THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1886.

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

	Year	Page
Genesis i. 7	1871	399
„ viii. 11	1879	153
„ xv. 1	1884	566
„ xlii. 22	1877	541
Exodus viii. 8	1884	3
„ xxxiii. 14 ...	1884	613
Leviticus xxvi. 4 ...	1882	282
Deuteronomy xxii. 8 ...	1869	349
„ xxxii. 11, 12	1870	49
Joshua ii. 21	1875	148
Judges iii. 20	1874	545
Ruth ii. 14	1882	337
I. Sam. i. 27	1868	108
„ ix. 8, 20	1872	109
II. Sam. xvii. 23	1870	537
„ xxi. 10	1868	294
„ xxiii. 9-10 ...	1876	439
„ xxiv. 12... ...	1878	517
I. Kings v. 14	1883	569
II. Kings iv. 29-37 ...	1867	99
„ iv. 38, 41, 42 ...	1876	337
„ vi. 1-7	1868	99
„ xiii. 20	1866	5
Nehem. viii. 10	1867	172
Esther vi. 6	1865	2
Job xxxii. 7	1878	1
„ xxxvii. 7	1883	3
„ xxxviii. 23	1878	212
Psalm xvii. 3	1886	609
„ xl. 17	1871	5
„ xl. 17	1885	201
„ lxi. 2	1878	97
„ lxxx. 14	1878	382
„ xci. 1	1880	108
„ civ. 28	1874	297
„ cvii. 17-22 ...	1871	462
„ cxi. 5	1880	445
„ cxix. 89-96 ...	1882	117
„ cxxi.	1882	528
„ cxxviii.	1883	171
Proverbs v. 16	1878	286
Eccl. ix. 4...	1868	108
Canticles ii. 3	1879	201
„ ii. 12	1870	97
„ ii. 16, 17 ...	1883	289
„ iv. 7	1865	229
„ „	1865	277
aiah v. 17	1876	485
„ vi. 1—8	1880	493
„ xxix. 5	1878	193
„ xxxviii. 1	1870	207
„ xliii. 10	1875	501
„ lii. 13, 15	1885	153

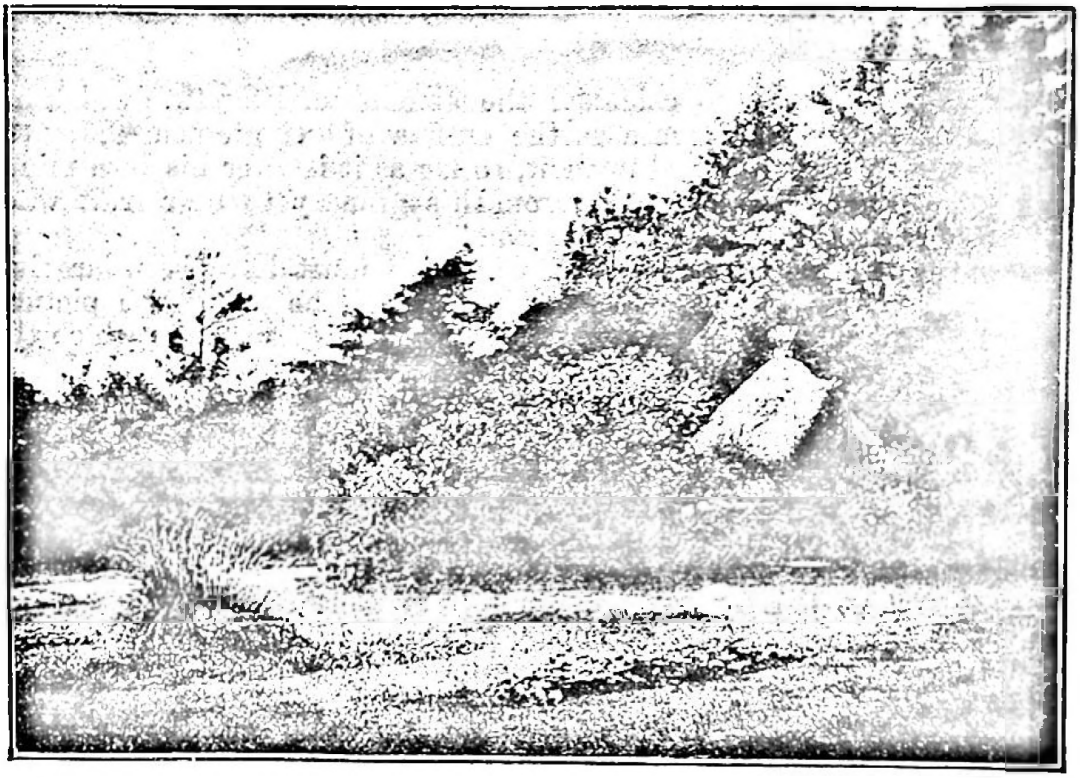
	Year	Page
Isaiah liii. 12	1882	49
„ lviii. 8	1869	460
„ lxi. 1	1877	493
Jer. ii. 36	1870	393
„ vi. 16...	1879	105
Lamen. iii. 56	1872	202
Joel ii. 8	1869	241
Amos v. 8...	1870	312
„ v. 24	1878	286
„ vii. 1	1872	364
Jonah i. 4...	1878	193
„ ii. 7	1872	545
Zech. x. 3...	1866	195
„ xiv. 20	1866	97
Malachi iii. 17	1866	481
Matthew v. 1-12	1874	8
„ v. 3	1874	129
„ xiii. 12... ...	1878	346
„ xiv. 16	1871	49
„ xxiii. 37 ...	1870	49
„ xxiv. 12 ...	883	1521
„ xxvi. 30 ...	1867	481
Mark iv. 38, 39	1885	1
Luke viii. 46	1873	407
„ viii. 49	1885	561
„ xi. 5, 6	1886	1
„ xxii. 14	1873	61
John i. 16...	1865	471
„ iv. 34	1873	508
„ xii. 3	1876	49
„ xiii. 10	1870	25
„ xiv. 18	1870	450
„ xvi. 31, 32	1871	145
„ xviii. 18	1876	97
„ xix. 19	1884	472
„ xxi. 16	1877	289
Acts ix. 18	1877	97
„ xii. 18	1873	362
„ xxiii. 10-13 ...	1881	201
I. Cor. x. 16, 17	1883	53
Eph. vi. 15	1874	497
Phil. iii. 2...	1876	257
„ iv. 19	1877	1
I. Tim. i. 15	1872	293
Heb. iii. 18-19	1877	371
„ xiii. 7	1875	405
James v. 11	1880	49
I. Peter ii. 7	1869	481
„ „	1873	120
I. John v. 18-20	1875	59
III. John 2	1868	462
Rev. i. 17, 18	1882	505
„ v. 9	1876	447

PREFACE.

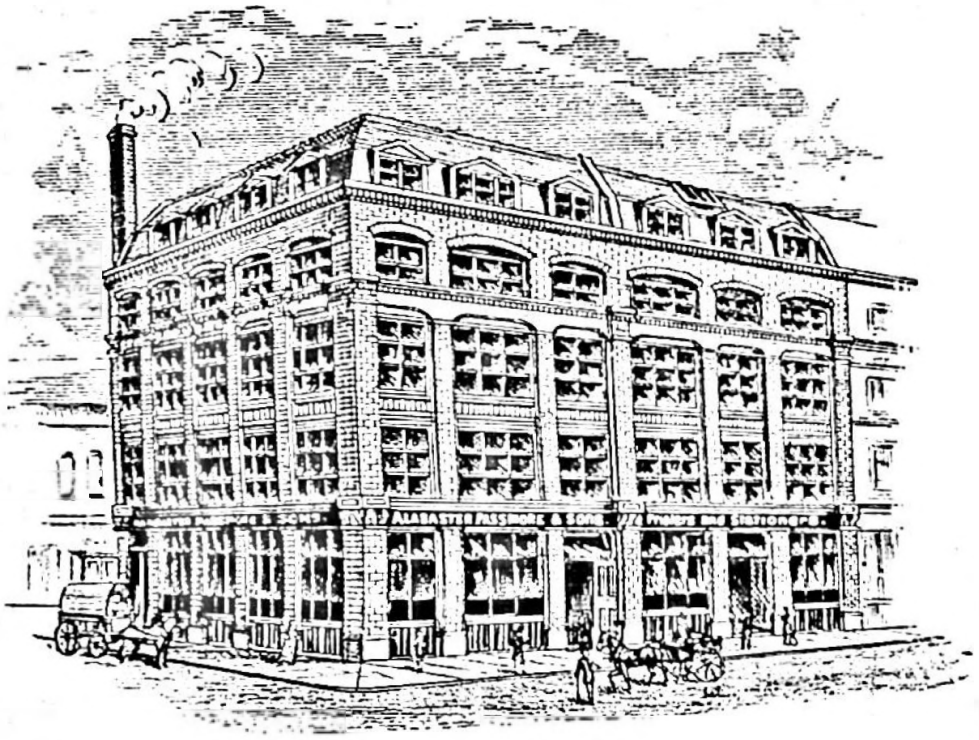
THIS Magazine has now completed its twenty-second year, and in that period it has been the Editor's right-hand in doing practical work for the King. That work has never lacked for loving and enthusiastic friends, and it is not without them now. Of late, however, so many generous allies have gone to their reward that we need a fresh enlistment of helpers. Kind friends would be doing us personal service of the most acceptable and useful kind if they would win for us new subscribers to *The Sword and the Trowel*. We do our utmost to make it an edifying and interesting monthly, and we earnestly beg our esteemed helpers to aid in maintaining and increasing its circulation.

Our material must be pretty good, for almost every article is reprinted by some paper or other, and we come across our paragraphs in publications which do not acknowledge their source. The volumes are quoted at good prices when sold as second-hand books; and a complete set would be worth a considerable price. Hence we feel that our friends need not hesitate to commend the Magazine to new readers.

It may, perhaps, interest our readers to give them a little picture of the summer-house in which papers for this periodical are often written or revised. It is a quiet nook, favourable to thought, with only this disadvantage about it, that, when the air is full of moisture, or the wintry months come on, we must quit it for the more common-place study within the house.



As this Magazine contains the material for its Editor's biography, or at least for the story of his work, we think it well to preserve representations of little matters which will make the record the more vivid and complete; and therefore we add a cut of the printing establishment of Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, Fann Street, Aldersgate Street, City, where this and other publications of the Editor are printed.



It would not be easy to calculate the amount of literature which has been sent out of this house as the outflow of a single pen. May the Lord graciously set his seal upon it, so far as it is after his own mind; and may he cause the seed sown from this granary to bear fruit when this generation shall have passed away!

Instead of writing a long preface, which must have been largely a repetition of former ones, we have brightened the page with pictures which tell of the mental and mechanical fountain-heads from which this serial is issued. There is another source which cannot be pictured, from which all that is good proceeds, and to that ever-flowing spring we look with grateful remembrance, and hopeful confidence. We have striven to make known the Lord's truth in its purity, and to win souls for the Lord Jesus, and he will not cease to bless us in such an endeavour. Wherefore, in the name of our God we set up our banner.

The still small voice of love to Jesus calls us to renewed prayer and faith. Let us believe, and we shall be established. Standing fast in this day of loose thought, we hope yet to see a brighter era. The mists will roll away, and the eternal summits of divine truth will stand out clear and well defined beneath the placid blue of heaven. So may it be! Amen.

INDEX.

PAGE

Adriance, S. W.—
The Revived Prayer-meeting 22
Arminians and Calvinists 491

Beware of Rome 539
Books, Notices of—
About our Father, 433; Abundant Grace, 288; Acts of the Apostles, 548; Afloat, 86; Agnosticism, 552; All of Grace, 288, 594; Alternatives of Faith and Unbelief, 138; Andrew Golding, 599; Anecdotes of the Deaf and Dumb, 545; Anecdotes on Old Testament Texts, 550; Anglican Pulpit, 294; Archer's Chance Shot, 292; Archie, &c. 84; Art of Thriving, 87; At Miss Lamblion's, 376; Augustine, 639; Australian Pictures, 546.
Background of Sacred Story, 595; Balance of Physics, 141; Band of Hope Stories, 546; Baptist Magazine, 240; Bayard the Dauntless, 86; Beecher's Prayers, 374; Bees and Bee-keeping, 240; Belaying-pin Gospel, 501; Believing and Living, 375; Bertha Pemberthy, 640; Better Life and How to be Happy, 601; Bible Chimes, 141; Bible Difficulties, 639; Bible Flowers, 87; Bible Heathens, 37; Bible Narratives, 241; Bible Pioneers, 38; Bible Readings, 291; Biblical Treasury, 370, 548; Birds of Gay Plumage, 369; Bird's Sermons, 598; Blessed Life, 244; Blessings for Little Ones, 548; Blossoms and Fruits, 85; Bond of Union, 240; Book of Joshua, 373; Book of Remembrance, 139; Bread of Life Leaflets, and Tracts, 503; British Messenger, 35; Bullock's Annuals, Mr., 35; By-Path Meadow, 40; By-Paths of Bible Knowledge, 36.
Cambridge Bible for Schools, 39, 288; Caroline Street, 81; Cassell's Library, 187; Central Africa, 551; Century of Missions, 549; Chain of Life, 192; Cheerful Christianity, 373; Child Converts, 499; Children of Africa, 34; Children's Service, 87; Children's Tour, 40; Child's Own Magazine, 641; Christ and Heathenism, 595; Christ and the Bible, 501; Christ and the Jewish Law, 505; Christian Mother, 191; Christian Calendar, 503; Christian Scrap-Book, 436; Christian Unity, 547; Christian Womanhood, 375; Christmas Cards, 636, 638; Church and the Franchise, 500; Churchette, 375; Church of England Endowments, 600; City of God, 289; City Youth, 547; Clue of the Maze, 138; Comfort, 144; Comfortable Words, 547; Communion and Conflict, 188; Congo Rovers, 142; Congregational Psalmist, 597; Contemporary Pulpit, 550; Continental Handbook, 503; Conversation, 190; Covenanters, The, 643; Covenant Promise, 372; Creation and its Records, 552; Crookside Lads, 376; Crossfield, 245; Crumbs for Robins, 33.
Daddy Longlegs, 244; Daily Fountain, 598; Daughter of Fife, 376; David Elliot, 245; David's Psalms, 548; Days of Remembrance, 433; Defence of the Baptists, 499; Dissertations on the Creation, 552; Diurnal, A, 242; Divine and Moral Songs, 432; Dr. Carey, 503; Doctrine and Doubt, 188; Down in the Valley, 84; Down the Snow Stairs, 642; Dragon and the Raven, 34; Dunalton, 599.
Earlham Tracts, 141, 503; Earthly History of the Church, 502; Easter Cards, 246; Ecce Homo, 545; Ecclesiastical English, 500; Echoes of the Night, 600; Edwin Arnold, 547; Esther Wynne, 41; Elsie Ellis, 376; England for
Notices of Books (*continued*)—
Christ, 433; Errors of Evolution, 189; Essays on the Sabbath, 551; Ethics of the Holy Spirit, 190; Evening of our Lord's Ministry, 373; Every-Day Life, 187; Eyes to the Blind, 640.
Faith and Unfaith, 188; Faithful Service, 191; Faithful Words, 35; Famous Caves, 40; Final Reckoning, 642; Five Little Partridges, 377; Five Minutes Too Late, 86; Five Pound Note, 142; Footsteps of Heroes, 138; For Ever with Jesus, 37; Forty Days of the Bible, 433; Fought and Won, 41; Frank Fielding, 642; From Calvary to Olivet, 36; Fruits of Solitude, 550.
Gems of Scripture, 371; General Gordon, 600; George Fox, 378; Gesta Christi, 372; Gideon Hoole's Secret, 642; Gleam of Light, 242; Glimpses of Maori Land, 505; Golden Legends, 189; Good Fight, 244; Good Words, 35; Gospel Difficulties, 506; Gout, &c., 194; Grace and Truth, 35; Great Welsh Preachers, 83; Greek-English Lexicon, 601; Gytha's Message, 292.
Hallam Succession, 293; Handbook of Church of Scotland, 551; Handy Natural History, 641; Havergal's Letters, 38; Hazell's Cyclopædia, 294; Heather Bells, 140; Heavenly Relationships, 502; Help on the Way, 550; Hedge Fence, 373; Helps to Belief, 436, 499; Henry's Commentary, 36; Herald of Mercy, 637; Horses of the Sun, 600; Her Saddest Blessing, 86; Her Two Sons, 599; Hidden Depths, 187; Hinduism, 88; His Grandfather's Bible, 245; Historic Boys, 377; History of Reform, 39; History of the Scriptures, 143; Homiletic Magazine, 240, 505; Homes of Birds, 241; Hour by Hour, 242; How Readest Thou? 547, 601; How to be Happy, though Married, 501; How we Got our Bible, 193; Human Destiny, 434; Hymns of the Century, 244; Hymn Writers, 593.
Ignatian Epistles, 639; Is Life Worth Living, 550; Important Dont's, 141; Ingleside, 642; "In Perils Oft," 40; In the Bush, 245; In the Depths of the Sea, 84; Inward Holiness, 592; Issy, 293; Italian Inquisition, 373; Ivor Rees, 377.
Jacob Boehme, 85; James Scott, 85; "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," 38; Jewish People, 552; John B. Gough, 600; Josceline, 293; Jottings from the Pacific, 192.
Katie, 41; Kenneth McAlpine, 140; Kingdom of God, 89, 137; King's Army, 640; King's Coin, 290; King's Palace, 242; King's Service, The, 40; Knox's Liturgy, 639.
Latin Course, 141; Land and the Book, 435; Laws of Religious Worship, 596; Leisure Hour, 34; Letters from a Cottage, 596; Letter to Dr. Davidson, 551; Leckie's Sermons, 550; Life in South India, 85; Life of Christ, 596; Life of Dr. Carey, 139; Life of John Gordon, 40; Life of Lives, 88; Life of Livesey, 191; Life of McIlvaine, 370; Life of Tyndale, 639; Life of W. H. Doke, 85; Light and Shade, 369; Lighthouse of Peter, 193; Lights and Shadows, 504; Lights from Above, 599; Lily Gathered, 433; Linda's Life-Story, 376; Ling-Nam, 502; Lion of the North, 34; Little Crab, 142; Little Candle, 592; Little Folks, 35; Little Gleaner, 83; Little Miss Matty, 640; Little One's Own Prize, 637; Lines and Links, 550; Livingstone Anecdotes, 546; Local Preacher's Treasury, 85; Loving Thoughts, 596; Loyally Loved, 549.
Madagascar, 594; Madagascar and France, 192;

Notices of Books (*continued*)—
Man with the White Hat, 244; Margaret Casson's Resolve, 377; Marie's Home, 292; Martyrs of Angus, 371; Martyrs' Victory, 599; May's Captain, 84; Master Lionel, 377; Master's Likeness, The, 41; Millennium, The, 290; Messages from Heaven, 36; Messiah's Glory, 601; Methodist Worthies, 242; Minister's Diary, 85; Ministers' Wives, 87; Missionary Band, 548; Mission Garden, 596; Mistress of Lydgate, 86; More "Messages," 433; Morley, 501; Morning Song, 549; Morning Thoughts, 37; Mother's and Mine, 86; Mother's Crown Jewels, 242; Mountain, The, 142; My Bible Study, 502; My Lord's Money, 244; My Morning Word, 242; Mystic Voices, 435.
Naresborough Victory, 377; Natural Philosophy, 500; Nature-Musings, 596; Naval Brigade News, 35, 240; New Head-Master, 599; New Moral Creation, 374; No Royal Road, 599; Nursery Books, 35.
Offering of Christ, 638; Old Faith and the New, 548; Oldham, 293; Old Jonathan, 35; On the Cliff, 86; Opposite House, 293; Our Anniversaries, 37; Our Creed, 499; Our Four-footed Friends, 641; Our Picture Book, 641; Our Rest-Day, 243; Outlines of Sermons, 548; Out of Step, 549; Owners of Broadlands, 245.
Paedobaptism, 434; Parables of the Lake, 370; Parliamentary History, 39; Paper and Envelopes, 545; Patterson's Sermons, 37; Pearls of Wisdom, 88; Pedlar and his Dog, 292; Pentateuchal Codes, 371; Pentateuch, The, 291; People's Day, 433; Period of the Reformation, 547; Personality, &c., 241; Phases of Truth, 643; Philistinism, 433; Pilgrim's Progress, 34; Pit to the Throne, 139; Plain Talk, 549; Plants of the Bible, 87; Platform Aids, 193; Pocket Encyclopædia 637; Poems, 369; Poet in May, 500; Prayers for Children, 504; Preacher's Analyst, 240; Precious Promises, 145; Preludes to the Reformation, 643; Present Day Tracts, 189; Promise of his Coming, 144; Promise to Abraham, 370; Prophet of Glory, 139; Protestant Missions, 436; Proverb Stories for Boys, 84; Proverb Will, 503; Psalms Illustrated, 432; Psalms, The, 375; Preservation of Health, 241; Public Notices, 244; Pulpit Commentary, 502, 643; Pulpit Treasury, 373.
Queen, The, 637; Queen Victoria, 288; Quiver, The, 637.
Rachel, 376; Rambles in Naples, 372; Reformation and its Heroes, 241; Reforms in Schools, 142; Reign of Grace, 193; Religious Anecdotes, 88; Resurrection of the Dead, 499; Rest on the Way, 551; Revealer Revealed, 189; Rich Man and Lazarus, 243; River Waif, 292; Riviera, The, 140; Robert and Mary Moffat, 502; Rob's Broken Leg, 599; Rosa Lindesay, 376; Rosebud, The, 35, 240; Royal Picture Book, 373; Royal Progress, 190; Royal Service, 549; R. T. S. Series, 373; Rule of Faith, 144.
Saint Giles' Lecture, 638; Salome, 245; Sanctification, 193; Salvation from Self, 502; Scenes from the Life of Jesus, 370; Scientific Illustrations, 37; Scientific Sophisms, 290; Scottish Nation, 288; Scripture Calendar, 637; Scripture Characters, 433; Scripture Readings, 639; Seeking a Country, 40; Seeking Saviour, 190; Self-Revealing Jehovah, 243; Sermon on the Mount, 34; Sermons for Children, 294, 598; Sermons to Children, 191; Shadow of his Wings, 550; Shadow of the Hand, 193; Shaftesbury: his Life and Work, 549; Short Biographies, 637; Short Records, 85; Siam and the Siamese, 192; Side by Side, 599; Sir Juvenis, 376; Slippery Ford, 41; Songs after Sunset, 600; Songs of Earth and Heaven, 638; Songs of Rest, 504; Songs of the Pilgrim Land, 500; Southern India, 192; Southwood, 377; Sower, The, 33; Spiritual Truth, 376; Spurgeon's and John Ploughman's
Notices of Books (*continued*)—
Almanacks, 594; Squire's Hat, 292; Steps of a Good Man, 551; Stories of Birds, 641; Stories of Peace and War, 33; Storm Signals, 83; Straight Paths for your Feet, 639; Strength for the Day, 37; Studies in Genesis, 188; Studies of our Lord, 88; Study of the Bible, 187; Subject dear to the Saviour, 547; Successful Merchant, 191; Sum of Saving Knowledge, 375; Sunbeam Stories, 293; Sunday at Home, 34; Sunday Library for Young People, 36; Sunday Magazine, 35; Sunday-school Hymns, 246; Sure and Swift, 33; Sword and Trowel, 33; Synoptical Lectures, 138; Systematic Theology, 598.
Tangled Web, 86; Technical Dictionary, 39; Temperance Congress, 641; Temperance League Annual, 33; Temperance Pictures, 378; Temptation of Christ, 190; Testimony of Jesus, 372; Testimony of the Temple, 639; That Boy Tom, 293; Thirty Thousand Thoughts, 37; Three Reforms of Parliament, 39; Thrilling Tales, 637; Thoughts for Saints' Days, 138; Thoughts for Young Men, 435; Thrown on the World, 293; To-day and Other Poems, 596; Toto, 377; 'Twixt Promise and Vow, 377; Treasury of David, 38; Trinity of Evil, 371; True Nobles, 87; True Woman, 191; Twilight Verses, 600; Two Little Rooks, 642; Two West End Chapels, 546.
Uncle Roger, 81; Uncrowned Prince, 435; Union with Christ, 88; United Methodist Magazine, 641; United States and Canada, 641; Up the Rhine, 549; Ursula's Beginnings, 599; Us Three, 292.
Valley of Weeping, 370; Vaudois, The, 141; Veil Uplifted, 372; Villegagnon, 640; Vocation of the Preacher, 546.
Wait till it Blooms, 293; Wakefordbridge, 640; Wanderings Eastward, 503; Way Home, 372; Wayside Lyrics, 549; Wayside Songs, 502; Wayside Wisdom, 141; Welcome, The, 34; What I Believe, 188; Whitefield Anecdotes, 240; Why I Would Disestablish, 505; Wide World, &c., 601; Wilderness Lessons, 375; Will and Work, 37; Wit and Humour of Life, 140; Work-a-Day Thoughts, 433; World Library, 187; World's Workers, 241; Worth the Winning, 293; Ivy Series, 642.
Yoke of Christ, 88; Young Days of Authors, 39; Young England, 641; Young Sir Richard, 640; Your Sundays, 242.
Bradford, J.—
Handling the Truth 276
Broadmead Records 631

Capacity for Mischief 628
Charlesworth, V. J.—
"But Middling" 360
Colportage Association—Report, 385; subscriptions to—48, 102, 152, 204, 252, 304, 383, 448, 512, 560, 608, 652.
Concerning Doing Nothing 205
Coughing 7

Davis, C. A.—
Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon's, 155; Batch of Moderates, 77; Chrysostom, 480, 522; Consecrated Culture, 18; Daniel Rowlands, 65; Dr. Schofield, 112; Dr. Wenger, 404; Rainbow Round About the Throne, 230; She Hath Done What She Could, 30; William Griffiths, 260.
Day by Day 491
Death-Bed Repentance 537
Death of John Maynard 177
Did not Succeed 569
Druidism and Sacrifice 264
Duncan, D.D., George—
Calvinism 570

Effect of a Text Earnestly Quoted 56

PAGE

Elvin, G. E.—
Tabernacle Two Thousand, The 8
Evils Averted by Trials 354

Four People who want Good Memories ... 72
Fullerton, W. Y.—
"Say not, Yet Four Months" 109

Gambling in all its Forms 64
Girls' Orphanage Building Fund—Subscriptions to—48, 101, 152, 204.
Gospel of Evolution 281
Great Talker Fairly Done 538
Growth and Action of Besetting Sins... ... 270

Harrald, Joseph W.—
Two Broken Reeds, 75; Covering the Clocks' Faces, 167; Palm-trees in the Snow, 220; "A Retiring Collection," 358; Idlers Hindering Workers, 484.
Hawkins, W. M.—
Compulsory Tithes, 181, 234, 283, 365, 427, 540.
Haynes, W. B.—
Footstool Musings 131
Henry Bazeley 355
Higlett, W.—
Bush-work in Queensland 181
Hold Fast your Shield 114
Homes for Working Girls 590

Illustrations:—Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, 14; Bellman of Old London, 362; C. H. Spurgeon, 562; George Whitefield, 625; Great Baptists, 282; Grosvenor Road Chapel, Manchester, 498; Moot Hall, Elstow, 61; New Zealand Creek, 318; Old Market House, Philadelphia, 131; Olney Vicarage, 268; Oscar II., 24; Offices at the Orphanage, 615; Our Boys at Play, 457; Pastors' College, 305.
Impossible Fellowship 17
Individuality 124

Kemp, J.—
Obligations of Church Membership ... 593

Lang, W. E.—
Our Nearest Mission Field, 125; Pastor Paul Rabaut, 172.
Losing an Affliction 167

Mason, Henry—
The Cure of Cares 529
Methodist Preacher in Court 472
Midnight Meeting 28

Neither Hot nor Cold 161
Never "Negro" your Brethren... 585
"Not all the Blood of Beasts"... 403
Notes—
Accidents to Shop Assistants, 507; "According to the Promise," 507; Aggressive Work, 645; Allahabad, 508; Allison, Mrs., 603; "All of Grace" in German, 553; Almanacks, The, 553; American Churches, 43; Anderson, Death of Pastor, 145; Annual Church Meeting, 195; Arbroath, 508; Atonement, 91; Attercliffe, 645; Auvache, Mr. F. W., 43; Auxiliary Missionary Society, 195; Ayr, 555.
Banks, Death of C. W., 246; Bakundu, 92; Baptisms at the Tabernacle, 45, 94, 148, 199, 249, 298, 380, 439, 510, 557, 605, 647; Baptist Churches in Bulgaria, 552; Bath, 508; "Bible Conquests," 295; Bilderstone, 196; Book Fund, 91, 145, 246, 295, 507, 644; Bovington, 645; Brentwood, 438; Bridgwater, 146; Bristol, 146; British Association, 553; Brown, Death of Pastor H. S., 194; Burnley, 91, 645; Burnham, Mr. J., 43, 93, 197, 248, 298, 438, 509, 557, 604; Burnt Ash, 645; Butchers' Festival, 195.
Carlisle, 645; Cheshunt Students, 248; Chesterfield, 379; Children's Mission, 604; China Inland Mission, 379; Chipping Campden, 146; Chown, Death of Pastor J. P., 436; Church at the Tabernacle, 553; City Mission, 291; Cloughfield, 645; Colebrook (Ohio), 146; College Supper, 197; Colonial Exhibition, 436; Colportage Association, 44, 198, 249, 298, 380, 509, 557, 605; Communicants, 645; Compton, Mr. W. M., 508, 555; Conference, The, 92, 146, 296; Congo, The, 379, 508, 555; Conversions, 378; Carter, Mr., 557; Cox, Mr. G. D., 508, 556; Cradley Heath, 43; Day of Prayer, 92; Doleraine, 92; Dudgeon, Death of Mrs., 644.
East Los Angeles, 146; East Dereham, 645; Edgware Road, 295; Engravings of the Reformation, 42; Enquirers, 438; Evangelists' Association, 602; Eye, 43.
Fanny Gay, Death of Miss, 146; Floral Tracts, 191; Flower Mission, 295; Fullerton and Smith, Messrs., 43, 93, 146, 197, 248, 298, 379, 438, 508, 557, 604, 646.
Garnett (Kansas), 146; Gilmore, Pastor J. D., 645; Girlington, 146; Gospel Temperance Meeting, 603; Gosport, 645; Gough, Death of Mr. J. B., 146; Gracey, Accident to Prof., 248; Gretton, 555.
Hackensack (N. J.), 91; Haddon Hall, 42, 196, 295; Harmer, Mr. 43, 146, 197, 248, 298, 379, 438, 509, 557, 604, 646; Hay and Bronith, 295; Hayti, 555; Henley-on-Thames, 248, 645; Herne Bay, 508; Holbeach, 92; Holidays for Young Women, 195; Hood, Mrs., 42; Hughes and Baptism, Mr., 194.
Inskip, 248; Ireland, 145; Invercargill (N.Z.), 379; Jamaica, 556.
Kinghall, Death of Admiral, 507; King William's Town, 379; Krell, Death of Mrs., 146.
Ladies' Working Society, 195; Lanark (Ill.), 146; Leafield, 295; Lee, 556; Liberation Society, 246; Loan Tract Society, 645; Lochee, 295. London Baptist Association, 645.
Macclesfield, 645; Maryborough (Queensland), 82; Marshall, Pastor R., 556; Mateer and Parker, Messrs., 43, 93, 197; Maternal Society, 603; Mather, Death of Mr. W., 556; Maynard, Death of Mr. J., 196; Medhurst, Death of Mrs., 146; Melbourne (Victoria), 92; Men's Bible-class, 437; Merthyr Tydvil, 645; Middlesbrough, 196; Middlesex (N. Y.), 92; Middleton, Pastor R. J., 604; Morley, Death of Mr. Samuel, 553; Mount Gambier, 379.
Nailsworth, 146; Nebraska, 92; Norcott's "Baptism Discovered," 42. 507; Norris, Death of Pastor W., 508; North Topeka, 146.
Old Sermons, 191; Olney, Illness of Mr. W., 507, 602; Ontario, 438; Orphanage Festival, 438.
Peckham, 146; Persecution at Boston, 378; Personal Notes, 45, 148, 198, 242, 298, 380, 439, 509, 647; Plumstead, 248; Poetry, 553; Political Differences, 436; Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, 437; Port Elizabeth, 379; Portsea (Kent Street), 91; Poverty in London, 145; Preachers at the Tabernacle, 602; Printing Sermons, 553; Prof. Rogers, 91; Protestant Pictures, 554; Publishers' Announcements, 644.
Quincy (Ill.), 91; Quoting Sermons, 91.
Rayleigh, 379; Raunds, 555; Reading, 379; Redditch, 91; Religious Census, 644; Revised Version, 91; Ridgmount, 248; Ringstead, 43, 645.
St. Heliers, 295; Sandown, 295; Scarborough, 379; "Sermon Notes," 246; Sermon Tract Society, 295; Serpell, Death of Mr. R. C., 644; Smithies, Death of Miss, 146; Southampton, 146; Spanish Town, 43; Spurgeon and Advertisements, Mr., 603; Spurgeon and the General Election, Mr., 42; Spurgeon at Greenwich, Mr., 555; Spurgeon, Illness of Mr., 294, 602; Spurgeon's Portraits, Mr., 194; Spurgeon's Rest, Mr., 42, 90, 145, 644; Spurgeon's Sermons, 42; Stanford, Death of Dr., 194; Stead, Mr., 91; Stockwell Orphanage, 43, 93, 147, 197, 248, 298,

Notes (continued)—
380, 436, 509, 557, 604, 646; Strife, 145; Students at Loughton and Cheshunt, 379; Students at Westwood, 438, 556; Students' Missionary Association, 604; Students' Vacation, 438; Studley, 645; Surrey Grove, 507, 554; Swearing, 91; "Sword and Trowel," 644.
Tabernacle Day-schools, 137, 554; Tabernacle Prayer-meeting, 196, 248, 437, 554, 555, 602, 603; Tabernacle Sunday-school, 247, 378; Tabernacle Twenty-fifth Anniversary of, 247; Temperance Society, 247; Testimonial, A, 554; Tewkesbury, 43; Thornton Heath, 507; Thurso (Quebec) 92; Towanda (U.S.A.) 43; Tram-car Men, 145; Tram-car Text Mission, 603; "Treasury of David" in Arabic, 553; Tubb, Death of Mr. W. H., 604.
Ulster and Home Rule, 294; Upwell, 196;
Wandsworth, 146; Weymouth, 146; Welch, Mr. E. J., 43; Westchester (U.S.A.) 43; Westminster (Romney-street), 645; Weston, Miss, 246, 508; Who are the Persecuted? 194; Weekly Offering, 645; Week-night Services, 507; Wigan (Scarisbrick-street), 645; Wigstone and Blamire, Messrs., 508; Willinghall, 43, 295; Wisbech, 508; Woodchester, 248; Wright, Death of Mr. J., 556. Zenana Missions, 378.
Novel Reading 225

Old Tar Sweeping out Darkness 55

Palmer, Levi—
Grumblers 627
Paltry Battles on Small Matters 518
Pastors' College Account for the Year, 103; Report of, 305; Subscriptions to, 45, 95, 148, 199, 249, 299, 381, 439, 510, 558, 606, 648.
Peden, R. J.—
Lessons from the Loom 614
"Physician, Heal Thyself" 479
Pike, G. Holden—
Advertising, Old and New, 362; Bible Binders and their Wages, 27; Bible Conquests, 226; Colporteurs in London, 344; Cowper and Newton, 267; Gospel in Ireland, 492; Gospel in the City, 271; Growth of Towns, The, 135; Hard Times—Past and Present, 216; How Thieves are Reclaimed, 519; John Bunyan and His Works, 60; Little Known Facts Concerning the Reformation, 115; Medical Missions, 487; Prynne and the "Histrio-Mastix," 578; Religion in Norway, 23; Scepticism Among Working Men, 621; Sunday Breakfast in the City, 69; Two Years at Haddon Hall, 221; Whitefield in America, 625.
Poetry: "All of Grace," 569; Baptismal Hymn, 352; Be of Good Cheer, 26; Cure for Gout, 32; "Give me a Help by the Way," 414; In Memoriam, 239; "In Perils of the Sea," 529; In Time of Sickness, 423; Lord's Supper Hymn, 471; Love's Loyalty, 183; "Nearly Well," 215; "Remember Me Aloft," 127; Uses of Affliction, 130.
Power of God's Word 120
Preaching should be Appropriate 233
Preaching should be Suitable 279

Read the Letter Through 10
Recruits Wanted 263
Remembered in Death 426
Remember the Weak 270
Royal Road to Heaven 259

Scientific Comfort 417
Sensational Preaching 361
Shindler, R.—
Homes and Help for Christian Poor, 11; Peter Hay, 168, 209; Hymns for Children, 408, 473, 536; Anne Jones, 565.
Sick Visiting 57
Smith, Boston W.—
Winter Experience, 162; "A Sunday-school in a Car," 224.
Smith, G. K.—
The Minister's Self Ministry 418
Society of Evangelists, Account for the Year, 104; Subscriptions to, 48, 102, 152, 204, 252, 304, 384, 448, 512, 560, 608, 652.
Soft Answer, A 479
Special Power of Preaching, The 111
Spiritual Shillelagh, The 74
Spurgeon, C.—
On the Road 214
Spurgeon, C. H.—
Alexander on Bucephalus, 397; A Word for the Poor, 153; Confession of Sin, 79; Dumb Bell, The, 21; Fish and the Fly, 486; God's Willingness to Bless Saints and Sinners, 465; Her Cruise Ended, 485; Huntington and his "Bank of Faith," 581; "I will Remember Thee," 54; Long Sermons, 49; Man who could not Agree with Himself, 539; Mysterious Visits, 609; Nothing to Set Before Him, 1; Portrait, The, 563; Some Special Preservations, 629; Steam Roller and the Stone Roller, 121; Tender Mercy of our God, 353; Tender Thought in Hard Times, 407; Unity and how not to Promote it, 613; Weather in May, 1886, 286; What we Would Be, 253, 337; Who are the Persecuted? 105; Wild Bird Notes, 128.
Spurgeon, Robert—
Fall of Hinduism, 73; Proverbs from India, 415; Water Sails, 577.
Spurgeon, Thomas—
"All of Grace," 569; Cure for Gout, 32; Give me a Help by the Way, 414; "In Perils of the Sea," 529; Love's Loyalty, 183; "Nearly Well," 215; "Remember me Aloft," 127; Something Like a Holiday, 347; Thursday Evening Address, 616.
Stockley, T. I.—
Our Spiritual Life 586
Stockwell Orphanage Report, 449; Subscriptions to, 45, 95, 148, 200, 250, 302, 381, 439, 510, 558, 606, 648.

