and it would not again venture within the possible prison. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."—*Newman Hall, on the Lord's Prayer.*

A Yorkshire Sunday-School Superintendent.*

COMMON-SENSE, geniality, and firmness, with a good loving Christian heart, qualify a man very well for the position of Sunday-school Superintendent; and when to these qualities is added the picturesque quaintness sometimes met with in a Yorkshire village, you get a racy character that repays a glance. Such a worthy was William Schofield, who lived all his life in the manufacturing village of Marsden, seven miles from Huddersfield, and made his mark on the lives of many of the young people of the Methodist Sunday-school there. He loved the Sunday-school, and that was one secret of his power in it; and though a disciplinarian in his way—for he had been himself strictly brought up by a stern but worthy mother, who used to say to him, "Such as ye do, such will hang on ye,"—he knew how to use the gentle hand. "Child'r are but child'r, after all," he would say; "we cannot expect them to have old heads on, and they'd nobbut look queer if they had."

He was apprenticed to a shoe-maker, and, according to the experience of those days, had hard work, long hours, poor fare, and plenty of cuffs between meals; but comparing his lot with others, he regarded it as "middling considering." "I was taught in good time to rough it," he said; and this roughing process developed in him a vigorous constitution.

His conversion took place at nineteen years of age, and was strangely brought about. Rude and lawless himself, he had an acquaintance of similar character—a mole-catcher for the farmers, and a notorious ring-leader in street fights and pothouse brawls. These two were one day bragging against one another in a public-house, when the mole-catcher seized Schofield by the neckerchief in play, "shouldered" him, and "hugged" him round the room, to the amusement of the spectators. But when he released his grip, Schofield, nearly strangled, fell like a log on the floor. He narrowly escaped with his life, and the fright awakened him to concern about his soul. He went to a cottage prayer-meeting, and on his knees yielded himself up to Christ. He afterwards purchased this cottage, and used to say he had "been born twice in the same street—once of the flesh, and again of the Spirit."

The prayer-meetings, which he now loved to attend, were as earnest as they were demonstrative, and sometimes original. The heavenly breezes blew strongly in them, and in the general noise you would hardly know who was praying and who was responding. The loud praying on one occasion emptied a ball-room in the public-house across the street. The good people borrowed their figures from familiar objects. "Save us," prayed one of them, "from all th' pouhcats an' weasils that run i' th' field hodges, ur onything else 'at ud bother the crop." A good many ages ago a similar prayer was offered in more classic language, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."

Schofield soon became a prominent man in the class-meetings and

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* "William Schofield, an earnest Yorkshire Methodist." By John Sykes. Huddersfield: Parkin Brothers. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

prayer-meetings, and was chosen Superintendent of the Sunday-school year by year for thirty years, till broken health compelled him to decline re-election. "Nay, thank you; I can't attend to it as I ought, and I'll not make a mock of it." His heart and soul were in this work. Deeply interested in the children, he sought their highest welfare. He was himself a pattern of punctuality and zeal, and backed up all his labour with a consistent character and a devout spirit. He often applied prayer as a last resource in dealing with a refractory scholar. Taking the unruly lad by the hand, he led him out of the school into the chapel to reason and pray with him there; and many a time scholar and Superintendent talked and prayed and wept together till the boy was subdued and changed. He had considerable native ability in speaking to children, marking out to them very plainly their duties to parents, sisters, and brothers; warning them very solemnly, and not without tears, of the evils of swearing, lying, and Sabbath-breaking, and all disobedience to God; and telling them with honest feeling of the love of Jesus and the way to heaven.

The generous nature which drew the scholars to him showed itself outside the school in his business and common life. For health's sake he had relinquished his shoe-making, and become a coal-dealer; but charity kept pace with prosperity, and his heart did not narrow as his purse enlarged. When trade was bad, provisions high, work scarce, and coals dear, he refused to advance the price, because "it was already as much as the poor people were able to pay;" or to call in long standing accounts, for, said he, "Never mind, they'll pay when they're able." And still more bountifully did he help the poor as God blessed him, sending in hard winters a load of coal or a supply of flour to the cottage of some poor family which had striven hard to keep the wolf from the door, and never disclosing his name.

"A man who lives to God, bless you! he's the happiest man alive"; he used to say. "If you think riches would make you happy, let me tell you you are very mistaken. They are all right when rightly used, but in comparison to religion they arn't worth naming. Religion's good for either level road or up-hill."

He was a stanch teetotaller, and that when teetotalism was ridiculed as it is seldom ridiculed now. He used to say, "I would not care if the words Teetotalism and Christianity were written in big letters on my back. I can recommend these two things to any man, anywhere, for they will do anybody good. What I have to say to you young men is this—the best side of a beerhouse is the outside." He had little patience with fussy or querulous people. "If some folks cannot be everybody they'll be nobody. I like those who are willing to be anybody." "Some people think everybody is hating them, when nobody is bothering their heads about 'em—they've something better to do."

Empty talkers met with little favour from him. "If some folks would say less and do more it would seem them better, an' they'd do a deal more good." "I wouldn't give much for any man's principles if he isn't willing to pay for them." "What I give to God's cause I invest in a good bank. I know it will be doing good when I am dead and gone." And well might he hold himself free to be liberal and charitable; for, as he often said, "I have God and his house to thank for all I have

and am." He was a good friend to the local preachers, whom he welcomed to share the comforts of his home, and disliked nothing more than sneering and carping at their sermons. "I can always put up with a person however he blunders, if I think he means well and is humble: let a man try to do good in his own way. We cannot tell what sort of trouble or inconvenience the man may have had during the past week; and it would have to be a very poor croft if I couldn't get some nibbling."

The need of constant renewal in the divine life was what he deeply felt and earnestly sought. An old Methodist corn-miller who was in the habit of coming periodically to the Marsden grocers to mark his corn-sacks afresh when his initials had become almost obliterated through wear and tear, illustrated the benefits of class-meetings from his work. "Christians," said he, "need marking over again very frequently with the Spirit of Christ, because of the danger of losing his image." This idea was a favourite with Schofield, who set it down as indicating the best mode of promoting a revival of God's work. "Man! we should all do with marking over again, like the old miller's corn-sacks."

When the old man fell ill, and for the first time in forty years was absent from the Whitsuntide festival, the scholars and teachers assembled in front of his room, and sang in their accustomed way. He rose from his chair, and looked with moist eyes through the window. "To me," said he, "that's the grandest sight and sound on earth. God bless them." And he was right. There is no sight grander, had we eyes to perceive it, than the training of young people in godliness. The devotion of his life to this work made Schofield a blessing to his native village, and left behind in many hearts grateful memories of this worthy Yorkshire Sunday-school Superintendent. D.

The Canary and the Sparrows.

A STORY is told of a gentleman who had a beautiful singing canary. A friend wanted to try if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it, and placed it in the cage with his sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back; but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside another canary, which sang well. This had the desired effect, and, regaining the old note, it sang as beautifully as ever. Many Christians go, like the canary, into the strange company and atmosphere of the worldlings, and consequently they not only do not teach the world to sing their happy, glorious note of praise, but they cannot sing the old songs of praise in a strange land themselves, and soon they learn the sorrowful note of the world. The best thing for such is to go back again into the more genial society of happy, rejoicing Christians, among whom they will soon learn to sing the glorious notes of praise again, making melody in their hearts.—*From Captain Churchill's "Stepping Stones to Higher Things."* (*See Reviews.*)

The two Laws.

THE apostle says, in Romans viii. 2: "The *law* of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the *law* of sin and death."

What do we understand by a law? A certain fixed principle, something which in its working has all the certainty, regularity, and force of a law.

There are the laws of *nature*. As, for instance, the law of gravitation. We know that this is a principle which nothing can change—it is fixed and unalterable. Our natural life is regulated by that law. We cannot do anything contrary to it without feeling the consequences.

So there are laws of *grace*, of a man's spiritual being.

And there is "the law of sin and death"—that principle of evil which sinks the soul down, and causes it to depart from God. That is a law which can never be changed. Sin and corruption can no more lose their tendency to drag the soul downward, than a lump of lead can be made to lose its weight, or the tendency to gravitate to the earth's centre. And yet that piece of lead may be caused to ascend by bringing another law into operation which has just the opposite tendency. Fasten it to a balloon, and, instead of sinking or falling, it will rise.

Again, if a man is thrown into the sea, by the law of gravitation he sinks to the bottom. But put a life-belt round him, and by another law—the law of floating bodies—he floats on the surface. The two laws remain as they were, they are neither changed nor destroyed—both are in operation, but the stronger overcomes the other.

So it is in the life of faith. As the law of sin and death sinks the soul downwards, so "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" raises the soul upwards. Which is the stronger?

The life-belt is provided that the man who without it would sink—*may* not sink. So "the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" is given that the soul who, because of the flesh within, must sink and depart from God, need not sin, but abide in the light. "And these are contrary the one to the other."

As the power that keeps the man afloat is against or opposed to the force that would sink him to the bottom, so the "Spirit (tendeth) against the flesh," in order "that ye *may not* do the things that ye would."

"The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me *free* from the law of sin and death." What freedom is this? Freedom not from the presence, or *inbeing* of sin, but from the dominion, or *service* of sin. The apostle is referring to the bondage he alluded to in chapter vi. 12, 16, 20, "Let not sin therefore *reign*," etc. Do not *serve* sin, do not *obey* it. See also chapter vii. 5, 6, 14, 23. It is not only freedom from the guilt but from the *dominion* of sin. It is the freedom we need, not for a justified *state* only, but for a holy and consistent *walk*.

But this freedom does not imply that the *tendency* of evil within us is destroyed. Although, by means of the life-belt, the man is kept floating above the waters so that he is not drowned, he is not thereby freed from the force of gravitation, he is only freed from its *overcoming* power. So the believer, although he is freed from the necessity of *obeying* "the law of sin," which would sink him into transgression, by "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," he is not thereby freed

from the constant influence or tendency of the flesh to drag him down. Sin's force is not destroyed; though by virtue of the Spirit's power it is rendered ineffectual. The believer, though not free from the presence and constant influence of sin, is free from its *dominion*.

No one can disregard the laws of nature without suffering the consequences. Those laws must be respected and obeyed. So the laws of God's spiritual kingdom must be obeyed. And as Bacon says, "He who obeys Nature commands her."

If the man leaves the life-belt—no matter how long he may have floated—he sinks as easily at the end as he did at the beginning. So the believer must not presume on past experience or grace received. He needs to abide in Christ every moment—this very moment as much as when, years ago, it may be, he first came to Jesus. The law of sin is the same to-day as it was then. On the other hand, as the man who remains in the life-belt enjoys all the power and force of one of God's unalterable laws by which the universe is governed, and in virtue of that law is preserved from sinking—not by struggling, but by abiding, not by his own efforts to keep himself afloat, but by casting himself upon the life-belt to do it—so the believer that "abides in Christ" enjoys, whilst he thus abides, all the power of one of God's immutable laws by which his spiritual kingdom is governed; and in virtue of that law the believer is preserved from being brought under the dominion of evil—not by struggling, but by abiding, not by his own efforts not to sink, but by casting himself implicitly upon Christ to keep him from sinking.

The one is not more certain than the other. God's laws of grace are as fixed and reliable as God's laws of nature. How important we should understand them, recognise them, and obey them!

"Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall *not fulfil* the lust of the flesh" (Gal. v. 16).

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus HATH MADE ME FREE from the law of sin and death."—*From "Thoughts on Life and Godliness." By Rev. Evan H. Hopkins. Noticed among Reviews.*

A Paradox:

WITHIN SIGHT OF IT—BUT CANNOT SEE IT!

CROSSING from Belfast to Greenock by the night-boat late one autumn, after several unsuccessful attempts to sleep, I came upon deck soon after the steamer had entered the Clyde, and stood for a time in conversation with the mate, a true son of Erin. A dense haze prevented us from seeing far beyond the vessel, and I was disappointed in not being able to get a view of the coast. Thinking we were still at sea, I remarked to the man at the helm—

"I suppose we shall soon be in sight of land?" when, judge of my surprise, the following rejoinder was tendered in reply:—

"Sure, and we're within sight of it now, but ye can't see it!"

More than a little amused with the paradox, I thanked my Hibernian

friend, and waited till the hills, purple with heather and crowned with the first signs of winter, rewarded my anxious gaze. I knew that with the first beams which should penetrate the mist the land would be visible, so I kept looking, and had not long to wait. The landscape, aglow with a thousand blended charms as the sun chased away the gloom of night and the mist of the early dawn, soon stood revealed in all its beauty, and forms a memory to be fondly cherished.

And what of the paradox? Well, it is never likely to be forgotten, and it may serve "to point a moral," if not to "adorn a tale."

The Patent Office treasures the records of inventive genius, and our museums are enriched by its triumphs, but the slow and tedious process, the difficulties and disappointments before the grateful "*Eureka*" could be uttered, form a chapter in the life-story of the inventor full of interest and instruction. Within sight of the secret, perhaps through weary months or years, but unable to see it, till at length a seeming accident solved the coveted problem and brought a well-merited reward, the patient scientist toiled on in spite of difficulty and delay, and a feeling of disappointment well-nigh verging on despair. When submitted to the public, a discovery which involved years in its pursuit has often provoked the commonplace remark, "How simple!" or, "I wonder I did not see it!" Just so. You were within sight of it perhaps, but you could not see it. A discovery is rarely the result of an accident pure and simple: it is generally the crown of genius and the reward of patient and well-directed toil.

In the spiritual world, men have stood confronted with difficulties, unable to see their solution: either their powers of perception have been at fault, or the medium through which they have looked has been too dense for penetration. Ignorance and prejudice have to account for failures which have kept the world of thought poorer, or, what is worse, have misled it by visionary conjectures in place of well-ascertained facts. Banks of mist have been mistaken for hills, and a sheet of fog over the river for *terra firma*. Till men actually see the truths for which they look, they had better maintain a steady gaze, and not break a becoming silence till they are sure of the revelation. The great bane of the present day is that men speak too soon and utter too much. They describe what they deem to be land when as yet they are only "within sight of it, but cannot see it." These are guides whom we take the liberty to mistrust, and whose positive theories we discount as only fallible conjectures. "Wait till the clouds roll by," is a necessary piece of advice we venture to offer our spiritual teachers who are still "at sea," or "within sight of land, but cannot see it."

With regard to the true ground of peace, those who have had to deal with anxious enquirers must have seen many who were "within sight of it, but could not see it," and perhaps these lines will recall to the reader a similar chapter in his own experience. The pilgrim was within sight of the cross the moment he felt the burden of his sin, and had a desire to be delivered; but he could not see it, and I have often wished the immortal dreamer had brought him back to the point from which he started, and had shown him that the cross was there. It is the thought of the heart that some indefinable experience must be lived, some unreasonable attainment achieved before relief may be expected

and peace procured. Now, let it be said with all the emphasis of truth—

Our repentance is not demanded to make God willing to pardon us.

Our faith is not required to overcome God's reluctance to receive us.

Our prayers are not necessary to dispose God's heart to bless us.

His heart yearns to bless us ; long has he waited to receive us, and with all the pathos of a love which entreats he has urged our acceptance of a gracious pardon.

"He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more."

Do you stand afar off asking the wondering question, "Will God receive me if I come back ?" I know you justify the question, and the doubt which gave it birth, by the consciousness of your guilt and unworthiness ; but the revelation of God's desire — may I not say anxiety ?—that you should be saved, ought to set that question at rest, and for ever end the doubt. Remember, the most touching overtures come from God, the most pathetic pleadings come from his heart, which you have grieved so long, and by nothing more than your reluctance to cast yourself upon his mercy, and to accept his full salvation.

To refuse or to hesitate in accepting a proffered gift, is to wound the heart of a donor ; and the Lord Jesus must have betrayed an infinite sadness in the tones with which he uttered the mournful lament—"Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life !"

If it had only been revealed to us that God was willing to save, there might be some excuse for doubt lest we had failed to discover the way of salvation ; but it is not so. The ground upon which he saves is as clearly revealed as his willingness—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Longing to be reconciled to God, perhaps you have heard the exhortation—"Make your peace with God !" and have mourned over the failure which has crowned your efforts to succeed in the ill-advised and unnecessary task. This moves our regret, but does not excite our surprise. Do you not know that God never bade you make your peace with him ? The conditions are not within your power.

A lady, visiting a hospital, stood by the side of a little girl whose case was pronounced to be hopeless. Feeling anxious for the future of the little sufferer, she said to her—"My dear, you must make your peace with God !" Falling into a quiet doze, it seemed as though the child had failed to catch the remark, or was indifferent to its import, or had relapsed into unconsciousness. In a few minutes, however, the child awoke, and, as a smile lit up her countenance, she sweetly whispered—"It was done eighteen hundred years ago."

Fearing the utterance was due to the delirium which forebodes the quietus of death, but hoping it indicated the retention of reason, she asked—

"What was done eighteen hundred years ago?" when, with a confidence which plainly revealed how firmly she had grasped the truth, the child replied—

"My peace was made with God," and then added the warrant of her belief—

"He hath made peace by the blood of his cross!"

Doubtless the visitor went away to ponder the implied admonition of a babe in years but a saint in experience.

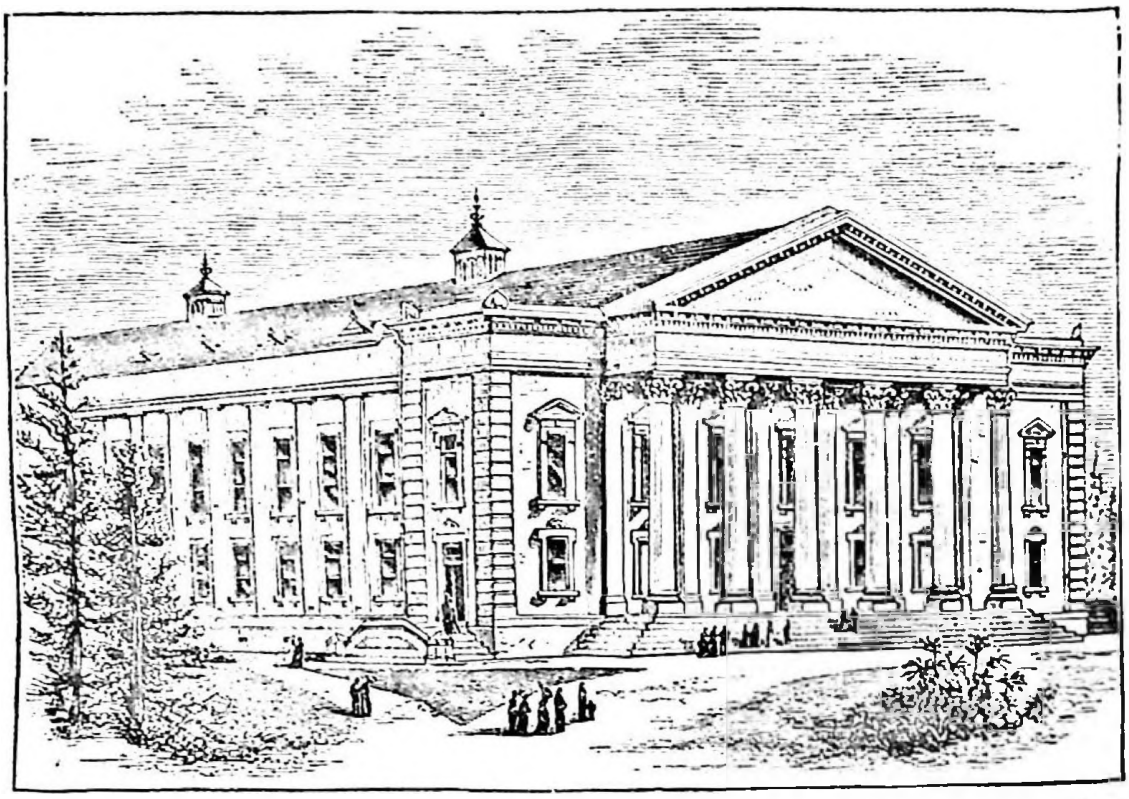
"Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing His bleeding love!"

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is sad to think that, with relief so near, there should be so many enduring distress of soul, and that, with the ground of peace so clearly revealed, there should be any "within sight of it—but cannot see it!"

V. J. C.

Spell Repentance.

IN one of the counties of England, celebrated for its valuable mines, there lived a collier, grossly ignorant of divine things, and the doctrines of the gospel were totally unknown to him. From his habits of vice, and aversion to the worship of God, there seemed little hope that any moral change could be effected in him. But that which to man seemed so doubtful, God was pleased to accomplish in a way exceedingly simple, yet truly marvellous. Destitute as he appears to have been of concern for his spiritual welfare, he was induced to permit the attendance of his children at a Sunday-school, conducted on religious principles; and there the children were taught to practise moral duties, and instructed in the essential doctrines of Christ. It pleased God to visit one of the daughters of this wicked father with mortal sickness; but, before her death, she was instrumental in exciting the attention of her parent to the concerns of his soul. "Father," inquired the dying child, "can you spell repentance?" This artless question, through the blessing of God, was effectual to awaken concern. "*Spell repentance!*" repeated the astonished father; "why, what is repentance?" Thus he became desirous of knowing, and ultimately was taught its sacred meaning, and discovered that he had been a stranger to it both in theory and in experience. He also discovered that he needed repentance; that he was a guilty, condemned sinner, deserving God's wrath and everlasting banishment; and repentance unto life was granted to him. He spelled out its divine import, and obtained an acquaintance with that Saviour whom God has exalted to give repentance and remission of sins; and by bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, he, in after life, supported and adorned his Christian profession.



The Tabernacle, Auckland, New Zealand.

NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE CHURCH UNDER THE PASTORAL CARE OF MR. THOMAS SPURGEON.

INCLUDING the land, the cost will be £13,000, towards which the sum of £2,500 is still lacking in order that the building may be opened free of debt. The cost of the land was £3,000, and the price of labour is much greater in New Zealand than in England, hence the large expense. By the assistance of many generous Christian brethren this enterprise might speedily be carried to a successful issue.

Notices of Books.

Scripture Verities. Germs of Thought on Biblical Subjects. By Rev. D. PLEDGE, of Ramsgate. Elliot Stock.

A THOROUGHLY good book, which will be sneered at by none but those who sneer at the gospel. Very plainly written, but deep, and high. It is a book worth any man's reading, and such as a believing reader will wish to lend or give away. The critic of the modern school will cut it up, and find plenty of opportunity to do so; and he will do this with all the more zest because it cuts *him* up, and gives him no quarter. It is not a big book for half-a-crown, but as the author offers special terms for a quantity, we hope that he will sell his first edition, and bring out another at a lower rate. It is a little body of divinity, dealing specially with disputed points, flinching at nothing, but teaching the whole truth in its two great aspects of sovereignty and responsibility. We have seldom seen a work which we can more heartily endorse and commend.

Memorial Volume. Mr. Spurgeon's Jubilee. Report of the Proceedings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, June 18th and 19th. Paper covers, 6d., cloth gilt, 1s. Passmore and Alabaster.

A FITTING memorial of a feast of brotherly love. The memory of those two days of earnest gratitude to God, and intense affection to his servant, ought to be handed down to the posterity of all who had a hand in it. The bound copy will be far the best for preserving. We thank our publishers for producing this memorial at their own risk.

By-paths of Bible Knowledge. I. Cleopatra's Needle. II. Assyrian Life and History. III. Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments. Religious Tract Society.

THE Religious Tract Society is determined to come behind in no department of Biblical literature, and hence these popular hand-books upon ancient monuments, which more or less nearly relate to Old Testament history. Time was when discoveries in Assyria, Egypt, etc., were curiosities for the learned and wealthy; but here the pith of everything is presented to the many. "Assyrian Life and History" for 2s. 6d. is something to be wondered at, since the book costs much to produce in the way of engravings, and is not of a character to command a large sale. Those who desire to see the best proofs of the correctness of Bible history must consult such works as these. For us these ancient studies have a great fascination.

The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers (5 vols.). The New Testament Commentary for English Readers (3 *vols.*). Edited by the Right Rev. C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D. Cassell and Co.

FROM a general survey of these eight noble volumes we are able to say that they are not superfluous in a library. This commentary has selected its own track, and has kept to it. We find in our investigation of it much that is new and fresh, where too many other expositions have simply echoed the voices of their predecessors. We do not look to this work for spiritual deductions, nor even for doctrinal teachings to any large extent; but we seek scholarly information, and we find it. It would be great presumption on our part to pretend to criticize the learned men who have united in producing this great work: it was hardly possible that Dr. Ellicott could fail in his labour while, his own learning leading the way, he was able to call in the most able men of the age. The volumes are 21s. each. Only such publishers as Cassell, Petter and Galpin would have ventured upon such a work, since it commends itself rather to the cultured few than to the many. We wish the publishers a large sale, for we feel under personal obligation to them for undertaking so costly an enterprise. We do not agree with everything in these volumes, but we should be extremely sorry to be without them. There are many better expositions, but none exactly of this order, and therefore they are a clear gain to a minister.

John Wycliffe: a quincentenary tribute. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Nisbet and Co.

John Wicklif. By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. T. Woolmer.

THESE are excellent books for the masses, and each one of them can be bought for thirty pieces of bronze. Our friend Jackson Wray is the more lively and piquant writer, but Mr. Watkinson is the fuller historian. How happy could we be with either! All this year is sacred to the memory of Wycliffe, and it would be well for all lovers of the old gospel to lecture upon the life of the true author of the Reformation, who has never had his due, and perhaps never will have it till the last great day. The Quincentenary Celebration was an utter failure, if we once compare it with the important event which it pretended to celebrate. Truly to memorialize the event it is needful that the story of Wicklif should be better known. We do not know how to spell his name yet. Mr. Wray calls him Wycliffe, and Mr. Watkinson cuts it down to Wicklif. We commend both of these writers to the half-crowns of those of our readers who would like to lecture on the subject.

Manual of Revivals. Practical hints and suggestions from histories of revivals and biographies of revivalists. By Rev. G. W. Hervey, M.A. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

We have great admiration for Mr. Hervey's "System of Christian Rhetoric"; and though this manual is good in its own way, it is not at all equal to the larger work. In the present manual, those who seek a revival will find many useful directions and suggestions, and evangelists will find themes and outline addresses. The style has about it the appearance of baste; certainly it would have been the better for revision; in places it is almost slipshod. The tone, spirit, and doctrine are all we could desire, and there is much of sound sense and practical wisdom in the book. About half is reading-matter which will interest everybody; the other half is a valuable summary of the literature of the subject, together with sermon-helps for those who wish to promote revivals, either as pastors or evangelists. We think it might have been a better book, but we are glad that it is as good as it is. The publishers issue it originally in America, but they have an agency in Fleet-street.

On the Desert: a Narrative of Travel from Egypt, through the wilderness of Sinai, to Palestine. By Henry M. Field, D.D. New York. With sixteen Illustrations. Nelson.

Wonderful! Subject, the desert; discourse, a book of the first order. It reminds us of a supper for a family for sixpence. Principal groundwork of the feast, stewed bones; *Menu*, all that could be desired. It would be difficult to meet with a more lively and instructive work. Surely the monks of Sinai, the Bedaween and their camels, and all the other appurtenances of the great and terrible wilderness are now done, done to a turn, done to the very utmost. Our traveller used all his eyes, and he seems to have possessed hidden optics in the back of his head, and the heels of his boots. He gathers more from the desert than most men would have gleaned in the gardens of Solomon. This admirable work will enjoy a wide popularity, and become a standard book of reference.

Information and Illustration for Sermons, Lectures, and Addresses. By Rev. G. S. Bowes, B.A. James Nisbet.

We do not think these helps gathered from facts and figures, books, &c., are quite so good as Mr. Bowes' "Illustrative Gatherings." Still, this compilation will be of immense service. Practical men will be glad of facts so well arranged, and of illustrations so well selected. The title has a little the sound of our own book, "Illustrations and Meditations," but we do not suppose that any person will mistake this for ours, for it runs in quite a different line. All ministers are in debt to such a man as Mr. Bowes, for his help is simply invaluable. He quickens thought but does not supersede it.

Stepping Stones to Higher Things. By Captain Seton Churchill. Second Edition. Nisbet.

We commended the first edition with great heartiness. It is a manly book, and thoroughly sound. We are glad to see it selling. It will do good in a solid way, and will not aid in the wood, hay, and stubble building which is being run up on all sides. People who are educated but not saved are here suited to the letter.

Thoughts on Life and Godliness. By the Rev. Evan H. Hopkins. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

Exceedingly sweet, and full of comfort. It is wonderful how many pearls drop from Mr. Hopkins' pen and brighten his pages with a mild but charming radiance. He does not labour to make striking remarks, nor to narrate startling incidents, but in a quiet natural manner he produces rich thoughts of a deeply spiritual kind. His little book is as full of instruction as one of our well-cultured corn-fields is full of food in the plenteous days of harvest. Let him write again and again, as often as his sanctified mind can furnish such truly suggestive expositions; but let him not be induced to yield to the clamours of the self-valued "perfect" folk. If he balances his statements as he does in this case, we shall feel no fears about him.

The Tops of the Mountains. Gen. viii. 5. Remington and Co., New Bond Street, W.

"THESE are ancient things." If this writer could be a little more lucid we might learn something; but as it is very few readers will wade through a dozen pages without getting into a mist, like that which brooded over the three races when they descended from the highlands of Ararat. The subjects are the Origin of Nineveh, the Giant Clans, the Eleven Nations, the Garden of God, the Outcasts of Elam, Phut, and the heirs of Ephrath. Here are nuts to crack. Those who delight in archæology will value this tit-bit of antiquity. A close reader will have his reward; but such persons are not so numerous as they should be.

Religion in History and in the Life of To-day. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ON the face of the thing, we should have said that these as Lectures to Working-men would be a total failure. We may be wrong, and Bradford may be as cultured as Athens, but even then the lecturer must have been quite up to the level of the best intellects, and a little above them. The lectures are very clever, too clever for the audience invited. They are better adapted to prove the eminence of their author than to instruct the many. For eighteenpence the cultured few may here procure a high form of enjoyment, but persons of ordinary education can do better with their money. It may be needful to treat the Christian faith in this manner; but we cannot say that the operation affords us any great pleasure. The science of Comparative Theology is a wicked provoking of the Lord to jealousy. However well it is done, there is a previous question,—is it not treason to attempt it? Dr. Fairbairn has done his work well: we should not have fretted if he had never done it at all.

Who gave us the Book? England's Debt to William Tyndale. By the Rev. CHAS. BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster-buildings.

AN attractive fragment concerning our great English translator. There are only forty pages, largely compiled from other books; but the style is so lively, and the binding so attractive, that it will command a considerable sale, and therein we shall rejoice.

The Roman Catacombs. By S. RUSSELL FORBES. Nelson and Sons.

VERY useful to any one visiting Rome, or to a lecturer upon the Catacombs, for he will here discover the sources of information. In this little treatise Mr. Forbes corrects many errors, and tells us enough concerning the catacombs to whet one's appetite for further knowledge.

Baptist Worthies: a Series of Sketches of Distinguished Men who have held and Advocated the Principles of the Baptist Denomination. By WM. LANDELS, D.D. Vol. II. Baptist Tract Society.

DR. LANDELS is at home with his theme. He is glorious at a lecture, as those who have heard him will not need us to tell. Upon Sir Robert Lush, the Baptist judge, our friend is specially full and interesting, for he was his pastor and his well-beloved friend. Were there not a memorial of Adoniram Judson, John Foster, William Knibb, Havelock, and Garfield, this one paper would be worth ten times the price of this volume. Every Baptist should procure a copy and lend it in his own circle.

The Evangelical Succession. A course of Lectures by Different Authors. Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.

THIS is a third series, including the lives of Owen, Bunyan, Boston, Edwards, Wesley, Carey, Vinet, and Chalmers. The selection appears to have been made upon the principle of illustrating the successive aspects which evangelical religion has assumed in comparatively modern times, by stating the sentiments and methods of its chief representatives. These men are characters with which all should be glad to renew their acquaintance, and they will be here seen by many in a new and more interesting light. Some may be reminded of the saying of George III. in reference to the Puritan fathers, "There were giants in the earth in those days." Others may think that the men who delivered these lectures are of much smaller dimensions.

Select Letters of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row.

THESE selected letters make a pretty little book, and serve as a taste by which to arouse an appetite for the rest of Rutherford's half-inspired writings. Two shillings is quite enough for it, and we think a shade too much.

Preaching: What to Preach, and how to Preach. Practical Hints for the Clergy. By the Rev. J. EDWARD VAUX, M.A., F.S.A. G. J. Palmer, 32, Little Queen Street, W.C.

WRITTEN from a High-Church standpoint, but full of common sense observations which will be useful to earnest men of any church. Indeed, except certain superstitious remarks upon infant baptism, we have read the whole of the little book with great pleasure. Mr. Vaux is evidently a man who reads, thinks, and worships, and is not satisfied with the lifeless routine of services performed according to rubric and usage. Like some other brethren who take to high Ritualism, he has in him a vein of grace, and an evangelical spirit, apparent to all who can read the man internally. So far as they love our Lord we are at one with men of every denomination; but we pray the Lord who has purified their hearts to purge their brains also, and to do the same with ours.

The Englishman's Bible. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book must have cost many years of labour, and the patient and careful toil, shown on every page, cannot but have been of much value to the Author. With much labour, the book would also have some value to the English reader; but not by any means the same value. The system of Tense-marks, and other symbols, has two necessary faults; it is somewhat complex, and very insufficient. No man can understand the force of the different parts of the Hebrew and Greek verbs without having first read much in the Hebrew and Greek languages. In Old Testament or New Testament, nothing less than a knowledge of the language can explain the varied force and subtle distinctions of the different forms. These can never be interpreted by a few dogmatic symbols. This being so, while "The Englishman's Bible" has many valuable marginal notes, and other helps, we are afraid that it would often *mislead* the merely English student. In a word, "there is no royal road to learning," and this is no exception.

From a careful study of several passages, the work of the Author seems well done. Many tenses are not indicated, but these, for the most part, are such as could not well be mistaken. The Indexed Atlas at the end of the work is excellently got up. Mr. Newberry has performed a great task well; still, our advice to the Englishman who wants to understand the original of the New Testament is, "Learn Greek,"—of the Old Testament, "Learn Hebrew."

Is All Well? Nisbet & Co.

A SERIES of brief, very simple, gentle talks on religious themes. Fitter to establish Christians than to rouse the indifferent: the Second Coming bulks largely in this little book, which will make it popular to some minds beyond what anything or everything else could.

A Christian Commonwealth. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. Trübner & Co.

THOUGH having no sympathy with Professor Newman's theological opinions, we heartily endorse every word written in this pamphlet on the evils of war, and the open, undisguised unrighteousness of most national rulers. "British interests" have often meant tyranny, plunder, and bloodshedding: and anything that is on the side of a righteous protest against such sinful selfishness has our deepest sympathy. A standing army and an influential military and naval class will always consider butchery desirable, since it means promotion to officers, though death to thousands of the rank and file. May this pamphlet open many eyes to see the evils of war, and be one more stroke towards its destruction.

Gems from the Bible: being Selections convenient for Reading to the Sick and Aged. Arranged by E. P. NISBET.

BETTER by half use your Bible and make your own selection. By this "arrangement" the whole of the earlier books are *arranged* out of use, and the Bible begins with the Psalms. We do not believe in taking *gems* where every portion is a priceless jewel.

Ingle-nook Stories. By Mrs. Stanley Leathes. John F. Shaw.

This has fascinated us, although the book is intended for the "times." Its pictures are intensely pretty and the matter thoroughly interesting. Give it to the children and see if they do not like it.

Life's Music; or, My Children and Me. By L. L. Hornibrook. Nisbet & Co.

A very wordy long-drawn story about a family and its vicissitudes. There is much of moralizing, but it is so manifest that it rouses resentment and rebellion. A little more of raciness, and much less of padding would much improve it: as it is, it is much like plum-pudding with the plums and the suet forgotten. We wonder whether anybody could read it right through on a lazy summer's day. Bring the next: and let us get the flavour of this one out of our mouth.

The Sea-Gull's Nest; or Charlie's Revenge. By Emily Brodie. Shaw and Co.

Any boy who gets this charming story will be obliged to read it through, as we did. The book would be a suitable present for selfish or quick-tempered lads, like the Leslie and Charlie here described. Miss Brodie takes care to put the gospel into the story, and thus makes it instructive as well as interesting.

The Abbey Mill. By E. J. Worboise. J. Clarke and Co.

Our authoress's style is too well known to need description; and her admirers will recognise her touch in every page of this religious story. We are no great admirers of the pious novel kind of literature; but if we must have it, we prefer it with the robust Dissenting and devout tone such as is here manifest. It is as good as any of its kind can be.

The Doctor's Dream; or, the Seven Phials. A Tale of Temperance Work. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

This story has deeply interested us, holding our excited attention from the first sentence until the last, and it left us stimulated and strengthened in our conflict against the drink power. It is an unusual kind of story: a sly humour peeps out constantly from the pages, and yet with vivid force the dangers of our great national sin are exposed. We wish it may set many readers not merely dreaming, but fighting against the demon drink.

Squire Bentley's Treat, and *The Card on the Nosegay.* Religious Tract Society.

Two tiny little stories for the young ones. They will help to teach them kindness, and sympathy with sufferers. Sixpence will make little eyes flash, and ears intently listen to these bright little tales.

Leo and Dick. By C. E. S. *Friendless Johnny.* By Jennie Harrison. Shaw and Co.

Two excellent juvenile story-books. Wonderful change for a shilling. Our youngsters ought to love reading, with such books on all sides.

The Shoes of Fortune, and other Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. John Hogg.

Sweet and fresh as the daisies, and full of life as the swallows which scream their delight overhead. Every child knows the tales of Christian Andersen. What! Did Johnny say that he never read them? Dear John, beg papa to buy you this book, and we do not advise you to read it, we might as well *persuade* you to eat raspberry puffs. Once he begins the book, there will be no stopping the boy till he has eaten his way through it, as a jumper devours a road into a Stilton cheese.

Mumu; and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man.* By Ivan G. Turgenieff. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

"The Diary of a Superfluous Man" is as absurd as any of Burnard's Happy Thoughts, only much truer to nature as it exists in Russia. It must be a terrible thing to be a Russian nobleman and do nothing; but worse still to be a fool, and hesitate, and suspect. The standard library of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls is a marvellous institution—cheap even in a land where books are almost given away.

Life of General Gordon. By the author of "Our Queen," "New World Heroes," &c. Walter Scott, 14, Paternoster-square.

We suppose it was needful to use a small type to get all the matter into a book of the price; but at our advanced age we prefer something easier to read. This will not affect the young people. This volume contains a succinct history of one of the most eventful and romantic lives which we have ever read. Gordon reminds us strongly of Oliver Cromwell, and our admiration for his courage and faith is very great. Nevertheless, we do not like the combination of soldier and Christian which leads to the shooting or hanging of men in cold blood. It may be necessary in war,—of that we cannot judge; but war itself is a poor sphere for the *Christian* virtues. It is almost treason to whisper that the hero's spirit is at certain junctures more firm than gracious; but it is so. We must confess that the same is true of Cromwell, but the light in which he lived was not strong upon the question of war. War is a horrible business, look at it how you may; and none the less so because an earnest believer finds himself able to figure in it. May wars cease to the ends of the earth.

George Birkbeck, the Pioneer of Popular Education. A Memoir and a Review. By John George Godard. Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey.

Dr. George Birkbeck was a leading pioneer in popular education. His name is indissolubly connected with Mechanics' Institutes, and other methods for the education of working men, which he either founded or brought into the light of day. We hope that a sincere religiousness underlaid his character, and moved him to seek the good of his fellow-men; but this does not appear in the memoir. We have known several individuals of Quaker descent whose philanthropy has been conspicuous, while their religion has been of the quietest order. In all other respects Dr. Birkbeck's life is an admirable example, especially in the perseverance with which he pursued his great object, and the patience with which he endured the most bitter criticism. His was a practical mind, and one which influenced his friends to an amazing extent. His name in our locality is connected with a school, a bank, a building society, and other matters, proving that he is not forgotten. We are glad to observe that Mr. Quintin Hogg is spoken of as virtually succeeding to the same work, by carrying on his wonderful system of evening classes at the Polytechnic. We wish success to every effort to increase knowledge, for the light of heaven is opposed to darkness of every kind.

How Sorrow was changed into Sympathy. Words of cheer for mothers bereft of little children. By Mrs. Prentiss. Hodder & Stoughton.

The first part of this little half-crown volume relates with great minuteness the story of the lives and early deaths of two of the children of the authoress of "Stepping Heavenward," and other works. The remainder of the book is filled with her letters to other bereaved mothers, with whom she sympathizes out of the depths of her own heart's experience. There was an evident growth in grace in Mrs. Prentiss's own case as her sweet flowers were gathered, one after another, by "The Gardener" who knew best when and how to take them. To quote her own words, her bereavements—

"Made heaven look home-like, made my bleeding heart
In all the grief of other hearts take part."

The Story of a Working Man's Blindness. By G. A. Johnston Ross. J. U. Campbell, 33, New Market, Inverness.

A very well written and a very affecting narrative of how a still living Scotch artizan lost his sight by a blasting accident, and then turned his attention to other matters, a wife and children having to be supported. He succeeded in doing many things which proved his possession of much perseverance and some genius; and, better than all, the light from heaven dawned upon the afflicted man's soul after that of the sun was eclipsed for ever. Those who send for the little book, which is sold with the view of getting a small sum for the benefit of the family, will not be disappointed. The publisher of the *story* is himself the disabled workman.

The Kingdom of All-Israel: its History, Literature, and Worship. By James Sime, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A thoroughly learned work, taking the right side, and smiting the critics hip and thigh. The period of government in which the tribes were one nation was never better described. It proves the wonderful pregnancy of Scripture that such a history can be compiled out of the materials which it supplies. We think our author is occasionally too severe upon David, but we have read his portly volume with intense interest and pleasure. He is master of his subject, and writes with a wealth of information under his control. There is no spinning out of short matter into lengthened periods. Much is condensed into little, and all show of learning is forsworn. The defence of Deuteronomy is triumphant; the wretched questioners of its authenticity are made to vanish into smoke. The "modern thought" critics are usually too much honoured when they are treated with supreme contempt. One remark made by Mr. Sime deserves to be ever remembered: he does not expect to see every bit of ruggedness removed from Biblical history, but he says, "An ancient book, in which unvarying smoothness distinguishes the narrative, will always be regarded with suspicion. A brief record of remote antiquity, which contains no difficulty in fact or in law, may be a record from which all difficulties have been skilfully and designedly removed. 'An English judge once remarked, on hearing minutely circumstantial evidence, that when a lock works too smoothly there is reason to believe it has been oiled.'"

The Life of Christ. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Worth reading, but not to be trusted. As compared with many German critics Weiss is on the orthodox side, but he frequently manifests strong tendencies in the opposite direction. He answers others, but in so doing he occasionally suggests a still more subtle doubt. He gives us good food, but it is not clean feeding: the husks are there as well as the flour. He treats the gospels after the manner of a historian, and in order to appear very impartial he is not dogmatic. We are afraid of him. Suggestive as he is, we cannot recommend him. Those who have long been worried by sceptics may find him a helper in sundry points; but simple-hearted believers will be rather vexed than instructed. We have heard the question raised as to the happiness of the translation; but that question we leave to German scholars. We are not enamoured with this "Life of Christ," nor, indeed, with any other.

The Biblical Treasury. Vol. I. Genesis. Sunday School Union.

We have a high esteem for "The Biblical Treasury." In its older form, and accompanied by a good index, it has proved very useful. In the new issue the illustrations are arranged in the order of the books, chapters, and verses which they explain; and in this shape the series will be much more handy. The Sunday School Union, among all its publications, has nothing better than this. The Genesis volume is good. The New Testament is complete in five volumes at two shillings each.

Sermons. By David Swing. London. R. D. Dickinson.

Highly artistic effusions from America. We pity the people who listen to such preaching. The bulk of all that is beautiful in these sermons is borrowed. Does he draw much, then, on our English divines? Nay; he prefers to refresh his flock with streams of thought from the pens of Mr. Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, and other respectable citizens of our modern republic of letters. Dr. David Swing is pastor of a Presbyterian church, and he despises Calvinism. As a specimen of his style, we will give one quotation. The text is—"*To be spiritually minded is life.*" The first words of the sermon are—"This is one of those expressions which come to us from the Platonic atmosphere." But his discourses, though stilted, are not the quintessence of Attic refinement. He can indulge in home-spun slang, as when he talks more than once, disparagingly of course, of "Talmagian Theology"—a genus that is not recognized at our ancient universities or catalogued in our public libraries.

A Woman's Hand. By E. M. Ellis. Jarrold and Sons.

It is just possible that if some mercenary, match-making mamma should read through this novel of more than four hundred pages, she might hesitate to immolate her daughters on the altar of Mammon. "The girl of the period," too, might be induced to put a full stop to some of her silly ways, and take a few lessons from the sensible heroine of the story. We doubt very much, however, if either of the aforesaid would read half-a-dozen of the forty chapters; it is far more likely that they would vote it "awfully slow." As for sensible Christian young people, we do not think they would care much for the story, although it is but justice to say that it evidences considerable literary ability, and is pure and elevating in tone.

Freddy's Dream; or, a Bee in his Bonnet. A Story for the Young. By Andrew Stewart. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

A pretty little tale for children. Certain good bees are hived in a little boy's heart, and make honey for him, but fly away when he is naughty. *B Watchful* remains to the last, and draws the other bees home: this is the Bee in Freddy's Bonnet.

The Valley of Sorek. A Novel, by Gertrude M. George. George Redway, Covent-garden.

This is an ably-written story, setting forth most admirably the perils of young and ardent spirits when they are surrounded by sceptical and worldly persons, and are weak upon the side of female influence. Alas, that Valley of Sorek has nurtured the vanquisher of many a Samson! There are two volumes of this fascinating narrative, and though we are not fond of such works, we were bound to see the end of its hero. Our fear is that this well-written work will not command a sale, since it is too deeply religious to be perused by ordinary novel-readers, and, on the other hand, spiritually-minded people will not care for this class of work. In our own case, our duty as a reviewer, and the wish to oblige a friend led us to read the volumes: it was not an unpleasant duty, but we do not wish for it often. Fiction is a burden rather than a recreation to us.

A Tale of Two Fair Women; or, the Religion of Humanity. A romaunt of modern life. Hatchards.

No; we cannot. If we were condemned to a week's imprisonment, or to read this poem through, we should be weak enough to choose the latter; but as we are not driven to that alternative, we will neither go to prison nor read this blank verse. Yet there are critics who are charmed with it, and therefore it has power over some minds; whereat we rejoice, for we are sorry for anybody's work to be unappreciated. No dainty is delighted in by every palate. These "Two fair women" will never fascinate us; but we are glad that certain admirers have read the book, or at least the former part of it, through twice. It was a generous act; affection at its utmost height could scarce do more.

Notes.

When reading James i. 1, "to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, greeting," we dared to observe that the Jews were not two tribes but twelve, and that there are no ten lost tribes. This has brought upon our devoted head vials of wrath from some of the Anglo-Israelites, and a great deal of profound instruction from others of them. The whole theory of Anglo-Israelism is so whimsical and unreasonable that we can hardly mention it without a smile; but as it has evidently become a belief with certain Christian people, we will try to treat it as a rational opinion. No identification between our nation and Israel which has ever yet been set forth is worth thought; with such arguments we could prove cats to be angels. We are, however, told by several correspondents to be more accurate, and to remember that Israelites are not Jews, though Jews are Israelites. We do remember it, and pray our instructors to observe that the Israelites were the people to whom our Lord preached, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," Matt. xv. 24; and these were the people who persecuted Paul, and of whom he said, "my prayer for Israel is that they might be saved," Rom. x. 1. To these the apostle belonged, for he said,

"Are they Israelites? So am I." The Jews of that day were Israelites, and the Israelites of that day were Jews: the Jews of this day are the same. Enquire of any Jew, and he will tell you that he is an Israelite. Ask him to which tribe he belongs, and he may mention Naphtali or Asher quite as likely as Judah.

This foolish dream has engendered a number of other silly dotings, and has supplied fuel for the Jingo flame, or else we should have made no mention of it, but have left it for the innocent amusement of the credulous. In any case, fleshly descent is not a thing to be gloried in, or depended upon. The blessings of the covenant are not to the seed according to the flesh, but to the children by promise, born of the Spirit by faith. We deprecate with deep earnestness all reliance upon blood and birth, for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and nothing more. Even if we were really the natural seed of Abraham, it would avail us nothing: we must be born again from above. Now in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile; and the attempt to restore the distinction is either ridiculous or pernicious, or a good deal of both. We know that these remarks will bring a hornet's nest about our ears; but as we are already overdone with wasps it will be a change. We shall at least enable many journals to prepare fresh articles for the defence of their crotchet, and we trust they will be duly grateful to us for our help, and be as good-tempered over it as the Lion and the Unicorn will let them be.

With the best intentions, periodicals in dealing with our Jubilee diverge very widely from the truth. We do not think that they mean to be otherwise than accurate, but they make assertions as to our private affairs which are mere fables. One of them even repeats an old worn-out story about our quoting a profane expression as to the heat of the weather. The tale was in circulation long before our birth, and so far as we are concerned there is not an atom of truth in it. No one can be more surprised at the statements made about us than we are: they are often so remote from the fact that they have much of the charm of romance. It does not matter much, but still a prejudice once excited may prevent persons from hearing a discourse by which they might be blest.

The sea-side months are very unproductive of subscriptions for our College, Orphanage, &c.; but, happily, we are not now distressed by that fact, for we have grown familiar with it by the experience of former years. When our friends return home they will think of the Lord's work, and send in their thank-offerings. The Lord is very tender in his dealings with our faith, and does not allow our brook Cherith to run dry; at the same time, he lets us see the pebbles at the bottom of the stream, and thus gently tries our faith. The Colportage Society, and the Evangelists are scraping the bottom of the barrel very hard just now. The Evangelists especially have cause to look up for speedy aid; yet the Society of Evangelists is one of our most useful enterprizes.

Our Prayer-meetings have of late been specially good. At one of them, our dear friend, the manager of Mr. Müller's Orphanage, strengthened our faith by the story of the Lord's present dealings with that Institution; at others, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has spoken with tender power; and at all there has been a deeper feeling and a more intense agony than ever. All this foretells the coming of a large blessing. Please pray for it. A great awakening at Tabernacle may lead the way to a wide-spread work of grace the wide world over.

Mr. Spurgeon's Visit to Southampton.—Wednesday, August 6, will not soon be forgotten by those who sat in that great stovehouse which is called the Rink, Southampton. In the afternoon, Nebuchadnezzar's furnace was mentioned by many as being, no doubt, a few degrees hotter; but the temperature in the Rink made many fall down as though lifeless, and those who were able to endure the heat pouring through the glass roof, must have been drained of their last drop of energy. Yet the attention was deep. In the evening things were cooler, and the service was therefore more likely to produce good results, for people could give their minds to that which was spoken. Many testified that the word was with power. We hope that the Portland Chapel church obtained substantial help towards their praiseworthy enlargement, which has given them school accommodation of the best kind. Our friend, Mr. Mackoy, has a fine warm-hearted people around him, and he is worthy of them.

Thursday, August 7, was the opening day of a Conference, held in the Deanery grounds. Lord Radstock, Lord Mount-Temple, and Lord Lichfield were all fellow-guests with Mr. Spurgeon at the hospitable abode of Canon Wilberforce, and all took part in the gatherings, which were full of spiritual power, and free from the slightest taint of sectarianism. Men of many minds met around the cross, and testified to Christ's work for us, and the Spirit's work in us. Mr. Spurgeon addressed the assembly at 8, 11, 3, and 6, and then went back to London, happy in having had strength enough, and none to spare. If attendance at any of these Conferences implied agreement with the *peculiar* views of those who attend them, we should be absent; but as vital truths are not questioned, but enforced, and minor points are not made into themes of discussion, the result is the advancement of brotherly love, and the advocacy of spiritual truth. This is in pleasing contrast with assemblies wherein

the eternal verities are treated as moot matters, and agreement in some minor point is the supposed bond of union. Dear to each Christian man should be his own denomination, but dearer still the Word of God, and the doctrines of grace.

The Clue of the Maze.—Our tiny booklet, last of our works up to this date, has brought us numerous congratulations from thoughtful people, on whose behalf it was written. Certain sceptical folk, who do not care for its teachings, have yet favoured us with a kindly word, and we cannot but hope that some of our remarks have touched them more than they care to own. God grant it may have been so! This is a period of unsettlement: the whole year seems dominated by a November more dense and foggy than any which occurs in the natural season. We are therefore bound to speak on the behalf of faith, and we have done so in this pretty *bijou*. One lady bought five hundred copies, so high was her estimate of our effort. We printed 10,000, and hope they will soon be every one of them set agoing. Such notes as the following have come in pretty numerously:—

A country friend writes:—"'Your 'Clue of the Maze' has been a great help to a cousin of mine, who was getting rather infected with infidel notions."

An American minister says:—"I thank you from my heart for the good 'The Clue of the Maze' has done me. I have enjoyed the reading of the book beyond anything that it has been my good fortune to read for months. It has deepened my devotion, and charmed my fancy, and caused me to pray earnestly that many years of active service may yet be granted to its author."

College.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. W. G. Clow, at Sherborne, Dorset; and Mr. H. H. Pullen, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Mr. T. A. Judd is also leaving us to take charge of the churches at Shrewton, Chitterne, and Tilshead, Wilts. Mr. E. White, who was pastor of the church at Orpington before he came to the College, has completed his term with us, and settled at Clare, Suffolk.

Mr. E. H. Ellis has become pastor of the church at Devonshire Square Chapel, which has united with the church formerly under our brother's care at Wellington Road, Stoke Newington. Mr. G. H. Carr, who left Southport some months ago, has accepted an invitation from the church at High-street, Bow, E.

Mr. T. Hancocks has removed from Tonbridge to Clover Street, Chatham; and Mr. G. Wainwright from Stockton to Grosvenor Street, Manchester. Mr. M. Baskerville, who went recently to the United States, has settled at Lanark, Illinois. Mr. S. A. Dyke, who has been manager of the printing and publishing of *The Canadian Baptist*, has returned to the pastoral oversight of the College Street Church, Toronto.

Mr. H. T. Peach reports encouraging progress at Pietermaritzburg, but says that there is urgent need of a chapel, as the Government will only let the building in which the services are held from week to week, and at any time the church may be homeless.

Evangelists.—Our brethren have been resting during the past month, but they will all be at work again soon. The expenses have been going on although the receipts have been very small. As the winter campaign begins we shall be glad to have "the sinews of war" in good condition. It is impossible to make evangelistic efforts entirely self-supporting; indeed, it often happens that where special services are most needed there is the least ability to meet the cost of holding them.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are to visit Galashiels, Selkirk, and Hawick this month; and in October they go to Belfast.

Mr. Burnham is to be part of the month with our brother Cuff, at Shoreditch, and the remainder with the hop-pickers, in Kent, concerning which he writes as follows:—

"The nature and work of this mission are so well known by this time that I need do no more than just hint at its various operations, and trust to your readers for the generous response of former years.

"We visit the gardens daily, distributing tracts and talking or reading to the pickers over the bins; give shoes and clothing to such as need them, and supply medicine to the sick; hold open-air services in the villages whither the hop-pickers resort each evening; on Sunday mornings visit the camps of the 'strangers' (as the denizens of our London courts and alleys are called in the hop country), singing and talking to them of 'the old, old story'; provide free teas on Sunday afternoons, for the purpose of gathering the 'strangers' in the meadow to hold a gospel service with them.

"All this work necessarily involves us in heavy expense; but the blessing of God has so manifestly rested on it in the past that we feel it would be a sin and a shame to withdraw, or even to slacken our efforts in any direction. We commence our work in Kent, this September, with an empty exchequer, and therefore would ask kind donors to be *prompt* in their gifts, as the *extent* of our operations must, in a great measure, be determined by the income. We promise very careful and economical use of funds entrusted to us for this mission, and a balance-sheet of income and expenditure to every donor. Parcels of tracts or left-off clothing may be sent, *carriage paid*, to the president of the mission, Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S. E. R.; donations to C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, London: J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to

"Yours in the service,

"John Burnham.

"24, Keston Road,
"Peckham Rye, London, S.E."

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth asks us to say that he hopes soon to arrange for a tour in Yorkshire with his singers and bell-ringers. He will be glad to hear from any friends who can invite the orphans for a meeting or service in aid of the funds of the Institution. It greatly lightens the expenses to have several places to go to during one visit. The Orphanage can be aided most efficiently by our friends without in the least degree entrenching upon local funds. Our Cornish friends have aided us gloriously, and we have hope that Yorkshire will be equally hearty.

By the kindness of Mr. Ross and his friends the children have enjoyed a strawberry tea again this year. They are not likely to forget their generous hosts, to whom we are also very grateful. God bless the friends at Horseshoe Wharf!

Several friends send us contributions for the *Girls'* Orphanage, but as we have only one fund, out of which both boys and girls are maintained, all sums are placed to the general account, unless the donors express the wish that their kind gifts should be applied to the Girls' Orphanage *Building Fund*, which will remain open until we have completed the buildings on the girls' side of the Stockwell home.

A young man in the country, in forwarding the amount collected for the Orphanage, sends the following note, which he asks us to insert in the magazine:—

"Respected Friends,—Having had a little book sent to me describing the working of the Stockwell Orphanage, and having been one of the worst of ragged boys myself, but now having a good suit of clothes to put on, a home to live in, and the King of heaven for my Saviour, I thought I might try what I could do for this glorious Institution. Many people tell me that they receive good from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, so I thought they ought to give a little to God's cause to prove their gratitude. I therefore put a slip of paper into every sermon that I delivered, asking the readers to give a small donation to the Orphanage. Many were too poor to give me anything, but I collected 15s. 3d., and if all the distributors of the sermons throughout the world would do the same, a little here, and a little there, and a little everywhere would make a good lump. A good time for this is just coming on. Harvest-time is better than Christmas or New Year, as all other beggars are on the look-out then. . . . ."