Tell no Untruth 568
Thief Betraying Himself 275

Wainwright, G.—
"This is the Lord's Doing" 497
"We'll Never Touch it Again," &c. 424
Wishing you a Merry Christmas 615
Word for Ritualists 635

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1886.

"Nothing to set before him."

A SERMONETTE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him."—Luke xi. 5, 6.

OUR Saviour has given us two parables upon importunate prayer: one is that of the widow who went to the judge about herself, saying, "Avenge me of mine adversary"; and the other is that of the householder who went to his friend about another, saying, "Lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." I have known cases of persons whose first thoughts about true religion were not in reference to themselves, but concerning a brother in distress. Some friend of theirs has come to them, and they fain would comfort him in his dire distress; but they have nothing to set before him; and, for this reason, they go to the best of all friends, and ask his aid. Driven not so much by personal fear as by benevolent anxiety for others, they have gone to Christ, and have found help from him both for others and for themselves.

To such kind people I have an ambition to be helpful. You are of an amiable spirit, and you have met with persons who are in great distress, and you cannot help them. For that reason you are wondering whether you might resort to Jesus for help, not selfishly for yourselves, but for those whom you are so willing and yet so unable to assist.

Permit me to begin by assuring you, dear friend, that you may trustfully pray about others. We know that the Lord loves intercessory prayer. The Lord turned again the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends. Those friends had greatly slandered Job: they had cast salt into his wounds, and brought him into a very wretched state of mind; but when he sought forgiveness for them, the Lord turned his captivity.

Peradventure, brother, your affliction will come to a close when you plead more largely for your friends. It is just possible that some unconverted person with a kindly heart may begin the new life by asking a blessing for his neighbour, and while he is doing so, God will hear him for himself also. Though it be the dead hour of midnight with both you and your friend, you may yet feast together upon the bread of heaven which your divine Friend shall hand out to you in answer to prayer.

I. I am going, first, to describe YOUR FRIEND'S CASE. "A friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him": this is your friend's case. This man was most likely in bed himself when there came a knock at his door, and on opening it he saw an old acquaintance. "I did not expect to see you at this late hour of night." "No, I set out this morning quite early, and I thought I should have been with you about the going down of the sun; but I lost my way; and I have travelled on without anything to eat for several hours. I am very faint, and must beg for a morsel of bread, and then I will lay myself down and rest." "Alas!" replied the good man, "we ate our last morsel at supper-time. Had I known of your coming, I would have endeavoured to make provision; but now we have nothing that we can give you. Can you not wait till the morning?" "Alas!" cries the traveller, "I feel so famished that I am afraid I cannot sleep, and I shall be dead by morning light unless I have something to eat; the sun has been very hot, the way has been very long, and I am quite worn out." "I am heartily sorry for you," murmurs the perplexed host, "all that can be done for you shall be done: but what a plight I am in! A friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him."

This may well picture what happens to many tender hearts. Here is a man in sore trouble—he has lost his wife, or buried his children, or lost his property, or he has been seized with sickness. You recollect him when there was happiness in his face, and music in his voice. You can hardly recognize him now as the same person; for he is bowed down with a great trouble. You are not rich enough to give him much; and you could not possibly restore to him those who lie cold beneath the sod. Therefore you are a great deal puzzled, and are like him who said, "A friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." You wish you knew what to say or do. You think to yourself, "I wish I were a minister, or an instructed Christian, that I might direct my friend by the counsels of the Spirit of God. I say to him 'It might have been worse;' but he replies that he does not think it could be worse. I tell him that 'he must put up with it,' and he says that it is hard lines to tell a man *that*. The fact is I have nothing to set before him."

My brother, has not this sometimes been your case? The trouble has been so peculiar, the grief has been so great, that you have been hopeless of administering comfort. Your friend has come to you hungry, and faint, and weary, and you have had nothing to set before him.

Perhaps it is not a case of outward trouble; it is worse than that: your friend has suddenly lost his spirits, and has become despondent and despairing. They call him melancholy, and forsake him as poor company. What can you do? You have nothing to set before him.

Perhaps it is your wife, and you think "I would give anything if I could comfort her, dear soul that she is!" It may be it is your eldest son: he was such a comfort to you once, but now you cannot bear to see him about the house, for the very sight of him brings upon you depression of spirit. Or, it may be, it is some dear friend in whom your heart is wrapped up, and with whom you used to take sweet and holy counsel. Whatever counsel you might now take would be bitter, and far from encouraging. You have tried what you can do to cheer these disconsolate ones, but you have altogether failed. You have put yourself in the way of the dear depressed one; and you have searched high and low for something you could say that would give consolation, but you have been utterly beaten. A friend of yours has come to you at midnight. It is very dark, it is even midnight with him, and with you too, and you have nothing to set before him.

Perhaps you do not quite understand why he has fallen into this state. You have asked some Christian person about it, and he has said that the man is under conviction of sin. The sufferer is feeling the burden of his guilt, he is seeking after a Saviour, and he is being emptied from vessel to vessel that grace may fill him. Though this has been told you, it has not enlightened you, for you have replied, "I don't understand it." You have said, "I would do anything to make the poor fellow happy. I have laughed at him; I have tried to take him into amusement, but I only make him worse. He tells me that my jests exasperate him, that my company is a trial to him, and that he cannot endure to hear of merriment while his heart is so sad." Alas, my hearer! I see that your friend who is on a journey is come to you, and you have nothing to set before him.

Or, perhaps, it is a more striking case still. One whom you greatly love is dying. You seek out the best of nurses, and you spend large sums of money in procuring the best physician, but you fear that your friend will die, and you do not know how to help him in that dread business. He himself does not understand how he can make his peace with God; and he is horribly afraid of passing out of this world into the unknown future. You have begun looking your Bible up lately, and you have been talking to others, and saying, "What shall I do? What shall I do? My friend will die. Oh, that I knew how to save him!" I have had persons running to me, "Could you come and see such and such a person, sir? He is without a hope, and he is dying. Could you not come, or send somebody, to see him? For I cannot endure that he should die as he is." I have known a person to be thus concerned for another, although he has been a Christless man himself. He has lived in sin, and yet he has not been content that another should die in his sins. A friend of yours is now taking his last journey to that bourne from which no traveller returns: it is midnight with his soul, and he looks to you for help; but *you have nothing to set before him.*

II. I should like you to notice what light this casts upon YOUR OWN CASE. *If thou hast nothing to set before thy friend, then surely thou hast nothing for thyself;* for if there be nothing in the house for him, there is nothing in the house for thee; and, therefore, hearken while I speak to thee.

If thou hadst known Christ—if thou hadst known God, the blessed

Father—if thou hadst known the way of salvation, why, thou wouldst have had something to set before thy friend. Be his trouble what it may, these things would have cheered him. Even though he be dying, thou wouldst have had fit food for a dying man if thou hadst thyself fed upon the bread of heaven. But what will become of thee if thou knowest not God? What will become of thee, as well as of thy friend, if thou shouldst live and die not knowing Christ as thy Saviour? If thou hadst food in Christ for thyself, thou wouldst have had something to set before thy friend, for thou wouldst have told him how Christ had saved thee; and thus thou wouldst have explained the plan of salvation to him. Thou mightest not have been able to put the gospel in the most correct terms, but thou wouldst at least have been able to tell it plainly from thine own experience; and this is all that a dying man needs to have set before him. If you had been yourself a forgiven man, you would have been able to say, "God hears prayer, for he has heard me. The Lord Jesus can put away your sin, for he has put away mine"; and all the while you would have been saying, "Oh, trust the Lord as I did! Come and repose in his love and care, as I have done, and you will be safe." In such a case you would not have been obliged to say, "A friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him," for you would have had Christ to set before him, and the way of salvation to set before him; and what more can a man require? Let your puzzlement about your dying friend convince you that you must yourself be wrong. He that cannot help another with gospel help—has he ever been helped himself? He that cannot speak a word of good counsel to one who is bewildered with a sense of sin—does he himself know the Lord?

"Oh!" says one, "I am a Christian man. I trust in my Saviour, but yet I do not know what to say to poor mourners." Do you not think that this may be because you are not spiritually in health, or not sufficiently instructed, or not living as near to God as you should? Is it not always easier to deal with men when you have yourself been dealing with God? He that has lately beheld the wounds of Jesus will understand the remedy for broken hearts, and come forth fresh from the redeeming presence with the very word which God the Lord will bless to his afflicted ones.

So, you see, the case of your friend, which you cannot meet, has a bearing upon yourself. You must have little in the house for yourself, or you would have something to set before your neighbour.

III. But, thirdly, let us consider YOUR BEST COURSE, now that you are in such a predicament.

Your best course is, first, *to go to your great Friend.* Your poor friend has come to you: go you to your rich Friend. "Oh, sir!" says one, "I have no Friend." What! Not the Lord Jesus Christ? "No," say you, "I dare not call him my Friend!" That is right; be honest. There is no friendship on your side as yet; but let me tell you something—they called Jesus, and he never disowned the name, "The Friend of publicans and sinners." Jesus is "The sinners' Friend." Now, you are a sinner, and your poor friend is a sinner, and you may both go to the great Friend of sinners, and find him to be a Friend of you both. Do not let your sinnership keep you back; but let it drive you all the faster to him.

who is the Friend of sinners, and is willing to prove his friendship by acts of special love. Go to your great Friend at once, though it be midnight. Though your friend and yourself have both come to the worst state of mind, and are both in midnight darkness, go to Jesus in the dark. Go to Jesus Christ, though your day is over, and the midnight of doom is close at hand. God help you to go at once!

Go with a very simple prayer. All that the man said was, "Friend, lend me three loaves." Five words only; but why use six when five will do? When you pray, tell the Lord what you want, and have done. Describe your case, and do no more. Speak the truth, and be short with it. If you want to be saved, say so. If you would be forgiven, say so. Suppose this man had made a grand flourish, and said, "Beloved, generous, mighty friend, be pleased to awaken thyself from thy slumber, and descend to thy portal, for I am in need of nourishment"; what the better would he have speeded? It would not have looked like honesty, and he would not have prevailed. But, "Friend, lend me three loaves," was a suitable cry: it expressed his desire, and it won his suit.

Go with a fitting plea. When this man went to his friend with his short prayer, what was his plea? His plea was his need. "A friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." That is his plea, "I have nothing to set before him." When you are praying, do not try to make yourself out to have something. Confess that you have nothing. I hope you have never tried the art and mystery of beggary amongst the sons of men; but if you should be put apprentice to a beggar, he would say to you, "Your strength in begging is to show your need. Look as poverty-stricken as you can. Rags are the livery of a beggar." Go to God in your utmost need, and pour out your heart before him.

And when you go, *make up your mind that you do not come away till you gain your point.* It is a good word, "Pray." Hook on to it this other word, "Stay." "Pray and stay." Pray, and pray, and pray again; but stay until the answer comes. The man in the parable did so. I need not picture the scene. We will suppose him down-stairs in the street, and his friend is up here in bed. The sleeper hears knocking, and a voice crying, "*Friend, lend me three loaves.*" He shouts, "What are you doing there? What a noise you are making at the dead of night!" "*Lend me three loaves.*" "Don't disturb me so. My children are asleep. The house is locked up; I cannot come down to you at this hour. What a time of night to come for bread! Why did you not come before the sun was down?" The man knocks, and knocks, and knocks, and knocks; and the other shouts, "Will you never have done?" "No," says the man, "not till you *lend me three loaves,* for my friend is almost starved." "Begone," says the man, "for I will not rise at this time of night to give you bread." He covers up his head, and seeks to slumber; but he cannot sleep. He can hear a great continuous cry, "*Lend me three loaves.*" At last he says to himself, "I do not mind whether he is a friend or not; but I cannot lose my night's rest in this way." Down he comes to the door, and opening it he cries, "Here, stop the cry of '*three loaves*': take whatever you want; only do be gone. I am perfectly satisfied whatever you have, if you will but let me alone."

That is the pith of the parable. "Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet, because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth." Go, then, in that fashion, and pray for your friend, and pray for yourself, and God will bless you.

IV. Fourthly, and with that I finish. You may be well satisfied to pray in that fashion for your dying mother, for your consumptive husband, for your sick brother, for your friend depressed in spirit, for you are encouraged to do so. Let us look at YOUR STRONG ENCOURAGEMENT. When Jesus told this story, he did as good as say to each one of us, "Be importunate with me." If, as you went home on a wet Sunday, the man at the crossing was there with his broom, and you were to say to him, "Whenever you see me on a Sunday, follow me up till I give you a penny," I warrant you he would remember your advice, and put it in practice. If, without a shoe or a stocking, he followed you ever so far, and you said to him, "Now, don't worry me in this way," he would turn round and say, "You told me always to follow you up, and I only do as you told me." Do just that with the Lord Jesus. Has he not in this parable told you that he will yield to importunity? "Only follow me up," says he, "and you will win your desire at my hands." Therefore, do follow him up. Get you to your chamber, and cry,

> "Lord, I will not let thee go
> Till a blessing thou bestow.

I have come here for my friend, for my child, for my wife, and I dare not relinquish my entreaty for a blessing." The Lord will remember you for good, and your friend also.

But do you not see in the text that the encouragement which the Lord gives is this—that though the householder did not rise at first, he did ultimately rise, and he gave his petitioner more than he asked? He said, "Lend me," but the man gave him. He said, "Lend me three loaves," but the man gave him whatsoever he needed. You may go with a little prayer, and yet get a great blessing; only you must use the little prayer with urgent vehemence and burning earnestness, and cry mightily to the Lord with a strong faith, saying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

Beloved reader, I most earnestly urge thee, if thou needest the Lord, and his mercy, to go at once and cry to him for salvation. The Lord Jesus cannot reject a sinner that trusts him—a sinner that pleads with him. There is not at this moment in hell a single person who with all his heart cried to God for mercy through Jesus Christ; and there never will be such a soul in hell. You cannot perish crying to God for mercy, pleading the name of Christ, and putting your trust in him. It would belie the whole history of divine grace, it would be contrary to the whole current of the divine action, if Jesus were to cast away a soul that pleads with him and trusts him.

It is a joy to our Lord to hear and answer prayer. Wherefore, for your friend, though you have nothing now to set before him, and for yourself, though you have nothing for your own needs, arise and go to Jesus Christ; and this night, ere midnight shall have passed, make the doors of heaven ring again with your knocking, and make the ears of God to hear your importunate cries. Say unto him, "Lord, save us, or we perish!" He will answer you, and you shall glorify his name.

Coughing.

AS the season has arrived when "Coughing drowns the parson's saw," it is an appropriate time to say something on the art of listening in public. That something shall be—*Do not cough the preacher down.* Some people seem to go to church for the express purpose of preventing anything being heard. It is impossible that they themselves or others should hear what is said, for the noise of their coughing kills every other sound. It would be wise that, pending their indisposition, they should confine themselves to private devotion, or at least should endeavour as much as possible to restrain their coughing. It is true that sitting in a warmed building, after being exposed to the cold air, is almost sure to produce that tickling in the throat which it is always painful, and often impossible, to overcome. At the same time, a great deal might be done in the way of moderating the evil, and especially at particular moments; for it is observable that during the prevalence of colds there is generally a most determined combination of noises when attention is more than ordinarily desirable. The preceding silence is followed, as people settle themselves for the sermon, by a perverse outbreak, which for some time prevents a syllable from being heard. The late Lord Ellenborough, in his peculiar phraseology, observed on a similar exhibition in his own court: "Some slight interruption one might tolerate, but there seems to be an *industry* of coughing." Though coughing is an annoyance which is experienced at certain seasons in all public places, it is nowhere so unrestrainedly given way to as in places of worship; the reason probably being, that there is no fear of its there obtaining those marks of disapprobation, which it would assuredly meet with if indulged in to an equal extent anywhere else. Surely this should be the strongest reason for imposing self-control upon those who have a proper sense of decorum.

A preacher some time ago said, "It is a very remarkable thing"—. Here he stopped, and then said, "It is an amazing and surprising thing"—. Pausing suddenly, he stood still, amid a silence most intense and striking, made all the more so by the carnival of coughing which had preceded it. Then the preacher gently added, "Yes, it is indeed remarkable that you can stop coughing when you have a mind to do so." It was a personal argument, and perhaps a little cruel; but it proved that *there might be less coughing if people would think.*

In a sweet-stuff shop near "The Elephant and Castle" we noticed a handbill headed, "COUGH-NO-MORE IN SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE." The advice is good, whatever the sweet-meat may be. The preacher in that building is tolerably hardened by this time, and probably takes as little notice of the uproar as any man: yet even he sometimes feels that he is nearly barked down by the thousands who respond to his appeals of love by peals of coughing. The fogs shall bear the blame of it all; yet we must each try to do as little of the noise-making as we can. If each one abates his own sound one half, what a gain there will be all round! Let us cough.

The Tabernacle Two Thousand.*

BY ELDER G. E. ELVIN.

SOME would think they were more than Two Thousand. It is, avowedly, very difficult to estimate the number of persons in a congregation, and it is specially difficult at the Tabernacle to count them. Not that they are a number whom no man can number, but they are only to be seen together when a certain preacher is addressing them; and if anyone should begin to count, he will find this certain preacher sure to say something startling or sparkling before he has got half through his task, and his attention will be drawn to the preacher from the congregation, so that his counting will be broken off, and very likely not resumed.

It may be taken for granted, however, that, as a rule, the Thursday congregation will number about two thousand, year in and year out, and may fairly be described as the Tabernacle Two Thousand. It meets under somewhat different conditions from those of the five or six thousand who gather under the same roof at each service every Lord's-day; and they have a remarkable method of proclaiming this; for many of them have a habit of very unnecessarily announcing their arrival by dropping sticks and umbrellas on the floor, and of repeating the performance at uncertain intervals. But on Sundays there is no room in the Tabernacle for this solemn diversion. Then the aisles, as well as the seats, are all occupied by earnest worshippers; and if an individual has the awkward knack of knocking over his umbrella, it only falls on the head or the back of some person sitting in the aisle. It has no room to fall on the ground, and consequently it makes no sound; at all events, none to be noticed, except by persons in the immediate vicinity. This latter fact accounts for the friends attending the Tabernacle not being well-skilled in the art of minding their umbrellas, so that on the occasions when there are only two thousand present, these useful articles fall about in all directions, and proclaim aloud, as they reach the floor, that the five thousand are not present. It would be well if these worthy chapel-goers brought to the large meeting-house the larger umbrellas which their ancestors carried to the house of prayer, for these would fall upon their capacious gingham much more decorously and silently than the tiny appendages now carried by their descendants, which, coming down on their handles upon the ground, without their fall being broken by the silk so tightly bound around them, proclaim by their sudden raps upon the floor, that "there are not the five thousand, but only the two thousand at the Tabernacle."

Is there any reason why these "two thousand" gatherings of a Thursday evening should not be five thousand? The well-lighted Tabernacle is so homely and comfortable, and the well-known preacher is so remarkably fresh and spiritual, that it is a pity there should not be the larger

* This article is taken from *Saturday Night*, No. 2, and we have appropriated it because of the accuracy and vividness of the description. Mr. Elvin, the leader of the Evangelists' Association, has evidently a graphic pen, as we all know that he has a warm heart towards his Pastor and the Tabernacle. *Saturday Night* itself is a lively monthly of a very superior order, but we fear that its constituency is hardly large enough to sustain a self-supporting sale. If its sale could be measured by its quality, it would be a remunerative property.—Ed.

number to listen to and profit by the brilliant discourses which are delivered on these occasions. The Tabernacle ought to be as full on the Thursday evening as it is on the Sunday. What are the three thousand about who absent themselves? The two thousand who do come are the happiest two thousand people to be met with anywhere. They find a Sabbath in the middle of the week, and they are so well fed, upon the richest of spiritual food, that they are nourished and strengthened for Christian work and warfare in a remarkable degree. They are a very mixed assemblage; but for the most part they seem to be business-men. The very conformation of the congregation augurs this; for the side nearest to the busy City is sure to be fuller than the other. The business-men coming from the City have no time to go to the further door, but must take the first entrance they come to, so as to get inside as quickly as they can, that they may not heedlessly lose a single word; for these City men do not leave their business all at the same time, and they come dropping in, one at a time, until the preacher has got well into his sermon, and then the two thousand are complete. Among the two thousand are always to be seen many ministers of the Gospel, who are deeply appreciative of the provisions of the house, and of the masterly way in which they are dealt out to the delighted guests. Many a matron also is present, snatching an hour of restful quiet from her restless life of household care; many a true working-man, rejoicing with a joy unspeakable as he hears of that brother Working-man, his Saviour; many a young disciple learning to equip himself with the whole armour of God, that he may fight the good fight, and withstand the fiery darts of the evil one; many a young Lydia, whose heart the Lord is opening to receive the words which are spoken unto her; and many an aged disciple, coming yet once more (it may be for the last time) to hear the old, old story which he has heard so often and loved so long.

The two thousand at the Tabernacle are not one of the congregations which Mrs. Grundy has engaged to keep together. In fact, there may be one or two persons who occasionally drop in who feel that they owe an apology to her for coming. Her congregations are easily distinguished. Her slaves are always very restless, and they ever employ their time in looking at the clock with a longing desire for the hour at which her ladyship allows them to depart. Not so at the Tabernacle. There they have no fear of Mrs. Grundy before their eyes. Hence there is probably no audience in the world which manifests more unmistakable signs of unconscious patience and true delight than this Thursday evening two thousand, and it may be doubted whether a similar number of persons could be gathered together anywhere else to whom old Time could be made to pass on his way at once so speedily, agreeably, and profitably.

Although the two thousand are not five, it is nevertheless a remarkable fact that there should be so many congregated in one place on a week-night to listen to the gospel of the ever-blessed God. Noted as the city of London is for pressing business and gay frivolity, yet there are to be seen at least two thousand assembled in one place to wait upon God and to hear his word; and when it is remembered that there are scores of other places opened for the same purpose, on the same evening, surely there is still hope for London. The salt of the earth is to be

found in the midst of her, and she is not yet wholly as Sodom and Gomorrah.

The nucleus of the two thousand is formed at six o'clock, when a few choice spirits meet with the Pastor in a lower room to pray together for a blessing to rest upon the coming service. There would be many more attending to this privilege could it be enjoyed at a more convenient hour. As it is, however, it is a meeting quite unique in character, in the metropolis or elsewhere; for is there any other place of worship where the Pastor and even a few of his church-members meet for an hour to pray before the commencement of the week-night service? From this prayer-meeting the Pastor ascends to the Tabernacle, evidently greatly refreshed, and as much in the Spirit as on the Lord's-day; and it is no wonder that the two thousand find it good to be there, to say "Amen" to the Pastor's fervent prayers in the sanctuary, to listen to his marvellous exposition of the Scriptures, and to contemplate with him the wonders of redeeming love, as he is sure to discover them in some passage taken from God's holy Word.

What manner of men and women ought the two thousand to be, in business and at home! They surely cannot fail to carry the savour of the sanctuary with them into everyday life, and London must be the better for having them in her midst.

Read the Letter Through.

WHAT would you think of a person who had a letter from a dear friend, and who should sit down and read a page, or a sentence or two in it, now and then, never reading the letter from beginning to end? What idea would a person get from such a perusal of a letter?

About half of the New Testament is composed of letters; but how few persons there are who ever read these letters entire! They read by snatches and sentences, and of course do not grasp the grand thoughts which run through the whole letter.

If we wish to get the sense of a letter, we should enquire who wrote it, when, where, and under what circumstances it was written, to whom it was sent, and what was the occasion of sending it. When all these questions were answered, then we should be prepared to study the document, and comprehend its contents and its drift.

A person who will sit down, and carefully read one of the epistles of Paul from beginning to end, will find new light flowing in upon his mind, and will thus become rooted and grounded in the truth, and will be better able to comprehend the messages which God has given to men.

The epistles and other books were not written in the order in which they are placed in the Bible. Hence we need to study them in the order of time, as we would arrange a series of letters in the order in which they are written, before commencing to read them. The Scriptures will pay for searching. Those who dig deepest find most.—*From the Boston "Armoury."*

Homes and Help for the Aged Christian Poor.

BY R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

THE great Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century was productive of manifold good results. Outside the communities founded by, or resulting from, the apostolic labours of Whitefield and Wesley, and their many helpers, there was a deepening of the religious life, and an awakening of zeal in very many for the spiritual interests of mankind. This zeal, though directed to spiritual ends first of all, led to efforts which, though subordinate, were none the less legitimate. Missionary Societies, Bible and Tract Societies, Sunday-school organizations, and a large family of philanthropic institutions, were the outcome of the new life, and the abundant zeal which it evoked.

In these respects the Revival differed from the Puritan movement of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, while invaluable and incomparable for its grasp of revealed truth, its deep insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life, and the practical manifestations of vital godliness in relation to the individual, was lacking in those broad charities and that open-handed beneficence of which we have so noble an example in him who "went about doing good." The zealous efforts of some of the Mystics, in the pre-Reformation period, notably the "Brethren of the Common Life," and especially of the Pietists of the school of Spener and Francké, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have been successfully followed by the leaders and rank and file of the Evangelical army of these later times. Hence we have a host of institutions, of which we may say, with more or less of emphasis, that they are invaluable, and possess, in various degrees, claims on the sympathies and upon the purses of those whom a bounteous Lord has made his stewards. Not overlooking the various institutions for the young, and especially the various orphanages, and notably those at Stockwell and Bristol, we wish to say a word or two in relation to an institution for the aged, which has been the Lord's almoner to thousands who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises: we refer to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.

The origin of this institution carries us back to the early part of the present century. Then, on the evening of 12th August, 1807, a few young men and women connected with the Tabernacle, Moorfields, of which, with the Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, Revs. John Hyatt, Matthew Wilkes, and Joel Knight, were pastors, met in the house of Mr. Green, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road. In a room used as a school-room by Miss Green, they held a prayer-meeting, and sought the divine blessing on their proceeding. There and thus the Society was formed, the young people present constituting themselves a committee to carry out their design, as announced in an address they printed and circulated. Appealing to the religious public, they said: "Amidst the great number of charitable institutions with which this highly-favoured land abounds, it is to be lamented that one numerous class of deserving persons has been left deserted and forsaken; namely, the aged and infirm Christian poor."

Thus the Society was launched on the world, without the sanction of

any high authority, excepting his who has said, "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Looking at the large help which the Society has received from ministers of various denominations at different times, it may be right to infer that, if the worthy pastors above-named had been consulted, the Society might have had a better start; but it may be that their hands were full of other work, and that the movement was deemed too small to enlist their active co-operation. However, so it was, that the Society was started without the active concurrence of any minister of the gospel, or the sanction and authority of any one whose name would be in religious circles a pass-word to success.

"That which is to become great must begin small," was the remark of Mathesius on the career of Luther; and John Wessel, who lived before Luther, says that, "all the great works of God have ever taken their rise from minute germs. The fig-tree springs from one of the smallest seeds, as from the acorn does the mighty oak."

The beginning of this Society was thus small, but its progress has been marked by large developments. At first the number of its beneficiaries could be counted on the fingers, even of one hand; but now, besides the various asylums, or homes, of which we shall speak presently, more than eleven hundred poor disciples of the Master are pensioners on the funds of the Society.

One of the founders lived to see this most pleasing expansion of the original scheme. This was the late George Yeoland, Major and Assistant Commissary General, who departed hence 11th November, 1876, aged *ninety-two* years. A letter, sent to the annual meeting of the Society, a few months before his decease, dated Yarbridge, Isle of Wight, 1st July, is overflowing with Christian fervour, joyful thanks for what God had done for the Society, bright predictions of its future expansion, and pleasing anticipations of his meeting again with his beloved co-workers, and the multitude of aged pilgrims the Society had helped, in the fulness of joy in the presence of the Lord for ever.

The primary object of the Society was to furnish pensions of £10, £7, or £5 annually to persons of both sexes, not under sixty years of age, who can be properly recommended as consistent members of some Christian church. Limited, as a matter of course, to Protestants, it has been from the first entirely unsectarian in its character.

In 1835, however, there was a new departure. The number of pensioners exceeded two hundred, and the time had come for the establishment of a Home, or Asylum, for the residence of some of the pensioners. This was done; and for fifty years it has received relays of tenants to the number of three hundred, who have found it a happy resting-place while awaiting the summons to "cross the river," and the Master's call to "Come up higher." The land was the gift of the late W. Peacock, Esq., and the building was reared by the voluntary contributions of friends. This Home is at Camberwell; and it is anticipated that the keeping of its jubilee will not only free it from any responsibilities which may exist, but prove a starting-point for greater things.

The second Home is in every respect the largest and most important. It is at Hornsey Rise, a situation as healthy and every way convenient

as the buildings are imposing, and the management satisfactory. The land was purchased by voluntary contributions, but the original building, with its various adjuncts, including a beautiful and well-constructed chapel, was the gift of the late Mr. John Box, who for many years filled an honorary position in connection with the Society. It was opened in 1871, and was built to accommodate eighty pensioners, with rooms for the Matron and Warden, Committee-rooms, and necessary offices. Through the munificence of a late tried friend of the Society, forty apartments have been added since, with a spacious hall for meetings and lectures and such like gatherings, besides ample accommodation for tea-meetings, dinner-parties, and similar festivals, provided by friends of the pilgrims.

The Brighton Home is intended to be a sea-side resort for such of the pensioners as may need such a change. The house was purchased through the munificence of Colonel A. A. Croll, and was opened in 1879.

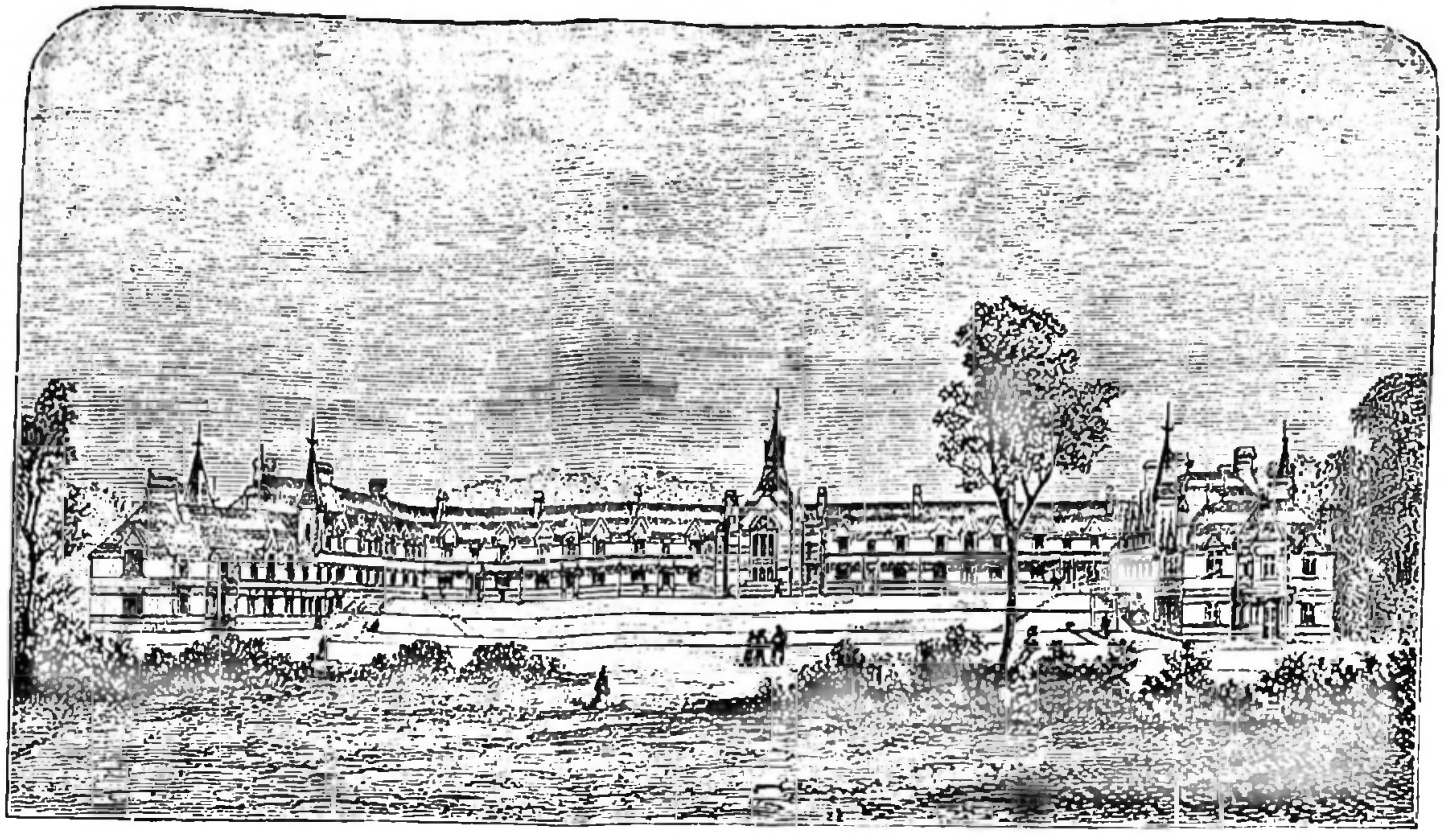
Four years before this, Miss Sarah Ward made a gift of a house at Stamford Hill, providing also an endowment for the supply of coals and other necessaries for the inmates, and a fund to cover other expenses in connection with the Home.

The Society has likewise a reversionary interest in certain Almshouses at Gerrard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire, built and endowed by Sir J. Wallis Alexander, Bart., who has generously conveyed the property to Trustees on behalf of the Society.

Of the more than eleven hundred pensioners now on the funds of the Society, one hundred and seventy are resident in one or another of the different Homes. A visit to any one of these will not be without beneficial results. It might prove a means of grace to the visitor as well as to the inmates. Such at least was the visit of the writer to the Asylum at Hornsey Rise.

Conducted by the Secretary of the Asylums and the General Secretary of the Society, he passed from room to room, conversing freely with the inmates, mostly females, spinsters or widows, the average age of whom is seventy-six, while several exceed ninety years of age. Each room is spacious, lofty, and well-ventilated, and attached to it is an apartment serving all the purposes of pantry, larder, and coal-closet. Each pensioner furnishes his or her own room, so that the home-like character of the apartment is retained.

We were not curious to enquire who belonged to this and who to that denomination, though it transpired in some cases that some were Baptists, some Congregationalists, some Presbyterians, and some Episcopalians, while a few were followers of John Wesley. One cheerful, chatty, little old lady, of more than ninety summers, seemed more than a little pleased with our visit; talked of the better land, and of the Lord's goodness in this; seemed to have all her faculties, especially that of speech; walked, or almost skipped, nimbly about the room, pressed the visitor's hand with both hers, repeatedly kissed it, and overwhelmed him with thanks. What might have taken place had the writer been of small stature, he does not pretend to guess. She belonged (for she has since passed away to her rest) to the Plymouth Brethren.



AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, HORNSEY RISE.

Commenced, 1870—*Completed*, 1871—*Enlarged*, 1876.

Public worship is conducted regularly in the Camberwell and Hornsey Rise Asylums' chapels, on Sunday afternoons, and once a week on other evenings, besides which the inmates, when able, attend the churches of their own denomination in the neighbourhood; also in the Home at Stamford Hill. There is, of course, no chaplain, as ministers of various denominations are found willing to conduct services, especially on week-evenings. These services are gratefully accepted, and much appreciated by the inmates; and truly the labour of love has its own reward. As none are admitted to the benefits of the Society and its institutions but such as can be well recommended as consistent church-members, the audience, which on some occasions almost fills the chapel, is an unusual one, all being sound believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As the pensioners are attached to various denominations, so the platform of the chapel exhibits a kind of Evangelical Alliance in miniature, ministers of Christ belonging to various churches being familiar there. The writer followed, at a few weeks' interval, the present Bishop of Ripon. The service was to him "a time of refreshing." The subject was "The Preciousness of Christ," and evidently the Lord was there, and the witness of the Holy Spirit to the testimony of Christ was not wanting in many.

In addition to the regular pensions of the inmates of the Asylums, there are several funds for the supply of coals, blankets, and other comforts, and at intervals some generous friend provides a good plain dinner or an ample tea, which is generally followed by a feast for the mind, or a repast for the soul, or for both. One generous friend has given for several years in succession eleven hundred blankets for distribution among the pensioners both within and without the Asylum, and has recently added a gift of coals to all the more needy, amounting in all to one hundred and fourteen tons.

The out-pensioners live in all parts of England and Wales, their average age being considerably above seventy years. They are put on the list for the lowest pensions, and rise by degrees as vacancies occur. In thirteen years the Hornsey Rise Asylum completely changed its one hundred and twenty inmates, "because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death."

The amount of good that has been accomplished by the Society, during the seventy-eight years of its history, is fully known only to him who knows all things. But many cases occur which in a striking manner illustrate its benefit. A glance over the congregation at chapel, and especially a quiet talk with the inmates in their rooms, will amply suffice to show that they are selected from various ranks of society, some evidently having seen better days as to outward surroundings.

One who found a home in the Camberwell Asylum, and who died only a few years ago, had been an early subscriber to the Society, and, as a City merchant, had once possessed property to the extent of £60,000. He was then an active Christian worker. Through reverses in business, however, he had lost everything, and was glad to become a pensioner of the Society, and an inmate of its (at that time) only Asylum. He was so contented and happy there, notwithstanding the great change in his earthly lot, that, when seized with his mortal sickness, while on a visit to some of his children, he persistently declined

their wish for him to remain and end his days among them. "No," said he, "I must go *home* to die." And so in the Asylum he passed to his longed-for rest.

The sad reverses which take place sometimes, even among Christian people, are not more frequent than those in which cultured women, and women who have moved in middle-class stations in society, are left, as widows or otherwise, in dependent circumstances. While we write, one pensioner is the widow of a medical man, another is familiar with her Greek Testament, and others have to a similar degree descended from positions of comfort to thankfully accept a home in one of the Asylums, and daily bread from the too narrow fund which supplies the pensions.

The Society has a rule that the friends of out-pensioners shall promptly inform the Secretary of the death of recipients. One worthy old man, who had done much useful work in his day as a local preacher in the North of England, was in difficulties as to this rule, as he had no friends about him. To meet the case, however, he wrote to the Secretary himself, his feeble hand trembling under the stroke of death, "When you receive this, G. W. R., your aged pilgrim, will have passed into eternity." Upon enquiries it was found that he had died during the transit of the letter.

One excellent rule of the Society is that when husband and wife are elected to be inmates of one of the Homes they are allowed to live together. One such aged pair wrote about two years ago :—" We have been married fifty-six years, and have lived to see our children's children unto the third generation, and have never lacked bread. Though poor in temporal things, we are nevertheless rich, for God has blessed us with saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and we have the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

The pensions are paid quarterly to country recipients, but those who reside in London are paid monthly, mostly by lady-visitors. One day a visitor called on one of the poorest of the pensioners. Unavoidable circumstances had delayed the visit only a few days. Ascending the rickety stairs the visitor (a gentleman in this case) knocked gently at the door. Receiving no answer, he waited and listened. He heard the voice as of one in prayer. Presently he caught the words :—" O my Father, thou carest for the ravens, and thou wilt not let one of thy children want !" He entered the room to find that the aged inmate had thus been praying over her last crust of bread and a little water. With a joyful heart she received her pension thus opportunely sent.

The Society, it behoves us to say, though undenominational, has a strong doctrinal basis, its promoters apparently holding to the axiom, very commonly true, that those who are doctrinally wrong, have no security for being morally right. There have been exceptions to the rule on both sides ; but it is commonly found that there is a close connection between Scriptural soundness and moral integrity, and between laxity of belief and looseness of moral principle and conduct.

The principles embodied in the trust deeds of the Society are the same which all evangelical Protestants hold as fundamental articles of faith ; such as the doctrine of the Trinity, the Deity and humanity of Christ, Redemption by his blood, Justification by faith, Regeneration

and Sanctification by the Holy Spirit, the eternal happiness of believers, and the endless misery of the impenitent and unbelieving.

The Society has not been one of those which sacrifice principle in any degree to obtain the patronage of the great, yet it can rejoice in a large share of public recognition and of approval by the great and good. Among the names which figure as representing those who have presided at its public meetings, or who have in some public way been its helpers, are those of the veteran philanthropist, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Ebury, George Williams, Esq., Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, W. Willis, Esq., Q.C., LL.D. &c. &c.

Every detail of information may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. Hazleton, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

May every steward of God's gold and silver feel his responsibility, and, acting out the Master's command, win for himself the prayers of "the poor of the flock," and the blessing of those who are Christ's own representatives here on earth!

NOTE.—Mr. Spurgeon's own very numerous friends will be amused by the following:—The writer, having arranged for a special evening at the Hornsey Asylum, was trying to find his way, after dark, out of Hornsey Lane. Finding that the Alexandra Orphanage, which is exactly opposite to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, was the better known of the two, he asked a working-man at the head of a certain road: "Is the Alexandra Orphanage in this road?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "on the left; and *Spurgeon's place is on the right,*" alluding, of course, to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum. In some manner Mr. Spurgeon's name and well-known philanthropy had been identified with the admirable institution in the mind of this working-man; and the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle had been brought into a kind of paternal relation with the hundred or more of octogenarian spinsters, widows, and grey-headed men.

The Impossible Fellowship.

AN Empress of Russia once had a palace of ice built for her. It was very beautiful, but *very cold.* Its architecture and furniture and decorations were faultless, and splendid to look upon, glittering like piled jewels in the winter sun; but it was utterly comfortless, for it had no heat. When fire—so evidently longed for—was introduced it was extinguished, because it was foolishly wished that the fire would radiate its influence without destroying the ice. The inmates wanted to be warmed and yet retain their palace. But this, in the very nature of things, was impossible. So with us; we cannot have the world and the righteousness of Christ together. And until we are willing to renounce the first for the second, we are as far from being fully blessed as was the young man in the gospel.—*From "The Pulpit Treasury" (New York).*

Consecrated Culture.*

BENJAMIN ALFRED GREGORY, one of the most promising of young Wesleyan ministers, died at Padstow, in Cornwall, in 1876, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and the third of his ministry. There was, in his preparation for the chosen work of his life, so marked a degree of manly perseverance and high intellectual and spiritual aim, and in his entrance upon the work itself such admirable wisdom and promise, that the record of his life by his father forms a book of more than ordinary stimulus to young men who would do something for their Saviour. Ten years before his death, when but sixteen years of age, he closed a spirited hymn, composed in a time of langour brought on by excessive brain-work, with this touching appeal :—

"O spare me yet a little while:
I ask not *here* for victory;
Give me but time for Thee to toil,
To do some little work for Thee;
Though but to lay my body down
For other men to rise upon."

The thought that other men rise through the inspiring examples thus left behind, is one of the compensations for the early termination of such useful lives.

He was born at Rochester in 1850. In childhood, though fond of play, he was a voracious reader, and would sit on a hassock, and devour Rollin's "Ancient History." The boy needed no incitement to study, and his father, Dr. Benjamin Gregory, the well-known Wesleyan minister, rather guided than spurred him. He especially familiarized him with what he calls the greatest living masters of the English of the present day: Whately, Ruskin, J. H. Newman, Spurgeon, and Cobden. He had a brilliant school career. In the Manchester Grammar School, which he entered at the age of thirteen, he won the Shakespeare scholarship, and was on the prize-list at each of the annual meetings in the Free Trade Hall, when the prizes were distributed, at one time by Mr. Gladstone, at another by Bishop Wilberforce. He produced, too, the prize poem of the school on the subject of "Sir Galahad, or the Quest of the Holy Grail." The ability of his answers to the questions in divinity of the Oxford Local Examination in 1865, brought him an offer of a free University Education, with a view to Holy Orders. He was then only fifteen; but he declined it, as he had resolved to be a Wesleyan minister; for already he had dedicated himself to Christ. When he was twelve years old he heard a sermon which, he says, awoke him from sleep. Two years of conviction and struggle followed, and in the Christmas holidays of 1864, he told his father that he wished to join in the Covenant Service and meet in Class. And so it was that at the "Covenant Service," on the first Sunday of the New Year, his whole heart went out to Jesus. "I opened my eyes," he says, "and, lo, *God is love!* I thank God for his

* Consecrated Culture: Memorials of Benjamin Alfred Gregory, M.A., Oxon. By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, E.C.

great mercy in leading me such a long way in safety, through so many dangers, into his kingdom, and the light of his countenance."

At the age of seventeen, he won two Oxford Scholarships of the annual value together of £116 8s. for five years, which entitled him to enter Brasenose College, Oxford. He entered the following year, and took his stand from the first as a Nonconformist and a Methodist. When the Articles of the Church of England were placed before him for subscription, he quietly declined to sign them, giving as his reasons, first, that though he had studied them pretty closely, he was not at all sure that he understood them; and secondly, that he was a Wesleyan-Methodist, and preferred to hold himself free from any theological test which his own section of the church did not require. He vigorously sought out the other four or five Methodist students, and held them to their colours. They together attended the Wesleyan Chapel in Oxford, and loyally went to "Class." There was abundance of Agnosticism around him on the one hand, and Puseyism on the other; but he was saved from making shipwreck of his faith by his undeniable *experience* of the grace of God, by his regularity of attention to the private, public, and social means of grace, and by his unswerving loyalty to his life-plan. During the five years spent at the University he studied hard and with exceptional success, but not slavishly nor exhaustingly. He secured eight hours a day for academical studies, and also time for secret prayer and devotional searching of the Scriptures, besides a very considerable amount of general reading; while bodily exercise was secured by joining the Rifle corps: for, as he said, "Unless you do something of the kind—boating, cricketing, riding, sporting, or drill, —you are scouted, and made otherwise unpleasantly remarkable." Of these, the corps was the cheapest; it interfered least with reading; and afforded just the regular exercise necessary in a studious life.

He wrote during his College life numerous articles for the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, the *London Quarterly Review*, and other periodicals, and his forty-six College essays indicated a width of philosophic reading and thinking, and a rare subtlety of intellect, which impressed others with his mastery of philosophy.

In January 1873, having again won a first class in honours, Mr. Gregory left the tranquil shades of Oxford, to become for a year-and-a-half one of the masters in the Manchester Grammar School, mingling with his scholastic duties incessant Evangelistic work; and in 1874, he was accepted by Conference as a probationer for the Wesleyan ministry. His first appointment was to Runcorn on the Mersey, to fill the place of the superintendent minister, who was laid aside by illness. His constant work amongst the people in the outlying regions of this district brought him into contact with some quaint types of character. Going home from meetings he sometimes needed a guide in the dark and dangerous tracks. "My last guide," says he on one occasion, "was as odd a companion as I have ever had. He is a big, broad boatman, troubled with the idea that the devil wants him to kill himself, but he isn't going to unless he is obliged. He is on the most familiar terms with Satan. He informed me he could hear him speak quite as well as me, and added in general terms that he was a better speaker, too, than any minister that he was acquainted with. He can

sing, too," he says, "I've heard him sing many a time." I tried to talk the man into a more sane frame of mind; but he replied to all my consolations that he wasn't afraid of the devil a bit now: he was at first. Now he knew that the Lord was stronger than the devil. When he left me on a firmer road, he remarked, "There was a time when I daren't a' come up here, not if you'd a' give me all Weston, and Weston Point in; but I shall go back quietly to-night. If he comes to me, I got my pipe, and shall sit down and have a smoke till he goes away." It was an original mode of meeting Satanic suggestions.

Mr. Gregory remained here for seven months, and increased the number of members in the society; he was then appointed to St. Columb, in Cornwall, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the superintendent. St. Columb was nine miles from the nearest railway station, and was the head-quarters of a wide, wild district, sixteen miles across. It was a striking change from the bustling, thriving port at the head of the great tide-way of the Mersey, with its noisy ship-building, and the smoke of its iron-furnaces, and of its tall-chimneyed alkali works, to the still, secluded little town in the heart of agricultural Cornwall. St. Columb Major contained three thousand inhabitants; St. Columb Minor, two thousand. The circuit included the beautifully-situated watering-place of New Quay, and the small harbour-town of Padstow, with twelve agricultural villages and fishing hamlets, and two mining neighbourhoods.

Here, for a year and eight months, he was to labour with increasing usefulness, and then, his short day ended, to go up to his rest.

It was in a spirit of absolute consecration and unstinted labour that he entered upon this work amongst the Cornish folk. He visited the people from house to house, often making twenty-eight visits in the afternoon, before taking the evening meeting; and his ordinary ministrations and household appeals were full of eagerness and immediate expectancy. But there had been no conversions for some time; and he was strongly convinced of the advisability of occasional extraordinary efforts for the purpose of bringing to decision those who were not far from the kingdom of God. He accordingly organized a week's "mission" in Padstow, and made complete and elaborate preparations for it by visiting all his classes, calling upon the absentees, going round to all the country societies, preaching for weeks beforehand on topics calculated to arouse a spirit of prayer and solicitude for the salvation of souls, as well as self-scrutiny on the part of Christian people. He procured and distributed bills and tracts, organized a choir, and bands of workers for the enquiry-room and for visiting; so that, when the mission preachers arrived, the plan had been drawn so minutely that nothing required supplementing. It was a remarkable week. The town was all astir; the chapel was full night after night; the influence that rested on the people was wonderful. The Revival, indeed, had begun before the mission preachers arrived. Not only in the chapel, but in the ship-yard, services were held; several persons from the lowest part of the town were brought in; and between sixty and seventy persons were converted to God.

In less than a month from the end of this week of blessing, the

earnest minister, who had been the main instrument of leading so many to Christ, had passed away from the people he had blessed. "It was a very rainy evening in December; he was appointed to preach in one of the villages. It mattered not that the night was dark and tempestuous; that as he sought shelter under a tree, the soil gave way, and he slipped into a ditch full of water. It mattered not that there were only three persons at the place of worship. Had not a greater than he preached a successful sermon to a solitary person, and she a profligate Samaritan? He did his duty and died, and he would not consider there was anything worthy of note in that." Thus wrote his colleague, Mr. Potts.

Mr. Gregory was seized with a chill, which brought on diphtheria. His father was summoned from London by telegram, and reached his son in time to see him breathe his last, soon after midnight on the 14th of December, 1876. He was the most cultured man, perhaps, in the ranks of the younger Wesleyan ministry; his piety was equal to his culture: but, summoned to higher service, on earth he was only permitted

"To lay his body down
For other men to rise upon."

C. A. D.

The Dumb Bell.

MR. GATTY, in his book on "Bells," gives the following anecdote, on the credit of Cardinal Baronius: "When Charles II., King of France, A.D. 615, was at Sens, in Burgundy, he heard a bell in the church of St. Stephen, the sound of which pleased him so much that he ordered it to be transported to Paris. The Bishop of Sens, however, was greatly displeased at this; and the bell so sympathized with him, that it turned dumb on the road, and lost all its sound. When the king heard of this, he commanded that the bell should be carried back to its old quarters; when, strange to relate, as it approached the town, it recovered its original tone, and began to ring so as to be heard at Sens, whilst yet about four leagues distant from it."

The true preacher grows silent if forced to any other service than his Lord's. If he attempts to speak on any other topic than that which concerns his Lord and the gospel, he misses his former force; he is not at home, he is glad to end his speech, and sit down. If the moderns command us to preach their gospel, which was born but yesterday, we cannot do it, for we should find no pleasure in it: it has nothing in it to move our heart, or stir our enthusiasm. Our bell is dumb if it does not ring out for Jesus and the doctrines of grace. The world would soon dismiss us if it had hired us to be its orator, for our heart is elsewhere, and only upon the one dear, familiar theme can we be eloquent. No doubt the merely nominal minister could change his theme, and be all the more fluent; but not so the ordained of the Lord: he has a tongue for the truth, and for that alone; with him it is *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, either Christ or nothing, gospel preaching or silence.—C. H. S.

The Revived Prayer-meeting—What did it?

BY REV. F. W. ADRIANCE, OF WOODSFORDS, MAINE, U.S.A.

SOME things are always to be taken as said. It will be understood that the traveller was carried to Europe by ship, sail, or steam, even if he does say that his money carried him there. It is as clearly to be understood that it was the Holy Spirit who blessed our prayer-meeting. But the difference between one meeting and another is not because the Holy Spirit is a guest at one and not at another, for he is always present, even at the dullest service, waiting to bless. Over even dull meetings might be written, "There standeth one among you, whom ye know not." It was because some one recognized and welcomed the ever-present but often-grieved guest, that the prayer-meeting became a powerful one.

Here are a batch of notes from the pastor's note-book :—

1. In the background a long series of cold, formal meetings. What made this meeting throb with life, and glow with spiritual warmth? Simply because a heavy-hearted woman rose, and with broken utterance said, "Pray for me." Only three words made that meeting.

2. The meeting opens just as all other meetings. Up to a certain point the ordinary programme is carried out to minute and second. Deacon Ford doesn't usually take part; but to-night he does. That is, he tries to speak of the preciousness of God's grace in a recent sorrow. But even the first sentence is unfinished, for his heart is too full. Across the billows of that heaving sea all in the room saw Christ come. Don't you think that this helped to make a good meeting?

3. A new voice blessed this meeting. Young Charles Dale was converted a month ago. He has never taken part until now; but to-night, before service, he wrestles with God. From that Peniel he comes to the service. The words he says are few, and perhaps do not amount to much, humanly speaking; but, divinely speaking, all in that service knew that the Spirit of the Lord was there.

4. People said, "What ails our minister and deacons to-night? Never before, this year, have they spoken so briefly and earnestly." Fifteen minutes of prayer by the deacons in the pastor's study did it. At the close of that private gathering Deacon French said, "Brethren, suppose we go to the meeting, and each give a brief, earnest, personal testimony for Christ." Somehow or other everything went well that evening. Surely never was there such singing and such attention.

5. At the afternoon sewing-circle, one young lady said to her fifteen companions, "Let us each look up a verse on the subject, and repeat it to-night at the prayer-meeting." You would be surprised to know how those texts freshened up that meeting.

6. Five minutes before the close of the meeting, the pastor said, "Now let us have fifteen short, ejaculatory prayers, each not more than twenty words long. Do not rise." What prayers those were!

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT DID IT.

Religion in Norway.*

FOR fifteen years the Religious Tract Society's series of drawing-room books has proved a source of delight and instruction to all fireside travellers; and the volume on Norway is quite worthy to keep company with its predecessors. The views of natural scenery and the portrayals of social life here given are excellent examples of the highest attainments in the art of wood-engraving, while Mr. Lovett's descriptions are quite as good as the pictures. Those who cannot see "the land of the midnight sun" for themselves, and are yet desirous of knowing something about its striking wonders, will be greatly gratified with this book. We are told that "the original plan was to call the work *Scandinavian Pictures*, and to include in it both Sweden and Denmark"; but as this plan has not been carried out, one may hope to hear more about those northern quarters of Europe at a future date.

Although it is about twice the size of England, Norway has a population of under 2,000,000, and not more than 120,000 persons are found in Christiania its largest town. The country is 1,030 miles long in a straight line, but the coast-line is about three times that length. Islands are numerous, there are many lakes, and the mountains and the fjords, the fast-flowing rivers and the waterfalls help to make up a land of romance which earth cannot surpass. If the visitor "travels with an open eye and a pure heart," says Mr. Lovett, "he will see much in the people to excite his interest and respect, and much in the country that will emphasize the ancient Psalmist's words: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work.'"

The more the intelligent tourist sees of the country, the more interested does he become. The people are "very courteous, kindly, and hospitable. They do all in their power to make visitors comfortable; and they do this, not in the hope of reaping a golden harvest, but because they consider it a duty to extend the courtesies of life toward the stranger and the wayfarer." It is an advantage that "the land is owned, not by a few wealthy proprietors, but by the bulk of the people. This, although it prevents the growth of a wealthy class, produces self-reliance and contentment."

The Lutheran Church of Norway has six bishops, who exercise far less religious influence over the people than might be the case if they were not regarded as State officials. Here, as elsewhere, the evils of the State connection are apparent; for "probably on account of the tight hand kept over the Church by the State," remarks Mr. Lovett, "men of ability keep away from it, and the great majority of the ministers come from the peasant-farmer class." The dress of the pastors is similar to that of our Puritan ancestors of the 17th century. The long sermons and the monotonous singing might also remind English visitors of other days; but Norwegians themselves, who in remote districts have only one service in a fortnight or three weeks,

* Norwegian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. Containing also a glance at Sweden and the Gotha Canal. With a map and one hundred and twenty-seven Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. By Richard Lovett, M.A. The Religious Tract Society. Price 8s.

and have to travel long distances to attend it, look at things from a different standpoint.

A gratifying account is given of the Baptists, Methodists, and other Nonconformists of the country, and we are glad to learn that their pastors "are warm-hearted Christian men." Mr. Lovett adds :—



OSCAR II., KING OF NORWAY.

From "Norwegian Pictures."

"These little assemblies have none of the formality common to the Established Lutheran Church; and they are gradually forming bands of active, energetic workers for Christ up and down the country.

Many of the Lutheran clergy, especially those who magnify their office as servants of the State, resent the conduct of the Free Churches and their adherents. But upon many of the pastors it is having a nobler influence. It is stirring them up also to more energetic and faithful labour in the service of the one Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. In the Lutheran, as in all the Established Christian Churches, there are many faithful ambassadors for Christ, and these men, far from wishing to crush out the Free Church life, rejoice in its progress, and stretch to it a helping hand. A good deal of tract-distribution is carried on in connection with the Lutherstift at Christiania, 499,700 tracts being sent out in 1884; and every year, by the aid of the Religious Tract Society and other agencies, Christian literature is being largely circulated in Norway."

In connection with such operations it is encouraging to find that the King and Queen of Norway are sincere Christians, who make the best of their great opportunities to advance the kingdom of Christ in their interesting country.

The Lapps, as a separate people, are quite as interesting as the fishing population. "A great deal has been done for them, both from an educational and a religious point of view. Gustavus Adolphus took a great interest in their development, building for them both churches and schools, and providing funds for their maintenance. The Scriptures were translated into their tongue, and tracts and books prepared for them. Many of the natives were trained as missionaries, whose labours bore fruit, although in such a nomadic, scattered people the old heathen beliefs and practices lingered on for a long while." They come long distances to church even in the severe winter weather; but although they crowd the churches, the State pastors as a rule do not understand the Lapp language, and the sermon has to be communicated to the people by an interpreter.

The life and work of Hans Hauge, the Norwegian evangelist, is associated with Christiania, where he appeared as a young man nearly a hundred years ago, with the MS. of his work on the "Foolishness of the World," which he wished to have printed. Before long he was arrested, and taken before the magistrate at the town-hall, for what intolerance regarded as a serious offence—"he, a layman, had held religious gatherings." Pastor Stoyohann has supplied Mr. Lovett with some striking particulars of this apostle of the north:—

"During a period of six years he had evangelized the whole country by his journeys, which were partly commercial journeys. To an astonishing extent he had filled the Norwegian dales with religious literature, which he had printed at Copenhagen, where for six months he kept three printing-offices at work, and laboured himself for twenty-one hours a day, at correcting and binding the books. One of those who helped by selling the books, and who carried them in a bag upon his back, is said to have been crookbacked for the rest of his life. The country was at that time deeply sunk in spiritual darkness, and the majority of the clergy were Rationalists, from whom Hauge had almost everywhere to encounter a fierce opposition. The Danish Government, however, would scarcely have arrested his blessed revival work, by imprisoning him, had not the bishop at Bergen, where Hauge dwelt,

asserted that Hauge had to do with much money belonging to many of his spiritual comrades, and that it was a question whether this would be safe with him, as he was not skilled in keeping accounts. This was, however, an absolutely groundless fear. Hauge was just as efficient in all temporal affairs as in preaching the word of God. He was simply a universal genius. The paper-mill at Oyern, where he was apprehended, is a work of his, and has bequeathed to our times the machinery which Hauge set in motion."

When the coast was blockaded by the British fleet, early in this century, this confessor was released from prison, in order that he might show the authorities how to obtain salt from sea-water, salt being at that time dangerously scarce in the country; but "when, to the great satisfaction of the Government, he had finished this task, he was compelled to go back again to prison until his earthly trials came to an end, in 1814." Such was the cruelty of Rationalism: such is still its hate of the Gospel.

In "Norwegian Pictures" we have a good deal that is interesting concerning past and present life in Norway. Beautiful picture books are sometimes dull reading; but it is far otherwise in this instance, in which the eye is delighted while the mind is informed. We are glad to give a portrait of the King, and to commend the volume heartily.

"Be of Good Cheer."

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" &c.—Psalm xlii. 5.

When my heart is sad and weary,
Weary with its load of sin;
When my path is dark and dreary,
When my soul is sad within:
Then I call to mind the mercy
Of my God in former years;
When his boundless loving-kindness
Raised my hopes and quelled my fears.

Why, then, soul, this present sadness?
This disquietude within?
He can change thy gloom to gladness,
He can give thee rest from sin;
He can give thee joy for mourning,
Turn thy darkest night to day;
And the tide of health returning,
Thou shalt sing upon thy way.

Therefore hope in God, and trust him,
Trust him though thy faith be tried;
Darkness may be round about him,
Yet his love and truth abide.
He again shall smile upon thee,
He thy downcast soul shall raise;
And at morning, noon, and evening,
Thou again shalt sing his praise.

Thame. S. PATTON.

Bible Binders and their Wages.

IT is well-known, that from time to time, during the last few years, charges have been preferred against the British and Foreign Bible Society in regard to the alleged inadequate remuneration of the operatives who bind the books which are sent out from London into the four quarters of the world. Of course it is held by those who prefer this complaint, that to cheapen the Scriptures at the expense of the well-being of a number of English white slaves, is paying too dear for the advantage, and injuring the Society's honour.

The charge referred to has been so often made, and has been so frequently reiterated, that while still wondering whether the allegations had any foundation in fact, we decided to look into the matter for ourselves. Accordingly, on a certain afternoon, not very long ago, we undertook a journey to Cowan-street, Albany-road, Camberwell, and there, to our no little astonishment, witnessed for the first time what should certainly rank among the "sights" of London—450 persons in a single factory, regularly and solely employed in binding Bibles for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Each hive of active workers has it own features of interest for observers of life in London; but no one of ordinary intelligence and Christian sympathy, can visit Messrs. Watkins's establishment without feeling that the general outlook is of more than ordinary significance. Any extensive bookbinding establishment reveals many curious processes through which a volume must necessarily pass before it is ready for the reader's use; but here, while taking notice of all the varied mechanical appliances which have been invented during half a century, we realize that from this centre the leaves are going forth which are for the enlightenment of the nations. Sewing, pressing, gilding, lettering, &c., are all in progress, and the books in many tongues, range from the penny Testament to the large and elegant quarto in morocco covers.

We cannot help feeling that the surrounding atmosphere is not that of the ordinary workshop; it seems as though the Book were exercising a benign influence on those who earn their daily bread by promoting its diffusion.

At all events, the men, women and girls all carry such a respectable appearance, that we should not expect ever to be offended here with the ribald talk or profanity which is the curse of too many other workshops. Nor are appearances misleading; for it is a fact, that a main proportion of these people are associated with places of worship in the district; and the girls have been accustomed to hold a meeting on the premises in their own time, when some ministerial friend attends to address them. We are assured that the female portion of the *employés*, especially, are a thoroughly respectable sisterhood; but without any such verbal testimony, any visitor might, from their general deportment and appearance, assume them to be all that one could desire.

There are 450 persons of both sexes at work, and 290 of these are living with parents, husbands, or children. It should also be remembered, that a proportion of the younger people, who are learners, do not receive full pay until they are perfected in their art. Taking into account both classes, those who receive full pay, and those who are still in their apprenticeship, we find that the wages of the folders, who work by the piece, range from seven to nineteen shillings a week; the sewers from seven to sixteen shillings and sixpence; the time workers being paid from ten to eighteen shillings. The men who are engaged in other branches of the binding business of course earn higher rates, the pay of some of them being £2 or more a week. The workshops are spacious and well ventilated; the day is from 8.30 a.m. to 8 p.m., an hour and a half being allowed for meals. Hot water is provided for tea, and a cooking stove is available at dinner time for those who wish to make use of it. A fund for aiding those overtaken by sickness, and for providing funeral expenses, is also maintained.

As confirmatory of what we learned for ourselves upon the spot, we would quote a statement made in another place:—

A reference to the proper remuneration of young girls was made at the ordinary meeting of the London School Board, on the 9th of July last:

"On a motion by the chairman of the School Management Committee to make a series of reductions in the remuneration to monitors, candidates, and pupil teachers,

"The Rev. G. M. Murphy moved, and Miss Taylor seconded, as an amendment—the previous question—*i.e.*, That the question be not now put.

"The Rev. G. M. Murphy contended that to give young girls only 4s. a week, out of which they would have to pay probably for their mid-day meals as well as for travelling expenses, was not only ridiculous, but that it was putting a premium upon immorality. It was well known to him that there were girls engaged in book-binding at such a firm as that of Watkins and Sons who could earn four times as much as was now proposed to be given in the scholastic profession. Was it to be expected that girls with a literary turn of mind and a cultivated taste should enter themselves for study at one-fourth of the wages which could be obtained in other walks of life? This might suit the children of people in higher walks of life, but it was a sad discouragement for talented young people in poorer circumstances."

This is the case of the Bible binders so far as we have been enabled to investigate it. It is also a good sign that the girls employed at Messrs. Watkins's factory appear to be thoroughly satisfied with the treatment they receive. We believe that the outcry about injustice has been raised by those who might learn better things from the Scriptures if they would but read them.

G. H. P.

A Midnight Meeting.

IT is now nearly twenty years since I first wrote an account of such a meeting for the pages of the *Sword and Trowel*; yet I cannot, I fear, give a more graphic account of one now than then—perhaps scarcely so graphic, for that particular meeting was one of the most impressive and successful I ever attended. Besides, I was almost new to the work then, and, therefore, full of fire; but twenty years' experience has naturally cooled me down somewhat, although I thank God it has not brought on the "cold chills." Indeed, I do not remember, during that period, to have received more than two invitations to assist at midnight meetings without being able to attend, and in those cases illness alone prevented. Well do I remember that on one of these fits of illness, when my mind was wandering, I was, in thought, eagerly exploring the streets and by-ways in search of poor "unfortunates."

Concerning the meeting of which I now purpose to give a brief account, there is no necessity to state the precise locality where it took place. Suffice it to say that it was held on October 1st, in the S.W. district, in a school-room, kindly lent by a minister, who was formerly a student at the Pastors' College. Those of us who were going to engage in the work, first met for prayer, and besought the Lord to direct us, and to give us his blessing. A true spirit of prayer seemed to pervade the meeting—not that there was a taking of heaven by storm, but a calm, fervent waiting upon God, and a blessed realization of his presence in our midst. Then, after partaking of some refreshments, and being supplied with cards of invitation, we went forth two and two into the streets and highways, to look up the poor outcasts and bring them into our meeting. This was not the neighbourhood, however, for them to be found in such large numbers as in some parts of the Metropolis; but here and there we found them pursuing their vicious course. Occasionally, some who are thus sunk in the mire of sin, treat with ridicule, and even insult, those who seek their highest good; but such was not the case on this occasion. Some few declined to accept the cards, but, as a rule, they were received with great courtesy; and in no instance were we insulted or treated rudely. Several of those whom we

spoke to appeared to realize the wretchedness of their condition, and expressed a desire to escape from it. One young person in particular—I had almost said, "young lady," for she seemed highly respectable and very intelligent—listened to us very attentively. The tears stood in her eyes, and she heaved a sigh indicative of emotions within, as we implored her to forsake her life of sin, and to seek God's mercy. She promised to come to the meeting; yet, in case she did not, we gave her a suitable tract, with the address of a friend who would be pleased to advise with her. But we could not stay long with one individual—there were others to be looked after. While walking along, however, thinking of their sad condition, that beautiful hymn came powerfully to my mind:—

"My God! I feel the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own almighty arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

The time soon came round for us to return to the meeting, yet we were loth to leave the poor wanderers, even though we could not prevail on them to come with us. Well, perhaps we cannot greatly wonder, for these were their "business" hours, and we know how difficult it is, even to get the people of God to a religious service during hours of business; ah! and the evening prayer-meeting too often witnesses very sadly to their apathy in divine things. Yet there are some of us who can say, not only "I have been there," but

"I oft am there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below."

On reaching the school-room, we found that about twenty had already arrived, had partaken of tea and cake, and were now joining in singing a hymn. Others came in afterwards, until the number present reached thirty-five. The Pastor now offered a fervent prayer, and the secretary of the movement addressed the meeting. It was very pleasing to observe the close attention which was given him—he did not have to shout at the top of his voice, but spoke in a calm, quiet way, as if he were just talking to them in a friendly manner. He related, also, two touching anecdotes—circumstances that had come under his notice—which seemed to produce a telling effect. One was that of a young female, of the same class as those now present, who was in company with a sailor at a public-house, when they had a quarrel, and the sailor, in a rage, stabbed the woman, and she died almost immediately. The other was that of a woman who had been both a harlot and a brothel-keeper in the north of England. But the word of God took hold of her; she was under deep conviction of sin, and such was her grief and agony that the police locked her up, thinking she was either drunk or out of her mind. In answer to her fervent cries, the Saviour revealed himself to her and spoke peace to her troubled soul, even in that prison cell; and now she is a most zealous and useful worker, seeking to rescue her fallen sisters.

After this, the same good friend engaged in prayer, and then the Pastor addressed the meeting. He apologized for not being much accustomed to that particular work; but, really, the fervency of his prayer and the warmth and appropriateness of his remarks, were evidence that he was well fitted to engage in such a mission. His hearers were still very attentive, and some of them showed signs of deep conviction. Several of them wept freely, and were really earnest in their desire to forsake their evil ways. This was truly gratifying to those of us who brought them in; for what loveller sight can there be upon earth than to see poor sinners weeping, and seeking mercy of the Lord? Talk about splendid paintings, and elegant costumes, and electric lights; they are

as nothing in comparison with the Sun of Righteousness shining into sinners' hearts, and causing the tear-drops to glisten in their eyes, and their faces to beam with holy joy. And such was the feeling of some of us on this occasion. Indeed, one or two friends present, who had not assisted in this work before, were so delighted, that they expressed a strong desire to engage in it again. Yet there was nothing so very special about this particular gathering; it was a fair sample of what the society frequently has.

There were not the blackened eyes and the bloated features which are characteristic of the meetings held at the East-end of London; nor were there the rich dresses and other gay attire of those at the West-end. A stranger might have supposed that it was an ordinary congregation of respectable females, except that many of them were more impressed with the truth than is usually the case; and yet only about an hour previous all those young persons were actually walking the streets for immoral purposes. Society calls them "outcasts," and justly so, too; yet little does society know the fierce temptations to which they were exposed, and the cruel wiles of men and of devils which first caused their ruin. Even now they could not endure the misery entailed by their course of life, did they not fly to the drink to drown conscience. Glory be to God many of these poor creatures are, from time to time, plucked as brands from the burning, and shall, doubtless, at length, help to adorn the Saviour's crown.

But to bring our meeting to a close. There was a little more singing and prayer, and then those who were desirous of further counsel were asked to stay behind. About a dozen of them did so, and of these, three were conveyed to a home that night. Some others expressed their intention of abandoning their evil ways, and two of them would gladly have done so even then, could they have been accepted. The funds of the society, however, do not admit of its supporting either an hospital or an orphanage; and as the former was required by one, and the latter for the child of another, these two cases, we regret to say, could not be entertained. To every one the address of the office was given, that they might apply at any time if desirous of help or counsel. Ofttimes are the friends of this mission much gladdened by the very sincere and touching cases which respond to their appeals, beside those which are actually rescued on the night of meeting. Should any of our readers like to hear more about this work, or to help in it, they will do well to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. J. Christien, 8A, Red Lion Square, London.

C. H. B.
Author of "Romish Inquisitions."

"She Hath Done What She Could."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. BY C. A. DAVIS.

A GREAT many years ago there lived a vast multitude of little creatures at the bottom of the clear blue tropical seas. They were like tiny flowers, delicately beautiful, and they dwelt very happily among the rocks in the bed of old ocean. One day the Great Spirit above the waters said to them, "Coral insects! build me an island." Then they all set to work, small and feeble as they were, not one of them hesitating or refusing. Slowly they laid the great foundations of the island, and as they went on working the building gradually rose through the clear water till it reached the surface. The work was remarkable for its solidity, and the workmanship was wonderful for its beauty: carved work and tracery of the most exquisite kind adorned the masonry of the coral island: for the tiny builders seemed to think nothing too good for the work which the Great Spirit commanded them to do, and no pains too great to bestow upon it. Every one of them did what it could.

Now, when the coral rock appeared above the surface of the water, and the

rippling seas played laughingly upon it in the light of the sunbeams, the Great Spirit spoke again, and this time his bidding was addressed to the seas. "Waters," he said, "cover me the island with soil." And immediately from all directions the sparkling waters carried grains of sand and cast them up upon the coral island; they brought seaweed, and withered leaves from distant shores; they collected whatever would make mould and deposited it on the island until the rock was covered with soil: for the waters seemed to think no care too great in executing the bidding of the Great Spirit. Every little wavelet did what it could.

Then the Great Spirit said to the winds: "O winds, carry me from distant lands the feathery, light-winged seeds, and sow them on the coral island." And to the birds the Great Spirit said: "Feed ye upon the bread fruits and bananas in yonder groves; but when ye have eaten and are satisfied, fly across the waters and drop me the seeds upon the Coral Island." And the sportive winds addressed themselves to the work: and from all quarters you might have seen them bearing the downy seeds along till they tossed them upon the island. And the many-coloured birds that fluttered and sang in the groves of the mainland thanked the Giver for the luscious fruits on which they fed; and then, spreading their wings upon the gale, sped across the waters carrying the precious seeds to drop them upon the receptive soil of the coral island: for the winds and the birds seemed to find their pleasure in obeying the behests of the Great Spirit, and each did what it could. And so it was that trees grew, flowers bloomed, and fruits ripened upon the island: and it became green and beautiful, a garden in the ocean.

And one day there came drifting across the waste of waters a lovely canoe. It contained some men and women who had been driven out of their course by storm: they were hungry, exhausted, and ready to perish, and had given themselves up for lost. But the sight of the island put fresh life into them, and they exerted themselves and brought the canoe to the shore. They landed and ate of the fruits, and were refreshed. Then they built themselves dwellings on the hospitable island, and it became a refuge and home for themselves and their children.

Thus it was that God's little workers, each working in its own way, and each doing what it could, gave safety and happiness to the perishing.

Can my little readers apply the story? Is there not some good work for every one of them to do in this world, and does not God call each of them to do it? He bids us do, not great tasks altogether beyond our reach, but "what we can." Take your Testament, my little friend, and read a sweet story from it to that sick boy you know of. And *you*, carry this bright flower with a loving word to the old lady who never gets out of doors. Some of you should collect pence and shillings to send missionaries to tell the heathen Jesus loves them. And others of you should tell of Jesus yourselves to the little heathen that live uncared for, yes, *and perishing*, not many minutes' walk from your own door. Each can do something: none are too little, too weak, too inexperienced: for there are tasks of all kinds, and the task allotted is proportioned to the ability of the worker. Take up your tasks, then, and do them willingly and well: the world will be the better for your work, and many a bright, imperishable result will spring from it, as surprising as the rise of the Coral Island from the labours of the insects, wavelets, winds, and birds. And the Saviour will have cause to utter again concerning each one of you the sentence of quiet approval, "He hath done what he could." "She hath done what she could."

A Cure for Gout.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

A COMIC paper says:—"According to the *World*, a new and startling cure for gout has been discovered. It is port wine! Here are a few more cures on the same principle." Then follow a series of sarcastic recipes, which we have embodied in the following lines :—

Oh, have you heard the last discovery? Another antidote for human misery.
Some Medico, inspired (?), has routed out a positive and speedy cure for gout.
But what it is you never e'en would guess: none of your nauseous pills and doctors' mess;
Nor is it abstinence from things that appetize, nor wasting time in tedious exercise;
Hygeia, moving from her general ruts, prescribes a remedy as sweet as nuts;
No more of noxious liniments and lotions, none of your poisonous pills and potions;
Who has the gout, with quite enough to bear, shan't have too much of drugs, too scanty fare.
Then list, O martyrs, I'm not speaking banter ("Similia similibus curantur"),
Strange as it seems, your pain's reduced to nought, if you will only take to drinking port!
Its sugar cures the saccharine in you; its fire will cool your heart like copious dew;
The cherry-juice and malva flowers in port most potent are, they cure as quick as thought;
The ratany, and orris-root, and red argol, divide the honours with king Alcohol;
Tartaric kills the lithic in the blood, and cures the gout—'tis surely clear as mud—
While colchicum, and every other balm, must yield to *Lusitania** the palm.