We shall be very pleased if our friend's suggestion bears fruit. Collecting boxes and books can always be obtained from the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—The following is extracted from the Tenth Annual Report of the Worcestershire Colportage Association, which employs four of our agents:—"Your agents have spent nearly 100,000 hours in our villages; they have made 379,002 visits, nearly 10,000 of which have been to the bedside of the sick and dying; the Book of God has been read 11,001 times; and 8,608 copies or portions of that sacred Book have been sold. They have held 2,373 meetings, and preached the good tidings of salvation to from 100,000 to 150,000 persons. As to a distribution of a purer literature among the people, the result is eminently satisfactory. Over 160,000 tracts have been scattered broadcast in village homes and by the wayside; and nearly a quarter of a million of periodicals have been circulated, besides a large number of good and useful books. The appreciation of the public can be best attested by the fact that they have paid upwards of £4,300 for these books and periodicals. As was well said in the report of the Baptist Foreign Mission—'Stand still you cannot, go back you *dare* not,' the only possible course open to you is '*forward*.'

"With the ministers and delegates must rest the tremendous responsibility of arousing the members of our churches to the full prosecution of their duty in this matter; this is for the outflow and increase of our spiritual life, and the very life of many of our churches, if not all, depends upon the manner in which we throw all our energy into the aggressive work which God has opened up to us, and given us the privilege of being his co-workers in accomplishing."

PERSONAL NOTES.—A recent number of the New York *Episcopal Recorder* contained the following interesting paragraph concerning the usefulness of our sermons in *Labrador*:—"All last winter, in the little mission on the Labrador coast, Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were read in the Mission Church Sunday by Sunday by the lady teachers, who were left by themselves for eight months, through the failing health of the devoted missionary who laboured there for many years. These simple services on the Sunday and week-day evenings, when these sermons were the staple of the teaching given, were greatly blessed by God. Many sailors came from the ships anchored off the coast, and, with the resident fishermen, eagerly listened to the Word of Life, and not only were their hearts cheered and comforted, but some were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus."

A sermon-reader writes:—"A dear friend of mine, who had so desponded that he contemplated suicide, was led to the Tabernacle one Sunday morning, many years ago, when you preached from the words 'Bring him hither to Me.' ('Hope in Hopeless Cases,' No. 821.) He has been a happy, unclouded believer from that day, and an earnest worker in the Master's vineyard."

Another friend says:—"The other Sabbath I was preaching in the village of ——,

when I was pleased to learn that a flint-breaker on the turnpike-road had been brought to Christ through reading one of your sermons. His name is J——. He had a companion at work on the road with him, who was also much blessed by hearing your sermons read. He said—hard-worker as he was—that he would as soon have gone without his dinner as not hear your sermons read, for it was J——'s custom to read them on a flint-heap in their dinner-hour. Hearing of these things, I could not refrain from giving them to you for your encouragement."

One who lends our sermons to his neighbours writes:—"Nearly three years ago I had some of your sermons lent to me. I had heard of this Mr. Spurgeon, but never before had I read his sermons. Every one seemed preached upon me, for the words were suited to my case. I was leading a dreadful life of sin, and had been for years. I attended church regularly, like other so-called Christians, but not a word did the clergyman say to hurt my feelings. When you told me the truth I felt compelled to believe it. How I wished that I had heard the truth preached so plainly before! Under God, I owe my conversion entirely to you. I have never forgotten to pray for you daily."

An aged saint, who has been bedridden for fifty years, recently informed one of our evangelists that he had read our sermons every week for many years, and he greatly loved the minister whom he had never seen. He added that friends were keeping his jubilee of suffering at the time that our Jubilee was being celebrated, and he praised the Lord for this link between us.

WANTED. — "Dickinson's Theological Quarterly" for 1878. Our set of this work needs this volume to complete it. We cannot get it for money; perhaps love may discover it. Please do *not* send it on, but write a note if willing to supply the lack.—C. H. S.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 21, ten; July 31, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allberry	0	10	0
"Brondesbury," per Pastor J. C. Thompson	2	2	0
"Gratitude," per J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
Mr. Clear, per Pastor G. T. Ennals ...	0	10	0
E. I.	270	0	0
Dr. Beilby	6	0	0
Mr. Wm. Hare	0	10	0
Houston Box, per Miss Long	0	10	0
F. and T.	0	5	0
Mr. James Scott	5	0	0
G. G., near John o' Groat's	1	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss Matthews	0	10	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
J. A. Spurgeon, jun.	1	1	0
Old John	10	0	0
Miss Gush	0	10	0
From North Wales	25	0	0
H. L., Malta...	1	0	0
Mrs. Pendlebury	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. R. Cory...	100	0	0
An aged friend	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 20 ... ... 30 1 9			
,, 27 ... ... 7 15 10			
Aug. 3 ... ... 30 9 10			
,, 10 ... ... 30 0 0			
	98	7	8
	£551	2	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
E. I.	270	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	4
A widow's mite, Southport	0	2	6
Collected at Flint Street Sunday School, Walworth...	5	0	0
Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.	1	1	0
Proceeds of Mrs. Allison's Bee-tent at Orphanage Fête	15	10	0
Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P.	5	0	0
Miss Brown	1	1	0
Mr. John Arres-Mather	1	15	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Norton	5	0	0
Rev. Chas. Miller	0	5	0
Dr. Beilby	8	0	0
Collected by Mr. T. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. J. Baker	1	0	0
Proceeds of Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir at St. Austell:—			
The Misses Russell and Palmer 0 10 0			
Rev. C. Moore 0 10 0			
Miss Stocker 1 0 0			
Mr. R. H. Williams, C.E.. 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Coode 1 1 0			

	£	s.	d.
Sir C. B. G. Sawle ...	1	0	0
T. S.	5	0	0
Contributions per Rev. G. L. Wyard	3	11	0
Contributions per Mr. F. R. Ray...	7	16	9
Contributions per Marian Stocker	6	19	2
Other contributions (including proceeds of meetings)...	17	15	10
	46	3	9
Less hire of hall, &c., &c.	2	5	6
	43	18	3
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Miss Lizzie Thomson	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Alice McKenzie ...	0	5	0
Mr. John South	1	1	0
Miss R. Dodwell	0	1	0
H. L. J. S.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Crane	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Findon	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. W. Rogers	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Lillian Johnson ...	1	15	6
Mrs. Bourn	1	1	0
Houston Box, per Miss Long	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills	3	3	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Wood	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Riddel	4	0	0
Mr. Jas Scott	10	0	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton (Jubilee Fund):—			
Mr. W. F. Masters ...	4	4	0
Mr. J. B. Kelleway ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Jones	0	5	0
Miss Arkill	0	5	0
A thankoffering	0	5	0
	5	1	6
Mr. Chas. Taylor	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Thomson	1	19	9
Mr. F. A. Fawkes	1	1	0
Mrs. Pearce	0	2	6
Mrs Milliken	0	10	0
The Misses Murray	2	0	0
"Waste Not Society," Immanuel Church, West Brixton...	5	1	10
Maggie	0	2	6
M. T.	0	5	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	0
F. G. B, Chelmsford	0	2	6
Stamps from Wednesbury	0	5	0
A friend	5	0	0
Miss Mitchell	0	5	0
Village Smithy	0	5	0
M. B.	1	1	0
"An old Salt"	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hole	0	3	0
Mr. Mungo Lander	20	0	0
C. and M. K. C.	2	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Burn	0	5	0
J. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Thirza Price	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	15	10
Miss A. E. Mannering	0	5	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	5	0	0
Miss Gush	0	10	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
"Our Wedding-day"	0	5	0
The Widow's Mite...	0	1	0
S. S.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. Gillespie, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	3	0	0
Florence Bourne's Box	0	10	0
Executor of the late Mrs. E. Curtis ...	100	0	0
Mr. A. C. Air, sen...	2	2	0
A Country Bumpkin	0	2	6
Mr. W. Wilson	0	10	0
Sandford	0	10	0
An Aged Believer	0	5	0
Annette	0	5	0
"Feed My Lambs"	0	5	0
Mrs. Purslow	0	10	0
An Aged Friend	5	0	0
Strawberry Money...	0	12	0
Mr. John Marr	0	2	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	0	4	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Master W. Oakley	0	1	0
Mr. S. Gillespie	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Sentance	0	4	3
Collected by Harry and Charles Curtis	0	10	0
X. Y. Z., per Mrs. Gladwin	1	0	0
Mr. G. Williams	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. North	0	10	0
Mr. E. L. Gething...	1	0	0
Mr. John Parry	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Cheyney	1	3	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Baskett	0	8	1
Collected by Miss E. Palmer	0	2	3
"A."	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible Class, Baptist Church, Horley, per Pastor B. Marshall	0	15	5
Mr. Joseph Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. E. Ingle, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. E. Shayes	0	4	0
Mrs. C. Burge	0	10	0
Mr. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	9	6
Collected by Master Harry Doggett	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Daisy ...	1	11	6
Mr. A. Doggett	2	7	6
	5	0	0
"M"	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	10	0
Sunday Dinner-table Collections by Frank and Rosa Nye	0	16	6
Postal Order from Clifford Street, Birmingham	1	0	0
Miss Kennedy	0	5	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Lewis...	1	3	0
Collection at "Haddon Hall," after Sermon by Mr. Charlesworth, per Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, July 31 ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Sergeant John Hall	1	0	0
	603	12	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 14th to August 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS: 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 Churns of Milk, Mr. R. Higgs; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a hamper of Pork Pies, Mr. Crosher; a quantity of Bread, Mr. W. B. Pringle.

GENERAL:—16 pairs Socks, 8 pairs Stockings, "Anon"; 50 yards Brown and 40 yards White Calico, Mrs. Wainwright, sen.; 90 yards Calico and a parcel of Magazines, Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 6½ yards Cloth, L. A.; 12 yards Tatting, Miss Dobson; 36 Monthly Parts, "Leisure Hour," for use in Infirmary, Mrs. Baker, per Miss Higgs.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—20 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; several Remnants of Cloth, Mr. A. T. Eden.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 Articles, Mrs. J. Moss; 13 Articles, Miss Cockshaw; 12 Articles, Mr. G. Williams; 63 Articles, Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 18 Articles, Mrs. E. Fenner.

Erratum, August "Sword and Trowel."—Collecting Box Miss Merritt 2s. 1d. should be 12s. 1d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Chedlar District	16	0	0
Wilts and Somerset Association ...	30	0	0
Ross District	15	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
Fairford District, per Captain Milbourne	10	0	0
Thornbury District	5	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Kettering District, per Mr. Meadows	5	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	20	0	0
Crosby Garrett, per Mr. G. McDowall	10	0	0
Mitcham District, per Messrs. A. and F. Carter	10	0	0
Bower Chalk District	10	0	0
	£221	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tucker...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Miss Price	0	5	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Eldridge	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Catherine H. Bureton	0	5	0
Received for Locket and Chain	0	15	6
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Houston Box, per Miss Long	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Shaw	0	5	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Scott	5	0	0
S. A. and B. Harris	0	2	0
H. I., Malta	0	10	0
One whom the Lord has helped ...	0	2	6
An aged friend	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£27	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. C. Watson	5	0	0
S. D.	10	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander White, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	4	0	0
Mr. Henry Wood	1	0	0
Mr. James Scott	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
D. M., Aberdeenshire	2	0	0
One whom the Lord has helped ...	0	2	6
An aged friend	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£31	7	6

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle, after sermons by Pastor T. Spurgeon, £165; the Misses Dransfield, £5 5s; Mr. G. A. Calder, £10; Mr. J. Alabaster £5; J. and C. B., £1 1s; Mr. J. Keevil, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Hollier, £2 2s; Miss M. Smith, £1; Mrs. Chilvers, £2 10s; an old friend, 5s; M. B., £1 1s; Mr. Longbotham, £1; Mr. J. Stiff, £5; from North Wales, £25; Mr. J. W. Harrald, £2 2s; Mrs. Whitaker, £2; Mr. J. J. W. Smith, £21; Mrs. Jenkins, £1 1s; One whom the Lord has helped, 5s; C. and L. Lofts, per Mr. Ball, 2s 6d; odd money, 10s; Anonymous, 6d.

An aged friend's £30 has been gratefully received, and divided between six objects, four of which are mentioned in the lists; the other two are not published.

£1 sent anonymously from Woodstock was safely received, and placed to the Jubilee 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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1884.

A Thump from a "Down-Easter,"

BEING AN ADDRESS BY MR. SPURGEON, AT THE COLLEGE, ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

I HAVE met with a queer sentence from an American source, which may show you what is meant by a mixed metaphor, warn you against vulgarity of speech, and at the same time read you a good practical lesson. This is the sentence:—

"*The following recipe for eloquence is given by a 'Down-East' orator: 'Get yourself choke-full of your subject, knock out the bung, and let nature caper.'*"

This is a genuine bit from a "Down-East" stump; and the conglomerate of figures is exceedingly grotesque and lively. I fancy I see the cotton umbrella waving with great energy during the delivery of this choice morsel. The sentence is not very seriously worded, but you may get solid benefit from it if you are inclined. A man need not be dull to be instructive. There is an air of wit about the utterance which renders it the more suitable for a Friday-afternoon address, when you are all tired with a week's hard work.

I call your attention to the first division of the subject, viz., "*Get yourself choke-full of your subject.*" That is golden advice. Nothing can come out of a man if nothing is in him. The first work is to fill yourself, and then it will be easy to overflow to others. To the extempore preacher it is of the utmost importance that his theme should enter him, and take possession of his entire capacity; for then it will in due time

find for itself an utterance; but if the truth is not first within his mind, his heart, and his soul, his talk will be poor, empty stuff. "Choke-full," or "chock-full" is the choice expression of our orator; as full as possible, full up to the throat, full to choking. The more nearly you realize the utmost fulness the better for you and your discourse. I would have you full as the sea at flood-tide, full as the Nile when it overflows, full as the earth in the time of harvest. If you prefer Scriptural metaphors, be full as the Israelite's omer with manna, as Gideon's fleece with dew, and as Cana's waterpots with water. If we are not full ourselves, how can we make full proof of our ministry? If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; but of what service are clouds without water? An empty hand cannot sow, an empty crib cannot feed, an empty grate cannot warm.

How are you to get choke-full of your subject? I answer, first, by thoroughly understanding it; knowing precisely what the text means, reading everything there is upon it, turning it over in your thoughts, considering it, meditating upon it and praying over it, until you have compassed the whole land. Above all men, *you* must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the truth. It is wonderful how a subject will open up if you keep on thinking about it continually. Our themes ought to be long enough with us to become our intimate friends. The ultimate thoughts of any man who has long ruminated upon a subject must be better worth hearing than the impromptu lucubrations of a great genius. A tenth-rate man will usually do better on a well-thought-of theme than a first-class man upon a new topic. I had rather hear the most common-place man tell all he knows about a subject with which he is perfectly familiar, than I would hear the most talented man in the world upon a topic with which he has no acquaintance. I suppose if I were to go into the street, and bring in the first butcher that I met with, he would be able to tell us more about the anatomy of a bullock than the most learned professor of languages. On his own subject the butcher would beat us all. Familiarity with his theme is a great aid to a true preacher. In the case of the mere talker, ignorance may help loquacity, even as a horse without a load can travel further and faster than one who has a burden to carry; but such speed is a vain thing. Better pant under a weight of heavenly food than run with an empty basket to mock famishing men. The pastor who aims at giving instruction must himself be well instructed in his theme, that he may have somewhat to impart to his flock. We cannot afford to exercise the ministry of the hollow drum, which consists in much sound and little sense. We are to be real teachers of the ignorant, and builders-up of the saints; and to that end there must be thorough knowledge in our mind as well as utterance in our mouth.

But this kind of fulness will not be sufficient for usefulness. We must be choke-full of the subject in another sense, namely, by feeling its weight, estimating its importance, and suffering it to operate upon our hearts until we are mastered by it. It is good speaking when silence becomes impossible. You must feel, "I have something to say, and I must say it: my subject for next Sunday morning burns within me; I must speak upon it, I cannot hold my peace. Time and eternity both call me to deliver my soul upon this particular

theme, and I hope the highest results depend upon it." If you can be silent it will be a pity to break the sacredness of quiet; but if you must speak, then in the name of the Highest say on. Thus prophets spake of old, and their speech has lived. It was born of the travail of their souls, and it became all the more honourable because thus brought forth in sorrow. When the gospel swells the heart, it will soon move the tongue. When every inward faculty is mastered by the truth, the man will grow eloquent despite himself. Diffidence of manner, or slowness of utterance, will be carried away as with a flood when a full heart bursts forth impelled by hidden forces.

When your theme possesses you mentally and emotionally, you will be able to speak about it; for every man speaks well when it is rather his topic than himself that speaks. When self-consciousness nears the vanishing point, and the truth fills the whole horizon, utterance is at hand. I scarcely give a moment's thought as to my words when the holy sense has saturated me, and set my heart on fire.

Our second head is specially plain: it consists of the words, "*knock out the bung*"—a thing more easily said than done; and yet in some cases quite unnecessary. Usually, if the former direction be attended to, and the man is choke-full, the bung is driven out by a force from within; but, alas, that is not invariably the case. In some instances the bung is so fast that it is hard to remove it. The question should then arise,—had it not better be let alone? If a man cannot speak, why should he dream that he is called to be a minister? Yet we know men who preach to edification, and are used by the Holy Spirit for conversions, to whom it is hard work to express themselves; there is much in them, and that of the best kind, but it does not readily flow forth. Now, this may arise from fear of man, and this is a snare in which we must not be taken, like birds by the fowler. A true man will scorn to be conquered by his own cowardice. Or it may come of an extravagantly high opinion of the educational attainments of the people, and this should be corrected by more accurate observation; they are not all Masters of Arts, or Doctors of Divinity. As a rule, they are good average folk, who will be pleased with us if we preach the gospel plainly. Or it may be caused by want of practice in public speaking, and that goes to be remedied by industry. Yet if there be a natural inability of speech, let a man be quiet. I wish brethren who aspire to the pulpit, but are prosy and unattractive, would revise their own ideas of their calling and destiny. It seems to me that a creature is not called to fly if it has no wings; and a man is not called to preach if he has no utterance. The difficulty of keeping out of the ministry men who ought to be kept out of it is most severe in the cases of men who can talk but have nothing to say: they feel the fierce passion of talk, a fever of the jaw, but nobody wants to listen to them, and few will even abide within range of their elocution: why will they climb a pulpit? why not seek some boundless contiguity of shade, and there, like Orpheus, compel trees and rocks to own their mighty power? Oh, that they would try! Alas, they will not; but they seem doomed to speed along a barren track, for ever ploughing without a share, sowing without seed, and running without tidings. We have no power to silence them: only Omnipotence could do it, and that power does not interfere, but leaves a sufficient

number of Canaanites to be thorns in our side. These are the plague of the pulpit, and the horror of the pew.

Our friends who think but cannot speak are rather more a plague to themselves, and therefore are the more likely to accept the warning which cries to the man without speech that he will be wise to hold his tongue. Brother, write if you have not the gift of free speech, and yet are fitted to instruct. Do not inflict your heaviness upon hearers, but impress your weight upon readers. If the bung will not come out, let the good liquor flow forth at a slower rate, and let the press be the cup in which you present it to the thoughtful.

"Knock out the bung." I suppose that means, let the subject which has filled you come running forth in language in the most natural way. Do not be so very particular about the mode of utterance, but let the truth flow forth in its own sweet way, with a natural *abandon*, which will in itself be graceful. Too much care in this matter spoils everything. Some men in speaking take a dozen words out of their mouths, look at them, put them back again, and then try another set. This operation can be distinctly seen by their hearers, and it is not pleasant. If it is unwise to change horses in the middle of a stream, it is worse to be picking and choosing words when in the midst of a discourse. It is a pity to indulge in a tawdry finery of language, as some do. Go-ahead, and give out your meaning in language which boils up from your soul. Never mind ornament and polish. Those first dozen words would have suitably expressed your meaning, but they seemed too plain and commonplace, and therefore you called them in, that better-dressed phrases might fill their place. What a pity! What a loss of power! Everybody thinks of the speaker, and so attention is taken from his subject, and his hope of doing good is done for. Do not try to let your discourse flash forth in pretty little fountains, but knock the bung out, and let the heavenly truth make its own channel.

But that is not the whole of the advice of our "Down-East" orator. He closes with the injunction, "*let nature caper.*" Give nature her head, and let her dash forward at her own pace. Do not even mind if she is a bit frisky; it only shows her energy. Every man ought to be natural, but pre-eminently so when he has received a new nature; every man ought to be himself, but then he ought to be a good creature when he is himself. Let a man in preaching be himself, but let him not be himself till he has himself been made such as God would approve. Naturalness seems to be a simple matter, but to some men it would seem to be a great puzzle: it is unnatural to them to be natural; they were born up six pairs of stairs, and can never get down more than three of them. Yet natural you must be, or I shall have no joy of you. I would recommend to you the example of Philip Henry upon another matter. Everybody in his time had taken to wearing a periwig, and as Mr. Henry was as bald as Elisha, he was advised to do the same; but no, the good man was wont to say, "As long as I have three hairs of my own I will never wear other people's." Now you, John Smith, keep to the gifts of John Smith, and do not be Dr. Parker; and you, Thomas Brown, be Thomas Brown, and don't make people say, "See how he imitates Spurgeon"; for they are apt to add, *sotto voce*, "and what a fool he makes of himself!"

There must be no trying after the mode and method of a man of culture, or even of a man of homely robustness. Whatever is good in another you may imitate; but there are personal peculiarities of your own which it would be wrong to suppress, or even to overlay with borrowings from others. I do not say that you are the handsomest of men, but I do say that you will be much uglier than you need be if you become the apes of others.

Our orator says, "*let nature caper.*" I quote him, but advise you to accept his dictum with several grains of salt. You need not cut capers at all. But if he means,—let nature exercise freedom, and exhibit agility, life, delight, then I am with him to the letter. The less of bonds and restraints the better. A truly sanctified man is all the better if the smell of a field is upon him, and not the smell of a stable. Take all liberties which are holy. Be at home in the pulpit. Let your heart dance, and your style too. Freshness is precious as a jewel, and there is very little of it about. Disdain bit and bridle, such as conventionality would force upon you. Be free, and use your liberty for the glory of God and the good of men. Caper, if by capering be meant—enjoy the utmost liberty. Preach as boys play, and as men leap when some great joy has come to them. Let it be a recreation to proclaim the gospel, a delight, an honour, a privilege, to preach Christ.

One word of advice I would add, and that is, *place your lap as near as ever you can to the bottom of your barrel.* I know some learned men who do not teach at all in proportion to their knowledge, because they are huge tuns of learning, but they never allow more than a little of it to flow forth. So little food do they hand out from their huge granaries that the people go away hungry. As for myself, I am a very small vessel, but then I empty out my stores. All that I know I tell. I preach all that I have on hand upon my subject, therefore the people get more from me than they do from far superior men. As the most of us are of average or inferior ability, let us always do our very best. Preach all you know every time. Do not imagine that you ought to reserve a little for the next occasion. You may be dead before the next sermon is due. Do not keep any of the manna until the morning, or you will see what will happen. "But what am I to do on Sabbath week?" The first question is, what are you to do next Sabbath? I should advise you to take the Lord's days as they come. Say all that you know the next time you preach. Say all that you know every time, and then in the course of the week work hard for more. Trim your lamps with fresh oil. Go to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. There is one store which is always full, and always accessible. Pray every morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," and when you receive it, give it to the people, and bless the Lord, for to him are the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

"Watch and Pray, lest ye enter into Temptation."

"WATCH" comes first, observe, even before prayer. *Our* order would have been, Pray and watch. "Watch unto prayer" combines the two in one. *Watch*, that *you* are not at that very moment advancing to the edge of the temptation, or already entangled in it; if so, break off from it, and *then* pray. Prayer may be out of place, where conscious sin is kept out of sight. Confession must come first,—"Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?" Achan must be surrendered before the valley of Achor becomes a place for flocks to lie down in. "Leave there thy gift before the altar, first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift!" Duty to man may be the first duty to God.

Pray, "Search me, O God," before you pray, "Sanctify me." But it is no use praying to be searched, if conscience has already scented out some secret sin, and is trying to attract you to it, but you will not go. Watch, therefore, lest you are *glossing over by prayer* some cherished idol. Watch, lest by prayer you are trying to blind the eyes of conscience, that she should not see your hand is concealing something in it from her. A mother was bidding her child to take a shawl with her, to hide what she bought at the shop on Sunday, when the child said, "Isn't it Sunday under the shawl, mother?"

When you pray, "Search me, O God," be sure you wait to be searched, and let the keen knife of the Word lay yourself entirely open to the eyes of him with whom you have to do, without reserve, dissecting motives and even prayers. *Wait* to be searched, not like Pilate, afraid to hear what he asked for. But besides all this, watch the Great Shepherd himself, and he will protect you and warn you. It is little use for the sheep to watch for the wolf, he had better go on eating; but let him watch that he eats in the Shepherd's presence. "Watch and pray, then, lest ye fall." It is much more difficult, yea, almost impossible, to fall when you are kneeling. And even if your temptation is from failure with others, remember the way the stonebreaker often adopts—

> "The hardest stones I break with ease,
> By working always on my knees."

But where there is definite, deep-rooted sin to be dealt with, "this kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting." We must watch *after* prayer, as well as before. The arch-pirate attacks the full vessel. Prayer is faith audible, fasting is faith visible. Prayer is faith's hand on the throne, fasting is faith's hand laid upon self. True fasting is moral abstinence. Abstain, first of all, from outward sin, "abstain from fleshly lusts." Abstain, further, from "all appearance of evil." Abstain still further from all that predisposes to evil. "Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof,"—that is, starve to death the offending propensity by not letting it have any food,—avoid incitements to evil. And Scripture goes one step further, "Abstain from things offered to idols," which for us means, beware of worldly compromises and equivocal positions.—*Charles A. Fox, in "Victories and Safeguards."* *(See Review.)*

Women in and out of Prison.

II.

IN our former article we endeavoured to show how thoroughly comprehensive and far-reaching the work of the Nine Elms Mission was; and in the present paper we shall chiefly concern ourselves with pictures from real life illustrative of its success. The transformations which occur from time to time show how wonderful and diversified are the workings of God in the realm of grace.

During the last generation great changes have occurred in the great prison-world of London; for many of the historical buildings have passed away, and other extensive piles have arisen, and even in these, great alterations have taken place in regard to their management. Thus, on the last day of October, 1883, Millbank Prison became set apart exclusively for women undergoing both short and long sentences. This and the gaol at Fulham are the only places in the country which are used exclusively for female criminals. In the mission-room opposite the gate of Tothill-fields Prison it is calculated that 50,000 women have breakfasted and heard the gospel in the course of sixteen years; and a large proportion of these have had work given them at Nine Elms House of Recovery. When that great prison passed away, as it were, from their oversight, the ladies who had for so long carried on their operations beneath its shadow, confess to having felt something like a sense of privation. The spot had become hallowed on account of the victories achieved over sin and misery, and on this account it was forsaken with regret. At Millbank the arrangements are far less convenient, the ladies having no room near the gate where they can shelter those they take in hand. It is to be hoped that a waiting-room inside the portal will eventually be placed at the disposal of those who are devoting their energies to this arduous work of reclamation.

The meetings are always composed of very motley groups; for the ages of those who come forth from the prison range from mere children to hardened octogenarians who seem to be past reclamation. The hardest to deal with have ever been the short-sentence cases of the police-courts—women who are confirmed drunkards, and who under the influence of drink are continually committing small offences. As a rule, the latter class pay little heed to the constant repetitions of the gospel invitation; but there is always hope of those who are willing to go to Nine Elms to begin a better course by accepting work, which, at the best, will not afford more than a bare subsistence. A disease which shows hopeful symptoms may be said to be half cured.

One afternoon, more than three years ago, a woman, who appeared to be as desolate as she was weary, appeared at the working-room, having been directed thither by the superintendent of an institution to which she had applied under the mistaken notion that discharged prisoners were admitted. The lady had assured her that this was the place to come to; "and," added the petitioner, "I do hope you will not turn me away. I am tired, very tired of sin. I once was respectable, and I had a good mother. I am so glad she is dead." To be glad that her mother was dead was not an undesirable symptom under the circumstances; for it showed that the woman began to see her own character

in its true light; and the change from what she had been to what she was at that moment was so great that the association of mother and child could only have been fraught with pain to both. The woman was welcomed, ragged, hungry, weary, just as she was. Day after day she looked so utterly dejected while plying the needle that she came to be regarded by the overseer as a complete pattern of the power of evil to wreck both body and soul. The lady in charge was wont to ask herself if anything could brighten such a countenance, or if hope could ever again kindle a light in the features. But it so happened in the course of God's good providence and gracious working that the penitent who was the saddest sight in the work-room was transformed into the happiest. Though her courage seemed to be extinguished, she had yet enough spirit to touch the hem of Christ's garment, and presently she found herself perfectly whole. The light from heaven chased away the dark shadows of despair, she became inwardly a new creature, and outwardly in appearance all was altered. Such is the enlightening power of the grace of God. "They looked unto him and were lightened."

At or about the same time, a girl named A—— was reported in one of the diaries as one who was going on satisfactorily. It was remarked: "There seems an earnest desire to redeem the past. She is by no means an ordinary-looking woman; a stranger would find it hard to believe her to be of the prison class. Her comfortable appearance, self-contained manner, and placid countenance, would suggest a monthly-nurse of the better order; and yet, on closer scrutiny, her face disappoints you. It is the *eye*, with its restless glance round the corner, then, quick as thought, an assumed innocence, which, however clever, betrays the peculiar trait of the thief. Her adroitness in this profession is best expressed in her own words: 'When I was in the trade, none of them was so clever at the "lifting" as I was. I could take anything from anybody, and never be found out.'"

That was a characteristic confession; but contrary to the ordinary sagacity of her class, A—— was a drunkard. Over-indulgence in this respect not only interfered with her sleight of hand, it resulted in personal injury, which perhaps had something to do with her again seeking the shelter of Mrs. Meredith's work-room. The time of her seeking admission was when snow lay upon the ground, and when the biting north-east wind swept through the streets. She came wanting all the supplies which make winter endurable; and being accorded a welcome and a warm seat, she expressed her gratitude, spoke of having come home, and begged for a bed. All she needed was freely given, and soon even this quondam shop-lifter could speak of having come to the Lord for forgiveness.

Some of the women who come under the notice of the ladies are persons in whose cases there are some peculiar features of interest. Thus, one young girl, somewhat pleasing in appearance, after being taken in charge when she came out of prison, absented herself from work for some days, and then came back to confess in a tone of desperation that she must give up all attempts at reformation, adding, "I am tired of the struggle to do well." When advised to persevere in the path of honesty, she added, "It's too late to save me." "You are only

twenty," still urged the lady ; and then in response to the appeals made, the girl said with tears, "Well, do something for me now, or I must go back to my old life." This young creature confessed, "I never stole without a great effort and stifling of my conscience. I once was in a place and wished to take a watch that I saw hanging over a chimney-piece : I took it into my hand and walked out of the room, but I felt I must return it. So I went to the mistress and said, 'Oh, send me away ; I'm a wicked girl.'" Such are the cases which the grace of God alone can reach.

A few there are who know nothing of criminal connections; they have fallen from a good social position, and have thus disgraced their family name. One such, who was ingenuous as well as open-hearted, and whose fine figure and intelligent face set off her other endowments, was one who had wept for joy in prison on receiving a Christmas letter from Nine Elms House—it seemed too good to be true that anyone on earth could ever think of her. Formed and educated for a superior position, she might yet have been seen taking her place in the laundry without murmuring. Another, whose relatives were nearly all Christian people, felt keenly the disgrace she had brought upon her family, declaring that in consequence of her greater advantages she was worse than any of her companions. It was well, indeed, that she felt as we have described; for, approaching the Saviour as a woman that was a sinner, she was in no danger of being rejected. Another of this class, whose antecedents were even more interesting, actually died on a form at Nine Elms House, after the usual day's work in the laundry was finished. Drunkenness was the snare into which she had fallen, otherwise her connections were good, and while living beyond their ken, she avoided speaking of them as much as possible. G—— struck all observers as being an interesting woman ; her countenance had nothing in it of the criminal cast, and there were lines in the face which told of the better associations of former days. After evening prayers, at the close of the day's work, G—— complained of feeling ill, and presently, in spite of hot fomentations and stimulants, she passed away to the eternal state. The lady who addressed the women on the following day felt the occasion to be a solemn one which ought to be improved. Was God going to change his mode of dealing with them ? she asked. The answer came in the sobs and tears of the awe-stricken audience. Then one remarked that if it were so, what would become of them all? for they were not like G——, of whose safety in Christ no one doubted, for she was known to be a converted woman.

Some who have thus fallen seem never to recover their respectability. They are encountered in the common lodging-houses, herding with outcasts, and rivalling the vilest in profanity of speech.

Among the strange characters who have come under the notice of Mrs. Meredith, we may include Madame Rachel, the Jewess professor of an art which was a bane to the ancient world, and which was forbidden to the Jews. When visited on her death-bed, Madame Rachel did not refer to her doings in any tone of repentance. "I only carried on my trade," she insisted. "My business was an honest one. I sold women what they wanted, and got paid for it as for any other article of commerce." When the visitor pointed out that the art had been exercised for an evil

purpose, the dying woman continued, "You should remember that I am a Jewess, and that what was to me an abomination, the women of the Gentiles do as their regular way of living. I detested the ladies who visited me, and I dealt with them as Jews always do to get their money. No Jewess can ever touch such vile things, or be defiled by the wearing of so hateful a sort of ornamenting, but she can put it on a Gentile, and not break the law of her own religion." Thus died this remarkable woman, before she had finished her punishment, indulging in sophistries to the last, a seared conscience preventing a sincere repentance. While professing to be touched by the story of the love of Christ, she rejected the atonement as impossible. A wasted life has rarely come to a more melancholy end.

The spectator who stands by the prison-gate when the morning discharge takes place, sees how criminals can be caught midway in their career, to be trained for better things; but at Addlestone something even more remunerative is going on, in the salvation of the children. When the work commenced at the common gaols, it was seen that something more was wanted: that, in point of fact, the supply would have to be stopped at the spring. When the bold experiment of isolating the children of criminals was made, the success exceeded all expectation. "By it the most important problem of our day is solved," says Mrs. Meredith, in one of her Reports; "for it has in every case in which it has been thoroughly applied nipped in the bud the germ of criminal life, and reduced to the rank of ordinary sinners the malefactor's child, who has heretofore followed its parents with unfailing regularity. Thus has the link of a terrible chain been broken; and it will be a national disgrace if it ever be suffered to reunite."

The children for whom this Christian and industrial discipline has been provided are a peculiar race because their parentage is peculiar. "You would starve such children on what would fatten ordinary ones," remarked an eminent surgeon at the outset, after a careful inspection of the families at the village homes. "Their mind and body being in a condition of degeneration, a strong leverage to raise them even to the starting level is consequently required," adds Mrs. Meredith; "and such extra leverage means extra expense. As a meagre diet will not suffice to produce a healthy body, so neither will a lax supervision and a partial knowledge of the children serve to turn out bright, open, healthy minds; and any system that fails of either of these ends is, in fact, a very dear one." Still, the average expenses have been remarkably low when the results are seriously taken into account. Those who engage in such a work, and those who encourage it by their contributions, are certainly public benefactors. So long as the law allows of infants being taken from their criminal surroundings, shall we not eagerly embrace the opportunity of transplanting them? The cost of equipping them for an honest course is small indeed compared with the havoc such a concourse of thieves would commit if allowed to prey upon the public. The sighs of mothers in prison-cells first brought the wants of such little ones to light; and criminals themselves are often thankful to have their children saved from the contaminating influence of their parents.

But although there are those who at heart are really glad to have their offspring removed beyond the reach of evils and penalties to which

they are themselves exposed, a remnant of the baser sort of ciminals assume a violent and defiant attitude in respect to the Homes. Referring to several outrageous mothers who had then recently visited Addlestone, Mrs. Meredith wrote in 1881 : "Satan's kingdom is much shaken by the withdrawal of their girls. They were the stock on which he drew for the permanent force of his stronghold. They had hereditary knowledge and experience, and practice in his ways, and were thus able to carry on continuously certain awful courses of iniquity, of which the current cannot run smooth without regular trained machinery." Is it not wonderful that, with the evil one working to thwart them within the village, and with wicked parents clamouring without, the Christian trainers are enabled to make such conquests ? Take by way of specimen this example :—

In 1874 a little girl, accustomed to rove about the streets without restraint, was prevailed upon to attend a Sabbath-class by a lady who worked among the poor. The waif was a peculiar-looking subject, wretched in her dress and home, and of a sullen temper, which promised to become a growing curse both to its owner and to all about her. The mother's story was that R——, as she was called, was unmanageable ; and had she been consulted, R—— herself would probably have retorted upon her accuser in equally uncomplimentary terms. At all events, the waif so keenly realized the desolate character of the world she was living in, that she was once found on a canal bank contemplating suicide, her brother having some time previously cut his throat. There seemed to be no hope for the child unless she could be admitted to some kind of a reformatory, and accordingly she was received at Addlestone. In that institution the child's temper occasioned considerable trouble until "a place" was obtained for her with a kind-hearted lady, whose philanthropic instinct helped her to correct what was wrong. However, it was not long before R—— had to be removed; for such were the airs she assumed that suspicions were aroused in regard to her sanity. Years afterwards this same girl called as an "old friend" upon one of the ladies who had befriended her, and the change which was apparent in her showed that a miracle had been accomplished. Having found out that she was a sinner, the cure had been eagerly accepted ; and now she was in her right mind. The extreme neatness of her dress, and the gentleness, and even refinement of her whole manner, were not a little astonishing to those who had known the unruly child of a few years before. She was about to emigrate to Australia, and on being offered a Bible, she declined the gift with the remark, "I have a nice one, the treasure of my life, a Bagster's, like yours ; it was a present to me." The steadfastness of this girl was the more striking on account of the unreasonableness of the mistress she had served only too well—"Mistress always says, 'No more people from Homes, they are always insisting on going to church on Sundays.' She will have no more religion, she says ; and though I have reared her boy of four years since he was three months old, and he loves me; still, she says, she will have no more Bible-oddities in her house." Such mistresses try their hardest to ruin the young creatures who are unfortunate enough to be placed beneath their rule ; and it is almost a pity that they should ever be served by people better than themselves. They themselves need to

be reclaimed quite as much as the thieves of Kent Street, or the outcasts of St. Giles's.

Still, the power of sin over young natures is very terrible, and cases occur which cause those who study them almost to despair of seeing the evil spirit finally cast out. Such was E. W., a child who entered Mrs. Meredith's Homes as a little creature who had been trained by her relatives to simulate dumbness for money-extorting purposes. With a mother in penal servitude, and other connections who were adepts in criminal art, the child was a pitiful object; but the fact that she became more hardened and deceitful as she grew older was somewhat alarming to those who looked for better results. In a way, she even shammed conversion, and so for a time made people think better of her than they would have done had they recognized her hypocrisy. She went on from bad to worse until she deliberately set the Mission premises on fire and ran off, not knowing but what some of the ladies who had befriended her might be burned to death in their beds. When captured and brought back to the house, her demeanour was as impassible as though she had been a statue. "I did it. I have said all I intend to say," was all the confession she deigned to make.

This is an extreme and exceptional case, and it is only mentioned to show what kind of a demon has to be expelled from the criminal nature before the heart is open to receive something better. In the great majority of cases the criminal instinct is destroyed; and in many instances the fallen ones are won for the church of God, so that there is cause for gratitude rather than discouragement. It is a costly, arduous work; but while it is so continuously remunerative, it must not be allowed to flag for want of funds. G. H P.

Less Gilding and More Carving.

LORD ALVANLEY had been dining on one occasion with Mr. Greville, whose dining-room had been newly and splendidly decorated. The meal was, however, a very meagre and indifferent one. Some of the guests were flattering their host upon his magnificence, taste, and hospitality. "For my own part," interposed Alvanley, "I would rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

The like preference has arisen in our mind when hearing or reading rhetorical discourses with little or no gospel in them. Fine bones, but where shall we look for the marrow and fatness? Grand expressions, but what do they express?

A sermon should be like a meal; it should in every instance feed the soul with heavenly meat. Mere words, however well arranged, can never do this; there must be sound exposition, and solid doctrine, or the hungry will look up despairingly, and depart sorrowing. The gilder may be very well dismissed. His art destroys its own ends when the gilt is overdone; what we want is the carver, and a noble joint before him into which he may cut without fear. Flowers if you please, but fruit also. Gilding in its place; but ten times as much carving, or we pray thee have us excused. C. H. S.

False Brethren among the Heathen.

WHY is it that all missionary reports recount in golden—often extravagant and exaggerated—language their triumphs in the heathen fields, altogether ignoring at the same time their many failures?

Not unfrequently have I, in the interior of China, come across the fruits of missionary work which have positively crushed my spirit; not my hope, nor my faith, thank God. It is in the Bible—not in missionary reports—that we read of false brethren. Yet it is from such that the church of God in China suffers more, I sadly hope, than is the case with any other country in the world. Spiritual ruins of churches there are, as well as material ruins of towns and villages. Many a work in China which eager, anxious, foreign missionaries have rejoiced over, and thanked God for, has melted away like snow under a hot sun, leaving only hindrance and sorrow behind it. Within ten miles of this city, from which I write, there were once three communities of so-called converts, each with its chapel. Altogether they numbered about fifty. Now, not one of those chapels remains, and, with the exception of one or two converts, they all—or perhaps I might charitably say *almost* all—proved false brethren. One of these brethren who has long since been branded as a villain of the deepest dye, and whom I have just interviewed, has a marvellous history, yet more sad than remarkable. He was taken to England in 1856, when he rapidly acquired our own mother-tongue. He was everywhere treated kindly by good-natured Christian and other English people, and being affable and plausible was thought a good deal of. Though but a poor man in his own country, to his English friends he professed to be the son of a high Mandarin, and forged evidence to make his statement seem true. He was introduced to Lord Palmerston, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, and was appointed a teacher at King's College, London. At one gentleman's house he was made welcome, of which he took advantage, by deceiving his kind host's beautiful daughter, and in spite of much protest and dissuasion married her. He brought her to this city, then took her to his own cheerless home in the country five miles from here, and led another wife—a Chinawoman—into his house ostensibly to wait upon the English one. Yesterday I visited the room in which she lived for two years, five months of which time she was left alone by the husband, amongst native relatives who treated her badly. The room has a mud floor, and a little papered window only about 18 by 24 inches. I will say no more about it but this, that as I stood in the room, and called to mind the isolation, the privation, and the sorrow of that once happy London lady, I could scarce restrain my tears.

This case, extremely sad though it be, is happily, I believe, unique; yet it is a distressing fact that numbers of native converts have turned out equally badly in other ways, often deceiving in the most artful and heartless manner those that love them, and seek their good.

Only a month ago I was out upon a journey in another direction, and had to visit some stations that had been long neglected, and I was pained to find the work so unsatisfactory. The principal things that struck me were the forbearance and toleration that missionaries generally exercise on the one hand; and the too oft unsuspected cunning, and

unprincipled covetousness of the Chinese on the other. Now, let no one suppose that after eight years in China, I have just discovered for the first time these harassing things. They are all along the line, and it would be much easier for me to quote instances of grievous misbehaviour than of devotion. Every located missionary of a few years standing has had some experience in the same direction.

There are few things more grossly misleading than those unfortunate words attributed to Mr. Fleming Stevenson, and quoted in Dr. Christlieb's book on "Protestant Foreign Missions," p. 210. He says, "I have found nowhere in Christian lands men and women of a higher type than I met with in China, of a finer spiritual experience, of a higher spiritual tone, or of a nobler spiritual life." Rather different was the report of a Wesleyan minister—Rev. Marmaduke C. Osborne—who visited the work of that society in Jamaica a few years ago. In a speech at Exeter Hall, he said (I quote now from a Methodist paper, copy of which I have), "I think our expectations concerning the West Indies have been greatly exaggerated. I think the reports which have from time to time come to this country from the West Indies have been a little exaggerated, too. Certainly exceptional cases have been taken as typical. We have had sometimes an illustrious negro present here, and have found him a competent man in many respects, and forthwith we have come to the conclusion that all the negroes were of that sort. But it is a mistake. We are finding it out; and the truth ought to be told with respect to this matter. I maintain that we have not been reasonable, but that we have exaggerated in our expectations." With all my soul, I re-echo from China those statements of the Wesleyan Deputation. May God give us faith, solid and abiding, but deliver us from credulity and false hope.

It is not, however, an easy thing for a visitor to a mission-field, unacquainted with the country, to report upon the work. Three hundred at the services, and they sing so nicely, and so on, is the most superficial part of pastoral work, and yet it is the one that perhaps makes the most impression upon a visitor. There is with me here a native evangelist and acting pastor of some experience. I said to him, without indeed any grievous reference to the subject, "The Bible speaks of false brethren in our churches from first to last; what do you think has been, and may even now be, the proportion of false brethren?" He replied, "I should not like to say." "But," I observed, "it is a subject to which we ought to give our attention and care: come now, tell me what you really think would be the proportion of false brethren." "Well," he rejoined, "in a hundred members, I believe quite thirty may be described as fruit such as shall remain." This evangelist did not mean that the other seventy were necessarily false brethren—*by no means*—only that he could feel sure of as many as thirty in a hundred. Still the reply is significant.

This very day I have, oddly enough, come across this statement of a traveller (quoted in a back number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Vol. XIX. p. 40), "Foreign missions are, beyond all controversy, a failure." Let us not put that man down too eagerly as a deceiver, for *there is a cause.* Certain works here and there in mission-fields have failed, and business men may have seen this, or heard of it upon reliable authority. No

doubt missionary work in heathen lands has been of two kinds—viz., man's work and God's work. That which is wrought out by the strength, or will, or wisdom of the flesh has failed, does and ever shall fail, but that wrought by God must endure eternally to his glory. Seed sown upon "stony places," and "among the thorns," will fail in heathen lands as it does also in Christendom: it seems, too, that stony places and thorns are plentiful upon this side of the world. Servants of God all know that HE cannot be defeated. HE *can never fail.* He laughs his adversaries to scorn. Israel may fail, and the Ark of God be taken, yet even then, behold Dagon, in his own house, prostrates himself before the captured Ark of God, and the Philistines are grievously smitten and destroyed. An almighty hand was sore upon them, there was a deadly destruction, and their cry went up to heaven. God himself fought in terrible warfare, though his people failed. O God, if it be necessary, teach thy people how to fail, so that they may be constrained to trust wholly in that same almighty hand, that solid, lasting triumph may be vouchsafed to thy servants among the heathen. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. Watt, the engineer, said that of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering, was a history of failures. "We want," he said, "a book of blots." Sir Humphrey Davy, also, owned that most of his discoveries had been suggested to him by failures.* So it is with missionaries. If we only knew where our predecessors had failed, we could take greater care; but as a matter of fact such knowledge comes almost as slowly as experience, and we often blunder into the same mess as did missionaries a generation ago. I know it is sometimes asked of those that point out failure, and suggest caution in missionary work, "Don't you believe God is able, etc.?" Able, ah, indeed we do! That is a truth we hold most firmly. We believe that by a word or a touch God is *able* to render the mighty and beautiful Saturnian System extinct, or to blow out the sun as we might extinguish a lamp; but we do not think he *will* do the one or the other. "Perhaps you do not believe in the willingness of God to save," it may be urged. Ah, that we do! *Willing* to save all that come, and *able* to save to the uttermost; but that does not in any sense imply that he will therefore keep false brethren out of the church. In numerous cases are we enjoined to take heed how we build on the foundation already laid down, and to beware of this, that, or the other temptation. These things do not refer to either the power or willingness of God: rather to the carefulness and prayerfulness of his servants. It is commonly supposed, too, that if missionary stories and accounts of work told at home were not all golden, funds would not be so liberally supplied for the work. Surely that is a reflection upon Christian people at home. I verily believe they would help us more if they knew how keenly we feel our failures, and desire indeed to bear only such fruit as shall remain. To be ashamed of our failures is one thing, but to hide them is another, and to deny them is worse. But after all, for abiding spiritual work, we want the strong earnest prayers of God's people at home more than their money.

* Extract from Smiles' "Self-Help."

Would it not gain for us more genuine sympathy with friends of missions in the home country, if we told them our triumphs and failures alike? By failures, I do not mean trials: every failure should be a trial, but trials are not necessarily failures—they are often blessings, they turn sometimes strangely into comforts, they bring the presence of God, they fortify us, they encourage us: but by failures I mean bad works, mistakes, wood, hay, and stubble. Would not Christian people at home—understanding us better—be more able to "help us together by prayer for us"? This is what we really want, constant prayer to God that he would graciously give us power, wisdom, and discrimination; and to our heathen hearers conviction of sin, light, and life.

HORACE A. RANDLE.

The Misery of a Wounded Conscience.

WHEN once the conscience is wounded, no outward circumstances can produce peace. As royal robes would be no comfort to a man whose bones were broken, so the greatest worldly wealth could not cheer a heart broken by a sense of sin. Luther says wisely, "One drop of a bad conscience swallows up a whole sea of worldly joy." It is infinitely better to lie in peace of mind on a bed of straw, in a dungeon, than with a guilty conscience to stretch one's dainty limbs upon a bed of down, with curtains embroidered in gold, and fringes bespangled with pearls. Sin slays our joys as Jehu slew all the house of Ahab; neither can anything restore so much as one of them to life till sin is gone.

How strangely must Adam have felt in the garden after he had broken his Maker's law! The sun shone as brightly as ever, and the earth was as gloriously bedecked with flowers; the rivers still glided over their sands of gold, and the trees spread their umbrageous foliage along their banks; the birds sang as sweetly as ever, and the beasts sported on the lawns as peacefully as before; colour, and fragrance, and music, and balmy airs were all there as at the first: but Eden was now no paradise to man. Sin had not put out the sun, and yet the sinner had no light; it had not blasted the bowers, but yet the sinner found no pleasant shade. He had no taste for the most luscious fruits, but ran to hide himself among the thickest boughs. Surely it may have been in mercy as well as in judgment that the Lord drove out the man, for his guilty conscience must have been lashed as with whips of wire when he saw the goodness against which he had sinned, and the happiness from which he had fallen. Heaven itself would be no heaven to a guilty conscience. Outward blessings seem like mockery to a soul which inwardly writhes under the curse. A change of scene will not distract these thoughts, neither will fascinating amusements divert this melancholy. Human plasters are too narrow for this sore. So long as the cause remains the effect will continue; while the arrows of God are sticking in the conscience, no medicine on earth can give the soul relief.

Oh, man, give over ministering your quackeries to wounded spirits! No longer argue or upbraid, flatter or delude, charm or chide; you are all at sea upon this business. If the patient be laid at Jesus' feet he will heal at once. Heart disease is his *spécialité*. One word from his lip will remove the sin, and the believing soul will leap into immediate peace and joy: but other physician for this malady there is none. C. H. S.

"My Beasts."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 493).

MINISTERS' horses are generally supposed to be of all horses the most miserable. Speaking at a meeting in the chapel of a friend, a certain divine said that he had no belief in the transmigration of souls, and that it was well for him he had not, for he would be in constant dread of the possibility of being transformed into his friend's horse, which evidently had a bad time of it. I must confess to have seen some steeds, that were parsonic property, with their points rather too prominent, and themselves looking considerably the worse for wear. In some cases one can hardly blame the owner, for what with wife, and family, and constant claims, he finds it difficult to provide fodder sufficient, and though he would as soon be without his own meal as that his trusty mare should run short, they both have to suffer—he at his table, and she in the stable.

A country pastor in the colonies is well-nigh compelled to keep a horse, for his circuit is wide and his people scattered; and, what with hard riding and scant feeding, there is no wonder the steed soon comes to resemble the lean kine of Pharaoh. I have often thought that many a farmer or settler, who "can't bear to see an animal ill-fed," might do well to give his minister the sack occasionally; not an empty one, but filled with chaff, or bran, or oats, or all three.

Favoured by happier circumstances, my pony is not of the bony sort. It is, of course, an advantage for a horse to have "plenty of bone," but it is as well to have it well-covered. With her bright black coat, and rounded form, and comfortable quarters, she is a fortunate pony—*if she only knew it.* I'm afraid that, like many human beings, she fails to recognise the good fortune of her lot. I am forced to this conclusion because there is not the slightest sign of gratitude in all her behaviour. She will whinny before her feed to express her hunger, but not afterwards to return thanks, unless, indeed, the movement of the corn-bin lid seems to promise another course. And what creatures these horses are for eating, to be sure! All day, and half the night, they are hard at it, as if their very lives depended on it—as they certainly do. Well, if they work heavily they have a right to eat heartily. He who would muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn would probably starve the horse that drags or carries his master's unworthy carcass; but by so doing he would transgress the commands of him to whom horses, aye, and asses too, with sparrows and ravens, are not valueless or uninteresting.

Never shall I forget a poor creature that I was expected to bestride in an out-of-the-way settlement. He certainly had more bone than blood, and would scarcely have been of any service to the cats'-meat man. You could have hung your hat on his *points*, but he came in for his share of labour, for more than his share of blows, and less than his share of oats. The boy who brought him for me declared that his name was Tichborne (how grim the irony!), but I surnamed

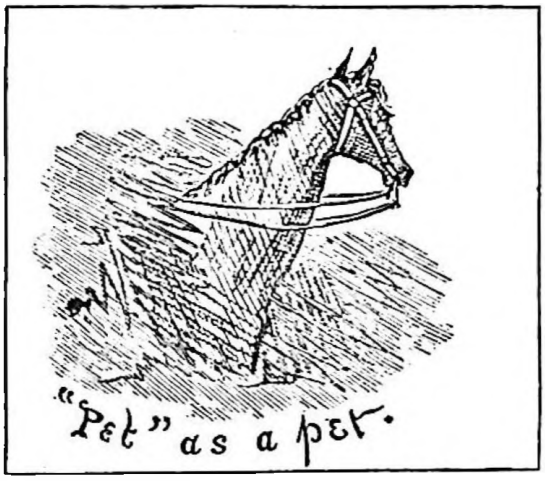
him Bonypart. Shame on the heartless fellow who thus stinted and starved his steed! He wasn't a parson either, nor could he at all plead poverty. If a man's religion is little worth unless his cat and dog are thereby benefited, it surely should reach out its hand of blessing to the noblest and most useful of all the creatures. Kindness to animals is very rarely thrown away. As for those who starve and beat them, verily they have their reward; for the ill-used brutes become as lean as hurdles, or as obstinate as mules, and do not do half the work they might. Let all my readers join the Horse Guards, and protect the noble animal from injury of every sort.

I am the happy possessor of two specimens of the equine species (in New Zealand), named respectively "Pet" and "Charlie." "Charlie," it should be known, is the only son of his mother—the "Pet" aforenamed. Do not imagine, when I record the fact that I obtained the two for £5, that such is the usual price of colonial horseflesh. "Pet" was supposed to be unbroken when that sum was paid, and "Charlie" was not born, or thought of. As it happened, the pony proved to be thoroughly broken, and was serviceable from the first day I had her. Many a mile has she carried me ever since (nearly three years), and for great distances occasionally. "A horse is a vain thing for safety," says the Psalmist, and this was true indeed when Israel looked to Egypt and its chariots instead of to their fathers' God. I have often thought how true it is still, when seeing or hearing of sad accidents from traps, or saddles, in most of which cases the *horse* gets most of the blame. But I can record it to the praise of a kind providence that I have ridden almost every day, and with never so much as a stumble on the part of my faithful beast.

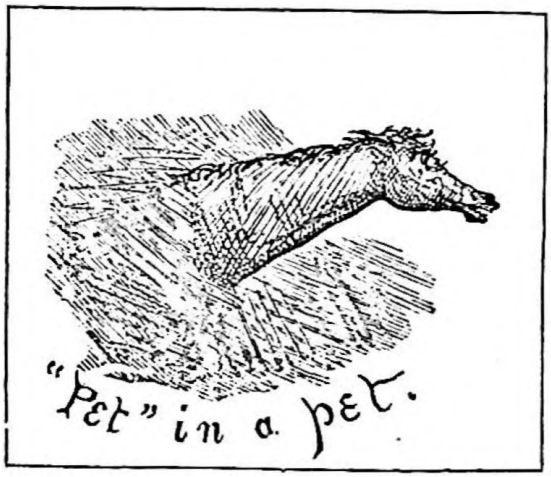
Many of the lamentable casualties in our roads and streets result either from ignorance or carelessness: from ignorance, when those who really are not first-rate equestrians mount animals which require careful management; from carelessness, when one who can ride presumes on his ability, and forgets to keep a good look-out. There is, doubtless, some temptation to a young and fiery spirit to mount a restive charger, with blood and mettle in it; but, as pride is often the prompter, we are not surprised at the accident that happens, for pride goeth before a fall. "Better is the ass that carries you than the horse that throws you," says a proverb that is as good as it is old. Stamping, and pawing, and champing, and rearing, and careering are fine enough as an entertainment to onlookers, and for the rider, too, until an extra plunge lands him in the miry clay. Then, "Oh, what a falling off was there!" Those who ride the high horse must not be surprised if they suffer an occasional "come-down." For my part, I prefer to own and ride a beast which, to a judge of horseflesh, may have "no blood," than one whose veins are full of the best and bluest, but whose capers may cause me to spill some of my own blood.

"Pet" is a title given to "my beautiful," indicative of the treatment she was likely to receive from her new lord and master. I hoped that, being young (I went by her teeth rather than by the auctioneer's lips!), I might succeed in moulding her to my mind, and inducing a flow of such affection as the lower creation is capable of. Her little head, and dark, yet ustrous eyes indicated a kindly disposition; but, though

features are often as expressive with animals as with humans, it is by no means safe to judge by first sight with either. You may happen to find either man or beast in a far better temper than is usual with them, or you may be so unfortunate as to discover them in tantrums which are quite exceptional. It would be manifestly unfair to judge by one visit, or a casual acquaintance.



I was prepared to treat my pony as a pet—to fondle, and coax, and caress her; indeed, I did so until I discovered that she was a vixen, and not a "dear gazelle." The only treatment she really appreciated was her usual or an extra "feed," or an apple, or a peach (they are not sixpence each in New Zealand), as a special favour. But I fear it was the tit-bit that was appreciated rather than the kindness that prompted the gift. Oh, how often is this so with us, whose laps are filled by divine beneficence; we prize the gift, but forget to praise the Giver! But I could not change her name. What I had written I had written! Moreover, it was still appropriate, for if she did not pose successfully as a pet, she was all too often in a pet, so "Pet" she is, and "Pet" she shall be, till "Pet" shall be no more. See her flying round the paddock, with her heels turned up from the daisies, and towards a stranger horse; hear her when one of her stable companions gets a feed before her; or feel her when, as if flesh were literally grass, she bites at your arm, and it is evident that her name is most appropriate, for she becomes more pettish the more she is petted. The fact that she can be amiable and well-behaved rather aggravates than lessens her fault. Strange, is it not? how these remarks apply also to men, and women, and children. A pet child is a spoiled child generally, and petty and pettish in all its ways. If it is agreeable sometimes, this only makes matters worse, for it is sure to be most crotchety when wanted to appear most amiable. There are many grown-up pets, too, who, like my beast, are not content with being ill-tempered at home, but must needs show their temper in the fields, and on the streets. I used to know a railway porter, at a country station, who had been unfortunate enough to lose his leg. He managed, however, to hop about very nimbly on a wooden one, which was far more useful than ornamental.



I had heard that the poor fellow was in possession of a really superior mechanical limb of cork, and wondered why he did not come out in it, or rather *on* it, at all events on Sundays. Having occasion one day to go to the station when there were no trains to attend to, I found him in his room, the door of which he did not open till I had knocked loudly and waited long. Admitting me into a secret as well as into his apartment, he told me he had been practising with his new leg, which had an unpleasant habit of squeaking in some of its joints. I could not but commend the thoughtfulness which would not subject the general public to such annoyance, and the perseverance with which, in private, the man sought to reduce the friction, and remove the squeak. Let those whose members—especially the little red one—are apt to rasp, and grate, or in any way annoy, take a leaf out of the railway porter's book, shutting the door, and *locking it*, on bad habits, and nasty ways, and creaking joints. Quarrel with yourselves if you must quarrel at all, and do not your harm to be seen of men.

It was always my desire that, however snappish Pet might be in the stable, she should be on her best behaviour when going out, and especially on the road to or at the chapel. I am sorry to have to add—for the historian must be truthful—that some of her worst performances have taken place under the shadow of the sacred (?) edifice. Being no respecter of persons, I have known her snap at the chapel-keeper, who, like myself, thought to pet her; and even deacons and their wives ran risks of being subjected to a heeling process in which iron played a prominent part. She did not think it at all necessary that her master should attend so many meetings, or remain so long at them. And yet her love for the chapel precincts was very marked, for I had great difficulty in urging her past the gates of "Zion." Nor was she content with one place of worship, for she loved the neighbourhood of the Choral Hall (our evening meeting-place) as much as the vicinity of Wellesley Street. Verily, if church-going were religion, as some seem to imagine, Pet would be one of the straitest of the sect, for she attends twice on Sundays *regularly*, is always in time, and the last to leave. She is also found there on several week-evenings, and takes her master to the ministers' prayer-meeting on Monday, during which she gets a good feed of Arminian grass in a Wesleyan paddock. Over and above this must be reckoned the "visiting," in which she is the pastor's faithful companion. If there be a heaven for horses—and there are those who think there is—Pet will be there, I'm sure; not for her graces, which are few enough, but on account of the good works she has done in the body.

On one of the above-mentioned visiting-rounds, I was surprised in a by-street to hear the following remarks relative to my steed:—"I say, Bill," cried one boy to another, "look here; here's a salvation pony!" "No, it ain't," said Bill, "it's a Blue Ribbon Army; ain't it, mister?" I concluded that it was time to trot on, but in passing asserted that it was *both*, or, rather, that its rider was. Pet wears a broad blue band beneath her forelock, which attracted the youngsters' attention, and elicited these somewhat original remarks. I am no advocate of long robes and broad phylacteries, but a little bit of blue in a prominent place attracts sufficient notice to prompt enquiry, and give opportunity

for a word in season. Though as little in favour of Salvation Army tactics as I am heartily one with the Gospel Temperance movement, I am glad to be able to say that I belong to *both*, for the salvation of souls is the chief end and aim of all our efforts and organizations—the temperance work included.

Before I quite pass from considering my pony's name, let me remark that an appropriate cognomen is not to be despised. There is, after all, something more than sound in a name. I once rode in a coach whose horses were surnamed—Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, and the like; and the Arabs, I understand, are in the habit of calling their asses after the wise men and celebrities who have ridden them, not much complimenting the celebrities thereby. It is, of course, no easy matter to name members of the genus *homo* appropriately, for it is necessary that they should be called "M or N" before their permanent characteristics appear. Consequently, misnomers are neither few nor far between. Every Charles is by no means as bold as his name indicates, and it is quite possible for a Rose to be a thorn in the flesh.

There is the more reason, therefore, that appropriate names sho ld be given to such as we can name with reason and judgment. I have never heard a more applicable name for a horse than "Graphy." It is recorded of a certain Tom Dibdin that he so called his steed. "Very odd name," said a friend. "Not at all," responded Tom; "when I bought him it was Buy-a-Graphy, when I mount him it's Top-o'-Graphy, and when I want him to go it's Gee-ho-Graphy." The system of nomenclature which gives a horse or dog the name of a relative, as if to perpetuate his memory, is far more customary than complimentary. "Love me, love my dog," is right enough, but it doesn't follow that because you love me you should call your dog after me. Time was in New Zealand when it was decidedly unwise to do so. It was an offence to a Maori chief or notable if anything was suffered to bear his name—an insult which he revenged generally by appropriating the article in question. Thus, when a gentleman called his horse "Tawera" (the morning star), a chief woman who rejoiced in that *soubriquet* claimed the steed as her property, and I believe succeeded in establishing her claim by making off with the animal. There is something in a name after all.

My pony once met with an accident which laid her aside for some time. Treading on a piece of glass in the road she cut her hoof, the wound afterwards festering, and causing her great pain till a veterinary surgeon came to the rescue. (By the way, it is as great a sin to throw broken glass and big nails into the roadway, as orange-peel upon the pavement.) Again imitating the most of mankind, the invalid did not rejoice in her tribulation, and the extra dainties she received by no means compensated for being kept in the stable with her foot bandaged. Most doctors have more patients than the doctored have patience, but in the case of horses patience is out of question. And who can wonder at it? We who may understand our complaint, and see the reason of certain remedies, are never too ready to submit to the knife, or to take the draught; so the poor horse, ignorant of its best interests, may well fret and chafe beneath medical treatment. The only way by which we could induce Pet to submit to a poultice on her leg was putting another

on her nose in the shape of a bran-mash. She endured the one while she rejoiced in the other. Doubtless she was under the impression that the bran in her manger was of much more service to her than the bandage round her hoof, but it was not so. It served to take her attention away from the pain, and so far it did her good; but the poultice worked the cure. How often we mistake our mercies, and think them trials, while we think to get great good out of something which in itself is not beneficial! The crosses in a child's letter stand for kisses, and so do many of those that the Lord sends us. He is

> "Good when he gives; supremely good—
> Nor less when he denies;
> E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
> Are kisses in disguise."

Our good physician, too, generally gives his suffering children an extra portion. If he poultices the foot, he fills the manger. He giveth strength to the weak, and always provides some compensating mercy for a grievous pain. Well is it for us when he denies us neither, seeing that the medicine is food, and the mercy another proof of his interest and love. They who live on sickly sweetmeats are themselves sickly, and since there is no one in spiritual full health, medicine and discipline are necessary to all, and should be welcomed as angels of mercy, and not of wrath. If, with the sickness, our Lord sees fit to give us some sacred sustenance and holy joy, we will be doubly grateful. Happy are they whose hurt is healed by a God who is

> "Too wise to err,
> Too good to be unkind;"

and who, while the healing process is going on, lays meat unto them! Welcome to the plaster and the poultice, and thrice welcome to the dainty morsel; they both come from a loving hand, and we will rejoice in both! Here is a ditty for those to sing who are considering the case, and are resolving to accept both good and evil from the Lord's hand:—

> For health, I'd rather take a bitter pill
> Than, eating sweetmeats, to be always ill.
> If lance and poultice heal my hurt, then I
> Will gladly bear;—far better bear than die.
> And if the Doctor says I may be fed,
> I'll bear a poultice on my leg *and head;*
> If needs must be, I'll count the medicine food,
> Bitter and sweet shall work me lasting good.

Read, but Inwardly Digest.

SOME read so fast and so much that they give themselves no leisure for thought, like a man always eating, and giving his stomach no time properly to digest his food. A young man of this class once boasted to his teacher that he read ten hours every day. The teacher, astonished at his pupil's reading voracity, exclaimed, "When do you think?"—*From "Influence of Mind on Mind." By John Bale.*

Success and Happiness in Humble Life.

INSTANCES TAKEN FROM ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WHILE it is true that a man who should even gain the whole world, and in the end lose his own soul, would not win the battle of life; it is also true that another who collects little or no wealth can yet enjoy very much of pleasure, and be truly successful, as the Bible—the best authority—counts success. The great Teacher has said: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." That is surely a grand text for humble cottagers.

To bring out clearly what we mean by apparent success which will prove itself to have been failure, and by seeming failure which will bear another name hereafter, let us take two instances from real life—two men whose names are quite unknown to the public, and who both died in the year 1808.

The first, whose name was *Samuel Jones*, and who was born in the reign of George I., rose by degrees from the station of a poor boy to be a gentleman's coachman; and, through earning good wages, he contrived to put aside a considerable sum of money. Being of a penurious disposition, the more he saved the more was his avarice stimulated, until at last his property amounted in value to no less than £27,000. Being master of this large sum, both heart and soul were daily absorbed with its care; very little sufficed to supply pressing wants, for bare necessaries were frequently not purchased. He, moreover, not only denied himself the commonplace things of life, he never tasted of the pleasures of charity, nor assisted those needy relatives who had a claim upon him. He enjoyed nothing in life, nor even in death, beyond the satisfaction of dying rich, which is no satisfaction at all, but is rather, as a poet says, "the loudest laugh of hell." Do we need anything more forcible than this to prove that dying a wealthy man is not necessarily true success?

In contrast to this, take the case of a poor pedlar who travelled about the country with a basket which was scantily stocked with pins, needles, and other small wares. Though he lived in the most primitive manner, frequently in the warm weather cooking and eating his meals in the open air, he was in the habit of looking beyond the present world, and he cultivated a taste for reading and meditation. Thus he lived until old age overtook him, known and respected on his rounds, and realizing sufficient for his moderate wants. Then it happened that, on a May evening in the year 1808, after the aged traveller had supped heartily by the river-side near Lewes, he asked permission to retire to rest in a neighbouring barn. This was readily granted, and soon after, in reply to some enquiries, he said that he was warm and quite comfortable. That, however, proved to be his last night's rest in this world, for he was taken ill soon after, and died at noon on the following day. The old man's taste as well as state of mind were sufficiently indicated by the small but comprehensive library discovered among his wares. There were the Scriptures, the Book of Common Prayer, a work on the Lord's Supper, and a Companion for the Aged. Need we hesitate

to affirm that such a man's life, though humble, was not a failure? In point of fact it was far more of a success, judged of merely from an earthly economical standpoint, than the career of the rich coachman, who starved alike both body and soul to gratify an insane desire for money. The one denied himself every rational and spiritual enjoyment; the other, every day of his existence realized the sweets of life, happy in his capacity to admire the love and wisdom of God in the realm of nature and the kingdom of grace. There was more true wealth in the pedlar's basket than in the rich coachman's banker's balance.

The cultivation of pleasure in a cottage has by God's grace been one of the most successful experiments ever tried in this world. We sometimes come across people in lowly life, who, without seeming to be aware of the fact themselves, are attractive to all who see them, and they charm their friends until the end of life. They prove that there is something in character which raises men and women to a higher level of common sympathy than ever can be reached by wealth and station. Of this sort were John Robinson and his wife, weavers of Bampton-grange, in Westmoreland, who died at the ages of eighty-eight and eighty-five respectively, nearly ninety years ago. Though poor, this old couple were so genially sociable that the gentlemen's sons who were being educated at a neighbouring public school were involuntarily drawn towards them; and as sure as any of their number needed counsel or sympathy, the weaver's house became the council-chamber. By this means these humble cottagers were able to cheer many, and the circle of their friends became proportionately extensive, including a number of men who subsequently rose to distinction in various professions. These "old boys" never forgot the friends of their youth whose words of advice had so often assisted them in trouble or difficulty; and in such a degree was this the case, that, when revisiting the scenes of earlier days, many an eminent man became a delighted guest in the poor cottage of the Bampton-grange weavers.

We have no manner of doubt that a thrifty cottager, whose enjoyment of life is heightened by piety, is one of the happiest beings under the sun. Unless he manufactures his own troubles, he need know little of the cares and anxieties which trouble others in a more ambitious station. If industrious and careful, he will be sufficiently rich to have a store in reserve, and yet poor enough not to be afflicted with sleepless nights lest his possessions should take to themselves wings and fly away. Take the example of John Church, a man who died in 1790, and who during his life was privileged to follow the healthful and pleasant occupation of a gardener. Blessed with a wife who was as frugal as himself, and as diligent in her business, he was able to save some hundreds of pounds, or a sufficient competence for the decline of life, had he chosen to retire from business. Though this man worked as a common day labourer during nearly the whole of his life, he was able to become a benefactor to the poorer members of his own class; for the greater portion of the money he saved, after being left to his wife for her use till death, was dispensed in charity. Such a man, at the time I am speaking of, or the latter portion of the last century, had more than usual reason to say, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, where he resided, was at that

time one of the most delightful retreats in the British Empire. To quote a contemporary writer: "For beauty, healthiness, cheapness, and convenience of every kind, the place was unrivalled"; and its charms were greatly heightened by the love of music common among the inhabitants, and by the number of gardens on its beautiful slopes, which supplied the neighbouring towns with fruit and vegetables. The best sort of home-grown produce was so surprisingly cheap that the working man could fare well and still save, provided he avoided the snares of the ale-house. Of course, a low self-indulgence ruins everything under any circumstances. Sin can transpose a garden of Eden into a wilderness of thorns.

A case not altogether dissimilar to the above was that of John Plover, a veteran who died in the same year at the age of 108. In his youth, at the close of the sixteenth century and afterwards, he went through a rough experience, so often getting a beating which rendered him black and blue that the neighbours nicknamed him Blueskin. Then came smoother times; and after serving the family of Lord Craven for fifty years, he retired into a cottage near the turnpike-road at Winnal, where he found plenty of congenial occupation. To a strong old man whose hard service has won him a sufficient pension, a garden is a peculiar delight; and it so happened that the trees with which Plover surrounded his home at the beginning of his old age, expanded into large timber before he finally quitted this mortal scene. If only made the most of, what privileges does such a lot in life include! Cared for and not allowed to want by those who respect him, the old man has ample opportunity for reviewing the past, for reading, meditation, and looking ahead, which is the duty, no less than the privilege, of those advanced in life. Length of days is almost universally coveted as one of the greatest of blessings; but unless cheered by a good hope through grace, it is a dreary time of infirmity and suffering almost comparable to a living death.

Perhaps one of the happiest examples of sunny old age recorded among the Scotch peasantry was that of Jean Walker, who died at Carlinwark in 1790. Born in or about the year 1680, she had lived during the reigns of seven English monarchs, and her mental faculties were preserved till the last, and her health did not give way until within a few months of her end. Three years before her decease this worthy dame had to appear in court as a witness in a case of much importance, when she astonished the lawyers by the clearness of her evidence, and by some other things which transpired in the course of her remarks. "Being asked by the Commissioner," says a contemporary chronicler, "whether she saw any of King William's cavalry pass through the country on their march to Ireland, in 1689, she replied that she did not see them; but coming to the Haugh of Urr, soon after the dragoons had left it, she saw on a piece of Holm land, near the spot where the bridge now stands, the place where the war-horses had been fed, and observed several poor people scraping up the remains of the black oats which the horses had left." Thus she clearly remembered an historical event which had occurred about ninety-seven years before. She was reared by Christian parents in very troublous times as regarded religion in Scotland; and, what was far better than mere length of days in her case, was the integrity which characterized her daily conduct, and the

simple piety of her whole life. Such a person was, without question, greatly favoured; but, after all, long life was among the least of her mercies. Viewed from the standpoint of eternity, it will really be of no importance whether we live few years or many in the present fleeting world; the chief thing will be whether or not our little pilgrimage was lighted by hope beyond the grave.

London apple-women are not a class among whom one would expect to find celebrities; but we are, nevertheless, able to quote one example. Mrs. Elizabeth Neale, better known among her many patrons by the familiar name of Betty, was regarded as the queen of London apple-women in the closing years of the last century. She lived in a house opposite St. James's Street, at the top of Park Place, and the shop from which she retired fourteen years before her decease was situated in the first-named thoroughfare. To a pleasing address she added extensive stores of information, and a large number of callers of high rank were able to testify to her powers of entertainment. She was born within a few yards of the spot where she passed her life, and in the course of a life of sixty-seven years she never slept away save on two nights—very special occasions. This woman proved in a somewhat striking way how much may be made of a very lowly calling by those who are careful to make the most of every advantage. To the indolent and the careless these advantages, on which the diligent build their success, pass unimproved, because unheeded. Betty also proved to the world, even in days when Dr. Johnson was paramount in London, that a person who sells apples may, if she will, have a cultivated mind. Whether Betty soared higher to exemplify in her experience that faith in Christ apart from which the most successful career is sordid grovelling, history unfortunately does not tell us.

While, however, we commend the thrift shown by a subject like Elizabeth Neale, we do not see that she had need to be proud of having slept on the same spot for so long a period with a break of two nights only. To be diligent in business, according to the Scripture injunction, does not mean that we are to be altogether absorbed by our calling to the exclusion of everything which savours of recreation. To work at our best, we most of us need breaks in the monotony of toil, and if we do not get them, either the worker or the work will suffer in the end. This is said because it is certain that some who have excelled in industry are not worthy of being accepted as patterns for exact imitation. Thus, of William Line, a cabinet-maker, who died at Reading in 1809, at the age of seventy-four, it is said:—"He was employed for sixty years in the business of Messrs. Higgs and Ford, in the Market-place, Reading, during which time he was never known to have absented himself from work a day, to have had one holiday, or to have been once disguised in liquor." We can, of course, greatly admire this man's industry, his temperance, and self-denial; but, at the same time, it would be unsafe for all people to keep to business in that fashion.

The greatest bar to the cottager's happiness and general enjoyment of life is ignorance; and, did space permit, this might be illustrated in a variety of ways. The effect of ignorance is disastrous both as regards soul and body. It is the parent of superstition, and of the train of evils to which superstition gives birth. The ignorant—not

the unlearned—man misses numberless every-day enjoyments, and he also misses opportunities of conferring benefits on others. Two cases of robbery which once occurred will illustrate this.

An artisan of Sheffield, who lived in 1788, had the misfortune to be robbed of seventeen guineas, which with great care he had managed to save out of his earnings. In a state of semi-despair as to what he should do, he at length employed the town-crier to announce that unless the money were restored he would employ a certain conjuror to trace the thief. It so happened that the culprit heard the threat thus publicly given, and being a believer in the conjuror's power, he was so inspired with terror that he restored what was left of the money.

Contrast this with the case of the enlightened Christian Friend who was also robbed, and who, instead of publishing threats to recover his property, advised the thief to bring back the goods, when he would be forgiven. The man came back with the stolen parcel as desired, received good advice and assistance, and was so influenced that he became a new creature in the Scriptural sense. The property was restored in both instances; but while the artizan accomplished his desire by adding sin to sin, the Quaker was enabled to cure once and for ever the disease which had caused the inconvenience.

If ignorance of social economy in daily life ends in disaster, how much more severe will be our loss in the end if we are subjects of that spiritual darkness which is the death of the soul! In 1798 a labouring man near Ilminster saved a considerable sum of money; but instead of committing his wealth to the safe keeping of a bank, he sewed it up in his clothes, the consequence being that he was robbed and murdered for the sake of plunder. That which he built his hopes upon became directly instrumental in bringing him to the grave. So, without the wisdom of God to guide us, many things of this life, good in themselves, may tend to the undoing of the soul.

The cottager may be rich towards God, and may enjoy a good share of the comforts of this life if ignorance do not blind his eyes. One day, in 1790, a gentleman who was travelling in Hertfordshire called at the cottage of an elderly couple to enquire about the road. While in the house the stranger looked about him, when his notice was presently attracted by a £20 Bank of England note, which the old people, being unable to read, kept as a pretty ornament, without in the least suspecting its value. Had they gone and asked for the money, it would have been instantly paid; and being honestly their own, they might have enjoyed the prize. How similar to this is the case of many who lead grovelling lives, when, as children of God and heirs of life, they might sit among princes! The bank-note which they do not, or cannot, read is the Word of God with its promises to the poor.

Let those who have only a cottage be determined to enjoy life as the gospel enables us to enjoy it. The fire will always burn cheerily when contentment puts on the fuel; and faith in Christ will teach the poorest that godliness with contentment is great gain.

"Neither of 'em Took."

A SPECIMEN INSTANCE.

HOW much of disappointment there was behind the remark it is impossible to say; or whether it was uttered in a tone of complaint, we cannot affirm.

The circumstances were these:—A zealous clergyman, of a very pronounced type, had been looking up the spiritual delinquents amongst his new parishioners. He pushed forward the christenings and the confirmations with more regard to the extension of his flock than to the fitness of the candidates for these ordinances. Conversion was not held as an essential pre-requisite to communion, if only conformity to the prescription of the rubric could be secured. A seeming success was the reward of diligence, and the once half-forsaken church was again crowded. In season and out of season the bell tolled, summoning to services with Latinized names, or to commemorate saints honoured with mention in the ecclesiastical calendar. Crosses, colours, and candles were re-arranged according to the season to be observed, and a surpliced choir displaced the singers, who, if they were not accomplished musicians, at least had some interest in the service of God. The novelties of the change had a charm for some, but devout worshippers were appalled by the startling innovations, and deplored the degrading superstitions which had received such a sudden and unexpected revival.

As the appointment to the cure of souls carried with it the legal right for all the parishioners to enjoy the privileges a priest was presumed to be able to confer, they would be held to blame if they did not claim their own. And as they could obtain a divine sonship, a heavenly citizenship, and a resurrection to everlasting life, only common prudence, it was urged, counselled unquestioning conformity.

Amongst those who were brought back to the fold of the church was a simple-minded rustic who had been baptized in infancy, but who had not relieved his sponsors of their obligation, and, indeed, had never felt any desire to do so. To what extent his god-parents had been successful in the fulfilment of this trust is not recorded; but we more than suspect they had undertaken a task they found themselves unable to perform. We have never yet seen the god-father and the god-mother who have acquired such a spiritual supremacy over their wards as to be able to carry out the solemn promises of the sacrament of baptism; but as the church assumes it to be possible, our ignorance, we presume, will be dismissed as an impertinence. Still, we cannot forbear one question—Does not the sponsorship of the church imply a greater redundancy of grace than that with which ordinary mortals can be credited?

In the particular instance before us, the baptismal vows had remained, we doubt not, as unredeemed pledges; but the poor hapless soul is persuaded, at length, to take the matter into his own hands. Accordingly, he "renewed the solemn promise and vow that was made in his name at his baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in his own person," and was forthwith adjudged a suitable candidate for com-

munion, being "made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

The vow was duly confirmed; but, alas! the devil would not be renounced straight off, and "the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh," still held their thrall.

Feeling he had been duped, and that what had been assumed in theory was not borne out by fact, as an honest man he very soon ceased to "receive the Sacrament" (?), and kept out of the way of his spiritual guides.

Meeting him one day, however, as he went his rounds, the vicar expressed his surprise and regret that he had not seen him of late, and then added—

"Why, you have not been to communion for three months; how is this?"

The honest truth was soon out, and he replied, "Well, sir, the fact is, I don't feel good enough to come!"

Betraying still greater surprise, the vicar said, "But you have been confirmed," as though this ought to end his scruples, and silence every doubt.

Admitting the fact, the sorry delinquent made this unexpected confession in his reply—

"*Yes, sir, and I was vaccinated, too; but neither of 'em took!*"

There may seem to some a spice of profanity in such language; but its downright honesty demands respect. Conscious that no spiritual grace had been imparted, he renounced his belief in a system whose solemn assurances had been falsified by his experience. The fact that vaccination had been successful in the case of others, lent no weight to the argument that the validity of the Sacraments must not be called in question because of their admitted failure in his own experience. His position was unassailable—"*Neither of 'em took,*" so to him there was an end of all controversy; "I don't feel good enough to come," and this justified his abstention from communion.

It was well he awoke to the fact while there was still "space for repentance": it is to be feared that with some the fatal spell is not broken till, the day of grace gone, the poor deluded victim quits the world in the agony and darkness of despair.

A solemn responsibility attaches to the office of a divinely-called minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; but who shall estimate the responsibility of the man whose authority is only derived from the State, and who, nevertheless, dares to affirm that, apart from an intelligent faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a person is made "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven"? When "blind guides" assume to lead others, it is stated on the highest authority that "both shall fall into the ditch."

Those who cannot accept the sacerdotal system upon which the State Church rests, are no schismatics because they refuse their sanction, and even utter their protest against the evils it engenders. So long as the church claims to be national, and every parish has its appointed priest, the nation, as such, is burdened with its responsibility, and to those who decline to be so burdened, dissent must assert itself by Nonconformity, and Nonconformity must not be satisfied without recording its protest.

The union of Church and State can only be maintained by the agreement of both parties to the contract, and either party has the right to plead for its maintenance or dissolution. Let that right be recognized, and when the nation refuses to be a contracting party to such an alliance, as it must do sooner or later, what the church may lose in prestige it will gain in power, the consciences of multitudes will be relieved of a distressing burden, and "the Word of the Lord shall have free course and be glorified."

V. J. C.

Secret Springs.

THE waters that fertilize the valley of the Nile pour down from snowy summits far away, and the river swells in its mountain solitudes months before it floods the Delta. The waters that are to cause this wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose, must be fed near their source in many an hour of holy communion with the living God. When the church is quickened to pray as it ought, the hour will have struck for some great outburst of blessing for the world.—*Alexander Maclaren, D.D.*

Big Words.

IT is never well to use big words when small ones will express the same meaning. A lady was showing a visitor around her grounds, which were under the care of a landscape gardener, and she enquired of her friend how she liked the work.

"Why, I think," she said, "that you need symmetry."

"Why," said the other, "we don't intend to bury any one here. There is a good cemetery quite near."

"What caused your little boy's sickness?" asked a plain mother of a mother whose little son was very ill.

"He was climbing a ladder," said the lady, "and lost his equilibrium."

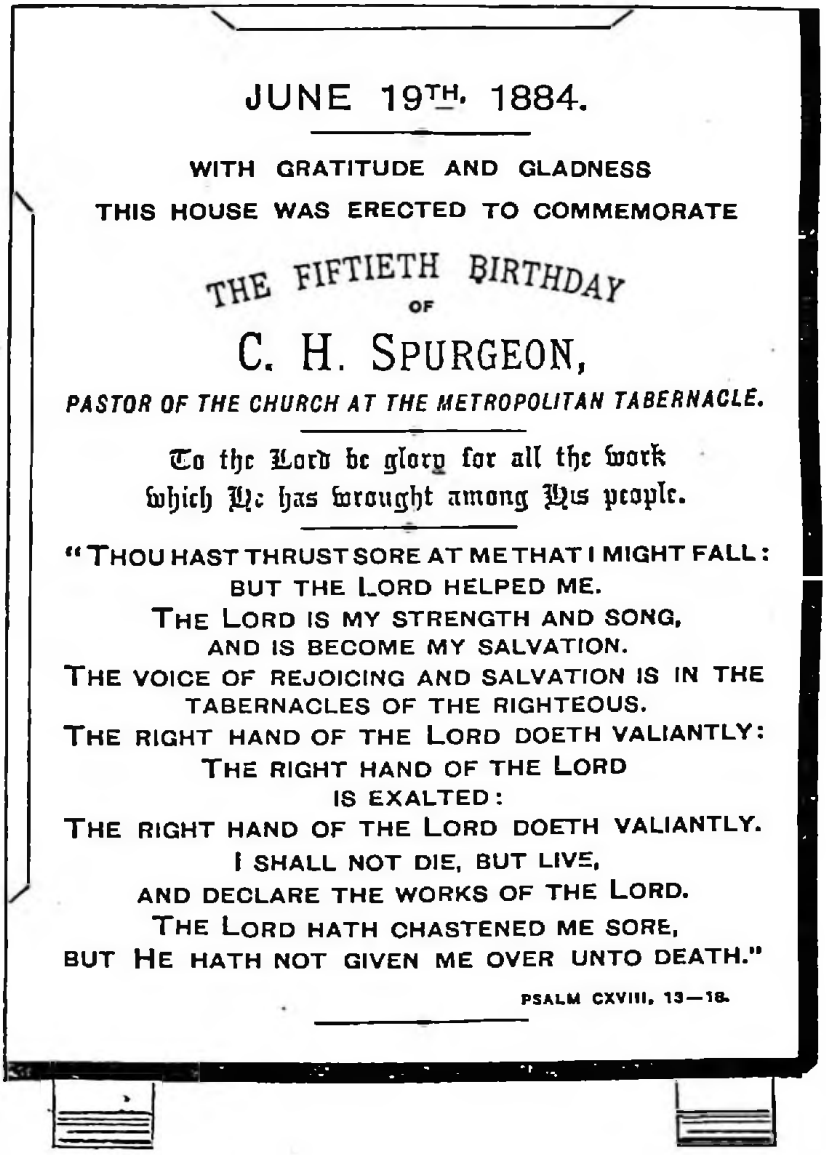
"Poor little fellow," said the sympathetic woman; "do buy him another; he'll be more careful next time!"

"Did you find the people indigent?" asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church who had been calling on some very poor families.

"Oh, dear no," answered the lady: "they were respectable, but as poor as poverty."—*From the New York "Sailors' Magazine."*

Memorial upon the Jubilee House.

WE thought our friends who cannot visit London might like to see the inscription upon the marble slab which is affixed to the Jubilee House, and therefore we insert a copy of it. The somewhat lengthy quotation from the Psalm is an accurate photograph of the Pastor's personal experience, and of the triumphs of the Lord in the adjoining Tabernacle. Power has been seen in weakness, healing by sickness, and joy through sorrow. Mr. Spurgeon has preached sermons upon the various verses here engraved, and he will probably make a book of these, and of personal memories of the Lord's goodness. Indeed, the work would have been done by this time had not sickness prevented. The experience of so many years of mercy ought to be recorded for the comfort and establishment of others who are living by faith upon the Lord God of Israel. We cannot err in abundantly uttering the memory of the Lord's great goodness. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."



A Trip up the Thames.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

VISIONS of a smart steam-launch, or a four-oared gig, pleasant companions, sunny days; fishing, sketching, bathing; Richmond, Kingston, Staines, Windsor, Maidenhead, and Great Marlow; sloping lawns, weeping-willows, snowy swans; bridges, barges, cold fowl and lobster-salad rise before some of my readers as they see the title of this paper. They have been there, and still would go, and are perhaps hoping to find herein the records of a pleasure party from London to Oxford. But I am writing of a young colonial, not of old Father Thames. I can get to the one in five hours from Auckland. Alas! it would take a thousand to reach the other! The Antipodean Thames, to my mind, bears the very faintest resemblance to the home river; but though the old Father's characteristics and proportions are wanting, it is well, I think, to perpetuate his name and memory in this new land. I have hinted that it is possible to reach the Thames (which name, by the way, stands for town as well as river) in five hours; but I was not to be so fortunate. In company with a faithful deacon, whose sobriquet is "the Bishop," and by Pastor W. R. Woolley, lately from England, whose recognition meeting we were bound for, I embarked at twelve (midnight) on board the paddle-steamer "Enterprise."

I remember seeing painted on the door of an omnibus, celebrated for anything but speed, "The Leisure Hour," and none can say the name was inappropriate for a slow coach and an old stager. But I failed to discover the reason of the name in the case of our steamboat. I fancy one must go a long way back in history to find out who gave her that name, and why and wherefore. It was, doubtless, particularly apropos when the Thames was a modern Ophir, and passengers and cargoes were more than the boats could bear. In those palmy days the "Enterprise" plied chiefly with goods betwixt the gold-field and the metropolis, while swift and splendidly-appointed steamers conveyed the passengers. Even now there is comfortable and swift communication, *but not by the Enterprise!*

Punctual to the twelfth stroke of the city clock, the whistle sounded and the paddles splashed. By this time the card-players, boozing and smoking in the saloon (?), had also got well under weigh, and learning that young Spurgeon was aboard, professed to rejoice thereat, exclaiming, "Oh, we're all parsons, we are!" Their company, however, and the atmosphere they chose to breathe, were not to my liking, so I wrapped myself in a rug, and lay on deck, dividing the hours between occasional snoozes, listening to the quavering notes of some drunken old songster close by, and reflecting how in 1873, when "cramming" for a Cambridge Local Examination, I studied in moonlight bright as that falling on me in this "Enterprise." Fortunately the sea was calm, and the morning clear, though cold, and some hot coffee at seven refreshed us somewhat. A couple more hours splashing and puffing would have brought us alongside the wharf, had not a low tide and a mud-bank united to say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!" But what large boats cannot do, small ones can, and in one of the "Enterprise's" little ones we soon came ashore.

The principal items in the day to me were breakfast, bed, and visiting, and then came the evening meeting. "Tea on tables at 6.30"! so said the ticket; and it was even so, but it was nearly all off again in half an hour's time. "The heartiest people on the face of the earth" I have heard the Thamesites called; and, verily, I cannot gainsay the eulogium. This was none of your sedate, sober-sided, afraid-to-open-your-mouth, sit-and-twiddle-your-thumbs *soirées*, but a real, hearty, happy, old-fashioned tea-meeting—orderly, of course, but not painfully proper. The folk seemed pleased with themselves, with each other, and with their new Pastor. I must explain that he wasn't altogether brand-new, for three months before he had virtually accepted office, but had never undergone the ordeal of a public recognition. Mr. Woolley had, how-

ever, enjoyed a private rehearsal in a church-meeting, and both he and the presiding deacon who welcomed him appeared quite *au fait* as to the details of the interesting ceremony. Pleasant as it must be to welcome a new pastor, happy is the church that is not often so employed. Fresh pastors are angels, doubtless, and it is better that their visits should be few and far between. Don't misunderstand me. I wouldn't wish to make a similar mistake to that of the old lady to whom the fourteenth pastor of the church remarked, "Oh, but you mustn't grieve at my departure; you'll get a better man than I!" "Alas!" said she, "I fear not; we've had fourteen already, and they've been worse and worse each time!"

May it be many a long day before the Thames Church has another recognition-meeting, say I, and let the deacons say "Amen!" The meeting went well. We had an official speech from the chair, and a pastoral from Mr. Woolley; "the Bishop" was allegorical and nautical; Mr. Carter (of Ceylon mission fame), practical; two local ministers, cordial; and T. S., colloquial. An interesting item (at least to the writer) was the singing of a hymn by C. H. S., which, with the explanation that the church members, as soldiers, were entering on a new campaign, and, as sailors, were setting out once more, seemed very pertinent to the occasion. Here are two verses of it:—

"Upon the battle field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield
To guard us from our sins.

"Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way."

God bless the battlers! God speed the ship!

A church in a mining district has many trials. The constant shifting of the population, the varying fortunes of the mines, and the unhealthy excitement connected with gold-getting, are great drawbacks. It is impossible but that the churches feel the result of such ups and downs financially and spiritually, just as the little creeks are affected by the ebb and flow of ocean tides. The hills about the town have drained their veins into the assayer's crucible. The nugget-finding and surface-working days are over, and the town which once could hardly hold the crowds of adventurers, is now but the ruin of its former self. It appears to suffer a periodic recovery when one or other of the claims "looks up;" but the revival, as a rule, is transitory, and the reaction damaging. Yet, still they dig and delve, and hopeful spirits are to be found who "wouldn't be a bit surprised to see the place as prosperous as ever it was." Surprising revivals, scarcely less remarkable than the original outbreak, have happened in many an auriferous district, so these Micawbers may see it "turn up" yet. However that may be, we trust that many a prize more precious than gold may be found for King Jesus by the earnest labour of the pastor and people of the Thames Baptist Church.

Next morning "the Bishop" and the two curates embarked on a smaller and slower steamer than the "Enterprise," named the "Patiki," which, being interpreted, is a flat fish. And well she might be flat, for she had to travel on a winding, narrow stream, with a rapid current and many shallow places. For nine hours we turned and twisted, sometimes having to shove the flat fish's nose off the banks, until we reached Te Aroha. This is a comparatively new township, with a huge mountain of the same name towering above it, whose steep sides are undergoing the honey-combing and burrowing process to which the Thames hills have already been subjected. I must not forget to state that the curates never had a cheaper journey than this one, for the Patiki's skipper declared that the rule of the company was to frank all ministers. "The Bishop" had to pay full fare, probably because being on a river was, to the captain's thinking, identical with being off the *see*. (They tell me that the

Co. has never yet declared a dividend. All I can say is, they deserve to do so, though, being a minister, I have not ministered to their profit.)

In June '83 I had the honour of helping to form a branch of the Blue Ribbon Army at Thames, and I was gratified on arrival at Te Aroha to find that the movement was in operation there.

Some "American Evangelists" were announced to hold a temperance or Blue Ribbon meeting at half-past seven, and thither we wended our way, "the Bishop" securing a front position, while we neophytes contented ourselves with back seats. The hall (a good-sized one) was filled with an intelligent audience, mostly males; but such a meeting I was never at before, and never—well, never mind. Of Yankee twang and Yankee slang there was enough and to spare, while two Misters and one Mrs. sat in a row on the stage like the Christy Minstrels, another Mrs. meantime haranguing the crowd about the Washingtonian movement and the whisky war in Ohio. By-the-way, I fancy there is no better word extant than Ohio for demonstrating the peculiar powers of the proboscis as an organ of speech. The lecturess was eloquent indeed, if the term is applicable to quantity rather than quality of language; for after speaking more than an hour (with one break, during which the other lady sang "The Little Bit of Blue"), she declared she had not begun, and would continue in the next week. The address was rich in imagery, the favourite metaphor being a rapid stream (the drink traffic) which carried thousands "over the cataract and into the abyss below." This was repeated "as the heathen do." A noteworthy sentence ran somewhat as follows:—"There were seventy-five praying women out in the street in front of the saloon—we call 'em *saloons* in America, we do—and the publican couldn't sell a *bit* of drink for the *mess* o' women." There was one tit-bit which mightily amused the people. Speaking of the success which attended these Crusaders, the Evangelist said, "As soon as one saloon was cleared the band of praying women left for fresh battle-fields, but not without leaving a picket—you know what a picket is?—of two or three women armed with paper and pencils, *and their tongues.*" (Roars of ironical laughter.) The best joke was, I feel sure, unintentional; for one of the Misters, whose office evidently was to prompt and applaud, did not even smile when the Demosthenes of the occasion, with upraised hand and flashing spectacles, declared that these publicans were selling drink that wasn't *meet.*" Once the prompter ventured to suggest that his better-half should tell them about the Dutchman, to which his spouse promptly replied, "I was just going to;" and continued: "Now, there was a little small Dutchman," &c., but the &c.'s were drowned by renewed laughter. Mister Prompter also announced a collection, "not one cent of which," chimed in his helpmate, "goes to us;" and the other Mister did his share by reading the pledge.

It only remains to be added that "entire consecration," or "the second blessing," was dragged in as a small matter of course, for these folk are "Holiness Evangelists" (*soi-disant*), and do not hesitate to state that those who see not and preach not with them are sending their congregation to hell.

Disappointed that the meeting had not been more to the point, "the Bishop" went to bed, and the curates to bath. Talk about getting into hot water! Here it was bubbling and boiling out of mother earth as if it were fresh from "the abyss below," and such an odour with it as Rimmell and Gosnell and the London Perfumery Co. combined could not produce, and would not wish to. It did us good, though: we perspired some of the weariness of the journey and disappointment of the meeting out of us, and slept the sounder for the soda-water bath. All night it blew great guns, as "it always does at Te Aroha," and next morning it rained "as usual." (The quotations are from one of the oldest inhabitants.)

Before breakfast we walked, in spite of wind and rain, to Wairongamai—there's a name for the new baby!—the centre of the mining interest, and saw the tramway and the battery. At the Premier Hotel we got some porridge and steak—that is, we juniors did, while "the Bishop," on principle, walked back

to the Te Aroha Temperance House, and got so wet as to necessitate the purchase of a complete change, and presently to bring on rheumatism in the foot—a sort of bishop*ric*. We were glad we stopped at the hotel, not only because we got a 'bus back, but in that we came across a publican who attends all the Band of Hope meetings, who till lately worshipped with us in the Choral Hall, Auckland, and whose children have been in our Sunday-school.

Right glad were they to see us, and we to see them; but "couldn't we stop over Sunday?" was a petition that had to be negatived most emphatically.

Soon after nine o'clock we found ourselves—all three of us—ensconced in a light coach bound for Pacaroa, our only adventure *en route* being the half-hour work of removing a tree which had fallen right athwart the track. Thanks to the strength of a driver and a fellow-passenger, and to the wise directions of "the Bishop," we overcame that obstacle. At Pacaroa, fourteen miles from Te Aroha, we loafed, or rather, roast-beefed and apple-pied on mutual friends, who, residing at the Bank, might have been alarmed at the *rush*, had we not sent an admonitory telegram, which intimated that, after a rough journey, we would probably be disposed to fill up blank cheques for large amounts. The hospitality of our friends was more than equal to the emergency. Thence we travelled twenty-two miles by another coach, the horses of which at an early stage ran away, and at a later might have done so, had there not been too heavy a load of ten inside and seven out. A gang of bushmen were with us, great strong fellows, rough enough in some respects, yet, as often happens in these countries, with signs about them of better things and scenes. They were talking once of the Salvation Army, and I could not help noticing what fun two or three of them made of the grammar of the soldiers. "'We *is* the army of the Lord,' Aha! Aha!" and so on. This showed that these men had more of education than one would have supposed. We know that university men are to be found gold-digging, and gum-digging, and shepherding, and wood-cutting throughout these colonies. Alas! for the ruin drink has made; for in nine cases out of ten such a come-down is traceable to the liquor! Our oratress was right about the cataracts and the abyss, without a doubt. I was also led to think that accuracy, if not elegance of speech, is not to be despised; and while I would not stay the tongue, however ungrammatical it is in delivering the Lord's message, I would desire such an improvement in style and language as would prevent scoffers noticing the mistakes rather than the subject. By seven o'clock that evening we were at the Thames again, and, parting from my colleague, next morning I returned home to prepare for the Sunday which could not be spent at Wairongamai, and, after it, to make up work which had fallen behind through our journey, and to write a rambling account of "A Trip up the Thames."

Notices of Books.

Fronded Palms: a Collection of Pointed Papers on a Wide Range of Subjects. By W. Y. Fullerton. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

We are pleased to see our evangelist, Mr. Fullerton, appearing again as a writer, and producing another volume. He writes well, as the readers of *The Postman* know. His chapters are embellished with over one hundred illustrations, and altogether he has made up a capital half-crown's worth. We do not understand his title, even with his own explanation; we, therefore, recommend readers to buy the book, and invent their own interpretations. Vivacious, witty, sensible, gracious talk here abounds. May God bless the book and the writer!

Scripture Verities. By Rev. D. Pledge. Elliot Stock.

This book, which we noticed last month, can now be obtained for 1s. 6d., or six copies for 7s. 6d.

The Calling of a Christian Woman, and her Training to Fulfil it. By Morgan Dix, S.T.D., New York. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

We should be slow to introduce this book to Christian women. It has a Popish taint about it. We do not know the writer, but he seems to be a deeply religious man of exceedingly High Church proclivities. We fully agree with his horror of American divorce, but we do not consider marriage to be a sacrament, nor do we believe that it is desirable that godly women should enter sisterhoods, either Romish or Anglican. We are afraid of books of this kind: they are insinuating by their good points, and therefore the more mischievous in their bad points. The work is prettily got up, but we are not pleased with its contents.

The Great Commandment. By Caroline Fry. Whiting and Co., Sardinia Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

This is a reprint, from the edition of 1847, of a charming book which has become very rare. What "the great commandment" is we need not tell any of our readers. But there is a practical question that we hope many of them will be prompt to ask—"Can I keep that commandment which is so great?" Now, if they will attentively peruse all this Christian lady had to tell of the love which is of God, they will learn many pleasant and profitable lessons. Such a blend of sound doctrine, of deep feeling and of a devout sense of duty, invests Mrs. Fry's meditations with more than ordinary attractiveness.

The Lord's Supper, historically considered. By Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D. London: Seeley and Co.

This little book is worth buying, worth reading, and worth keeping for reference. The author is quite at his ease in explaining the pedigree of his work. Four or five years ago the Rev. Charles Hebert, D.D., issued a learned and exhaustive work in two thick octavo volumes on the same subject with much the same title. In it he traced the history of the Lord's Supper through all the Christian centuries—from 75 A.D. to 1875 A.D., and furnished copious extracts from the principal ecclesiastical writers of the generations that intervened. A brief digest of that remarkable production is here presented to us in a neatly-bound pamphlet of eighty-two pages. Messrs. Seeley & Co. are the publishers of both. Every Protestant should know how corruptions in doctrine were gradually introduced and generally adopted. Lovers of liturgies and observers of rubrics may find as much to interest them as we find to amuse us in the frequent alterations of the formularies relating to the Lord's Supper enjoined by the "Book of Common Prayer." There were two prayer-books in Edward the Sixth's reign; a revised one in the time of Queen Elizabeth; a fresh compromise under James the First; and, as might be expected, in the days of Charles the Second, there was a restoration. Religion asserted itself under those pious monarchs in the Red and Black Rubrics which pertained to the Sacraments.

The Twofold Life. By A. J. Gordon, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a powerful and timely defence of Christian doctrine, experience, and practice; of experience resulting from sound doctrine, and of practice resulting from heart-felt experience. It is not controversial, but a living testimony to the renovating power of the faith once delivered to the saints. It brings the effects of modern thought to the test of comparison with the effects of the old gospel in the hands of John Howe, Jonathan Edwards, Whitefield, Wesley, Rutherford, Payson, McCheyne and others. In former days men saw what the gospel does for men; now they talk about what man does for the gospel. It is not merely in reference to the ordinary standard of evangelical influence that a contrast is here maintained between the present and the past, but with respect to the higher life of entire consecration to the service of God and his Christ. Ordinary faith is admitted to be within the limits of safety, but the higher life is set forth as necessary to present comfort and to the greatest happiness and glory hereafter. This is a handsome volume in clear type, and it will amply repay the reader who wishes to become a full-grown Christian.

Addresses to Young Men. By Rev. Daniel Baker. With preface by D. L. Moody. Morgan and Scott.

These are really forcible addresses. We quite agree with Mr. Moody's high opinion of them. Daniel Baker was "the young men's preacher," and his testimonies to the truth were the means of bringing many to Jesus, out of whom some fifty or more became preachers of the gospel. There is a downright earnestness about these discourses which gives them great power; they are neither remarkable for thought nor language, but yet they are very telling.

A Lamp and a Light: being short and simple Chapters on Texts of Scripture; for reading in families and at small gatherings. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A. Hatchards.

Sweetly persuasive, and tenderly comforting. Although there is nothing startling in Mr. Bourdillon's writings, they always secure perusal by their fresh thought and happy language. We hope that no reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* could read this little work without being pleased and profited. Twenty-five brief discourses enrich this elegant little volume.

Loving Messages. Addresses for Mothers' Meetings. Sequel to Heart-lessons. Religious Book Society. 28, Paternoster-row.

We do not care much for the prayers, but the addresses strike us as being far more fit for Mothers' Meetings than most that we have had to review. In fact, these messages are exactly what poor ignorant women would understand, for the words are simple, and the matter is homely. Some ladies may be well qualified to conduct Mothers' Meetings, with the one serious exception that they cannot make a speech for the life of them. To such good, quiet workers, these addresses will be quite a God-send, and they cannot do better than buy both the books by Miss Clayton. Still, it will be better for each sister to try hard, and make addresses of her own. Surely, few women have any deficiency in the faculty of speech. If they will but begin, they need not fear that they will break down till linnets fail to sing.

Victories and Safeguards; or, the Divine Balance of Truth Practically Considered. By Rev. Charles A. Fox, B.A. Partridge.

Here we lie down in green pastures, beside the still waters. Like the previous book, this is marrow and fatness. A student of the Word will find himself perfectly at home with Mr. Fox, and will magnify the grace of God in him. We count ourselves happy to have come across such a delightful little book. It is a happy protest against half-truths, and an admirable setting forth of the full-orbed revelation upon the points in hand. Write again, Mr. Fox, and when you next do so may we be there to read!

The Bible True to Itself. By A. Moody Stuart, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

As an alternative title to this volume we might suggest—"Scientific Criticism Proved to be False to the Core." In all the evidence produced against the inspiration of the Scripture it is patent that the witnesses agree not among themselves. Infidelity is constantly engaged in blowing bubbles. The story of two Isaiahs, or of one Isaiah sawn asunder, is the veriest fiction that was ever fabricated by the human brain. A prejudice against prophecy or miracle is the transparent motive for inventing a libellous story of literary forgery. At the first hearing it collapses. There are determined rationalists who have resolved to deny any interference of God with the affairs of men; and they die off like dogs that deserve no epitaph. There are also dilettanti students who would be sorry to think that anything is serious. If the Bible has an absolute truth in its revelation, they would rather not know what it is; for, like the lady with a new novel, it spoils the pleasure if you acquaint her with the plot. To their butterfly notion "life is a play, and all things show it," and death is a farce, they seem to know it. Men who study, like Moody Stuart, to drive brigands out of the King's highway merit our hearty thanks; but, alas, their work will have to be done over again from age to age, for scepticism shifts its ground, and the heavy guns of apology have to be dragged elsewhere in pursuit of the enemy.

The Mystery of the Kingdom traced through the Four Books of Kings. By Andrew Jukes. Part I. Longmans and Co.

We always differ from Mr. Jukes with deep regret; and when we agree with him it is with unfeigned heartiness. He is by nature a mystic, and we delight in a taste of that spiritual flavour. It will never do to lift mystical interpretations into arguments, but as illustrations they are splendid. It is a great treat to read a work like the one before us. To a large extent it must be bread eaten in secret, for those who enjoy such literature are not many; but the stolen morsels are exceedingly sweet. In his "*Offerings*" and "*Gospels*" Mr. Jukes set us upon lines of thought which were invaluable to us; and now, in these parables of *the Kings*, he does the same thing—not, perhaps, so successfully, but still to good purpose. The introductory chapter upon the existence and principle of a mystic sense is a valuable lesson for thoughtful believers.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. The Life of St. Paul. By Rev. James Stalker, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Teachers have already discovered the great value of this condensed Life of Paul, and we trust many of our readers have formed their own estimate of it. Yet some may not have seen it, and we therefore call their attention to as fine a book for 1s. 6d. as they are likely to meet with after a month's search. Mr. Stalker has the gift of vivid writing; he sketches and colours with words; he does more, he vivifies persons and scenes by his inspiring sentences. Those who wish to pursue the subjects of study suggested by the noble career of Paul will here find ample guidance for their more thorough research. We have not often seen a handbook more completely to our mind.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. Commentary on the Shorter Catechism. By Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Really good. In every Scotch family this ought to be found. Our English folk are not so well acquainted with "The Shorter Catechism"; but those who are will be glad to have a handbook upon it, so clear, so true, and so lively. We have somehow allowed Dr. Whyte's book to escape our notice, and we wish we could make up for the neglect by a specially warm commendation. Theology of this stamp will do us all good. Scatter it; its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Half-a-crown laid out in this book will purchase no regrets.

Touchstones; or, Christian Graces and Characters Tested. By the Right Rev. Bishop Oxenden. Hatchards.

Very correct and poverty-stricken. Like French soup, it is most excellent, only there is nothing in it. We do like a fresh thought here and there. The evangelical party to a great extent lost its position by imagining that godly platitudes would content this generation, and the estimable late Bishop of Montreal is an eminent example of this error. Our intense love of orthodoxy makes us lament to see it divorced from intellect and originality. A book which nobody will read until he is good, is not adapted to do good. Of course, sound churchmen will expect us to praise a book so pious; but we shall not do so. We object to see gospel-and-water doled out in this fashion: give us something more robust, and therefore more like the teaching of Scripture. We question whether another bishop could beat this good brother for weakness, and that is saying a good deal. If his writings were tea, they would be too weak to run out of the pot.

The Tabernacle, the Priesthood, and the Offerings. By Henry W. Soltau. Morgan and Scott.

This is an old friend with new adornments. It is sad to see a little memoir at the commencement, and to be reminded that the beloved writer has now been absent from us for some nine years. The work is full of teaching, spiritual, and far-reaching, and we have much enjoyed reading it. The coloured plates strike us as being borrowed from the admirable work of our friend, Mr. Frank White; or, if not, we have here a singular instance of how great minds may run in the same groove. With this Mr. Soltau has nothing to do, for he had gone above long before this edition was issued. The work is a good five-shillings' worth.

Salvation: the Way Made Plain. By the Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

The gospel fully and plainly set forth. This is a book after our own heart. The teaching is clear and deep; the type is large and readable; and the book itself is cheap and handsome. If you will accept our advice, it will only cost you 1s. 6d. to give an unconverted friend this book, which he is pretty sure to read, and reading to remember.

The Lesser Parables of our Lord, and Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature. By Rev. W. Arnot. Nelson and Sons.

Beautiful! Very beautiful! Just like the beloved author, whom we so well remember, who is now where the Master speaks no more to him in parables. Every line by Arnot should be preserved and published, and then purchased by all who love gracious thoughts expressed in nature's own poesy.

Sovereign Grace: its Source, its Nature, and its Effects. "To the Work! To the Work!" Prevailing Prayer: what Hinders it? Bible Characters. By D. L. Moody. Morgan and Scott.

These are popular works by our great evangelist, and they deserve a large sale. There can be no need for us to commend the living, blazing speech of our brother Moody. Where you get a genuine bit of the man's talk it is really grand. Who can equal him in natural simplicity all aglow with holy passion?

Some few of these addresses read as if they were made up of quotations from other people, and then dipped in a little diluted Moody, and so baptized into his name, but not into his nature. They read as if they were never delivered, and we should think they never were: they are good, and likely to do good, but they are not like Moody's own self. In other instances, the reporting is admirable; we think we hear the living voice, and see the living man. We ne'er shall look upon his like again. He is a king of men; commanding, and finding everybody eager to obey; and all the while utterly lost in his work, and as devoid of self-importance as a new-born babe. God bless him wherever he may be, and send him back again to us in due time!

The Enquiry-room: Hints for Dealing with the Anxious. By George Soltau. Morgan and Scott.

Useful hints as to conversation with seekers. Young workers should purchase this little book, and profit by its wise suggestions. As to the Enquiry-room itself, we have little confidence in it as a standing institution, or in its results where much is made of it. We might grieve many if we were to say what we know of the dreadful disappointment experienced by those who look up Enquiry-room converts. An immediate interview seems to be an admirable plan for reaching the heart, and so it may be if used occasionally; but the tendency is to force on an imaginary decision, or produce a hasty faith in the room instead of a quiet faith in Jesus.

The Ten Commandments. By R. W. Dale, LL.D. Fourth edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

Everything by Mr. Dale has the touch of a master's hand upon it. He has an honest outspokenness in his style which we cannot fail to admire, and there is about his teaching a direct practicalness which is equally to our mind. We do not agree with all that Mr. Dale has to say upon the Sabbath, and certain other matters, and we should not be honest if we did not say that we fear that he will lead men further in a loose direction than he would think of going himself; still, he suits a large class of minds, and influences them for good, and so far we rejoice. In this volume there are some telling strokes at sin in many shapes; strokes from a bold hand, and a true heart; strokes which will be all the more felt because he who deals them cannot be suspected of narrowness or asceticism. May these home-thrusts pierce to the heart the licentious, the dishonest, and the proud; and may the law of ten commands be used of God as a park of heavenly artillery wherewith to blow down deceit, indifference, and self-righteousness. This neat volume is published at five shillings.