What blessed news! for he who was a cripple, has nought to do more troublesome than tipple;
And when his foe arrives to knock him down, a *liquor up* will surely do him brown,
And they who in the past were known as hobblers, can have relief proportionate to nobblers.

If this be so, we'll heal some other ills with similar recipes, eschewing draughts and pills:
A cold is cured by getting quite wet through—don't change your clothes, you spoil it if you do;
Dyspepsia must yield before the power of heavy suppers at the midnight hour;
Headaches are charmed by hullaballoos of babies, bands, and cockatoos;
Delirium tremens bows before the sway of fine old cognac—two flasks per day;
And if you're pained with corns upon your feet, wear tighter boots, they look so nice and neat.
This also is the remedy for bunions; and sneezing's cured by smelling onions:
Don't go to dentists if your teeth decay, lollies and candies take the pain away;
And when you're weary with a hard day's toil, four hours of digging will exhaustion foil.
Your chest is weak, bend always o'er a book. You're feeling lonely, seek a quiet nook.

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* *i. e.* Portugal, whence port wine is *supposed* to come.

Your breathing's short, run full-tear up a hill. You're corpulent, eat fattening
things at will.
If lean, you really shouldn't eat a meal—an appetite, you know, is not
genteel;
Powder your eyes with dust if sight be weak; eat Barcelona nuts before you
speak.
On this same principle, the cure for colic—superior to any paregoric—
Is eating apples *sour*, at least a score; and if the pain continues, eat some
more;
If these to ease the pang appear unable, some shilling claret works the oracle.

To sum up all:—In this new-fangled light, two blacks do, after all, make
white;
Who goes not right turns once more to the left; sin is sin's cure; a lie excuses
theft;
Disease's mother is its nurse as well; and drink, forsooth, may quench the fires
of hell.

Nay: 'tis not so, port still produces gout, and therefore cannot drive the
demon out;
And what is true of port and its disease, holds good, whatever case you please.
Drink brings a curse; it always did, and will, while men adore the wine-vat
and the still.

Notices of Books.

We commence the January notices of books with those which belong to the opening year, or have about them a peculiar adaptation for presents.

The Sword and the Trowel for 1885 can be had of Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster. We look well in our proper binding with the sword and trowel by our side. One silver crown will put a copy on our friends' shelves. Please secure us this measure of literary immortality.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1886. Edited by Robert Rae. 337, Strand.

No temperance speaker ought to be without this handy book of reference, which is as full as ever of statistics and information with regard to every phase of the terrible drink traffic. This year's Annual is additionally valuable because of the special articles on the progress of the temperance cause in the Australasian Colonies.

The Little Gleaner (Houlston and Sons) is an exceedingly pretty volume. The matter is often interesting and always sound. Those who are the most orthodox of the orthodox may give this to their children without the shadow of fear.

The Sower. Houlston and Sons. Annual volume. Very good, but rather heavy. More engravings to make it bright, like *The Gleaner*, would materially add to its circulation.

Sure and Swift. Being the Christmas number of the Quiver for 1885. Cassell and Co.

Chastely beautiful externally, and exceedingly well written. We advise all our readers to invest sixpence in it.

Crumbs for Robins. The Christmas part of the Little One's Own Coloured Picture Paper. Dean and Sons.

Beautiful for the little tots. No family which has tiny children should be without it.

Stirring Stories of Peace and War by Sea and Land. By James Macaulay, M.A., M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Fire and fight, courage and danger enough for a whole generation of boys. Well done, Dr. Macaulay; you are second to none in telling a tale and warming the hearts of your youthful audience as you do it. Your talk is manly, and your book is a good six shillings' worth of thrilling history. Outside and inside the book is like a live shell. We handled it with great

care, fearing that it might explode in our hand. Indeed, it did once carry us clean away.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With Notes by the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D. Illustrated by H. C. SELOUS, Esq., and M. PAOLO PRIOLO. Cassell and Co.

WE will lay this volume by till our eyes force us a second time to the spectacle-maker. Then shall we value like a precious pearl a Pilgrim's Progress in so large a letter. Father Honest himself could not have found fault with it, and Christiana would have danced for joy if she had possessed it. There, Harry and Alice, fetch out your shillings, and buy one for dear old Grandpapa.

The Sermon on the Mount. Illustrated. With Introduction by the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON. Hodder and Stoughton.

A GLORIOUS book for the drawing-room table. We do not care for the view of the Mount of Beatitudes with a dead camel and vultures at its foot; but all else is poetical and artistic. Some of the drawings will abide in our memory for many a long day, such as the man with the long countenance and the miser.

It gives us great pain to add that we observe in it representations of God the Father, and this sin against the second Commandment to our mind spoils all the beauty of the book.

The Children of Africa. Written for all English-speaking children. By their Old Friend the Author of "The Children of India," and "The Children of China." With Map and Illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

A ROYAL book. Like the former volumes by the same author, this work teems with instruction so lovingly given, and so plentifully garnished with pictures, that the boys and girls must and will read it, and must also remember it afterwards. These marvellous pages ought to be worth £10,000 a year to the missionary cause. They ought to be worth more than *that*; for they should win hearts and lives, which are not to be valued by millions of gold and silver. All the known regions of Africa are here depicted; and we feel that we have been made by this book to know very much more about the dark continent than we knew before.

The Dragon and the Raven; or, the Days of King Alfred. By G. A. HENTY.
The Lion of the North: A Tale of the Times of Gustavus Adolphus and the Wars of Religion. By G. A. HENTY. Blackie and Son.

Two wonderful books for boys. Bedight with gold upon the cover, and flashing with living incident within, these works will fascinate juvenile minds. We pay him a crown for guerdon, and Mr. Henty makes us live among the Danes and their warships; and when we have done with the Vikings, he cries "Hi! Presto!" and we see Gustavus Adolphus and his brave warriors wielding the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. For this last deed of magic we pay six pieces of silver, and leave this wizard of the north for this season.

The Welcome. A Magazine for the Home Circle. With Illustrations. S. W. Partridge and Co.

EXTERNALLY this is the queen of all the Annuals. For beauty of illustration, and freshness of information it holds its own with the very best. Vol. xii. is a decided improvement on vol. i., though each time we think that the climax has been reached. Our country is more influenced by magazines such as these than by its museums and picture galleries, because these are seen and studied when public exhibitions are out of reach.

The Sunday at Home. Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading. 1885.
The Leisure Hour. 1885. Religious Tract Society.

THESE excellent monthlies pursue steadily their instructive orbits. What an amount of pleasure and profit they distribute monthly! They are among the most salutary agencies which operate among our fellow-citizens. Made up into volumes they are good enough to enrich the libraries of princes and divines. Many a happy hour will be spent in the reading of them, and the good will not end when the pleasure is past. Seed like this lives after many days.

The Fireside Annual. Home Words for Heart and Hearth. The Day of Days Annual. Vol. xiv. All the above-mentioned are edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., and published at "Home Words" office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

An editor is above all other men able to sympathize with the producer of such periodicals as these. Without being very profound, these three serials are always instructive, and withal bright and fresh. Evangelical Churchism may think itself thrice happy in producing in Charles Bullock a born editor — a literary apostle. He makes his issues popular as well as gracious, and thus he secures attention to important themes which might else be dismissed with a yawn. The volumes for the year are neatly bound, and make attractive books.

The British Messenger. A Treasury of Gospel Truth. Yearly part for 1885. Edited by the Rev. Andrew Carter, M.A. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

This is always stirring, practical, and gracious. Like our own "Home Evangel," it deserves to be placed in the hand of every unsaved man and woman in the three kingdoms.

The Local Preacher's Treasury. Vol. II. Edited by John Bate. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

Assuredly a true treasury to many a poor brother who is looking for something for Sunday. We who have no secular business, yet find it hard work to keep the seed-basket full for Sabbath sowings; what must it be with brethren who have shops to keep, or factories to oversee? Mr. John Bate has helped all ministers by his Cyclopædias, &c., and in this serial he succours many a local preacher, and the reviewer would add, "and me also." The year's magazine makes quite a comely and important volume.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

Good, and likely to do good. In monthly form well adapted for wide distribution, and, as a volume, an acceptable gift.

Grace and Truth for Old and Young. W. B. Horner and Son, 27, Paternoster Square.

Answering to its title, this excellent serial is sure to benefit its readers: may they be as many as the stars!

Naval Brigade News. Christmas Number. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Respect for Miss Weston's admirable work among sailors would make us commend the Christmas Number of the "Naval Brigade News": but really it is an amusing production, and deserves success. Miss Weston's work in Portsmouth merits the munificent assistance of all who wish to see each ship become an ark of grace.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum. Hodder and Stoughton.

We dare say it will suit the clergy, but Baptist ministers hardly require it.

Old Jonathan. The District and Parish Helper. Collingridge.

We welcome this old friend. He has always some gracious word to say, and he says it well. The volume is prettily got-up, and is cheap at 1s. 6d.

Good Words, and *The Sunday Magazine.* Isbister and Co.

These magazines occupy the highest places in periodical literature. Nothing can excel them in their artistic and literary quality; and taking them for all in all, their religious teaching is fairly good—not very robust, but better than most.

The Rosebud. The Baby's Magazine. James Clarke and Co.

The very little ones can have nothing better than this.

Little Folks. Cassell and Co.

Just splendid. The best thing out.

Dean and Son send us some first-class nursery-books from 6d. to 2s. The colours are bright, and the reading such as children love. *Little Toddles*, at 3s. 6d., contains a host of delights. Such a New Year's gift! Is it too late? Get it for Twelfth-Night.

Mother's and Mine: her Stories while I paint. Outline Pictures by T. Pym; Stories by C. Shaw. J. F. Shaw.

A great deal of amusement may be got out of these outline pictures. We wonder how such a lot of drawings can be produced for a single shilling.

Messages from Heaven. Smaller Outline Texts for Children to Paint. By C. Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Texts to be painted, and then given away with a bunch of flowers, or enclosed in a letter. There are 120 outlined cards for the shilling. First, Miss Jane has the pleasure of colouring the cards according to her own sweet taste, and then she prays God to bless the giving away of his own precious Word. Thus double good comes of *something for Sunday.*

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are producing *a Sunday Library for Young People;* and are doing so at a very great rate. Here are four dainty little books at 1s. each: *Jottings from the Diary of the Sun.* By M. H. *The Golden Chain (the Lord's Prayer);* a story for children. By a lady. *Richard Blake and his Little Green Bible.* By M. H. *Nothing to do; or the Influence of a Life.* By M. H.

Three more come with them at 1s. 6d. each: *Quiet Talks with my Young Friends.* By M. H. *Lindsay Lee and his Friends.* By P. E. S. *The Cottagers of Glencarran.* By Letitia McClintock.

Three others follow at 2s. 6d. each: *The Melvill Family and their Bible Readings.* By H. W. Ellis. *Lizzie Sydenham, and the Wrong Turning.* By Mrs. J. M. Tandy. *Alice Thorne; or, a Sister's Work.* Each one appears to be excellent in its own way. We do not quite like the idea of a Sunday library of tales. On the Lord's-day we used to look for something more Sabbatic, not to say more serious, than the pious story-teller usually produces. However, our predilection may only be a Puritan prejudice; and certainly these are good books—the very best of their sort. For week-days we commend all the Library without reserve. The publishers deserve success.

From Calvary to Olivet. Being a Sequel to "Voices from Calvary." A Course of Homilies. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

To think of our almost blind brother writing all these charming sentences is very stimulating. What compensations there are for our losses! What light in the dark! Charles Stanford is one of our few inspired men. The Spirit of the Lord is upon him; he giveth goodly words. In this instance he speaks of the things which he has made touching the King, and he writes like a man who has beheld the inner glories. This is a choice work.

An Exposition of the New Testament. By Matthew Henry. Vol. I. Thos. C. Jack.

This is a small portion of Matthew Henry in quite a new shape. We gave this publisher permission to reprint an extract from our "Commenting and Commentaries"; but we had no idea that he would use it as a preface to his edition of Matthew Henry, as though we wrote it for that purpose, which we did not. We have never before seen this edition of the great commentator.

Matthew Henry only wrote on a part of the New Testament, and that which was done by others to complete the work is of inferior value. The publishers ought to apprise their readers of this in due time. This volume is the genuine article, consisting of the first seventeen chapters of Matthew; and we dare say a good many will like it in this portable form. The print is too small for our eyes.

By-Paths of Bible Knowledge. VII. *Assyria: its Princes, Priests, and People.* By A. H. Sayce, M.A. VIII. *The Dwellers on the Nile.* By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

We are glad that this series is continued; for by its means the rare antiquities of Biblical nations are brought under the survey of persons with small means. In the two volumes now on our table, Assyria and the Nile banks are made to yield their "treasures of darkness," their records of the days of old. These works are worthy of any library. We never tire of such literature.

For Ever with Jesus; or, Home at Last. By DAVID A. DOUDNEY, D.D. W. H. and L. Collingridge, 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

OUR dear old friend writes with all the fluency of an aged man who is full of his best-beloved subject. His Lord's glory has been to him the theme of a long life, and the joy of a tried heart. Dr. Doudney will never have done. Even when he is "for ever with the Lord" above, he will go on pouring out his glad heart about these blessed doctrines of grace which are worth ten thousand worlds. It is delightful to get a bit of homely Calvinism nowadays, and to read the experience of one who knows nothing but Jesus. Many a poor saint will be refreshed by this book.

Strength for the Day. A Daily Book in the Words of Scripture. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

DR. MACDUFF is a prolific book-maker, and in each new production he displays special freshness and taste. Here he arranges texts for thirty-one days, under the headings of certain days, such as "Day of Decision," "Day of Small Things." It is a tasteful book for eighteenpence.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Being extracts, covering a comprehensive circle of religious and allied topics. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A.; Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A.; and Rev. CHARLES NEIL, M.A. Kegan Paul and Co.

HERE is the fourth volume of this stupendous work, which is worthy to be ranked with the great wall of China, the Colossus of Rhodes, or the Pyramids of Egypt. We could not at first make out the plan; but it begins to dawn upon us. It is very comprehensive when you once comprehend it; and it cannot fail to aid the studies of those who are looking at a subject all round. Our own conviction is, that the work is too great to succeed: it will perish under its own weight. Still, it will be of untold value to those who are wise enough to purchase it, and studious enough to consult it, and vigorous enough to digest it. Our marvel is, that any publisher should so greatly dare as to issue such a work: the bold firm ought to be rewarded for so brave an action, and we sincerely desire that it may be.

Will and Work: or, Encouragement for Young Christians. By EMILY P. LEAKEY. W. Mack.

AN unpretending, neat little book, full of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" written, evidently, by a consecrated lady, with a view of helping others to the same blissful life.

Morning Thoughts for our Daughters. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE mantle of Miss Havergal is surely upon Mrs. Reaney. Every page of "Morning Thoughts" brings to our mind the sweet spirit of that departed one. Could more be said in praise of this little manual of devotion?

Our Anniversaries: a Selection of Texts and Verses for Every Day in the Year. By ALICE LAND. Religious Tract Society.

THE Queen of Birthday Books. Surpassing in beauty, within and without.

Sermons. By MARK PATTISON. Macmillan and Co.

NOT at all of our school. Able, reminding us of Robertson, of Brighton, with more learning, but much less suggestiveness.

Bible Heathens; or, Church and World in Scripture Times. By CHARLES MARTIN GRANT, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

SERMONS upon such characters as Balaam, Naaman, Cyrus, the Magi, &c. We do not like the tone of the introductory chapter; still, the discourses are able, instructive, and interesting.

Scientific Illustrations and Symbols; Moral Truths Mirrored in Scientific Facts. By a Barrister of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. R. D. Dickinson.

THE idea which is here wrought out is a rich one, and will be further taken up by others. In the present instance the scientific facts selected are many of them highly illustrative. The man who could not find metaphors and emblems by the aid of this book must be dull indeed. This capital volume ought to have a large sale.

"*Jesus, Lover of My Soul.*" By CHARLES WESLEY. With Illustrations by Clark Stanton, S.A., and other Artists. Nelson and Sons.

A SERIES of artistic illustrations of Charles Wesley's famous hymn. We cannot say that we are greatly charmed by the work.

Bible Promises. Sermons to Children. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WRITE on, good Dr. Newton, our children will never grow tired of your emblems and stories. Every teacher should read this book, and then repeat it to his class. The price is 2s. only.

Letters by the late Frances Ridley Havergal. Nisbet and Co.

SURELY, in Miss Havergal is fulfilled the promise of the Psalm, "His leaf also shall not wither," for even her ordinary letters are preserved, and are found to be as full of fragrance as the leaves of the camphor tree. Anything about F. R. H. is interesting to the many lovers of her seraphic song. There are pearls in the streamlets of her correspondence, which ought not to be lost. These letters do not rise to the eminence of the letters of Cowper, and Newton, and others who lived in the golden age, when, as yet, the Penny Post had not infused so much of copper into our correspondence. We have received some precious hints while searching these pages, and we feel grateful for them. We should have been sorry to have missed these letters: notwithstanding the small talk which they contain, they are infinitely better than many with which biographers stuff out the dreary memoirs which load our shelves.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Book of Joshua. By the Rev. G. F. MACLEAR, D.D. The Book of Judges. By the Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A. Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane.

HAVING carefully examined these annotations upon two portions of Scripture, we can heartily commend them to any of our readers who need such assistance; and who does not? The notes are sufficient to remove many difficulties, and at the same time to illustrate places, manners, and historical facts. While admirably adapted for school use, these works are equally suitable for private study. Teachers, students, and ministers may be glad of such guidance as these books afford. It would be greatly wise to go through one of the sacred books by the aid of its Handbook; at the same time making spiritual observations of one's own. Prices 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

The Treasury of David. By C. H. SPURGEON. Vol. VII. Passmore and Alabaster.

ALL Mr. Spurgeon's friends and admirers will congratulate him upon the completion of the last volume of "The Treasury of David." It was a great undertaking, and will be a lasting memorial of his diligence and zeal. No such commentary, for extent, and, above all, for experimental and practical remarks has heretofore appeared upon the Psalms of David. The increasing interest that has been taken in the work, as volume after volume has appeared, will ensure for this, the last of the series, a cordial reception; and will, we doubt not, increase the demand for the whole. Besides his own original and characteristic exposition of every part, it contains the substance of nearly all that has been written upon the same subject by others, so as to present the whole existing literature of the Psalms in one view. Though the production of years, the same freshness and fervour are continued to its close; and the pleasure and the profit which the author himself has derived from these studies are a pledge and a promise of what may be expected by those who, by reading and prayerful meditation, may enter into his labours. As from one treasury of David, Solomon was enabled to erect his magnificent temple with materials collected for his use, so here from the richer treasury of his Psalms, a more enduring temple for prayer and praise has been constructed; nor was the joy at the conclusion of the one more pure and lasting than that at the conclusion of the other. The "Hallelujah!" with which the volume closes, will have an echo in the hearts of thousands both in this life and in the life to come.—G. R.

A Popular Technical Dictionary of Commercial and General Information. By EDWARD T. BLAKELY, F.S.S. John Hogg.

WILL be found extremely useful to business men and others.

A History of Constitutional Reform in Great Britain and Ireland. By JAMES MURDOCK. Blackie and Son.

The Three Reforms of Parliament. A History, 1830—1885. By WM. HEATON. T. Fisher Unwin.

THESE two volumes pass over much the same ground, only Mr. Murdock begins earlier. We like both the works, and commend them as books for this season of political stir. They are hardly of the class which this magazine usually introduces to its readers. Mr. Heaton's book is five shillings; we do not know the price of the other, but suppose it to be the same.

The Parliamentary History of England, from the Passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. By JOHN RAVEN. Elliot Stock.

A VERY able and timely book, bringing within the reach of the many what had before been accessible only to the few. It deserves to be called "The People's Hansard." Beginning with the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, Mr. Raven carries down his journal to 1880, describing in clear and concise form those great measures and debates which have shaped the Empire, Policy and Commerce of England into what they now are. It is a record in which the lovers of progress may take a just pride. The arrangement is very simple: lists of ministers comprising each Cabinet, from Earl Grey's in 1832, to Mr. Disraeli's in 1874, are placed at the beginning; each session's work is given in a separate chapter; and a copious index concludes the volume. Mr. Raven writes in an easy and unaffected style, which allows all the matters of "pith and moment" of which he treats to stand out in their full natural proportions. So far from being of the "Dryasdust" order, this Parliamentary History has all the interest of romance; with this in addition, that while we have in these pages the record of many great reforms that have been accomplished, we also see the early shoots and struggles of others no less vital to the nation's welfare, which still await, though they have long pressed for, settlement. This will be evident when it is said Mr. Raven tells the story of what Parliament has said and done in reference to Tithes of the Church of England, and of the Church of Ireland, Church Rates, University Tests, the Revenues of Cathedrals and Bishops, Disestablishment, Dissenters' Marriages and Burials, Civil Disabilities of the Jews, the Poor Law, National Education, Penny Postage, Paper Duties, Factories, Corporations, Reform of the Penal Code, Abolition of Slavery, Vote by Ballot, Corn Laws, Free Trade, Railways, Chartist Agitation, Irish Famine, Flogging in the Army, Game Laws, Maynooth Grant, Agricultural Holdings, Artisans' Dwellings, Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, Alabama Claims, the wars between France and Germany, and between Russia and Turkey, the Bulgarian Atrocities, the Zulu War, the Transvaal and Afghan difficulties, and other questions of similar importance. It is not the least of the excellencies of this book that it is singularly impartial; or if there is now and then a slight tinge of colouring added, there is not a Liberal in the kingdom who would not own that even in this failing, Mr. Raven "leans to virtue's side."

Young Days of Authors. With Illustrations. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. Hogg.

INTELLIGENT young people, who prefer fact to fiction, will find in this closely-printed volume quite a little library of history, chiefly of the First Napoleon. They will, moreover, make the acquaintance of eight authors of mark, one of whom, at least, they probably never heard of, viz., "The Russian Cadet," Thaddeus Von Bulgarin. The others are Alexis Rio, Heinrich Heine, Captain Basil Hall, Alfieri, Wm. Hutton, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, and Hans Christian Andersen. Mr. Hope says he seeks to tempt his young readers towards the study of good literature, too much neglected by them in our days of thoughtless and worthless reading! We endorse his opinion, and wish him an increasing circle of readers.

By-Path Meadow. By Edwin Paxton Hood. James Clarke and Co.

Our good brother, Paxton Hood, has ended his pilgrimage, but he has left behind him warnings for others who are on the road, that they go not wandering into By-Path Meadow. This is a new edition of a story told in that lively, full, jerky, earnest, satisfactory sort of way which was peculiar to Paxton Hood. He was quaint and humorous, with more than a dash of sadness in it all. His book will live, and win its continual circle of thankful readers.

Famous Caves and Catacombs. T. Nelson and Sons.

We have whiled away an hour with this instructive and entertaining book. There is ever a charm to us in caves and dens of the earth; and here we have them in any number. Messrs. Nelson and Sons get up their books in a specially solid and neat style. This will well repay the purchaser who wishes for an interesting book.

The Children's Tour; or, Everyday Sights in a Sunny Land. By M. A. Paull. Nelson and Sons.

A very fine book. Why should not the youngsters have books of travel as well as their seniors? The children go to Paris, and thence by the Italian Lakes to Milan, Venice, Rome, and Naples. Our own memories are revived, and we sigh as we think of those blue skies which are in such celestial contrast to this saucepan with the lid on, in which we do not live, and can hardly be said to move or have our being. In binding, and other material circumstances, this is a book of the first order, quite a luxurious affair.

"In Perils Oft": Romantic Biographies illustrative of the Adventurous Life. By W. H. Davenport Adams. John Hogg.

A handsome volume teeming with interest, as may well be conceived from the following list of the illustrious adventurers whose travels, explorations, and perils are portrayed, viz.: Sir Sidney Smith, the Earl of Dundonald, Arminius Vambery, Dr. Joseph Wolff, Lieut. Schwatka, Sir Samuel Baker, Sir Jas. Brooke, W. G. Palgrave, Edmond O'Donovan, Professor Palmer, and last, but not least, General Gordon. The name of Davenport Adams is sufficient guarantee for the literary ability to do justice to each of his heroes. The illustrations are of a high order of merit, and the book is highly creditable to all concerned in its production. The gilt-edged edition at 6s. 6d. would be a highly-valued prize for boys of the upper forms.

John Gordon, of Pilburg and Parkhill; or, Memorials of a Standard-bearer. By his Widow. Nisbet and Co.

The life of a noble-hearted Scottish laird, an uncompromising Christian, a man who always and everywhere stood up for Jesus. His fresh, unconventional way of working for Christ, his unremitting concern for the salvation of the servants on his estate, his wide-reaching connection with evangelistic work, are admirably told by his widow, a daughter of Sir David Brewster. It is a strong and refreshing book. John Gordon was a distant kinsman of Gordon of Khartoum, and was not unlike him in fearless independence of character and devotion to the Lord.

The King's Service. A Story of the Thirty Years' War. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers." Religious Tract Society.

The long series of wars between the Catholics and Protestants of Germany, which devastated and decimated that land, has proved a fertile field for the writers of historic tales. We have read none which are better written, or in which greater pains have been taken to secure accuracy as to important facts, than the one before us. The events leading up to the battle of Lutzen, and the death of Gustavus Adolphus, are full of interest to all Protestants. Young and old will follow the fortunes of the Grahams, the chief actors in the story, to the end.

Seeking a Country; or, the Home of the Pilgrims. By the Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A. T. Nelson and Sons.

Well illustrating the struggles of those who founded New England. The tale is told exceedingly well, and the volume which contains it is tastefully got up.

Esther Wynne. By Emma Jane Worboise. James Clarke and Co., and Hodder and Stoughton.

A love story, in which the most prominent personages are three antique spinsters—the three old maids of Netterly—with whom true religion and undefiled is to visit St. Surplice's on Sundays and saints'-days, and to keep themselves unspotted from Dissent; also to adore prelates, prebends, and pedigrees, and on no account to associate with any creatures who have not some corpuscles of blue blood in their veins. These highly proper persons stand in the relationship of temporal and spiritual pastors *and masters* to an orphan niece, Esther Wynne, and this "misguided, degenerate girl" has dared to encourage the suit of a young man who is a Dissenter and, worse still, if worse could be, "a nobody."

Upon these lines, our authoress constructs with unexceptionable taste and skill a charming story, in which she takes off in an amusing manner the foibles and ignorant bigotry of "ingrain Conservatives of the old Tory school." All this, however, is subservient to the writer's purpose of enforcing and illustrating the Scriptural injunctions—"Children, obey your parents in the Lord," and "Commit thy way unto the Lord; wait patiently for him"; and "he shall direct thy steps."

Katie: an Edinburgh Lassie. By Robina F. Hardy. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A capital little story of life and Christian work in the slums of Auld Reekie, and of genteel poverty in its once aristocratic quarters. The sayings of the drunken fish-hawker, Mistress Gebbie, and her droll daughter, Katie, are laughter-provoking to a degree; while the death-bed scene of poor Andrew in the Infirmary is full of tender pathos. This book, like others by Miss Hardy, will encourage Christian workers among the outcast.

Fought and Won. A Story of Grammar School Life. By Ruth Elliott. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street.

We have read several chapters of this story of Grammar School Life, and are horrified at the revelations (if they are such) of schoolboys consuming dozens of wines and spirits, gambling at cards and billiards, and raising money to pay for drink and losses at an illegal pawnshop. If these things are so, it is time head-masters and parents knew of the things done in secret, and put a stop to them. The discovery of the evil doings at Eastlake Grammar School leads to the formation of a Total Abstinence Society, with the happiest results; and the moral of the story is that, for young and old, teachers and taught, the wisest and only safe course is abstinence.

The Master's Likeness. A School Story for Boys. By Joseph Johnson. Religious Tract Society.

We have seldom met with a "school story for boys" displaying such high qualities in the author as "The Master's Likeness." He will bespeak and retain the attention of the most mischievous and careless young dog that ever worried a poor usher, by the details of "bolsterings," "grand spreads" in the dormitories, orchard robbings, and jolly larks generally. Yet there runs through all the highest and holiest teaching, without any "preachifying." There are some very beautiful illustrations of Divine truth in the book, side by side with such cricket news as might have been written by Dr. Grace. The likings of the gentler sex, too, are not ignored; but somebody's brother will lend her the book, so we will pass on to say that we *could* find a fault if we tried; for the author has in just a sentence or two caricatured what he calls "the Calvinism" of one of his characters. He will, we trust, correct that mistake in future editions, which are sure to be called for; for, despite our very small growl, we heartily recommend our friends to have, in more senses than one, "The Master's Likeness."

The Slippery Ford; or, How Tom was Taught. By Mrs. C. M. Clarke. Religious Tract Society.

One of the sweetest little stories we ever read. The only fault we found with it was on page 191, where we were suddenly disenchanted by Mrs. C. M. Clarke's "Amen," in the form of "Finis."

Notes.

PROPERLY speaking, the Editor has very little to place under this head on the present occasion; and he would drop this part of the magazine were it not that so many kind friends will have *personal* information about him, and think themselves injured if it is not given. Our relations with our readers are of a peculiarly fraternal kind, and therefore we are obliged to write matters which else might seem egotistical.

Brain-weariness has driven the Pastor to take his accustomed rest. If this had not been delayed, a painful attack would not, in all probability, have overtaken him. No disease remained in his system, but there was a general weariness, and hence a crash, which is now over.

December 17th, on which this paragraph is penned, is at Mentone a balmy day of clear sunshine and summer warmth. One may sit out of doors all day, and drink in the healing influences of sun, and sea, and air. There is nothing like it for an invalid, to whom the cold and the damp are killing. By God's grace the lame man finds such rapid restoration that he hopes soon to be on his feet, and the overworked brain enters into such rest, that it anticipates, with strong hope, the bliss of being in full work again.

Among the *débris* of the elections, which need to be swept away, is the statement made by several divines, that *Mr. Spurgeon has acknowledged the Church of England to be the only bulwark of the faith*. This we have neither thought nor said. We are glad to see so many faithful preachers of the gospel in the Episcopalian body, and we are happy to acknowledge all the good which they accomplish; but there are, alas! many in the Church who are as far from being like them as the east is from the west. The Establishment is, as we believe, itself an error; and it works for error rather than for truth; it does the Episcopalian church great harm to be endowed and established, and renders it less a bulwark of truth than it might be. Witness the Rome-ward tendency of many officials, and the sacramentarianism preached from so many pulpits, and judge whether a Protestant Dissenter can think the Anglican Establishment a bulwark of the faith. A cause is hard driven which needs to twist the admissions of candour into such a statement.

If we were to pretend to answer all the mis-statements, to which our name has been tacked during the heated contest of the past few weeks, we should need all the magazine for several months; and, therefore, with one or two exceptions, we have let them pass, trusting that they will come to an end with the excitement which produced them. God grant that out of these storms some good result may yet come, though one sees not as yet how it is to be! The battle upon the subject of a favoured church will be long and fierce, and will tax all the Christian temper of men on both sides; for it is a question upon which we each feel very deeply, and are solemnly resolved never to give way, because we believe we are right. The sooner we give each other credit for intensely sincere convictions the better, for thus we may prevent a thousand needless blunders.

Thirty-one volumes of sermons are now completed, and we feel that we have overflowing reason for blessing God for his gracious help. Our publishers are commencing the work of reissuing the first volumes in the larger type, so as to make the whole set uniform. It must be a work of time, as we hope to look them all through.

Very gratefully do we acknowledge Mrs. Paxton Hood's dedication of her husband's last work—*The Throne of Eloquence*. It is no small honour to have a second homiletical volume dedicated to us by such a racy writer. We have just completed this month's book notices, and therefore can only say that we look forward to a banquet when we come to the reading of this work.

Have our friends forgotten that we have a large collection of engravings, &c., illustrative of the Reformation, which we are happy to lend for exhibition at bazaars, &c.? All particulars as to space required, and conditions on which they are lent, can be obtained of Mr. H. Hibbert, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Our Constantinople friend, who is arranging for the translation of Norcott's "Baptism Discovered," reports that the Armenian version is ready for publication. We have, therefore, sent him the £15 contributed for this object at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting; and we have promised to forward the £30 when the other translations are completed. We need a few pounds before we shall have the required amount; but, doubtless, the necessary amount will be made up in one way or another. We have also had further evidence of the usefulness of the little book in leading Bulgarian believers to see what the Scriptures teach upon baptism; and in response to an earnest request from Peru, we have sent some copies to that country for the guidance of Christians who desire to know the will of the Lord upon this matter. It would seem that believers in many places are exercised upon this subject; and it is well that they should be.

On *Tuesday evening, November 24th*, one on the most successful meetings ever held if, HADDON HALL resulted in raising £108 for the Benevolent Fund connected with the work there. Although a very wet night

about 300 of the workers and congregation met, under the presidency of C. F. Allison, Esq., to hold the annual meeting of the sister societies, The Tract Society and The Benevolent Fund. After addresses, encouraging the tract-distributors, a collection was taken for the Benevolent Fund. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon sent £5, and the same amount was contributed by Messrs. R. V. Barrow, J. T. Olney, T. H. Olney, and E. Bithray, and by Mrs. Bithray. Several Bermondsey firms, and also some friends at the Tabernacle sent generous help; while members of the congregation contributed £30 in small sums. We recognize the good hand of our God with us in all this.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Graham has accepted the pastorate of the church at Tewkesbury.

Mr. F. J. Aust has removed, from Willenhall, to Cradley Heath, near Dudley; Mr. J. Hollinshead, from Eye, to Ringstead, Northamptonshire; and Mr. G. H. Trapp, from West Chester, to Towanda, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Mr. E. J. Welch, of Sarratt, hopes soon to sail for Australia, where he will be glad of the assistance of any of our brethren who can guide him to a sphere of labour.

Mr. F. W. Auvache, who has done good service in Canada, since he left the College in 1882, has been accepted by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board as a missionary to the Teloogoos, in India.

One of the brethren, who settled recently in the United States, writes: "If we could import a thousand of the younger ministers from England, they would all be able to find work and a living in the States. Enquire in what district we may, we shall find churches wanting pastors. *The National Baptist* and *The New York Examiner* every week tell of churches vacant, and in distress for want of pastors."

Pastor C. Chapman, of Spanish Town, Jamaica, reports that, during his eighteen months' pastorate, 250 persons have been received into church-membership, of whom 180 have been baptized, and 70 restored, or transferred from other churches. He greatly needs increased accommodation in different stations under his charge. At Kitson Town, where a church of about 180 members has just been formed, one third of the congregation usually cannot get inside the chapel. A mission-hall is also needed at a little distance from Passage Fort, and another in a thickly-populated part of Spanish Town, where also the principal chapel requires repairs which will probably cost £200. The people are mostly very poor, and their pastor will be exceedingly grateful for any help that British Christians can send him.

EVANGELISTS.—The reports of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, were very cheering. Pastor W. Stott and his friends expressed great gratitude for the help received through the Evangelists' visit; and as a practical proof of it they sent a substantial thankoffering for the Society's funds.

During the greater part of December our brethren have been in Norwood, where the services are still in progress at the time of making up these "Notes."

Friends in London may be interested in knowing that Messrs. Fullerton and Smith will conduct the Watch-night Service at the Tabernacle. As December 31 comes on a Thursday, the service will commence at seven p.m., and be continued, with perhaps a brief interval, until midnight. May the first moments of the new year be the beginning of new life or new consecration to very many!

On Jan. 10, the Evangelists are to commence a mission at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, in connection with Pastor E. G. Gange; and on Feb. 7 they return to London to Mr. Charrington's new hall in the Mile End Road.

Mr. Burnham is continuing his work in Dorsetshire amid much encouragement. This month (Jan. 4 to 11) he goes to Bere Regis, and Jan. 13 to 19 to Spalding; and next month to Bridport.

Mr. Harmer's services at Little Tew, Oxfordshire, were not without signs of the Lord's approval, especially at the latter part of the fortnight he spent there. During December he has visited King's Langley, Hertfordshire, and Bloxham, Oxfordshire, and this month he is engaged at Chippenham and Luton.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have found the way open for evangelistic services in the United States, so they will probably remain there for the present. They have conducted missions at Brookfield and Lawrence, Massachusetts; Ansonia, Connecticut (with our brother McKinney); and Kingston, and Oneonta, New York. In every place they have been kindly received, and the hand of the Lord has been with them.

For this Evangelistic work we have received very little help of late, with the exception of sums collected at the services of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Do our friends wish us to give up?

ORPHANAGE.—We have had several exceedingly encouraging contributions during the past month, and we regret that our limited space will only permit brief references to these tokens of the Lord's goodness to us, and of the loving interest taken by many friends in our large fatherless family at Stockwell.

In the December number of *The Sword and the Trowel* we mentioned the need of increased funds for the Orphanage. *Before the magazine was issued* a friend, till then unknown, sent £500, with a kind note expressive of his desire to give his money in the future where it would help in the spread of the old truths that many are now casting aside.

A day or two later another unknown sermon-reader came a considerable distance in order to place in the President's hand thirty sovereigns which he had saved up for the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund. The venerable saint's testimony to the blessing which had rested on the reading and distribution of the printed sermons was even more gratifying than his generous gift.

The West Croydon Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of J. A. Spurgeon, the Vice-President of the Orphanage, has held another bazaar or sale of work, in aid of the Orphanage. Through the energetic efforts of Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon and her many lady friends, and the generosity of the Croydon Baptists and other helpers, the sum of £100 has been paid to the funds of the institution, and sufficient articles have been left to furnish a stall at the next annual *fête*. We hereby convey our heartiest thanks to all who have in any degree helped to achieve this most desirable end. It has been suggested to us that other churches might like to provide stalls, either at the 1866 festival, or on some future occasion. We should be indeed grateful if this idea could be carried out, and should be glad to correspond with friends who can thus aid us in our work.