The Foundation of Death. A Study of the Drink-Question. By Axel Gustafson. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

This is a thoroughly noteworthy book, the result of great labour and research. Teetotal advocates will find it a wonderful armoury of argument, a boundless mine of facts. All readers are sure to be interested, for the cream of the literature of this great subject is here presented. The syllabus alone will suffice to show the exhaustiveness of the work:—

I. Drinking among the Ancients.
II. The History of the Discovery of Distillation.
III. Preliminaries to the Study of Modern Drinking.
IV. Adulteration.
V. Physiological Results; or, the Effects of Alcohol on the Physical Organs and Functions.
VI. Pathological Results; or, Diseases caused by Alcohol.
VII. Moral Results.
VIII. Heredity: or, the Curse entailed on Descendants by Alcohol.
IX. Therapeutics; or, Alcohol as a Medicine.
X. Social Results.
XI. The Origin and Causes of Alcoholism.
XII. Specious Reasoning concerning the Use of Alcohol.
XIII. What can be done?
Appendices: Bibliography, and Index.

All this for five shillings. It would be cheap at twice that amount.

Here is an interesting specimen of the reasoning:—"Another argument very frequently advanced is that drinkers, and not only moderate ones, live longer than other people, unless accident or high living carry them off. Such an argument regarding alcohol is neither better founded nor more logical than it would be if applied to exceptional longevity in cases of persons living in malarial localities, or surviving the ordeal of the Sierra Leone, or employed as needle-grinders in Sheffield. According to statistics, the age of the latter seldom exceeds forty years. In the face of this fact, occasional instances of a longer term of existence among them would hardly lead to an advocacy of the employment of needle-grinding as conducive to long life.

Neither would the fact that a man and his family have lived in fair health all their lives to a good old age over a fœtid cess-pool—as seems to have at times happened—be likely to be advanced as an argument in favour of generally establishing such reservoirs of pestilence under the family hearthstone! I once heard of an extraordinary accident happening to a man at work where blasting was being done. During a premature explosion a long piece of the drilling bar shot up from the pit which was being excavated, and, entering the man's head under the chin, passed vertically entirely through his head, and, still ascending, fell at last at some distance. He staggered and fell, and his instant death was naturally expected. Not so. To the amazement of all, and the downright incredulity of physicians, he recovered, and, whereas he had been before the accident morose and unreliable, he was now genial and to be depended upon. But from this it would hardly be argued that men should subject themselves to this sort of experiment as probably conducive to improvement in temper and character."

Lays of Ancient Rome, with Ivry and the Armada. By Lord Macaulay. Longmans and Co.

An excellent edition of lays which stir the blood of free men, and rouse the brave to noble deeds. It is something to see the grand old house of Longmans stooping to popular editions; but the world moves, and men long or short must move with it.

Great Thoughts from Master Minds. A Penny Weekly Paper. Lile and Fawcett, Ludgate Circus.

This weekly paper stands but little chance of a wide circulation as against "Tit-bits" and "Rare-bits." Nevertheless, it is a good sign of the spread of education that it lives at all. Twenty years ago it would have ended its existence at the ninth number. The volume is better in intention than in execution, but good even then.

Every-day Life: Homely Talks on Homely Subjects. F. E. Longley.

Neither better nor worse than the general run of scrappy, made-up books. We should label it, "Magazine Stew to be taken *very* occasionally."

City Echoes; or, Bitter Cries from Glasgow. By the author of "Spero and Celestus," "Visions of the Night," &c. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner.

THE "Bitter Cry" pamphlet has evoked many echoes: here is one from Glasgow, and a somewhat remarkable book it is. We assume from the preface that the story—for as such it may be classed—is founded on fact. The writer, with great literary ability, portrays phases of low life and criminal life, of the most hideous character; the chief interest of the work being made to centre in the doings of a band of four young thieves, mere lads, but adepts in villainy, two of whom become after a time changed characters. The one feature of the book which especially arrests our attention is the author's apparent animosity to many points of the orthodox faith; for though here and there witness is borne to the power of the gospel as seen in the fruits of the labours of orthodox workers among the "lapsed classes"; the writer evidently believes in what we will call purgatory. Doubtless he would repudiate the term; but we will let him speak for himself, and our readers shall be the judges.

If there were any truth in what he believes as to the after-state of those who pass out of time into eternity blood-guilty, debauched and drunken, might not the vilest of the vile laugh to scorn the efforts of the Christian reformer, with, "What's the odds! Let us eat and drink, and fight and swear, for to-morrow we die; and some time or other,—it's only a question of time—we shall be as well off as the best of you, and with the best of you, happy ever after." Here are the extracts: "The total depravity of human nature," our author designates as "the most degraded and abhorrent of all religious dogmas." Further on he describes the terrible death of a woman who spent all she earned in whisky, and at last, dead drunk, "stumbled headlong into her wash-tub . . . . there and then her second career of being was projected silently into the Eternities. When this woman was born, God and angels were made glad, when she was born a second time [the author means, we suppose, at her death] God and angels were made sad. Notwithstanding, there will be evolved in her, even where she is, a higher being and purpose; an attainment from which she will start to arrive at higher and higher attainments still." Moralizing on just such another case, he says:—"We can believe that in their new state, unburdened of all physical infirmity, with their full and fervent faculties regained and now in solemn earnest use, disembodied, they will have opportunity of amendment—suffering more, seeing more, feeling more, trying more; and will gradually and eventually by the all-assimilating power of the Omnipresent Goodness, rise at length into their true and rightful life."

Denuded of all euphemisms, what are these restoration theories but purgatory put prettily? So much for this mischievous book.

Our Golden Key. A Narrative of Facts from "Outcast London." By Lady HOPE. With eight illustrations. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THE "facts" recorded by Lady Hope are mostly well-authenticated cases of conversion among the poorest of the poor and the lowest of the low, and the marvellous changes effected in the hearts and homes of the dwellers in his "district" by the instrumentality of a simple-hearted, earnest servant of Christ. Heart-sickening are many of the scenes herein depicted so very graphically, but very sweet and gracious sentences are scattered throughout the book, which is brimful of interest, and will greatly encourage the faith of Christian workers in the power of the "Golden Key." We will let Lady Hope speak for herself and her book in the Preface. "The narrative is taken from the *identical district* of which many of our readers have read in the pamphlet entitled 'A Bitter Cry from Outcast London.' May we not thank God that while the cloud of ignorance, poverty, and sin is dark indeed, there *are* 'silver linings' to it; and that, while the barriers are great, and even impassable, to the efforts of a *human* hand, they are ready to yield to the magic, nay, the miraculous influence of 'OUR GOLDEN KEY,' even the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the power of his Holy Spirit."

Plain Teachings; or, Homely Lessons from God's Word. By Mrs. G. E. Morton. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We do not think much of this. There would seem to be no reason why a person should not write a thousand volumes of such stuff. It keeps on, and on, and on, in little jerky chapters; not long enough to be instructive, but quite long enough to be tedious.

Street Arabs and Gutter Snipes. By Geo. C. Needham. Boston, U.S.A.: D. L. Guernsey.

To use one of the illustrations of the author, this work is just like the sugar that crystallizes around the white thread in rock-candy—a grand collection of facts put together in a most interesting fashion. Our good friend certainly has a wonderful gift of arranging details of work done amongst the low little ones, and he has furnished us with an array of incidents full of pathos and power. In the "Arabic" language we can truly say of this book, "It's a good 'un," and the illustrations are "stunning."

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. X. Nisbet and Co.

Some of the ablest of modern preachers and writers have contributed to this volume, which is exceedingly rich in scholarship and thought. We see a few tokens of the general loosening, but almost none as compared with the general run of current theology; on the contrary, we note some excellent defences of orthodox truth. We cannot withhold a hearty word of praise from this important volume. A preacher, isolated in a rural wilderness, will not be without a friend if he receives a monthly visit from *The Homiletic Magazine.*

Notes.

Solicited on all sides to preach abroad, and abundantly willing to do so, we made another trial of labouring in the provinces with the same result as on former occasions, an utter break-down, a sharp agony, and a long weakness. What can we do but keep to our own home-duties? Yet even this day, when we are still feeble as a child, we are implored to take a public engagement. Oh, that we could! We must again cancel all promises, and for awhile do home-work and nothing more. Crowded chapels, windows necessarily opened, and consequent cold draughts, foul air from below, and cold air from above, make up an arrangement which must arouse rheumatism when it slumbers in the constitution. It may be that as the attacks are becoming briefer the evil will die out; but that consummation is not yet reached.

It was our great happiness to have our Australian son as our much-appreciated substitute during this last illness. He has just prepared for the press the sermons preached in the Tabernacle. They will be published in a few days at 1s. 6d. He has been busy in Perth, Dundee, and Edinburgh, and we thank the friends in those regions who have so freely helped the funds of his Auckland Tabernacle.

In answer to correspondents who enquire what treatment we follow for rheumatic gout, we can only say that nothing has ever been of so much service to us as the simple remedies prescribed by Dr. Barrett, Ramsden Road, Balham. In simple gratitude to him for his care, we feel bound to mention him as being the means of greatly abbreviating the period of pain.

Despite such frequent illnesses, every Thursday has seen the weekly sermon issued from the press, and having now reached the number of 1,800 in unbroken order, we cannot refrain from uttering a note of praise to the great Preserver of men who has favoured us to bear so continuous a testimony to the gospel of his Son.

Rev. John Spurgeon wishes us to announce that he has removed from Upper Holloway to No. 3, Clifton Villas, Thornton Road, Croydon.

Mr. Congreve asks us to inform our readers that *The Young Women's Christian Institute, West Brighton,* will be opened early in October. It contains a library furnished with 600 volumes; a large reading and music-room, kitchen, dining-room, matron's-room, &c.; also a lecture and class-room, capable of seating from 200 to 250 persons. There are also nine good bedrooms, intended chiefly for Christian workers requiring a week or two's rest and change. The work of the Institute was commenced nearly two years since by Mr. G. T. Congreve, in a temporary iron building. One hundred and sixty members have been enrolled. The classes on Sunday afternoon have frequently exceeded 100 in attendance. Some eight hundred pounds will be needed before the Institute can be placed in trust. Subscriptions in aid will be received by Lady Cardross, of 9, Denmark

Terrace, Brighton; and by the Secretary, Mrs. Congreve, Stretton, Third Avenue, Brighton.

On *Monday evening, Sept.* 15, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, and other friends connected with the China Inland Mission, with a large company of male and female missionaries who were about to sail for China, attended the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and Mr. Taylor and several of the missionaries gave brief and interesting addresses. We commend to the prayers and liberality of all our brethren this wonderful work of faith. *China's Millions* is a monthly periodical full of interest, and from it our readers can obtain full particulars of this Mission, which is one of the most remarkable in modern times. Mr. Hudson Taylor is a very apostle to China, and the Lord is with him. We have frequently given accounts from his missionaries, and there is in this *Sword and the Trowel* a specially striking article, singularly truthful and impressive, to which we would call the attention of all our readers. When they are able to aid this mission they can write to 6, Pyrland Road, Mildmay Park, London.

Monday evening, Sept. 22.—The prayer-meeting was very largely attended. It was a refreshing sight to see such a congregation gathered to "only a prayer-meeting." C. H. Spurgeon presided. Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., gave an account of the success of the gospel in Haddon Hall. Mr. Young told how the Lord had gathered into the fellowship of his Son more than two hundred persons in Collingwood Street, New Cut, while great numbers came to hear the word, and their hall could not contain them. Special prayer was offered for one restored to faith through "The Clue of the Maze," and for all sceptics. Two new elders prayed, and one of the patriarchs. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith and other evangelists were remembered, together with many sick and tried friends, and sinners who asked to be prayed for. It was a time of love. All hearts glowed with pleading desire; and as hymns of the cross were sung, our grief for sin and joy in the Lord mingled their blessed floods.

Friends in the country will be glad to know that never since the opening of the Tabernacle have the congregations been more closely packed, nor has the spirit of hearing been more intense. We look for a large increase during the coming months if strength be given to the Pastor to see the many who are ready to confess the Lord Jesus. This is laborious and anxious work, and demands great care.

College.—Through the kind hospitality of Pastor G. Wright, and the church at Kingston, the new session of the College was inaugurated on *Sept.* 2 by a delightful excursion up the River Thames. The tutors, the former students, and twenty-two freshmen went from Waterloo to Hampton Court, where a pleasure-barge and steam-launch awaited them. In these they proceeded on their way, fresh scenes of beauty unfolding themselves at every bend of the grand old river till they reached Chertsey Lock. Dinner, served on board, was relished by appetites made keener than usual by the bracing air. On the homeward journey a meeting was held, and several deck-orations were given. Deep regret was expressed at the absence through illness of the beloved President, and the sympathy and love of all on board were telegraphed to him. Professors Gracey and Fergusson moved that the heartiest thanks of the brethren be accorded to Mr. Wright and his worthy deacons for their kindness. This was carried with applause. Mr. Wright, in reply, said it was peculiarly appropriate that the Kingston church should thus entertain the College, since the first student (Mr. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth) had settled there twenty-five years ago. Other speeches followed, and at 6.30 Kingston was reached, where, after tea, the Vice-President, J. A Spurgeon, preached an excellent sermon from Hebrews xi. 8—10. Thus closed a day full of varied interest, only marred by the enforced absence of the President. [These notes are from one of the brethren who will soon be leaving us for southern lands.]

We are sorry to say that within a week of this happy outing one of the "twenty-two freshmen" alluded to in the above paragraph, Mr. Frank Snell, of Bury St. Edmund's, was suddenly stricken with a serious illness, which proved fatal, so that he passed away on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 21. We deeply sympathize with the sorrowing parents, who see their son cut down just when, after three years of constant and earnest preaching, he had gained a long-cherished wish and had entered the College. It is a loud call to the students to be ready whenever the call shall come, and it is our believing prayer that a session thus solemnly inaugurated may be fraught with the utmost blessing. Had our young brother survived the broken blood-vessel he would, we fear, have been a constant invalid. His course, however, was run, and his sun did not go down out of due course.

Even a semi-invalid may, however, do good service for the Master if his heart is in his work. We see this exemplified in the case of our brother D. Laing, who was obliged to give up his pastorate in England through ill-health, but who for two years has ministered to a small church in his native place, Alva, N.B., and has not laboured in vain.

Mr. R. W. Ayres has removed from Matching Tye, to Fairford, Glos.; and Mr. A. Smith, from West Drayton, to Shefford, Beds. Mr. Lyne, of Chenies, is removing to Newton Abbot.

Mr. John Glover, who has laboured most

earnestly and successfully at Combe Martin, N. Devon, for more than thirteen years, has arranged to sail shortly for Queensland. The church of which he has been pastor will be very grieved to part with him, and his brethren in the county will miss him; but we judge that he is doing right in going to a land where there are more openings for Christian workers than there are in England, and where a man who has a large family is not hindered by that fact, as he often is in this country. We commend our brother most highly to all churches in Queensland, and trust that he will not have to wait long before he finds a suitable sphere, where the Lord will bless him, even as he has done in Devonshire.

Mr. A. J. Clarke, who was formerly the companion of Mr. J. M. Smith, sends us a most cheering report of his work in connection with the Evangelization Society of Victoria, an undenominational society which sends its agents free to all parts of that colony. During the year, which ended on June 30th, Mr. Clarke conducted 373 meetings, at which it was estimated that between eighty and ninety thousand persons were present, of whom over 900 have united with the churches as the result of the services. Mr. J. S. Harrison and Mr. E. Isaac have also conducted several missions under the auspices of the same society.

Mr. Clarke informs us that Mr. J. A. Soper has removed from Yarraville, Victoria, to Petersham, New South Wales; Mr. E. Isaac has settled at Brunswick, Victoria; and Mr. R. Williamson, of Perth, Tasmania, is also going to Victoria. Mr. Clarke says that there is great need at this time in that colony of earnest, spiritually-minded men, who would go in for soul-winning with all their hearts. Men of this stamp are wanted for all the colonies, and at home, too. Mr. Padley has come home for a short time, but has again sailed for Queensland.

Evangelists. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have recommenced work, and during the past month have held very successful services at Galashiels, Falkirk, Selkirk, and Hawick. A local paper, speaking of the Sunday-evening service for men only at Galashiels, says:—"The room was again filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Fullerton delivered an earnest and telling address on 'Sin bringing forth death.' It was listened to with rapt attention. It may be said that every address since the services commenced has been received in the same manner. The meetings were looked forward to with much expectancy, and they have come up in result in every respect to the expectations cherished. A great and undiminished interest has been manifested in them. All classes have attended them. There have been found in the meetings the hoary-haired grandsire and the child at school. Her Majesty's uniform has been seen in the hall, and many have come from Selkirk and other towns to hear. The prayer and enquiry-meetings, after the ordinary services, have been well attended, and a large number of people have remained to be spoken to as to the way of salvation. The evangelists have been assisted in this work by many Christians in the town, and the number of those taking an interest in the meetings has been great." One of the most notable of the meetings in Galashiels was a service for mill-girls, conducted by Mrs. Fullerton. The hall was densely crowded, and the word was blessed to the immediate decision of several who heard it. Our brethren were glad to meet with many believers who were converted at their mission four years ago. The meetings at Selkirk were so well attended that on the third night they had to be transferred to a larger hall.

This month our brethren go to Belfast, and they will be fully engaged until the end of the year at Londonderry, Portadown, and other places in Ireland.

Mr. Burnham wishes his correspondents to note that he has removed to Blenheim Villa, Windmill Road, Brentford, Middlesex; and that he has no vacant dates before next year's College Conference. He has spent September partly with Brother Cuff, at the Shoreditch Tabernacle, and partly among the hop-pickers in Kent. From Oct. 7 to 20 he goes, for the third time, to Swanage Congregational Chapel, and from Oct. 28 to Nov. 7 to Wareham.

Mr. Frank Russell has been preaching at South Shields, where he was invited to the pastorate. We could not, under all the circumstances, advise him to accept the invitation, and therefore he will continue the work of an evangelist for the present. He has lately conducted services at Attercliffe and Leeds; and has promised also to visit New Whittington and Taunton before the end of the year.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have been holding meetings in connection with our brother Duncan's church at Huddersfield. Large numbers attended, many enquired the way of salvation, and not a few rejoiced in finding Christ. This month the evangelists go to Glasgow and Mirfield.

In connection with the work of *Mr. H. Rylands Brown* among the tea-planters of Assam, it is most proper to mention that he is, during that part of the year which he spends in that region, supported by the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society. We should be sorry to deprive that excellent society of any of the honour of such good work. On the contrary, we wish it growing success, and greatly appreciate its objects and methods.

Orphanage.—We have very gratefully received, from "Yorkshire," two artist-stamped, first-proof engravings of Sir Noel Paton's pictures, "Thy will be done," and "The Man of Sorrows." The generous donor says that he subscribed twelve guineas each for them, and in gratitude for the

blessing which he and his mother have received through reading our sermons for many years, he sends them to be disposed of for the benefit of the Orphanage. Perhaps some of our friends, who are lovers of art, and who would also like to help the institution, will make us an offer for one or both of the engravings.

Also we have a gold watch, by Frodsham, which cost the generous donor £25. A watchmaker tells us that any one who buys it for £15 will have a bargain. We have considerable difficulty in selling such gifts at anything like the price which they originally cost, and should be glad if any person would buy this watch to aid the Orphanage funds.

One of our kind friends, who has for many years made a "Sunday dinner-table collection" for the Orphanage, in forwarding this year's amount, says, "Could you not urge others to do the same? We limit the contributions to one penny each." Having mentioned the matter, we thank our brother and all the Sunday diners at his table, and hope that his suggestion will be carried out by many other families without any urging on our part.

During the past month, we have received four sacks of flour from half "the Orphanage acre," which our friend, Mr. James Toller, of Waterbeach, generously set apart, many years ago, for the benefit of our orphan children. The yield this year is larger than ever before, and, if it be possible, our gratitude also is proportionately increased. This acre was given to us when we had only boys to keep; we suppose times have been too bad with the farmers since we have built the girls' side of the institution, or some one would have consecrated an acre for them. Such a plot of ground would be peculiarly entitled to the name of "God's acre."

We have been specially thankful for tidings of a legacy of £500, less duty, which will shortly be paid, and which we are informed is the direct result of one of the provincial tours of Mr. Charlesworth and his choir. We hope that other visits will be similarly productive of benefit to the funds of the Orphanage, and that the singers and ringers will remember that, while they gather in an immediate harvest from their seed-sowing, there may be, in some instances, a still richer crop left "for the reaping by-and-by."

Our good brother, Pastor George Hill, M.A., of Leeds, the President of the Yorkshire Baptist Association, is making the arrangements for the Yorkshire tour in November; and we are quite sure that in his hands everything that is possible will be done to ensure the success of the meetings. In December the choir will pay their annual visit to Portsmouth and the South of England, where they are always heartily welcomed, and generously treated. Could not other towns invite them?

Collectors' Meeting.—Will all our collectors kindly note that the next meeting for the reception of boxes and books, with the amounts collected, will be held at the Orphanage on *Wednesday evening, October* 29? We shall have an interesting programme, and shall be glad to see as many of our busy bees as can bring to the hive the honey they have gathered.

COLPORTAGE.—The necessity for colportage as a counteracting agency to the trashy and demoralizing productions of unprincipled publishers is still very evident. Indecent and infidel publications of the most unblushing and pronounced character are boldly and constantly thrust upon the public notice. In our large towns they are offered for sale at many a street-corner, and displayed in small sweetstuff or tobacco shops, while the quiet Sabbath hour is rudely disturbed by the bawling vendors of sporting or betting papers. The country districts are also largely supplied with the same class of printed rubbish.

The object of the colporteur is to visit the homes of the people, and persuade them to purchase and read books and periodicals of a character which shall interest them and yet at the same time cultivate a purer and better taste, and, above all, lead sinners to the Saviour. The Association constantly employs seventy Christian men, who are scattered all over England and in some parts of Wales; but the committee are desirous to extend the work to many more districts, and will send, equip, and support a man in any approved district for which £40 a year is subscribed. Two new districts will be opened in October—one at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, and another at Melksham, Wiltshire. In each district there is a wide field for useful service. Applications for other districts will be gladly considered, and should be sent to the depôt, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E. Subscriptions to the general fund are earnestly solicited.

PERSONAL NOTES.—One of our evangelists recently told us the following remarkable story:—A woman in *Scotland* who was determined, as far as possible, not to have anything to do with religion, threw her Bible, and all the tracts she could find in her house, into the fire. One of the tracts fell down out of the flames, so she picked it up and thrust it in again. A second time it slipped down, and once more she put it back. Again her evil intention was frustrated, but the next time she was more successful, though even then only half of it was consumed. Taking up the portion that fell out of the fire, she exclaimed, "Surely the devil is in that tract, for it won't burn." Her curiosity was excited; she began to read it, and it was the means of her conversion. The "tract" was one of the sermons published in "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." Verily, that sermon, and the woman, too, were "saved, yet so as by fire." What wondrous ways the

Lord has of bringing home the truth to the hearts and consciences of sinners!

One of our country sermon-readers, who has himself derived great blessing from the sermons, writes to tell us of many others in the town where he lives, whose souls have been fed upon the spiritual food which we have provided for them. He mentions especially an aged believer, two railway-guards, a stone-mason, two members of the local branch of the Y. M. C. A., and others, who have told him of the joy with which they welcome the weekly messenger. Our correspondent finds much comfort in the doctrines of grace, and is exceedingly thankful that soon after he was converted a Christian friend spoke of the benefit he had received from the sermons, and advised him to take them in for himself. He says, "I thank God a thousand times for your sermons. As I have continued to read them, and others of your works, I have learned to love you with a love that will last to all eternity."

A friend writes to tell us of a case in which one of our sermons has led to the conversion of a man who had failed, and only paid 1s. 6d. in the £1. Some time afterwards he took another instalment to one of his creditors, explained the circumstances that had wrought the change in him, and said that he would pay all that he owed if he could, but if not he would pray every day that the Lord would bless and prosper the man he had wronged.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 28, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mrs. H. Watcham	1	10	0
Mrs. Sprague	1	0	0
Mrs. Salmon, sen.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bain, per Mr. H. H. Driver	0	5	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6
Miss M.	0	5	0
Collection at Communion in Plum Tree House	0	15	0
Sir W. Mc Arthur, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Pastor W. J. Dyer and friends, at Bridgnorth, &c.	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ruthvin	2	0	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
A well-wisher	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	2	10	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Gratitude	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Spickett	5	0	0
All one in Christ	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Heaton, jun.	0	2	6
Numb. vi. 24, 25, 26	0	5	0
A constant sermon-reader	1	0	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
Mr. W. Worth	0	5	0
N.	0	5	0
A Grocer's Assistant	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller, per Mrs. Jas. Withers	1	1	0
A sermon-reader, Biggar	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mr. W. Beckett	2	0	0
Mr. F. N. Charrington	3	3	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0
Mr. W. Fowler, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 17	20	13	9
,, 24	31	3	4
,, 31	31	0	0
Sept. 7	21	11	1
,, 14	30	6	0
	146	14	2
	£415	13	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, Glasgow	2	0	0
A., Brixton	1	0	0
E. F.	0	1	6
J. A., Perth	0	1	6
Miss Ellen Stock, per Mr. Geo. Carter	0	5	0
A. B. K.	0	2	6
Mrs. Dobbs	2	10	0
Hopeful ones	0	5	0
A. E.	0	5	0
Miss Kelland	0	9	11
Providence Baptist Chapel Sunday-school Children, Hounslow	1	12	0
Mr. Wm. Mainwaring	0	10	0
A friend from Wales	0	5	0
Mr. Brain	2	2	0
Mrs. Durrant	2	2	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
Miss Cumpstone	0	10	0
Widow King	0	2	0
Mr. W. G. Newbery	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	12	17	8
Mr. W. Driver	0	1	6
Mrs. Vinson	2	2	0
A widow's child	0	2	6
Miss J. H. Morgan	0	2	6
Collected by Miss I. Gardiner	1	4	6
Mrs. C. Cooper	1	10	0
Miss E. Hudson	0	7	0
Miss M. Cozens	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Napier	1	10	0
J. N. O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
A well-wisher	0	5	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering from M.H.	3	3	0
Sixty-four	2	0	0
Mrs. Reed, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mrs. H. Watcham	1	10	0
Mrs. Sprague	1	0	0
Mrs. Salmon, sen.	0	5	0
Mr. George Sinclair	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bain, per Mr. H. H. Driver ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Johnson	0	2	6
Mrs. Slater, per Mr. G. Eustace, for "The Reading House"	1	0	0
Miss Butterworth	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Mitchell's Bible-class, Bonnethill Free Church	0	4	6
Mrs. Oakley...	0	10	6
Mrs. Chudley	1	1	0
A thankoffering for a sister's recovery, D.G.	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, Cardiff, per C. H. S.	3	0	0
Thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Howard	1	0	0
S. E. F.	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Westmoreland Road Sunday-school, per Mr. A. C. Monro :—			
Boys... ... . 0 12 6			
Girls... ... ... 0 17 0			
	1	9	6
Miss Gried, per Mr. Gwillim	0	5	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	5	7
Miss Salt	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	15	8
Mr. J. H. Reynolds	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Hawkes	0	6	7
Collected by Mrs. Ashwell	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. A. V. Small	0	8	1
Collected by Miss Janet Foster ...	1	5	0
Sale of Boots	0	10	0
Sunday School Union	0	10	0
Mr. J. Evered and Friend	0	3	6
Baptist Sunday-school Infant Class, Chipping Norton, per Mr. E. Burbidge	1	2	0
Young Women's Bible-class, at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	9
Part of Master W. Oakley's first earnings	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	9	3
A Friend at Foxton	0	5	0
Friends from Adelaide, per Mrs. Hannington	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	5	0	0
Mrs. W. Beach, sen.	1	1	0
Mr. T. Trotman	0	10	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	3	3
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. W. Bumpus	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Mr. William Spickett	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	10	0
A widow, Acton	0	5	0
Mr. G. D. Pearman	5	0	0
A friend, per Mr. E. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Ewart	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0
Mr. Eli Hamshire	0	2	6
E. A.	0	5	0
A. G.	0	5	0
Miss Jack	1	0	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by Mrs. J. Withers :—			
Mr. W. I. Palmer 3 0 0			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 2 2 0			
Mr. S. J. Collier 1 1 0			
Mr. R. J. Grubb (Oxford) 1 1 0			
Mr. Joseph Lacy 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Richardson... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Hill 0 5 0			
Mrs. Wilson... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier (quarterly) ... 0 5 0			
Mr. James Withers ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Cox 0 2 6			
Mr. Staniford 0 2 6			
Mrs. E. Deane 0 2 6			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
Mr. Holmes 0 2 0			
Harriett Cooper 0 1 1			
	10	17	1
A sermon-reader, Biggar	1	0	0
W. S.	1	0	0
M. S. and A. S.	0	10	0
Miss E. Palmer	0	2	0
A sermon-reader, Paisley	0	10	0
Ross Highlander	0	3	0
Mrs. Cranswick	1	1	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
A grateful friend	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ball	2	10	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
A thankoffering	5	5	0
T. H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	2	0	0
K., Glasgow...	0	2	6
J. C., Belfast	0	10	0
Miss M. E. Hadland, per J. T. D. ...	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	1	1	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	0	0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Joseph Benson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Benson 0 5 0			
Master Cecil Benson ... 0 5 0			
Miss Grace Benson ... 0 5 0			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Parkinson 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson... ... 0 5 0			
	1	15	0
Mr. J. Briers	2	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, August 20 ...	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscription :—			
Miss S. Ellis...	0	5	0
Orphan Boys' and Girls' Collecting Cards :—			
B. Bryant 0 6 0			
R. McDoual... ... ... 0 7 0			
W. J. Butler 0 5 0			
A. Gardiner... ... ... 0 2 0			
E. Player 0 1 1			
L. Botham 0 13 6			
	1	14	7
	£297	11	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 15th, 1881.—PROVISIONS: A Sheep, the Gear Meat Preserving and Freezing Company, per Messrs. Kaltenbach and Schmitz; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; 1 bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 14 lbs Almond Powder, and 28 lbs Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 210 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 4 sacks Flour, Mr. Jas. Toller, part produce of Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—6 Shirts, Miss Barker; 4 Jackets, 5 pairs Knickers, 14 Collars, Mrs. H. J. E. Brake; 6 Shirts, Arthur Street Chapel Bible Class, per Miss Crane; a parcel of Clothing, "Odds and Ends."

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—14 Top Petticoats, Mrs. J. White; 1 Ulster, Mrs. H. J. E. Brake; 40 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 40 Articles, Arthur Street Chapel Bible Class, per Miss Crane.

GENERAL:—50 Comb-bags, Mrs. Wood; 1 parcel Sundries, Miss Chenoweth; a quantity of Magazines, "Anon"; 2 first-proof, artist-stamped engravings of Sir Noel Paton's pictures, "Thy will be done," and "The Man of sorrows," to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanage, (see "Notes,") "Yorkshire"; 6 silver forks, to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanage, Mrs. Durrant.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
A friend for Kent	33	18	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District:—			
A friend, per Pastor J. Pugh 30 0 0			
A friend, per General Secretary 10 0 0			
	40	0	0
Mrs. Dix	30	0	0
Aughton Moss District	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton	20	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	20	0	0
	£236	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Simpson...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
A friend from Wales	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Hay	10	0	0
Sixty-four	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Watcham...	1	10	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. Arthur Long	1	1	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing...	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs. L. Howell	2	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	2	10	0
Garnet, Daphne, Strawberry, and Dot	10	0	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Geo. Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
	£87	7	0

Erratum.—£20 acknowledged from Nottingham Tabernacle, in September, in error.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dobbs	0	10	0
Mr. Samson Lucas...	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Hay	5	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. S. Long	5	0	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
E. W....	0	10	0
W. S.	10	0	0
Anon....	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	2	10	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
	£59	7	6

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—Mrs. Wilson, 5s; Mrs. Brayne, £1 1s; Mr. Thomas Davies, £1; Profit on tea at Red Hill, per Mr. James Gray, 12s; Mrs. Dobbs, £1; collections at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, after Sermons by Pastor T. Spurgeon, £17 5s; proceeds of lecture on New Zealand, by Pastor T. Spurgeon, at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, £28 15s; J. B, 5s; Mr. George Gray, £2 2s; Mr E. Johnson, £5 5s; a cobbler's mite, 2s; Mr. Wm. Pinkney, 5s; Mrs. R. Stevens, £5; Mr. William Howard, £1; Mrs. Catt, £1; a friend, 5s; another friend, 1s; Mrs. May, £10; Mr. James Duncan, £20; Mr. and Mrs. Wade, 10s; Mrs. Walker, £1 10s; a young sailor, 5s; F. N., 10s.; a friend, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon, £1 1s; sale of photographic frame, 5s; Mrs. Dix, £10; a friend, £1; N. M., Clapham, 5s; Mr. C. Ball, £5; Mrs. B., £14; Mr. C. Russell, £1; Miss M. E. Hadland, £1 1s; a friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £2; proceeds of Pastor T. Spurgeon's visit to Perth, £78; Mr. E. Davies, £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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

Concerning the Dropping of Honeycombs.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TURN to the nineteenth Psalm, and tenth verse, and there read in our version, "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." This is applied to "the judgments of the Lord," which are "true and righteous altogether." The expression sets forth David's esteem of the law of God, and we may fitly apply it to Holy Scripture. The Hebrew hath it, "sweeter than the dropping of honeycombs." Whereupon good Mr. Brooks observes—"It is sweeter than those drops which drop immediately and naturally, without any force or art, which is counted the purest and the sweetest honey." There are texts of Scripture which are exceedingly sweet, and marvellously free in the giving forth of their sweetness, needing little study or meditation. Children have their drops and their little candies which melt away in their mouths, and even so certain Scriptures are prepared for the Lord's little children: they have only to receive them by the mouth of faith and their enjoyment is great. Some words of the Lord are as nuts that need cracking, or grapes that need treading in the winepress, for their meaning lieth not upon the surface; but those to which I refer are ready for use: they are simple sweetnesses, prepared pleasures—in fact, drops of delight. To enjoy these one does not need to be a theologian or a grammarian, much less a philosopher or a mystic. The honey of the meaning flows out of the comb of the words as fluid consolation, liquid love, pure joy, and perfect truth. The student does not need to pore over his book, or the preacher to consult his library, or the hearer to collect his knowledge, the dainty comfort offers itself to the palate, and goeth down sweetly, spreading its savour over the whole inner man without effort.

I should like, as the Holy Spirit opens up the word to me, to give my friends every now and then a drop of honey out of the rock, by dwelling

upon certain easy texts as they yield themselves to my heart. I would not so much think as enjoy, and then give to you that which has been precious to my own heart. There are some preachers whose main business seems to be to lead people among the thorns, where they are torn with perplexities; it is mine on this occasion to run by way of the plain, along the level road of evident teaching. On the Sabbath it is well to rest the mind as well as the body. We do not so much want deep problems to make our heads ache as holy consolations to quiet our hearts. Those who use such long words that they cannot be understood without a dictionary go very near to breaking the Sabbath themselves, and compelling their hearers to do the same. At any rate, on these occasions I shall neither perplex my readers nor cause them any mental labour. Honey-drops are for pleasure, not for labour; and they are for children rather than for students. Many a sweet truth in God's word is so very simple that it does not need excogitating so much as enjoying. When you get a honey-drop you just put it in your mouth, and let it lie there, or turn it round with your tongue till it dissolves. Let us do this as occasion offers with several simple passages, and just now with these words from the Book of Genesis, fifteenth chapter and first verse. Bees, and their hives and combs, are very plentiful in Palestine, and here we have good store of sweetness. The one sentence which I have pitched upon is full, and rich, and simple, and we will try to enjoy it. It is God's word to his servant Abraham.

"*Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.*"

"Fear not, Abram." Alas, fear is an ague which haunts these marsh-lands. When shall we get to higher ground, and dwell above? Fear is a complaint common among the Lord's people; we might be sure that it was so when we learned that Abram suffered from it for he was the most vigorous of believers. Does Abram need a "fear not"? Then we may be pretty sure that we require it too. I am afraid that wherever there is faith there will also be a measure of fear; though the less of it the better. How tenderly the Lord quiets the fears of his children. "Fear not, Abram." As much as if he had said—You are all alone; but fear not, for I am with you. You are in much labour; but fear not, I will help you. You have no portion in this strange land; but fear not, for I am your God. Do not fear in the present; do not fear in the future. Fear neither the failure of friends nor the fury of foes. Be brave, calm, hopeful, trustful, joyful. "Fear not, Abram." You have just been fighting the kings: you felt yourself to be a man of peace, and not accustomed to the deadly strife, but I have given the plunderers like driven stubble to your bow, and you have thought back Lot and all his train of servants that were taken prisoners. You need not even fear for your relatives; I will bless them for your sake. Beside that, you have not touched a thread or a shoe-latchet of the King of Sodom's goods, but you have borne yourself in a right royal manner, therefore fear not to enjoy your success, you shall be safe from all attacks, and you shall live in the respect of the great ones around you. This blessed "Fear not" was a quietus to every form of alarm which might come near the man of God.

But the Lord seemed to think that after his conflict and his victory

Abram might begin to sink; such is often the case with bold men: it was so even with Elias, the prophet of fire. Men are not afraid when the battle rages, their spirit is equal to the danger and the struggle; but when all is over then a reaction comes, and they greatly need the Lord's "Fear not." Have you never felt yourself strangely supported under the direst afflictions, so that they seemed not to be afflictions at all? And yet when pressure has been removed you have been ready to faint, like Samson after he had slain the Philistines. Fear is apt to be greatest when the reason for it is smallest. We are often quiet in a storm, and distracted in a calm. We are singular beings, mysteries to ourselves, and riddles to our neighbours. Our constitution and disposition are made up of odds and ends, and gatherings from all manner of beasts, and birds, and fishes, and no one can understand us except the Lord; but, blessed be his name, he knows us altogether, and therefore he brings forth the right consolation at the right moment, saying; "Fear not," in the instant wherein we are most likely to fear.

"Fear not, Abram." Were there not two things about which the patriarch might have feared? First, about his own *safety*. This was met by the assurance, "Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield." When he had no other guard, Abraham was shielded by his God. He was like a sheep in the midst of wolves, a lone stranger surrounded by hostile nations; but a spell was upon the Canaanites, for the Lord had said, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." The protected of the Lord needed not to wear armour, nor bear a sword, for Jehovah had said, "I am thy shield." Abraham possessed no fortress, he commanded no army; he did not even dwell in a house, and yet he was safe enough. His tents were no defence, and yet no one ever broke into them, or dared to threaten those who dwelt within: no assassin waylaid him, no marauder attacked him; he dwelt at ease behind the broad shield of the Almighty. He was as safe as if he had been enclosed within walls that reached to heaven. The armour of God covered him from head to foot. So, dear friends, when we seem to have nothing visible to protect us, what a blessing it is to know that we are guarded by the Invisible and Omnipotent God! The visible must always of necessity be finite, but the invisible God is infinite, there is no searching of his understanding. You are infinitely safe if you are a believer in the living God,—your beginnings and your endings, your wakings and your sleepings, your journeyings and your restings, your sufferings and your doings, your slander or your honour, your poverty or your wealth, your all for ever and ever is most secure when the Lord is your keeper, and your shield upon your right hand. Be it ours to leave our cares, and give our hearts up to the repose of faith. Come, sing with me that verse of the beloved Toplady:—

"Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee."

We are safe if God be with us. We may be in the midst of cruel adversaries, but no weapon that is formed against us can prosper if God be our shield. Please to notice that the Lord does not say, "I will shield you," but I, that am the Almighty, I am your shield; it is not alone my power, my wisdom, my love, which will protect you, but I myself will be your shield.

Then Abram may have thought, "I shall be protected, but after all shall I not spend my life in vain?" He might have feared for his *success*. He led the life of a gipsy, roaming through a land in which he owned no foot of ground; therefore the Lord added, "I am thy reward." Do see, he does not say, "I will reward you," but he says, "I am thy reward." Dear brother ministers, if souls are saved, they are a form of reward to you; but, nevertheless, rejoice not in them, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven. I have quoted an old text, first spoken to chosen men who had healed the sick and cast out devils in Christ's name. Yes, dear brethren, if many receive our word it is our joy that they have received it; but still we may be disappointed in our estimate of conversions, and at the best our success will not equal our desires. The only reward that a Christian can fully rejoice in, without any reservation, is this assurance of the Lord—"I am thy reward." Did not the father in the parable say to the elder son, when he grumbled and growled at the reception given to his brother,—"Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine"? That was reward enough, was it not? It is wealth enough to a believer to possess his God, honour enough to please his God, happiness enough to enjoy his God. My heart's best treasure lies here: "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." "Oh, but people have been so ungrateful to me." True, but your God does not forget your work of faith and labour of love. "Ah, sir, I am dreadfully poor." Yet you have God All-sufficient; and all things are yours. "Alas! I am so ill." But Jehovah Rophi is the Lord that healeth thee. "Alas! I have no friends left to me." Yet the best of friends changes not, and dies not. Is he not better to you than a host of other friends. How great is your God? He filleth all things. Then, what more can you seek? Would you have two persons occupying the same place? If God fills all, where is there room for another? Is not God's grace sufficient for you? Do you bemoan a cup of water which has been spilled at your feet? A well is near. Did I hear you cry, "I have not a drop in my bucket"? A river flows hard by,—the river of God, which is full of water. O mournful soul, why art thou disquieted? What aileth thee, that thou shouldst fret thy life into rags?

Very fitly does the Lord say to Abram, "I am thy *exceeding great* reward." He is infinitely more as a reward than we could ever have deserved, desired, or expected. There is no measuring such a reward as God himself. If we were to pine away in poverty it would be joy enough to know that God gives himself over to us to be our portion. The tried people of God will tell you that in their sharpest sorrows their joys have reached flood-tide when they have known and felt that the Lord is their Covenant God, their Father, their all. Our cup runs over when faith receives Jehovah himself as the crown of the race, the wages of the service. What more can even God bestow than himself?

Now you see what I meant at the beginning, by honey-drops. I have not strained after novel thoughts or choice words; but have persuaded you to taste the natural sweetness of the Scripture. Receive it as God gives it, and go your way, and let the flavour of it fill your mouths all through the week. Fear not, Mary; fear not, William; fear not, Sarah; fear not, John. The Lord saith to thee, even as to Abraham,—"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." No Scripture is of private interpretation; you may take out the name of Abram, and put your own name into the promise if you are of Abraham's spiritual seed, and do not stagger at the promise through unbelief. "If children, then heirs," applies to all the spiritual family. The ground whereon thou liest the Lord thy God has given thee; if thou canst rest on this word, it is thine to rest upon. The Lord is thy Defender and Rewarder, and by the double title he shuts out all fear, making thy rest to be doubly sure. Wherefore, cease thou from all anxiety. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. This day he bids thee dwell at ease, and delight thyself in HIM.

Religion not Melancholy.

"LOOK at old Mr. Blank! Why, he is the picture of melancholy! I tell you that religion is a damper to a man's spirit, and makes life dull and dreary. Holy men are always moping." So said a youth who wanted to excuse himself for attending to the concerns of his soul. I called him to me, and bade him stand still a while, and hear how well I could practise the art of reasoning after his own manner. Then I said to him, "I know a florist, who just now wears deep mourning for his deceased wife; therefore flowers are wretched objects, and all florists are widowers. I know a draper who for a time carries his arm in a sling; therefore silks and cottons have a withering effect upon the limbs, and all mercers are men of one arm." The ingenuous youth could bear it no longer. He cried, "Nonsense!" Yet I had only ploughed with his heifer, and used his own logic. I could have proved a great number of absurdities in the same way, but he had not the patience to endure more of it. The fact is, that some few believers are of a gloomy constitution, or are in peculiar trial, or have declined in grace, and these are sorely sad; but the rule remains that the way of godliness is the way of peace, and he that labours to be holy is in the road to being happy. The excuse made by ungodly men, that religion would make them miserable, is so bad an excuse that it is worse than none. To excuse our rebellion against God by slandering his people, and libelling his service, is to add sin to sin.

C. H. S.



UGLY CUSTOMERS AT A STORE.

From "Canadian Pictures."

In Canada.*

THE elegant work by the Marquis of Lorne is the fourteenth volume in the National Picture Series which was projected by the late Dr. Manning ; and as regards the artistic merit of its illustrations the book even surpasses in attractiveness those that have gone before. While the pencil has been deftly handled, the pen has also done its work well, the general result being, that fireside travellers, as well as those who are thinking of turning their faces towards the great Dominion of Canada, have a manual on that magnificent colony which they can read with interest and accept as trustworthy. The late Governor-general had exceptionally good opportunities of observation, and he appears to have turned them to good account. Indeed, his pages abound with so much useful information, that a cheaper edition of the book at some future time, with the pictures reduced in size, would be welcomed by many to whom eight shillings is a prohibitive price.

The mind is quite unable to form a correct estimate of a territory like that of Canada, equivalent as it is to a continent in itself. Nova Scotia, one of the smaller provinces, has 22,000 square miles with 400,000 inhabitants, of whom a fourth part are Presbyterians, while 200,000 more belong to various Protestant denominations. Quebec has 193,355 square miles, and over a million of its people are still enveloped in the darkness of Romanism. In Ontario the outlook is much more cheering, and this is the most populous province. "Here the Protestants are greatly in the majority," remarks the Marquis, "there being about 480,000 Methodists, 370,000 Presbyterians, 340,000 Anglicans, and about 290,000 Roman Catholics." In this province alone, the Protestant bodies have seventeen colleges or universities.

In reference to Manitoba and the other provinces, the Marquis also gives a number of important facts. Of Manitoba itself we are told: "Its growth is so rapid, that there is little use in specifying its condition to-day, for to-morrow the change will have been so great that the statistics would be already stale. It has an area of about 100,000 square miles. The next two divisions which have been named, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, have 90,000 square miles each, and nearly all is fair land. Alberta has 100,000 square miles, and Athabasca 120,000, while British Columbia has 200,000 ; but a great deal of this is good only for wood or minerals, whereas the names previously mentioned stand for territories of great natural fertility of soil."

Lord Lorne entertains very sanguine views in regard to the future of the Dominion ; and he insists with some emphasis on the importance of diffusing, among young people especially, the truth about the country, *e.g.* :—

"If true information were readily obtained, and colonial life were brought as familiarly to the minds of Englishmen as their own home life, it is difficult to believe that there would remain so many here who

* Canadian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. With numerous illustrations from objects and photographs in the possession of, and Sketches by the Marquis of Lorne, Sydney Hall, &c. Engraved by Edward Wymper. The Religious Tract Society. Price 8s. .

have no occupation but the proverbial privilege of grumbling at their own fate, and at all around them. In Canada, if it were not for the constant bright sunshine, and for certain improvements in the art of government, both central and local, the Scotch and English emigrants might imagine that they had never left the Old World; so good are the schools, so orderly are the people, so easy the communication from one district to another. To many a poor English labourer, who will find that good wages can be got for a good day's work, and to many a poor English gentleman, who finds that he can procure sport at small expense among the fowl, the fish, and the deer, it would seem as though they had been set down in a better English world, and might imagine that some benevolent spirit had suddenly granted to them all their heart's most hopeful dreams. They will find that the people around them, and their own children as they grow up, remain English still in all essentials. They have become, or are becoming, part of a people who are sturdy, independent, who know their own ideas and necessities, and insist upon acting upon these."

Still, the attractions of the country are in the main for those who can put up with hard work and a country life. The Marquis has plenty to say about the attractions of Canada; but when there is need, he does not withhold timely warnings. "Young men who wish to lead a town life had best stay at home." "Fine ladies and fine gentlemen will find themselves altogether out of the race." "For women there is plenty of space and place; but the women who will succeed must be women who will work."

In the accounts he gives of the religious work that is being done in Canada, the Marquis, through wishing to be impartial, sometimes seems to speak too approvingly of the Romanists, especially of the Jesuits, whose work, taken as a whole, in all parts of the world, has certainly forwarded the cause of the devil rather than that of Christ. The Roman Catholics of the colony are still among the most needy subjects for the missionary enterprise of the church at home.

"The Presbyterians have been especially active, and the Church of England and others have manfully entered into the work," we are glad to learn, and it is then added: "Although in the long-settled portions it may be expected that the contributions of local churchmen shall suffice, yet there are not funds enough to send ministers to the scattered abodes of men in the back-woods and in the new clearings on the fringes of the provinces. Much work of the highest importance is done by the missionaries of the various churches, and such societies as the British-American Book and Tract Society, whose agents scatter copies of the Bible and New Testament, tracts, and religious books, over the widely separated villages of the maritime provinces; and this agency is largely and liberally aided by the Religious Tract Society of London, who do not confine their aid to any one channel, but also help to the full extent of their power all sections of the Protestant churches in their efforts to bring all British North America under the power of the Gospel of Christ. In the lumber-men's camp, among the great gangs of labourers on the railroads, in the isolated colonist's log-hut, the visits of the representatives of the church are eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed. It is therefore a duty on the part of Christian people in

Great Britain to assist in giving their countrymen in Canada that needed aid without which rural work cannot be carried on by the church in the Dominion."

Pastoral work has often to be carried on under unpleasant, or even dangerous, circumstances. "Long and weary journeys have to be undertaken," says the Marquis, "and it is not possible to visit all the numerous stations during the best time of the year for travelling. Often winter storms must be faced, and wrapped in what warm clothing he may have, the minister of the Gospel must keep his appointment, in spite of all difficulties of weather and distance. A friend of mine, a bishop in Ontario, travelling alone in a gig, and driving his horse, found himself one evening, when the cold had become intense, so benumbed, that he could not hold the reins. He got out and ran, but when again seated the numbness returned, and he finally lost consciousness, his last recollection being that he had no feeling of pain from the cold, but of great weariness. The horse pursued his way, his unconscious master retaining his seat in the half-covered vehicle. The animal stopped, after what must have been the lapse of two or three hours, at a small wooden house, and the settler coming out, found the bishop frozen and apparently dead. He was brought in and revived with great difficulty, the frozen limbs being rubbed with snow and the coldest water. My friend described his return to life as the most agonizing experience. The pain was intolerable. His face, eyes, and limbs were racked with torture, and he never quite recovered the effects of that night-drive."

The native Indians of Canada are now put down at 85,000, the largest number being found in British Columbia. Mission and educational work is actively carried on among them by various denominations. Our engraving represents a party of the poor natives making their purchases at a store. The artist calls them ugly customers; and certainly after making all the allowances which international courtesy and Christian charity demand, we will not venture to call them handsome. It is wonderful, however, how comely the Gospel of Christ can make these long-neglected tribes, when once their hearts are touched by the grace of God.

The Terrors of the Lord.

I HAVE read the history of many revivals, and the biographies of many pastors and evangelists, but have failed to discover any real and lasting work of grace in the course of which the Scripture doctrine of future punishment was either denied or ignored. No fact is more clearly established than this. Nor is it contradicted by antecedent probability. It is obvious that the great Creator knew his own creatures when, in order to move them to secure their eternal safety, he appealed not only to their hopes, but to their fears as well. There are caverns in the human soul which will never be visited by the light of gospel day unless a path shall have been prepared for it by the lightnings of eternal justice.—*From "Manual of Revivals." By Rev. G. W. Hervey, M.A.*

"Fireworks and Fruit."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE was absolutely nothing in the paper that morning. The cablegrams from Europe were not to hand by reason of an interruption of the overland telegraph system of Australia; and, as it was Monday, local news was even scarcer than usual. The advertisements, as often happens, were as interesting as any part of the small "daily," excepting indeed the "shipping intelligence," which has a never-ceasing charm for those who have gone down to the sea in ships, and done business in great waters.

The port, of which the aforesaid paper was the chronicle, was by no means a large one, but up its tidal river barques from Britain, and intercolonial steamers were constantly arriving.

But on this occasion, as if the shipping column would not outdo its neighbours, there was the record of the arrivals of only a few coasting cutters, and a schooner or two from adjacent colonies. The nautical column was as naughty as the rest, for there was nought of news in any.

But it must not be forgotten that these tiny craft are very serviceable in their way. Firewood from the bush, and produce from the settlers, find their way in such small vessels to the markets of the towns. They may be long on the journey, but larger vessels could not get where they sail in safety, nor cost as little for the working. Let no man despise small ships! In these days of ironclads and floating cities, we are apt to forget the long voyages and grand discoveries effected by means of tiny barques, which could be stowed away in one of the holds of our ocean-going steamers. Captain Cook made many voyages round our globe, though his ship was of only three hundred and seventy tons burthen, and the caravels of Columbus were mere cock-boats.

Skilfully handled, the smaller boats outlive the storm, which sends the armour-plated leviathans, like huge coffins, to the bottom. Moreover, we must judge of vessels, as of men, rather by what they have than by what they are. A small ship may be a great prize. Its worth depends not upon its size, what it *will* hold, but upon its freight, what it *does* hold. A mere skiff may carry Cæsar and his fortunes; a river barge may convey Cleopatra and her maidens; and, better still, in a little ship Jesus and his disciples may cross the lake. A pleasure-yacht is as much more beautiful than a coal-barge as a mountain river is than a straight canal; but the barge and the still water do far greater service than the white-sailed schooner, and the music-making stream. Use is better than appearance, and quality than quantity. The size of the hull is a small matter, the matter that it brings is of the highest import.

I was therefore not disappointed with the Monday's shipping news, but scanned with interest the list of goods brought by the little vessels. One cargo amused me more than the rest, for it consisted of the strange conglomerate of "Fireworks and Fruit," and as I had to speak that evening at the recognition of a ministerial friend, who also had just arrived in port, I took the strange cargo as my text, and sermonized in some such style as follows.

The necessity of carrying cargo of some sort was introductory. Were I a vessel, I would rather bear so unsavoury a cargo as bone-dust or guano than voyage from port to port "in ballast." Better carry frozen carcases, with a patent iceberg-making machine 'tween decks, than have nothing aboard but emptiness and rats. Yet there are some men who have little or nothing by way of freight. They are high out of the water as empty ships, and loom up between sea and sky, like moving mountains cloud-capped, but everybody knows there is nothing in them. They sail well, too, when wind and currents favour them; but when it comes to weathering a headland, or fighting the storm, their bulk bothers them, and their emptiness fills them with difficulties. Oh that all who enter the pulpit "entered inwards" with cargo that might prove of real service to the audience, and only "cleared outwards" that they might return in due season loaded to the Plimsoll line with food for the hungry, and clothing for the needy! Some there are who have not even "ballast" in them, or not sufficient of it to prevent them from being top-heavy. Solomon's ships would not have made such safe and speedy voyages had there not been gold, and silver, and ivory in their holds, as well as apes and peacocks on their decks. The grotesque and splendid may be tolerated on board if the precious metals are the main cargo; but, alas for him who has the comical and fanciful without the substantial and valuable!

Our text divides itself into two heads—Firstly, *Fireworks;* and Secondly, *Fruit:* and we will divide it ourselves to make the third head, thus: *Fire; Works; Fruit.*

I. FIREWORKS. This is, I fear, a cargo all too common. Some have a very large consignment of the catherine-wheels of self-esteem. Their services are performances, and themselves actors. Their gestures and exhortations are a display of rhetoric and fancied learning—the fizzing of catherine-wheels. Yet people are found to hear them, and in some cases crowds will rejoice, like Helen's babies, to see the wheels go round. Others are very fond of letting off squibs and crackers in the faces of friends and foes. Far better throw these dangerous things away, and let them squib and crack where no harm can be done. He who uses sarcasm and satire had better mind the explosive does not burst in his hand, or fly in his own face. A smart man may make many another smart, and himself, too, before he has done. It may take a wise man to make a fool, but a man without any sense can be a censor.

They are to be pitied whose staple commodity in the firework line consists of the Roman candles of ritualism and ceremony! Their bowings, and scrapings, and dressings, and crossings are all manufactured at the seven-hilled city, and bear instructions, like the fireworks, as to how they are to be let off. Thus in our churches these Roman candles are exhibited to the delight of those who walk by sight and not by faith, and Protestants will not only witness the pyrotechnic displays of the Antichrist, but get up shows of their own after the same fashion, and tread in the footsteps of a church all too adept in the use of firebrands and powder. Thank God for as many as are incensed at their incense, who confess the iniquity of the confessional, who are cross with their crosses, and amazed at their masses!

And what shall be said of those who are everlastingly skyrocketing with quotations from the poets, the original renderings, and startling aphorisms? Verily, they have their reward. From the Crystal Palace of their elaborate discourse ascend the blaze and beauty of a most wonderful exordium. How it cleaves the blackness, till in mid-air it breaks into a thousand rainbow-coloured stars! Everyone says, "O-h-h-h-h!" and wonders what is coming next. And so the evening passes, with wheels, and flowers, and rain, and battles, and portraits, all in fire. Then comes the peroration. One would have thought that all the scintillations and coruscations were at an end. But no, twenty-thousand rockets have been saved up for the final flight. Away they hiss, flaming up, to scatter in milky ways, and suns, and moons, and galaxies of stars!

Most people say, "O-h-h-h-h!" again; but some one or two whisper, "What a lot of sticks must have fallen!" and another says, "Dear me, how black it seems after that blaze of light!"

Is it not a thousand pities when, not content with their mother tongue, these "flashers," or "artists in fire," go blazing on with two-and-sixpenny words, and latinized phrases? They will even venture to import these fireworks into their prayers, at which port they are contraband indeed, addressing him who is "girt about the paps with a golden girdle" as "encinctured with an auriferous zodiac," or into the Sunday-school, as when, having used the word analysis, the speaker proceeded to explain by saying, "Well, it is synonymous with synopsis."

Fireworks of all sorts are certainly ingenious and fascinating, but they are dangerous, they leave an unpleasant savour behind them, and only make the darkness seem blacker when they have died away into the general gloom.

Yet every Christian minister should display certain fireworks. The blue light of the everlasting faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, the purple of his Imperial Sovereignty, and the crimson of Christ's complete atonement, should tinge each sermon, and illuminate every utterance. The fire-flowers of the Christian virtues should ever spring, and never fade; while the golden rain of God's forgiving grace should fall in jewelled light whene'er the word is preached.