Our good friends at Reading, who last year held a home-bazaar for the Orphanage, have sent us the proceeds of this year's sale of work. The articles have been made in odd minutes by the father, mother, two children, assistant, servant, and one or two friends; a draper has supplied material at greatly reduced prices; a portion of the shop has been devoted to the sale of the goods, for which purchasers have been forthcoming, and the result has been the addition of ten pounds to the funds of the Orphanage. May the Lord very richly reward every one of the workers, givers, and buyers! There are always in Reading many who delight in caring for the widow and the fatherless.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have completed their annual southern tour, which this year has comprised Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Waterlooville, Shoreham, Brighton, Lewes, and Eastbourne. We must leave till next month full particulars of the meetings; but we must mention one item which will be included in the noble sum of £100 contributed by Portsmouth and Southsea. We have agreed with our Brother Medhurst that the following letter deserves a place in *The Sword and the Trowel*:—

"Dear Sir,—I am once again permitted to forward, through you, *my threepenny-piece offering to the Stockwell Orphanage*. During the past year I have had through my hands a considerable sum of money at different times, each threepenny piece I just made prisoner of, and kept them in durance vile till the time came for handing them over to you, which I now do with much pleasure. I think there are more than last year. May our heavenly Father bless yet more abundantly the President, masters, children, and all connected with the Orphanage!

"Dear sir, one request for myself, and I close:

"Just at the present I am placed in very straitened circumstances. Will you kindly ask our heavenly Father, if it is his will, to move the difficulties out of the way, or to give me more faith to bear them bravely?

"May God comfort you in this your hour of trial, is the earnest prayer of

"One belonging to Lake Road Chapel."

We pray for a blessing upon the writer, upon our sorely-tried friend Medhurst, and upon all our kind helpers everywhere.

COLPORTAGE.—Just lately, the extension of the Colportage work into new districts has been almost at a standstill; and as several of our agents have been withdrawn through the cessation of local subscriptions, the present number is reduced to seventy-four. This is a goodly staff; but surely such a valuable enterprise as Colportage should go forward instead of going backward, or remaining stationary. Impurity, scepticism, and irreligion are being thrust wholesale upon the public by an unscrupulous press, in a form to secure the notice of readers of all ages and conditions. The spread of secular education creates the ability and taste for reading generally, and vast injury is being inflicted on the minds of tens of thousands by an immense circulation of books and periodicals of evil tendency. Further, it is well known that, although there is a plentiful stock of literature of the highest possible value, and attractively got up, comparatively little is sold by the regular shopkeepers. Hence the need that it should be carried to the people in their homes, and its importance urged upon them.

This is the colporteur's business; and how well it succeeds may be inferred from the fact that last year our Association was able to distribute over £9,000 worth of Bibles and moral and religious literature of all kinds. Surely there are scores of districts in the land where a colporteur could be supported! The expense to the locality is only £10 a year (in quarterly instalments), for which comparatively small sum the entire services are secured of a Christian worker, who is at once a travelling bookseller, sick-visitor, and evangelist. We are glad to note that a new district has been opened in the neighbourhood of Bromley, Kent, under the auspices of the Congregational Church, and superintended by our esteemed friend, Pastor R. H. Lovell. Are there not at least a dozen more churches or friends who will imitate this good example? Are there not many who love our Lord who will help us in this most needful and most useful service for souls?

The Secretary, W. Corden Jones, will gladly correspond with any friends desiring information or help. The depôt is in the Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, where all letters should be addressed.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend in *Scotland* tells us of quite a gracious revival which has resulted, instrumentally, through the reading of our sermon on "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (No. 663).

One of our brethren in *Jamaica* sends us a tract entitled, "Christ the food of the soul," containing an extract from one of our sermons. It was given to him by a man who was about to be hanged, who said that it had been a great blessing to him in his terrible condition.

Another pastor in *Jamaica* writes:—"Your sermons do good in all sorts of ways. Mrs. Spurgeon sends me four every month. I read them, and then lend them to people whom they are likely to suit and help. My day-school teacher conducts service at ———, when I am not there (always twice a month), on which occasion he reads one of your sermons. Last Sunday he read "The Looking-Glass" (No. 1848). It will cheer you to know that our people appreciate them very much. A Christian merchant—a Wesleyan local preacher—always reads one of your sermons when it is his turn to conduct service."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 19, nine; December 3, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Alexander White	4	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	5	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Elmslie	3	0	0
Dividend on "The Freeman" newspaper	0	8	0
Lieut. P. Flanagan	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Miss Mack Wall	0	10	0
Bank-notes, per Mr. Broomhall	10	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mr. Archibald Stewart	0	5	0
Miss C. McLeod	1	0	0
Miss Joan White and friends	1	1	6
Mrs. Garroway	1	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. A. Richardson 1 0 0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
	3	12	0
Jesus only	0	2	6
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
Pastor W. Bonser	5	0	0
Mr. John Graham's mother and uncle	1	0	0
Miss Hobbs	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6
Collected by Mr G. W. Roberts	1	17	0
Collected by Mr. Berry	1	6	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Contribution from Peckham Park Road Chapel	2	14	7

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. McEwing	1	0	0
W. B.	0	10	0
A friend in Edinburgh	0	5	9
A friend in America	1	11	8
Mrs. Townsend	2	0	0
Northerner	5	0	0
A. W.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong	10	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Kingerlee	2	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Lines	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Proverbs iii. 9; xi. 24	1	0	0
Mr. J. Betts	0	17	6
T. E.	0	3	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Pastor W. McKinney	1	0	0
Mr. John Currie	1	0	0
Mr. C. Tidswell	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Wilson	0	10	0
H. O.	3	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Nov. 15 100 0 0			
,, 22 51 8 0			
,, 29 200 0 0			
Dec. 6 25 0 0			
,, 13 24 15 9			
	401	3	9
	£497	18	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Walter Butler	1	2	0
Collected by the Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	0	8	3
Collected by Miss Davis	0	10	10
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	4	7
Collected by Miss E. Smith, No. 1 Girls' Orphanage	0	6	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Hart	1	18	2
Collected by Mrs. Brake	0	4	8
Mr. Mitchell	0	5	0
Mrs. Blake	0	5	0
Mrs. E. J. Bird	0	1	0
Stamps from Bedford	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Clay	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Mayhew	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Taylor, Sunday-school class, Guildford	0	10	9
A friend, per Miss Cockshaw	1	0	0
"S. O.," per Miss Cockshaw	4	0	0
Collected by Miss Weeks	0	3	8
Rev. St. Aidan Baylee	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	0
Miss H. A. Grose	0	10	6
Mr. J. McClair Boraston...	0	10	6
Sixpence per week...	1	6	0
A. Betts, orphan boy's card	0	6	4
Miss Florrie Woods ... 1 7 6			
Master Joey Woods ... 1 3 0			
Miss Louie Woods 1 2 0			
Master Willie Woods ... 1 0 6			
Miss Gertie Woods ... 0 12 0			
Miss Marion Helen Bett ... 0 12 0			
	5	17	0
A friend in Perth	0	5	0
In memory of W. E. Marsh	500	0	0
H. A. S.	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick... ...	1	2	0
An aged friend, per Miss S. A. Harrison	0	5	0
A thankoffering, Ely	0	5	0
Mrs. Hickman	1	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Pastor G. H. F. Jackman	0	15	0
Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
M. B., thankoffering	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Harry, Fanny, and George Lymbery ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. H. Love	1	1	0
Mrs. Mitchell	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Salmon	0	5	0
Scotch note from the Muir of Ord ...	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. Henderson, per Mr. C. Cornell ...	3	0	0
Bank-notes, per Mr. Broomhall ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Veale	2	2	0
Miss A. Kelly	1	0	0
"Haven of peace"	5	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			
Miss Raynes... ... ... 0 2 6			
	1	7	6
Mrs. Russell and friend	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Bell	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Erno	1	10	0
Mrs. Arres-Mather	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House" :—			
Mr. W. Moore 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. James Boorne... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. P. Davies 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Harvey 0 10 6			
Mrs. Hampton 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hammond 0 10 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Mrs. W. Paulton 0 10 0			
Mrs. Ravenscroft 0 10 0			
Mr. Warrick 0 10 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. E. Ward 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Wells 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jacob Davis 0 2 6			
	10	12	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Westbourne-grove Chapel	2	0	0
Birds from Paradise	1	10	0
Mr. H. Bradley	1	0	0
A friend	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Climie	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon...	5	0	0
Mr. T. S. Marks	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Spencer :—			
Miss Burdon 1 0 0			
Miss Janet Burdon (ann.) 1 0 0			
Mrs. Spencer (qrtly.) ... 0 10 0			
Miss S. Marsden 0 5 0			
Mrs. S. 0 0 6			
	2	15	6
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. van Rijn	3	17	6
A pastor's son and daughter's first earnings	0	10	0
Mrs. S. S. Thomas	2	2	0
Mrs. Thomas's children	0	7	0
The Misses Baker and Chandler ...	0	11	10
Collected in Mrs. Allison's Bible-class :—			
Miss Allen 0 16 0			
Mrs. Wilson 0 2 6			
Mrs. Dee 0 3 6			
Mrs. Bailey 0 8 0			
Miss Clarkson 0 17 6			
	2	13	6
Collected by Miss Keys	3	10	6
Mr. C. Hunt	2	10	0
Lilian Griffiths, orphan girl's card ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hooley	2	2	0
Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall Rambling Club	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Thompson ...	4	7	6
Mrs. E. Tutsom	1	0	0
Miss M. Thomas	1	1	0
A small gift for the orphans, Croydon	0	10	0
Masters Allan and Percy White ...	0	8	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	0
Miss Lawson, per Mrs. Cowan	0	2	6
A friend, per Miss L. Gibbings	1	0	0
Mr. G. Richmond	0	10	0
"God bless the orphans"	0	5	0
G. C., Tain	0	7	6
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
E. C.	1	0	0
Miss F. E. Greenop	0	5	0
Mr. W. McEwing	1	0	0
Mrs. Sunnerway, per Mr. R. Bauckham	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Mrs. Burt	5	0	0
A friend from Deeside, Kincardineshire	0	10	0
J. E., and P. E.	2	0	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Mr. J. D. Birch	5	0	0
A friend in America	1	10	0
Mr. G. O. Goodhue	5	0	0
Postal order from Carluke	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	0	0
Northener	4	0	0
Mrs. W. John	0	17	0
Sale of work at Reading, per Mr. E. A. Ventris (less expenses)	10	0	0
Mr. R. Beck	1	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
J. L., Gravesend	0	10	0
Vegetarian	0	5	0
A thankoffering, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	4	0	0
Mrs. M. McDonald	0	3	0
A. W.	2	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
The Right Hon. The Earl of Aberdeen	10	10	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Barrat	1	0	0
Mrs. Bobb and Mrs. Clarke	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Church, junr.	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Kingerlee	8	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Proceeds of Bazaar at West Croydon Baptist Chapel (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon's), per Miss Whiteman	100	0	0
Stamps from Sutton	0	1	10
Mr. J. Arres	1	0	0
Uncle Joe	0	10	0
Mrs. Lines	0	10	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	3	0
Miss Hall	0	8	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible-class ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Yockney	5	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	2	0	0
Mrs. Hudson	2	0	0
Mr. T. Moore	5	5	0
B. B.	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Nelson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Kingston	0	10	0
Mrs. Arnold	2	2	0
Stromness Sunday-school Annual Missionary Meeting, per Mr. W. Rossie	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	0	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Cupar, Fife, per Mrs. C. Robertson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Tidswell	0	10	0
Miss M. B. Coventry	0	10	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
A friend, per Chrissie Murrell	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth, and Orphanage Choir:—			
Surbiton 13 11 0			
Dalston Junction, programmes ... 1 6 0			
A friend ... 0 10 0			
1 16 0			
Acton Baptist Chapel ... 8 6 5			
Devonshire-square Chapel, Stoke Newington ... 3 3 0			
Surrey Chapel 1 0 0			
Winchester 22 14 2			
	50	10	7

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. E. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Mr. J. Grose	2	2	0
Mr. William Paine	2	2	0
Mr. William Wilson	0	10	0
Admiral Robert D. Aldrich, per Messrs. Drummond	0	10	0
Miss Ellis (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	1	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Mrs. Tutt	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, November ...	2	2	0
Christmas Festival:—			
Mrs. S. Belsey 1 0 0			
Mr. C. Laflin 0 4 0			
Mr. A. Hobbs 2 0 0			
Eskdale shepherd 0 10 0			
Miss Jane Matthews ... 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. S. Benbow 2 0 0			
Mrs. Shearman 2 0 0			
Miss Carrington 0 5 0			
Ralph Parkins 0 5 0			
Wm. J. Parkins 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Wood 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. W. Coulthup 1 0 0			
Miss E. Swabey 0 5 0			
R. S. 0 10 0			
S. W. 0 5 0			
Miss E. Clover 0 8 0			
Mrs. Lane 2 0 0			
Mr. J. Betts... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. E. Davis 0 10 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor 0 2 6			
Mrs. Arnold 1 1 0			
Mr. S. Cornborough ... 1 15 0			
Mrs. Bowes 0 7 6			
S. Gager 0 5 0			
M. Axten 0 2 6			
Mrs. Virtue 0 10 6			
J. B. C. 1 10 0			
Miss Jones and friends ... 0 5 0			
20	11	0	
£988	4	4	

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—40 bushels Greens, Mr. Mead; 10 Cod Fish, Mr. S. Dobson; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 box Dates, Mr. R. Speller; 10 sacks Potatoes, Mr. J. Howard; 40 quarterns Bread, Mrs. Unstead; a quantity of Buns, Rev. Mr. Fisher; 20 lbs. Raisins and 20 lbs. Currants, Mrs. C. Reynolds; 1 barrel Apples, Rev. E. P. Hammond; 1 basket Apples, Mr. Buswell; 720 Eggs, for 36 Christmas puddings, Messrs. Ward and Steadman; 1 jar of Honey, Miss Harris: 2 barrels of Apples, Messrs. J. Hill and Son; 2 sacks of Potatoes. Mr. Watts; 10 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 box of Self-raising Flour, Mr. F. Evans; 1 lb. of Tea, Mr. McDougall.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—4 Night Shirts, "S. H. L."; 4 Night Shirts, Miss Rabbeth; 10 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss S. McKellar and friends; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. King; 4 pairs Knitted Socks and 6 Night Shirts, The Girls at Braunton Board School, per Miss E. Jenkins; 8 Shirts and 3 Scarves, The Misses Mayhew; 1 pair Stockings, Mrs. King; 28 Articles, The Reading Ladies' Working-Party, per Mrs. J. Withers; a quantity of Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 Articles, The Misses Mayhew; 24 pairs knitted Stockings, Miss Morris; 1 Pinafore and Remnants, "S. H. L."; 1 pair Stockings, Mrs. King; 7 Articles, Miss E. Leeder; 1 pair Socks, and 1 pair Stockings, Mr. J. Colver; 3 Articles, Miss Bessie Laflin and Miss H. E. Thirtle; 32 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. S. Cox; 12 Articles (for No. 6 Girls), Mrs. Moss; 12 Articles, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. Harvey; 8 Articles, Miss Harper; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 9 Articles, Mrs. Garner; 172 Articles, The Reading Ladies' Working party, per Mrs. J. Withers; 7 Articles (for No. 1 Girls), Miss Edwards; Articles of Clothing, &c., for two Girls, Miss Dawson; 1 pair Boots, Mr. Hall; 8 Articles, Miss E. Edwards; 6 Articles, Two Friends, per Mrs. Penstone; 4 pairs Button Boots, Mr. Owen Tilley.

GENERAL.—6 dozen Texts, Messrs. Morgan & Scott; 1 dozen Wool Scarves, Mrs. Gallifant; 18 Dolls, 1 Box Colours, &c., Miss Rabbeth; some Illuminated Texts, Mr. S. W. Partridge; 1 Box of Dresses, from a Constant Reader of the "Sword and Trowel"; 75 yards Flints, for Roads, Messrs. Wills and Packham; 12 pairs Cuffs, a Constant Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Barnet; 2 dozen Handkerchiefs and 21 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Mannington; 3 Scrap Books, Miss Harper; a parcel of Cast-off Garments and 4 New Articles, Mrs. Spooner; 8 yards Tweed, 3 pairs Stockings, Mr. M. Cowan; 7 Articles, The Reading Ladies' Working-party, per Mrs. J. Withers; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. J. Leachman; 1 Cushion Cover, Mrs. King.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, Dumfries	1	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. John Handy	4	0	0
Mr. Walter Mercer	5	0	0
A friend	30	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Ada Hall	4	4	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Kingerlee	2	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Miss Thatcher	0	5	0
	£51	9	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church ...	40	0	0
Per Mr. Thos. R.—, for Sellindge ...	10	0	0
Winchester District	10	0	0
Orpington District:—			
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class 7 5 0			
M. A. H. 5 0 0			
	12	5	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Tring	10	0	0
Crosby Garrett District:—			
Per Rev. G. McDonald ... 5 0 0			
Per Northern Association 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Rev. J. Pugh	20	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Church, Gresby	40	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
	£232	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—			
Mrs. E. Salmon	0	2	6
Bank-notes, per Mr. Broomhall ...	10	0	0
E. B. B.	1	0	0
An aged convert (91), per Mr. G. Keen	0	1	0
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Northener	4	0	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
A. W....	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong	2	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. T. Moore	5	5	0
W. M., Clapham	0	7	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
H. O.	2	0	0
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Mrs. E. H. Tucker	0	10	0
	£35	2	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
C. G., per Pastor C. H. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0
Mr. J. C. Tattersall	2	2	0
Bank-notes, per Mr. Broomhall ...	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington	40	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Northener	4	0	0
A. W....	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood	45	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
	£208	7	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; 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, 1886.

Long Sermons.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

CERTAIN brethren would preach better if they would not preach so long. Very seldom among Dissenters do we hear any complaint as to the undue shortness of discourses; the tendency is all the other way. Why do ministers preach long sermons? Is it for their own pleasure, or is it for the pleasure of the people? If it is the latter, they certainly are grievously mistaken; and if it is the former, they might practise a little more self-denial. Over an hour might be enjoyed by our Puritan forefathers; but we are a degenerate race; and, besides, have more to do. Yet good men here and there presume upon our patience, if not upon our piety, and though they give us little make it long. I heard of one of our own brethren that he would have been very much liked, in the four sermons that he preached upon probation, had he not been so dreadfully long-winded that the friends were frightened, and he did not receive an invitation. I was told that the people did not long for him because he was so long. Some excellences are high and difficult of attainment; but brevity is quite within reach: I mean, of course, that moderate brevity which consists in getting through a subject in the allotted time. Extreme brevity is probably as difficult as extreme length is easy; you need not distinguish yourself in either direction.

A good rule for length is that which is mentioned in the following anecdote:—"A newly-fledged Scotch minister, who was leaving home to preach his first sermon, was followed to the door by his mother, who was much interested in the appearance he was likely to make. Clapping

him kindly on the shoulder, she said, 'Noo, Jock, I ha'e jist yae advice to gie ye ere ye gang, and I hope ye winna forget it. It's jist this—dinna forget to stop whan ye're dunne." In plain English—"leave off when you have done." Say no more when you have no more to say. Don't let the millstones revolve after the wheat is all ground. If some people remembered this rule, they would never begin at all, and others would conclude after half-a-dozen sentences. A little girl, when her father's table was once graced with a visit from a justly-esteemed pastor, began talking very earnestly in the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot somesin' to say," was the innocent but highly suggestive reply. One would hope the child was allowed to use her tongue without further restraint; at any rate, we would accord the utmost liberty to any speaker who can truly say as much. I fear it is not the rule with preachers that they do speak because they have something to say, but far oftener they speak because they are expected to say something. Sermons ought never to be measured by the yard-stick, or the clock; but they ought to be measured by this one simple rule—"have done when you have done." Don't be particular about how you come to a close; but be a great deal more concerned not to keep on till your discourse dies out, like a candle which cannot give another flicker.

Brother in the pulpit, do not be too much drawn out in your discourse, because very frequently the people are tired enough before you reach the sermon. When they have heard you read those hymns in that horrible tone; when they have listened to the chapters, unbroken by a word of comment; when they have defied sleep during that long prayer of yours, which is so rambling and monotonous; they are by that time near enough to being worn out. Take pity upon them, and do not impose upon their good nature any further than you can help. They are willing to sit out that dry discourse, and to hear you through to the bitter end; but is there any cause for prolonging the agony? Do not lay upon them more than is meet. Moderate the weight now that the last sack is to be brought from the mill. Make the sermon as good as you can; but length need not be aimed at.

I am afraid, also, that if you multiply words, you will spoil what you *have* done. Strike while the iron is hot, but do not keep on striking till the iron grows cold; though that is what many do. They hit the nail on the head, and drive it in; and then go on hammering till they split the board, and the nail drops out. They preach their people into a good frame of mind, and then preach them out of it. It is well to preach until your people feel the power of the truth; and when that is the case, you may begin looking out for "lastly." I hardly dare advise some speakers to continue till they reach the point I have mentioned, for then they would go on to Doomsday, since they never do impress their people at all. "I remember," writes Canon Hole, in his "Hints to Preachers," "that when I was travelling with John Leech in Ireland, we went forth from our hotel in one of the chief cities without instruction, and disdaining guides, and twice found ourselves unexpectedly at the place from whence we came. It is so with many preachers; they seem to revolve in circles, to wander in a maze, hither and thither, with no clue to extrication. 'He's a very nice gentleman,' a worthy old woman said to

me, of a clergyman who had preached to her during my absence, 'and we're always expecting he's going to tell us something to think on; but, somehow or another, *it never comes.*'"

Please to notice that, probably, there will yet be time for you to say more upon your present theme before you die; and there is, therefore, no absolute necessity for your saying all that can be said upon it at this particular moment. It is not required of you even to say every possible thing upon the one topic which you have selected, much less all that might be said upon all the subjects in the Bible. If you cannot utter sufficient for edification in three quarters of an hour, you would not do it in three hours. As a rule, there is range enough for you in forty-five minutes. Perhaps you say, "I have heard that Dr. Barrow was an exhaustive preacher, and I wish to be like him." It is true that the learned doctor exhausted his subject, but I fear that those who imitate him are more likely to exhaust their hearers; and that is a different thing. Most people would rather not be favoured with such exhaustive and exhausting homilies. It will be wiser for most of us if we say as much in one discourse as can be readily received and remembered by an ordinary hearer at one time, and then we can add somewhat more on another occasion. If Rome was not built in a day, so also all truth is not to be taught in one discourse. Do not attempt to say all you know every time you preach. Reserve a potato for the next meal.

"*But,*" you reply, "*there were certain things which I felt I must not omit. While I was studying the subject, they occurred to me as highly important.*" Very well: say those things as soon as you can, but you need not describe to the people all the processes of your thought, by which you arrived at those important conclusions. Serve up the meat, but you need not bring up the spit, and the fire, and the ladle. Of course, in our deep studiousness, we have gone through the subject from end to end, we know all the heights and depths of it, for we have travelled over it from Dan to Beersheba; but our people have not had this advantage, and they will not know if we omit to mention some one little hill which we climbed in our perambulation; probably they will be glad that we should do so. People who give all the petty details of a story are usually very wearisome; and we may become the same if we go into all the ins and outs, the suppositions and possibilities, of our subject. Our people do not want threshing-machines, and mills, and kneading-troughs, and ovens: they want bread.

Please remember, also, that your discourse is probably nothing like so precious to the people as it is to yourself. When parents gaze upon their first child, they usually feel that very seldom, perhaps never, was such a baby born into the world before; and therefore it is brought forward to be admired and kissed by everybody. It is only natural that it should be so; but visitors are not all of them so much impressed as the parents themselves: I have even known some of them hint that they had seen and heard quite enough of that delightful infant. I am sorry to say that the same thing may happen in the case of a sermon. Young man, you have been all the week dressing your baby—I mean your sermon—in long clothes, bedecked with very pretty bows; and on Sunday you hold it up to be admired. Now be as wise as those parents who have ten children, and therefore do not look upon them as prodigies. Believe

that other people have probably preached as good sermons as yours, and that it is even possible that they have excelled you. It is not, therefore, all-important that you should take up an unreasonable length of time in displaying your production. Say what you have to say; say it with all your heart; and do not linger over the theme as if you were the only person who could handle it aright.

"*Ah, but I have to state some important truths, and they require guarding! It is needful for me to show all the relations and connections of the doctrine.*" Is it? Is this your motive for bringing forward a dozen other doctrines to stand round your subject, like the armed men about the couch of Solomon? If so, be careful. If you do not mind, you will hide your doctrine behind its protectors. Leave the truth which is taught in your text to take care of itself. I believe a popular statement must be somewhat unguarded if it is to be effective. A man may come to the preacher, and complain, "You never mentioned such and such a truth." He may reply, "I never intended to do so; I had to preach upon a certain topic to-day, and I have preached upon it. I hope to live a little longer, and probably next Sunday, if I am spared, I will discuss the balancing subject, and supply the deficiency which you point out." Our Saviour often speaks in such a way that, if his words were taken absolutely alone, and apart from their connection, we might be misled by them; as, for instance, when he talks about the impossibility of a rich man entering the kingdom of heaven, or the duty of giving to them that ask of us. If he had not put these truths as he did, his hearers would not have taken notice of them; but their very baldness gave them force. You never find our Lord guarding his words, for well he knew that truth needs no armour, she is herself invulnerable. She is best defended when let alone. If you are preaching on any particular doctrine, bring it all out definitely and distinctly; and other truths can be left till another time. It is better to shoot one arrow straight at the mark than to send forth a quiverful at random.

The reason why some preach such long sermons may be that they are not filled with spiritual power. Prolixity of speech can never be charged upon the Holy Ghost. Those prayers and those discourses which are fullest of divine power are never too long. There is more in one sentence of our Lord Jesus Christ than in whole pages of our poor talk; and the reason why he could afford to be so short was because he was so full of the Holy Spirit's power. If we were more fully possessed by the Spirit of God, our words would be more weighty, and probably fewer. At the same time, if the Lord leads us to speak at length, the length will never be complained of. That sermon is too long which the people feel to be wearisome; and that sermon, even if it be a very long one, is none too long if the people still desire it to be continued.

I would recommend my young brethren, as much as possible, to compress and condense. When you have obtained a quantity of good thoughts, boil them down. We live in the age of essence of meat, and everybody uses condensed milk. People do not crave expansion. You do not give your friends an ox for dinner, but a well-cooked joint: do the like at mental and spiritual banquets. Enough is as good as a feast, whether the diet be for the body or for the soul.

It may tend to brevity if we carefully exclude every syllable which

ministers to display. If the finery and the fireworks are thrown overboard, there will be the more room in the vessel for valuable freight. A brother who wishes to be thought highly cultured, introduces German names: let him omit them. Another wishes to be considered great in the sacred languages, and therefore perpetually quotes the Greek or the Hebrew. Mary Ann Jones is astonished, and so is Thomas Robinson in the gallery. *She* cannot read, and *he* cannot write; and, therefore, they are impressed with the conviction that the young minister is a "wonderful high-larn't man." "What they must teach people up in them Colleges! It beats me how a young man can talk Greek like *that!*" A good old Christian woman, who sits in the free seats, says to herself, "Greek is well enough, but I want Gospel." Oh, for more spirituality and experience, and then we should have more learning, and less talk about it! Meanwhile, a good old gentleman in the corner, who has more Greek in his little finger than the preacher has in his whole body, smiles as he notices that the quotations made by the orator are all incorrect, and his translations untenable. Brethren, know all the Greek and Hebrew you can possibly get into your brains, but do not make it the Alpha and Omega of your ministry to let people know that you have a Lexicon in your library.

Endeavour with all your might to avoid verbosity. Say as much as you can in a few words. If you can say a thing well in twenty-five words, try to say it as well in twelve; and if it be possible to cut these down to six, give your mind to it. Some things you may reduce even more than this by never saying them at all. Wordiness is the disease which comes of fluency. Good speakers have most cause to dread it. After listening to an eloquent brother the other day, I could not help repeating to myself the chorus of one of the revival hymns, "Beautiful words! Beautiful words! Beautiful words!" There was nothing else, not a striking thought in a bushelful; but, oh, such beautiful words! It was once my painful privilege to hear a good brother, now in heaven, who was great at making much palatable soup with a mere morsel of meat. When he was preaching, or speaking, he used to say, in the space of half-an-hour, about as much as one could think of in half-a-minute. He would expand the subject so admirably that, while you listened, you thought it was very wonderful; and when he had done, you squeezed up the matter in your hand, and, lo, there was nothing! Oh, how one sighed for a solid inch of thought in lieu of acres of verbiage!

Once more, let me hint to you that it is cruel to make your hearers hope that you are about to close, and then go on again. I have suffered this wrong from brethren at the prayer-meeting. I have felt sure that the friend meant to pull up, and he has gone on again, without apology or reason. I am sure it must be dreadful when a preacher says, "To conclude," and then "finally," and then "lastly," and then "finally and lastly." A certain divine, who is still in the body, is never very lively, but he has great gifts of holding on. When you think he has done, he issues a supplement, which is almost always headed, "Another blessed thought"! His hearers are apt to have thoughts which are not "blessed"; and would often agree with the American who said, "Oh, that the man would *quit!*" "One word more," said a speaker, "and I am

done." And the reporters found, when the word was written down, that it contained fifteen hundred syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was outdone. That same speaker often says "a single remark," and then talks for fifteen minutes.

I will not detain you further, lest I fall into the error which I condemn. I have no very assured hope of cutting any of you short; yet I do not quite despair, though I remember the words of an American humorist concerning lectures to young men. He says: "You take a basin of water, place your finger in it for twenty-five or thirty seconds, take it out, and look at the hole that is left. The size of that hole represents about the impression that advice makes on a young man's mind."

"I will Remember Thee."

DR. JESSUP, the Syrian missionary, says that when his father, long a Vice-President of the American Board of Missions, had been twice paralyzed, his memory gone, and even his own house no longer recognized, he was at home when he got into his church, or remembered the Missionary Board, and wrote a letter to its representatives, full of the spirit of missions. He could conduct family prayers as well as ever, and was perfectly sound in mind and memory as to the Redeemer's kingdom. It was like the disintegrated quartz falling away from the pure gold.

The Homiletic Review gives us the above incident, and it can be paralleled by many others. Grace has engraven her lines upon the memory in a manner more indelible than the inscriptions of nature. When the natural man forgets everything, the spiritual man still remembers the Lord. We have heard of one who could not remember the name of his wife, or of his child, and yet lifted his hands in adoring gratitude at the name of Jesus. Mr. Newton, in his old age, suffered much from decay of memory. "There," said he, "last Wednesday, after dinner, I asked Mrs. C—— what I had been about that forenoon, for I could not recollect. 'Why,' said she, 'you have been preaching at St. Mary's.' Yet," the old man added, "it is wonderful, when I am in the pulpit, I can recollect any passage of Scripture I want to introduce into my sermon, from Genesis to Revelation."

The new nature within us is not so aged as the old man; and, besides, it continues to renew its youth while the old nature continues to decay. As in one sense we are growing old, in another sense we are becoming more and more as little children. This new nature can never forget for a moment the Lord in whose image it is created.

Many an old man have we known whose memory seemed quite gone for anything else, who has prayed with remarkable unction, freshness, and even breadth of thought. Yes, and we have known others stammer in common conversation, and yet speak with great freedom in prayer. Truly in these instances the Spirit helpeth our infirmity.—C. H. S.

An Old Tar Sweeping out Darkness.

CAPTAIN BROTCHIE, the devoted friend of seamen, found an old sailor one day leaning by the door of the Sailors' Reading-room, Greenock, whom he knew to be anxious about spiritual things. He was still in bondage, and afraid of the future. The captain enquired kindly into the state of his mind. Robert had made many spasmodic efforts to soften his heart, and make it better; but all to no purpose. In answer to enquiries, he said his heart was as hard as ever, and he feared it would never be better. He was invited into the reading-room. As soon as they entered, Captain Brotchie locked the door, and began to close the shutters. Wondering at these movements, the sailor began to enquire what this all meant. It was answered, "Be not alarmed; you are about to be taught a very important lesson." After a large brush used for sweeping the place had been put into his hand, the last shutter was closed. "Now, Robert," said the captain, "put out the darkness." "I cannot," he replied. "Oh, take the brush, man," said the captain, "and drive right and left, and see whether you cannot drive it out of the place!" "Oh, no, that won't put out the darkness!" he answered. He was then asked, "Well, cannot it be put out?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but not that way!" "And is it not strange," the captain remarked, "that a simple act accomplishes what a thousand men could not by any amount of physical force? If I simply take my little finger, and pull back this shutter, I will let in the light, and the darkness will be gone." "It is quite true," said Robert. "Come, then, friend," urged the captain, "let in the light! Let in the truth as it is in Jesus! Let in that glorious light about the love of God: God so loved you that he gave his only-begotten Son to die that you might live. Jesus died for you, and put away your sin by the sacrifice of himself; let that truth into your soul. Now that Jesus has suffered in your room and stead, your sin is taken away, and the mercy of God is as free to you as the water you drink, or the air you breathe. Let these truths into your soul as I have let the light into this room by putting back the shutter."

By this time the tears were coursing down the cheeks of the old tar in amazement and gratitude. He exclaimed, "I never saw the way to peace in that light before." The poor man was bathed in tears, and felt he was free from the load of condemnation. Before they separated the captain said he had another lesson to teach Robert. "You often," he said, "went to meetings among the anxious, and sang, and prayed, and shouted; you were much excited, and had happy feelings; but these were like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon pass away, and that because you knew not the truth. Now, observe, this room is full of light at present. We have enough to serve for a whole month, have we not? I may put to the shutters, may I not?" "Oh, no," said the happy man, "if you put to the shutters we shall be in darkness!" "Why?" asked Captain Brotchie, "what has my putting to the shutter to do with putting out the light?" "I do not know," answered the sailor, "but so it is, that if you put to the shutter the light is kept out." "Is it not this, Robert," said the captain, "that you cannot get the rays of the sun separate from the sun itself? If you want to retain

the light, you must keep up the connection between you and the orb of day. So be careful to walk in the light. In a few verses the Saviour says, seven or eight times, 'Abide in me.' Run the race that is set before you, looking to Jesus as your everlasting Saviour, and Prince of Peace." Robert went home in gladness, and soon after died in peace. His last words were, "Christ is precious; I can trust in him."

Effect of a Text Earnestly Quoted.

ONE evening, says the Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson, when I was sitting in the gallery of the Independent Church, Cullen, the minister, in applying the text of his sermon, "Thou God seest me," said, with intense earnestness, "Sailors, write it on your binnacles; merchants, on your counters; carters, on your carts, 'Thou God seest me'; " and then, turning to the gallery, where I was sitting, he seemed to fix his eyes on me, while he said, "Young man, write it on thy heart, 'Thou God seest me.'" That was all he said; but it was an arrow from God's quiver. I went home wretched, and could not tell why. Days and weeks passed away, and I was unhappy. I read, I prayed, and I wept and laughed, and laughed and wept, like a maniac, and father and mother thought I was going mad. Oh, the remembrance of those days! I cannot account for such feelings. All about me were *religious*, but none were *pious*, except my dear mother, and her piety was not of the demonstrative cast. I had no sins of a glaring character to mourn over. Ours had been a family of love and obedience, and yet I was not happy. In this state I continued to hear the good minister, but to no profit. At length the way to peace seemed to open up. I was walking down the principal street of our little town one day, when I met an acquaintance, who stopped me, and said, "Come, now, I want you very much. We are going to act the play of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' for the benefit of the poor, and Mr. Mullender, of the Theatre Royal, is to help us. You will make a capital Madge Wildfire. What do you say?" The passage, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," rushed into my mind. "I will," was the response; and then, with all my heart and energy, I committed to memory, and practised for performance, this character. It suited my romantic nature. Madge was a religious maniac, and I could enter into all her griefs, and sorrows, and joys, with zest. But Madge had to die. On the stage this scene troubled me. "I am mocking death," said I to myself, when prostrate on the boards. "What if God take me in this act of solemn mockery?" At that moment a flash of lightning seemed to come across the stage, and with it the words, "Thou God seest me." I could stand it no longer. Rushing behind the scenes, and spoiling the whole play, I put on my daily dress, ran home, went into a summer-house in the garden, wept and prayed, and prayed and wept, for a whole night, and until day came in the morning. Shortly after that, rest was found in Jesus, and a new life, with new aims, hopes, joys, and aspirations, began.—*The preceding anecdotes are taken from "The Religious Anecdotes of Scotland," Edited by William Adamson, D.D.* (*See Review.*)

Sick-visiting.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

"I was sick, and ye visited me."—Matthew xxv. 36.

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Amongst the deeds done by Christians, which will be noticed and mentioned when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, when he "shall sit upon the throne of his glory," will be *visiting the sick.* And yet, how can many Christians expect to hear these words of commendation when they very rarely, if ever, visit any of Christ's sick brethren?

The plea of the sufferers should be heeded. Are they not debarred the privileges of God's house, and the society of God's people, and the hearing of God's word? Bear in mind, Christian readers, how much happier your life is through the advantages you enjoy on the holy Sabbath day, and how much brighter are your days through "the fellowship of saints"; then, forget not your weak and suffering brother. Withhold not from him a portion of the manna you have gathered. Give him some of Eshcol's fruits that you have plucked. It was well said by the late Professor Fawcett, who was blind: "If you would talk to your blind friend of all that passes around you, describe to him the beauties of nature—the glories of the setting sun—he would enjoy it almost as much as you who see it." The same rule applies in the case of the friend who cannot go to see "God's glory in the sanctuary." Go home to him, and as you tell him of all the blessings received, his soul will be watered with "showers of blessing." The sermon will be enjoyed none the less because he gets it second-hand. A stale loaf is better than no loaf at all. Better a drink of water that's hardly fresh and sparkling, from an old broken pitcher, than parched lips and a dry tongue.

There is always a double benefit in visiting the sick: the benefit *given* and the benefit *received;* unless the visit is after the manner of a clergyman, who went to see a widow woman who was very near her end, and all his talk was about "how much she earned doing the washing of the great house." Is it any wonder the poor soul cried in agony, "Never let him come into this room again"?

The sick-visitor should aim to make his visit so pleasant and profitable that the patient shall long to see him again. Be cheerful and sympathetic. Be patient and brief. Be a ready listener, and yet ready to say a kind word. Be short and earnest in prayer.

"Come up, miss," called out a sick man to a tract-distributor, who had opened his cottage-door, and found his chair empty. She ascended the stairs, when the old man said, "You'll read and pray with me, won't you, miss?" To read she was able; but never having opened her lips in audible prayer, she trembled at the task; but to her great delight he said at the end of the reading, "You'll find the prayer-book downstairs on the table." With a deep sigh of relief she hastened down, but the much-longed-for book could not be found. Table and shelves were searched, but to no purpose. What was she to do? She could not

pray aloud (?), so calling up the stairs to say it was not to be found, she bade him "Good day!" Her conscience accused her, as well it might, for cowardice and neglect of duty. When will all workers of Christ overcome that fear of man which seals their lips when they think of praying aloud?