And since the set-piece is the great attraction of all pyrotechnic displays, let us determine to erect a device which shall always blaze out in fiery characters with the gladsome news that "God is Love."

Rockets, too, of the useful rather than the ornamental sort can be allowed. See how yon shooting-star pierces the clouds, and hisses above the billows, despite the rain and wind! It is an angel of light. Across the wreck it throws a life-line, and mariners are saved thereby. O, that all our fire and powder—all our brilliance and "go"—were consecrated to this great end! "He that winneth souls is wise."

II. FRUIT. With all our fireworking we must bear fruit. Fruits meet for repentance are the first fruits; for, though God can use an unconverted man to speak his praise, it is not his usual way. A block of ice can be made to act as a burning-glass, but this only proves the power of the sun, and meanwhile the ice itself is destroyed. So the beams of heavenly grace are strong enough to act through any medium; but he who thus preaches to others runs the dreadful risk of being him-

self a castaway. Then follow the fruits of the Spirit, the outcome of regeneration and quickening, and, with them, the fruits which result from special pruning and training.

A friend having taken me round his orchard, introduced me to what he called "The last tree." It was last, I supposed, because lately planted, or because we had examined all the others first; but I was wrong. Upon almost every bough *a last* was hanging. The tendency of the tree was to shoot its branches up perpendicularly, and unless they were weighted down no fruit appeared. Being a shoemaker, my friend tied lasts on to these aspiring boughs to bend them, and promise of fruit was already visible. Thank God for our bendings down! Our tendency to shoot upwards in self-esteem inevitably involves lack of fruit. It should be natural for the boughs to bow; and the process that bends them is certainly for their good and their owner's profit. We ought not to need such discipline; but since it is "nature" to be high-minded, grace comes to the rescue, and ties the burden on, which may at first make us fretful, but which eventually causes us to be fruitful. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

But we must not have this fruit to ourselves. There must be fruit in our ministry and life. The two words dessert and desert sound, as they are spelt, very much alike; and, I fear me, there is too close a resemblance between them in some discourses. The people expected dessert, and there was nought but desert; they asked for bread, and the preacher gave them stones.

If our own lives were more like "a basket of summer fruit," we should have no difficulty in handing out a constant supply of luscious and refreshing delicacies at every meal.

Were we oftener in the promised land, we would the oftener bear Eshcol grapes to the camp of Israel. Did we oftener sit under his shadow with great delight, we should the more frequently cause others to taste and see that the Lord is good.

III. We come now to the last point, which consists of FIRE; WORKS; AND FRUIT. If I were asked in what way a vessel could best carry each of these, my reply would be, "The fire should be in the furnace, the works in the engine-room, and the fruit in the hold." Every Christian should be a steamer rather than a sailing-vessel. There are currents that must be stemmed, and gales that must be faced. But in order successfully to meet opposing waves and winds, the fire must be kept aglowing. Alas for those who, like the ill-fated gunboat *Wasp*, have their fires banked up, and are unable at the critical moment to get up steam, and avoid the danger! Oh for the tongue of fire, and the heart on fire!

But as faith without works is dead, so fire without machinery is useless. Zeal should put the great cranks and wheels in motion, and make the propeller revolve. Happy are they whose furnaces are well and wisely connected with engines of the most improved description; whose warmth of love is joined to wisdom of purpose and promptness of action. It is sad indeed to see powerful machinery standing still for want of motive power, and almost as sad is it that energy and zeal should have no piston to pulse, no wheels to turn, no machinery to

move. Zeal truly heaven-born, the fire from God's own altar brought, will not long be purposeless and useless. Such zeal and love are inventive, and putting their hearts together they will soon devise some plan of service that will require all their fire and steam. God grant us each and all to abound in good *works!*

If I were a cargo-boat, and could choose my freight, nothing would please me better than to carry corn, or some other *fruit* of the earth, to a famine-stricken land. Brethren and sisters, whatever we convey to our fellow-men, let us bear the heavenly bread, whereof if a man eat he shall never hunger. Blessed is it to be bread-bearers and fruit-bringers to those whose souls are starving. Some are anxious to carry flowers to please the sons of men; be it ours to carry flour to feed them. "Lord, evermore give us this bread," that we in turn may bear it to the multitude.

Conversions the Signs of a True Church.

CHRISTIANITY would sacrifice its divinity if it abandoned its missionary character and became a mere educational institution. Surely this Article of Conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ.* When the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church, it ceases to be the Church. It may remain a useful institution, though it is most likely to become an immoral and mischievous one. Where this power remains, there, whatever is wanting, it may still be said that "the tabernacle of God is with men."—*From "Ecce Homo."*

Omnipotence necessary to Conversion.

SEE hence the reason of the difficulty of conversion, and the little success the gospel hath. All the words in the world will not change nature; men strive against the Spirit, and will not come under his power, if they may have their own will. Can you by exhortations ever reconcile a wolf and a lamb? Can you by rational arguments new-mould the nature of a fierce lion, or by moral discourses stop the tide of the sea? Though man be a rational creature, yet corrupt habits in him answer to mere nature in the beasts, and by these habits we are made to fight against God. Grave discourses can never set a man straight that is born crooked. It is no easy thing for the heart of man, possessed so long by the cursed principle of rebellion, to surrender itself upon God's summons. Men are not easily reconciled when the hatred hath been hereditary in the family; this has been of as long a standing, within a few hours, as Adam himself. To turn to God in ways of righteousness is contrary to the stream of corrupt nature, and, therefore, it must be overpowered by a flood of almighty grace, as the stream of the river is driven back by the tide of the sea.—*Charnock.*

Conversion of Vergerio and his Brother.

OF the birthplace and early years of Peter Paul Vergerio we have no information. During the pontificate of Clement VII. he was Bishop of Istria, and widely celebrated for his knowledge of the Canon law and scholastic divinity. This fact, coupled with the special fitness of his character for furthering the interests of the papacy, caused Clement to place almost unlimited confidence in him. He was appointed Papal Nuncio to the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, where, as subsequently at the Diet of Worms, his business was to circumvent and thwart by all possible means the aims of the Reformers and their friends. Very sedulously did he acquit himself according to the tenor of his commission, leaving no stone unturned to perplex and mortify the Lutherans.

Upon the death of Clement, his successor in the papal chair, Paul III., recalled Vergerio from Germany, in order to be exactly informed of the state of things in that country, and consulted with him as to how they might best prevent the calling of a national council, till, by private and unsuspected contrivances, they should have embroiled the emperor and other princes in a war. Vergerio was sent to Germany to proffer a general council, but at the same time he was instructed to use every means to render it either impossible or abortive. He was further instructed to exasperate the princes against the King of England (Henry VIII.), and to tamper with Luther and Melancthon, in order to bring them over to the cause of Rome. In his endeavours to carry out this hypocritical commission, Vergerio was exceedingly industrious, and negotiated with almost all the princes of Germany.

Passing over several years, full of interest to students of the Reformation, we find Vergerio, in 1541, commissioned to go to the Diet of Worms, under an assumed character. By his influence, in co-operation with other instruments, the conference at Worms was impeded, and at length dissolved.

When Vergerio returned to Rome, the Pope, in reward for his services, designed to have made him a cardinal; but upon some insinuations that he was leaning towards Lutheranism, through his long residence in Germany, the Pope changed his purpose. On hearing of this circumstance (which seems to have had no other foundation than malice or envy) from Cardinal Ginucio, to whom the Pope had told it, Vergerio was quite astonished; and in order to put an end to all suspicions of that sort, he retired into the country, and began to compose a book, to which he prefixed this title— "*Adversus Apostatas Germaniæ*" ("Against the Apostates of Germany"). This work naturally led him into strict investigations of the doctrines of the Protestants, which he had never duly examined before. He read the works of the Reformers that he might confute them. Divine grace took this occasion, which he meant for opposition, to bring about what he least expected—his own conversion. The Apostle Paul was called to the truth when he meditated its ruin; and so was Vergerio. He found himself overcome and vanquished by the writings which he wished to explode; and he saw the rottenness and impiety of that church whose interests it had been the main business of his life to uphold.

In the utmost perturbation of mind, and relinquishing the prospect of a cardinal's hat, he went to confer with his own brother, John Baptist Vergerio, Bishop of Pola, in Istria. His brother, in the last degree of astonishment, began to bewail the state and condition of Vergerio's understanding, and seemed rather at a loss what to do with himself than how to give advice to another. At length, by Vergerio's repeated entreaties, they applied themselves together to searching the Scriptures, and particularly to examining by the Word of God that important article—the justification of a sinner before God. The result was, the Spirit of God sent home his word to both their hearts; and they became brethren in grace, as well as in blood. They saw, in this pure glass of the Word, the error of the Church of Rome upon this doctrine, as well as the absurdity, fallacy, and impiety of many other tenets which it maintains. Convinced of the truth in their own minds, they saw it was too precious a light to be confined "under a bushel," or in their own bosoms. They therefore preached to the people of Istria the true doctrine of the Gospel, according to the measure of grace given them.—*From Middleton's "Biographia Evangelica."*

An Illuminated Text.

SOON after making a profession of love to Jesus, I was deeply afflicted by doubts as to the *truth* and *reality* of the Christian religion. Suggestions of the most dreadful kind took possession of my soul. I had read some infidel books, and at this time all they taught came with fresh force into my mind, so that I was almost overwhelmed, and self-destruction was suggested as the only way of relief. I dared not tell to any one my distress, and the thought of prayer seemed a mockery. In a state of mind which words cannot describe I sat down to read the sixth chapter of John's Gospel. I was comforted, and read on till I came to the seventeenth verse of the seventh chapter, when it was as if a light from heaven shone into my soul as I read, "*If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.*" Again and again the passage was read. I heard no voice; I saw no vision; but every fear and doubt was gone. My glad spirit was released; and, with joyful heart, I knew my Deliverer, Jesus, was mighty to save. From that blest hour, more than forty years ago, no doubt has been permitted to enter the mind. Seasons of affliction I have passed through, and I have been brought to the verge of the grave, but I have ever experienced the loving-kindness and unfailing faithfulness of him who cannot lie; whose word shall abide, though heaven and earth shall pass away. M. E.

The Eagle and the Sparrow.—A Fable.

AN eagle, with a wounded wing,
Sat fretting in its cage;
A little bird came chirping by,
Of rather mirthful age.

The sparrow, for that was its name,
A thoughtless little elf
That lived by pilfering here and there,
And thinking of itself.

A jovial little chap he was,
Most springy, plump, and tight;
And glad and blithesome was the day—
The sun shone warm and bright.

He shook his wings and hopped about,
Fun twinkling in his eye;
"Oh," said he, "what's this great bird at?
He looks as if he'd cry.

"In such a world as this, I'm sure,
To sulk would be a shame;
I never mean to duck my head,
But to the end show game.

"There's yonder trees, with their sweet shade,
Where we from fear are free;
All things seem full of joy around,
So far as I can see;

"And I can see a long, long way,
O'er chimneys, streets, and houses;
Why should this great bird sit and sulk?
My temper it arouses."

And so he hopped and skipped about,
And cocked his little tail:
"Ah!" said he, "what a lot is mine!
My joys can never fail!"

He eyed the eagle o'er and o'er
With little, twinkling eye,
And, chirping to himself, he said,
"This bird's a mystery!

"In this bright world where all are gay,
Why should it be so sad?
With so much food and fun about,
It almost drives me mad."

The eagle sat and looked her grief,
Essayed to shake her wings,
While from her eyes the hidden fire
Unconsciously she flings.

Then spake she, as she inly wept
The days when she could soar,
"Poor child! be what and where I am,
And you will then know more."

W. P. BALFERN.

A Morning Portion for the Sabbath.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold [one flock], and one shepherd."—John x. 16.

WHEN the Lord Jesus uttered this declaration, he spoke of the extension of the Kingdom of God beyond the walls of the Jewish *fold;* and his words carried a grave admonition to those who shut up all their religious sympathies within those narrow limits.

Although we never dream of claiming for our own church enclosure that it holds within it all the flock of God, yet we shall do well to ponder faithfully and solemnly these words: for are we not in danger of contentedly settling down in the order, and privilege, and comfort of our church life, and practically shutting out from our sympathy and effort those who wander outside? If we have ears to hear what the Great Shepherd says, we must needs learn that, however excellently constructed and furnished our fold may be, if we inhabit it with these feelings of selfish content, we may not reckon upon his presence with us therein. The folded religion which forgets or neglects the sheep that wander, and does not take upon itself the Lord's yoke of *I must*, will surely come to be forsaken by Christ.

Let us, then, in the enjoyment of our Sabbath blessedness, learn well this lesson. We must have Jesus with us, or all will be vain. We cannot have him with us if we refuse to share his sympathies and his obligations. Let us seek to enter faithfully into both the *I have*, and the *I must*, which he here pronounces. There are other *sheep* beside those who are folded with us. There are *sheep* who are not folded at all; and they, though all astray in uttermost error, are as really his as the most safely gathered ones. They have cost him as much as we.

And when the Lord goes on to say, *Them also* I MUST *bring*, is it not as if he said to us to-day, "If you would have me, you must go with me. If you would keep the blest shelter of my love, you must carry with me the yoke of its service. Each one, not by compulsion of enforced duty, but by stress of my shared love, must wear with me the willing bond—*them also I must bring*"? It is for us, therefore, to see what each may do in this holy obligation of bringing. And let us begin with those nearest to us, taking this for our encouragement, that the work thus undertaken for his sake is his work. His *I must* holds within it yours; and he is carrying out his aim through you: and thus your service of seeking and recovering, feebly and timidly, but lovingly done, is borne on into the divine certainty of his success,—*and they shall hear My voice.*—*From "On His Day," by Rev. G. Stringer Rowe.* (*See Reviews.*)

A Woman's Work.*

A LIVELY, unruly, high-spirited orphan child, taken in charge and brought up by the good Duchess of Gordon, who was a friend of the child's mother, trained with difficulty at the schools, led at length through dark and stormy spiritual experiences into the clear light and warm sunshine of faith, became one of the most useful Christian workers in Glasgow. The motto written on her Bible was this—"If we can't all gather a sheaf, let us all glean an ear." Her own work resulted in the gathering of many sheaves in Christ's harvest-field; and when, at the age of fifty-one, she passed away from her work on earth hundreds of weeping women stood round her grave who had been led to the Saviour or strengthened in the faith at her Bible-classes.

She was born in 1831, at Rushden Hall, in Northamptonshire, which had for generations belonged to the family of the Fletchers. Her mother, a German lady, died before she was two years old, and Mr. Fletcher, her father, removing to Bradford, saw very little afterwards of his youngest child, Eliza, who was taken to the Duchess of Gordon's town residence in London, and afterwards to Huntly. She was sent to various places for education: now to a minister's house in Edinburgh, now to a Christian lady at Lochwinnoch, to whom the Duchess wrote—"Will you take this child and bring her up for Jesus Christ?" now to schools in Aberdeen, Alloa, Hamilton, Glasgow, from which last she ran away, leaping from a window and making off on foot to her friends at Lochwinnoch. Wayward, exuberant, good-naturedly mischievous, with the faculty of sending other girls into hurricanes of laughter, she was an insoluble problem at the schools; but under this boisterous surface there was a deep dissatisfaction with herself, and amid all her levity she had her serious thoughts. These were shown in occasional fits of goodness, when she would resolve to be a "pattern;" but the hopelessness of the attempt invariably brought on a reaction of recklessness.

The Duchess of Gordon watched over her with a mother's care and wisdom, and in long and frequent letters directed her to the Saviour, and guarded against erroneous impressions of the way of peace. Her religious feelings were greatly deepened by the death of a gentle Christian girl to whom she was tenderly attached, Maggie Smith, daughter of the minister at Lochwinnoch, and she gravely contemplated offering herself as a foreign missionary. But it was rather the romance of the life than the love of Christ that attracted her, for she was a voracious reader of travels and voyages; and the Duchess earnestly dissuaded her from the project. "The missionary work," wrote the Duchess, very sensibly, "is another thing; and, as a friend deeply interested in your welfare, but still more desirous of the glory of God, I would with all the influence I may possess advise you not to undertake anything of the kind until, by two or three years of consistent Christian life and continuance in the same desire to devote yourself to the Lord's work in an especial manner, you prove that he himself has

* A Woman's Work: being Memorials of Eliza Fletcher. By Rev. C. A. Salmond, M.A. Glasgow: Mackinlay, Sauchiehall Street.

called you to a position in which you may plead his promises, that you work in his strength, and by his grace will be blest. Remember that in taking a place in a Christian mission you would be prominently a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are not left in doubt who even of the Lord's servants are to be so employed. 'Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride,' &c. Dear Eliza, I am sure you must know how liable you would be to fall into that snare. . . . . If there be the really broken and contrite spirit which is the character of the new creature, there will be great diffidence in undertaking anything before men, however strong the desire to be employed specially for and by the Lord."

Relinquishing this idea, Miss Fletcher sailed to Australia as a governess to a captain's children. She enjoyed the voyage with wild delight. Thoroughly alive to everything on board, to the ways of the passengers, and the working of the ship, she entered with zest even into the dangers of seafaring life. Witness her account of a storm off Madeira, which will also illustrate her powers of description :—"The sun was sinking amid a sky of the deepest orange, which formed bars of gold across its disc; this shed a lustre of delicate purple over Madeira, and to add to the beauty of the scene, Venus, the evening star, came out right over the highest peak. I sat swinging on my seat in silent rapture. There gradually sinks the sun; there it goes—goes beyond the deep blue sea. One second—it has gone. But what has it left behind to tell, as it were, of its dying glory? A perfect mountain of gold, which presently assumes the shape of a golden city! It made me think of that city paved with gold, whose inhabitants walk on a sea of glass. I sat there: a heavy swell came on; it was, I thought, the ocean sighing. See how it lifts its mighty bosom, and heaves such a sigh as lifts our noble vessel like a feather! I sat till the heavens were one mass of sparkling beauty. Then Madeira seemed to regret having appeared so lovely, for thick clouds came over her lofty peaks. About eight o'clock the sky assumed a most peculiar dark appearance, it being hazy on before; and over the ship there hung a cloud like a black rainbow, which reflected on the sea. In a moment the tempest broke out. All went downstairs but myself. I stayed up, and shall never forget the sight. The wind roared fiercely through the rigging; the ship's lee-side almost touched the water. Clinging on, I stood at the stern, greatly excited. The ship dashed madly through the water, causing the waves to dance up on both sides like huge mountains of white snow, filled with mellow phosphorescence. Behind us was a broad sparkling tract glowing with green, and studded over with brilliant stars. I held on with one hand, and the wind blew furiously on my face. The men were crying to each other through the ship, and I got madly excited. Yonder is a glorious pitch! We are into that huge wave! No! Here, hold on, for we are mounting again!" The fearless, vigorous girl was in sympathy with the storm.

On her return from Australia she went to Paris, to perfect her education as a teacher, and was then summoned to Scotland to the bedside of her friend, Marjory Smith, Maggie's sister. This girl she had loved idolatrously, but not her religion; for her own strong religious impressions alternated with fits of wilful scepticism. Marjory knew this,

and had laboured with all her gentle force to bring her to the humble acceptance of Jesus. And now on her death-bed she made one last solemn effort. She sent for her friend to her bedside, and a solemn scene ensued. Miss Fletcher shall tell the story herself:—"Early next morning I was awoke from sleep by a voice at my bedside: 'Rise immediately, Miss Eliza; make haste, Miss Marjory is *very* ill, and wants to see you at once.' I sprang up; I think I was beside her in ten minutes. It was half-past four. When I entered the room, 'Eliza,' she said, 'I am glad you are there; I want to see you alone.' She made all go out. 'Now, Eliza,' she said, 'sit close beside me; I am dying; there's no use in concealing that or not speaking of it. I feel I am dying, and I wish to speak to you. Oh! Eliza, you have often talked lightly of Satan, heaven, hell. I know you have not yet given your heart to the Lord, and now I wish to tell you something. Last night Satan came to my bedside; it was no heated imagination: he was there,' she said, pointing to the other side. 'I *felt* his presence. He drew near, and held up to my terrified eyes all my past sins—sins, Eliza, long forgotten; and it was a terrible sight. I tried to drive him away by telling him I had come to Jesus. *You*, he said, such a sinner as *you*,—look; and I gazed at my sins. Again I told him of the blood which cleanseth from all sin. But are *you* washed? he argued; look again at your sins; there they are, you cannot deny *them*. Oh! Eliza, the conflict was so awful that the perspiration broke all over my body. At length I said, Well, Satan, I give it up. I *am* a sinner. I have committed all these sins, and far more; but I am not worse than Mary Magdalene, and she is in glory. The Saviour that took *her* there can, and will, take *me*. Then he pointed to the cold grave. Look at that dismal damp grave, how will you like to be there? Ah! Satan, I said, my dear Saviour has lain there before me, and the bed upon which he lay will be a sweet one for me. Then he fled. Now, dear Eliza, I tell you as a dying one—you will believe my *dying* words, won't you? There *is* a hell, there *is* a devil; and, blessed be God, there is a heaven, and there is a Saviour. I speak to you solemnly; let my death be life to you.' She was exhausted. 'Marjory,' I said, throwing myself on the bed beside her, 'I *cannot* live without you.' Putting her hand tenderly on my shoulder, she replied, 'Oh, dear Eliza, get Jesus and *his* love, and you will do without me!'"

The effect of this interview with her dying friend was never lost. Desire for the eternal good of others became a law of her life, even before she herself entered upon the assurance of salvation. Her religious convictions were so deepened, that, though as yet she knew not what it was to have peace with God, she was constrained to give utterance to all she did know, and she gathered a class of girls at Lochwinnoch, and discoursed to them, with much intensity, of life, and faith, and duty, of God, and death, and eternity. She also addressed occasional meetings, and sometimes held a series of them night after night. A minister who objected in the hearing of one of the women who attended them, brought on himself the rejoinder, "It would be tellin' ye if ye could speak like her."

In a year or two she opened her first class in Glasgow. Beginning with a dozen mill girls, it increased so greatly that she was obliged to

engage a hall for it at her own expense. From this class, which was held on Saturday evenings, she was accustomed to hasten to Lochwinnoch for her Sunday-night class, returning early on Monday to Glasgow for her secular teaching during the week.

And now she entered upon a long spiritual conflict, which raged, with intervals of great peace and joy, for ten or twelve years. Deep and alarming apprehensions of God's wrath overwhelmed her; she suffered anguish of soul from a sense of sin; she passed whole nights in seeking Jesus in an agony of earnestness; but, as she mournfully said, "*this never lasts long.*" And here was the secret of the protracted conflict. She strove to retain her feelings, she cried to Jesus to help her to retain them, she wept in bitter distress as she thought they might pass away; and when, after a paroxysm of anguish, the inevitable reaction set in, and she found herself spent, and the agony "all gone," she gave herself up for lost. Instead of clinging to Christ, she clung to her convictions, and they could neither save her nor give her relief. She wrote—

"Surely to all but me *some* light is given—
Some cheering ray;
But ever darker grows *my* heaven
Through the long day."

Many were awakened in her large classes of young women, but she could only tell them, "I am awakened, too, but I don't know how to find Jesus; I tell you that many *seek* to enter in but are not able." "I feel that I must *myself* fight out this battle," she wrote; "I do thank God, even now, for showing me this bitter truth that I have never yet found Jesus." But when at length she had learned the hard lesson of the futility of her own efforts, he who rules the raging of the sea made the storm a calm, and brought her to her desired haven. "How glad I am now that I was so knocked off every hope and every rest apart from his word and his work! What a real living Jesus *I know* him to be. My heart bounds towards him; and yet it is *no feeling* that comforts me; for the weathercock on the steeple of the Established Church does not veer and knock about in a day half as much as I do in moods and feelings and frames. But no one can tell how firm, how steady I find the foundation, the Rock—his word, his work. It has produced in this stricken and scarred spirit a peace and rest quite unutterable. The ship that has been driven *almost* on the quicksands, when it wears round and rides in calm waters, ah! the safety is a *double* safety, and the calm is a double calm. And so I've been taught such awful lessons—been flung into such storms and noisy din of seeming shipwreck and destruction—that, looking to him, and finding rest in and through and by him, ah! it's double rest to me."

The last five years of her life were the most fruitful. She spent a summer in Jaffa with an old school friend, Miss Arnott, who was conducting a mission-school there for native children, and returned to take up her own work in Glasgow with increased consecration and light and love. In addition to her secular employment of teaching, which occupied her from nine till six every day, she conducted two crowded religious classes every week, the Spirit of God working wonderfully among the women who attended them. To these was soon added

another class, so that now Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were occupied, and the numbers that pressed in rendered it necessary to hold the classes in the churches. Her addresses were impassioned, lighted up by flashes of originality, abundantly illustrated from her well-stored memory and her wide reading—for she was in the habit of studying till four in the morning for five nights a week during eight months of the year—and all was fused together with a melting tenderness of appeal that went irresistibly to the hearts and consciences of the hearers. The two poles of her teaching were the two grand impossibilities—for any out of Christ to be saved, and for any in Christ to be lost. She could not rest apart from soul-winning. In addition to her three regular meetings, she held occasional meetings in every quarter of Glasgow, and in neighbouring towns and villages, and spent the whole of Saturday in the Royal Infirmary, so that latterly she had seldom a free night through the whole winter. This could not have been carried on long but for the relaxation which came in the summer. Then she followed the bent of her inclination for travelling, and in the Highlands, Wales, Norway, the Mediterranean, and the United States recruited her energies, and industriously gathered material and illustration for her loved winter's work.

And now the end drew near. The burning enthusiasm, wakeful intelligence, and Christ-like sympathy with which she entered into her noble work among the Glasgow women visibly intensified. Her sympathy laid her hearers under a powerful spell. More and more weighted with a sense of the nearness of eternity, and the consciousness that her work was almost done, she became more urgent in her appeals to her hearers to be ready for the coming of the Son of man. The women wrote to her of their spiritual experiences. The number of letters that passed between her and the members of her various classes was quite amazing, and some of her letters to them, well thumbed and often wept over, were evidently counted as treasures.

She spent a few weeks of the summer of 1883 in Palestine, with her dear friend Miss Arnott; but, fatigued and evidently ill, she returned home in August, to die, as it proved, five days after her arrival in Glasgow.

Amongst the hundreds who wept around her grave in the Glasgow Necropolis were many who had wept under her solemn appeals in the church or mission-room. "What makes the critical times in life more fearful," she had said, "is the silence with which they come, as the snow falls from the heavens when you are sleeping. It is a solemn moment when a soul hears the gospel—a solemn moment when we are called to decide between the right and the wrong—a solemn moment when the soul looks on death for the first time—a still more solemn moment when a father, mother, sister, or friend says to you, 'Meet me in heaven'—a still more solemn moment when the Spirit strives with you, saying, Come to the Master. Hundreds of souls' battles are fought and won within five minutes. Unspeakably solemn are the silentness and quickness with which these battles are fought. What a moment was it in that young man's life who came to Christ and went away sorrowful. What a moment to Agrippa, when Paul reasoned with him, and he felt a striving in his heart—'Almost thou persuadest me.'"

So she had pleaded with them; and, by the blessing of God, not in vain. She was gone now to wait for them, and to *see* the Master she had served. "I wonder," she used to say, "if others feel that *intense* craving after *sight* that I do. How often I long to *see* Jesus: to '*know it all!*'—the deep mystery of the unseen; to hear him say *to me*, 'Behold me; it is I myself.'"

That longing is now fulfilled. The earnest worker has her reward. And equally well will it be with every sister who recognises the obligation of "a woman's work," and conforms her life to this good worker's motto, "If we can't all gather a sheaf, let us all glean an ear."

D.

Faith's "Arc de Triomphe."

IN the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle Paul erects a triumphal arch to the honour of FAITH. It did not require much labour to make a selection of brave deeds to be engraven upon the monument; for faith's prowess has been shown in so many fields, and it has wrought such varied marvels, that when long lists of its deeds are mentioned far more are left. Time would fail to tell of the achievements of faith, but its record will never come to an end for lack of matter. *It is somewhat striking that no such trophy has ever been raised to unbelief!* None such could be raised, for it has done nothing worthy of remembrance. Subduing kingdoms, working righteousness, stopping the mouths of lions, and so forth, are quite out of its line, and it knows nothing of "a better resurrection." But it might have tried its hand at founding hospitals, erecting orphanages, and other ordinary fruits of a belief in Christianity. Why has it not done so? It is altogether negative, destructive, sterile; and is therefore by no means the principle upon which to build a life if a man designs to make it useful and honourable. Show us the value of your scepticism by its purifying influence upon the characters of sceptics, and the fruitfulness of atheism by the beneficence which has proceeded from its constraint, and we will consider the matter. But as yet we question whether any one of the human race was ever raised to anything noble, spiritual, or unselfish by the force of unbelief. The doubt which is nowadays cried up with as much noise as that of the craftsmen of Demetrius when they shouted for the space of two hours "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is a dead idol as far as any working out of good is concerned. Be it ours to be actuated by a principle tried and proved in all ages by the saintly and the heroic. Let those who prefer it choose to doubt; be it ours to believe. No man has ever had the hardihood to preach "*Doubt and live;*" but "*Believe and live*" is the essence of the message from heaven.—C. H. S.

The Moon's Eclipse.

BY PASTOR M. MATHER, HOLBEACH.

"Fair as the moon."—Canticles vi. 10.

HOW dearly Christ must love his chosen ones since he has so high an estimate of them! The simile he uses is very suggestive.

The moon is not fair, in herself; but in her own nature utterly dark as the earth she shines upon. Between the natures of saint and sinner there is no difference save that which is made by the lifting up of his countenance who is the Fountain of Light.

The moon is fair only when clothed with the splendour of the sun. The queen of heaven has but to gaze into the face of her celestial bridegroom to at once resemble him—"the fairest of the fair." Our salvation consists in "looking unto Jesus," and as we see him we become like him. Then, whilst men are seeking to discover "spots," he who knows best is saying, in all grace and truth, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is *no spot* in thee."

Though fair, the moon is as nothing in comparison with the sun. The name of the humblest and holiest saint may not be mentioned in the same breath with *his.* Sorry world, if moonlight were its utmost brilliance! Let but the sun shine, and all lower light may darken quite. Yet the sunbeams are sometimes intercepted by the moon. Alas! that self should ever get before the Saviour. The world then sees no beauty in either, but lies in the dusky gloom of the sun's eclipse.

When the sun is absent the moon may shine. Not, however, with constant lustre; for oft she turns her back on earth to commune solely with heaven's central orb. Quiet reflection should alternate with busy action. We are to receive before we radiate, and, as we radiate, receive. What light the church sheds on the problems of mankind! and, small though she may be, how powerful her movements to affect the tides of the world's passion! Dogs do "bay the moon," but wise men bless her for her influences, sweet and strong. She is powerful, however, only as she keeps her proper place; near enough to earth to see its sin, and shed a brilliant light upon it, yet not so near as to mix with its defilement.

Sometimes the moon suffers eclipse. Earth gets in the way. A church gets too political, or musical, or respectable, and ceases to shine. Demas loves this present world, and loses his Christlikeness. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, for

The moon is eclipsed when at its full. The gold becomes dim. Philadelphia is closely followed by Laodicea. "Lord, keep us in the hour of temptation."

Eclipses do not pass unobserved. Our failures will be carefully noted by ever-watchful eyes. "O my God, let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me."

Eclipses do not last for ever. Sun, earth and moon all move to end the dark occurrence. Providence and grace will never cease to work till our communion with our Saviour is restored, and our shining recommenced. Blessed be God! *Eclipses notwithstanding, we are still "fair as the moon."*

A Ministry of Power, a Want of the Times.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTIETH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY PASTOR W. TOWNSEND, CANTERBURY.

POWER is essential to success, and success is the only guarantee of continuance. The world cannot for ever tolerate what is useless. However sublime may be the pretensions of an institution, however splendid its organization, however magnificent its history, if it has outlived its utility, it will be first neglected, then despised, and ultimately swept away to make room for more requisite agencies. On the other hand, the world will always welcome what is serviceable. Its needs are infinite, and the only power it does not want is the power that increases them.

Every arm strong enough to support the weak, every voice whose song can hush, if but for a moment, the sighings of distress, everyone whose heart can spare one chord from its own grief to throb responsively to the woes of others, shall find, at least, a tacit welcome. It is often said that the *power of Christianity* is declining, and that the ministry is losing its place in the world. *Religion*, we are told, will live as long as man, and the religious teacher who can gird his loins and run before the swift chariot of the progress of his time, will never lack opportunities for the exercise of his gifts; but the phase of religion called Christianity has long since reached its zenith, and is fast sinking into the mystic wonderland of outgrown mythology.

In this statement there is nothing peculiarly fresh. It is hoary with the rime of antiquity and worn with textual change; but in spite of its age and its faculty of metamorphosis, the gospel of Jesus Christ is still with us, and his ministers increase. Yet it cannot be denied that the ancient prophecy derives some plausibility from the lack of power in Christian preachers; for it attains the authority of an oracle in times of ministerial weakness, but dwindles into an absurdity in the presence of Pentecostal energy. Men venerate success. Whether we speak of societies or of individuals, the most successful is the most trusted. The mightiest has, at least, the appearance of being most trustworthy, and the appearance very probably harmonizes with the fact. It follows that if our ministry is to inspire confidence, it must produce results. It is frequently urged that spiritual force is subtle, its operation mysterious, and, consequently, its effects indiscoverable.

Electricity is subtle, and its operation mysterious; but you liberate a current on this side the Atlantic, send it streaming under the deep sea and register it on the other side. And if from the heart of a man there burst a stream of power, which, flowing along those strange channels of sympathy by which he is united to his fellows, enters other hearts, it shall produce effects that he who runs may read. We accept without reserve the simple truth that we labour for *results*, and also its co-relative, that the results must ever be proportioned to the power exercised. How great is the demand made upon us, we shall learn if we consider—

I. *The aims of the Christian ministry, and the obstacles which oppose its success.*

The mission of the ministers of Christ is the same in all times. It

was divinely appointed, and shines like a fixed star in the firmament of God's truth. But it must be admitted that the ministry as a whole has not always shaped its course by the heaven-enkindled light, and has in consequence sometimes come within hearing of the dangerous breakers. To see clearly God's purpose, and to strive earnestly for its accomplishment, should be our ever-present longing; for if it be not, though we may win a reputation, and be charmed by a delusive applause, yet in the great testing-day, when the fire shall try every man's work, we shall suffer irreparable loss. It is perhaps the pre-eminent need of the ministry of this generation that it should appreciate the end for which it exists, the achievement of which can alone warrant and effectually secure its continuance. This aim is twofold—

1. In the first place, the object of the ministry is to bring men into right relations with God. The whole written revelation proceeds upon the hypothesis that man has been drawn from his allegiance, that in his heart there lurks an enmity which is the inspiration of the boldest rebellion, and the cause of his inharmonious relations with eternal law. No Scripture doctrine is more fully supported by universal experience. The historic record is in every point the counterpart of the Biblical statement, and every man with opened eyes is keenly aware of the fact. But of the appalling task of removing the enmity, restoring loyalty, and blending the results of man's life in happy accord with the sovereign will of his Creator, none but those who have attempted its achievement can form an estimate. To preach a sermon, to preach any number of sermons, is easy to men of prolific minds, or strong mental digestion; but to preach such sermons that men free as ourselves, wilful in their estrangement from God, determined in their antagonism to truth, and profoundly attached to the service of sin, shall fling the ringing gauntlet of challenge at the feet of him under whose banner they have served, and sue with tears to be enlisted in the chivalry of Christ, is quite other than easy. How often are we disappointed! We seek to instruct the understanding; and when truth, like a level line of light, has pierced the mists of prejudice, we find the mind assents, but the conduct is unchanged. We endeavour to convict the conscience; and when, after many a stirring cry, the drowsy Recorder is awakened, and creates a commotion with his emphatic voice, we are amazed to behold the convicted depart, and to hear him cry, "It is a hard saying, who can hear it?" We storm the citadel of the heart; and after repeated attempts and dismal repulses, we mourn before the Lord that the affections seem

> "Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
> From which is no escape for evermore."

But at the Master's feet in moments of quiet retirement we learn that, though shamed and baffled, we need not despair; for there is a power to which the most strongly-resisting heart must ultimately yield. And if years of apprenticeship be needed, and men grow grey with toil ere they can win the eager ear of the senate, or attain to positions of authority in the halls of learning, we may be patient if we are not yet proficient in the sacred art of winning men to God. Only we must keep the aim clear before us, ever remember that the exercise of power must be pro-

portioned to the task, and never cease seeking the requisite equipment until it is granted. When, however, we have succeeded in adjusting men's relations to eternal law, our work has but commenced. We have—

2. To bring their lives into harmony with the divine ideal. The rugged granite has been hewn from the rock at a great cost of labour; but as yet the work has been quite elementary. The skilled hand of the Master must toil long with exquisite patience and delicacy before the image of his fancy in lasting embodiment can adorn the King's palace. So, when we have changed men's relations, we have to change the men. In our converts we see possibilities, ay, certainties, if we can only possess the power requisite for their development; but the artist's skill is poor beside the divine qualification by which one man acts upon another to raise him to a nobler manhood. The formation and development of character is the highest work. In it we are co-workers with God. The Almighty Spirit strives with ours to bring to the view of newly-opened eyes the one supremely lovely who is the model and hope of the race, and to awaken desires which shall crystallize into endeavour to attain to his likeness. The ideal to which we seek to bring men (if our aim be true) is no fond creation of our own imagination, but an actual historical person, whose record stands legible in the Book of Life.

A man who practically embodied the highest truth in human condition, and wrought for us the creed of creeds in a life of divinest beauty,—he is the standard by which all excellence will ultimately be tested, the measure to which each man redeemed will ultimately come; and surely, if in the great day of God we are to present everyone faultless as the pattern in the presence of his glory, we must in the day of service be clothed with power. I have suggested that the proportion of power must be adjusted to the measure of the work; it is also true that the quality of the energy must harmonize with the nature of the object to be affected. We aim to change and exalt the whole man, and we recognize the necessity of the purifying and elevating power entering at the gate of his highest nature. The moral, or, if you prefer, spiritual man must be first cleansed and uplifted; then the life-stream shall filter down through all the lower faculties till the entire manhood is transformed. The power to achieve this is the highest known. We must not rest without it. Power of voice is not to be despised. An extensive vocabulary is a useful acquisition. To be able to tread the lofty thoroughfares of thought, and bring down from the heights the priceless products of the noblest intellect, is very desirable; but we may possess all these gifts, and only succeed in fashioning the most un-Christlike characters.

From our work, then, we learn the need of a power both great and high, and this knowledge is confirmed when we consider the hindrances to our success. If the preacher's mission is unalterable, the forces which oppose him are ever changing. The enmity of each generation takes new form. The incessant change resembles a series of dissolving views. You watch intently as one picture fades into indistinctness, and when you imagine it is about to disappear and leave you a blank disk, there is a momentary confusion, and an entirely new scene grows

out of the mist into vivid prominence. Whatever the form, however, the spirit of evil is ever our opponent. We cannot be blind to the fact that the obstacles to the progress of the gospel are to-day very formidable.

We hold no pessimist view. We believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the Holy Ghost who works through the gospel of grace; and with serene confidence we await the final issue. But it would be daring folly to underestimate the forces arrayed against us, especially if there is any truth in the suggestion that the strength of the antagonism is largely attributable to the weakness of the ministry, and must certainly increase, unless the power of our preaching is greatly augmented. The prominent hindrance to-day is a refined and vigorous scepticism. It is keenly intellectual, nobly artistic, and splendidly humane. Its advocates take the first rank in science; they are unsurpassed in literature; are numbered among the most astute and painstaking politicians, and claim to possess the highest culture of the religious congregations with which they mingle. From this scepticism when roughly classified proceeds a trinity of forces.

Scientists tread in the footprints of the Creator, and examine minutely his handiwork, but find no trace of him. The heavens no more declare the glory of God, but form a huge machine fortuitously constructed, and moved round by one fixed law. From this source flows a stream of power which makes for Materialism. *Literary men* exercise an enormous influence, which is widening with the progress of education. And literature is saturated with religious incertitude. This is true of works which contain the concentrated thought of the strongest minds, of books of the most popular and fascinating character, and of the omnipresent newspaper.

There is, of course, much religious sentiment pervading a large portion of modern literature, but hardly any definite religious belief. Authors have taken the rich colours of Biblical thought and used them to paint forms other than the Christ—forms as shadowy and indefinite as the shapeless shapes of Milton's fancy. The daily press is deeply tinged with unbelief. There is occasionally a kindly reference to a great preacher. Respectful attention is also paid to ecclesiastical dignitaries, very similar to what is paid to antediluvian fossils; but nobody can doubt that the subtle evil infects the very essence of our daily reading. From this source proceeds a power which tends to Agnosticism.

Perhaps, however, the most serious form of this opposition is found in our *Christian congregations*. Doubt sits in the holy place. The old creeds, the prodigious offspring of the liberated hearts and minds of mighty men, are often neglected and often battered into a heap of ruins. To some they stand as magnificent mausoleums, only fit to enshrine the genius of their authors; to others they serve to bear a voiceless witness to the agility of this generation in the work of destruction. But it is remarkable that there has arisen no constructive genius capable of building the stones of truth into a temple sufficiently unique to suit the fastidious taste of his contemporaries. The result is, that from the church of God flows a stream of power which works for *confusion*.

To meet this difficulty, we must acquire a might such as wrought in ancient Ephesus and quickened in Christ's foes the conscious cry of doom. I mention only one other hindrance to our success. Everywhere a stolid indifference prevails. It lives in the shadow of the sanctuary unmoved by our efforts; but away in the darker and more obscure parts of the cities and villages of the land it is even more impregnable. While by no means confined to one class, it has its *principal* seat in the lower grades of society, whose life-story is like the prophet's roll, written within and without with lamentations and mourning and woe. Many reasons are assigned for its existence. Some attribute it to ignorance, others to poverty, others to drink, while not a few trace it to the grinding oppression which crushes hope out of the soul of the poor, and with pompous penitence builds churches with the spoils taken from their toil. Whatever the cause, the fact remains. Brethren who know, tell us the masses are not reached; and some go farther, and say they never have been, which is, perhaps, only partly true. But they ought to be; and the men who succeed in liberating the stagnant life, and causing it to flow into the church of God, will prove themselves worthy ministers of Jesus Christ. The task is colossal. The power must be great. We seem to sit astonished, like Ezekiel among the captives.

Is there no hope that we may see visions of God and be so charged with revelation that, when it is given us to speak, our voice shall bring freedom to the slaves and deliverance to those appointed to death? Let us next enquire—

II. *What are the constituents of the power which will enable us to achieve such high success against such formidable difficulties.* Victorious energy is probably the resultant of many qualities working in harmonious combination; as a mighty river is the conflux of many tributary streams. Nothing less than our entire manhood is demanded for our ministry. The forces of heart and soul and body must be focused in intense and unwearied *concentration* if we are to become centres from which the blessing of God shall radiate. Paul, who moved among the nations as the great power of God, and by resistless attraction drew into his own life-course multitudes who before his coming were wandering without aim, said, "This *one* thing I do." And Paul's Master found it his meat and drink to do the will of him that sent him and to finish his work. To tread in the footsteps of the apostle and follow the unerring example of Jesus, may win us the disreputable title of Enthusiast, but it will go far to secure us success; whereas the dispersion of our faculties involves the relaxation of our energy, and will ensure our failure. In trade, in literature, in art, and in politics, the men who have been able to mass all the elements of strength within themselves, and to apply the accumulated force to the purpose of their lives, have won the prize for which they laboured. Bernard Palissy sold his clothes, tore up the floor of his house to feed his furnace, and amused his neighbours by constantly harping upon what they called his dreams of his white enamel; but he succeeded. Carlyle spent thirteen years of the best part of his life in writing the French Revolution, and all the powers of his mind were focused there to burning point with wonderful effect. "Michael Angelo, when forced to paint the Sistine Chapel in fresco, of which art he knew nothing, dug from the Pope's garden red

and yellow ochres, mixed them with his own hands, and having after many trials suited himself, climbed his ladder and painted day after day, week after week, the sibyls and the prophets." Plutarch says "There was but one street in the city in which Pericles was ever seen, the street which led to the market-place and the council-house." These realized the necessity of concentrating their powers to one pursuit if they would win a corruptible and fading crown: how much more intense must we be to win the crown which is incorruptible and which fadeth not away!

It will be also necessary if we are to succeed that there should be a strong *positive* element in our ministry. Without this both in teaching and in character there will be serious deficiency. Negatives by the thousand amount to nothing until you add the positive quality which gives them value. And negative men are fit only to be acted upon; for there is in them no power of initiation. They have faculties rather than abilities. The *able* man initiates, and exercises an over-mastering influence which unites men and inspires them.

The Old Testament affords a striking example of such an one in Moses. Israel in Egypt was a scattered nation, they were slaves suffering and groaning, but helpless under the yoke. When Moses came, the scattered impotencies became the host of God, and he led them from their bondage and their sufferings through the sea and through the deserts to the land of liberty and plenty. The New Testament yields a more striking example in the person of Jesus Christ. From the moment when on the brink of Jordan he conquered the resisting Prophet by the lofty declaration that "it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," till the moment when the great triumph of sorrow reached its climax in the cry, "It is finished,"—he was overshadowing men that he might communicate to them his power. All the *promises* in him were Yea. They were fulfilled. His *acts* were enriching gifts. The *sentences* of his lips were life-fountains, and when he was received into heaven he still lived on earth; for they took knowledge of the disciples that they had been with Jesus.

We can never have this element of strength without conviction and courage and faith. We must realize our creed in our soul, ere it can become a shining revelation of God in our lives and a divine message upon our lips. We must speak what we know bravely and with confidence, otherwise our utterance will be halting and helpless. But let us have these, and I had almost said we shall be creative; at any rate, there will be a glad response to our appeal, and a similar energy will soon characterize our hearers.

How often have we felt that in our congregations was all we needed if in us had been no deficiency! The wood and the coals were ready, but there was no torch to kindle the fire. We wanted the living flame to quicken latent susceptibilities,—a flame, perchance, so small that it would in a moment be darkened by the greater light it had produced, but so necessary that without it there could be no light at all. We must carry the fire if we are to kindle in the land a conflagration for God.

A passionate attachment to truth and *an appreciative proclamation* of it is an indispensable requisite in a ministry of power. We cannot speak earnestly about what we do not feel deeply, and a cold utterance is like an east wind in April; though it comes with the sunshine it blights

the springing buds. If the word we preach is not a gospel to us, it is most unlikely that it will through us become a gospel to others; but let it come glowing from the deepest fires of our life and it will be effective. We have sometimes in reading the story of a life of simple beauty, wondered whence it derived its far-reaching power; but, progressing, we have learned, that when the saintly man proclaimed his message the veil between his outward and inward life became so translucent, that almost the very processes of truth within his soul were revealed. He spake what he knew and loved, and therefore spake with power. You cannot separate a man from his message, though you may from his words: the innermost soul of his preaching is one with himself. It measures the truth of his nature, and reveals with relentless accuracy his defects. We often say the message is everything and the minister nothing; all the value is in the truth which bears the image of the crucified and living Christ. But let us not forget that the estimate men form of our Master is influenced both by the perfection of the picture we present and the manner of our presentation. We must with loving intentness behold in God's book the mirrored beauty of Jesus, until our souls bear unmistakably his likeness, and then so speak that men seeing us may turn to look at him.

"In Dresden gallery there is a portrait by Titian of a brother painter. He is in the foreground, a fine rugged face, illumined with the light of genius, while on one side and a little in the background is the face of Titian himself, gazing with self-forgetting, contagious admiration upon his friend." Even so must we present Christ. Yet another constituent of this sovereign energy is *love* for our *motive power*. Love for Christ and for men, for his sake and theirs. The greatest worker is the best lover. No other motive can constrain to such heroic and effective service. Paul declared if he had not love he was nothing. Fear often quickens to strenuous endeavour; ambition stimulates to vigorous exertion; a sense of duty is frequently the life-breath of noble daring; but before all these is love.

The world's purest songs are keyed to love. Its noblest poems tremble with its energy. Its greatest benefactors throb with love's impulsive power. Love prompted Jesus Christ to share our heritage of poverty and shame and death. Without such a motive there would have been no gospel to preach. If love be strong within us it will subdue all our passions, absorb their strength, and transmute it into a constraining energy by which we shall be impelled to work at highest pressure. Doubtless there is much vapid sensationalism abroad which modestly assumes the insignia of this royal quality, but its true nature has long been known. It never makes the ascent from talking to doing. It plans and estimates, but never achieves. The true lover cries, I *must work*, for the night cometh. Not only will its gentle enforcement compel us to labour, it will also give potency to every act of service. The hearts which have resisted apparently mightier influences will yield to the soft touches of love, just as a frozen lake over which the winter blasts hurry, only locking it tighter by their keen influence, yields to the silent enticement of the sunbeam. Man stands so much in need of love, that love never faileth; but he has been so often deceived by its semblance that he is obstinately suspicious. Only when we do what

nothing but love could prompt, in such a manner as nothing else could suggest, will the suspicions vanish and the life be conquered for God.

Finally, if our ministry is to be with power, we must know the *inspiration of the Holy Ghost.* All other attributes will be unavailing without this. Our work is also God's, and the might which unites and pervades and applies our powers is his. When the fire in the temple of Vesta was by any mischance extinguished, it was ordained that it should not be lighted from another fire, but should be rekindled by drawing a pure, unpolluted beam from the sun. So the flame which inspires all our energies must come direct from heaven. All down the ages the triumphs of the church are attributed to Holy Ghost power. "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him," is the sentence which stands as the signal for some high achievement.

The man of whom it is written emerges from comparative obscurity, to lead the armies of Israel to victory, to sway the sceptre of the nation's destinies, or to become the inspired teacher of all generations. By this power the thresher becomes a great general, the shepherd a king, and the herdsman a prophet of God. "Tarry at Jerusalem," said Jesus at his last interview with the disciples, "till ye be endued with power from on high." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." It is profitable waiting for such a baptism, for it is useless serving without it. There will be no three thousand pierced hearts, until the coming of the cloven tongues of fire. This is the power which unifies all the possibilities in a man, that transforms him from a receiver to a dispenser of blessing, that clothes him with such a quick susceptibility, that he intuitively distinguishes between truth and error, that reveals to him visions of Christ so glorious that his spirit burns with love, and that enables him to look with such a penetrating glance into the needs and woes of men that his piteous heart will nigh burst with yearning. Lacking this power we fail; but wherefore do we lack? God will give his Spirit to those who ask him.

During the Puritan revolution there was a time when the prospects of the good cause appeared doubtful. Ominous clouds hung along the horizon like massed battalions, and the hearts of the leaders were troubled; in their extremity they appointed a day for humiliation and prayer, and stern warriors whose faces never paled on the most dreadful field, bowed in tearful silence or poured forth passionate supplications before God. So they waited until their hearts were strengthened, then rushed to their fighting, crying, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered." If we lack power for the conflict, if our hearts are ever darkened by fear of the failure of Christ's cause; let us wait upon the Lord till our strength be renewed. The only place where we may legitimately be weak is at the feet of God. In the battle we must be strong.

Notices of Books.

My Sermon-Notes. A selection from outlines of discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by C. H. Spurgeon. From Genesis to Proverbs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

In this half-crown volume will be found sixty-four outlines of sermons, enriched with useful illustrations. They are memorials of sermons preached at the Tabernacle, but not printed. We have carefully prepared them to help what are called *lay-preachers*. When they are hurried and driven they may be guided to a subject by this volume, which is one of four which we hope to issue as strength permits. We dare say that ministers may get a lift from these sketches, when they are hard pressed; if so, they are heartily welcome. This makes the fourth book in our Ministerial Library; two vols. of *Lectures to my Students*, and *Commenting and Commentaries* having preceded it. We hope the servants of God may get some little assistance hereby.

The Gospel of the Grace of God. Being Sermons Delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Thomas Spurgeon, *during his Father's Illness.* With a preface by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

We predict a large sale for these sermons. Their author will not be injured by his name, nor will his sermons injure *it*. They are full of the truth of the gospel, and of living earnestness. The style is all aglow, sparkling with metaphor, warm with affection, burning with zeal. So his father thinks; but as he is probably prejudiced in the young man's favour, our readers had better examine for themselves. The price is 1s. 6d.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1885. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Our Book-Almanack is now ready. It has always been a favourite; that is to say, for these twenty-nine years. We have done our best to deserve a continuance of our friends' approbation. We think they will like the Almanack for 1885 as well as any of its predecessors. *John Ploughman's Penny Sheet Almanack* is also waiting to be nailed up in cottages and workshops.

Doctor Johnson, his Life, Works, and Table Talk. T. Fisher Unwin.

A natty volume in imitation vellum for two shillings. When we say that it is by the editor of the "Leisure Hour," we need not criticise it. The chapter which describes Dr. Johnson religiously is specially satisfactory.

The Prophets of Christendom. Sketches of Eminent Preachers. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., Lord Bishop of Ripon. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have here a series of miniatures of great preachers: Chrysostom, Basil, Augustine, Tauler, Luther, Bossuet, Massillon, Chalmers, Kirwan, and such like. More definiteness of doctrine would be an improvement. The sketches are drawn by a master hand, and give a wonderfully full idea of the preacher represented. This is a really healthful and stimulating book for young divines, and the older sort will read it with satisfaction. We do not suppose that any mortal man in modern times was ever improved by being made a bishop; but we may, perhaps, hope that Mr. Boyd Carpenter will escape with as little injury as possible, and may not need his apron so much as some of his brethren do.

From Log-Cabin to White House. The Story of President Garfield's Life. By William M. Thayer. Hodder and Stoughton.

This highly popular work grows and improves with each new issue: it has now reached the 130th thousand, and is at its best. We have spoken of it aforetime. Mr. Thayer knows how to write so as to secure readers. Those who have not yet read the Life of the honoured President Garfield will get it in this form for 5s. It is a noble volume—type, engravings, and binding all considered.

The Preachers' Monthly. Edited by the Rev. W. Hope Davison. Vol. VII. John Lobb, St. Bride-street.

This homiletical periodical fairly maintains its quality. The tendency is to run down from a lively beginning, and degenerate into dreary twaddle; but no one can accuse Mr. Hope Davison of such a descent. We wish we could catch a more decided gospel ring in some of the outlines and other matters; still, the affair as a whole deserves our commendation. Such a periodical must be a brave assistance to preachers struggling first to grasp a subject, and then to get somewhat out of it. The throes of the minister who has few helps must be very painful; yet they are far better than the lifeless existence of men who borrow everything, and only avoid shutting up shop altogether by making a show of stolen goods, like dealers in Petticoat Lane.

Modern Romanism Illustrated. London: T. Woolmer.

Here are three articles reprinted from *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, viz.: A Review of Lord Bute's Translation of the Reformed Roman Breviary; Remarks on that Review by the Rev. James McSwiney, S.J.; and a Reply to Mr. McSwiney's Remarks, by G. Osborn, D.D.

Popery astonishes Protestants at every fresh manifesto; but a passage at arms, rather friendly than fierce, between a Methodist and a Jesuit is a novelty. No one has asked us to act as umpire, so we stand in the crowd to witness the skirmish. The champions do their best, and each one is applauded by his partisans. Of course the Wesleyan avails himself of his editorial right to claim the last word.

Exegetical Studies. By Paton J. Gloag, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Critical dissertations upon certain passages of the New Testament that have perplexed both learned and unlearned readers. Sixteen texts have been selected. Among them will be found "Women veiled because of the angels," "Paul's thorn in the flesh," and "The spirits in prison," of whom Peter speaks. It is not fair to look for anything fresh or sparkling in such a volume: enough if you get a clear review of what other authors have written, with a judicious summing-up. There are many instances in which a special point was obviously intended. Though simple enough at the time, familiar idioms are easily lost in process of transmission to other tongues and other times. Exegesis is not likely to meet this kind of exigency. The puzzle is, perhaps, best solved by a paraphrase. Genius might sometimes come to the rescue. Popular language has in all ages been rather flexible, but it is less uncertain than legal phraseology, though that is very precise. Our modern Greek scholars, as we know to our cost, are very prosy, and not at all poetical. There is nothing new in the suggestion that Paul recommended the Greek women to wear veils in the synagogues, because of the messengers or spies who would be quick to mark any lack of modesty in their appearance; but Dr. Gloag's vindication of that reading is, after his own manner, admirable.

Reasons concerning our Hope. London: Alexander and Shepherd.

Here we have a brief defence of the Holy Scriptures against the weak objections of those half-educated young gentlemen who, though religiously trained, affect to waver in their convictions, and are actually wanting in moral allegiance to the sublime truths which ought to regulate their conduct. The periodicals of the latter half of this nineteenth century are not generally conducive to stability of mind or solidity of character. Their light is feeble and flickering. Our anonymous author has produced a pleasant and profitable little book without any pretence to originality. He calls it "a mosaic of thoughts derived sensibly or insensibly from wide, if desultory reading." Just so. But the modern defenders of the faith from whom he quotes are, for the most part, rather deferential than defiant to their adversaries, and they are peculiarly meek and mild in their own profession. In spiritual polemics they belong to the Peace Society. Well, we can settle all our disputes by arbitration till God, the Judge of all the earth, pronounces his final sentence.

Shaftesbury: his Life and Work. By G. Holden Pike. S. W. Partridge and Co.

This little book is a marvel of condensation; for, unlike most "lives" of living celebrities, it is not an *omnium gatherum* of anecdotes and small talk, but a veritable history—as far as space would permit—of the herculean and heroic labours in the cause of philanthropy and religion of our beloved and honoured friend. How few of the present generation know anything of the arduous labours of the earlier years of this prince among men, whose heart bled as he beheld the horrible sufferings of women and children of tender age, aye, mere infants, in mills and factories, and of little ones "of five years of age and upwards employed in coal pits like beasts of burden"! Here we have the touching history of the various Factory Acts for the amelioration of the lives of the tens of thousands worse off than were slaves on a Southern plantation, whose condition brightened as these acts were, one by one, added to the Statute-book.

Called by God and strengthened by his might, Shaftesbury ceased not, in and out of Parliament, to "open his mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as were appointed to destruction . . . and to plead the cause of the poor and needy." Of the noble Earl's later and better known labours Mr. Pike gives us a most interesting outline. With such a subject, and material so abundant, he might have filled a folio volume; for this nation can never know a tithe of its indebtedness to the good Earl—one of its noblest sons; but every Briton ought to know at least all that the well-written book before us contains. All our readers will of course buy it, and read it; and then they will bless God and the good Earl of Shaftesbury. The book has in it a very good portrait of the Earl, pictures of his country-seat, and his donkey, "Coster;" and it is very nicely got up.

Foxe's Book of Martyrs. With Notes by Rev. J. Milner, M.A., and an Essay on Popery by Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

We are pleased to see the "Book of Martyrs" well to the front. Old-fashioned as this edition is, it is a great thing to have such a copy of Foxe in the market at 10s. 6d. What we should far more rejoice to see is a new book altogether, containing the pith of Foxe and all other martyrologists, but written in good attractive English, and adorned with really artistic engravings. These old drawings have had their day: some of them were hideous to begin with, but now they have degenerated even from that standard, and have become ridiculous. If some strong firm would procure an author of ability, and artists of eminence, and produce A Book of Martyrs of all time, what an aid it would be to the cause of truth and liberty! Whether in these Papistical days the sale would prove remunerative is quite another question. We wish Messrs Morgan and Scott an immediate sale of the present issue, which is marvellously cheap.

It would be unfair to twit the Romish church with her persecutions if she had ever disowned them. Whenever any council of the church shall affirm the rights of conscience, and declare for universal religious liberty, it will be time to forget the stakes of Smithfield; *but not till then.* Rome rages ever: she is always the same in her fiery instincts; but one of the worst ills with which she could visit us would be to make us feel towards her votaries as bitterly as she makes them feel towards us.

Bible Lilies. Scripture Selections for Morning and Evening. J. E. Hawkins.

A charming *bijou;* each page a tasteful picture. We suppose the price is a shilling; it contains no new matter, but simply texts for a month garnished with lilies of every variety.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. A Short History of Christian Missions. By George Smith, LL.D., F.R.G.S. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A handy epitome of Missions. The list is as nearly complete as can be, and the story is well told. All Christian people should know what is really being done for the heathen all over the world, and they cannot more readily and surely obtain the information than by buying this handbook at 2s. 6d. Every Sunday-School Library should keep a copy in perpetual circulation.

The Empire of the Hittites. By William Wright, B.A., D.D. Nisbet and Co.

It is long since we have been so interested as we have been in Dr. Wright's discovery of Hittite inscriptions. It is clear that, over and above Hittite settlements in Palestine, there was a great dominion which reached beyond Hamath and Carchemish. This fact throws much light upon dark passages of Scripture, especially upon the fear of the Syrians that the Kings of the Hittites would assail them. The inscriptions on the stone slabs, of which copies are given in this work, have not yet been deciphered, and we should think the task will not very soon be accomplished. Picture-writing will require long considering before it will disclose its meaning. Dr. Wright has started a theory which is growingly in favour with the learned; he deserves the best thanks of all Biblical students for his discoveries and inferences. Messrs. Nisbet have brought out the volume in the best possible manner. In reviews which can afford the space, the Hittite Empire will be made a prominent subject, and deservedly so; but we can do no more than indicate the main fact which this book establishes. The work will occupy a place in the library of every scholar.

Structural Principles of Herbert Spencer examined by Rev. W. D. Ground. Parker and Co.

The author of this able, scholarly, and powerful treatise has patiently waded through the Herbert Spencer literature, and he very clearly proves that the root principle of Herbert Spencer's philosophy demands the existence of a personal, just, and holy God. Spencer is regarded as the greatest name outside the ranks of Christianity; but when he is assailed by a competent man, it is clear that he must either advance or recede, or be ground to dust. Mr. Ground will not allow Herbert Spencer to take shelter in the "Unknowable," even though he dignifies the word with a capital "U." He maintains that God is, and is known by all who care to know him. We hail with delight the appearance of this work, for the sake of brethren who, notwithstanding the able defences of Butler and Paley, still allow themselves to be perplexed by doubts which are as old as Satan, and are about as respectable. Mr. Ground's argument is positive, constructive, edifying. He shows what the Book has been saying all along to all who care to listen to its teachings, that the universe proclaims its Author, and shows forth his glory. The style of this noble work is simple, lucid, interesting. Though the problems are all profound in themselves, yet Mr. Ground, by his untechnical language, orderly arrangement, unfailing courtesy, high moral tone, and evident candour and earnestness, takes even his dullest readers with him. There is no mistaking his argument, no misunderstanding his meaning, and no resisting the charm of his style. It is a noble contribution to our apologetic literature.

Reflections in Palestine. 1883. By Charles George Gordon. Macmillan & Co.

Interesting solely as the lucubrations of a man whom we all admire for his heroic faith. If he were not better as a General than as a theologian the enemy would never have had cause to tremble at Gordon's name. We wonder that so much darkness can remain in a man who has so much light; and equally that so much light could be enjoyed by one who is in so much darkness.

Cloister and Closet; a Plea for Meditation. By Rev. C. E. Stone. S. W. Partridge & Co.

Mr. Stone is an earnest preacher of the word, who was trained in the Pastors' College, and he is now pastor of the church in Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common, which was founded by our two sons. He has displayed considerable facility with his pen in connection with periodical papers, and we are glad to see him setting himself to more lasting work. His theme is meditation, which he rightly judges to be sadly neglected in these stirring times. He writes upon it graciously and thoughtfully. The treatise is good for a commencement. Lopping and pruning will make Mr. Stone's style more simple and forcible, but there is a good tree to begin upon.

Voices of the New Creation. Packet of twelve Cards, containing Scripture, poetry, and seed-thought from various writers. Price one shilling. A. Southey, 146, Fenchurch Street.

THE profits of the sale of this packet are to be devoted to Rescue work; but really there is so much of gold, and colour, and card, and so forth here, that we wonder the packet can be produced for the money. The beauty of these cards is a matter of taste. They are produced by one who rejoices in the inner life; who has carefully selected her Scriptures and stanzas, and has done it all with the best of motives. We do not always see the connection of the extracts, or admire the ornamentation; but many other persons will be greatly pleased and edified, and we shall rejoice thereat.

Canadian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T. With numerous Illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is equal to its predecessors in wealth of artistic engraving and in abundance of information. The Marquis might be all the better for a few lectures on English composition; his style is frequently involved, or slipshod. It is so pleasant to meet with a nobleman who writes religiously, that we will not demur to his unduly favourable expressions concerning Romanism; but accept such utterances as those of a young ruler who was not only tolerant in spirit, but endeavoured to be the friend of all. He is happy in having his work brought out in such a splendid manner, as one of a series never excelled.

On His Day: a Morning Portion for every Sabbath in the Year. By G. STRINGER ROWE. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

LET the preacher mark this little book for his own private perusal. If he be a brother who can make *potage* out of the essence of meat, here are fifty or more meals for him. Thank you, Mr. Rowe, you have done your reviewer good service by starting his mind in several most hopeful directions. You have our hearty admiration for your suggestive sermonettes. We give a specimen elsewhere.

"Black, but Comely;" or, Glimpses of Aboriginal Life in Australia. By the Rev. J. B. GRIBBLE. Morgan and Scott.

A MOST instructive account of the aborigines of Australia—poor souls! It is a mercy they are not quite left in barbarism, to die out in the dark. We wish success to every effort to reach this race ere it utterly passes away. Mr. Gribble is, we suppose, a Churchman, but what of that? He loves the gospel and the souls of men. God bless his labours! His book costs a shilling, and the profit goes to the mission. May there be a good deal of such profit. We are horrified to read some of his statements as to the treatment of the blacks by the colonists, and we wish well to the efforts of the New South Wales Government to prevent such grievous cruelties.

Church Ordinances from the Layman's Standpoint. By Captain SETON CHURCHILL. Nisbet and Co.

AN out-and-out Church of England book; but written in a style so thoroughly evangelical that we wonder how it could be written at all. We consider it to be an idle attempt to reconcile the language of the Prayer-book upon baptism with the beliefs of Low-Church-men; but *they* do not think so, and there we must leave it. Captain Seton Churchill is one of an order of men that we should like to see multiplied indefinitely, even if they remained in the Anglican communion; but it would still more rejoice our heart if their plain, honest godliness led them out of that terrible mixture which now stands for a church. Our church friends will be pleased with this book: our Nonconformist friends will be affected in the opposite direction. We are glad that a brother has so much light, though sorry that he should abide in so much darkness. How a simple faith in Christ can live and flourish in connection with forms and ceremonies of which the New Testament knows nothing remains a mystery to us. One of the first promptings of the Spirit in our heart was to follow the lead of the Word without addition to it or diminution from it: does not the same desire arise in every renewed heart?

The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket-book, with diary for 1885. Sunday School Union.

This very useful pocket-book we have frequently commended. It is made somewhat smaller this year, and is all the better fitted for the pocket.

Annual Volumes for 1884 :—*The Child's Own Magazine. Young England.* Sunday School Union.

Both of these are good. The get up is up to the usual high standard. The *Child's Own* any child would be glad to own.

Annual Volumes for 1884.—*The Infant's Magazine. The Children's Friend. The Friendly Visitor. The Family Friend. The Band of Hope Review. The British Workman.* Partridge.

These works still keep at the head of the list. The popular demand for good but entertaining literature is thoroughly met by these publications. We cannot look at them without remembering the devoted man to whom we owe them. He left his successors a huge task, namely, to keep up his work, and never suffer it to drop. May they be successful in the endeavour: it will certainly test their powers to the utmost.

Bemrose & Sons' Scripture Calendar. Bemrose & Sons' Daily Calendar. Bemrose's Monthly Diary. For 1885. Bemrose & Sons, 23, Old Bailey.

We always welcome these calendars, and are glad that Mr. Bemrose is encouraged to continue them. Hang either of them in your study or office, tear off the daily portion, and it will save your constantly troubling other people with the question, "What is the day of the month?"

Pictures, Prose, and Rhymes for Children of all Climes. Sunday School Union.

How the little ones look, and laugh, and jump for joy! Here are pictures almost without end, and verses to go with them. Come here, Eva and James. Is it not a lovely book? A great big wood-cut on every page, and more than one hundred and fifty pages, all so beautifully bound. Seven sixpences will buy it. Christmas is coming, so perhaps papa can afford it.

Bible Pictures for Little People, illustrating Old Testament Scenes and Incidents. By Uncle Harry. Sunday School Union.

Beautiful, full of drawings. The price is exceedingly little for so much art,—only eighteenpence. Well done, Sunday School Union!

Bible Pictures and Stories. By James Weston. S. W. Partridge and Co.
Pretty Pictures for our Little Ones. Same author and publishers.

These are two wonderful shilling's worths. Externally the paper covers are highly attractive, and within we find a picture-gallery rich with choice wood-engravings. For cheap Christmas presents to the young folks these must bear the palm.

The Onward Reciter. Vol. XIII. Partridge and Co.

This serial wonderfully keeps up a supply of pithy poems and striking extracts. For temperance recitations it is the best help we know of. This thirteenth volume is as good as the first, and this is no light commendation.

The Orient Boys. A tale of School life. Hodder & Stoughton.

A big book, so leaded out that the matter might have gone in half the space. The story seems to us rather improbable, but then we do not know all about the mixed population of the United States. A Spanish Catholic boy, very fond of flourishing his stiletto, learns better things by getting among real Christians. It is a good tale for hot-tempered boys, and sufficiently interesting to get their attention. We do not give it a first place as a tale, but as a bit of moral teaching its author is awarded a diploma of excellence.

Saxby: a tale of Old and New England. By Emma Leslie. Religious Tract Society.

A gracious historical narrative of the period when Hampton and Cromwell were soon to appear, and bring liberty to the godly party. The cruelties incident to a belief in witchcraft, and the sad division caused in families by the ferocity of party strife, are well illustrated; and altogether the elegant volume has our unreserved approval.

Our Young People's Treasury: a Collection of Interesting Narratives suitable for Youthful Readers. Houlston and Sons.

THE title is correctly descriptive. The stories are full of grace and truth. In these degenerate days the style will be thought a little heavy, but Christian people will feel that this is a far less evil than false doctrine and romance. These selections from "*The Little Gleaner*" make up a safe and sound book, well worth the shilling asked for it.

The Mela at Tulsipur. Glimpses of Missionary Life and Work in India. A Book for Children. By the Rev. B. H. BADLEY, M.A., for ten years a Missionary in North India. Religious Tract Society.

WHEREVER this book goes we trust it will create an interest in India in the hearts of the young. The thread of the story is the going up of a Christian family to an Indian fair. This gives opportunity for all sorts of observations, reflections, and instructions as to Hindoo customs, idolatries, and conversions. We hardly remember a more forcible plea for missions. It may be that boys and girls by its perusal may be led to think earnestly of the heathen, and have their future lives so affected thereby that they may become missionaries. Written in a lively style, and bountifully illustrated, this book should be a favourite with our young people.

Uncle Jonathan's Walks in and around London. T. Woolmer, Castle Street.

A VOLUME from the Methodist bookroom, well-illustrated, and well-written. Young people will be pleased with it, and instructed too. We like the tact of our Wesleyan friends in bringing in City Road Chapel and its curiosities. What have our religious societies to do with the mere production of literature? Their object should be the utilization of common themes for the highest ends; but this is too much forgotten in some quarters. The Church of God and its organizations should so far deal with temporal things as to have eternal things over in full view. This handsome book costs only 3s. 6d.

The Starry Cross: a Story of Dreamland. By JAMES CROWTHER. Sunday School Union.

WE have liked all Mr. Crowther's former writings, and we can say the same of this. As in a vision he sees the growths of Christianity, and he records what he sees. We do not admire his "Midsummer Night's Dream" amazingly much, but we have no doubt that it will prove instructive to many young people. It is well meant, and contains a mass of useful information.

Boys worth Noting: showing how by Industry and Perseverance Boys became honoured and renowned. Compiled by J. L. NYE. Sunday School Union.

JUST an anecdote or two upon each boy worth noting. We looked for little biographies and useful lessons, but our author has collected stories, and has done little else. Still they are capital tales, lively and entertaining, and each one bears a moral within itself. Let fathers note the book and hand it to their boys; it will stimulate the slow, encourage the dull, and cheer the industrious.

True Tales of Travel and Adventure, Valour and Virtue. By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BIG book for 5s., full of all kinds of thrilling stories of travel, battle, shipwreck, and adventure of every kind. No boy who once gets his eye upon it will let it go. This would make a very acceptable Christmas present.

Miss Graham's "Protegs." By JOHN STRATHESK. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

A SIMPLE and sensible Scotch story. It illustrates the many interesting and successful instances of Christian work in connection with a Town Missionary Society. The labours of one really consecrated soul may be productive of much good; and in this little book such a case is well set forth. We felt that the influence the book left upon our minds was summed up in the words, "Go thou, and do likewise."

Rome in America. By Rev. JUSTIN D. FULTON, D.D. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

A SKETCH of the author's life prepares the reader for the vigorous onslaught which follows. His pen is sharp as a sword against the Romish practices which prevail in the land of his birth. No word is spared to set forth in all their heinousness the superstitions and hypocrisies of the Papacy. We wish that Old England and New England might both be rid of this plague. Such a volume as this may yet prove a ram's horn to bring down some of the walls of Romanism. God grant this, is our earnest prayer.

Anecdotes on Bible Texts. Romans. By J. L. NYE. Sunday School Union.

WE welcome all collections of Scriptural illustrations. Mr. Nye has produced a shilling book of anecdotes on the Acts, and now he turns to Romans; such work must be helpful to many. Personally we find nothing new, but that does not matter, for the book is produced for those who have little or no acquaintance with the stores which are at our hand. In many a youth's library this gathering and arrangement of illustrations will be quite a treasure, and his spare shilling will be well laid out in its purchase.

Heathen Mythology: corroborative or illustrative of Holy Scripture. By HUGH BARCLAY, D.D., late Sheriff Substitute of Perth. Glasgow: Morison Brothers.

WHAT can we say of a book like this? What ought we to say in Christian kindness? A dear old gentleman, who enjoyed a local celebrity, very much enhanced by the length of his life, lately died at the ripe age of eighty-five. Before his departure he purposed to publish some lectures he had written in his younger days, "*many years ago.*" Let us be charitable always. Should we pass the long measure of "four score" it is quite possible we may be more wilful than wise. But how about our literary executors? Prefixed to this posthumous volume of addresses delivered to a previous generation there is a biography. Again we admonish ourselves to be charitable. It may have been composed by a young girl in her teens, or it may have emanated from an old dame in her dotage. It is affluent of adjectives defining the good man's character, though utterly destitute of anecdotes or incidents illustrating his career.

Six Thousand Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths. By JOHN BATE. Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS is a new edition of an extremely useful collection of illustrative extracts. Many new encyclopædias have succeeded it, but none have cut it out. At 7s. 6d. it is one of the cheapest books in the market, as it is also one of the most useful that a preacher or teacher can possess. Tastes differ, and no one selection of striking pieces will please all; but this is as good as any that we know of. The author is a Wesleyan, and we see some trace of his doctrinal views, but nothing more than is natural and proper.

Things Old and New. By Rev. T. HALL. Elliot Stock.

A SCRAP-BOOK of extracts, compiled and condensed, for the most part, from evangelical authors, and neatly arranged in separate chapters and short paragraphs. The author designs it to be a help for Christian workers, to coach them up in "evidences" and "answers to objectors."

Hints to Boys. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London.

A VERY small book, but crammed full of the sententious sayings of the wise of all ages, bearing upon the Formation of Character, Value of Time, Economical Habits, Good Manners, etc. etc. The writer of the little book resembles, to our mind, a skilled worker in Mosaic, arranging with artistic touch fragments of many hues from quarries far and near. His own remarks, which by the way are full of wisdom, are employed rather as the frame, background, and cement of the picture of what he would have "Our Boys" be, know, and do. A very suitable present, and *vade mecum* for a youth setting out in life.

Poet-Toilers in Many Fields. By Mrs. R. A. Watson. T. Woolmer.

A title may appear to be telling and pretty to the person choosing it, and yet it may not be a truthful one. The question should be asked—Will the title excite expectations which the book will not fulfil? Will it altogether mislead? Now, we only claim average intelligence, but we do claim as much as that; and we confess that we have been disappointed. We should never think of calling Daniel Macmillan a poet-toiler, nor Mary Carpenter, nor Oberlin, nor Alfred Saker, nor most of the other persons here sketched. The fact is, the book is made up of the essence of several biographies which have lately appeared, and it is a good book enough; but we demur to its name. We ought also to add that the selection of heroes is rather an odd one: some of the examples are to our mind no more worthy of memoirs than thousands who pass away unnoticed. They happen to have found biographers, and so they have gained admission among the twelve who are here depicted in outline. Possibly many who might never have seen the fuller stories will learn about certain workers from these condensed lives; and so far so good.

The Sweet Story of Old: a Sunday Book for the Little Ones. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. Religious Tract Society.

A Christmas book by one of the queens of juvenile literature. Some may admire the coloured pictures more than we do, but no one will more enjoy the simple Saxon of our author's descriptions. The younger ones, just quitting the infant class, will understand every word. The binding is admirable, only we fail to see the use of that flaming torch in the hand of Joseph, when there is sufficient light to see a house some considerable way off, and the mountains in the distance. Some others of the drawings are open to the same sort of criticism: the artist sacrifices the probabilities at the shrine of his art.

Notes.

On *Tuesday evening, September* 30, the annual meeting of Mr. Dunn's Bible Class was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and Messrs. Dunn (President of the class), Boulter (Treasurer), Adams, Bullivant, and Creasey; while the rest of the evening was pleasantly filled up with singing and recitations by friends of the members. The report presented by the Secretary, Mr. Hudson, was an exceedingly interesting one. Our Tabernacle friends have discovered the art of making reports which are anything but sleep-producers, and it has been quite a treat to listen to several of them recently. There are 145 members on the roll of the class, and the average number in attendance has been 103. The study of the Scriptures in the class has strengthened those who were believers, and has been the means of the conversion of others. The brethren who are thus associated seek to *do* good as well as to *get* good. During the year they have subscribed £15 for the College, and £33 for missionary purposes. These amounts were presented to the Pastor at the meeting, and very gratefully acknowledged by him. The members also undertake a considerable amount of evangelistic work, and have preaching stations of their own, where their efforts have brought salvation to many during the past twelve months. All particulars concerning the meetings can be obtained of Mr. Dunn, or at No. 12 class-room on Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock. Classes which meet only for secular improvement usually degenerate into Amusement Clubs, and even religious classes soon lose their interest unless they have holy work to do outside of themselves. Selfish religion dies of heart-disease, but love to souls brings life and health with it. All Bible-classes should practise what they read.

On *Monday evening, October* 6, additional interest was given to the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle by the presence of several young men who were about to engage in the work of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Hudson Taylor has yet another regiment of Missionaries to go to China, thus making a grand addition to the workers in that country. Will not our readers remember this increasing work in their prayers? Will they not also help it when they are dividing out the Lord's money? Pastor Thomas Spurgeon also gave a cheering report of his visits to Scotland, the Eastern Counties, and other parts of England, where he had preached and lectured on behalf of the Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund, with most encouraging results.

On *Friday evening, October* 10, the annual

meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair. Notwithstanding unfavourable weather, there was a large attendance, and the whole of the proceedings were hearty and enthusiastic. Mr. Elvin, the untiring Secretary of the Association, presented his report for the year in a manner which many times compelled us to laugh, but which also constrained us to thank God for the great amount of earnest work which had been accomplished, in spite of serious difficulties and discouragements. The Chairman spoke of the characteristics of men whom the Lord usually blesses in his service. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered an address on "Fireworks and Fruit," which is published in the present magazine. Messrs. Britton, Pavey, Cox, A. Curtis, and C. Stanley, and Dr. Thain Davidson gave accounts of the work of the Association, and the choirs or members from the various mission-stations sang sacred songs, anthems, &c.

There are seven mission-stations entirely under the care of the Association, and another is about to be added to them. At these stations 177 Sunday services have been held during the year, in addition to 383 open-air gatherings on Sundays, and 170 on week-nights. There are also 51 other mission-stations where 523 services have been held; the members of the Association have gone as pulpit supplies 378 times; they have held 128 special evangelistic meetings on Sunday evenings, and 263 on week-nights; and have conducted 771 other services, making a total for the twelve months of 3,093. The year's expenditure for rent, gas, travelling, printing, advertising, postage, &c., has been about £220, towards which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon has given £85, collections have realized £53 15s. 7d., and donations £73 10s. 9d. We do not know where the Lord's stewards can find a better investment for their Master's money than in such work as this, which aims directly at the evangelization of this vast city of London. The workers receive no remuneration, and do not work against the churches, but for them, and in the midst of them. Any churches desiring special services can apply to Mr. Elvin at 30, Surrey Square, Walworth, S.E.

On *Monday evening, October* 13, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Short speeches concerning the work of the Society were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and Messrs. B. W. Carr and J. W. Harrald, and a number of the Stockwell Orphanage girls sang very sweetly some sacred songs. During the year 243 poor women have been relieved by this useful agency, and it is hoped that some of them, at least, have been benefited spiritually as well as temporally. The expenditure has been about £81, and a balance of £6 6s. 10½d. was due to the Treasurer, but this was more than defrayed by the Pastor's donation of £10. The working meetings are held in the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle on the Tuesday after the second Sunday in each month, and additional workers and subscribers are always welcome. The poverty of London is appalling, and to help poor women at the time of their confinement is a charitable work in which imposition is scarcely possible.

At the prayer-meeting, in the Tabernacle, *the same evening*, there was again a large attendance, and the spirit of supplication and thanksgiving was richly manifested. The orphan girls helped in the service of song; Mr. Chamberlain once more thrilled us with holy emotions as he sang, "When the mists are rolled away," and "Show me thy face"; Mr. Thomas Spurgeon deepened the impressions already made by expounding the words, "Now are we the sons of God"; and Mr. Harrald narrated an instance in which prayer offered in the Tabernacle at the request of a Christian woman in Suffolk, had been answered by the conversion of the son for whom the petition had been presented. Altogether, it was a night long to be remembered. Indeed, this might be said of every Monday evening. No two meetings are ever alike, nothing is stereotyped, but under the guidance of the Holy Spirit our weekly gatherings for prayer are times of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

On *Tuesday evening, Oct.* 14, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered his LECTURE ON "BRIGHTER BRITAIN," in the Tabernacle, in aid of the building fund of his new Tabernacle in Auckland. The chair was taken by his father, who had occupied a similar position on the previous Wednesday, when the lecture was given in the West Croydon Baptist Chapel. On that occasion, through the loving exertions of Pastor J. A. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and the liberality of several of their generous helpers, the Auckland Tabernacle Fund was increased by the noble sum of one hundred guineas. At the Tabernacle there was a good audience, so that a considerable amount will be realized towards the house of prayer which is rapidly approaching completion. We had on view the large and handsome clock which has been presented by Pastor C. Spurgeon and the church at South Street, Greenwich, for use in the new Tabernacle, in addition to £76 contributed when Mr. T. Spurgeon preached and lectured in his brother's chapel. Several friends at the Tabernacle have subscribed a portion of the cost of a communion service, and we expect the whole amount will be given before our son sails for his distant field of labour.

As to the lecture itself, it must be heard to be appreciated, for no description could convey a fair idea of the information, instruction, and humour which the lecturer manages to impart to his audience in the space of an hour and a-half.

October 19 *and* 20, being the days set apart for universal PRAYER FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, were observed by our schools at the Tabernacle as a season of special supplication. On the Sunday morning the Pastor preached from 1 Kings xviii. 12, a sermon which is published under the title of "Obadiah; or, Early Piety Eminent Piety." At the prayer-meeting, on the Monday evening, there was an unusually large attendance, and the petitions were mainly on behalf of the young. Some pleasing testimonies were given by the parents of children who have been converted, and have joined the church at the Tabernacle; and the Pastor delivered an address to teachers upon some of the qualifications for successful service.

Another party of missionaries, on this occasion all ladies, who were about to leave England in connection with the CHINA INLAND MISSION, were commended to the Lord in prayer. Altogether, the meeting must have been exceedingly helpful and encouraging to all who are engaged in Sunday-school and mission work.

Mrs. Evans asks us to mention that she has very gratefully received from our Brother Potter, at Agra, a large and useful parcel of clothing for the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society. Other contributions, either of money or materials, will be heartily welcomed, as many applicants are seeking the help of the Society. The Colporteurs' Clothing Society also needs assistance. Donations and applications should be addressed to Miss Hooper, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E. The working meetings are held in the Ladies' Room, on Monday afternoons, alternately with the Orphanage working meetings. Both poor ministers and colporteurs are aided by these two societies, and money is made to go a long way by the skill of the lady-workers. The time draws near when it is peculiarly seasonable to gladden these poor servants of the Lord with boxes of useful things. We do not ask for mere rubbish; but good second-hand clothes are acceptable, and better still, new articles of apparel which have become a little out of fashion. Our draper friends do great good when they send on what they have not been able to sell during the season. Our clients are not very careful about the novelty of the cut.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. H. Driver, who came to us from the church at Auckland, New Zealand, has completed his term with us, and has arranged to return with our son Thomas at the end of this month, or early in December. He leaves us with the heartiest good wishes of the President, tutors, and students, who all unite in commending him to the brethren at the other side of the globe.

Mr. G. J. Dann, of James' Grove, Peckham, has been selected by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for the post of pastor of the church at Allahabad, India. By the time these "Notes" are in the hands of our readers he will be on his way to his new sphere of labour, where we trust he will be greatly useful.

Mr. John Stubbs, who was obliged through failing health to come home from Allahabad, has now so fully recovered his strength that he has prevailed with the committee to send him out again for mission work in India, where his heart has been ever since he was compelled to return.

Mr. A. McCaig, of Streatham, is going to Brannoxtown, Ireland, to occupy the place vacated by Mr. Stubbs; and Mr. T. L. Edwards, of Luton, succeeds Mr. Wainwright as pastor of the church at Stockton-on-Teos.

Our friend, Rev. J. M. Howson, has sent the following lines *In Memoriam* of our student, Mr. Frank Snell:—

Taken by a Father's hand,
Taken to the better land;
Taken to the home of love,
Taken to the rest above.
Taken in the bloom of life,
Taken from a world of strife;
Taken up from faith to sight,
Taken into God's own light.

Gone from all his friends so dear,
Gone from those he loved to cheer;
Gone from earth—beyond the sky,
Gone to join the saints on high.
Gone from fellowship below,
Gone the utmost bliss to know;
Gone from serving Jesus here,
Gone beyond all doubt and fear.

Away from sorrow, sin, and pain,
Away the heaven of love to gain;
Away to join the pure and blest,
Away with Jesus Christ to rest
Away from College, class, and friend,
Away where pleasures never end;
Away while work was but begun,
Away to hear his Lord's "well done!"

EVANGELISTS.—During the past month *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been in Belfast, where large numbers have attended the services, and many have received the truth as it is in Jesus. The evangelists will continue in Belfast for part of November, and they will afterwards visit several other towns in the North of Ireland. They are fully engaged for many months to come.

Mr. Burnham has been at Swanage and Wareham lately, and this month he is to be at Wood Green and Melton Mowbray.

Mr. Russell's visits to Attercliffe (Sheffield) and York Road, Leeds, were productive of much good. At both places the evangelist found several of his heartiest helpers in those who were converted at his services last year. Pastor R. Ensoll reports that at Attercliffe a week of special prayer and house-to-house visitation prepared the way for the meetings, which were large and enthusiastic from the very first: and night after night anxious enquirers were pointed to the Saviour. Among the many who have

professed to be converted during the mission there are nearly all the members of one of the young men's classes. Mr. Russell has since conducted a series of special services at New Whittington.

The secretary of the Evangelists' Association, in connection with the North Frederick Street Baptist Church, Glasgow, writes that the fortnight's mission held by *Messrs. Mateer and Parker* resulted in the quickening of Christians, the reclaiming of backsliders, and the bringing in of many who had been without Christ. On the second Sunday evening the National Hall was crowded with an attentive and interested congregation. This month our brethren are to visit Trowbridge, Hanwell, and Margate.

ORPHANAGE.—We are happy to announce that the gold watch mentioned in last month's "Notes" has been sold for £15. the price we wished to get for it. The friend who purchased it, who is one of the collectors for the Orphanage, says that he would like a good gold Albert chain to match the watch, and if anyone will make the institution such a present he will be pleased to buy it. We cannot do less than make his wish known, and it is possible that some generous giver will enable us to gratify it. We have not yet received an offer for the engravings of Sir Noel Paton's pictures, "Thy will be done," and "The Man of Sorrows."

The Collectors' Meeting is held too late in the month to be reported in the present magazine, but the lists of the amounts brought in will be published in our December number.

Mr. Charlesworth, and his choir of singers and bell-ringers, start on November 6th for their northern tour. They are to visit Lincoln, Barnsley, Sheffield, Scarborough, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, York, and Hull. After a few days at home, they start again for Bournemouth, Salisbury, Lymington, Newport, Cowes, Gosport, Portsmouth, Worthing, Brighton, Hastings, Ashford, Folkestone, Dover, Deal, Margate, Sittingbourne, and Chatham. Will all our friends do what they can to make the meetings successful?

COLPORTAGE.—Attention has recently been called in "The Church Congress" to the importance of providing good literature, and seeking to adopt some method of dealing with the unhealthy publications now so prevalent. No mention appears to have been made of the necessity for some agency for promoting the circulation of the large quantity of wholesome and interesting reading now provided. To some extent it finds an outlet in the ordinary trade channels. This usually means that books are sold to those who ask for them; but by means of the colporteurs a whole neighbourhood is systematically and regularly visited, with the express object of calling attention to the evils of reading bad books, and by the display of an attractive and well-selected stock of moral and religious books, and suitably illustrated periodicals, the people are persuaded to purchase that which shall be of lasting benefit to their minds and hearts. Slowly the Christian public are beginning to realize the value of this agency, which combines the bookseller with the evangelist, and works on unsectarian lines.

We are pleased to announce that, in addition to the two new districts reported last month, others will shortly be opened at Epping and Launceston, for each of which £40 a year has been guaranteed, while the matter is under consideration in other districts. Will any friends who did not see the Secretary's letter in the August number of *The Sword and the Trowel* kindly read it there? It will be sent by post on application, also Reports and Collecting Books, or any information. Subscriptions are much needed to maintain the General Fund from which assistance to the various districts is constantly drawn.

PERSONAL NOTES.—We cannot spare space enough for notices of many interesting cases of the usefulness of our printed sermons which have recently come before us, but we must find room for the following instances, of which we received information by *the same post*, although the writers are far removed from one another:—

One of our Colporteurs, labouring in an English country town, says that he has been specially requested by a confirmed invalid, who is suffering greatly from paralysis of the spine, to express her sincere thanks for the spiritual food that she finds in the sermons, by which she was first brought to the Lord.

"A Presbyterian, County Donegal, Ireland," writes:—"I have received peace through reading a sermon of yours, entitled 'Sight for those who see not.' (No. 1798.) Although you do not know me, nor I you, personally, I thought it might help to cheer you in your work for the Master, and encourage you in preaching plain, simple, gospel sermons—few, too few, of which we hear. I have to thank you, dear sir, for *that sermon; it was printed for me.*"

The following comes from Afghanistan:—"I write this letter just to inform you what an immense deal of good your valuable sermons have done to my soul; and, I am certain, to the souls of thousands, of which you are not aware, and cannot be aware. I knew a man who, for a long time, never went to any place of worship, but he took a great delight in reading aloud your sermons, all by himself, at his own home, just as if he were preaching them. He told me that he liked them better than any others he had ever heard or read. You may judge, therefore, that the Holy Spirit was working in his heart."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—September 25, fifteen; October 2, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Collection at Drummond-road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	5	7	0
Pastor F. G. Marchant	2	0	0
Mr. H. S. Pledge	5	0	0
E. W....	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. A. N. Padley	5	0	0
Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., M.P.	5	0	0
Mrs. Denny...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0
Emma G.	0	5	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Miss S. J. Hannam (less 8d. paid for registration)	0	19	4
Mrs. Dale	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Men's Bible Class	15	0	0
Collection at Toowoomba, Queensland, per Pastor W. Higlett	4	4	10
Mr. W. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)... ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. H. Walker, per Pastor George Duncan	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. William Grant	2	10	0
Y. H., Loughborough	0	10	0
Mr. James S. Mack, S.S.C.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Corbett	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	13	0	0
Mrs. Pierson	2	0	0
Collection at Camberley, per Mr. C. F. Allison	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	4	0	0
Mr. T. J. Redgate...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Stiff	25	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"...	1	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 21	32	0	0
„ 28	133	0	0
Oct. 5	27	6	9
„ 12	30	0	4
	222	7	1
	£335	14	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. I. T. Waugh	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Mannington	2	0	0
"Inasmuch," Matt. xxv. 45	1	0	0
Rev. J. T. Wigner	2	0	0
Mrs. M. E Jenkins	0	10	0
Mr. W. Monnery	5	0	0
Miss K. Monnery	1	0	0
Miss L. Barker	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
Mrs. Durrant, sale of six silver forks...	3	3	4
Mr. C. J. A. N. Padley	5	0	0
R., a tenth	0	2	6
Miss Page	0	2	0
Mr. Alfred Richards, per Pastor J. S. Paige	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Hamilton...	1	0	0
H. E....	0	2	6
Mrs. Denny...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0
Ethel Chester	0	2	0
Harold Chester	0	2	0
E. N., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.	2	0	0
"Guilsborough"	0	5	0
A friend; Montrose	0	5	0
Sillyearn Sunday-school	0	15	6
The Misses Dixon	0	10	0
G. J.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Thomas	5	0	0
Miss Bousfield	5	0	0
Mr. J. Bibby and friends:—			
H. H....	0	2	6
G. P. and E. A.	0	6	0
J. B. and C. B.	0	9	0
Mrs. L.	0	1	0
S. G.	0	1	0
E. R.	0	1	0
A friend	0	0	6
	1	1	0
Emma G.	0	5	0
S. S.	0	2	0
Miss I. Rintoul	0	10	0
Mrs. Downing	1	0	0
P. M., Bow	0	2	6
Box at Strone House	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
"A sympathizing Friend"	100	0	0
Mr. R. P. Haken	1	1	0
Mrs. M. E. Edwards	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	15	0
Mr. P. A. Rive	1	0	0
Odd farthings collected by G. F. Lee, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston...	0	12	6
Sermon-reader	0	2	6
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0
J. V. H.	0	10	0
A Clapham Doctor	0	10	0
Rosa	0	2	6
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
One quarter's rent of a house in Lincoln	4	10	0
Rev. Colmer B. and Mrs. Symes ...	5	0	0
A vegetarian	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
Mrs. Pritheroe	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. William Haddow	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Gurney	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. Henry R. Parker	2	0	0
A friend in Jesus	0	2	0
Emmanuel Church Young Men's Bible-class, Brighton	0	15	6
Miss Jane Mackay and friends... ...	0	5	0
Mr. James S. Mack, S.S.C.	2	0	0
A servant's presents from visitors ...	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Barouche	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	14	0	0
Mr. P. Van Alstnie	4	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
W. A. M.	0	5	6
Mrs. Birrell	1	0	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Parson...	1	0	0
Collected at Cottage Meeting at Cherrington, per Mr. E. Reece	0	9	0
In Memoriam, M. R.	2	0	0
Received for Gold Watch mentioned in last month's "Sword and Trowel" Notes, H. I., Malta	15	0	0
Mrs. Haydon	2	2	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
A. M....	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	4	6
Mrs. W. John	0	10	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
For Christ's sake	1	0	0
Mrs. Madden	0	10	0
Mr. W. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Robertson	1	1	0
Mrs. Willis	0	10	0
Mr. William Tonkin	0	10	0
E. E.	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Hawkes	0	2	8
Mr. John James Cooper	0	5	0
Collected by Miss J. H. Gresham ...	3	5	9
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	0	0
A poor woman	0	0	6
Rev. John Oswald Jackson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wates	0	5	0
Sale of Gloves	0	1	6
Mr. G. Durrell	0	2	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	2	10	6
A Christian friend at Macduff, per Mr. W. J. Packer	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wood	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2	3	5
Mr. W. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ward	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs Olden	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Sept. 30th. ...	2	2	0
Annual subscriptions:—			
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mr. Alf. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. R. Ellis	1	0	0
Sir N. and Messrs. A. and L. De Rothschild, for the late Baroness De Rothschild	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
	£324	13	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS: A quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, &c., from Harvest Thanksgiving service, West Drayton, per Rev. A. Smith; 116 quarterns Bread, Mr. John Feaist; some Fruit and Vegetables, from Harvest Thanksgiving service, Sidcup Congregational Church, per Mr. Stanley Gray. Two New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1,000 French Rolls, Messrs. Harris & Co., Health Exhibition, per Mr. Plant; 3 tons Potatoes, Mr. J. Toller; part produce of Orphanage Acre, at Waterbeach; 1 Churn Milk, Messrs. Freeth & Pocock; 5 hampers Apples, Messrs. E. & S. Fowler; a quantity of Fruit, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving service at Abbey Street, Bermondsey, per Pastor H. Carlile; 1 Kitt Mixed Fish, Mr. S. J. Dobson; 28lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 12 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Cask Blacking, Messrs. Carr & Son, per Mr. T. P. Chard.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Night Shirts, S. H. L.; a parcel of half-worn clothes, M. A. H.; 9 Articles, Mrs. Kidner.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—15 Hats, 10 pairs of Stockings, N. L.; 1 Flannel Petticoat, Mrs. Collier; 38 Articles, Young Ladies Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernable, per Miss Huggs; 1 pair Stockings, from Perth; a quantity of Cloth, Mr. T. Jones; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss G. Kirtley; 29 Garments, and 33½ yards Dress Material, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Church, Brixton, per Mrs. Pearce; 1 Dress for Orphan Girl, "K. Cooper," per Miss L. Harris; 36 Articles, Mrs. Stockwell; 12 Articles for No. 6 House, Mrs. Moss.

GENERAL:—24 yards Calico, "S. J."; a Scrap Book, T. J. Wormald; 2 dozen Volumes "Cantterbox," "Childs Companion," &c., Miss J. Smithies.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Arthur	10	0	0
B., Moseley	5	0	0
	£15	0	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1884.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Aylesbury District, per Mr. Taylor ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham ...	20	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrikyber	30	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Tittleshall and Neatishead	20	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown	30	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville Orpington District:—	10	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class	6	7	8
C. F. A.	3	3	1
	9	10	9
	£207	0	9

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tutt	0	2	6
Mr. Sharwood	0	2	0
Church of England—thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss A. Lloyd	0	10	0
H. B.	100	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	5	0
Miss M. Mack Wall	0	10	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss Gardiner	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	11	0	0
In Memoriam, M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	3	0	0
Mrs. H. Ward	0	2	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£161	18	6

Erratum.—£20 from Nottingham Tabernacle, noted as an error, was subsequently corrected.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Three East Ham Ploughmen	1	10	0
Church of England—thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Stamps	0	5	0
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ballantine	0	2	6
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Selkirk ...	5	0	0
In Memoriam, M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Attercliffe	4	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. James S. Mack, S.S.C	1	0	0
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
	£73	2	6

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Mrs Denny, £2; Mrs. Jane Evans, £1; Mrs. Allen, 5s.; E. N., Newark, N. J., £2; Mr. Robert Malloch, 10s.; Mrs. G. Wilkie, £6; Mr. A. D. Grimond, £5; Mrs. Evans, 5s.; Mr. Donaldson, £5; Miss Fowler, £1; Provost Moncur, £5; R. G., £5; Miss Dougal, £3; the Misses Cochrane, £5; Mr. James Macleish, £2 2s.; Mr. Crichton, 4s.; a nail from Janet, 5s.; Mrs. Grant Wilkie, £1; Mr. Doggett, £2; Mr. J. B. Mead, £10 10s.; Miss M. E. White, 5s.; Mr. John Potts, £2; Mr. Gregory, £5; Mr. C. F. Allison, £5; Mrs. Dunn, 5s.; Mr. A. Stewart, 2s 6d.; Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D., £1; Rev. W. Stott, £1 1s.; Y. M. C. A., Trinity Street, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Passmore, £20; Mr. J. Passmore, Jun., £5; Mr. James Passmore, £5; Mrs. Ellwood, £2 2s.; Mr. Newson, 10s.; Rev. W. Williams, 10s.; *In Memoriam*, M. R., £1; a member, 1s.; a young sailor, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Price, £5; Mrs. Clayton, £1; Rev. W. Wright, B.A., D.D., £1; Mr. H. Harrison, £1; two friends at Croydon, £1 10s.; Mr. C. E. Fox, £5; Mrs. Joan White and friends, £3; Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S., £1 1s.; Mr. James Benham, £10 10s.; Mr. J. Hall, £1 1s.; Garnet, Daphne, Strawberry, and Dot, £25; Miss E. Mitchell, 5s.; Miss M. Jones, 8s.; Mr. J. Terry, £5; Mr. Anderson, 10s.; Mr. Cooper, per Mr. Chamberlain, £2 16s. 7d.; Alice's mother, 2s. 6d.; received at Tabernacle prayer-meeting, £2; one of the Marys, £1; Mrs. James Smith, £5; Mr. Barber, £2 2s.; Miss Sambourne, £2.

Received towards cost of communion service:—Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross, £2 2s.; Miss Darkin, 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. Smith, £2; Miss Webber and Miss Webber-Smith, £5; a friend, per J. T. D., 10s.; Miss E. Ferguson, £1; Mrs. J. B., 2s. 6d.

Proceeds of Pastor T. Spurgeon's visits to Dundee, £57; Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, £24; Diss, £6 5s., and £1 12s. 6d.; Bristo Place Chapel, Edinburgh, £32 5s.; Dublin Street Chapel, Edinburgh, £13, £3 15s., and £20; Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, £3 5s.; Darling's Hotel, Edinburgh, £8; Congregational Chapel, Stowmarket, £13 17s.; Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, £25; St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge, £15 18s. 3d.; West Croydon Baptist Chapel, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and friends (and including special contributions from Mr. J. Colman, £25; Mr R. V. Barrow, £21; Mr. J. S. McMaster, £5), £105.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1884.

Another Spiritual Honey-Drop.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ANOTHER one of our choicest honey-drops* will be found in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, at the fourteenth verse. I shall speak upon it now without premeditation, simply allowing the sweetness to flow forth of itself. It is God's word to his servant Moses.

"*And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*"

It was not a pleasure-trip that Moses was taking, it was a journey through the wilderness, on most important business, with a great pressure on his own heart. He took his case before his God, and he said unto Jehovah, "See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people: and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight. Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, shew me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people." It is very beautiful to notice the argument that Moses uses. He says, "Lord, thou hast set me to take care of this people. How can I do it? But they are thy people." Therefore he gives an eye to Jehovah himself for assistance. "Thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me," is his complaint; but he seems to have an eye to the fact that HE,

* See *The Sword and the Trowel* for November, "Concerning the Dropping of Honeycombs."

whose people they were, who had put him into commission to guide them, and to bear all their provocations, must intend to give him some very superior help. The answer to that is, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." What more could Moses want than that, and what more can we want? We are so foolish that we look about for strength away from God, but there is none except in him. Dear Brother Varley, you are going to preach the gospel in the lands beyond the sea; this is the assurance that you want in going forth; "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." You will want much help in journeying from place to place; and that help lies in the constant fellowship of your heart with the Lord, the continual presence of God consciously enjoyed. You have a great burden of souls lying upon you, dear friend; your strength to bear that burden lies in the realization of God's presence with yourself. It may not appear to some that the quarter of an hour in the morning spent in looking into the face of God, with ecstatic joy, can fill us with strength; but we know from blessed experience that there is no strength like it. We are only strong as we are overshadowed by the Eternal. Then Omnipotence comes streaming into us; Jehovah, in infinite, condescending liberality, gives forth his might to us.

Now, notice, that Moses was not informed that God would send Hobab, his father-in-law, to go with him; he was not told that Joshua, his successor, should accompany him; nothing was said to him about the seventy elders who were to share the burden of responsibility with him. Moses was to have their presence and help, but his true power was to lie in this, "*My presence* shall go with thee." He is about to start on a journey of great importance, a journey of great trial, a journey of great provocation, a journey that was to last for forty years; but this is all the provender that he needs, and God himself could not give him more.

And then he adds, "And *I will give thee rest.*" The most important thing to a Christian worker, as it was to Moses, is to have rest. "I do not expect any rest," says one, "while I am here." Do you not? Then you will not do much work for the Lord. They who work most must rest most; and if they work with their mind they cannot do it well, indeed they cannot do it at all, unless they have plenty of rest. You will notice how people that get greatly excited often talk nonsense, and people who are very fretful and fearful do not speak or act as they should. The man who is to move others must have both his own feet fixed firmly; there is nothing like having a good grip of the ground, then you can fling the fellow with whom you are wrestling, but he cannot fling you.

"Do you think Moses had this rest?" some one asks. I am sure he had, because of the meekness of his spirit. You remember how the Lord Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." It is true that meekness of heart produces rest; but still, at the bottom, rest of heart produces meekness. You can very well afford to be quiet with your fellow-men when you yourself are perfectly restful in the living God. I remember a man being run over in the street one day. Somebody rushed off, post haste, for the nearest doctor; and when the medical

man heard of the accident, he went quietly into his surgery, turned over his case of instruments, selected those that he thought he might want, and then leisurely walked to the spot where the poor man lay. The messenger tried to hurry him, but it was no use. "Be quick, doctor," he cried, "the man's leg is broken, every moment is precious." Now, the surgeon knew that he was doing the very best thing that he could do, and he was far wiser than he would have been if he had rushed off in wild haste, perhaps forgetting the very instrument he most needed, and arriving out of breath, and quite unfit for the delicate duty required of him. The doctor's composure was not the result of coldness of heart, but the result of the resolution to do the best possible thing in the best possible way. If you are conscious of the Lord's presence, you will do the best thing possible by being very calm, deliberate, and quiet in his service. "He that believeth," in that sense, "shall not make haste;" but he shall go about the business in a restful spirit.

Mark the kind of rest that is here mentioned. "I will give thee rest." All the rest that God gives us we may safely take. No man ever rested too long upon the bosom of Jesus. I believe that many Christian workers would be better if they enjoyed more rest. I was speaking to the ministers at the Conference upon this matter, my subject being the Saviour asleep during the storm on the Sea of Galilee. He knew there was a storm coming on, but he felt so happy and restful in his Father's love and care that he went into the hinder part of the ship, the best place for sleeping, deliberately took a pillow, lay down, and went to sleep. It was the very best thing he could do. He had been busy all day, teaching and feeding the multitudes, and he felt that it was his duty to go to sleep that he might be ready for the next day's toil. When *you* get very weary, and perhaps worried as well, the best thing you can do is to go to sleep. Go to bed, brother; and go to sleep. It is astonishing what a difference a night's rest makes with our troubles. I would say this literally to fidgetty, worrying people, like myself, "Go to bed, brother, go to bed." But I would also say it spiritually to all sorts of people; when you are feeling weak, and disturbed, and you do not know what to do for the best—"Go into the presence of God, and there get rest." "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." I will give you a little bit of worldly wisdom; it is this,—whenever you do not know what to do, do not do it. But some people, when they do not know what to do, go and do it directly, and get themselves into all sorts of trouble. Many of us, like Moses, need rest. Moses has to bear two millions of people on his heart; he needs rest. He has to put up with them for forty years; he needs rest. Never had another man such a family as that, never was another man so likely to be fluttered and worried; and he was a meek-spirited man, too, who could not make a dash, as others might have done. This is his strength, that he dwells in the divine presence, and therefore is restful, calm, and strong. It is only now and then that he lets the human meekness be for a moment clouded. Thus he was enabled to march along, like a king in Jeshurun, as he was; and his soul dwelt in the eternity of God, singing ever amidst ten thousand graves, for he had forty of his people dying every day, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

The Lark and the Mole.—Fable No. 2.

Knowledge comes by comparison and contact with what we know. We can have no knowledge of that of which we have no experience.

A LITTLE mole lived in a hole,
Most happy under ground;
His time was spent in getting food,
And eating what he found.

Most wise he was in searching out
His special kind of food;
This found, his only anxious thought
To find its flavour good.

Though in the dark, his instinct strong
Most clearly could discern
The best cuisine; so keen his scent,
He little had to learn.

This knack of sorting in the dark,
With nice discrimination,
Would show itself in divers ways,
And often in strange fashion.

One day, not having much to do,
Our friend thought he'd look out;
So, creeping to his burrow's end,
Put out his little snout.

Near to his hole a lark had reared
A young and healthy brood,
Who all day long lisped out their notes,
According to their mood.

With them the mole acquaintance made,
And sometimes had a chat,
Though oft the birds most puzzled were
To know what he was at.

His gestures strange, his comic looks,
His husky, solemn tone,
Oft made his little friends to fear
When left with him alone.

Well, on the day the mole came out,
His little friends he heard
All prattling out their little joys
Just as his form appeared.

"Your mother's out, dear friends," said he,
"Methinks I hear her song;
Should think, my chicks, you often feel
Her absence to be long."

"Where is she?" said one of the birds,
With little, twinkling eye;
"Ah, where indeed?" the mole replied,
"Somewhere she calls the sky."

"And where is that?" the fledglings asked,
With curious, eager zest;
"Up there, where each will have a hole,
And I one of the best."

The voices hushed—down from the sky
The lark now sought her nest;
Her sheltering wings spread o'er her young,
And kissed each speckled breast.

With awe the birds began to tell
The tale heard from the mole;
How in the sky they all would fly,
And each would have a hole.

But that which raised their wonder most,
And robbed them of their rest,
Was that the mole most gravely said,
His hole would be the best.

The lark spread out her wings to fly,
Sang as she soared away:
"Children, the mole knows best his hole;
Heed not what he may say."

W. POOLE BALFERN.

A Customer Secured.

A YOUNG man in a dry-goods store in Boston was endeavouring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style; and the man seemed inclined to take them. When the goods had been examined, and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer enquired: "Are these goods the latest style?" The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods, and it appeared evident that if he said they *were* the latest style, the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied: "They are *not* the latest style of goods, but they are a very *good* style." The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later style, and said: "I will take those of the older style, and some of the new also. Your honesty in stating the facts will *fasten me to this place.*"

The man not only sold his goods, and kept a good conscience, but he also retained a customer, whom he might never have seen again if he had not spoken to him the exact truth. There is no permanent gain in falsehood and deception. Righteousness and truth are a sure foundation.—*From "The Christian," Boston, U. S. A.*

Soldiers at Home and Abroad.

ON the morning of the 10th of July, when the ground and atmosphere had been cooled by refreshing rains, we left London by the South-Western Railway, and after travelling thirty-five miles through the picturesque county of Surrey, alighted at Aldershot, for the purpose of seeing what the late Mrs. Daniell and her successor had done for the welfare of the British soldier.

Thirty years ago Aldershot was nothing more than a country village on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, so that the town which has so rapidly arisen owes its existence directly to the establishment of the military camps in 1855. Two years before that date, the public manifested considerable interest in the accounts which were published in the newspapers of the temporary camp at Chobham; and it was the success of that experiment which suggested to the Government the desirability of having a permanent camp, where instruction, as on the actual field of action, could be regularly imparted to officers and men. In looking for a suitable spot, the choice of the authorities fell upon the waste area around Aldershot, because the land belonged to the crown, and because, from the strategic standpoint of the Commander-in-Chief, the forces there concentrated would cover London if the capital were ever threatened. In the North and South Camps there will sometimes be found from 10,000 to 24,000 men, besides some thousands of horses and a number of field guns, all under the command of a licutenant-general. Trades and professions appear to flourish in the new town which has come into existence; while the large number of sight-seers who visit the place in congenial weather are a source of considerable profit to the railway company. Some of the more fastidious inhabitants complain of the light peat soil of the country, which even a minimum of rain seems to turn into mud, and which a few days' sunshine converts into blinding, black dust. Such are the history and characteristics of the now celebrated camp.

Nearly thirty years ago, the late Mrs. Daniell, who was partially an invalid, founded several village missions, and the manifest blessing which attended these efforts became the indirect means of the work being undertaken at Aldershot; the friend who first recommended the enterprise having been the secretary of the County Towns Mission, with whom Mrs. Daniell was acquainted. At first the idea was thought to be too wild to be entertained, but eventually the call to work seemed to come from God. In a letter to Mr. Pennifather, written in August, 1862, Mrs. Daniell referred to the subject, and described some characteristics of the town and neighbourhood, which were repeated at the Barnet conference a few days later. Unblushing vice was said to track "the every-day path of the poor soldier." Within the camp, the Government provided four chaplains, including Roman Catholic priests, and there were besides four Scripture-readers. "Outside there are above a hundred public-houses, some with dancing saloons, and other arrangements, by which these wretched panderers to vice entrap the unwary," added Mrs. Daniell, "and the moment the poor soldier, tired with the forced inaction of camp life, sets his foot beyond the lines, his case seems desperate." Friends volunteered help, the way appeared to be opened, and although

at first it was not plain how a beginning could be made, all obstacles were soon removed. Mrs. Daniell went to Aldershot early in September, 1862, where she was very heartily welcomed by a number of Christian officers and men. Then, when she looked round the neighbourhood, the discovery was soon made that a public-house, "conducted on totally different principles from those already abounding," was needed to make the proposed mission completely successful. Not enjoying the most robust health, and being naturally of a timid disposition, Mrs. Daniell shrank from the very idea of bricks and mortar; but when the matter was earnestly prayed about, difficulties vanished in a truly providential manner. Contrary to expectation, a site was obtained for the asking—a piece of ground in a most eligible situation. A Christian gentleman, interested in the welfare of the fast-rising military settlement, freely offered of the best he possessed for the Lord's service, and it was on his land that the present Institute was reared. The first stone of the building was laid by Lord Shaftesbury on the 11th of February, 1863; and in his usual happy style, the Earl referred to the characteristics of the work which would there be carried on, while he also protested against the notion that soldiers were a class past all hope of reclamation. "I do hope," added the speaker, "that those good and gallant men who shall come to this institution to share in the blessings it is well calculated to afford, will come with a good and hearty spirit, determined to avail themselves of these signal advantages; that they will turn to good account the short time they may be enabled to participate in all these great benefits, and recognize the hand of God which has touched the hearts of those good people who founded an institution so essential to their welfare." In October of the same year the building was opened, the first address in the assembly-room having been given by Mr. Pennifather, and from that day to the present time the work has gone uninterruptedly forward.