To encourage those who have hitherto neglected to visit the sick, the following facts are given, showing how much blessing can be *bestowed* and *received* in the rooms of the sufferers:—

Poor C., the shoemaker, a most conscientious churchman, was rapidly sinking from consumption. His joy was great when he found a friend and brother to whom he could open his mind. None of his own people spoke to him of spiritual things in a way that touched his heart and won his confidence. By his conversation, one soon found out that he was *trusting in Jesus*, and yet was clinging *a little to self*. He had been *christened* and *confirmed*, was a regular attendant at church, and always at the Sacrament. The poor man was not *settled* and *happy*; for though he was "*on the rock*," it was with but one foot, and he trembled and feared lest he should lose his balance. From the very open-hearted way in which he spoke of the all-important matters of the soul, it was clear to any one with a little experience that, with kindly aid, he would quickly get both feet upon "the rock," and, standing securely, would fear neither the roaring of the storm, nor the dashing of the waves. The little incident of the man who got this chorus into his head:

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my All in All,"

was used of the Lord for bringing this longing soul into full liberty.

Now, fully rejoicing in Jesus, he begged his wife to yield her heart to the Lord.

Standing with her and one of his two boys at his bedside, a few hours before he ascended the shining stairway to the mansions of glory, it was touching to see him beckon to his son, and, exerting all his little remaining strength, slowly, and with great emphasis, say, "My son—if sinners—entice thee—consent—thou not." After the exhaustion from this effort, he looked up, his eyes flashing with intense joy, and pointing upwards, he whispered, "*Jesus*—JESUS."

I bade him farewell until "the day break and the shadows flee away," saying,

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;"

but before I could proceed, he waved his hands as though he would make the words bear their very widest meaning, and with a dying effort cried:

"But JESUS CHRIST is my ALL IN ALL."

Mrs. P. was a widow with three children. Consumption was fast doing its deadly work, and had reduced her to a skeleton. Sad to say, she had deeply disgraced herself since she had been a widow. Our conversation soon turned upon the necessity of preparing to meet God. She at once showed deep concern about her soul, and was greatly humbled before God, and soon exhibited the deepest penitence, and at our last visit, a few hours before death, she thus expressed herself:

"I'm as black, as *black*, as BLACK can be, and yet through Jesus my Saviour I am clean and white, ready to meet my God."

"Ah! sir, there is life for a look at the Crucified One."

"It's better to be like this, and forgiven, than to be well, and possess thousands of worlds, and be unforgiven."

After this pleasing confession, the heart could not but cry, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." He it is that plucketh brands from the burning, and passing by transgression and sin, "He is abundantly able to save."

A dear sister, who walked closely with her God here, and is now "without fault before the throne," in the presence of her King, had heard, after a lingering consumption, the summons, "Come up higher."

Beckoning her seven dear children round her, she bade them farewell, and committed them to the care of her faithful God. To the eldest she said, "Nelly dear, kiss me, and promise that you will give your heart to Jesus." Turning to her husband, she said, "What will you do without me?" "Do, my dear? Why, what we have unitedly done these sixteen years—lean upon the arm of the Lord!" "Yes, do. Yes, *do*. Yes, DO," she replied, "Tell sister——(who was coming on the morrow)——that she will find it hard to seek salvation, if she leaves it until she gets as I am. Tell her to give her heart to Jesus at once."

As we moistened her lips, she said, "No one did this for my Saviour. Oh, what must he have endured!"

"Do you find the old gospel I have preached to be support enough now?" said her minister, who had been with her through the night. "Yes, plenty! *plenty!!* PLENTY!!!" Go on preaching 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.'" The morning light began to dawn, and as we said, "Another morning has arrived! How fresh and bright!" she looked up, and said, "What a beautiful morning to go home in!" A severe attack of coughing and suffering made us fear her end had come; but she revived again. "We thought you had gone, then," we remarked. "So did I—I am so disappointed."

After a short time of anxious watching and silent praying, we were surprised to see her sit up in bed, and, with almost superhuman strength, she exclaimed, "The Lord has just said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise!' *What a beautiful pillow to lie down upon!* Lay me back."

We gently laid her down, and immediately she "fell asleep in Jesus," and was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." She had "entered in through the gates into the city." She was beholding "the face of Jesus," and experiencing the first overwhelming rush of the infinite glory as it descends from the throne of God.

With streaming eyes we bent the knee, and blessed our God for causing his daughter to triumph over death, and for liberating her from this "body of sin and death." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

F. E. B.

John Bunyan and his Works.*

MR. BROWN'S Life of his immortal predecessor in the pastorate at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, has been in preparation during some years, and now that it is completed, the book will be hailed with satisfaction by a wide class of readers who are able to appreciate the best kind of literary work. As a biography, the book deserves to rank among the chief achievements in this department of literature. The patient industry with which the author has prosecuted his extensive researches deserves our cordial recognition: every possible clue to new information has been followed without regard to labour or expense; and the result is, that we have the most complete and trustworthy portraiture of the great allegorist ever drawn. The errors of former writers, in some instances, are corrected, while fresh additions are made to our hitherto too scanty knowledge of the subject. As Bunyan is one of the most interesting figures in the religious history of England, his biography has been written by men both great and small; but Mr. Brown has far surpassed all his predecessors.

The interest of the book is heightened by Mr. Whymper's admirable illustrations, one of which we have borrowed for this paper.

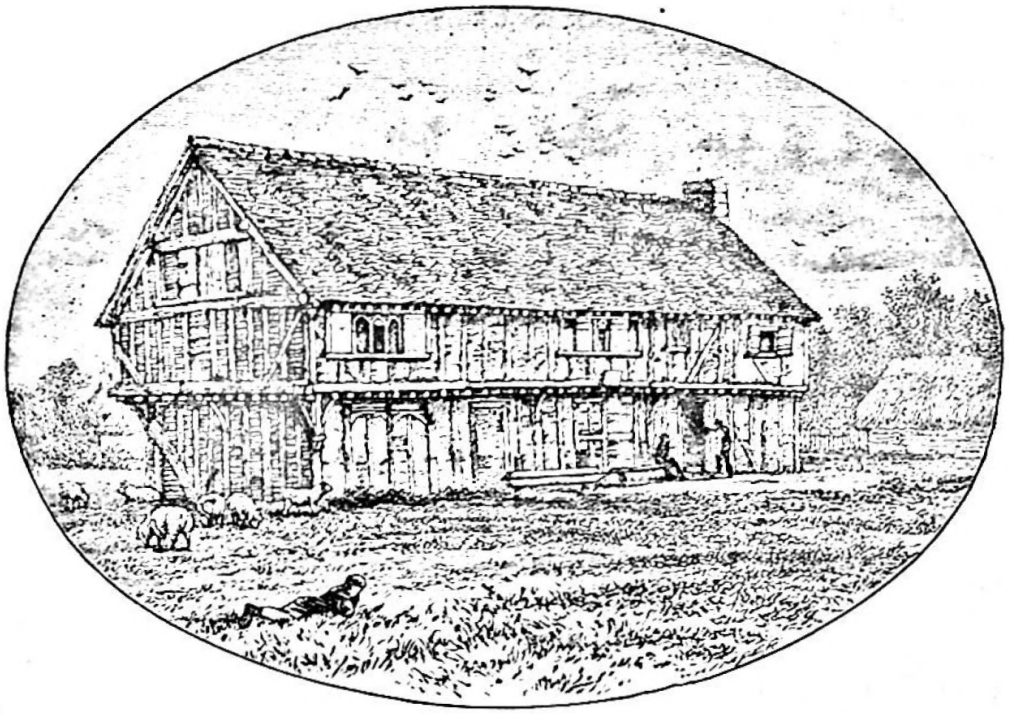
In his opening chapter, Mr. Brown gives many facts relating to early church-life in Bedfordshire, which prove that county to have been one of the most Puritanic districts of England. According to the entries in the Act Books of the Archdeaconry of Bedford, it appears that, in the Establishment, during the reigns of James I. and Charles I., saints' days and Sundays were expected to be rigorously observed; and persons who worked at their calling, or absented themselves from church, were subjected to heavy penalties. There was strictness in certain respects; but, notwithstanding, we "find Harman Sheppard, the curate of the parish, presented in 1612, for baiting a bear in the church at Woburn;" while at Knotting, the churchwardens "permitted and were present at cockfightings in the chancel of the said church, in or about the sacred place where the communion-table stands, many persons being there assembled, and wagers laid." A few years later, the parishioners of St. Paul's, Bedford, are found protesting against the manner in which they were being compelled to observe the Lord's Supper, showing that the little archbishop, who lost his head in the conflict he himself helped to foment, was the true father of modern Ritualism and High Church bigotry. "As a matter of fact," it is remarked, "for the space of a hundred years, that is, from the Reformation to the time of Laud's innovations, altar-rails, and kneeling communicants, were unknown in the Church of England." When John Bunyan was a child, there was evidently much fervent religious feeling in Bedfordshire; for soon after the assembling of the Long Parliament, two thousand petitioners rode, four abreast, from Bedford to Westminster, and asked for "the complete removal of all burdensome and scandalous ceremonies, and of all corrupt and scandalous ministers."

The ancestors of Bunyan are traced as far back as the end of the

* "John Bunyan: His Life, Times, and Work." By John Brown, B.A., Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. With Illustrations by Edward Whymper. London: Isbister and Co. 1885. Price 21s.

twelfth century, when they were living in Bedfordshire; and probably the family, at one time, held a higher social position than they did when the allegorist, and his father before him, were both "braziers." Thomas Bunyan, the grandfather of John, was living at Elstow, at the opening of the seventeenth century, and his calling was that of "a 'pettie chapman,' or small village trader," and he lived to hear the first howlings of the storm of civil war. This veteran's son Thomas married Margaret Bentley, who became the mother of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Brown has thus succeeded in recovering the maiden name of John Bunyan's mother.

The question, Where was Bunyan born? also appears to be satisfactorily answered. "The ancients of the place have always maintained that he was born in the eastern fields of the parish, and close to the hamlet of Harrowden," and probably the ancients are right; for "when,



MOOT HALL, ELSTOW GREEN.

in addition, we remember," adds Mr. Brown, "that a small farmer, named John Rogers, who died in the village of Elstow, in 1859, at the advanced age of ninety-two, and whose great-grandfather, living in the next house to the Bunyans, was John Bunyan's playfellow, frequently pointed out to his neighbours, as the Dreamer's birth-place, the piece of land south of 'Cardyngton broke,' described by the roll of the manor as Bunyan's End, we feel at once that State document and popular tradition combine to give us certainty as to the site." Since the close of the last century, however, no vestige of the house has been visible.

Bunyan's parents appear to have been somewhat above the peasant class; but it is not thought probable that he received any education out of his native village, the line about the Grammar-school in the apparently spurious "Scriptural Poems" not being deemed of sufficient

authority to settle the question of his having attended school at Bedford. Reared, as he himself tells us, in his "father's house, in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen," Bunyan can hardly be said to have been fortunate in the matter of his schools and schoolmasters, especially if he had for a tutor William Varney, who was master of Elstow school at that time. According to a contemporary MS., Varney was extortionate in his fees, he "grossly neglected the school by frequent absence from it, by nightwalking and mis-spending his time in taverns and ale-houses; and he was also very cruel to the boys."

In 1644, when he was sixteen years of age, Bunyan lost his mother, as well as a favourite sister; and the undue haste with which the father married again, it is thought, may have been resented in his youthful mind. Mr. Brown thinks that it may even "have had not a little to do with those wild and wilful ways of the next few years, which he lived to describe so vividly, and to repent so bitterly." It was soon after his mother's death that he entered the army: and although historians and biographers have disputed as to which side Bunyan took in the civil wars, there can be little doubt that he followed the bent of his county, and fought on the side of freedom and the Parliament.

On leaving the army, and while little more than a full-grown boy, Bunyan married the daughter of a godly household; and although it is not known who she was, it is certain that she and her husband read religious books together; so that Bunyan, who in that licentious age had neither been unchaste nor intemperate, began to give attention to spiritual things. Here another disputed question in the Dreamer's life occurs. Was he ever the grievous sinner that he has depicted himself to have been? "In estimating the sinfulness of Bunyan's early life, it must be remembered that sin may take a spiritual as well as a sensual form," remarks Mr. Brown. . . . "The marvellous force which in after years displayed itself in vividness of spiritual vision, and burning power of expression, ran riot in weird blasphemies which made even blasphemers tremble." All admit that Bunyan, as a youth, was addicted to Sunday games, bell-ringing, and profanity; but all are not prepared to admit that he was so exceptionally wicked as has been supposed. In one case, at least, when he was almost driven mad with the thought that he had sold his Saviour, his guilt was altogether imaginary. "With all his picturesque power, he puts his case in imagery the most varied," says Mr. Brown, referring to this occasion. "He is," he says, "like a broken vessel, driven as with the winds; as those that jostle against the rocks, more broken, scattered, and rent; as a drowning child in a mill-pond; or he seems to himself to be standing at the gate of the City of Refuge, trembling for deliverance, and with the avenger of blood close at his heels." Thus, when he had not committed the crime of which he accused himself at all, Bunyan thought that there was no sinner on the earth as black as he was. He looked at many things through the strong magnifying-glass of his own imagination; and hence many think that the man who, as a youth, was perfectly chaste and sober, exaggerated that early propensity for swearing, Sunday playing, &c., of which he afterwards so bitterly repented.

The church at Bedford, of which Bunyan was pastor, has an exceed-

ingly interesting history, for the details of which we refer the reader to Mr. Brown's volume. Founded by Benjamin Coxe in 1650, the most distinguished pastor, next to Bunyan himself, was the ex-Royalist soldier, John Gifford, who is probably the original of "good Mr. Evangelist" in "The Pilgrim's Progress." During the halcyon days of the Commonwealth, the congregation had for a meeting-house St. John's Church, thus showing that the great Protector's rule "recognized no one form of ecclesiastical organization. The mode of administering the Lord's Supper and baptism was left an open question, to be determined by each congregation for itself."

Bunyan was attracted by the preaching of John Gifford of Bedford, while he was still living at Elstow; and the fact that one who had been a notorious sinner was found profiting by the godly ministry of a formerly ribald Royalist officer created considerable interest. Soon afterwards he removed to Bedford, and himself commenced preaching in the surrounding district, while at the same time he came before the world as an author. His diversified experience was probably not singular for those times. "Slanders were heaped upon him, the greatest immoralities were charged against him, it was rumoured that he was a wizard, a Jesuit, a highwayman, and the like." Many orderly people were of opinion that it was a scandal for a tinker to go among the villagers preaching the gospel. He continued, however, to pursue his course of evangelical usefulness for some years, and then, when the evil shadow of the Restoration darkened the outlook, means were found of stopping the preacher in his work.

The story of Bunyan's imprisonment has been so often told, that we shall not attempt anything more than the mention of such new facts and inferences as recent research has brought to light. As everyone is aware, the popular belief used to be, that Bunyan passed the term of his twelve years' imprisonment in the gate-house of the old bridge, which formerly spanned the Ouse. On closer examination it was found impossible to have been quite as people had believed, because, in the first place, the house was not large enough to have accommodated the number of prisoners who at one time are known to have kept Bunyan company; and secondly, through "A sodain inundacon of y^{e} waters of Ouse," the Bridge-house itself was swept away in 1671. The gaol in which the allegorist passed the twelve years of his imprisonment was, therefore, the county prison in the town; but while admitting this, Mr. Brown is still able to show that a second imprisonment occurred, and that then, as an undoubted inmate of the re-erected gate-house, Bunyan wrote his immortal allegory.

In regard to the sufferings of the persecuted confessor, Mr. Brown does not attempt to minimize them, as some writers have done; on the contrary, when the infamous condition of the seventeenth century prisons is taken into account, it is inferred that the sufferings of the inmates must have been extreme. Strongly attached to his wife and family, Bunyan was cut off from their society during the best years of his life, and was unable to contribute what was necessary to their support. He is commonly spoken of as having made tagged laces during this time; but if, during his first imprisonment of six years, he published nine books, two others during the next sentence of similar length,

and "The Pilgrim's Progress" during the third shorter term, it will be seen that he did more as an author than as a tagger of laces while he remained in gaol.

Bunyan was chosen pastor of the church in 1672; and thus, on leaving prison, when all his temporal affairs were found to have gone to wreck, he began life anew in this honourable capacity. In 1675-6, he appears to have been once more arrested for the third time, and to have been imprisoned for six months in the gate-house over the Ouse, and it is believed that he then wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." This is the opinion of Mr. Brown, and the proofs adduced would seem to be sufficiently conclusive. Indeed, the subject appears to be put in so clear a light, that it will hardly admit of controversy in the future.

"The Star," on Snow Hill, the grocery establishment of John Strudwick, where Bunyan died, was an old-fashioned London shop, which has long since disappeared. The worthy tradesman appears to have been a deacon at Hare Court Chapel, and when his friend died far from home he seems to have provided a resting-place for his remains at Bunhill Fields. A little more than eight years later, at the age of forty-three, John Strudwick's body was laid in the same grave.

Mr. Brown has produced a thoroughly good book; a work which will occasion his name to be mentioned with honour in connection with the life and work of our great allegorist for generations to come.

Gambling in all its Forms.

"BETTING and gambling," says Everard, "in every form and shape, are injurious, and ought to be avoided. Whether it be at the billiard-table, or in a rubber of whist, on the race-course or elsewhere, nothing good will ever come of them. They are evils which take such a firm grip of a young man. Like the cobra, they coil round him, and he cannot get free. If he wins, he is urged on to win more. If he loses, he will often beg, borrow, or steal, in the hope of making up for what he has lost. Plain business duties, which are the surest road to an honest livelihood, are neglected or slurred over; so everything soon goes to rack and ruin, whilst a man is off to some race, or discussing some coming event with sporting companions.

"Betting is founded on selfishness, and the consequence is, that men who live by betting are, and cannot help being, the most selfish of men, and, I should think, the most unhappy and pitiable; for if a man who is given up to selfishness, distrust, and cunning—who is tempted every hour to treachery and falsehood, without the possibility of one noble or purifying feeling, or the consciousness that he has done the slightest good to a human being—if that man is not a pitiable object, I know not who is.

"One whom such a course brought to a felon's doom, remorsefully exclaimed, 'Would that I had died before I had meddled with sin! Oh, that I could recall the bitter past! *Drink and billiards have led me to this.*'"

Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho.

ONE of the greatest of the Welsh preachers of the great revival of the eighteenth century was Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho. People assembled in thousands from all parts of Wales to hear him preach at the monthly communions held in his parish, so that Llangeitho became a shrine. About a hundred ministers of the gospel, Charles of Bala among the number, recognized him as their spiritual father; and once in the year during the fifty years of his ministry he made a tour through the Principality, and by his preaching stirred and maintained the spiritual fire that had been set burning amongst the churches.

Rowlands was born in 1713, his father being the parson of Llangeitho. Educated for the Church of England pulpit, he was ordained in 1733, and became curate to his brother John, who had succeeded the father in the living. He was at that time a stranger to the love of Christ, but a great change was in store for him. The year 1735 was the turning-point in his career. That year is memorable as the year in which the revival of religion broke out simultaneously in England, Wales, Scotland, and America. It was the year of the conversion of Howel Harris and Daniel Rowlands in Wales. In that year, in England, Whitefield joined the Oxford Society of Methodists, which was destined to kindle the flame of spiritual fervour in the dead and frozen churches of this country. In America the revival broke out the same year under Jonathan Edwards' preaching at Northampton, New England; and in Scotland the glow of the same holy fire was felt soon afterwards at Cambuslang and Kilsyth.

Nowhere was this blessed kindling of spiritual life more needed than in Wales. The country was terribly deficient of religious teaching. The Act of Uniformity in 1662, by causing the expulsion of one hundred and six conscientious clergymen from their livings in Wales, had drained the church of its best blood; and the clergy were now, with few exceptions, corrupt and immoral. Instead of preaching repentance and justification by faith in the blood of Christ, they preached regeneration by baptism, penance, and salvation by works. The Sundays were spent in sports, the clergyman leaving the church after service, as Rowlands himself did in his first two years, to join the games of his parishioners in the churchyard. Fights, carried on with clubs and cudgels, were waged between the people of different parishes, and it was not uncommon to see a band of ruffians rush into church, and drag their comrades out to fight. Ignorance and ungodliness cast a deep moral gloom over the land.

It was in 1735, two years after his ordination, that Rowlands was quickened to spiritual life. He went to hear a famous preacher, Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, who had come to preach in the neighbourhood. In the course of his sermon Jones noticed the defiant mien of the young clergyman, and stopped and prayed for him, "that God would bless the proud and haughty young man who was in the church, and use him for the conversion of many souls." Rowlands returned home under deep conviction. Sin, law, justice, and the judgment to come became stern realities to his mind, and for many days he felt the pangs of guilt, and shed the tears of repentance. True to his feelings

he began to preach upon the justice of God and the terrors of the future world, until his hearers trembled with him. His pulpit became like Sinai, with blackness and tempest around it. He himself felt the frowns of God and the burden of guilt, of which he spoke, and his spirit was greatly subdued. His tears fell profusely, and his clear voice was mellowed with the deepest pathos.

Report soon spread that a change had come over Rowlands, and great crowds gathered to hear him. "Alas!" he would cry, "if you are on Satan's side, sure damnation awaits you. The curse of God rests upon him and all who follow him. Men! the cannons of God are levelled at you; fight, and your portion will be eternal death; and what then of the wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonish garment? I would not for the world leave you where sweep the bullets of God. Flee! Flee from the wrath to come!"

Marvellous effects followed his preaching. People fell down stricken in the churches and in the churchyards, till Philip Pugh, a good old Independent minister, said to him: "Preach the gospel to the people, and apply the balm to their wounds; and show unto them the necessity of faith in a crucified Saviour." "I am afraid," Rowlands replied, "that I myself have not found that faith in all its fulness." "Preach it, then, until you find it," was the reply, "for if you go on in this way preaching the law, you will soon destroy half the people of the land."

As he grew in the knowledge of the grace of God, and passed from Sinai to Calvary, the tone of his preaching changed. The blackness, darkness, and tempest gave place to the sun in the blue heavens. He proclaimed the boundless mercy of God and the dying love of Christ, and these melting truths thrilled his own heart as he uttered them. Very mighty were the emotions that swayed him as he upheld before the people the cross of Christ. On one occasion, reading the Litany in the church, he so read the words, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial," that many of the people fell down on the floor overcome with intensity of feeling; and on another occasion, he himself, dwelling in his prayer on the sufferings of Christ, exclaimed, "O emptied veins! O pallid countenance!" and, overwhelmed with his emotion, swooned away.

He did not reach this high fervour without much communion with the Saviour. *Prayerfulness* was one of his most prominent characteristics. He would often spend the whole of Saturday night in his study, where he was to be heard sobbing and sighing till the morning. One Sunday a very large congregation had come together, and the time for service to commence was up, but Rowlands was not forthcoming. Two men were sent to fetch him. They asked the reason of his delay, and the answer was that he felt himself unworthy to appear before such a congregation. After some persuasion he came with them, but he fell on his knees on the way at the side of a brook to ask God to forgive him for his unwillingness to preach. He preached that morning with extraordinary power. The service continued until four in the afternoon, and eight hundred became members of the church after that sermon.

Such a man as this, vividly realizing the truths he proclaimed, with a deep knowledge of the guilt of sin, a dread sense of the wrath to come, a rapturous experience of redeeming love, a powerful imagination,

tremendous force of passion and emotion, and with his whole nature bathed in an all-subduing spirit of prayer, such a man as this could not live and labour in Wales without great results, even had he confined his preaching to his own parish; but he was led to go far and wide with his message, and, as we have already said, he made a preaching tour of the country every year for half a century.

It is not to be supposed that, in such a time of hostility to religious earnestness, these evangelistic labours would be carried on without opposition; and Rowlands incurred much opprobrium, and often suffered personal injury. At one time, two parsons entered the church and interrupted him, causing an uproar, which brought the service to an abrupt close; at another, the church choir continued singing the 119th psalm for hours, Rowlands rising again and again to begin his sermon, until at last he had to give it up; frequently he was refused permission to preach in the churches. In the open-air a drum was beaten while he was preaching, till an enthusiast, hoping still more effectually to drown his voice, applied the stick so furiously that the drum was broken. Repeatedly he was stoned, and had to make his escape with a bleeding face; and sometimes he was obliged to hastily mount his horse and flee for his life from an enraged mob, the congregation following, till, minister and people having reached a secluded spot, he would finish his sermon.

But it was not always like this. Churches and churchyards were thronged by those anxious to hear him, and the *energy* and spiritual power of his preaching proved resistless to multitudes. "I came accidentally," says one, "to a place where Rowlands was preaching to an immense congregation in the open-air. Indeed, I never witnessed such a scene before. Oh! the striking appearance of the preacher; his zeal, animation, and fervour were beyond description, and such effects descended on the congregation under him as never came within the sphere of my observation before."

Rowlands had now been preaching with immense influence in Wales for over twenty-five years, and had fearlessly trampled under foot the trivial rules against preaching out of his parish, and in unconsecrated places, notwithstanding warnings and threatenings from the bishop. At length, in 1763, the Church of England committed the blunder of expelling from its pale this noble clergyman. The expulsion took place in the church of Llandewi-brefi. Two clergymen entered the church, and handed Rowlands a letter just as he was entering the pulpit. Rowlands quietly read the letter, intimated its contents to the congregation, and walked out of the church. Nearly all the people followed him weeping. That church continued empty for years. At that time Rowlands was curate to his own son. Up to 1760 he had served under his brother, who had been called the "wild parson"; and on the brother's death, the church authorities passed over the great preacher, and conferred the living upon his son. His salary all these years had been the magnificent sum of £10 a year! He had two small farms, or he could not have maintained his wife and family.

For some years before his expulsion, Rowlands had found himself forced, by the number of people in the country that felt concern for their souls, to send them preachers and exhorters; and as the clergy could

not be had for this work, there was nothing for it but to encourage such converted laymen as were willing to do their best. These intelligent exhorters, who felt the fire of the Word of God burning within them, assembled for mutual edification and prayer in his barn; and this was the beginning of Calvinistic Methodism at Llangeitho. After his expulsion, they built him a plain little chapel, fifteen yards square, which became the centre of his labours for twenty-seven more years. Every Sunday the people came to Llangeitho from ten or fifteen miles round; and once a month, on Communion Sunday, the congregation numbered about five thousand persons, about fifteen hundred being communicants. These had come from all parts of Wales, and it was a common sight to see their horses in rows of hundreds tied to the hedges.

Rowlands was accustomed to preach a preparatory sermon at eleven o'clock on the Saturday, and one of the other ministers present would preach at three in the afternoon. An old preacher, John Williams, of Dolyddelen, tells how he walked all the way from Dolyddelen to Llangeitho, and was so tired that he was more fit for bed than chapel. He went, however, to hear Rowlands. His text was Isa. xxv. 6: "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." "You never heard such a thing in your life," said the old preacher. "He began to tap the barrels of the covenant of grace, and to let out the wine well refined, and to give to the people to drink. It flowed all over the chapel. I also drank, and became, as I may say, quite drunk. And there I was, and scores of others, in an ecstasy of delight praising God, having forgotten all fatigue and bodily wants."

Rowlands died in 1790. His health continued good to the end, and he preached on the last Sunday of his life. On that Sunday evening he said to his family, "I have nothing to say about my acceptance with God but what I have said at all times—I die as a poor sinner, resting solely and altogether upon the merits of a crucified Saviour." On Friday he became seriously ill; he was to preach on the morrow; but on that Saturday, October 16, 1790, he died. A large number of people gathered, as usual, to prepare for Communion Sunday: they were in the chapel, service had commenced, when word came to them that Rowlands was dead. The service broke up, and the people scattered weeping to their homes. Thus passed away one of the greatest preachers of Wales, and the herald of a noble succession of gospel ministers such as Christmas Evans, John Elias, Williams of Wern, and others, whose work has left an indelible impress upon the Principality, and made it the most religious, and most moral and orderly part of the land. For the gospel is the only regenerator of men and nations, and communities can only "flourish by the preaching of the Word."

It only remains to add that the materials for this sketch are derived from Owen Jones's interesting book, "Some of the Great Preachers of Wales," which is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

C. A. D.

A Sunday Breakfast in the City.

TO see the fish traffic of Billingsgate at its height one should enter the market early on a Friday morning, because it is then that street traders will be in strongest force, Friday being a fish day among large numbers of the Irish who are the costers' customers. It is one of the busiest and most animated scenes to be witnessed in all London, and the sea-weedy odour which was noticed by Mr. Mayhew many years ago may still be enjoyed by those who delight therein. The market really commences about four o'clock in the morning. Would not our readers like to be there? But throughout the day there is still a good deal going on; and even in the hours just preceding public worship time on the Sabbath morning there seems hardly to be a lull in the bustle and noise. Does the great sea of London life ever cease to ebb and flow, to roar and murmur? As we stood upon the ground shortly before ten o'clock on the 22nd of last November, we remarked to a companion, "You might think it was market day"; and he replied, "Yes, you might." The railway vans were in force, having taken in their ample supplies of fish of various kinds for the Monday's market, and there were many empty costers' barrows on the ground. The spectacle, as a whole, was evidence that the traffic of this great Babylon never pauses. By night and by day, seven days a week, something is going on, and in many quarters there is no trace of that Sunday quiet which is so dear to Christian minds.

There is plenty of scope for earnest Christian effort in such a locality, and the people are certainly grateful for anything that is done for them. It was in a Billingsgate public-house, some years ago, while accompanying a friend who was distributing religious papers, that a large-boned man remarked, "If it wasn't for such as you we should be wuss than blacks." He only uttered a popular sentiment. It is quite a mistake to suppose that mixing among the lower orders of London will, as a rule, entail rough usage. Kindness meets return from costers, as truly as from peers of the realm. We may also add that the proverbial "Billingsgate" is not a whit more noticeable in the great fish market than in Covent Garden and similar places, where foul expressions are far too common. Happily the "Billingsgate woman" of conventional conversation could not easily be found nowadays.

Not many yards from the market, just out of Thames Street, a City Missionary has established his station, and this being quite in the centre of the district, has proved a refuge for many a sinner who might otherwise have been left to despair because no man cared for his soul. Ten years ago a missionary was appointed to this market, and at first he found his labours both arduous and discouraging; but, at length, faith in God and perseverance in well-doing have had their reward. He has gathered many converts, and some of these, in the true spirit of Christianity, now lend their services to the common cause. The mission was for some time carried on without a meeting-room, and this was a great hindrance to it. How can you use a lever if you have no fulcrum?

Suitable rooms were at length obtained at an old-fashioned house—a veritable relic of Old London, when business people lived in the City—and here the motley Sunday morning congregation assembled—people

who were frequently without lodging, and to whom bread-and-butter with coffee came as a genuine boon. When we met them, there were altogether fifty-eight men and three boys; and the most conclusive testimony to their need was seen in the fact that forty of them had been abroad all night in the streets. They were a forlorn looking set, carrying the whole of their property on their backs. Even were opportunities to be laid in their way, many of these people would be unable to raise themselves, their condition placing them at an insurmountable disadvantage in the labour market. The young looked as though they were hardened by the course of life they were pursuing, while the more elderly seemed to have lost hope. After making a very comfortable meal, they all seemed disposed to listen, in the most orderly manner, to what was said to them by several Christian friends who attended for the purpose.

Mr. Vicary, having occupied the ground for such a length of time, well understood the characteristics of his audience, and spoke accordingly in a strain of warm sympathy. He showed that, however much those present might have suffered, suffering was not necessarily a sign of sin; it did not prove that God disliked them, nor that he had no pity for them; but, at the same time, suffering might be an evidence of their own folly. Some people, said he, are thriftless, some are the subjects of misfortune; but when they go for assistance to friends who would, but cannot help them, these friends are always sorry. If it was so with our fellow-men, what must the feelings of God be for them! A very important truth was then impressed upon the strange-looking audience, viz., that the advance towards God would be the first step away from poverty. Speaking to them as a person who had passed through several years' experience, the missionary declared that he had never met with a homeless wanderer who was a disciple of Christ. Though the Saviour himself may not have had where to lay his head, he is not willing that his followers should in this respect be as their Master.

Another friend who spoke was unable to enter into the feelings of those before him; but he recalled to their memory days when some of them would have greeted Sunday morning as happy Sabbath-school scholars. He asked the question, Why was that breakfast given? The answer was that it came from persons who had the love of Christ in their hearts. Were such things as that ever done at the halls of science—did those who frequented such places care anything about the homeless? "Not a bit of it!" cried the speaker, with emphasis, well knowing that his hearers would agree with him. He then reminded them that they were created in the image of God; but how many had been as sober as they should be? Christ came to save them, and they must look to him. It was of little use taking the Temperance pledge if they did not ask strength of God to keep it.

To a close observer of life, there were many points of interest about this strange congregation, each one having come in, just as he was, from the highways and byways of the great city. In general, they used the hymn-books like other people, thus showing that they could read, and were a contrast to what such an assembly would have been in the past. "Yes, sir," at once responded one old man, when asked whether he had

attended Sunday-school. At least four had been communicants at church. Such persons are not in every instance what they seem to be —the dregs of society, who have been born to beggary, and nurtured in squalor. In a congregation of fifty there are sure to be some who have fallen from respectability, and, possibly, one or two of superior education who have descended from high social positions.

The addresses were not quite over, however; for another friend and two working-men delivered their souls of appeals which were likely to be followed by good results. The former asked the poor fellows if they had not learned in youth that walking in an evil path led to trouble, and had they not found it so? He was not satisfied with his life, and hoped he never should be; but they were invited there in order that they might go out again, and by the help of God resolve to do better. It was then insisted upon that there was a way back; and, by way of proof that godliness was profitable unto all things, the friend said he would guarantee that, if any one turned his back on sin, and sought Christ, he would soon find himself in a better position. A well-dressed working-man, who had been a sailor, gave a short account of his experience, which reminded us of John Newton coming to himself in the tempest: our friend had found Christ beneath a wet sail during a storm at sea. Another workman, who said he was turned fifty years of age, confessed to having done all he could to displease God; but having learned better, he had found that there was nothing like coming to Christ. Further than that, he was quite assured that none could be too bad to come.

Now, what are the practical results of these plain breakfasts, given to such persons as these, at a humble mission-station? In the clearest and most emphatic manner, religion was shown to be such a real force in life that seeking God became the first step towards prosperity. To show that this gospel of hope for two worlds was not preached in vain, the fact was mentioned that, in the course of twelve months, twenty-five men had been reclaimed from their forlorn condition. One of these, who had entered the room in rags, a homeless wanderer, heard of "Jesus only," and he resolved to find the great salvation. He was soon a changed and saved man, and he is now doing well on a farm in Canada.

Apart from this breakfast and the work carried on in connection with it, the district of Billingsgate, occupied by Mr. Vicary, has many points of interest peculiar to itself, reminding us of what the city was, and of what it has become. In an account which he gave of his work some time ago, he referred to the immense trade which is carried on in the market during the week, and to the crowding of the adjacent thoroughfares, which at times necessitates railway vans standing for five or seven hours in the street, and then having to return with their loads. Few traders now reside at their places of business. The house-keepers are sheltered in the garrets, and constitute a class by themselves, who, besides being wide awake in other matters, "are intimately acquainted with the old city churches and their charities." They mainly constitute the episcopal congregations in the city, being liberally "unmindful whether the doctrine be high or low, concerned only for the good found in the benefactions handed down by the benevolent

of the past." For these needy people Bible-readings and mothers' meetings have been inaugurated, while the services of lady-visitors have been enlisted. "The Bible Flower Mission is not unknown among them," adds Mr. Vicary, in a report of his work, which his committee published at the end of 1884. "In one room I found two old ladies, of the united age of 179 years. The one at ninety-three lay almost like a breathing mummy on the bed, while the other, at eighty-six, was her faithful attendant and friend. I asked the nurse what the bunch of flowers said to her? 'Oh!' said she, 'the flowers, and the text, and the sweet books of the lady, say,—"Certainly I will be with thee."' As I looked round upon the dark room, the narrow alleys, and the special surroundings, I felt prompted to thank him who was with this trusting pilgrim for the grace which sustained her under such hard conditions in the sterile region where her piety sang its sacred song."

Although so densely crowded, and so uproarious during business hours, very few policemen are needed to preserve order in Billingsgate. One of the greatest curses of the place is the habit of spirit-drinking, in which the fish-porters habitually indulge. Experience emphatically teaches that there is no safeguard in pledge-signing, and wearing bits of ribbon, unless the grace of God saves the infatuated from their besetting sin. One man, for example, had signed the pledge eleven times; nevertheless, he had squandered an average of fifteen shillings a week on drink for full five-and-twenty years. Numbers pass away the victims of alcohol. On the other hand, when the heart has been touched, the transformations of drunkards are so striking as to become the wonder of the neighbourhood.

The missionary and his station at St. Mary-at-Hill are now a recognized institution of Billingsgate, and many of the poor people would be sorry to lose his services. He extends help and sympathy to many unhappy persons, and in many other ways his labour is not in vain in the Lord. It appears that the present meeting-place is to be taken down to make way for the continued march of City improvements, and an effort is being made to procure better accommodation. The treasurer is Mr. James Newman, 9, Crooked Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.

G. H. P.

Four People who want Good Memories.

IT was the saying of one, that an excellent memory was needful for three sorts of men:—First, for *tradesmen;* for they, having many businesses to do, many reckonings to make up, many irons in the fire, had need of a good memory. Secondly, *great talkers;* for they, being full of words, had need to have a good storehouse in their heads to feed their tongues. Thirdly, for *liars;* for they, telling many untruths, had need of a good memory, lest they should be taken in their lying contradictions. I will now add a fourth, namely, for *those that are afflicted,* that they may remember the great good that they have gained by former afflictions, that so they may be the more silent and quiet under present troubles.—*Thomas Brooks.*

The Fall of Hinduism.

NOTHING can be more false both to Hinduism and to Christianity than attempts to adjust the two religions, by making out ingenious points of contact or comparison in detail. That they exist is undeniable, but that an over-zealous ingenuity in their discovery or application is misleading, we have many proofs. Books written in England are constantly ransacked by educated natives of India, for the purpose of discovering in their own religion what none but European students could have brought to light. Buried among such a mass of impure mythology, unholy history, and false philosophy, these grains of truth could not have been evolved but by a mind such as an English student of comparative theology possesses. Such labour is badly rewarded too, for no good is accomplished. Paul learnt this lesson at Athens. He quoted from a heathen author, and drew comparisons; but what was the result? No time was left for the mention of the name of Christ, and the gospel was not proclaimed. How deeply the lesson was imprinted on the apostle's heart we learn from the fact that, as he went thence to Corinth, he "determined to *know* NOTHING among THEM save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He had learned that quotations from heathen writers before a heathen audience could not convey to their minds any Christian truth. The beauties of their poetry may be appreciated ever so highly, but they are not the Word of God. Besides, alongside of such conceptions of the truths that lie buried in every erroneous system, we should have a proper estimate of the falsehood which vitiates that truth, and poisons it. The ineradicable vice found in Hinduism *must* neutralize all that is good; and the more religious a Hindu becomes, the more detestably wicked and unclean he is. The only consoling thought (if it be not irony to call it so) is that he can never equal in vileness the god he worships. His imagination can depict crimes that he never could perform; for Hindu gods are said to have committed impossible deeds of infamy.

Since the great commission was given by our ascending Lord to his followers, the gospel has never come into contact with a more stupendous and complicated system of error than that of Hinduism. Its theology is at once pantheistic, monotheistic, trinitarian, and idolatrous. Its philosophy is subtle, mystical, and incomprehensible. Its sacred books would take a lifetime to read through once. Nowhere have there been more obscene, unnatural, and hideous representations of gods worshipped. Sects are very numerous, and are multiplying as education and enlightenment spread among the natives. Against this mighty system have the forces of the gospel been directed for less than a hundred years. Yet the huge structure has been shaken already to its foundations. Faith in the ancient shastres is decaying. A desire for something more reliable is aroused. Max Müller asserts that "Though Hinduism is still professed by one hundred and ninety millions of people on that vast continent, yet it is dying or dead. And why? Because it cannot stand the light of day. The worship of Shiva, Vishnu, and the other popular deities, is of the same, nay, in many cases of a more degraded and savage character than the worship of Minerva, Apollo, and Jupiter. It belongs to a stratum of thought long buried beneath our feet. It may live on like

the lion and tiger, but the mere air of freethought and civilized life will extinguish it." In Bengal it has long ceased to produce heroic defenders of its faith, prophets of its future, champions of its deities, or martyrs to its demands. Its influence is lessening daily. It is dying or dead.

Yet in outward form Hinduism lives still, and probably will for years to come. Its ceremonies have assimilated into them the national mind. They will long be retained by many, therefore, after their life and meaning have departed. (Perhaps it is well it is so.) "Hyder Ali died in 1782, one of the most successful warriors India ever produced. His son, Tippoo, was more than four hundred miles distant at the time. It became necessary to convey the news to him before the followers of his father became aware of it. An Asiatic army, deprived of its head, becomes a scene of intrigue and confusion. Hyder's death was therefore carefully concealed in the camp. The body was embalmed, and sent under escort to the capital as it had been usual to convey chests of valuable plunder. Answers to letters were issued. Orders were published in his name; and his close palanquin, with the accustomed retinue, moved out at the usual hour from the canvas enclosure of the royal tent." The stratagem was a complete success. No rioting, or plunder, or disorder followed. The rightful successor to the throne arrived, and was installed. Thus, too, after many years of actual death, Hinduism will keep up its ceremonies, and annual festivals, and gorgeous processions. And may they not answer a purpose? The races of the land are kept religious and united thereby until he shall come whose right it is to reign, and take sole rule of all. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" The heathen are thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth are thy possession.

ROBERT SPURGEON, Bengal.

The Spiritual Shillelagh.

AN Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelagh—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och! Nicholas," said they; "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" "Truth, I did not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself." Poor Paddy! True type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many of the moot points, for which they have done fierce fight, are so infinitesimally small, that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.—*Samuel Coley.*

Two Broken Reeds.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

AT a recent prayer-meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, an aged friend rose without being called upon, and presented a brief, earnest supplication at the mercy-seat. He closed his prayer with the following singular and suggestive petition:—

"O LORD, SAVE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WHO ARE TRUSTING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BAPTISM, AND THEIR OWN GOODNESS!"

As the stranger resumed his seat, we said "Amen!" very heartily; and, at the same time, we felt grateful to the unknown suppliant who had reminded us of a large class of persons for whom prayer is not offered as often as it ought to be.

There are, alas! many, beside the brothers and sisters specially mentioned on this occasion, "who are *trusting in the Church of England baptism*," even if they have no faith in "their own goodness." Tens, ay, and hundreds of thousands, in their childhood, have been taught to believe and to say that, in their baptism, they were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven; even though by their sinful lives they prove that they are members of Satan's evil family, children of wrath, and inheritors of the kingdom of darkness. Lest any one should mistake the meaning of the expressions used in the Church of England Catechism, the Book of Common Prayer again and again repeats the assertion, and puts it in various forms, but always retains this clear statement that, in baptism,—*i. e.*, sprinkling, for almost all babies nowadays are weak, and unable to endure the dipping prescribed by the rubric—the child has been regenerated by the Holy Spirit, adopted into the family of God, and incorporated into his holy Church. Here are the actual words that are uttered by the minister over an infant which has been privately "baptized," and similar language is used concerning those who are "done" in public:—"This child, who, being born in original sin, and in the wrath of God, is now, *by the laver of regeneration in baptism*, received into the number of the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life." The "priest" is also obliged to say, "Seeing now, dearly-beloved brethren, that *this child is by baptism regenerate*, and grafted into the body of Christ's church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits." With such plain teaching as this continually sounding in their ears, is it remarkable that there are so many "who are trusting in the Church of England baptism"? It is very sad, but it is not at all surprising; under the circumstances, it would be extraordinary if it were otherwise.

It is quite unnecessary to dilate upon the evils that result from "trusting in the Church of England baptism." The chief one is that people are thus led to rely upon that which can never save them; an error which will prove eternally fatal unless it is discovered and renounced in time. Where the clergyman knows the truth as it is in Jesus, the mischief may be minimised; though even then, whenever he stands by the font, and sprinkles a child, he must give the lie direct to what he has taught from the pulpit as to the need of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and the exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

If, however, as not unfrequently happens, the rector, or vicar, or curate, is a stranger to the grace of God, or a sacramentarian, who accepts and interprets literally the words which his Evangelical brethren try to explain away in a non-natural sense, who is to warn their hearers that they are trusting to a rotten reed, which will fail them in the trying hour? They might be guided into the truth if they would read their Bibles, and by meditation and prayer seek to be instructed by the Spirit of God; but many "who are trusting in the Church of England baptism" never think of searching the Scriptures to see whether what their teachers tell them is according to the Word of God, or not: it is enough for them that the parson says it. If one, who is concerned about their souls, repeats to them the Saviour's solemn message, "Ye must be born again," they reply, "*We* have no need to be born again, we have been born again; at least, we have always been taught to believe that we were born again when we were baptized. We cannot be 'born again' again and again." We shudder at the blasphemy of the man who said that he did not want to be born again because he was born in Boston; but we fear that many, in this so-called Christian country, have not a much clearer spiritual perception than he had of the absolute necessity of regeneration "from above" for all who are to "see the kingdom of God." Tyndale prayed, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes;" and we may well pray, "Lord, open the eyes of the ministers and members of the Church of England who are trusting in their baptism!" The sprinkling of infants is not scriptural baptism at all, and even the immersion of adults would be unscriptural if it were not preceded by the heart's reliance upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

But do any trust in "*their own goodness*"? Yes, verily; though, in their case, the faith is without a reason for the hope that is in them, and it is certainly "the evidence of things not seen." It cannot be a matter of fact, or of sight, or of experience. Unhappily, it is not faith at all, but presumption, or self-deception. The Scriptures declare that, among the children of men, "There is none righteous; no, not one." To the young man who called him "Good Master," Jesus said, "There is none good but One, that is, God." Addressing the Lord, the psalmist says, "*Thou* art good, and doest good;" but what goodness can any human being have until he has been renewed by grace, and has become a partaker in the divine nature? "If any man be *in Christ*, he is a new creature;" but, until that recreating work has been wrought upon him, by nature he *is* evil, and by practice he *does* evil. The wild olive cannot bring forth good fruit; neither can sin-polluted creatures bring forth "goodness," and the other fruits of the Spirit, until they are changed by union with the sinless Son of God.

It is only too true that many "*are* trusting in the Church of England baptism, and their own goodness." Often, when we have spoken to church-people about the necessity of conversion, and the importance of faith in Christ, they have answered, "We have been baptized and confirmed, we have taken the sacrament, we have paid twenty shillings in the pound, we have done the best that we could; is anything more required of us?" They have been amazed at our reply; but in faithfulness to our convictions, and out of love for their souls, we have been compelled to answer, "What do you lack? You lack everything; or,

at least, you lack the one thing needful that is, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and without *that* you cannot please God, without *that* you cannot be saved, without *that* you are even now under condemnation, for 'he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God.'"

Dear reader, have we been unconsciously describing your case? If so, while we write, we pray that the Holy Spirit may undeceive you as to your true condition in the sight of God, and may take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto you. Remember the words of the Apostle John, "he that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Whatever ceremony may have been performed upon him, he who believes not in Jesus is still dead in trespasses and in sins.

If, on the other hand, you have been divinely instructed, and are yourself saved, kindly put this little paper into the hand of any whom you know "who are trusting in the Church of England baptism, *or* their own goodness," and pray that it may help them to find a surer resting-place for their faith, even in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. So may each one for whom we are concerned be enabled to say—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame;
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

A Batch of Moderates.

I WAS sitting one day in my study, pondering the evils wrought by strong drink, when twelve gentlemen presented themselves, and said that, while they deplored the calamitous results of intemperance as much as I did, they wished to show me reasons in favour of moderate drinking, which they said was a very different practice from the excessive drinking that had brought so much evil repute upon alcoholic liquors. They hoped I would hear what they had to say for moderate drinking; and upon my signifying my willingness, the first, a Mr. Negative, stood forward, and said, with a slightly apologetic tone, "It does me no harm." This, I thought, is a good beginning; for it is certainly wrong for a man to take what injures him. I have always held that Paul's counsel to the jailer, "Do thyself no harm," was a bit of sound morality.

The second, Mr. Positive, came forward. "It does me good," he said. "I experience a general comfortable feeling after taking it;" and he rubbed his waistcoat as he spoke. "It makes me satisfied that the world is running round the right way, and I feel in good spirits." Or rather, thought I, that spirits are in you.

The third was Mr. Dyspeptic. This gentleman said, "It helps to digest my food." Poor fellow! A vivid picture rose before my mind of the specimens I had seen preserved in bottles of spirits in doctors' surgeries; and I wondered whether the alcohol he took with the idea of dissolving his food was preserving it with equal efficiency in his inside. I could not be surprised at his ill-nourished appearance.

Then the fourth spoke up. It was Mr. Craving. Said he, "I feel a dreadful sinking without it, here"—and he laid his hand upon his person with much emotion. My sinking friend, thought I, it must be dreadful to be you.

The fifth was Mr. Squeamish. "It gives me an appetite," said he; "otherwise I have no desire for breakfast, no relish for dinner, no appetite for tea.

But, with a drop of something in my coffee, and a glass of stout to dinner, you should see the difference!" I felt sorry for him, for he evidently lived by whipping himself. My horse, he seemed to say, is so weak he can't go; so I whip him! I'm afraid the whipping won't make him fat. I could have given him a recipe for want of appetite. Go without! No appetite for breakfast, my friend? Go without. Can't eat any dinner? Go without. Hardly care for tea? Go without. I'll warrant you'll relish a hot chop for supper.

Mr. Perennial Dose was the sixth; and he said very confidentially, "My doctor ordered it. I was ill ten years ago, and he told me to take a glass of port wine every day; and I have taken it faithfully and regularly ever since." "And do you still take the pills?" said I, "and the black draught?" No, he had not continued these; but he found the glass of port very beneficial, and it was the doctor's orders.

The seventh was Mr. Goodchild. He said, "My father practised it. He always had his glass as long as I can remember, and I can't do better than follow suit." Yes, thought I, his father wore a bag wig, I believe, and knee-breeches, and travelled by waggon, never sent a telegram, nor voted by ballot; and he couldn't do better than follow suit.

Then Mr. Complacent came forward. He was Number Eight. "I know when to stop," said he. "I'm not one of those who never know when they've had enough. I can take it moderately, I can." Ah! thought I: I dare say he could jump off a cliff moderately. He would know where to stop. I wish everybody was as clever as he.

The ninth was Mr. Self. "I have no notion of giving up my liberty," he said. "I've a right to take a glass, and I will not be deprived of it. I'm of the opinion of the bishop who would rather see England free than England sober." Thought I, you are a pretty long distance from the spirit of Christianity.

The name of the tenth surprised me by its length. This gentleman was Mr. Open-your-mouth-and-shut-your-eyes; and this is what he said: "It is a good creature of God, and to be received with thankfulness. What are hops for? What are grapes for? And why does fermenting sugar produce spirit?" He seemed to think these questions answered themselves. Just so, thought I. Iron is good to make knives of; but when the knife is thrust between my ribs, I am apt to think it is improperly used. Alcohol is useful to chemists and naturalists to preserve specimens, and to scientific men to make a pure flame for experiments. It may be useful for many purposes. It does not follow that it is rightly employed when poured down men's throats.

Mr. Scripture-shelter, the eleventh, now came forward. "Scripture sanctions it," said he. "The Psalmist speaks of wine which maketh glad the heart of man. The Saviour made wine at Cana, you know; and Timothy was told by the apostle to take a little wine for his stomach's sake." Yes, thought I, Timothy's medicine must become all men's drink. I have also read in Scripture, "Woe to them that are mighty to drink wine!" "*Look* not upon the wine; it stingeth like an adder." The wine Jesus made was of a sort that had not produced intoxication, though the guests had already "well drunk" of some like it; and the apostle who recommended medicine to Timothy enunciated a great Christian principle in the words, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the twelfth gentleman. It was Mr. Honest. "I like it!" said he, and smacked his lips. This was all he said. It was a clincher! I thought his argument the soundest of the dozen; but I was sorry that he had got to like it. I did not feel quite comfortable about him, and I believe his friends are of opinion that he sometimes goes a little beyond the mark.

The gentlemen having thus delivered their minds, took their departure, leaving me, on the whole, unconvinced of the virtues of moderate drinking.

C. A. Davis.

Confession of Sin.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MENTONE, DURING THE WEEK OF UNIVERSAL PRAYER, IN CONNECTION WITH THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS—According to the printed programme, the subject for this morning is humiliation on account of national, social, and personal sins. The very fact that there is such a thing as sin should humble us in the very dust. Sins against God our Creator! How can creatures dare to rebel against the Almighty Lord who made them? Sins against so good a God! Why, and wherefore do they exist? Sins so wilful, so wanton, so injurious to ourselves! What madness! If there could be conceived to be the slightest speck of good resulting from sin, it might be urged in its favour; but it is evil, only evil, and that continually. It dishonours God, and it also destroys ourselves. What do we want with sin? There is variety enough in that which is permitted us; abundant exercise that would yield us pleasure and joy, and would allow full and healthy play to our whole being; yet we must needs break down all restraint, and go after sin. We have left the clear, cool, flowing streams from Lebanon to go and drink of the polluted pools of Sodom. We have turned away from that which was sweet, and safe, and satisfactory; and we have gone to that which is bitter upon the palate even now, and will be far more bitter in the bowels in the world to come. At the remembrance of the very fact of sin we should lie in the dust before God.

Is there one of us who knows thoroughly what the evil of sin is? I do not think there is. If any one of us were to see the depravity of his own heart, he would lose his reason. Concealed within sin there lurks a measureless world of mischief; who can know it? Were it not that the infinite satisfaction of our Lord Jesus Christ is ever present before the eye of the great God, he would at once ease him of his adversaries, and sweep both sin and sinners out of the world.

I am asked to speak concerning *national sins;* but this is a work too delicate for me, and I fear it would do but little good even if executed to perfection. We are of many nationalities, and each man is jealous for his country. Let each nationality confess its own sin by one of its own representatives; and perhaps this were better done apart: who cares to expose in public the faults of his own family? Moreover, general descriptions of a people must necessarily be in a great measure incorrect. Little is done for the benefit of anybody by "American Notes," which hold a nation up to ridicule; or by descriptions of English manners, which are only regarded as true where caricature is accepted as portrait! Patriotism repents for its beloved land in secret; but it is wounded by unqualified and sweeping censures. The fact is, that all nations are of one blood, and display the same faults; but there is a considerable variety as to the proportion in which the evil ingredients are mixed. Sin is neither an English, nor a French, nor a German weed; it grows wherever there is an inch of human soil. If I spoke of drunkenness as an English sin, I should be quite correct; for it is so to a terrible extent. May God help every friend of Britain to protest against the intemperance of his country! But since I have been in this town, I am less and less able to speak of the superior sobriety of France; and it is to be feared that the serpent, which lurks in the cup of red wine, biteth like an adder in all lands. Let this evil be confessed by all who lament it, and let it be fought against with every lawful weapon within reach. To confess it, and then to countenance it, will be to make our day of humiliation a day of hypocrisy.

This much I must say of national sins, that, wherever great powers have interfered with smaller and inoffensive nationalities, for the sake of increasing their territory, or their influence, they are verily guilty; and wherein nations have shown a feverish irritability, or a readiness for war, they are also to be

censured. Is not war always a conglomerate of crimes? Wherein our civilized races have oppressed and degraded aboriginal tribes, the sin cries out before high heaven. I blush to own the part of my own country in the enormous infamy of the opium traffic. May God forgive this great wickedness, and deliver us from it! But enough of this, lest I should awaken difference of opinion where I would excite a common repentance. Let each nationality humble itself apart, and cry, in the language of Daniel: "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee."

Neither will I dwell at any length upon *social sins*. Ah, me! How have both our ears been made to tingle during the past year! I could wish that I had never heard nor read of those things which are done of the infamous in secret. Henceforth, for tales of horror men will turn, not to the writer of fiction, but to the discoverer of fact. Ah, God! What a world we live in! Our fine boulevards, our pleasant streets, our noble mansions—these make a goodly show. These people, dressed in their Sunday garments, are pleasant to look upon. Alas, this is but a film! Our cities reek with the crimes of Sodom. It is of no use for us to mince matters, or delude ourselves as to the sad facts of the case. We have festering within the body politic the foul diseases of the vilest ages. We talk of Christian lands; as yet the earth has not seen such prodigies. Countries are labelled "Christian" to the dishonour of the sacred name of our divine Lord. Social iniquity, like a troubled sea, which cannot rest, is constantly casting up mire and dirt; and I fear there is not a family which has not found this black sea encroaching upon it. In very deed the world still lieth in the bosom of the wicked one. Do not let Christian people imagine that, in order to reach the heathen, they must travel thousands of miles; the heathen are all around us, perishing in their sins. The sooner we recognize that we are to be lights in the midst of darkness, and salt in the midst of putrefaction, the better for the accomplishment of our life-work. If we believe that the world has become cleansed and sanctified into a church, we shall live in a fool's paradise, we shall help to sustain a huge hypocrisy, and we shall miss the purpose for which a church is continued in the midst of the world.

Amongst social sins I feel inclined to lay most stress upon the widespread social atheism of the present time. It is not that many are avowed infidels, but that so many are so, and have not the honesty to avow it. Men forget God; he is not in all their thoughts, or ways, or estimates. Attempts are made to remove the idea of God from science, from trade, from politics, and from education. There is not so much even of external religion as there used to be; many are casting off outward respect for it. And can we wonder? Certain of our theologians have questioned the inspiration of the Scriptures, and cast doubt upon even the historical facts therein narrated. The teachings of our Lord and of his apostles have been assailed by their pretended defenders, and the doctrines of our holy faith have, one by one, been betrayed into the hands of enemies. Of course the people deny when their ministers doubt. Unbelief is in the air; scepticism has become the fashion of the period. All this must be preparing calamity for a coming day. People do not deny the Lord who made them without heaping up wrath against the day of wrath.

I prefer, however, dear friends, to spend the few minutes remaining to me in recalling to our minds our own *personal sins*. These are the sins for which our penitence is most required, and for which it is most effectual. We cannot vanquish wide-spread social sins, but by God's grace we can overcome our own. It may be idle for an obscure individual to lift the lash against a nation, but the least of us may scourge his own home-born sin, and hope for a good result from the chastisement.

Let us personally prostrate ourselves at the feet of our Lord Jesus. Let us recollect that many of us may be much more guilty than may appear from our outward lives. Our secret sins, our heart sins, our sins of omission, must be

taken into account. It may have been impossible for some of us to have sinned as others have done; let us not take credit to ourselves on that account. The dog is not to be praised for not straying if it has been chained up. If we have done evil as we could, we need not glory that we have not done that which was impossible to us. Sins of thought, of desire, and of word, are also to be put down in our statement, together with all our ingratitude to God, and want of love to our neighbour, and our pride, and self-seeking, and discontent.

Let no one of us ever think of compounding for sins which he has committed by the reflection that he has not fallen so grievously as others. We may be very respectable people, and yet we may, in some respects, exceed in sin those who appear to be greater sinners. What if I am not unchaste, yet Pharisaic pride may make me quite as obnoxious to Almighty God. What if I am not a gambler, yet a malicious mind will as surely shut me out of heaven. What if I am not a blasphemer, yet the carnal mind is enmity against God; and if my nature is not changed, I am not reconciled to God. Therefore it becomes each one to look narrowly within, by hearty self-examination; and, after doing so, it will be the wisdom of each one to cry, with penitent David, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

Since I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, I know assuredly, at this moment, that all my sins are forgiven me. As to the pardon of every true believer there can be no doubt, if we believe the testimony of Holy Scripture. But yet we never dare to quit the place of the publican, who cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" We acknowledge that we need continually to receive that pardon which we already enjoy. To congratulate ourselves upon a fancied perfection, is a folly in which we ought never to indulge. Though we know we are forgiven, our grief for our transgressions is increased. Sin becomes in our esteem more exceeding sinful, because of the love which pardons it. It laid on thee, O Lord, so heavy a burden that, when we think of all thine exceeding sorrows, we are ashamed and confounded, and feel that we can never open our mouths again with so much as the semblance of self-congratulation. "To us belongeth shame and confusion of face," and it is the only heritage that we have earned by our own merits.

Our sins, dear friends, ought to be viewed very much in relation to our privileges. The sin of those who know more than others is marked with a special emphasis. Those who sin against a tender and enlightened conscience, and against holy examples and influences, sin with a ten-fold guilt. Some men have to do violence to their better selves in order to do wrong; many amiable women have to harden themselves ere they can unite in the follies of others. Ever remember that light increases our guilt if we sin against it.

Forget not, also, that even in making confession of sin we may sin. A confession of sin which comes not from the heart, and does not affect the after life, is in itself a sin. Confession, in which there is no faith in Jesus, is an additional transgression, in so far as it is the language of unbelief. I am not sure that it is not a sin for a child of God to confess sin which has been forgiven, as if it were not forgiven. Though we are all to confess our sins, no "General Confession" can suit all men alike. Be it ever remembered that there is a wide difference between men and men; some are unforgiven, and others have been washed from their iniquities through the blood of Jesus. For the unforgiven to confess their sin as unforgiven is truthful and right: but for a child of God, who is forgiven, to speak of his sin as though it had never been put away, is to dishonour that glorious sacrifice by which the Lord Jesus has finished transgression, and made an end of sin. Shall we make the wondrous death on Calvary to be of none effect? Never let us so transgress. Do not, therefore, you that are trusting in Christ, come with your confession in the spirit of bondage, much less of despair. Own your sins with your heads in your Father's bosom, weeping because of the great love which has forgiven you.

With all this upon our minds, let us return to the sorrowful remembrance of our shortcomings as members of the church of Christ. How far have we been

partakers in the wide-spread worldliness of professing Christians? It is a sad thing that the church and the world are so much alike in these days. A clear division should be manifest between the two. The world was once destroyed by a flood, and what was the cause of it? It was because "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." When thus the church and the world were confused, destruction was at hand. It is neither for the good of the world nor for the good of the church that the lines of demarcation should grow dim. There is an eternal difference between him that feareth God and him that feareth him not; and when professing Christians cannot be distinguished from worldly men it is because the salt has lost its savour.

Another greatly prevailing sin is great indifference concerning the souls of our fellow-men. Certain doctrines have been introduced which tend to make men feel easy as to the future of the impenitent; a condition which naturally leads to indifference as to whether they are led to faith in Jesus, or are allowed to remain in their sins. We are all sufficiently callous without these modern soporifics. I dread any form of teaching which would diminish my horror of a man's dying without God and without hope. It is no work of ours to buoy up men with a hope for which there is no Scriptural warrant. We would fain deliver souls from going down into the pit; we leave others to speculate upon their coming out if once they fall into it. In any case, may we never grow unmindful of the souls of our fellow-men; but, wherever we are found, may we watch for opportunities of warning men of the wrath to come, and wooing them to the Saviour's love.

Brethren in Christ, may we not have sinned in looking too exclusively to our own work, and forgetting the labours of our brethren in other parts of the field? How few of us can rejoice when the Lord blesses others more than he does ourselves!

Is there not sin, also, in the disunion which exists among professing Christians? Shall we never come together? Could we not all revise our opinions by the Word of God? This holy Book is acknowledged by us all to be our guide; should we not be agreed with one another if we were all agreed with the Bible? It seems to me an axiom that persons who are agreed with the same rule must be agreed with one another. If this suffice not, will we not labour to be one with each other by being one with Christ? If we are all united to HIM, must we not be united to one another?

My dear brethren, I dare not omit mention of that sin of sins, our wretched unbelief. Do we believe anything as we ought to believe it? Have we a firm grip of eternal certainties? Do we not act towards God as if he were a shadow, instead of resting upon him as the Rock of Ages? We do not half believe the divine promises, nor rely upon the immutable goodness and faithfulness of our heavenly Father. We are alive unto God, but alas, that life beats feebly within our bosom! Where is our confidence in the gospel? Where is our glory in the cross? We are trembling followers of a Master who deserves the unwavering faith of every one who has the honour to be his disciple.

Only a minute remains in which to acknowledge our shortcomings as to private prayer. Where are the men mighty in supplication? Do not our closets cry out against us? Where are our united pleadings with the Lord? Do not many forget meetings for prayer? Are not many altogether unaware of what they are like?

Have we not been lacking in meditation, in communion, in walking with God? Where are *the saints* now? We have a superabundance of professors, but where are the truly eminent Christians? I believe that the strength of the church lies in that inner circle of champions which is composed of the thoroughly consecrated, the men who are favoured of the Lord. Holy Bernard was the light of his age, and passing on from age to age we see men that blazed with the light of God; but we ought each one of us to seek to be saints in the highest sense of the word. We must aim at being the holiest of men and women. Let it be ours to be like the mountain-tops that catch first the

beams of the rising sun, and reflect the light upon the lowlands. If we are not such, we ought to be; and wherein we are not all that we ought to be, we sin.

Let us now lay bare our hearts before God, and ask him to search us that so our guilt may be perfectly removed, and we may be clean in his sight, and so enter with joyous hearts into the New Year. May the Holy Spirit pour upon us the spirit of grace and of supplications! Amen.

Notices of Books.

Storm Signals: being a Collection of Sermons Preached on Sunday and Thursday Evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

Our publishers have asked a near and highly esteemed friend to select and edit these sermons, and he has thrown his whole heart into the work. "*Storm Signals*" are wanted in these perilous times. We have enough of pretty speeches meant to flatter the boastful wisdom of this age of folly. Cooing doves are on all boughs, and the turtle-notes of "the larger hope" are heard in every green bower; but the tempest, with its crash of thunder and stroke of hail, will not be warded off by such lying voices. Not to please, but to arouse, these storm signals are sent forth. With more than all the love of which the smooth-speaking soothsayers make such empty vaunt, we seek to save men from going down into the pit, and not to delude them with the hope of getting out of it unharmed.

Some of the Great Preachers of Wales. By Owen Jones, M.A. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6s. 6d.

It is singular that two books on Welsh preaching should come forth from the press at the same time, each of them with a Jones for its author. Where will you go without meeting with some eminent and useful Jones? Owen Jones, M.A., has produced a very sensible book. One soon perceives that English is not the writer's favourite language; his style is good on the whole, though occasionally cloudy. He supplies a considerable amount of information, and in his enthusiasm for his subject puts it in the best possible light. We all know that the Welsh beat all the rest of creation in oratory. Mr. Jones's remarks upon the unction of the old Welsh preachers, and that mighty prayerfulness which was their main strength, deserve to be written in letters of gold. If this volume contained nothing but the life of Daniel Rowlands, it would be worth all its price. The perusal of that memoir must be quickening to the spirit of every thoughtful reader. We have felt inclined to envy this holy man upon one special point: he would have nothing to do with the management of the church, or the chapel in which it met. He kept himself to his preaching; came in through a door in the back wall of the meeting-house, and disappeared suddenly when he had done, without being worried with petty quarrels and idle tales. Of course we dare not imitate him in this, for in so doing we should neglect grave duties; but oh, that we could! A man in such a case ought to preach like an angel. Alas! the service of tables, and of a great many other things, overload some of us, and make us groan for deliverance.

The Religious Anecdotes of Scotland Edited by William Adamson, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A fine collection of grand old stories, such as could only have been told in the land of Calvinism and robust manhood. We know most of the narratives; indeed, they must be numbered with thrice-told tales; but it is exceedingly convenient to have them gathered into one volume, to which we can refer when we wish to be specially accurate in repeating them. Many of the anecdotes will be new to southerners, though familiar enough to our northern brethren. We have selected a specimen for this month's magazine. Dr. Adamson has compiled a valuable and thoroughly lively book, and the publishers have issued it in a substantial form. We prophesy that it will have a large circulation.

In the Depths of the Sea. By Old Boomerang. Hodder & Stoughton.

An entertaining book, by a writer well known to our fellow-subjects down below in Australia. Full many "this side up" will welcome Old Boomerang and his queer tales. Seeing that his talk is so much of sailors and unseaworthy ships and their perils, as well as of colonial life and adventures ashore, why did he not dub himself Old Jibboomerang? First and foremost, although he is a great story-teller, he is a Christian man, and a helper of Seamen's Bethels and the Temperance cause. His description of the "Drink Devil" is, to our thinking, equal to any of John Gough's pictures. We don't know which is fact and which is fiction in the book, for O. B. invests all, even his "ghost story," with an air of reality that will make his readers anxious to get to the end of his mysterious tale.

May's Captain. By Helen Bristow. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street.

A story of child-love, dropping "like the gentle dew from heaven" on hard natures, and making them soft and lovable. We are not enamoured of this story; for the many moving incidents of which this seafaring yarn is composed, were as unlikely, in real life, to have come together to make up one tale, as the tails of half-a-dozen sea-serpents.

Down in the Valley. By Lady Hope. S. W. Partridge and Co.

In this pretty little book we have sketches of the mental and spiritual experiences of two young ladies of the author's station in life. The one, a lover of pleasure and busy idleness, having lost the means of gratifying her taste for "society," becomes wretchedly morbid, and at cross-purposes with all around her. Her friend and confidante, on the contrary, though "down in the valley," wears in her bosom the sweet flower of heart's-ease, and is enabled to lead her friend beside the still waters of the river of God. Placed in the hands of any pleasure-loving maiden, this charming little story would, we doubt not, be spiritually profitable; for it has a sweetness all its own, many of its leaves having the fragrance of "The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."

Archie, and other Stories. By Robina F. Hardy. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

Very good, short, Scotch stories: natural, life-like experiences in sunshine and shade.

Caroline Street; or, Little Homes and Big Hearts. By Mary E. Ropes. Religious Tract Society.

A simple tale of cottage life, suggested by incidents that came under the notice of the author during work for the Master among humble folk. The secret of its naturalness is that most of the "characters are sketched from life," and well-sketched, too. The book is meant to show the influence of the poor among the poor.

Every Cloud has its Silver Lining, and other Proverb Stories for boys and girls; first series:

One Thing at a Time, and other Proverb Stories; second series. By Popular Authors. John Hogg.

Sets of short stories, some of which we have read. We find them to be of very varying degrees of merit, but of good moral tone and teaching.

Some of the "illustrations," so-called, in the first book, are very venerable, and illustrate nothing in the book, though they may illustrate chapters in the history of wood-engraving, from Bewick *downwards*. Others are not so much curiosities as hideosities. The pictures in the second series are not quite so so-so. The house of Hogg could and should find better little pictures than these to adorn its children's little tales.

Uncle Roger, or a Summer of Surprises. A Story for Children. By E. E. Green. Religious Tract Society.

A story suited for children whose surroundings are those of wealth and refinement; a book such as mamma or the eldest daughter of the house may read to the delight and profit of the younger children during the cosy winter "evenings at home," and find the employment in many ways its own reward.

A Memoir of William Henry Doke, late Missionary to the Congo River, Central Africa. By his Father. Alexander and Shepheard.

A FITTING memorial of the heroic young missionary who went out with the Congo steamer *Peace*, and died of fever at Underhill, within three weeks of landing. All our young men should read it. Cannot more of our younger ministers go out to the heathen with the gospel, and help to fill the gaps made by those that fall?

Blossoms and Fruits of Missionary Work, or what Indian Girls can do. Published for the benefit of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, or Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. By the Rev. A. H. LASH, Clerical Secretary.

IN this interesting little book, Mr. Lash gives brief sketches of several native Hindoo schoolmistresses, who have been trained in the Normal School of the Church Missionary Society at Tinnevelly, and are now teaching girls' schools in various parts of India. The prejudice against female education is rapidly breaking down, and India will yet be reached through its mothers.

Short Records of the Missionary Work of the Rev. Edward Porter (of the London Missionary Society), in Vizagapatam and Cuddapah, India, from 1835 to 1868. By his Widow. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER missionary record: this time connected with the London Missionary Society. It is well to have every part of the church of Christ pegging away at the heathen world. Mr. Porter was a good missionary, and laboured in the Telugu district. His widow has written an interesting memoir.

Jacob Boehme: his Life and Teaching. Or, Studies in Theosophy. By the late Dr. HANS LASSEN MARTENSEN. Translated from the Danish by T. Rhys Evans. Hodder and Stoughton.

HERE'S a nut to crack. Strong teeth and a mighty jaw will be required. Those who can understand all that Boehme has written are greater men than Boehme himself; for we are morally certain that he did not always understand his own lucubrations. In this man's theosophy, sublime crags of granitic darkness bear upon their brows flashes of heavenly light which suffice to intensify the glooms which they reveal. Boehme was a wondrous mystic, considering that he was born of poor parents, brought up in ignorance, and occupied as a cobbler. Imagination in him was the leading faculty, but that was so grandly developed, that he became the master of a powerful school of Theosophists, and his works exercised a great influence all through Germany over cultured minds. Few revere this Teutonic Swedenborg at this present hour. Bishop Martensen here restores this extraordinary philosopher as from the tomb of oblivion. There is so much that is profound, devout, and true about this German dreamer, that we are obliged to Mr. Rhys Evans for translating Dr. Martensen's work. We shall be sorry if any one should become a disciple of Boehme by reading these "studies in Theosophy," and we shall be equally sorry if readers do not find their hearts burning as well as their heads swimming, while enjoying these strange pages.

James Scott, a Labourer for God. By Rev. A. A. BONAR, D.D. Morgan and Scott. 2s. 6d.

WHATEVER falls from Dr. Bonar's pen has grace and spiritual power in it. This book is largely a record of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's work in Glasgow, and of the earnest way in which it was taken up and carried on by Mr. Scott, whom the Evangelistic Association appointed superintendent of the work on Mr. Moody's departure. Scott died at the age of thirty-eight, and his funeral was attended by about six thousand persons.

Every-day Life in South India; or, The Story of Coopooswamey. An Autobiography. Religious Tract Society.

A CHARMING autobiography. We do not know how manners and customs could be more vividly described than by narrating them in this fashion. South India seems to live before our eyes. A capital missionary lecture might be made from this handsome book.

Bayard the Dauntless, and other Historical Tales. From the French of Madame De Witt (*née Guizot*). By Emily Millard, and Mary Archer. Sunday School Union.

These tales do not strike us as specially good in style or in teaching.

Five Minutes Too Late; or, Leslie Harcourt's Resolve. By Emily Brodie. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Full of character. Somewhat aristocratic in style, but exhibiting a high morality, and the godliness out of which it grows. How many there are who are "just five minutes too late," and thereby cause great discomfort to all around them, and make their own lives miserable! A comely book for 3s. 6d.

Afloat: a Story. By Mrs. Stanley Leathes. J. F. Shaw and Co.

We feel all "at sea" in describing "Afloat." We felt the horrors coming on as we read the earlier chapters of the story, and hoped that old Somnus, or his minister Morpheus, would give us a dip in Lethe's fabled stream, lest Mrs. Leathes' fabled boat, with little Marigold afloat, should haunt our dreams. We, however, comforted ourself with the reflection that Christian story-tellers always illustrate the proverb, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning," and we persevered to the end, and found more to laugh at than to cry over, and were not sorry to have spent an hour or two with the writer's queer acquaintances.

A Tangled Web: a Tale of the Fifteenth Century. By Emily Sarah Holt. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A charming book which will repay the lover of English history for a careful perusal, and also afford those who read the story merely as a pastime a rare treat in following the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the chief actors in this drama of life. The book is, in short, the history of the two pretenders, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, more especially of the latter, and of the troublous times of the seventh Henry. The religious experiences of several of the personages introduced are full of interest and Christian teaching. The gifted authoress has spared no pains in consulting authorities in order to unravel the "tangled web" of the history of the period, and her investigations are consequently of permanent value. We heartily commend the book.

The Mistress of Lydgate Priory: or, the Story of a Long Life. By Evelyn Everett Green. Religious Tract Society.

A skilfully-constructed and beautifully-written story of the time when George the Fourth was king. Grandmamma here tells out the story of her life's joys and sorrows. As a self-willed maiden with an ample fortune, she plays with hearts, and so "plays her cards" that to her cost she finds there are knaves as well as queens of hearts, and that as she sows, so she reaps—heart-break. But little children, loving and talking of their Saviour, become their mother's teacher, and the giddy woman of the world becomes the wise Christian matron, the recital of whose chequered experiences will tend to the pleasure and profit of the younger members of her circle.

Her Saddest Blessing. By Jennie Chappell. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A thoughtful, tender, wholesome story, bearing witness to the wonderful working of God's providence in the ordering of events in the lives of his children. Should any one desire to learn lessons of perfect trust in God, and compliance with his will, *from* a sick couch instead of *on* one, they will here find a very pleasant opportunity.