The Institute itself, which occupies a high and commanding site not far from the cavalry barracks, is in every way suited for its purpose, while it is an ornament to the quarter of the town in which it stands. The style of the building is Elizabethan, and the general aspect of the exterior has greatly improved since the gardens have had time to grow, and since the creeping plants have had an opportunity to partially cover the walls. On entering by the main door, the visitor at once sees that the establishment is well worthy of being called a soldiers' home—a place where officers, as well as privates, can have their varied wants supplied. At all hours of the day light refreshments can be had at the bar, and at dinner-time a plain but well-cooked meal can be had at a cheap rate. We happened to enter the place about one o'clock, and what could actually be seen, or what could only be scented from the inner recesses of the kitchen, very satisfactorily demonstrated the efficiency of the commissariat department. Coffee-room, restaurant, and club are well combined; for further on there are rooms for reading, smoking, and other recreations. The assembly-room, seventy feet long and thirty wide, in which religious services are regularly held, reminds us that the chief aim of all is to spiritually benefit the men who are attracted. Very many soldiers have there been born again, and there will be a still more plentiful harvest in the future. The conversion of

the men with whom she came in contact was constantly aimed at by Mrs. Daniell, and her successor has in this respect always been faithful to her trust. There is a class-room which serves for Bible-readings, mothers'-meetings, and similar gatherings ; and there is also the drawing-room, where many an assembly of officers seeking Christian instruction has been held. It is a very far-reaching work, showing on the one hand the triumphant faith of those who have gone before, and on the other the nature of that Gospel which meets the requirements of all classes.

In past times it has been the misfortune of the British soldier to be misunderstood ; he was too often regarded as belonging to a section of society past reclamation, of whom bad things alone were expected in the barracks, and the most brilliant achievements in the field. He was judged harshly by people who made no kind of allowance for the disadvantages of early surroundings and education, and who, sometimes, did not know that the grace of God was as potent to change the grossest sinner as it was to lift the moral Pharisee to the level of true spiritual service. Left to himself, generation after generation, the soldier has not disappointed the expectations of those who were content to leave him to his fate. Ignorant, insufficiently employed, and surrounded with debased companions and temptations to vicious indulgences on all sides, he followed the bent of a sinful nature until garrison towns became synonymous with the worst spots of earth. So long as nothing was done nothing was gained ; but if the ground brought forth only thistles, thorns, and weeds, it was not so much the fault of the soil as the fault of those who neglected the tillage, which would have ensured the production of what was better. Mrs. Daniell succeeded because her high aims were accompanied by all-conquering faith ; and hence the work which this one devoted woman has bequeathed to her successor to-day represents nothing less than a national benefit. The nation, which is interested in the well-being of its army, will surely never fail to recognize the importance of what has been done, and of what will yet be accomplished. We have to remember that Institutes similar to that at Aldershot have also been founded at Colchester, Manchester, Plymouth, and Chatham. Before these buildings were provided there were not a few military men who spoke of themselves as being homeless when removed to another town where the Christian privileges of Aldershot could not be enjoyed.

A good and well-conducted work naturally has a tendency to expand ; so that, after the death of her mother, Miss Daniell began to turn attention to other military towns, where Homes could be established. The fact that two companies of artillery were about to leave for Weedon in 1872, called attention to that town, where the extensive barracks, military prison, and Government stores show that in the past greater numbers of soldiers were stationed there than at present. A Home opened in 1873 is described as " a strange old-fashioned house, with high chimney-pieces, large open fire-places, and whitewashed rafters, and a curious old staircase leading from the reading-room to the meeting-room ; " but after a time the work here was relinquished in favour of more likely places. So long as they were carried on, however, the efforts at Weedon were entirely satisfactory.

As the capital of the Eastern Military District of England, and as one

of the most ancient towns in the country, Colchester had claims upon the friends of the soldier which demanded earnest attention, especially as the town was one where operations could be carried on under very advantageous circumstances. During the time of the old war with France, when our forefathers seem to have had a mania for fighting, extensive barrack accommodation was provided, but a large portion of the buildings were taken down after the proclamation of peace. In the days of the Crimean war, a camp of 5,000 men was formed, and a few years later cavalry barracks were constructed. When Miss Daniell commenced her labours in the town, in 1878, Colchester was in a normal condition; but the prospect of having a Home created great interest among a large section of the military inhabitants. An establishment was opened on a small scale in 1873, and having been regarded as a temporary arrangement, this was superseded by something better in 1878. When the idea of obtaining larger premises was broached, one friend felt sufficient interest in the cause to give £2,700 in a single donation, and this sum was invested in a large old-fashioned red-brick mansion in Queen Street, which, with its ample grounds, admirably suited the purpose in view, after some necessary additions and alterations had been made. In the new quarters the work has proceeded with abundant blessing. The Home at Manchester, on a smaller scale, was opened about ten years ago, and consists of a house near the infantry barracks, which was taken and furnished for the purpose.

The establishment of an Institute at Plymouth in 1877 was a far larger undertaking. Though now so renowned as a great sea-port and garrison, Plymouth was not of sufficient importance to be mentioned in Domesday-book, and long afterwards it is spoken of as a mean place, inhabited by fishermen's families. It gradually grew in importance as the Middle Ages advanced, however; and not only did the English fleet anchor there in the time of the Spanish Armada, but some time afterwards the interesting spectacle of a bonfire of twenty-two chests of papal bulls and indulgences, taken from Spaniards, was witnessed in the market-place. The town has made a considerable figure in history, and to-day it is the head-quarters of the Western Military District, just as Colchester is of the Eastern.

Some years before Miss Daniell erected the present Home in Stonehouse Market, Plymouth, some endeavours had been made by certain persons to maintain a small institution; but the work languished, and would probably have died out altogether if others with more energy had not appeared on the scene. The site was obtained after much waiting, and after many difficulties had been overcome; but now that operations have been carried on for seven years, it is found that the expenditure of time, money, and trouble has ensured a liberal return. The Home at Plymouth has more of a public-house aspect than the branches in other places; but though the plate-glass and glitter may seem to attract by day, and the liberal allowance of gas may serve for a beacon-glare by night, the character of the work is as high as it is in other places. Whoever is attracted into the capacious bar, with its marble counter, seats, and small tables, will find all the food of good quality and well cooked, while the tea, coffee, and other drinks will be found an excellent substitute for the stronger decoctions sold in other places. There is also a full number of rooms set apart for reading, smoking, and

recreation. The Home at Plymouth is the most showy of any that have been established, and it enjoys the additional advantage of being in a very central situation.

The last place we have to notice in connection with these branch Homes is Chatham, which has had a dockyard ever since the days of Elizabeth. The fortifications are now very extensive, and have of late years been greatly improved. The chief barracks on the banks of the Medway accommodate 4,000 men, and there are other barracks, besides a Government hospital and military museum. Historically, the town is of considerable interest, and there are many other memories which do not enter into the narrative of history.

Miss Daniell gave some attention to Chatham soon after her mother's death, but a site was not secured until some time after, and the building was not ready for opening until 1876. The work has thus been in progress for eight years, and the affection of the men for this Home more particularly is said to have been peculiarly striking.

The work has thus been continued in the manner which Mrs. Daniell would have desired; for in addition to two village missions, there are now five Soldiers' Homes in the country, and one ought to be established in every garrison.

Of the pressing need there is for this work among soldiers, all who are acquainted with the temptations of the Service and the weakness of human nature to resist the enemy can bear witness. The men need to be attracted into better ways; and when impressed, they want all the encouragement which Christian advisers and godly companionship of their own order can give. Brave men, who would readily face danger or even death itself on the field, are not proof against ridicule; and they would almost prefer the risks of shot and shell to having boots thrown at their heads when they kneel down to pray. A little Christian courage, such as attendance at the Homes may instil, goes a long way, however; and when once implanted in the soldier's heart it will show itself in the garrison town at home no less than in active service abroad. Nothing can exceed their gratitude when, having been delivered by the grace of God from that fear of man which brings a snare, they are enabled to enjoy the perfect liberty of Christ.

The far-reaching character of the work inaugurated by Mrs. Daniell, and since continued by her daughter, is well known to those who move about among the regiments, and who have had opportunities of seeing the genuineness of the men's conversion tested by the hardships of actual war. An officer who was on the General's Staff during the late operations on the Nile says: "In Egypt I came across many more Christian soldiers than I met in either the Zulu or Transvaal wars; and, with scarcely an exception, all whom I questioned on the subject told me that they had been brought to the Lord at one or other of the Soldiers' Homes. A very devoted Presbyterian Missionary from Port Said told me he was quite surprised to find such large numbers of Christian men amongst the sick and wounded at Ismailia; and these men came largely from regiments straight from England, and from attending Soldiers' Homes."

Another officer remarked that "the difference in bearing between those who were in the habit of attending the Homes and those who were not was very strongly marked. The former, with their Testaments

and hymn-books under their pillows, were good-tempered and inclined to minimise their troubles, and grateful for any little kindness; the latter, I found to be so ignorant of the simplest Bible truths that it was impossible in the short time at my disposal to aid them much."

We select a few sentences from the letter of a Christian soldier who was killed at Tel-el-Kebir.

"According to promise I avail myself of this opportunity of writing, and hope you will not consider me ungrateful in being so dilatory in writing, as we have been so much embarrassed with our duty that my time has been very limited. . . . I thank God that he made you speak to me and give me that little prayer, for it is a great help to me; and you must know that we have not a Home to go to every night and hear God's word spoken; but, praise God, the word that was spoken to me has been meat to my soul, and the Lord says, 'Fear not, for I am with you.' I need the presence of the Lord very near me now, for there is a great deal more temptations to withstand now than there was before. . . . . We had a glorious meeting to-night, and God's Spirit is working among us and saving souls; but the devil is very strong here. But thank the Lord, he is able to uphold us, and he is doing it and giving us 'the victory again and again.' . . . . . But I must close now, for time is getting short, and I am so happy that I could write all night and tell all we have come through, only it would be too long. So I must bid you good-night; and may the Lord Jesus make you strong again before you receive this letter."

Two others who were wounded in the same action were anxious that the doctors should attend to others before them, because they were ready for anything that might come; and one of these when his arm was taken off exclaimed, "Thank God, I have still one arm left to serve Christ with."

The men thus carry with them, whithersoever they go, the good they receive at the Soldiers' Homes; but it should not be forgotten that women and children also receive a full share of attention. Girls who are weak enough to be attracted by a red coat often find out, when too late, that a common soldier's wife must necessarily live on extremely straitened means. They are frequently found in a state bordering on abject destitution; and, as is usual under such circumstances, the children are severe sufferers. Thus some of the most grateful relief that women can administer is given to mothers and little ones in their bare rooms. Some would say that such persons have acted imprudently, and have brought trouble on themselves; but such arguments do not weigh with Christian visitors, who have to do with things as they find them.

As a comprehensive work, which confers national benefit, the mission to soldiers, as represented by Miss Daniell's Homes, deserves to have the prayers and the support of all denominations. The expenses at present amount to about £40 a week; but although this is a considerable sum, the work ought to advance until every garrison has its Christian Institute to counteract the influence of other places which exist for purposes of evil.* G. H. P.

* In 1879 Miss Daniell published, through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, a timely and well-written memorial of her mother, entitled, "Aldershot: a Record of Mrs. Daniell's Work amongst Soldiers." This book is still on sale, and we have been indebted to it for some of our facts.

Fifteen Years of Prayer.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

"HAVE you heard the good news, pastor?" "No, what is it?" "Why, George Lacy has been brought in down to Barnstaple!" The speaker was good brother L——, a blacksmith, and one of the deacons of the Baptist Church in "Our Village," (see *The Sword and the Trowel* for February,) and the subject of his remarks was a noted cheap-jack, drunkard, and infidel. "Well," resumed Brother L——, as he thrust a bar of iron into the fire, and worked the bellows with increasing vigour, "well, the Lord's name be praised, George *is* a clever man; you should hear him tell on market-days. I have always said that if thickey* man would only give himself to the Lord, what a power for gude he would be, how he would fight against the devil and the drink! Why, sir," added my friend, resting upon the handle of his hammer, "he's just this sort of man: he would drink and gamble all day, and yet be able to take his place for his evening sale, with a clear head and a ready tongue. I mind the time when he was at Hatherleigh, telling and selling away, when a farmer in the crowd offended him; he just pulled off his coat, jumped down from his stand, and in a few moments administered a severe beating to the unfortunate farmer, and then went back to his work. He *was* a desperate character; but, praise the Lord, he is now a brand plucked from the burning." With this, my friend drew out the heated iron from the fire, and hammered away on it so heartily that the sparks flew about like a shower of meteors on a November night, and lit up the old smithy with their brilliancy.

A few months after this conversation, I had the pleasure of meeting the man about whom we had been talking, and I then heard the story of his conversion from his own lips. His new life began with his signing the pledge, and donning the blue ribbon, at a meeting he attended with his wife in the Music Hall at Barnstaple. At the close of the address, a gentleman, who knew George well, beckoned to him to come up to the front, and pointed to the table. He knew what was meant—come up, and sign. He came, he signed, he kept his pledge. Then followed the next and most important step. At the services of the Salvation Army† George found the Saviour. Thus George, who had resisted the advice of good men and faithful friends, he who was the terror of the neighbourhood, before whom many a strong man would tremble, was taken captive, as he himself describes it, "by a little bit of a frail maiden, who came in a gentle manner, and laid her hand upon my shoulder, and urged me to decide for Christ. That's how I was conquered." With that gentle touch, and that sweet word, there was the touch of an almighty power, and there was the whispering of a loving Saviour's voice. How true it is that, when the Spirit of the Lord comes down upon men, even "a little child shall lead them"!

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* *Thickey* in the Devonian dialect means *that*.

† After his conversion, George left the "Army," and is now in connection with the Bible Christians.

In the conversion of George Lacy there is a remarkable instance of faith and perseverance in prayer on the part of one of God's hard-working servants. Good Brother Wills has for many years attended the markets in the north of Devon, taking with him tracts and Testaments, and also a kind word in the Master's name. At times he would offer George a Testament or a tract, which would always be refused with curses and blasphemy; and being a smart fellow, George could readily turn the laugh of the crowd against this good brother and his work. He was the only man in the market of whom Wills was afraid, and yet—or we ought rather to say, and therefore—*for fifteen years he continued to pray for him*, and to offer him the Word of life! When the Lord's time came, and George was taken captive, and stood up in the Music Hall at Barnstaple to tell what God had done for him, there was suddenly a stir at the back of the hall, and faithful and praying Wills, with his tracts and Testaments, came forward, and holding up a Testament, said, "Will you take one now, George?" "With all my heart," replied George. Then the two men, who at one time were so different from one another, knew that they were one in Christ; and they wept, and praised the Lord, and rejoiced together. Then, with deep emotion, Wills told how he had been *for fifteen years* offering George the Word of God, and how he had often gone home discouraged and well-nigh broken-hearted on account of the cruel treatment he had received. Yet he kept on praying, and working, and watching for results, and God was better to him than his fears, and that night he was there to testify that the Lord *did* hear and *answer* prayer; for there was the man who had long been the subject of special supplication. The blessing came, according to the promise, "*after many days.*"

How often God's blessings fall in most unlikely places, and upon most unlikely people! The proud Pharisee must stand aside that the publican and the harlot may press into the kingdom. The mountains, to-day so dreary and barren, "shall drop sweet wine"; and as we look upon the mighty hills that tower so proudly aloft all around us—unbelief, intemperance, hardness of heart, and infidelity—we see far above the loftiest summit these words, written with the finger of the living God, "And all the hills shall melt." He who has "brought in" George Lacy can bring in those unbelieving, haughty, hard-hearted people whom we meet daily as we go about doing the Master's work.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, *and to wait.*"

The Pastor's Vision.

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about."—Ezekiel xxxvii. 1, 2.

THE vision of the prophet of Chebar, read in the light of the New Testament, gives—

I. THE PASTOR'S ORDINATION: "The hand of the Lord was upon me."

Not the hand of the bishop.

Not the hand of the presbytery.

Not even yet the hand of the church in the form of a "unanimous call"; but "the hand of the Lord."

No man should lay his hand to the Lord's work till the Lord's hand has been laid on him.

II. THE PASTOR'S SEPARATION TO THE WORK: "The hand of the Lord . . . carried me out." The divinely-ordained pastor is "carried out," from

Business engagements.

Business connections.

Business distractions.

"Carried out" from these that he may the more fully enter into the holy duties of the office. Carried out "in the spirit of the Lord," not in the spirit that seeks—Professional ease; professional position; professional honours; but in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, and his was a spirit of entire consecration to the doing of his Father's will.

Some men "go" into the ministry "in the spirit of" gain; the true pastor is "carried" into it in "the spirit of the Lord."

III. THE PASTOR'S SETTLEMENT: "Set me down." The hand that "ordains" and "separates" also settles the place of pastorate.

The man thus "set down" by "the hand of the Lord" will not be easily bribed to "move" by the hand of a rich church. Thus "set down," he has no need to build up his position; his only care is to build up the church. Thus "set down," he dares not flee in times of difficulty. Troubles come thick and fast; but, standing with his face to them all, he says, "Shall such a man as I flee?"

Some of the angels of the churches are always on the wing. They are successors of the apostles in this, that their lives are spent in visiting the churches. It is a happy day for many of the churches when they are delivered from such "visitations," and these wanderers are "set down by the hand of the Lord."

IV. THE PASTOR'S CENTRAL POSITION: "In the midst." The true pastor must be a man among men. He must be "in the midst"—

Of his people's esteem.

Of their confidence.

Of their joys and sorrows.

Of every scheme for their spiritual well-being.

When the pastor thus stands in the "midst" of his people, they will "gather round" him in obedience to the same law that makes the circumference encircle the centre.

V. THE PASTOR'S SURVEY OF HIS SPHERE: "Led me by them round

about." When "set down" he does not "sit down," but at once betakes himself to a diligent survey of his sphere.

He goes "by them," taking a side view.

He goes "round about," taking an all-round view.

Like Nehemiah viewing the walls of Jerusalem: "Then I went up in the night, and viewed the wall . . . and turned back . . . and so returned." Or like the godly McCheyne, who, in the winter evenings, was wont to walk the streets of Dundee in the vicinity of his people's dwellings, in order to hear from how many of their homes issued the sweet sound of family devotion.

The pastor must survey his people as carefully as he would survey his text. Rightly to preach from the one to the other, he must "pass by" both "round about."

R. HERRIES.

The Anglo-Indian Evangelisation Society.

OUR countrymen in India now number about two hundred and fifty thousand, amid the vast native population of two hundred and fifty-four MILLIONS. Not less than one hundred thousand of them are scattered over the immense region in groups, families, and individuals, at considerable distances from the principal cities and towns, and very widely from each other, on the railways and plantations, factories and mines. These are, in very numerous instances, quite destitute of any ministrations of the gospel, and a great many even of those who have gone out from among us with some knowledge and love of the truth have sadly lost a taste for spiritual things, and have fallen away into worldliness, frivolity, and much ungodliness. In this state, while bearing the name Christian, their influence painfully hinders all the efforts of the missionaries sent forth by the churches for the conversion of the natives.

The great need of these, our "brethren, or kinsmen according to the flesh," for their own sake, and for the sake of those whom they so greatly influence, can be supplied only by ITINERANT EVANGELISATION.

The "ANGLO-INDIAN EVANGELISATION SOCIETY" has been endeavouring to provide this. It is a perfectly undenominational society in constitution and aim. It seeks only to win and restore to true discipleship of the Lord Jesus. Its agents are chosen because of ascertained fitness for the work, irrespective of the denomination with which they may be connected. They do not attempt to form any churches, but they urge all who are converted or restored by their instrumentality to join, at the earliest opportunity, any portion of the universal church with which they may find themselves in sympathy.

These agents are over the whole of India, occupying districts of very great extent, travelling day by day over lines of railway, and among plantations extending to six hundred, nine hundred, and fifteen hundred miles; visiting from house to house, and holding services periodically at some points, and more or less frequently at others, teaching and preaching Christ in season and out of season.

Their labours have been greatly blessed, directly and indirectly. One says:—"There is a genuine work of grace going on in many souls, evidences of which, in some cases, have met me most unexpectedly. I could tell

of drinking having been completely abandoned, and Christ accepted; of immorality long indulged being persistently renounced; of the Bible long hid away unused being brought into daily requisition; of prayer discontinued for months being resumed. . . . . Thus God is doing his work in many hearts and in many ways; and Christians have abundant reason for exultant thankfulness."

One indefatigable agent in Western India says, in his report for August last—"It would appear that the more work one accomplishes the more there is remaining to be done. Day after day throughout this month I have attempted to do a little, so that at its close I might have the satisfaction of knowing that almost every place along the district (of nine hundred miles) had received a small share of my attention; but on looking back, it would seem that the little done had only revealed the want and necessity for more earnest effort in all our stations.

"Two thousand and seventy miles have been travelled over, besides the actual work at the different centres and out stations" (visiting from house to house, &c.). "Additional fortnightly services have been begun at Bulsar and Broach, and, with the help of a Christian friend, I hope to be able to keep them up. Baroda, Ahmedabad, Saburmati, and Abu Road have services mostly every week, while Ajnier and a few small stations are visited periodically. . . . With the object of binding together in mind and heart some of our friends and helpers in evangelistic work, and of encouraging more earnest study of God's word, I began, a few weeks ago, 'The Believer's Corresponding Bible Union,' which I hope will become ere long an important agency in helping on our general work. . . . Much interest has already been manifested in it. . . . It holds each member in communication with the other, and with the whole Union. Besides this, there is continually an interchanging of thought between the different sections of the Union."

Another devoted agent in Southern India says, "During these last twenty-five days I have travelled 1,500 miles,—about 150 of them in bullock-carts, boats, &c.; I have spent four nights in trains, which means very little sleep for me. I have visited sixteen stations, delivered nearly forty sermons and addresses, and visited much from house to house. There is a great field for evangelistic labour in Southern India, especially among the Eurasians, or half-castes, who very gladly come together to hear the gospel, even on week-nights, but are unable to provide ministration for themselves, being very poor, and mostly receiving but miserable pittances, scarce enough to keep body and soul together."

The Society's Superintendent in India says, in reference to pathetic applications for help in two large districts, "The time may not have come, the men and the means may not be ready yet; but the cry of these districts and of many others is, 'Come over and help us;' and I feel deeply impressed with the conviction that the call from the Throne to the Society just now is not to retreat but to go forward. May you and I have grace to echo and re-echo that call till the heart of the churches be moved, till hands be open to give, and men prepared for the work be heard one after another saying, 'Here am I, send me.'"

The General Secretary and Treasurer of the Society is the Rev. Peter Bannatyne, 7, Adam Street, Strand, London, and 9, London Street, Edinburgh.

Incidents from the Story of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism.*

THERE was a dignitary of the Church known as Chancellor Wynne, living at Bodewryd, in Anglesea, who was greatly vexed in his spirit by Methodistical services which were held at a house called Careglefn, not far from his residence. This was the property of Mr. Bulkeley, a magistrate of Bryndu, and the Chancellor sought to induce him to put an end to the annoyance. A servant was despatched to Bryndu with a letter to Mr. Bulkeley, asking him to pull the house down, if he could not put an end to the services in any other way. Mr. Bulkeley replied that he was very sorry that he could not accede to the reverend Chancellor's request, and begged to be allowed to commend to his attention the fifth chapter of the Book of Acts, and especially the advice of Gamaliel to the Sanhedrim of the Jews. He received no more letters from the Chancellor.

At Pentir-isaf, Carnarvonshire, there lived a blacksmith named Hugh Williams, who, after spending his early years in ungodliness, was deeply impressed by listening to one of the Methodist preachers, and from that hour became a zealous and devoted disciple of Christ. His landlord happened to be of the same name with himself, only he was called Hugh Williams, Esquire. The blacksmith was a special favourite with the squire, for he found him to be an honest, trustworthy, and industrious man. The change in the former was for a while unnoticed by the latter, but an Association was held at Beaumaris, and Hugh could not resist the temptation to attend it. The squire soon found that Hugh had been absent from his smithy, and, what was more important, he found where he had been. Next day he was sent for to the master's house, but before he had reached the place, he saw him coming to meet him in a terrible rage, and brandishing his staff in such a way as led poor Hugh to the conclusion that the first thing he was going to have was a beating, whatever might come next. He escaped, however, without blows, but his master bitterly reproached him for his ingratitude, after all the kindness that he had shown him since he was a boy. Had not he been always kind to him? and here he was now changing his religion and joining these Roundheads, without so much as acquainting him with his intention to do so, or asking his permission.

"By your leave, master," said Hugh, "I have a word or two to say."

"What have you to say?" replied the master. "Have not I spoken the truth? If you have anything to say, say it. Let me hear what it is."

"I acknowledge, sir," said Hugh, "that all you have said is true. You have been very kind to me from my childhood to this day, for which I feel very grateful to you."

"Well," said the master, "and what next?"

"I need not tell you, sir," said Hugh, "that the way in which I have lived since I have grown up is well known to you. There was not a fair held within reach, nor a revel, nor any other wicked or sinful gathering but what I was present, and yet you never intimated to me

* "Welsh Calvinistic Methodism. A Historical Sketch of the Presbyterian Church of Wales." By the Rev. Wm. Williams, Swansea. Published at 18, Paternoster Square. (See Reviews.)

that I was doing wrong; but now that I am seeking the good of my soul, you are offended with me, call me by ill names, and threaten to turn me out of my home. Oh, master! I have only one soul; and the time that is left me to provide for its welfare is very short; and I am resolved, if need be, to suffer being turned out of my habitation rather than do wrong to my immortal soul."

This appeal was too much for the squire. He threw up his hands in amazement, and exclaimed, "Go! and in the name of God I shall never molest you."

He was as good as his word; Hugh was allowed to remain in his smithy, and was as great a favourite as ever as long as his master lived. At Mr. Williams's death, his estate fell to his brother, a clergyman, and then the blacksmith was obliged to leave.

After long seeking in vain for a place to live in, he heard that a Mrs. Griffiths had a house and smithy, and a little land, which would just suit him, to let at Llanidan, in the Isle of Anglesea. Thither he bent his steps, and having obtained an interview with the lady, preferred his request. One of her tenants was already under notice to quit his farm on account of his Methodism, and Hugh being aware of this fact, said, "I must tell you the truth, madam; I belong to the people who preach in dwelling-houses." "Which sect?" inquired the lady. "I belong," said Hugh, "to the Methodists." Upon this her son, Mr. Holland Griffiths, appeared on the scene, and his mother remarked to him, "I was about to let Tygwyn to this man. He seems to me to be an honest man enough, but he tells me that he belongs to the people who preach in houses."

"Pooh!" said the son, "what does that signify? If I were not ashamed to do so, I would go to hear them myself."

"You would, Holland?" asked the mother in astonishment.

"I would, indeed," was the son's reply. "They are a great deal better people than most who find fault with them."

"Then, if it is so," said the mother, "Hugh Thomas must be allowed to remain in his farm after all, and this man shall have Tygwyn." And so it came to pass.

There lived at Moughtry, in Denbighshire, one Thomas Hughes, who was in very humble circumstances, but a man of great Christian energy and zeal. He was an exhorter of small talent and slender knowledge. There was a place called Towyn Ferry, lying about midway between Conway and Llandudno, the inhabitants of which were steeped in ignorance and sin, and our exhorter resolved to make an attempt upon it. He got a report circulated in the neighbourhood that a sermon would be preached at a place where crowds of the people usually assembled to play, on the next following Sunday afternoon. The report, as it appears, said nothing at all as to who the preacher was to be, or where he was to come from. When the time arrived, he went to the place accompanied by a religious friend, and he found there a greater number of people, some pursuing their games, and others looking out for the preacher. The appearance of things was by no means promising, for there were several heaps of stones put up in readiness for the stranger's reception as soon as he made his appearance; but Thomas Hughes being unknown in the neighbourhood, and as unclerical in his garb as any among the crowd,

no one for a moment suspected that he was the man; and he laid himself down on the grass among the rest, and entered into conversation with them. After a time, and when their patience was beginning to fail, he stood up and said, "Well, lads, there is no sign at all of a preacher coming; very likely the man has heard that we were going to stone him, and that he won't come after all. Let one of us go on the top of that heap of stones and exhort, and the rest sing; would not that be first-rate play?"

"Capital," said a bully, who was the recognized leader of the crowd, "Go you now on the heap, and preach to us."

"Yes, I will," said Thomas Hughes; "but what shall I do for a book?"

"I have a book," said a friend who had accompanied him to the place, handing him a Bible.

"Very well," said the exhorter. "I am willing to try; but mind you, you must be civil, and not laugh if I make some blunders."

"I'll make them civil," said the bully. "Listen here, lads, whoever dares to laugh, *I'll* put one of these stones into his head."

"Stop, you," said Hughes, "the first thing to do is to pray, is it not?"

"Ay, ay," said the bully, "and I'll be clerk. I'll stand before you, and you shall use my shoulder for a pulpit."

Prayer was offered, and that in right earnest, and which elicited at its close several favourable remarks, such as "Pretty well indeed!" "'Pon my word, as good as a parson!"

The preacher proceeded to read his text, when the bully shouted, "Hold on, you fool! Let's sing first." And they sang a Welsh hymn after a fashion. Then came the sermon, which was listened to most attentively, and one at least of the hearers, and he the bully and extempore clerk, left the place a changed man.

The Rev. W. Davies, of Neath, had been invited to preach at a small chapel at a considerable distance from his home, where, on his arrival, he found three unmarried sisters, somewhat advanced in life, occupying together an adjoining house, and in very humble circumstances. In this house he was entertained, and humble enough was his fare. A few people came together to hear the sermon, and Mr. Davies preached with great pleasure to himself and to his audience. After the service he enquired of the sister who attended on him what was the number of the church. "There are only we three," was the reply. "We are trying between us to keep up the cause. One of us cleans and opens the chapel; another attends to the preachers' horses; while I have the honour of attending on the preachers themselves. We hold a Society in the chapel once a week, and leave the door open to any who may wish to join us." When Mr. Davies was about to leave, she tendered him sixpence for his services. At first he declined to receive it; but she pressed him, saying that it had been dedicated from their small means unto the Lord, and that they were very sorry that their deep poverty made it impossible for them to devote more to the same purpose. After some years Mr. Davies visited the place again, and found the church increased to 180 members. Religion was with those people the one great business of life, to which every other consideration must be made subservient; and they made very light of every obstacle that was thrown in their way to the enjoyment of its privileges or discharge of its duties.

A Biblia Pauperum.*

THIS quaint-looking and artistically-produced volume is not only one of the most interesting curiosities of the publishing season, it enables us to understand the most that Reformers and the press could do for the poor in the infancy of printing, when materials for making a book were enormously expensive. In those days the roughly-cut engravings carried a meaning even to those who could not read, and those who were masters of the art saw in them something to educate the mind and touch the heart. Apart from all this, however, the pictures in this volume have a history of their own of a more than usually romantic kind. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago, Mr. Sams, a gentleman of Darlington, was happy enough to purchase the series of wood-blocks from which those in the present book have been reduced—engravings which appear to have been executed in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, but never used for the purpose originally intended. In 1877 the works were exhibited at the Caxton Exhibition, and all were included in "A New Biblia Pauperum," copies of which were then sold at a guinea, but are now worth much more. "The endeavour has been," we are told, "to produce a very perfect representation, in miniature, of a book which nearly four hundred years ago may have served the people of that day in place of our now widely-disseminated Bible."

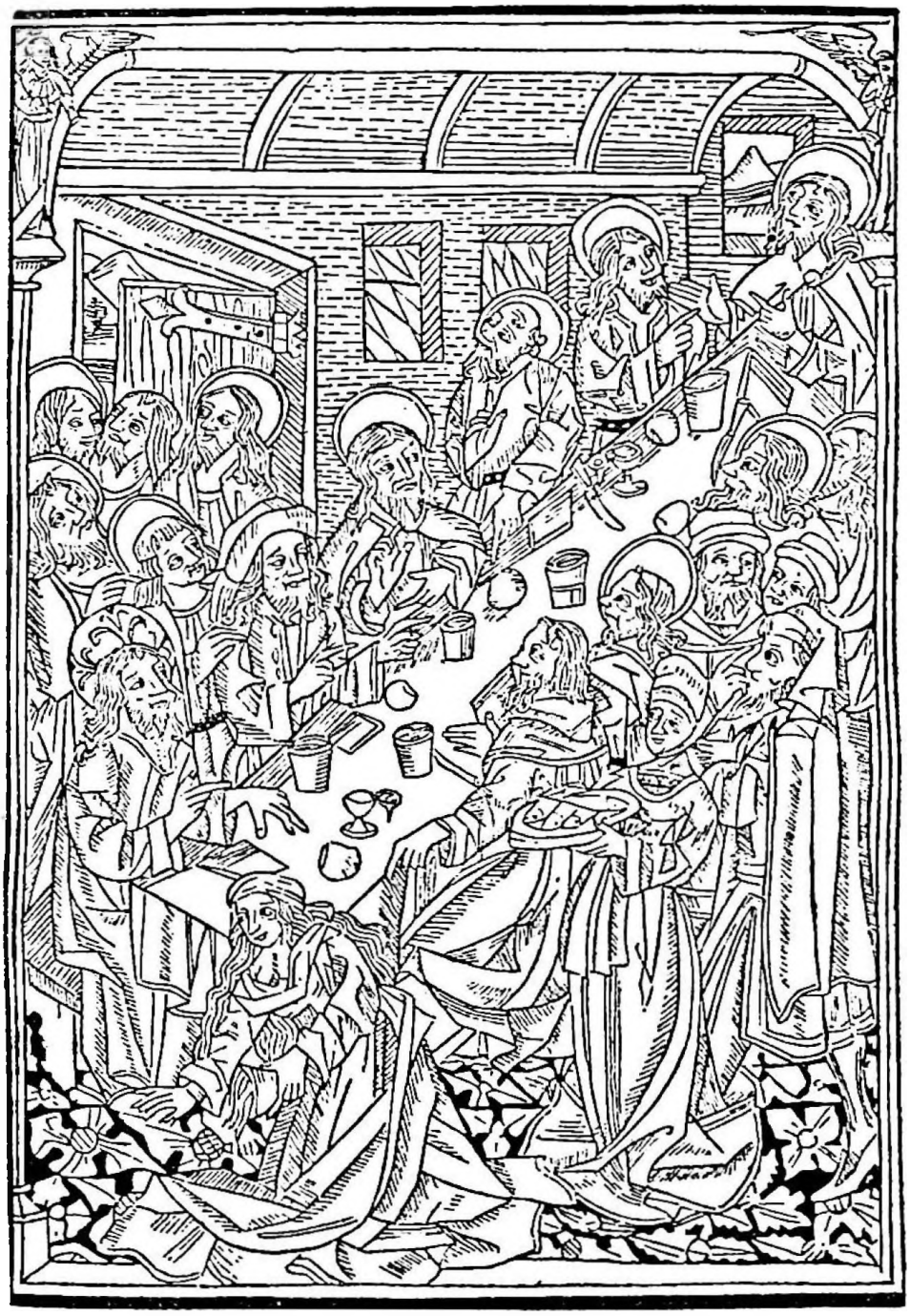
The printers tell us that "when these blocks came into our possession in 1877, we found them remarkably clean, free from signs of wear, but extensively worm-eaten; in one or two cases pieces of the surface coming away in the hand. The wood is of a soft kind, quite unlike that used at the present day, and although the style of execution is certainly not equal throughout the whole series, the kind of material used, and the peculiar style of cutting, all go to indicate their great antiquity."

Concerning these curious pictures the late Dean Stanley adds: "The connection of Caxton's press with the precincts of Westminster Abbey has often suggested the coincidence of the Book and the Church; the art of printing of the Book, as Victor Hugo observed, coming into existence at the moment when the great age of the building of churches was passing away, so that, in his forcible language, it was said, 'This will kill that—the Book will kill the Church.' In like manner, these Antique Woodcuts, dating only seven years before the first appearance of *Caxton's* first printed English Book, are a fitting memorial of the epoch, commemorated by the Caxton celebration, when the 'Bible of the Poor' for the last time appeared in the guise of pictures, before it passed into cheap, multifarious, illimitable Bibles, which should permeate through all classes far more effectually than any pictorial representations."

Our engraving represents that scene in our Lord's life which is depicted in Luke vii. 36—50. The picture may possibly reflect some

* A Smaller Biblia Pauperum, Conteynge Thyrtie and Eyghte Wodecuttes Illustratynge the Lyfe, Parablis, and Miraclis off oure Blessid Lorde and Savioure Jhesus Crist. With the proper Descrypciouns thereoff extracted frō the Originall Texte of John Wiclif, Somtyme Rector of Lutterworth. Preface by the late Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1884. Price 10s. 6d.

of the shortcomings or superstitions of the time in which it was engraved—perhaps nearly four hundred years ago; but it represents the best that the artist in those days could give to ordinary readers. How precious must the Scriptures have been when pictures were expected to teach the poor, and in some measure to make up for the scant supply of the life-giving Word itself, which printers could then only afford to dole out even to the few who were able to purchase books!



CHRIST IN SIMON THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.—LUKE VII.

From "A Smaller Biblia Pauperum."

"Converted in a Boiler."

SITTING on one occasion in the vestry of old Surrey Chapel, to see candidates for church-membership, a working-man desired an interview.

It was evident, at the first glance, that he was only a recent convert, but his whole bearing proved he was as sincere as he was earnest. There is no possibility of mistaking a genuine convert, for there is an undefinable something in his tone and manner which bespeaks the reality of the change.

The day and the hour of his conversion were stated with as much certainty as he would have mentioned the day and the hour of his natural birth. As to the place, he excited some little surprise and amusement when he said, in reply to my question, "I was converted in a boiler!"

Observing, by the expression of my countenance, that my imagination was playing me false, he soon put me right, and justified the statement which had surprised me, by the following story :—

"I am an engineer by trade, and I was at work in a large boiler we had in hand. For some time I had been anxious about my soul, and couldn't get any rest. Every sound seemed like a voice which spoke of sin, and a judgment to come. God's Spirit was striving with me, and I was as miserable as a man could be. So I said to one of my mates, who was on the same job, 'Will you pray for me?' He said he would when we knocked off at night; but what was the good of that to me, as I was? I said, 'No, let's kneel down now where we are!' So down we went on our knees: he prayed, and then I prayed, but you couldn't have heard us, with the noise that was going on. God heard, though, and I was able to lay hold of Jesus as my Saviour, and I came out of that boiler a saved man; now I want to join the church."

I rejoiced and blessed God when I heard this somewhat romantic story, and felt persuaded the candidate would honour the profession he desired to make, and be of service to his fellow-workmen; for the most robust Christians, as a rule, are those who can fix the chronology of their conversion.

The lessons which this story yields may be regarded as trite, but they must not *therefore* be withheld. It is often the commonplace in our teaching which is fruitful of the best results.

1. *God hears prayer.* This conviction had so laid hold upon the mind of this working-man, that all the arguments of infidelity could not have modified his belief. Philosophical questions as to the possibility of the creature moving the Creator, and a feeble voice from the earth eliciting a response from heaven, were all silenced by the cry of need which he scarce could formulate into a prayer, and the loud echoes of the promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!" His soul was an empty well which only God could fill, and he felt himself restricted to the office of prayer to secure the coveted blessing. "I perish with hunger" was no mere lament uttered to the winds, but a cry for the bread which satisfieth, and that cry pierced the heavens to which it was directed, with something more than a hope that it would be heard—there was the conviction that

the response would be prompt and adequate. Nor was he disappointed, for God loves to fulfil at once his own promise and the desires of them that fear him. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses."

2. *True prayer needs no sacred place for its success.* We revere the building which is set apart for the worship of God, but we have no superstitious belief in its peculiar sanctity. The cathedral may be a perfect monument of architectural skill, and its artistic symbolism may mutely speak its "Sermons in Stones," but we dare aver that the most venerated pile cannot offer any guarantee that a prayer will be acceptable to God because offered within its sacred enclosure. *"I will,"* says the apostle, *"that men pray everywhere"*; for he had come to learn the truth of a wider gospel than, as a Jew, he thought to be possible—

> "Where'er we seek thee, thou art found,
> And every place is hallowed ground."

It is strange so many have missed this lesson, and hold by superstitions which the world should have outgrown long since. "Temples made with hands" furnish no dwelling-place for Jehovah, nor can they prescribe the area within which a suit must be preferred to find acceptance. "The house of God" has the world for its floor, and the sky for its dome; and "the gate of heaven" stands ever open to the call if men will but knock and seek admission. A boiler in a noisy workshop may furnish an equal vantage-ground for successful prayer as the most venerated of ecclesiastical buildings.

3. *No privileged class has the monopoly of prayer.* That God does not limit our supplications to the expression of our own wants or desires is a fact which should compel our gratitude, and stimulate the exercise of the sacred ministry of prayer. There is not a living soul for whom we may not pray, and there are no lips which God has touched which may not utter the prayer of intercession. A superstitious belief still operates, however, in our midst, and all sections of society are influenced by the fiction, that the prayers of an ordained or recognized official are more potent than those of an ordinary believer. The wealthy betake themselves to their priest, and the poor, in their hour of sickness or sorrow, beg that a minister or a missionary may be sent "to pray for them." Priestcraft, alas! has fenced the mercy-seat, and exacts a toll for the removal of the barrier which obstructs the sinner's access. Official hand-books of supplication too often hinder where they should help, and formulated prayers, instead of stimulating devotion, may tend to spiritual bondage. The Saviour's declaration, "Men ought always to pray," implies at once universal liberty, and the readiness of God to hear without prescribing either place, or time, or official intercessor.

4. *Conversion must not be discredited because it is sudden.* God is sovereign, and his sovereignty is as often seen in the startling suddenness of conversion as in its subjects. It is not in our power to determine the precise moment of divine quickening, or to arrange the circumstances under which it shall occur. Failure often waits upon our wisest efforts, and seeming accidents bring about desired results. In nothing is human impotency more apparent than in our inability to precipitate conversion, and in nothing is the grace of God more mani-

fest than in the decree by which a sinner is "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son." A soul may linger on the confines of the two kingdoms through weary days and weeks, perhaps, but the transition from one to the other is the work of an instant. Eyes that have grown weary "with watching for the morning" may be strained till the power of vision has well-nigh forsaken them, when suddenly there is a quickening, and the sinner "beholds the Lamb of God," and rejoices that—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

In the gloom of that boiler, and amidst the noise of that workshop, there was seen and heard a sight and a voice less dazzling and alarming, perhaps, than those of Saul's vision on the road to Damascus, but the reality and the results were the same, and rejoicing angels sang—"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH!" V. J. C.

The Autobiography of a Porter Bottle.

OF my birth, parentage, and early history, I know but little. I have heard of another blackamoor, (Topsy was her name, I fancy,) who would have it that she was never born, but simply "grow'd." I am inclined to believe that I, too, was never born, but that I was blowed. I am not sure, however, but that I was manufactured, not like Adam, out of the mould, but like many other bottles, in a mould. There can be little doubt as to the reason why I was made black. My makers and masters prefer darkness to light, because their deeds are evil. It was only fit that my very hue should be in keeping with the sad scenes I was to witness; of which, indeed, my contents were to be the moving spirit.

When quite young, I was sent to an establishment called a brewery, celebrated for its superior stout, &c. As your children, kind readers, are sent to school that they may not grow up with empty brain-pans, I, too, was to be filled, but not with such pure waters as those that gush from the Pierian spring. As if it were but yesterday, I remember my arrival at that brewery. There was a pond close at hand, which supplied the maltster with water. Its pestilential odour is fresh—not fragrant—to my memory still! It received the drainage from a graveyard, a cow stable, and a slaughter-house; while on its shores were deposited the dead horses, cows, dogs, and cats drawn from the city. It was the place for the congregation of geese, and was known as "the goose-pond." In hot weather it was covered with a thick green scum.* Ugh! It makes me sick to think of it. *But it made splendid porter!* For a while I remained in the brew-house unused, and apparently uncared for, in company with dozens of other bottles as black as I. But I constantly witnessed the departure of my *confrères*, and wondered when my turn would come. Abundant opportunity was thus afforded me of watching the movements and hearing the conversation of the brewers.

"Little pitchers," they say, "have long ears." Mine don't stick out visibly, I know. I am not without them though—they are within me. One fine day an agent arrived, and proceeded to recommend to my owners a certain recipe for the manufacture of porter. As I overheard it I may make it public. (They shouldn't have talked so loudly.) Here it is:—"25 qrs. malt, 6 lbs. *coculus indicus*, 4 lbs. porter extract, 1 cwt. 2 qrs. hops, 3 lbs. Leghorn juice." In due time this poisonous mixture was compounded—I suppose because malt was scarce—and my turn came to be filled with the abomination of desolation. In vain did I protest. I tried to shut my mouth, but couldn't; and when I

* *Vide* Eli Johnson's "Drinks from Drugs," page 57.

sought to keep it open, that I might still protest, they gagged me with a cork. How can I tell my agony of mind at so painful a position? I was now black inside as well as outside, with a garish label (say rather *libel*) on my body, declaring my imaginary virtues, and stating my name and address.

My next habitation was the cellar of a wine, beer, and spirit merchant. I don't know which I disliked the more, the cellar dark and damp, or the seller grim and groggy. Thence I emigrated to the table of a well-to-do citizen, where, to my intense relief, the cork was drawn from my mouth. In the exuberance of my delight I frothed up, and over, venting all my pent-up spleen and ire on a snow-white damask covering the table, and a best Brussels on the floor. A portion of my inner bottle was poured down the rich man's throat—a fit libation to that portion of his frame which he was pleased to make his god. (Phil. iii. 19). Imagine how horrified I was; I, who knew the spirit that was in me, when he proceeded to pour some into the glass of his little fair-haired girl—her father's pet. I tried to make it look as black and taste as nasty as possible, and was glad to hear the maiden say she didn't like it. (Alas! Alas! I have heard since then that she has learned to love it!)

My lodgings hereafter were most objectionable, for, with all sorts of refuse, I was thrown into a dust-bin, "to be left till called for." A rag, bone, and bottle *merchant* came at last, and after strange vicissitudes, I found myself in another brewery, soon to be refilled with the horrid black stuff. My next residence was a grocer's shop. I was on the shelf (would that I might have stopped there!) till a certain lady enquired for me. She was an invalid, she said, and had been ordered stout for supper by her medical man. (Surely the *medicus* didn't know what I was made of, *but he ought to have known!*) To my thinking, this good lady was stout enough; and though she certainly looked pale, I could not help fancying that the roses would have been more likely to bloom upon her cheeks again if they had been well watered with well water, rather than poisoned with porter. The idea of goose-pond scum or *coculus indicus* giving health! I would have liked to whisper in her ear,

Leave stout alone if you should ail,
And ale if you are stout;
A drinking bout won't make you well,
Mind well what you're about!
Be doctored, if you please, with stout,
The stout is *doctored*, too;
Persist in bearing porter still,
And soon 'twill carry you!

The dealer handed me and eleven others down, and soon despatched us to the invalid's residence. She, in her turn, despatched our contents in double-quick time into the frail corporeal tabernacle whose stakes she sought to strengthen. A plague on these grocers' licenses! Going to a public-house for drink would have been too gross an act for this lady; and she failed to see that getting it from a tea-dealer was *grosser* still. While other medicine bottles remained untouched, we twelve little niggers were drained one after the other till there was a call for twelve niggers more. The poor sufferer (?) was most persistent —I had almost said *consistent*—in dosing herself with what she declared was "very nasty"; the most surprising point of all being that its efficacy seemed *nil*, for as she continued and even increased the remedy, I conclude that the malady remained.

My own lot at this time was to reside in the unsavouriness of another dust-bin until driven to market by a dealer in such black slaves. Oh, how I wished to get broken, or hidden away, that I might be no longer a vessel unto dishonour! But it was not so to be. Again I was filled, and once more gagged and bound. I stood, soon after, on a publican's shelf, before a mirror where my reflection haunted me. I never knew I was so ugly and misshapen. Would God others would see me as I saw myself! What sights I saw, what sounds I heard, from

my terrible outlook! Men fighting like bears and lions, and cursing and swearing like fiends. Women quarrelling and guzzling, and tender children coming to fetch father home, as the clock in the steeple struck twelve. I noticed that some spent their all at the bar, and were then turned out into the gutter! I saw that little ones fetched their parents' beer, and stopped to sip it as soon as they were outside the door of the "Jug Department"! Sorrow came there to drown itself, and went away more sorrowful! Shame came in to ply its awful trade, and left more shameful, yet not ashamed! Youth and friendship entered, too, only to find tinsel for gold, and paste for jewels! Genuine honest thirst came in sometimes, and having quaffed the vile decoctions was thirstier than ever, and had to ask for more. Oh, if I had kept a catalogue of words and phrases, oaths, blasphemies, falsehoods, slanders, obscenities; and an album of sights and scenes, brawls, fights, blackened eyes, bleeding faces, broken hearts, starving children, ruined lives, what a chamber of horrors I could furnish! But *the admission would have to be free*, for such things are audible and visible on every hand, and the public-houses let anyone *in* for nothing!

One night as I stood there, a man, already more than three sheets in the wind, rolled in. He was served with ardent spirits; then fell to fighting, and, *having done some mischief to glasses and windows*, the landlord refused him any more drink—not till then, mark you! He settled down for a while, and on leaving begged for a bottle of porter to take—so he said—to his poor, sick wife. "What!" thought I, "has *he* a wife? Poor soul, I pity her, for she hasn't a husband, if the word really means a house-band—a strong and loving tie. Does he care for her? He hasn't acted as if he did, and even now he had better take her bread or broth than beer." The publican relented, and much to my dismay, handed *me* across the counter. How greedily the drunkard clutched me! I thought he would have wrung my neck, and almost wished he would. Then he thrust me into his pocket, such as it was, from which my head and neck poked out, like a little kangaroo's from its mother's pouch. What narrow escapes I had, to be sure! My bearer gravitated towards every lamp-post, constantly embraced the curb-stone, and rubbed along the railings, like a puss round the leg of the tea-table, or the barrow of the "meat" man. Still I survived! I must have had a charmed life. Nearing his home (?), I heard little feet pattering away from father, and after scrambling up the creaky stairs, I saw the poor sick woman, with a babe as sick as herself. She was sighing for sorrow, and in pain. Then, as the night wore on, he quarrelled with her, and in the midst of his swearing and raving he drained me dry, and, being maddened more, hurled me at his patient wife, and *hit her*—(Oh, how I tried to avoid her!)—hit her in the eye, already red with weeping over him, but now made black as the missile, and as the heart of him who threw me. But she didn't say one word! Thenceforward, from the mantel of that ill-furnished room, I saw the most horrid sights that earth can show, lit only every now and then by stars of Christian kindliness. The children's clothes, the mother's treasures, the only furniture, and the family Bible, went one after the other to the pawn-shop. Still the wife was ill, and still the drink fiend's wings were stretched above that house, his talons lacerating the father's flesh. The only bright spots in the picture were such as these: I heard a man of God read one day, from John xiv., sweet words of comfort to the worse than widowed woman. "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions," and so on. I saw the sufferer's tear-filled eyes rainbowed with hope as she thanked the departing missionary, not so much for the temporal relief that glittered in her transparent hand, as for the blessed peace which had come into her heart. One night the eldest girl (12 years of age, perhaps,) came home with her usually sad face bright with a new-found joy. "Oh, mother, dear," said she, "I do believe poor father may yet be saved! At our Band of Hope meeting, a great, big man stood up —he was something like father *when* he stands up straight—and told us how

he used to drink and swear, and go on at his wife, and frighten his children—(that's like father, too, isn't it, mother?)—but that now he had trusted Jesus, and signed the pledge, and was happy and sober. Oh, and he said a lot more, which I can't remember, and he finished with a song! I think it must have been out of his own head, and one of the verses was something like this:—

'Farewell shoes that have no soles on;
Farewell grates that have no coals on;—

(that's like ours, isn't it, mother?)—

Farewell cupboards that are empty;
Farewell publicans—you've plenty!'

And wasn't there a noise when he'd done? I clapped too, because I wished father was that man. Mother! don't you think he might be yet?" "Pray God he may," I heard the sick soul sigh. But this drunkard was too far gone. With a candle stuck in my mouth, its grease all guttering down me, I saw the sad, sad end. Starting continually from what was called a bed, the man rushed round his room chased by demons, which he alone could see. The spirits he had swallowed were now to swallow him; they clutched him now as he once grabbed at them. Hell had come up to earth a while, that it might take him home! No cross of Christ shed its soft light across the dark valley—he had refused it over and over again. No power to pray, and no hope of pardon were with him now—he had spurned them scores of times. Exhausted with his fearful struggles, he sank upon the floor; then tried in vain to rise. I heard the last rattle in his drink-parched throat. I saw the ghastly pallor which bleached the face so long reddened and inflamed by alcohol. The light of his eye, so fierce and flashing, suddenly died out; and, as the flame expired, a piercing shriek rang through the house—the death-knell of a soul unsaved, as it passed through the iron gate! Simultaneously, an extra draught blew out the candle, and in the darkness of a drunkard's death-room, I thus soliloquized—"Why was I ever made to see; and, what is worse, to help create such awful scenes? Rather, a thousand times, would I hold prussic acid, or oil of vitriol, than alcohol, for *I should then be labelled 'POISON.'* Will no kind Christian hand prevent a further curse? Break, oh, break me into a thousand pieces, lest I should break the peace again!

With fingers trembling and cold, with eyelids heavy and red,
The drunkard lies, in drunkard's rags, upon a drunkard's bed:
Drink! drink! drink! in poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, he sings, 'It does no hurt!"

Drink! drink! drink! while the cock is crowing aloof!
And drink! drink! drink! till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh! to be a slave, along with the barbarous Turk,
Than serve one's self in such sad style, and do the devil's work.

Drink! drink! drink! till the brain begins to swim;
Drink! drink! drink! till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Booze, and guzzle, and soak; soak, and guzzle, and booze;
Till over his potions he falls asleep, and sips them still in his snooze.

Drink! drink! drink! the habit never flags:
And what are its wages? A bed of straw, a crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor, a table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, the shadows be thanked for sometimes falling there!

Oh, men with sisters dear! Oh, men with mothers and wives!
Oh, work! work! work! till you're wearing out for human creatures' lives!
Work! work! work! 'midst poverty, hunger, and dearth,
Sowing at once with hand and heart the seeds of "peace on earth."

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Ignorant Cabils at Scripture.

THE Church has occasion to thank science for its help in giving *a constant rebuke to impertinent cavils*, which petulant objectors are in the habit of urging. There is a species of minor criticisms put forward with harmful ingenuity at the present day which, though exceeding trivial, do yet in their results become vexatious. They will pass the notice of a thoroughly intelligent or candid man, for he will not believe them to have been seriously pressed; but they are the arguments which powerfully move small minds, for they are easily grasped and held with much tenacity. To the educated Bible student they resemble only insects of little bulk, though of vast activity; and he hardly deems it needful more than to smite them with the open palm of his hand when they come singing in his ear, only that their sting proves annoying, and sometimes leaves a mean irritation behind it.

Voltaire founded an argument against the truthfulness of the Old Testament upon what he termed the ignorant mistakes of the writers who composed the various books. Among these he instanced the expression of Solomon in the Proverbs, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour *in the glass*." Now, said this witty Frenchman, Solomon could not have been the wise man he was reputed to be, or else he would have been fully informed that glass was not known as a substance until long after he was dead; it was invented subsequent to the date of his somewhat fragmentary book. Every little infidel, of course, instantly took up the little joke, and compared his error with the discovery of a water-mark in the paper on which a forgery is written, fixing the fraud by the day disclosed.

Now science stepped into the controversy, not precisely for the Bible's sake in that sceptical age, but for its own. Chronology settled that Solomon lived about 1004 B.C. Then a historian proved that glass was in use among the Egyptians far before that time; for he had found pictures of glass-blowing in the ruins of temples, sculptured on the stone slabs. Archæology followed with an exhibition of a glass signet engraved with a monarch's name, and dated 1500 B.C.; this was discovered in ancient Thebes. Added to this there was the fact, announced by the expedition just returning from Egypt, that there were glass beads buried with the mummies they began to unroll. At this moment also came in Philology to say that Solomon had not in fact mentioned the name of glass at all in his proverb; the original Hebrew meant *cup*, a mere drinking-vessel of any material; the wise man had warned against wine, "when it giveth its colour in the cup." Thus, again, four distinct sciences in turn took up the contemptible little cavil and silenced it.

It seems a waste of energy; but this has often been the result of such a demonstration. Whenever the criticisms have become really offensive and troublesome, science has turned terribly round upon them, and with an indignant and impetuous onset has swept them into utter annihilation in a moment, as the full thunder-burst of a trained broadside from a seventy-four-gun ship would sweep away a gnat. One might assert that so much effort was quite needless; but, at any rate, it is edifying to see how able science is to do it; and it is comforting to know the Bible has an ally so faithful, with resources so ready in the hour of peril, and so formidable to its foes.—*From "Sermons on Neglected Texts," by Charles S. Robinson, D.D.* (*See Reviews.*)

Notices of Books.

My Sermon-Notes. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price 2s. 6d.

This is the commencement of a series of Sermon-Notes from Genesis to Proverbs, which the author hopes to complete to the close of Revelation as time and circumstances may allow. Its object is legitimate, fraternal, benevolent; and its adaptation to its accomplishment unique and complete. Mr. Spurgeon is the last to be jealous of the preaching of others. He would that all preachers were such as he is for acceptance and success, except his constitutional imprisonment and bonds. The more he does in explanation and defence of the gospel, the more he seems to be capable of doing. This, he will readily acknowledge, is not owing to himself, but to his theme. These Notes are of unpublished sermons so far as their publication has been authorised by him. They are not precisely as they were delivered, or even as they would be delivered again, but arranged in particulars, which may easily be converted into a preachable form, but could not be preached as they are. They help, without hindering, others to think for themselves. Whatever others may say of them, they will be cordially welcomed by all for whose use they are intended. So much help in an office so great and glorious for half-a-crown cannot, we think, be obtained elsewhere. There is no need to criticise the Notes themselves. Their value may be sufficiently known by the source from which they come.

[We handed our book to an old friend, asking for a frank review, and this is what he sent us. He is a great sermonizer himself, and his judgment is of weight with us.]

True Nobility of Character, and other Sermons. By Rev. A. Hurst. R. D. Dickinson, 80, Farringdon-street.

These sermons are neither upon a high level nor low level, but between the two without coming into contact with either. There is much general instruction in doctrine, experience, and practice, but no special or prominent views in any of these departments of religious teaching. There is no denial of the substitutionary aspect of the life and death of Christ; neither is there any avowal of it when the occasion evidently required it. With those to whom these sermons were delivered they may naturally be supposed to have some special interest, but it could hardly be expected of others.

Some Elements of Religion. Lent Lectures. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. Rivington, Waterloo Place, London.

That it should have been deemed needful to select for the subjects of Sunday discourses in Lent some elements of religion rather than the more central truths usually associated with such a season, is not one of the best signs of the times. If it be needful, no one could be more fitted to go out from the citadel to the defence of its outworks than the author of these lectures, and yet no one, we think, would be more reluctant to suspend direct evangelical preaching for that purpose. Those, too, who look upon Lent as a season of preparation for the special commemoration of the death of Christ as an atonement for sin, are required to sacrifice their own edification and comfort for the benefit of others. The subjects here discussed are religion in general, the existence of God, the soul of man, sin, prayer, and mediation between God and man. They are elaborately treated, and are well adapted to produce settled conviction in the minds of those who have doubts respecting them. We fear, however, the moral bias is so strong on the side of infidel philosophy that mere reasoning will have little effect upon it, and we are inclined to think that the preaching of the plain and pure gospel, accompanied by the living and dying testimony of those who have sincerely embraced it, is its best defence from all opposition both within its own professed sphere and without. Christian work goes on best in the hands of those who can say with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

Mr. Ollendorf, 4, *Jewin Street*, sends us a selection of Book-markers, Birthday Cards, and Sunday-school Tickets. These are texts in bright colours, with flowers and landscapes. These are not delicate treasures of art, but good cheap articles for extensive use.

Mr. J. L. Hawkins, 17, *Paternoster Row*, also issues a variety of Christmas and New-year's Cards, very attractively executed. Those by the Mildmay Deaconesses, two packets marked "Sonship," and "His Good Treasure," are peculiarly delicate, and up to the high standard which those ladies reached last year.

Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of 41, *Jewin Street, E.C.*, send us specimens of their Christmas and New-year's cards. They herein surpass themselves, and prove how well they deserved the gold medal at the late International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. The prices by the gross appear to us to be very low, and we suppose the goods will be correspondingly cheap to the retail purchaser. Our concern is mainly with the excellence of the designs. Sir Noel Paton is among the contributing artists; but we prefer the wonderful tit-bits by Ernest Wilson, and the marvellous landscapes of Sigmund. The rustic cottages of Albert Bowers are pictures such as might honour the walls of the Academy, though of course they are reduced to miniature. Our eyes almost ached with the wealth of beauty and the delicacy of taste which our specimens caused to pass before us. Those fans we cannot fail to mention, and those exquisite screens. Our one regret was that there are no texts upon any of the cards sent to us; and a sweet passage from the Word is more full of beauty and joy than all the sketches of nature that skill can produce. However, we can hardly think that in any other respect Hildesheimer and Faulkner can be excelled.

Christmas Carols and New-Year Chimes. Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM. Nicholson & Sons, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row. Sixpence.

HERE are thirty-one Carols and Chimes, fresh and sweet, the very thing for Sunday-school Christmas Celebrations. Solos, duets, trios, choruses, and full choruses are blended in delightful profusion; and we should like to hear them rendered by the bright, shrill voices of the young choristers in the Sunday-schools. Buy them, and sing them; and you will sing them again and again.

Reed Farm. By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE were pleased with this book. It is full of different characters, the most striking being Kitty and her half-brother Abel. The former a clever, high-spirited girl of a kindly disposition, but always misunderstood; the latter, a thorough Christian, whose quiet, holy life influences everybody around him. Disappointment and death end the story, and yet one can see brightness through the gloom, for earthly loss is heavenly gain.

I, Benjamin Holbeck; or, How I Fared at the Siege of Plymouth. A Story of the Civil War. By Miss M. A. PAULL. Sunday School Union.

FULLY up to the mark. A thrilling narrative. Richly evangelical. A fine picture of those sorrowful days in which the King and Parliament divided this nation into two hostile camps. The old division of Roundhead and Cavalier still remains, but the fight is not with sword and gun. We recommend this book as a present for the season.

Mark Desborough's Vow. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Partridge and Co.

NOT altogether to our mind, on account of the insipid love-making recorded in it. A thin thread of religion runs through the whole, which *may* (?) do good. We do not place this among the best of this popular author's works.

Queensford. By BRUCE EDWARDS. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

A TEETOTAL love-story, written in that charming language which contains such sweet words as aneuch, twal, drouthy, richt, strautched, birkie, thocht, donnart, &c. Still, it matters little in what language the story of drink's doings is written, for we shall find therein, as in Ezekiel's roll, "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

Welsh Calvinistic Methodism. A Historical Sketch of the Presbyterian Church in Wales. By Rev. W. Williams, Swansea. Publishing Room, 18, Paternoster Row.

Abounding with stories of the sufferings of early Methodists in Wales. Welshmen are of a fiery nature; and both for the truth and against it they were very earnest, hence the battle grew warm and proceeded to extremities. The Lord was with his own, and therefore they triumphed in the conflict, and left Wales one of the most thoroughly religious nations under heaven. It is somewhat remarkable that there should have been no *English* Calvinistic Methodists. While in England the Methodists entered the Arminian camp almost to a man, or else turned to the Countess of Huntingdon, in Wales they were equally unanimous in adhering to the doctrines of Whitefield and of Calvin. This work is full of interest. We have extracted a story or two to present to our readers, just as a costermonger gives a ripe nut to those who surround his barrow, to induce them to buy for themselves.

Religion in England from 1800 *to* 1850. A history, with a postscript on subsequent events. By John Stoughton, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

If Dr. Stoughton is not absolutely perfect as an historian, he approaches very nearly to that description. In addition to every other excellence, he is calm and judicious, attentive to little matters, and yet able to maintain the proportion of facts. We have enjoyed his histories of the remoter past, but these two volumes, coming within touch of our own day, have exercised a supreme attraction over us. Here the venerable writer is not simply a chronicler, but also an eye-witness. All the branches of the church are reviewed with impartiality. We do not think that those who lean over-much to Calvinism are too greatly favoured, neither do we quite accept all that our author records, for no man can see all things from every point of view; but we are always sure of his transparent honesty, and freedom from party bias; and, therefore, we can with unreserved confidence commend his writings to all our readers. In style, Dr. Stoughton cannot be excelled; his pages are thoroughly enchanting: once fairly committed to a chapter, we are forced to read on, whether we would or no. He makes the great preachers, of whom our fathers told us, pass before our eye; and we are made to be present at the formation of those noble religious societies which are the glory of our age. For fifteen shillings every Book-Club and Reading-Society will obtain for its members one of the most useful works of the season in two comely volumes. Our friend greatly pleases us by the admirable method in which he lets fall great principles among his histories: he never forces a moral, but he ingeniously introduces a truth at a point where no one can object to its appearance. Impartiality is often born of indifference, but in the case of our author its parentage is largeness of heart, and love of the brethren. We are his debtor for a banquet of biographies, such as we may never taste again.

A Woman's Work: being memorials of Eliza Fletcher. By Rev. C. A. Salmond, M.A. Glasgow: Mackinlay, Sauchiehall Street.

This book is well done, and its circulation amongst Christian women cannot fail to accomplish great good. Miss Fletcher was an orphan girl, brought up by the good Duchess of Gordon, a friend of her mother; and after passing through remarkable spiritual experiences, became one of the most useful women of Glasgow. The Duchess of Gordon's letters to her young friend are of great value: but that which stamps the character of the book is the description by Miss Fletcher of her own spiritual conflicts, in letters which form a wonderful, though dark and stormy, landscape of the world of a human soul. A sketch of Miss Fletcher, derived from this excellent book, appeared in last month's *Sword and Trowel.*

The Young Trawler: a Story of Life and Death and Rescue on the North Sea. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet and Co.

An amusing and instructive story, covering an earnest appeal for the Thames Mission and its work among the North Sea Fleet. The work is well done, and we hope it will secure aid to a very deserving mission.

Sermons on Neglected Texts. By Chas. S. Robinson, D.D., Pastor of the Memorial Church, New York City. R. D. Dickinson.

We demur to the strict accuracy of the title, for some of the texts cannot be said to have been neglected: but we admire the freshness and liveliness of the discourses. Dr. Robinson is no second-rate preacher. His illustrations are numerous and apt, and his matter is sound and practical. This collection of sermons ought to have a large circulation among sermon-makers, even if they read them only for purposes of transference. Sermon-readers who do not preach will find here no little refreshment.

Sermons to the Spiritual Man. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

These sermons are not doctrinal, but they are eminently devotional and practical. Whenever doctrinal statements are made, they are so purely evangelical as to lead us to regret that they do not more frequently occur. In summer seasons we like to see leaves, and flowers, and fruits, but there are other seasons in which we like to see the branches on which they grow. The more evangelical doctrine prevails in the mind, devotion will be more fervent, and practice more pure. The spiritual man is the "man in Christ." This is clearly admitted here, but the rule of proportion is not so clearly maintained. The effects of the gospel in humbling the creature and exalting the Creator are more prominent than the source from which they are derived. This appears to have been the design of the whole series, and with much learning, and originality, and heartfelt sincerity, it has been consistently sustained. If there be one aspect of the gospel in which Christ is all in all, and another in which God is all in all, it is the latter which is adopted here. Ultimately, whether it be God in Christ, or Christ in God, it will come to the same thing. To many this volume of sermons may be precisely what they need to bring them to an even balance between the two extremes, or the point in which they meet. No spiritual man, we think, can fail to be more spiritual after a careful perusal of these discourses.

A Handy-Book of the Psalms for Plain People. By the Rev. Arthur Brown, Rector of Catfield. Partridge.

Very commonplace remarks, and not many of them. Our author has a good object before him, but we are not able to say that he has reached it.

The Offices of the Holy Spirit. By Dougan Clark, M.D. Partridge and Co.

Contains much that is excellent, but also some things which we cannot endorse. To aim after perfect holiness is one thing, but to boast that you have it is another. The statements of Finney and Asa Mahan are gospel to this good brother; they are by no means such to us. The feverish talk of Pearsall Smith has done incalculable injury to many, though they think not so. Many poor, humble souls are kept in needless bondage through the vauntings of persons not half so gracious as themselves.

The Glories of the Man of Sorrows. Sermons preached during Lent, at the Parish Church of St. James's, Piccadilly. By H. G. Bonavia Hunt. Cassell and Co.

In "six short meditations" the author speaks very sweetly of the things which he has made touching the King, dwelling especially "upon the thoroughly human character of Christ, without for one moment losing sight of his perfect Godhead." Mr. Hunt's style is very simple and clear, and his personal application of divine truth earnest and bold. The notion of some sort of baptismal grace crops out in a few sentences; but with this exception there is all through the little book a sweet savour of Christ Jesus that will help to endear their Lord to all who love the Incarnate Mystery.

"When ye Pray"; or, Lessons on Prayer. By C. H. Waller, M.A. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

A series of devout evangelical chapters on the Lord's Prayer. The interpretations strike us as being sometimes strained; but the book is pervaded by a gracious spirit, and cannot be read without profit.

Short Biographies for the People. By various Writers. Vol. I. Religious Tract Society.

Good, very good; the more of such things the better. The people will read such short lives of great men, so well written and so cheap; and such reading must do them great good. These biographies, each one adorned with a portrait, are issued at a penny each, and twelve of them bound together make up a volume at 1s. 6d. These are not hack-work, but are admirably composed; and therefore those who know all about their subjects may yet read them with pleasure. Here we have Luther, Calvin, Farel, Melanchthon, Rollock, Wycliffe, Anselm, Wesley, Durer, Dr. Johnson, Knox, and Huss; rather a medley at last, but variety is charming. May we live to see many such volumes.

Life's Battles in Temperance Armour. By Thomas Whittaker. Hodder and Stoughton.

A fine autobiography. Mr. Whittaker was one of the first movers in the great Total Abstinence Reform, and he narrates with zest his early buffetings in the cause. His life is full of incident. It can never have been dull, for he lived for a purpose, and threw his whole soul into it. Where the thick of the fight was, there was he. His country and his generation have been well served by him; and the old warrior tells the tale of that service in a pleasant and stimulating manner. We shall have to make an article for our own pages out of this live book; but meanwhile, our Temperance readers ought to get it, and devour every bit of it for themselves. We do not go all Mr. Whittaker's length in some things, but we honour him as a veteran in the service, boldly upholding an unpopular cause, and pushing on despite furious opposition. It behoves those who have lately joined the cause to stand uncovered in the presence of these captains of the older time.

The Character and Life-Work of Dr. Pusey. By the Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

The design of this treatise appears to have been to check the proposal for the erection of a public monument in honour of Dr. Pusey. As the recognized leader of the High Church party, the whole Church of England and the whole nation was presumptuously asked to unite in doing honour to his name. Dr. Pusey appears to have commenced his career by advocating evangelical truths; but the greater part of his life was spent in direct opposition to them. According to his teachings, it is not the gospel of Christ, but the Church of England in its priests and ordinances that is the power of God unto salvation. Much may be learned from these few pages of the nature and extent of the changes which the Church of England has undergone during the last half century.

John Wesley, the Church of England, and Wesleyan Methodism. The Wesleyan Book Room, Castle Street.

Was John Wesley a High-Churchman? Is modern Methodism Wesleyan Methodism? Two questions, in the form of a dialogue, are discussed in this little volume. These are not questions of much profit. So far as Wesley retained his conformity to the Church of England, he was a Churchman, and so far as he deviated from it he was a Dissenter, and the latter part of him far exceeded the former. If he and his followers, for departing from the rules of the Church of England, were denied its ordinances, the act of separation was their own. They were not thrust out: they went out from it, because they were not of it. They had to deal with it as it was, and not as it should have been. They were compelled by their own principles to sever themselves from it, and this was their glory and not their shame. It is surprising that John Wesley, with his convictions of the errors and soul-destroying influence of the Church of England at that time, should have retained to his death his predilections towards it. Wesleyanism does not need the patronage of a State Church, but is able to bear a favourable comparison with it: its success is its highest commendation, and, we hope, it will continue to be so for the future. We rejoice that this body of Christians has been less affected by the speculative tendencies of the present age than any other denomination.

John Lobb's Theological Quarterly. Vol. I. "Christian Age" Office.

THEOLOGICAL Quarterlies are usually heavy wares, and their publishers do not find them lucrative property. The first number of Mr. Lobb's Quarterly was most refreshing to us, and the other numbers have also been of high value: we therefore hope that this publication will command a greater circulation than others of like order. The volume now before us contains a mass of thoughtful and suggestive matter, fairly representing the best American scholarship. As in "The Christian Age," we have here "Light from across the water"; and it is clear light too.

A Manual of Congregational Principles. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

No doubt an admirable exposition of Congregational principles; but we are grieved to see in it the evidences of a general unsettledness and change in the Independent body. Universalism is spoken of with great tolerance, and we fear that there is great tolerance of it in the Congregational denomination. The doctrines of the body would seem to be in a gelatinous condition, and backbone is out of the question. The metal of Independent faith is just now in a fluid state, and may take any form out of a thousand, though at present it shows a preference for the moulds of heterodoxy. There were Independents once. Thank God, there are some such still, and we are mistaken if these do not soon wake up, and mourn to see where they have drifted, and are yet drifting. Their sorrow will be all the greater when they observe that the same current is agitating certain Baptists, of the looser sort.

Upon the matter of Baptism we suppose that Dr. Dale accurately chronicles the state of the wind among Congregational Pædobaptists. We give an extract, that those who are curious in such matters may see how these brethren talked in 1884. We wonder what they will say in another twenty years. Assuredly they cannot be less scriptural. One would think there was no Bible extant, and that every man was at liberty to put his own interpretation upon the ordinances of Christ.

"*In baptism, Christ gives us the assurance that he loves us with an infinite love, and will do his part towards saving us from sin, and bringing us to eternal glory.*

"*Baptism does not create a new relationship between Christ and the baptized person; it affirms a relationship which already exists.* A child was not a Jew because he was circumcised; he was circumcised because he was a Jew. By birth he belonged to the elect race, and circumcision was the 'sign' or 'seal' of the covenant between Jehovah and the child as a descendant of Abraham: by birth we belong to the race for which Christ died and over which Christ reigns, and baptism is the 'sign' or 'seal' of our personal relationship to him. Its deepest significance lies in the fact that it does not, in the case of an adult, express the faith or feeling of the baptized person; or, in the case of a child, the faith or feeling; but that in both cases it is a revelation of the authority and grace of Christ. The significance of the ordinance is, if possible, more obvious when administered to a child than when administered to an adult. In the case of an adult, it would be contrary to the whole spirit of the Christian Faith that baptism should be administered without the free consent of the baptized person, and the fact that this consent is necessary may suggest a false conception of the rite. In the case of a child, there is nothing to impair the force or perplex its meaning. The child is born to a dark and terrible inheritance; it will have its share in the sorrows, the sicknesses, the temptations of the race. But baptism declares that it is also the heir to an inheritance in the infinite love of God; that by its very birth it belongs to the kingdom of Christ; that Christ is its King and its Saviour; that, by the death of Christ for the sins of all, the sins it will be tempted to commit are already atoned for; that, because of Christ's enthronement over the human race, it will have his protection against the perils which will surround it in this world, and will inherit his glory in the world to come, if it does not resist his authority and reject his grace."

Very good romancing, Dr. Dale; but one word of Scripture would be worth a thousand volumes of such talk. Where does the Bible teach this?

Our National Drink Bill, as it affects the Nation's well-being. By WILLIAM HOYLE. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

IN this volume Mr. Hoyle has reprinted his annual letters to *The Times* on Our National Drink Bills, from 1870 to 1882; but in addition he has given a mass of useful information with regard to the statistics of crime, pauperism, lunacy, education, wages, trade, &c. We get quite lost among the millions, in which Mr. Hoyle seems so much at home; and even he has to confess that he has often been staggered by the magnitude of the figures he has quoted. Here are a few of the statements that Mr. Hoyle publishes:—The average amount of grain, and other produce, annually destroyed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquor, is equal to 1200 millions of 4lb.-loaves, or over 170 for every family in the United Kingdom. During the ten years ending in 1882, our direct expenditure upon drink was nearly 1,360 millions of pounds; and the indirect loss to the nation through the crime, pauperism, lunacy, accidents, diseases, premature death, &c., produced by the traffic, probably amounted to the same enormous sum. Mr. Hoyle estimates that, during the last fifty years, as a nation, we have lost through our drinking habits over 12,000 millions of pounds, or nearly half as much again as the capitalised value of all the property in the kingdom. Will any one dare to say that we have had our money's worth?

Trowel, Chisel, and Brush. A concise manual of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, ancient and modern. By HENRY GREY. Griffith, Farran, and Co.

A WORLD of condensed information upon art and artists. The labour expended upon such a concise manual cannot be easily estimated, and we fear that at the low price of one shilling it can never be sufficiently remunerated even by a large sale. Do you wish to know a little about sculptors and painters, so that you may not be quite at sea when you hear any of their names? Then keep this little book near your hand. Mr. Henry Grey deserves the gratitude of thousands for distilling the essence of knowledge, and presenting it ready for use.

Work for Jesus. Poems by FAIRELIE THORNTON. Partridge and Co.

"MORE rhymes," scowled the critic: but his brow relaxed when he saw how earnest was the spirit of these hymns, and how timidly the authoress presented them. "Let them pass," said he; "not as sovereigns, nor even as crown-pieces, but as small change current in the domain of holy poesy. They are not great, but they are good; not heavy coins, but genuine silver."

Temperance Questions for Use in Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, &c. Issued by the Church of Scotland Women's Temperance Association. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

VERY good indeed. The only difficulty will be to get teachers to teach this catechism, and children to learn it.

Studies in Life; and, The Human Body and its Functions. By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. PATERSON is not only an eminent divine but a distinguished student of medicine. In these treatises he appears in the two characters happily blended for the highest practical purposes. Young men cannot do better with a shilling than to buy one of these studies therewith. Our doctor writes popularly, gives mirthful anecdotes, kills common errors, and pours out streams of instruction. "*The Human Body*" is a book which will render essential aid to those who wish that the abode of their soul may be in good repair, with healthy drainage, perfect ventilation, clear light, and comfortable furniture. We think too little of the body till age comes and infirmities multiply, and then we are apt to think too much of it, though every thought becomes a pang. Due attention to such instructions as those presented by Dr. Paterson may save us from many unavailing regrets.

There are three of these shilling manuals, and they are to be had strongly bound together in cloth for only 3s. 6d., making up one of the cheapest volumes ever issued from the press. For a library this form is much to be preferred.

Seven Sixpenny Story Books. All illustrated, and containing interesting stories by well-known writers. Cassell.

How can these books be produced at the price? We have no idea. The bindings are most charming, and they enclose a hundred pages of first-rate stories. We never saw the like. Order one at your bookseller's. *Little Content* would be a good specimen, but all the others are up to the mark. Only sixpence; why, it reminds us of sugar at a penny a pound!

The Little Folks Out and About Book. By Chatty Cheerful. Cassell.

This is a five-shilling book of special excellence. Many of the engravings are of a high order, and there are no end of them, and they are most beautifully printed. The book is worthy of a little empress.

Seventeen Cats; a true story of Mammy Tittleback and her Family. Cassell.

Large type and simple words: a suitable present for the tinies. One Shilling.

Eight illustrated Books for the little ones. Containing interesting stories, printed in bold type, with full-page illustrations. In handsome Picture Boards. One Shilling each. Cassell and Co.

Cassell and Co. have won the race. Such books for a shilling nobody else has thought of producing. There must be some genii at Belle Sauvage Yard who are able to print by electricity, and cut wood-blocks by steam. Oh, that one could be a boy again, and get such a Christmas box! In our young days, any one of these books would have been cheap at a crown. The covers will make little eyes twinkle, and those same tiny optics will be equally pleased when they enquire within.

Jack o' Lantern, and other Rhymes. By Eleanor W. Talbot. Cassell and Co.

This is a glorious book of coloured pictures, for 3/6. New York, London, and Paris will all supply little Jacks and Jills to jump for joy when such a present reaches them.

Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys. By Mary D. Brine. Cassell and Co.

Very well named. But then they are such jingles and joys as seldom come in one's way, unless a specially dear uncle wants to make his little niece as happy as a bird. Some of the rhymes here given are worthy to be made part and parcel of nursery hymnology for ever and a day. A fine book for the very young ones.

The Band of Mercy Guide to Natural History. By Vernon S. Morwood. John Hogg.

One of the best shilling's-worths in the market. It will teach our youngsters to be kind to all things that live. Much savagery still remains among children, and a dreadful amount of suffering is still endured by animal life in consequence thereof. The more literature of this kind is scattered among our boys and girls the better. Those of older growth would be none the worse for reading this "Guide," for some of them go into fits at the sight of a frog, and turn pale as ghosts if a black-beetle runs across the kitchen floor. This capital book might tend to put them on better terms with these harmless creatures.

Maude's Visit to Sandybeach. Stella's Nosegay, and other Tales. Dora Maitland. Albert Maurice. The Silver Cup. Polly's Victory. Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. That Boy Bob, and All About Him. Partridge and Co.

Just the thing for the Sunday School Library, or for presents to the little ones. We could not read all these stories, but we selected one, perused it carefully, and liked it much. Wonderful booklets for sixpence!

The Sunday School Union sends us two books, which are much of the same order as those above; indeed, we can see no difference. The titles are, *Johnny's Search*, by Mrs. C. M. Clarke; and *Tim, the News-boy*, by the author of "Buy an Orange, sir."

Twice Bought. A tale of the Oregon Gold-Fields. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet and Co.

A boy's story. Fully up to the mark in vivid incident; and well it may be, for the scene lies among Red Indians and gold-diggers. Its spirit and its lesson are after our own heart; indeed, as a story-book for boys it is first class. Price 3s. 6d.

The Honey Bee, its Nature, Homes, and Products. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc. Religious Tract Society.

A BEAUTIFUL book in all ways. It gives the fullest practical information about bees without confusing the reader with many technical terms. Many are turning their attention to the cultivation of honey, and we do not know of a more entertaining pursuit. It is by no means beyond the reach of any one who will patiently follow it up, and we believe it will prove a benefit to every thoughtful person to make the acquaintance of bees. Should not Mr. Harris have acknowledged his special obligation to Mr. Cheshire? Or is Mr. H. a bee, and does he suck honey from Mr. C. without qualms?

Notes.

THOSE of our readers who have heard our son Thomas, or who have read his articles in the Magazine, will thank us for letting them know that on *Tuesday, Dec.* 9, a meeting will be held in the Tabernacle for the purpose of saying farewell to him, and Messrs. Cooper and Driver, who are to sail with him in the ss. *Liguria*, which leaves London on the 10th inst. At the same time, we shall hold the annual meeting of the College, at which we usually have a large gathering of friends; so that, on this occasion, the doubly special character of the proceedings ought to ensure a crowded house. While these "Notes" are in the hands of the printer, the Editor is laid aside, and suffering much pain of body, and depression of spirit, but he trusts that, in answer to many prayers, he will be speedily restored to health and strength, and enabled to preside at this meeting.

Messrs. Hollings and Brock, our esteemed advertising agents, ask us to call attention to the fact that the present issue of the Magazine is, amongst other reasons, exceptionally interesting, because it contains a much larger number of advertisements from the London publishers than has ever before appeared in any copy of *The Sword and the Trowel*. There are about eighteen pages full of descriptions of new books, magazines, Christmas and New Year's cards, &c., in sufficient variety to suit the tastes and purses of all our readers at this book-buying and present-giving season.

On *Friday evening, Oct.* 24, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Capel, the Secretary, stated that the distributors of this Society visit 104 districts, and thus leave the Pastor's sermons with nearly 4,000 families every week. They have met with many cases of conversion through the reading of the printed message. A Mother's Meeting, a Maternal Society, and a Sick Fund, have all been developed as necessary adjuncts to the work, and in each department of labour the blessing of the Lord has been experienced. Mr. Harrald, the Treasurer, reported that the expenditure for sermons, covers, printing, &c., had been about £32, and there was a balance of £2 in hand. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastors T. Spurgeon and W. Williams, Miss Thomas, and Messrs. W. J. Smith, Stone, and Moore. This is an exceedingly useful and economical agency for spreading gospel truth, and deserves more help than it at present receives. In order to work the districts efficiently, twelve additional distributors are needed. Mr. Capel will be happy to give full particulars to all who apply to him in the Tract-room after any of the services.

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 27, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Varley came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, to seek the supplications of the church there for a blessing upon them while they were absent from England. Mr. Varley spoke briefly, and the Pastor delivered the address which appears as the first article in the present number of the Magazine.

During the past few weeks we have been called to part with quite a number of our brethren and sisters from the church at the Tabernacle. When, therefore, our beloved friend, MR. JOHN TURNER, who has for so many years led the singing of the great congregation, fell asleep, it was resolved that a funeral service should be held in the Tabernacle on *Friday afternoon, October* 31st, at which all who had been recently bereaved might be specially commended to the Lord in prayer, and the whole church might be reminded of the lessons to be learned from these divine visitations. As Mr. Turner lived so close to the building, where his voice will no more be heard, the coffin containing his body was brought into the Tabernacle, and a large company of members of the church and congregation assembled to testify their esteem for their departed brother. The service was conducted by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who was assisted by his brother; and at the close the funeral company went to Norwood Cemetery, where Mr. J. T. Dunn officiated at the grave. We shall not readily fill our friend's place as leader of the singing. Others may have better voices than he

had, and from a musical standpoint may be his superiors, but he has so well helped us in the service of praise, that we shall be quite content if other singers assist us in our worship as much as he did, who now sings the new song among the multitudes redeemed from among men.

For several weeks we could not tell which of our brethren would be home first, Mr. TURNER, or MR. ALFRED SEARLE, but "the post" brought the summons to Brother Searle about a fortnight before the message reached Brother Turner. The next missive came soon after, addressed to our venerable friend, MR. W. BOWKER, the senior elder of the church, and the President of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission. We shall long miss each of these worthy men, as well as many more who have recently gone to join the church triumphant. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

Monday evening, November 3, was a great MISSIONARY PRAYER-MEETING at the Tabernacle. First, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, who were returning to India, were affectionately commended to the Lord in prayer. Our brother touched all our hearts by his heroic declaration that he would rather die amongst the heathen than live away from them. Then we had an American missionary, who was going out to assist Dr. Clough in the instruction of the 14,000 Telugu Christians, who are in fellowship as baptized believers at Ongole, India. The Pastor next read a list of the missionaries and brethren who had gone out to the foreign field from the College, and prayer for all of them was offered by one of the students. The meeting was closed with a most interesting address by Pastor E. F. Baldwin, a Baptist minister from North Carolina, who was on his way to Tangier, Morocco, to work in connection with the Kabyle Mission. Taking it as a whole, the meeting would compare well, for numbers, enthusiasm, interest, and information, with many of the annual gatherings of some of our large societies. It was what Mr. Baldwin said they called in America, "an inspiration meeting."

On *Friday afternoon, November* 7, in the presence of Mrs. Higgs and her family, the Pastor laid the MEMORIAL STONE of the large and beautiful chapel which has been erected in memory of the late Mr. W. Higgs by the members of his bereaved family. It is situated in Solon Road, Bedford Road, Clapham, and is quite an ornament to the region, which in the course of a few years has been covered with houses. We trust many of the inhabitants of the district will have cause eternally to praise the Lord for the noble generosity which has taken such a practical and useful form. The building is to be called KENYON CHAPEL, in remembrance of Kenyon House, where our beloved deacon and friend so long resided. It is to be the London Baptist Association Chapel for the past year. A most worthy minister has already been selected in the person of Pastor J. Douglas, M.A., late of Ilfracombe. We hope Baptist friends in the neighbourhood will rally round him from the first service, and that the usefulness of the Chapel will be all that the generous donors' hearts could desire. It will be a grievous disappointment to us not to be able to take part in the opening services, as we had hoped to do.

On *Monday evening, November* 10, the annual united meeting for PRAYER AND COMMUNION, in connection with the LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, was held at the Tabernacle. The Pastors of the neighbouring churches met for tea and fellowship before the public gathering, which was much more largely attended than for several years past. Most of the ministers took part in the proceedings, and short addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon and W. Williams. It was again a night to be remembered.

On *Monday evening, November* 17, the Tabernacle Prayer-meeting partook of the character of a public WELCOME TO MR. WILLIAM OLNEY, the senior deacon of the church, who has been absent some months on a voyage to New Zealand. In the much-regretted, but unavoidable absence, through illness, of the Pastor, his brother presided; and there was a large gathering of members of the church and congregation. Special thanks for our beloved friend's safe return were presented in prayer by representatives of the Pastors, deacons, elders, church, and college; and Mr. Olney gave an exceedingly interesting report of his various experiences since he sailed from England, in April. Everywhere he met with friends who were eager to hear all he could tell them concerning the Lord's work at the Tabernacle, and this fact he turned to good account on several occasions, by giving a lecture, and making collections towards the removal of chapel-debts, &c. Nowhere did he have a more hearty reception than that which was given to him by the officers and members of our son's church at Auckland. We were all pleased to hear of the success of the work there under the care of Mr. Rice, whom we sent out to supply the Pastor's place while he was away.

COLLEGE.—During the past month the following brethren have sailed from England: Mr. G. J. Dann, for Allahabad; Mr. J. Stubbs, for Patna; and Mr. J. Glover, for Queensland.

In accordance with a request from our good friend, Mr. Gibson, who wished us to select a Pastor for the church in Perth, Tasmania, we are sending out Mr. J. R. Cooper, who, with his wife, will sail in the same ship as our son Thomas and Mr. Driver.

Mr. H. T. Peach reports the formation of a church, of twenty-nine members, at Pietermaritzburg; a continued increase in the congregation and school; and many tokens of spiritual prosperity. Mr. W. Hamilton is still "holding the fort" at Cape Town, but he would be very thankful if some brother could be sent to relieve him. He cannot leave the church without a suitable man to carry on the work which he has done so well in the past, but how the matter is to be arranged we cannot tell at present.

Mr. W. Stokes, who has for some time been living at Pinner, Middlesex, has undertaken the pastoral charge of the church in that place. Mr. J. C. Foster is removing, from Braintree, to Sydenham Chapel, Forest Hill.

Evangelists. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have finished their Belfast mission, and moved on to Londonderry. The Lord has very graciously owned their message in Belfast, and many souls have been won for Christ, while backsliders have been reclaimed, and Christians stimulated and strengthened.

Our brethren will come to London for the close of the year, and will conduct special services in Kenyon Chapel, Solon Road, Clapham, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30th and 31st. They will also take charge of the watch-night service at the Tabernacle on New Year's Eve. January and February are to be spent in Bristol, and March in Folkestone.

Mr. Burnham's three weeks' services in Dorsetshire were among the happiest seasons he has ever spent. The Congregational ministers at Swanage and Wareham write in the highest terms of our brother's visits to their churches. One of them says:—

"We have reason to be devoutly thankful for the ten days' mission held by Mr. Burnham among us. The clear statement of the gospel, the happy removal of difficulties that perplex the inquirer, the apt illustrations, together with his tender appeals, produced a deep impression on many. Our friend manifestly has the gift of *winning* souls; with but little excitement, and no extravagance, his words have a quiet power: they quicken the conscience, and touch the heart. Some who had sunk into indifference, and neglect of public worship, have been restored to earnestness; and numbers from our Sunday-school, and Christian homes, have been brought to decision for Christ. There had been much previous planting, these services did the watering, and God has given the increase. Our prayers have been answered, and our expectations exceeded. We have a firm conviction that such an agency is most helpful to the ordinary ministry. We earnestly wish Mr. Burnham and his fellow-labourers in this glorious work the divine blessing, and large success. We enclose a small thankoffering for the Evangelistic Fund."

Mr. Burnham has since visited Wood Green, and this month he goes, for the third time, to Watton, Norfolk: and finishes this year and begins 1885 at Humberstone-road Union Chapel, Leicester.

Friends at York Road, Leeds, and New Whittington, report successful services held by *Mr. Russell*, who has also visited Reading and Sunderland.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have had large congregations and much blessing at Mirfield, Trowbridge, and Hanwell. This month they are to hold services at Margate and Ramsgate.

Orphanage.—On *Wednesday evening, Oct.* 29, the collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage under the presidency of the President. The programme comprised singing, bell-ringing, and recitations by the children; an original speech by an orphan boy; brief addresses by Pastors C. H. and T. Spurgeon, J. Douglas, M.A., and J. Benson, and Messrs. B. W. Carr, V. J. Charlesworth, and J. Maynard; and musical performances by other friends. Altogether, although the attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, the meeting was a thorough success. The amount brought in was £14 less than at the November gathering last year; and on that fact being mentioned, several friends at once subscribed sufficient to make up the deficiency. We thank all our kind collectors and donors very heartily, and trust that they will not get weary in this good work; for the boys and girls will keep on eating and drinking, and wearing out their clothes, and we cannot supply their wants without money.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have had a very successful tour in Yorkshire. The accounts will not all be made up in time for the present Magazine, but we have already learned that the institution will be considerably benefited by the generous help of our friends in the various towns visited by our happy band of singers and ringers. This month they will journey southwards, and their reception will, we feel sure, be equally hearty. We have no need to "say to the north, 'give up,' and to the south, 'keep not back'"; for north and south vie with one another, and with the east and the west, in contributing to the support of the fatherless children who come to us for shelter from all parts of the kingdom.

Special Note for Christmas.—We generally like to stir up the pure minds of our friends by way of remembrance when the season for the roast beef and plum-pudding is approaching. Christmas comes but once a year, but now, dear friends, 'twill soon be here; and the boys and girls at the Stockwell Orphanage will enjoy the festivities all the better if those who have thought of them in previous years will think of them again in the same practical manner, and if others who have not formerly helped will make a beginning now. Provisions of all sorts will be welcome, and contributions of cash will be readily exchanged for anything

that may be needed. The President hopes this year to have the privilege of meeting the children; but whether he is permitted to do so or not, they must have their full share of enjoyment, and every one who sends a donation, however small, will help them to spend "a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W.; cheques, notes, money-orders, &c., will be gratefully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.

COLPORTAGE.—The Baptist Union of Tasmania, which was formed on the occasion of the opening of the Launceston Tabernacle, has sent to us the money to pay for the passage of a Colporteur for the outlying districts of that charming island. After much prayerful and careful consideration, we have selected a man whom we believe to be eminently adapted for the work which will be required of him, and he has already sailed for his new sphere of labour, with a well-assorted stock of books from our depôt. We trust that Mr. Gibson and all our Tasmanian brethren will see a great blessing resulting from this new effort to extend the Redeemer's kingdom.

The efforts of the Colportage Association, for further extension of the work in England, are gradually being seconded by friends in districts needing the agency. Six new districts have been started since Midsummer, so that, notwithstanding losses through the discontinuance of others, a band of seventy-three Colporteurs is now engaged in the sale of the Word of God, and Christian and other literature of a good moral tone. The sales for the first nine months of this year show an increase of £669 9s. 4d. over the same period in the previous year, which, considering the depression in trade, is cause for much thankfulness.

Another important feature has been a large sale of penny New Testaments, 27,450 having been sold since July, besides several hundred gross of Scripture Text Cards of various designs. The Word has also been spoken to individuals from house to house, to the afflicted, and to small congregations. This makes the agency doubly powerful for good, and having been accompanied by many prayers, both by the Committee and the Colporteurs themselves, who can calculate the lasting results of so widespread a sowing of the good seed?

But why should not the seventy-three agents be increased until at least one hundred are employed? Some have assumed that, because the head-quarters are at the Tabernacle, the association is denominational, but this is an error, as the Colporteurs work in connection, not only with Baptist friends, but those belonging to the Congregationalists, Church of England, Wesleyans, and in some cases under independent local committees. No distinctly denominational literature is carried for sale by the Colporteurs, but that of any Evangelical church can be ordered through the men.

The Committee cannot do the work without the district in which it is carried on bearing a share of the cost, amounting to £40 a year, but will appoint an agent to any approved district where this sum can be guaranteed. They are largely dependent upon voluntary subscriptions to the General Fund to make up the deficiency, and while thanking all who have so kindly contributed in the past, they earnestly solicit continued and increased support to this fund.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 23, sixteen; October 30, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Miss R. Robinson, per J. T. D.	0	3	0
Mr. B. G. Knight	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Davies	0	2	6
Miss Dixon	1	0	0
Cutford Hill Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Greenwood	5	0	0
Mr. J. S. White	0	5	0
Miss Hastings	1	0	0
"Ashford"...	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Collection at Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Cuff	7	16	9
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	1	1	0
Mr. W. Martin	2	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Collection at Providence Chapel, Hounslow, per Pastor E. B. Pearson ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Hayes	5	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Dalston Junction Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton ...	9	9	6
E. A. T.	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)... ...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Y.	0	7	6
Mrs. Lawrence	1	0	0
Scotland	25	0	0
A debtor to grace	2	0	0
A. G. J....	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
C. L. and Friend	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Harris	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
October 19 ... ... 9 15 0			
,, 26 ... ... 162 7 8			
November 2... ... ... 31 3 0			
,, 9 ... ... 31 0 0			
	231	5	8
	£329	3	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881

	£	s.	d.
A country minister	0	3	3
Mrs. Leasher	0	10	0
Mrs. Hands...	2	0	0
Mr. J. S. White	0	5	0
Annette	0	5	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Norris	6	15	9
A constant reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	5	0
Mrs. Rawlinson	0	5	0
E. I. L.	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
From Aberdeenshire (less 6d. paid for registration)	0	19	6
Mr. George Kight...	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Miss E. Mitchell	0	10	0
A hidden one	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Kilborn	0	5	0
Mrs. Orde Lumsdon, per Rev. T. Newlands	1	0	0
Alma's tenth	0	2	0
Ilka little helps	2	0	0
Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
From Forres	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	14	7
Stamps from Stromness	0	2	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
Miss A. Baker	0	2	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss Evelyn Annie Sims...	0	4	0
Mr. J. H. Parker	50	0	0
Mr. W. Williams	1	0	0
Miss B. Alexander	0	3	6
Mr. Edward Adam	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Walker's box	0	6	6
J. G. J.	5	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
The bachelor's mite	0	15	0
Mrs. Reavell	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, jun. ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Lord's box	0	13	0
Collected by Mr. John Robinson ...	0	10	0
Miss E. B Thorne...	0	10	0
Miss Minnie Baker and friends ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mr. H. Bradley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Josie Arnold... ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	6	6
Mrs. F. R. Lloyd	1	0	0
Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir Meeting at Ramsden-road Chapel, Balham, including £15 15s. from the chairman, Mr. T. H. Olney	30	0	0
Sale of Programmes	1	2	9
Proceeds of Orphanage Choir Meeting at Waltham Abbey	12	0	0
Proceeds of Orphanage Choir Meeting at Lincoln...	13	15	3
E. A. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. Hopkins, sale of flowers	0	7	0
X. S.	10	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	10	10	0
Mr. W. G. Newbury	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Russell	0	5	0
Mrs Butler...	1	0	0
Children's Collection, Baptist Sunday School, Oxford, per Mr. Bell ...	0	5	3
Collected by Mr. G. Bendall	0	3	2
Collected by Miss Grieve...	1	0	0
Miss B. Bamber	2	0	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D....	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Jones	1	6	2
Collected by Miss Witt	0	2	6
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Edith Thompson ...	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Holmes	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Barker	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. Wardell	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Chamberlain ...	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. A. Paxton	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. James Simpson ...	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Burnham, per Mr. C. D. Gooding ... 1 1 0			
Mrs. J. Taylor 0 5 0			
	1	6	0
Collected by Miss Cressall	0	4	3
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	13	9
Collected by Miss A. Bunting	1	3	6
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dougall	0	10	0
Miss Turnbull	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	0	10	9
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	16	0
Collected by Miss Mann	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cassell	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	3	0	0
Mr. G. Richmond	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Lock	0	7	7
Mr. E. C. Collinson	0	10	0
A friend. "A. Z."...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Bragg	1	2	6
Collected by Mrs. S. M. Sanders ...	0	8	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Smith, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Barter	0	12	3
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	1	14	6
Collected by Miss E. A. Earl	0	3	6
Mr. J. Goodchild	2	2	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	17	0
Miss Julia Gardiner	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	2	6
A friend, Corsham, postal order ...	1	0	0
Postal order. Broughton, Hants ...	0	4	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. Willison, jun....	450	0	0
Pastor G. B. Richardson's Bible Class, Eynsford	0	14	0
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Blake, collecting box	1	6	9
Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. Murrell ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Marshall, New York	1	0	0
Mrs. Best, per Mr. G. C. Heard ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Sarah Reed	2	10	0
A friend, per Mr. J. H. Goldwin ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Shaw	1	0	0
Friends at Ashley, per Pastor G. Jackman	0	15	0
Harold and Ethel, Chester	0	2	0
H. I. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
The Treasurer of the Havelock Chapel, Agra	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. F. Pool	1	1	0
Captain Hoskin	0	10	0
H. M., W.	0	6	0
Mrs. S. Heath	1	0	0
Mr. Foxwell	0	10	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Shurmer	0	10	0
Sale of ring	1	0	0
Collected by Master A. C. Johnson ...	1	0	0
A farmer's thankoffering	5	0	0
Mrs. Morley	1	0	0
S. D., Sheffield, per the invalid... ...	0	2	6
A mother	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. van Rijn...	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Weeks	0	5	0
From Poplar	1	1	0
Mr. T. Thomson	2	0	0
Mrs. Craven Mansergh	0	5	0
A. G. J.	2	0	0
M. S. L.	1	0	0
Miss Crosthwaite's Bible Class, Gravesend...	0	10	0
Firstfruits	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Jesson :—			
Mr. W. Stanyon 0 10 0			
Mrs. Eames... ... ... 0 5 0			
Miss Eames... ... ... 0 5 0			
The Misses Bennett ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Raynes... ... ... 0 2 6			
	1	7	6
Mr. George Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mundy	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Knott	0	10	0
Johannes	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	10	0
Collection at Westbourne Grove Chapel	20	3	7
C. L., and friend	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. P. Patmore	20	0	0
T. R. K.	5	0	0
Dumfries	1	0	0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips	1	0	0
Mr. A. E. Hayward	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Master Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Mrs. Layard (for 1883-4)...	2	0	0
Mrs. Browne	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth :—			
Mrs. Altham 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. Aukland 0 10 0			
Mr. H. W. Thompson ... 1 1 0			
Messrs. Pocock Brothers... 2 2 0			
Mr. Smith, Torquay ... 1 1 0			
Mrs. Houghton 1 1 0			
Mr. John Maple 2 2 0			
C. 0 1 0			
	10	0	0
Mr. R. Marnock	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, October 30 ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Bagster	0	10	0
Mr. F. Howard	2	2	0
Miss Wild	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter's Five per Cent. per annum (2 years)	3	0	0
Received at the Orphanage Collectors' Meeting, October 29th :—			
Collecting Boxes :—			
Alford, Master Alfred ... 0 12 3			
Alford, Walter 0 8 0			
Austin, Miss... ... ... 1 0 0			
Ayliffe, Miss Alice... ... 0 4 6			
Bartlett, Miss Miriam ... 0 10 4			
Bartlett, Miss Lillie ... 0 0 1			

	£	s.	d.
Brewer, Misses Alice and Lily	0	5	10
Beattie, E.	0	5	7
Brice, Miss F.	0	6	3
Boultwood, Miss	0	8	8
Butler, Mrs.	0	13	3
Bates, Master W.	0	17	6
Bresson, Frederick... ...	0	0	6
Burman, Miss M. A. ...	0	15	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	15	6
Battam, Miss	1	3	5
Bailey, Master G.	0	4	0
Blunvill, Master T. ...	0	5	8
Burton, Mrs. W.	1	0	2
Brook, Miss...	0	4	2
Briggs, Miss...	0	3	4
Burley, Miss B.	0	0	2
Bruin, Miss E.	0	11	0
Buswell, Mrs.	1	17	8
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	0	7	0
Bartlett, Miss	0	6	8
Chittock, Mrs. Wm. ...	0	7	7
Caple, Miss M.	0	7	4
Chard, Mr. T. P.	0	1	10
Cane, Mr.	1	3	6
Clinker, Miss	0	3	9
Conquest, Mrs.	0	8	4
Dale, Miss Cissy	0	3	2
Dalton, Mr. Alfred ...	0	15	8
Dawes, Miss...	0	1	9
Debenham, Master W. ...	0	0	8
Edmonds, Mrs.	0	8	6
Evans, Master J. D. ..	0	4	6
Eldridge, Master W. ...	0	2	3
Evans, Master S. H. ...	0	2	10
Ellerton, Miss A.	0	5	10
Ellis, Miss	0	3	6
Emery, Mrs.	0	3	0
Ellis, Mrs.	1	9	7
Frankham, Mr.	0	2	2
Ferguson, Miss	0	10	6
Frisby, Master T.	0	5	0
Frisby, Miss A.	0	5	3
Frisby, Miss...	0	9	0
Field, Misses Gertrude and Kate	0	16	3
Fern, Master C.	0	5	3
Fitness, Miss M.	0	3	5
Fairman, Mrs.	0	8	9
Foster, Miss C.	0	3	10
Fitness, Master E.... ...	0	4	9
Fitness, Master A. ...	0	4	9
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	5	3
Fuller, Miss L.	0	2	0
Groves, Miss F.	0	1	11
Groves, Misses N. and M.	0	1	0
Groves, John	0	1	2
Garrett, Elsie and Charley	0	14	4
Goatham, Miss	0	3	2
Godfrey, Master	0	1	8
Gray, Mr. A.	0	9	5
Gray, Master A.	0	5	6
Grant, Miss	0	6	8
Groves, Miss B.	0	2	2
Goodwyn, Miss A.... ...	0	7	10
Harbison, Master	0	1	7
Harper, Master	0	7	2
Hewson, Master A. ...	0	2	0
Higham, Edward	0	3	3
Higham, Master J. ...	0	2	3
Hudson, Miss	0	7	6
Hancock, Miss	0	6	9
Hawgood, Miss	1	6	6
Hunt, Mr. W.	0	3	11
Hubbard, Miss	0	7	3
Jenden, Miss O.	0	2	6
Jones, Mrs.	0	15	2
Joy, Master G. P.	0	12	0
Johnson, Mr. W.	1	18	6
Jackman, Mrs.	0	4	6
Johnson, Miss	0	1	9

	£	s.	d.
Kerry, Mr. E. E.	0	19	10
Kerry, Mr. S.	1	2	4
Lucas, Miss F.	0	7	4
Lambert, Miss B.	0	1	5
Lardner, Masters T. and H.	0	2	10
Lovegrove, Mr.	0	1	11
Larkman, Miss	0	4	6
Martin, Master H. ...	0	3	9
Middleton, Mrs.	1	1	7
Marx, Walter	0	2	5
Matthews, Miss M. ...	0	8	4
Messent, Miss and Master	0	5	9
Merritt, Mrs.	0	10	3
Moore, Miss A.	0	6	0
Messent, Masters F. and C.	0	3	8
Messent, Masters W. and G.	0	1	9
McNeal, Elizabeth and Maria	0	4	0
Mackey, Mrs.	0	10	1
Noble, Miss N.	0	4	0
New, Master Charles ...	0	5	9
Nutt, Miss S. A.	0	3	6
Oldman, Miss Lizzie ...	0	2	0
Oliver, Miss E.	0	16	9
Offer, Miss Edith	0	4	7
Palmer, Mrs.	0	7	0
Poole, Mrs.	0	4	3
Palmer, Grace and George	0	2	7
Powell, Miss	0	0	8
Parker, Frederick	0	1	0
Pearce, Miss Cissy... ...	0	10	0
Priestley, Miss L.	0	0	3
Priestley, Master Richard	0	0	6
Possee, Miss...	0	9	6
Peters, Miss F. W.... ...	0	8	4
Price, F.	0	1	4
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	4	6
Rawlinson, Master John...	0	7	0
Rawlinson, Miss Nellie and Florrie	0	2	0
Ranford, Mrs.	0	3	6
Raiman, Mrs.	0	4	9
Ranford, Miss	0	9	2
Ransom, Master Harry ...	0	3	4
Redding, Miss	0	6	4
Richardson, Mrs.	0	5	7
Skipper, Miss Lottie ...	0	1	0
Sutherland, Miss Dora ...	0	8	0
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	6
Saunders, Miss K.... ...	0	3	8
Sullivan, A....	0	2	5
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	2	4
Savage, Mary Ann... ...	0	1	4
Scudder, Miss	0	8	0
Smith, Miss G.	0	1	0
Syrett, Master A.	0	3	3
Terrell, Mrs.	0	7	9
Thomas, Miss Ada... ...	0	17	3
Vero, Miss Maud	1	13	9
Walker, Master C.... ...	0	10	6
Watkins, Miss A.	0	4	1
Weller, Miss F.	0	6	11
Willard, Mrs.	0	1	0
Walters, Master J. ...	0	1	5
Warren, Miss A.	0	5	9
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	3	0
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	6	7
Mrs. Garrett's Bible-class	0	8	0
Mrs. Bull's Bible-class ...	0	13	0
			56 19 7
Collecting Books:—			
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class:—			
Miss Allen ... 1 7 9			
Mrs. Wilson... 0 6 1			
	1	13	10
Baker, Mr.	1	0	0
Bonser, Miss	0	5	6
Broughton, Mrs.	0	16	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	0	18	6
Bowles, Mrs.	0	15	0
Brayne, Miss	0	5	0
Brown, Mrs.	0	17	6
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	7	3
Cunningham, Miss ...	1	16	0
Day, Miss	0	7	6
Ewen, Mrs.	0	18	0
Ellis, Mrs.	3	0	0
Evans, Mrs....	0	17	0
Fryer, Miss	0	12	6
Good, Miss	0	6	6
Hinton, Miss E.	0	13	6
Hobbs, Miss...	1	0	0
Jephs, Miss	1	13	6
Leworthy, Miss	0	9	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Livett, Mrs. R.	0	7	6
McDonald, Mrs.	0	12	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
Porter, Miss...	0	8	0
Pearce, Miss Jeanie ...	0	8	6
Ryan, Mrs.	0	11	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0
Swain, Mrs....	0	7	8
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Willis, Mrs....	1	5	0
Warner, Mrs.	0	7	6
Ware, Miss	0	13	0
Name omitted	0	2	6
Tea Tickets sold	2	7	6
			80 17 3
Donations:—			
Mr. G. Cane...	1	10	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Pastor J. Benson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Stiff	1	0	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	1	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	1	0	0
Mr. Judd	1	0	0
Mr. Edwards	1	0	0
Mrs. Broughton	1	0	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	10	0
Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson ...	0	10	0
A friend	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
			12 15 0
The Misses Walker, Wigney, and Burton, proceeds of "Teetotallers' Magazine"			1 10 0
			£897 14 11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 14th, 1884.—PROVISIONS: 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. J. Barnes; 28 lbs. Almond Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 sack Peas and 1 sack Oatmeal, A Friend, H. S.; half an American Cheese, Mr. W. G. Wormald; 26 sacks Potatoes and 15 sacks Turnips, Mr. W. Mead.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—62 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 20 Garments, Cheam Baptist Chapel Orphan Working Society, per Mrs. B. S. Cox; 49 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class, Richmond Street Mission, per Miss A. Bull; 14 Articles, Miss E. Webb; 9 Articles, A Friend; 24 pairs Knitted Cuffs, and 12 Ice Wool Ties, Miss A. Blackman; 7 Articles, E. I. L., Essex; 7 Articles, Misses A. and F. Leeder; 12 Articles, Miss Smithies; 60½ yards dress material, Mrs. A. L. Higham.

GENERAL:—8 Fancy Articles, "Sarah"; 81 yards Narrow and 47 yards wide Cloth, Messrs. Fisher and Co.; a quantity of Books, "Surrey;" 255 Tablets of Soap, Mr. T. P. Chard; a handsome Cloth, by King and Sons, Norwich, value £9, for Orphanage Bell-ringers' Table, Mrs. James Stiff.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Bickerton Evans	10	0	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. P. C. Evans, for Minchinhampton	27	0	0
Per Mr. Kidner, for Minchinhampton	2	10	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Met. Tab. Sunday-school for Tring ...	10	0	0
High Wycombe District	20	0	0
Dorking District, per Mr. Drane ...	10	0	0
Calne District	6	14	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	20	0	0
Southern Association	50	0	0
Oxfordshire Association:—			
Witney District 10 0 0			
Stow and Aston District ... 10 0 0			
	20	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
"H. M.," for Bristol	20	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	10	0	0
Kettering District	5	0	0
Fairford District	10	0	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
	£301	4	0

N.B. Most of these amounts have to be supplemented from the General Fund.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
H. M. (half-yearly)	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. White	0	5	0
Mr. E. Stringer	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
"Inasmuch"	1	0	0
	£12	10	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's Services at Galashiels ...	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's Services at Shoreditch Tabernacle ...	4	4	0
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's Services at Cong. Chapel, Swanage ...	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's Services at New Whittington	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's Services at Cong. Chapel, Wareham ...	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's Services at York Road Chapel, Leeds ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. R. H. Juniper	3	0	0
	£24	19	0

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Mrs. A. C. Watson, £2; Mr. Jas. Hall, £5; Miss Trotter, £5; Mrs. Jennings, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, £4; Mr. C. Laflin, 2s. 6d.; a Suffolk friend, 10s.; Messrs. G. and J. Scivwright, £1; Miss Heath, £2; Mrs. Bowes, £1; A Scotch friend, £3; Mr. W. Wayre, £1 1s.; a few friends connected with the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, £5; Mr. J. Benson, £2 2s.; Mrs. Watcham, £1; Miss Sansome, 10s.; Mrs. Shearman, £2; Miss Smallridge, 10s.; a veterinary student, Glasgow, £1; Mr. S. Morley, M.P., £20; Mr. J. Hill, £10; Harriet Husk, 5s.; Mr. Wm. Dickson, £5; a widow's mite, 1s.; Mrs. Genders, £3; an aged believer, £50; A. G. J., £1; Mr. C. W. Roberts, £5; the matrons of the Stockwell Orphanage, £3 1s. 6.; a feed for "Pet," 10s.; Miss Mays, 10s.; L. P., 10s.; A. G., 4s.; Mrs. Shoosmith, 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. M. G. H., £1 1s.

Received towards the cost of communion service:—Mr. Hammerton, 10s.; Mrs. Brewer, 5s.; Mrs. Feltham, £2 2s.; Mrs. Brayne, 10s.; Mr. Gwillim, £1.

Proceeds of Pastor T. Spurgeon's lectures and sermons at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, £58. 0s. 9d.; the Dome, Brighton, £27 7s.; Gipsy Road Chapel, Norwood (including £10 from Mrs. Bonar), £27; Town Hall, Reading (including Mr. M. J. Sutton, £5; Mr. M. H. Sutton, £5; Mr. W. I. Palmer, £5; and Mr. J. O. Cooper, £2 10s.), £40 10s.; Portland Chapel, Southampton, £16 2s.; Lake Road Chapel, Landport, £9 1s. 8d.; Camden Road Chapel, £12 9s. 6d.; Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, £22 4s. 10d., Tyndale Chapel, £15 5s. 6d., City-road Chapel, £26 17s., less expenses, £3 13s. 10d.; Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, £11 18s. 4d.; Wadham-street Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, £9 8s. 6d.; Argyle Chapel, Bath, £10 0s. 3d.; Shoreditch Tabernacle, £37 10s.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.