On the Cliff; or, Alick's Neighbours. By Catherine Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Of a more solid and serious cast than most stories for young people, it is all the better calculated to profit them. Each chapter of the history of the two families residing "on the Cliff" has for its motto one of the Beatitudes; and the entire story appears designed to illustrate the truth, that the trials and experiences of youthful Christians are precisely the same in character as those of older and more tried believers—they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

The Art of Thriving; or, Thrift Lessons, in Familiar Letters. By JOHN T. WALTERS, M.A. Jarrold.

WE extolled this book when in a former edition. We are glad that it has thrived, because it will teach all its readers to thrive.

Ministers' Wives. By Mrs. JAMES MARTIN. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT a subject for the pen of a minister's wife—ministers' wives, as they have been, as they are, and as they ought to be! Mrs. Martin's book will be widely read, and highly commended or sharply condemned, according as the readers see reflections *of* or reflections *upon* themselves in the sketches which the authoress has graphically drawn. Her heroine, or model minister's wife, was a keeper at home, except during the hours of divine service; and her great aim in life was to train up her children in the fear of the Lord, to do all in her power to keep her husband well and happy, and in good trim for his work; and to visit the sick and the bereaved in the hour of their sorest need. We trust that this description applies to a goodly number of the sisters who, as Mrs. Martin puts it, "have been chosen in wedlock by a good minister of Jesus Christ." It is to be hoped that there are very few like the "*active* minister's wife," whose children were allowed to go to ruin while their mother was presiding at sewing societies, where the ladies made knickerbockers for nigger-boys; or forming committees for providing soap and towels for the shoe-blacks, who would use the towels instead of blacking-brushes; or making up nice little parcels of food for the white mice kept by the organ-grinders! The ideal portrait of "the *delicate* minister's wife" must surely be a caricature. She is too ill to go to the house of God, she leaves her own house (she has no *home*) in charge of servants, and her time is spent either in bed, reading three-volume novels, or at concerts, theatres, dinner-parties, or various worldly amusements! Not approving of all that is here said, we consider this book will be very helpful to those who are, or are likely to be, ministers' wives, and we advise them to get it for themselves, if some kind friend does not make them a present of it.

The Plants of the Bible. By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.A., M.D. New and Enlarged Edition. T. Nelson and Sons.

AN exceedingly good book, produced in Messrs. Nelsons' usual admirable style. Those who have not a work of this kind should regard it as essential to their libraries.

Bible Flowers and Flower Lore. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT is at all times a good work to make Biblical information popular. This book is written in a common-sense style, as if the author wanted to be understood. In many other cases, scientific slang prevents the general reader from being benefited. Eighteen-pence will be judiciously invested in the purchase of this useful book.

True Nobles and Heroes, and other Stories. By DAVID HARRIS, F.S.S. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

SCORES of bright little bits of anecdotal biography, like small, or "seed," pearls, forming settings for great truths. Thanks, Mr. Harris, for *multum in parvo*, pleasant and profitable, prettily packed.

The Children's Service Handbook for Sunday Schools, Christian Bands, &c. By THOMAS DAVIES, M.A., Ph.D. Elliot Stock.

WE are not able to express so favourable an opinion of this production as we hoped to have done when we first saw it. We have no liking for a liturgy. Those who find such a help a necessity will prize the book, for the author here gives six distinct services, with prayers and responses, and a chant, a hymn, and an anthem for each. There are also twenty-four sketches of Bible characters, with outline addresses, and a synopsis of gospel truths. The author is more successful with his homiletics, than with the music, which, not bearing any author's name, we presume to be for the most part original. Sunday-school teachers, though not adopting the book as a whole, will find some valuable assistance in the conduct of special services.

Studies in the Character of our Lord as our Example. By A. Nicholls. With Introduction by the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, D.D. Hunt and Co.

Very helpful. The Scriptures put together to illustrate various traits in our Lord's blessed character will readily suggest discourses to preachers who are awake. We are personally indebted to the author for his very simple but very instructive work.

The Life of Lives; or, the Story of Jesus of Nazareth, in its Earliest Form. By the Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Virtually a summary of Matthew's Gospel. It is exceedingly simple, and to our mind somewhat dull; but yet it is frequently lit up with a splendour of suggestiveness rarely equalled.

Pearls of Wisdom from the Parables of Christ. By A. L. O. E. Morgan and Scott.

A somewhat singular piece of work. The parables are interpreted for Indian readers, and therefore wear a novel charm for Europeans. A. L. O. E. had a special gift in writing for the young, and we thought her well occupied at home; but her great heart bore her over the seas to Hindoostan, and there she shows herself to be the same A. L. O. E. as ever, by doing for the Eastern children the same service as she was wont to do for the fair-skinned little ones in England. There will be different opinions as to the illustrations: some of them are to be admired, but the same cannot be said of all. These Pearls have a mild radiance of gospel love, such as one expects to see in the precious things of A. L. O. E.

Hinduism: Past and Present. With an Account of Recent Hindu Reformers, and a brief Comparison between Hinduism and Christianity. By Dr. J. Murray Mitchell. Religious Tract Society.

All that we can wish to know about the Hindu sects is here set forth by one who is a complete master of the subject. This work ought for ever to pulverize the blasphemous science of Comparative Religions. What comparison can be drawn between Jehovah and Vishnu, Christ and Siva? As well compare heaven and hell. As for the poor gospel of Buddhists, that all existence is misery, the world will get no light from it, nor does it bear as good a resemblance to Christianity as a glowworm to the sun. It is to the last degree absurd to try to set the gospel to the tune of Buddhism; these attempts at compromise do not convert the heathen, but destroy the truth by heathen falsehood. No, there can be only one faith, and all others must die as *it* lives and conquers. Dr. Murray Mitchell writes with the authority of one who knows his subject perfectly.

Thoughts on Union with Christ. By H. C. G. Moule, M.A. Seeley and Co.

Deeply spiritual. We would whisper in the ear of our choicer friends, "Get this little book. It will be a spiritual *bonne-bouche* for you." Here is good change for your single piece of silver.

The Yoke of Christ. By Anthony W. Thorold, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester. William Isbister.

We have treatises here of unusual interest upon ordinary topics; such as Marriage, Illness, Letter-writing, Friends, Money, and the Loss of Friends. If it should seem strange that these should come under the title of "The Yoke of Christ," as none of them, with the exception of friendship, are directly exemplified in him, the explanation will be found to be in the endeavour to show what should be the influence of the religion of Jesus upon all these departments of social life. It is not every one in so high a position who would condescend thus publicly to give advice derived from personal observation and experience in relation to subjects upon which the welfare of society in general depends. There have been numerous treatises upon these subjects, but few, if any, in which so much practical wisdom has been displayed, and so many questions of religious casuistry in relation to them have been so ably and prudently solved. It is here seen what genuine Christianity can do to regulate the duties and alleviate the burdens of this life; and that it has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

The Kingdom of God, Biblically and Historically Considered. By JAMES S. CANDLISH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is the tenth series of the Cunningham Lectures. By its contributions to the theological literature of our times this endowment is acquiring a reputation. Are we to regard these volumes as manifestoes of the Free Church of Scotland?

The chosen author, in this instance, inherits an honoured name: his career will be illustrious if he sustains its reputation. It may, however, be his aim to strike out a path of his own.

As chosen lecturer for the term, he had his choice of subject within a wide range. He made a wise selection. "The Kingdom of God" (*βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ*), or (*βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν*), the kingdom or reign of the heavens of Matthew, is a theme of thrilling interest, and deserves very careful study.

At the very outset we protest vehemently against any such invidious comparison as blurs the opening paragraph of the first of these lectures. *Modern* theological literature, he tells us, assigns a more prominent place to the kingdom of God than it occupied in former times. And why? Because these newer critics consider that the teachings of the prophets of Israel, and of our Lord himself, centre in *that* rather than in what these gentlemen choose to call "the *more modern* ideas of religion, incarnation, atonement, the church, or the like."

This, surely, is an unwise and impolitic introduction. Why prejudice your reader against you on the first page? New books, like new pictures, and new poems of any merit, are hailed by none with heartier welcome than by enthusiastic admirers of the old classics. Young workers in the schools of art, who are true to nature, must, notwithstanding all their passion for vernal freshness, be thoroughly imbued with a spirit that honours the renowned fathers of past generations; or else, with all their genius, they will pine in hopeless obscurity for want of patrons. This is as true of divinity as of sculpture or painting. When writers are eager to set aside "the ancients," we feel sure that their own light is feeble.

And yet, notwithstanding this, or any other defect in the treatment of his subject, our author has surveyed it all round; and whether we agree, or disagree, with his finding, his arguments are peculiarly helpful. The more clearly we understand the moot points of the problem, the more interested we feel in a fresh contribution to the debate. Open the New Testament, as if for the first time. Four evangelists entertain you with a narrative of the life of Jesus Christ on earth. Two of them begin with the birth; all of them close with the death and resurrection of the Messiah. This is history. The two facts are presently condensed into two doctrines; the one we call "incarnation," the other we call "atonement." Unless your faith can grasp both of these you cannot have a clear apprehension of "the Kingdom of God." That kingdom begins to challenge special attention when John the Baptist, as harbinger of our Lord, comes preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, saying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii. 1, 2). After John was cast into prison, Jesus himself takes up the same note (Matt. iv. 17). But Mark, the most graphic of the three synoptical Evangelists, describes it in more striking terms: "Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying: The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel."

As you go on reading about "*the kingdom*," there are two questions that any child in the Sunday-school might ask, but not every teacher would be prompt to answer. . . . If the kingdom was then at hand, and indeed actually present (Luke xvii. 20, 21), why did our Lord teach his disciples a prayer to be used through all the centuries, "Thy kingdom come"? . . . If the proclamation of the kingdom was publicly heralded by our Lord, as it had been by his forerunner, why did he veil in parables the mystery of the kingdom when addressing the multitude, and reserve the interpretation for his own disciples? Were it possible to give categorical replies to clever questions, there would be no need for a volume of four hundred pages like that which lies open before us. When you

put your problem down on paper, it is sometimes solved in the process. Mayhap, some of our friends have already perceived that "the gospel of the kingdom" and "the mystery of the kingdom" are not precisely analogous terms. The kingdom of God is presented to us in holy Scripture in three distinct aspects; first, as a gospel, wherein is revealed the righteousness of God, perfect in all its proportions; secondly, as a growth, like seed planted, a tree expanding, &c. (Matt. xiii.); and thirdly, as a predicted manifestation of unrivalled sovereignty that puts down all other rule and authority, when the Son of God shall reign in our nature, King of kings, and Lord of lords; of whose kingdom there shall be no end. It is clear that the subject is a large one, and affords a wide field for holy thought: it is a pity that it should be treated in the fashion of these lectures.

In his third and fourth lectures, our author, with ripe scholarship, studious research, and skilful analysis, renders us some valuable assistance. We tender our best thanks to any man who will lend us his brains, provided they are worth borrowing. Brain is all our author has to lend us, for he puts himself outside the inner circle to whom it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Unfortunately for him, and for us, his concluding lecture leads up to a disastrous failure, and if we appreciate his meaning rightly, he perceives and confesses it. "The kingdom of God in relation to modern social ideas," is his text. Here he reaches an age of enlightenment so brilliant, that it requires a German word to express it, "Aufklärung" (illumination). Fishing about for a state of things in which the welfare of the community shall supplant the evangelical aim to secure the personal salvation of individuals, he claims kindred with those who do not accept Christianity, but agree to a certain extent with what he holds to be the Christian ideal. Here he turns to Leibnitz and Kant, hails the conceptions of philosophers from Plato downwards, talks about socialism, sanitary science, and political economy. All who labour to secure the best state of human society are, in his account, fellow-workers with God, though in helping on the consummation of his kingdom "they have not a plan or pattern to guide them." Then he leaves us on the last page to comfort ourselves with the assurance "that the kingdom of God shall not remain for ever a mere ideal, but be one day a reality, in the form of a perfect human society, in which all shall in love serve one another, and so serve and glorify God." Howbeit, we, receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, are not to be put off with ideals. Our theology, despite the subtleties of the rationalistic schools, is *positive*. Probably our author does not see where he is going, but we have seen these speculations about a mythical kingdom of God used by others to conceal determined attacks upon the cross of Christ; and therefore we are not inclined to give such figments the slightest countenance, even when the honoured Free Church of Scotland warrants them with her seal and *imprimatur*.

A good book on "the kingdom of God" would be welcome just now. Since the "Cunningham Trust" in Scotland has so signally broken down, the "Carey Trust" in Ireland might advantageously take it up.

Notes.

SPECIAL thanksgiving is rendered to the Lord for so bountifully providing for the various enterprises during the Pastor's absence. He has been uplifted above all care, and so has been given to rest in the best sense. It is on his heart to thank every one of the donors. Look at this month's lists, and see what cause he has to be grateful. There must be more than a thousand names of generous friends, and they hail from every quarter. God bless you, dear friends, one and all! You have made the heart of your brother in Christ to sing for joy. May the Lord deal bountifully with each one of you, and give you to see the Lord's work prospering in your own localities; and to enjoy his presence in your own souls!

If the Lord will, Mr. Spurgeon hopes to occupy his own pulpit on February 7th. He hopes to return restored, refreshed, and prepared for a long campaign.

The weather has been charming at Mentone while terrible at home. The repose enjoyed under a sunny sky has been of the utmost value to a jaded mind.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—*Special Notice to Applicants.*—Mrs. Spurgeon asks us to say that the great pressure of Book Fund work during the past three months has so greatly overtaxed her strength, that she is obliged, very regretfully, to appeal to intending applicants to defer their requests for some little time to come. Those who have already written will kindly pardon any delay in her replies. She will do her utmost to accede to their wishes; but at present she can only work by slow degrees.

It occurs to us to suggest to English Christians whether it is not high time to do away with the abomination of swearing as it is carried on wholesale at the entrance of members of Parliament upon their duties. Christ's rule is, "*Swear not at all*"; but the rule of our Legislature is, "Swear all of you"; and, according to descriptions in the newspapers, a very pretty farce it is! Is this one of the ways in which God is recognized by our nation? This, and the levying of extraordinary tithes, might do better for the recognition of Juggernaut than of Jehovah.

An aged friend, who has used a quotation from Spurgeon's sermons in her tract, is assured that she is quite at liberty to do so, and has not in the least offended.

The question is asked us—whether the blood of Jesus takes away the guilt involved by the results of sin; and our reply is, "*Most assuredly.*" To suppose that the sin itself is forgiven, but that a believer would still be punished for the effect of his sin upon others, is to make the atonement of Christ of none effect. He who takes away the sin itself, also puts away the guilt arising out of it. The washing which makes us whiter than snow, does not leave a stain of any kind upon the person who is the favoured subject of it.

A writer states that Mr. Spurgeon does not value the Revised Version of the New Testament because it takes away many of the texts which were supposed to support Calvinism, and Believers' Baptism. This is news to us. If our friend will keep to subjects which he understands, he will probably approach nearer to the truth when he writes upon them. On the points mentioned, we have never raised a question in reference to the Revision.

In connection with the matter of Mr. Stead, our readers may remember the name of Dr. Heywood Smith, who rendered an important service. On account of this action, he has lost his appointments as senior physician in two important hospitals, and has otherwise suffered as greatly as a professional man can well do. All who know this Christian friend will also know with what purity of motive he rendered aid in the terrible investigation, and we must all regret that such serious consequences have followed to himself as an eminent professional man. An effort is being made to enable him to open a small hospital, or invalid home. Mr. Charles Reed, 4, Austin Friars, E.C., will take charge of any sums that may be sent in for that purpose. We trust that, for Mr. Stead, the evil consequences of his heroic disclosures are ended; but for Dr. Heywood Smith they have, in all probability, just begun.

A VETERAN'S TESTIMONY.—Our venerable friend, Professor Rogers, recently preached a sermon in connection with the jubilee of the church in Albany Road, Camberwell, which was instituted through his instrumentality. We reprint the concluding paragraph, in the hope that the experience of a servant of Christ in his 87th year may be of interest and value to younger men, and especially to the hundreds of preachers whom he has helped to prepare for the ministry of the Word:—

"I have occasionally heard, during my lifetime, of one minister or another, of the modern school of thought, lamenting greatly, in his last hours, that he had not kept to his first faith, and I have no doubt but this has been the case with many others. If I have any consolation in reference to my past ministry, it is in the fact that, with all its imperfections, it has been consecrated to the one gospel of the grace of God. My first sermon, which was preached sixty-nine years ago from the present time, was from the words, 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.' And from that time—

> 'Redeeming love has been my theme,
> And shall be till I die.'

I have not been unmindful of the many departures from the simplicity of the gospel by men of superior talents and laborious research, first in Germany, and then by a host of imitators both in this country and in America; but it has only served to endear to me the more my first faith. I have had my temptations and trials; I have known what it is to abound and to suffer need; but I have kept the faith. 'Henceforth there is laid up for me,' even for me, 'a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day'; and not to me only, but to all who have like precious faith. 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

The sermon is entitled, "Keeping the Faith," and is published, price twopence, by Messrs. Jackson, Ruston, and Keeson, Eagle Court, Dean Street, High Holborn W.C.

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. W. Berry has become the pastor of the church at Ipsley Street, Redditch. Mr. J. Kemp has removed, from Burnley to Kent Street, Portsea; Mr. R. M. Harrison, from Hackensack, New Jersey, to Quincy, Illinois; and Mr. Joseph Forth,

from Thurso, Quebec, to Middlesex, Yates county, New York State, U.S.A.

We regret to find that, through continued ill-health, Mr. M. Mather has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the church at Holbeach, where he has done exceedingly useful work during the past six or seven years. We earnestly hope that our dear friend may be sustained under this sore trial, and that he may yet render good service for the Lord ere he is called home.

As soon as we can, after our return to England, we shall (D.V.) meet the London brethren, and make arrangements for this year's Conference, which will probably be held in the week commencing May 3, *i.e.*, the week preceding the Missionary Sunday and the Baptist Union meetings. We are crying to the Lord to send us a season of unusual spiritual power and blessing; and if all who desire the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ will unite with us in a holy league of prayer, our expectations will, doubtless, be more than realized.

From Nebraska, Mr. Mark Noble writes an interesting account of a season of spiritual blessing in the church at Fairbury, where, as the result of the Lord's blessing upon special services, thirty-eight persons joined the church, among them being two sons of the pastor. When Mr. Noble, about seventeen years ago, reached the place now called Fairbury, there was no human habitation within several miles, and the few friends who went out together had, for a time, to live in what the settlers call "dug-outs"—just caves, dug on the side of a slope, and protected by a few rough boards. Now the locality is a centre of business life; and, through our good brother's earnest labours, of Christian influence also. He has been blessed with the ingathering of very many to the fold of Christ.

Our coloured brother, C. H. Richardson, sends us an encouraging report of his work at Bakundu, Africa, notwithstanding the fact that he wrote when he was "down with fever," and had to tell of many severe trials and privations. He finds the printed sermons sent him by Mrs. Spurgeon very helpful to his own spiritual life, and also of great value for distribution among traders who can read English, while he translates portions for circulation among the natives. May the Lord sustain and cheer our dear friend in his loneliness, and give him many of the dark-skinned children of Africa as the reward of his ministry!

Mr. A. Hyde has commenced his ministry very hopefully at Deloraine, Tasmania. He reports that our generous friend, Mr. Gibson, has added another Tabernacle to those which he had built in the island, which has been so largely benefited by his princely liberality. May he live to see the whole of Tasmania flourishing through the preaching of the Word!

On Jan. 6, Pastor W. Bonser, late of Fenton, left England in the Orient S.S. *Austral*, for Queensland. He is going to take charge of the church at Maryborough, where a new chapel has been erected lately. We trust that our brother's sore bereavement here will be the prelude to a season of great usefulness in his new sphere. We have received very cheering reports of the welcome given to Pastor W. Whale on his arrival in Queensland. He reached the colony just in time to preach at the meeting of the Baptist Association, of which one of our own men, Pastor W. V. Higlett, is President.

From Victoria comes the following loving letter, which will, we feel sure, be read with deep interest by the whole of our holy brotherhood, at home and abroad:—

"Melbourne, Victoria,
"12th Nov., 1885.

"Beloved President,—Our covenant God again permits us to assemble at the annual gatherings of the Baptist Association in this 'Queen City of the South.' Our thoughts naturally turn to you with the instincts of affection, and we resolve to send a letter, subscribed with our own names, as former students of the Pastors' College. In this way we wish to express our unabated love for you personally, and our continued, nay, growing sense of obligation to the Institution where we received so much invaluable preparation for our life-work.

"It is with much thankfulness that we have heard by letter, and from recent arrivals, of your greatly improved health, as also of the greater physical strength of that true and tried friend of all the students, Mrs. Spurgeon. May we beg you to convey to your honoured wife our most fervent and hearty Christian salutation?

"The past year has been one of hard work, and not a little encouragement to us in the great cause. Brother William Clark left the church at Ballarat with gratifying tokens of the affectionate esteem in which all held him there, and has settled at St. Kilda, a southern suburb of Melbourne; and Brother J. S. Harrison has been called to the pastoral charge of the Aberdeen Street church, Geelong, where he is meeting with growing favour among the people.

"As fellow-students, we endeavour to foster a close fraternal fellowship with each other, having for our bond of union a delightful sense of our common indebtedness to you, and to the College, with all its pleasant and hallowed associations.

"We have been thrilled with holy admiration as we have read of the true heroism of our brethren in the Congo Mission; and we are seeking more of the spirit of holy self-sacrifice for the glorious work which honours the Christ in the salvation of men.

"May you, beloved President, be greatly strengthened and encouraged in your heavy charge; may the College have a constant succession of men in training whose 'all is on the altar,' and may we all be steadfastly expecting to share the joy of 'Christ's coming day that's coming by-and-by.'

"Thankful to have this united oppor-

tunity of again joining hearts, though seas divide us, we subscribe ourselves,

"Yours in all affection, faith, and service,
"W. Christopher Bunning, W. Melbourne.
"Wm. Clark, St. Kilda.
"F. G. Buckingham, South Melbourne.
"Alfred J. Clarke, Kew.
"Frederick Page, South Yarra.
"Edward Vaughan, Shepparton.
"Edward Isaac, Brunswick.
"James Blaikie, Kew.
"Christopher Testro, N. Carlton.
"John Downing, Williamstown.
"Robert Williamson, Kyneton."

Very heartily do we reciprocate the sentiments of our Victorian brethren; and, over land and sea, we send to them, and to every member of the Conference, our Christian love and good wishes; and for each one we pray that 1886 may be the holiest and happiest year we have ever known, and the most richly blessed in the work of winning souls.

Evangelists.—During the latter part of January, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been holding a mission at Broadmead Chapel, and the Colston Hall, Bristol. The opening meetings have been largely attended, and have given promise of a time of great blessing before the Evangelists leave the western city, where Pastor E. G. Gange, and our other brethren, are labouring with so much acceptance. This month Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are returning to London for the purpose of aiding Mr. Charrington in the work at his new Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road.

The Norwood services were productive of good results; but the meetings were scattered over rather a wide area; and, consequently, it was not so easy to gather in the spiritual harvest as it is when the sowing takes place in one field. Fruit will be found after many days, if not at once. Our esteemed neighbours, Mr. Stoughton and the Revs. Robert Taylor and Walter Hobbs, cordially co-operated with the evangelists in making the mission helpful to both saints and sinners.

Mr. Burnham's work among the Congregational churches in Dorsetshire has been much appreciated and blessed. One of the pastors writes:—"I am thankful for the mission, and thoroughly value such occasional service, as likely to be highly beneficial and helpful to the ordinary ministry. . . . . Mr. Burnham's method of address, and his entire manner of conducting such services, are admirable, and well fitted to accomplish much good. We are hoping to have his visit repeated at no distant future."

During January Mr. Burnham has been at Bere Regis and Spalding; and this month he is returning to Dorsetshire, for services at Cerne Abbas, Morecombelake, and Wimborne.

Pastor D. Macmillan, of King's Langley, writes:—"On behalf of myself and my church, I write to express gratitude for the visit paid to us by *Mr. Harmer*. Having known him in College, I was sure we should have the gospel plainly and faithfully proclaimed; and so it has been. During the fortnight he has been with us, we have held twenty-one meetings. A good work has been done, and we are expecting to add several to our church-fellowship." The last days of the old year, and the beginning of 1886, were spent by Mr. Harmer at Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, and the Methodist Chapel, Wandsworth Common; and he has since held missions at Chippenham and Luton. This month he goes to Emsworth, Hants, and to one or two places in Devonshire.

The pastor of one of the churches visited by *Messrs. Mateer and Parker* in the United States says:—"There is but one opinion of these brethren, and that is, that they are just the men for the noble work in which they are so earnestly engaged. If these men are representatives of your College, and the fruits of your endeavours, what a blessing must the hundreds be who are daily breaking to the many the bread of life! I believe that those brethren are sent by God to America to do his bidding. Should you have others like them that you could spare, there is plenty of room for them here. *Send them over.* . . . . Allow me a little indulgence in a friendly expression of my feelings towards you. Your words have been to me like a full meal to a hungry man. There is no preacher in all the world who lives in American hearts as you do. How I wish you could come to our shores!"

Orphanage. — Although the President was necessarily absent, Christmas-day at the Stockwell Orphanage was not shorn of any of its attractions. It was a raw, cold day in London; but the discomfort without only had the effect of setting off to greater advantage the seasonable arrangements of the dining-hall, where tables were placed for 250 boys and 230 girls. The room presented a more than usually brilliant appearance, the decorations including an artificial snow-storm, the handiwork of some of the elder boys. As in former years, each child received Mr. Duncan's new shilling, Mr. Harrison's box of figs, an orange, a card, and a cosaque. The letter from the President—"their friend among the olives"—was warmly responded to; the directions to give cheers for the Trustees, for Mr. Charlesworth, and for all friends who had sent gifts, were literally carried out. The dinner, as usual, consisted of an unlimited supply of roast beef and plum-pudding, many of the Trustees acting as carvers. At the dinner of the staff, "Old Boys," and visitors, Mr. Charlesworth remarked that the President's chair was not vacant for the first time. He also referred to the virtues and general efficiency of the staff, each member of which seemed to have the knack of doing the right thing at the right time. Mr. Ladds, the secretary, in speaking on behalf of the staff, showed that all went on

smoothly, not only when Mr. Charlesworth was at home, but also when he was away, with his choir, holding meetings in aid of the Orphanage funds. He also mentioned that one day's letters, coming as they did from all classes, and from all parts, showed what universal interest was felt in the institution. In a second speech, Mr. Charlesworth gave several interesting instances of "Old Boys" who, in various ways, had distinguished themselves in the world. The usual presents to the staff were then distributed; and a very pleasant day came to an end with an evening entertainment for the children.

The President joins with the children in thanking most heartily all the generous friends who helped to make the festival a success, and also all who, by their kind remembrance of the orphans at this season, have relieved him from any anxiety on their account during his time of rest.

The annual visit of the orphans to the City Temple is fixed for Thursday, Feb. 11th. Dr. Parker will preach, and the children will sing several anthems. Commence at twelve o'clock. We hope there will be a large attendance, as on previous occasions.

The Orphan Boys' Choir.—Through the kind effort of Mr. Medhurst a goodly sum is raised every year for the Orphanage, and on the first Tuesday in December a visit is paid to Portsmouth by the choir. The Lake Road Chapel is always crowded on these occasions, and the collectors are encouraged in their good work. Year by year the interest in the Orphanage increases, and other places now receive an annual visit from the choir. In December last, Winchester was included for the first time in the tour, and the Guildhall was densely crowded, the ex-Mayor presiding. From Winchester the choir moved on to Southampton, where they remained over the Sunday. Mr. Charlesworth preached morning and evening in Portland Chapel, and in the afternoon a children's service was conducted by Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Chamberlain. The scholars from Portland, Carlton, and East Street Chapels crowded the building. On the Monday evening the chapel was again filled, the ex-Mayor presiding. Passing on to Portsmouth, on Tuesday, Dec. 1st, the party was entertained at dinner by Mr. Medhurst and friends at the Sailors' Rest, and then proceeded to Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea, for an afternoon meeting. The efforts of the pastor and his deacons were rewarded by a large attendance, and the meeting was very successful in every respect. In the evening Mr. Medhurst's chapel was thronged by an eager audience, resolved to express their sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon in the work of the Orphanage. The following day, after dinner, provided by the ladies of the congregation, the boys crossed to Gosport, where two meetings were held in the new Memorial Hall. Mr. Compton reported an increase in the number of friends anxious to collect for the Orphanage in anticipation of the annual visit. The following day dinner was provided for the party by Messrs. Hoare, whose hospitality will be a grateful memory to the boys. From Gosport to Waterlooville the journey involved a ride by road of several miles, the weather being intensely cold. Here a warm welcome awaited the party from Mr. G. S. Lancaster and family, and Mr. C. H. Thomas, the pastor of the church. To the surprise of all, a scattered population yielded an audience which filled the new chapel, which was built at the expense of Mr. Lancaster. The next meeting was held at Shoreham, in the large hall of the Swiss Gardens. Here the weather was intensely cold; and as the building is notorious for its draughts, many friends were reluctantly compelled to stay away. Those who braved the risk, however, expressed their delight with the boys. From Shoreham to Brighton the journey is an easy one; and, after tea, the first meeting was held in the Hove Town Hall. G. T. Congreve, Esq., presided, and spoke in glowing terms of a recent visit he had paid to the institution. The next day being Sunday, Mr. Charlesworth preached in the morning at Queen Square Chapel, and in the evening at Sussex Street Chapel, to large audiences. On Monday evening the meeting was held in the Congregational Chapel, Queen's Square, which was crowded in every part. The ministers, officers, and members of the three churches may be reckoned amongst our best friends in Brighton; and all laboured earnestly to make the visit a success. At Lewes, the following day, Mr. A. Morris, the postmaster, and his friends, were ready to receive the boys at their homes for tea prior to the meeting, which was largely attended, and over which the Mayor presided with great cordiality. Eastbourne was the last town in the tour, and the boys took part in the meeting after the laying of memorial stones in the Baptist Chapel now in course of erection, and in the evening gave their usual entertainment, under the presidency of the Mayor, who spoke in the highest terms of the institution and its President.

Friends everywhere testify that the meetings of the orphan choir are full of interest in themselves, apart from the pleasure afforded by the opportunity of assisting Mr. Spurgeon in maintaining the work of the Orphanage. Mr. Charlesworth proposes to arrange for a visit to Ross, Hereford, Leominster, and other towns very shortly; also for a visit to Wales. In April a tour is proposed in the Eastern Counties, to include Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Norwich, Cambridge, Wisbeach, and Haddenham. Mr. Spurgeon is as grateful to all his friends for the help given to the orphans in this way as though the kindness were personally rendered to himself, and his prayer is that the blessing of the Father of the fatherless may ever be their strength and stay.

Baptisms at Met. Tab.:—Dec. 31, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Colley	1	5	6
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker	0	10	0
Part collection at City Road Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor W. J. Mayers ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Brees	0	5	0
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
Mrs. McCloghey	1	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	5	0	0
Collected at Zion Chapel, Chatham, per Pastor T. Hancocks	5	0	7
Christopher and Sarah	50	0	0
The Misses Bashall	5	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
Collected at Zion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis	8	8	8
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Mrs. J. H. Clarke	1	0	0
F. H. C., thankoffering	3	0	0
W. S. T.	1	0	0
Alpha	0	10	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferguson	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	15	10	2
Miss A. K., Rintoul	0	10	0
T. E. V.	2	2	0
A widow	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	10	0	0
Mrs. Walker (baby's money-box) ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. R. Stevens	1	0	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mrs. Downing	2	0	0
Mrs. Pole	1	1	0
R. and W.	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Morgan	1	1	0
A widow's mite for the Lord	1	0	0
Mr. Jos. Hassall	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly) ...	0	2	6
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. John Alexander, per the Misses Crumpton	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. E. A. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
A friend, per Mrs. Guyer	10	0	0
Mr. W. Perry	0	7	0
Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
A debtor to grace	2	0	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. William Blott	10	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. William Casson	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Mr. William Moir	2	0	0
The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer	3	3	0
Postal order, Roscrea	0	5	0
P. M.	20	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Miss Bertha Hoering	0	10	0
Mrs. Wyman	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
C. B.	1	1	0
Dear Granny	0	11	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. C. Hall ...	500	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	19	3
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. William Bates	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Dec. 20 ... ... 120 0 0			
„ 27, and New Year's offering 17 5 0			
Jan. 3 ... ... 27 3 6			
„ 10 ... ... 17 17 0			
——	182	5	6
	£939	6	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. G. Priestley	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	1	0	0
The widow's mite, per Dr. Barnardo ...	0	5	0
Per Pastor T. B. Field:—			
Collected by Mrs. T. B. Field 0 12 6			
Collected by Master W. J. Braund 0 2 2			
——	0	14	8
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	3
Mr. J. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. Adam Brown	0	2	6
M. G.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lunn	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Verry	0	12	6
Mr. John Harris	2	2	0
Mr. A. Robinson	0	10	0
Miss Adcock	0	5	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbings	5	0	0
Mrs. Best	0	10	0
S. S., Camberwell	0	5	0
Mr. M. McGregor	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Cook	1	0	0
Proceeds of Bazaar by the Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	5	5	0
Purchase of S. O. Tracts by Railway servants, per the Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Rice Daniel	0	5	0
Mrs. James Struthers	8	0	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	6
A family fireside offering, Perth ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
Mrs. Cochrane	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	5	0
Mrs. Joseph Toller	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts, Luton	0	1	0
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	6
Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0
Miss Everett	0	10	0
Mrs. Stewart	0	5	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Munday	1	5	0
Mr. J. T. Ford	2	0	0
Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.	5	0	0
Mrs. Gray	0	5	0
Mrs. Ferguson	3	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Balls	1	0	0
Mr. William Norton	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Elford	1	1	0
Mr. Alexander Watts	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. George Tingey	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Newton	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Mr. S. Nutter	2	0	0
Mr. P. T. Adams	1	0	0
Miss Eva Head	0	5	0
Miss Buckingham	0	2	6
Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Reed	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Land	0	5	0
Mrs. Haynes	0	5	0
Mr. John G. Jones	2	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Sittingbourne, per Mr. G. Mallett	1	17	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mann	1	0	0
Collected by Miss McArthur	0	7	6
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Cirencester	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Winsor's box	0	11	0
Mr. F. Battam	0	10	0
Mr. William Phillips	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	0	0
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Per Pastor R. S. Latimer:—			
Mr. James Smith 1 0 0			
Mr. W. H. Gleaves 0 2 6			
Mr. Smith Jeeps 0 2 6			
Willingham Tract Society 0 8 0			
R. S. L. 0 10 0			
	2	3	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Heritage	0	15	0
Mr. John Briers	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen	0	3	0
Miss Creasy	0	2	6
Mrs. E. M. Johnson	1	1	0
Mrs. Welford	0	2	6
Miss N. Cross	0	10	0
Pastor E. S. Cole's Bible-class, Maldon	0	8	6
Collected by Mrs. Olden	0	1	6
Mr. Beveridge	0	10	6
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown, per Pastor T. Greenwood	1	1	0
Mrs. Keeley	0	10	6
J. H. R.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Munro	1	0	0
Mr. G. Mitchell	2	0	0
Mr. Rice	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Backnell, Cardiff, per C. H. S.	3	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	0	0
Mr. James Greer	0	5	0
Mr. West	0	10	0
Mr. Jabez Dodwell	0	7	6
Eliza, Bella, and Eddie Gray	0	6	0
C. G. J. T. D.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Mrs. E. E. S. Lloyd	0	2	6
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	6
"God bless them"	5	0	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Mr. George D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. J. Baker	1	0	0
Mrs. Job, per Pastor J. S. Paige	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Hudson	0	7	0
Mrs. Powell, per Mr. S. Jones	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. John Bell	1	0	0
Miss Eyles	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Swain	2	2	0
A sister in Christ Jesus, per Editor of "The Christian Herald"	0	2	0
Sabbath morning fellowship meeting, U. P. Church, Stonehaven, per Mr. W. Walker	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	11	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
Messrs. George M. Hammer and Co.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. Peter Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. A. Rogers	1	1	0
Miss E. Wallis	1	0	0
Mr. John Minto	0	16	0
Miss Allenby	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Batterbee	1	0	0
Mr. G. Rowe	0	2	6
Mr. B. C. Forder	0	12	0
Mrs. Parsons	2	0	0
Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Friston	5	0	0
Eusebia	10	0	0
Miss Stedman's pupils	0	4	6
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
Mrs. Hickisson	1	0	0
Mrs. C. B. Cave	1	0	0
Mr. Jamieson	1	0	0
C. P., Brixton	0	5	0
Three Arniston miners	1	0	0
Ellen T——	0	2	6
W. B., Norwich	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	10	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lane	1	0	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	10	0
S. P., In memoriam	0	11	0
Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre's children	0	5	0
Mrs. N. Callam	0	2	6
Christopher and Sarah	50	0	0
S. and N.	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchinson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
Miss Furse	1	1	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
One of the Lord's aged ones	0	2	6
Mr. A. White	0	10	6
Mrs. Guilford	2	2	0
P. P.	0	5	0
Miss Woolgate's pupils	0	10	0
E. G.	0	10	0
Miss A. Ferguson	0	7	0
M. A., Suffolk	0	10	0
Mrs. G——, Scotland	5	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
Mr. R. Aelson	1	0	0
Mrs. S——, a tenth	0	7	0
Mr. J. Marshall	0	5	0
Miss I. England	0	5	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Miss E. Beakem	0	5	0
A Christmas gift for the Orphanage, E. J. G.	5	0	0
Mr. R. P. Dayton	1	0	0
Mr. Martin	0	5	0
Miss M. Fryer	0	5	0
F. H. C., a thankoffering	2	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Coles	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Coles	0	10	0
Mr. A. Grace	0	7	6
From one whose little ones are all "safe in the arms of Jesus"	0	5	0
W. J. V. S.	10	0	0
A Christian friend in Macduff, per Mrs. Packer	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
The Misses A. and E. Pearce	2	2	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Llandrindod Wells	0	5	0
Miss Annie Cumpstey	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	4	0
Mrs. Gravestock	0	10	0
Mrs. Little	0	7	6
Mr. James Brown	1	0	0
Alpha	0	10	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. S. Hampton	2	10	0
Mr. W. H. Duncan	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Barnes	0	10	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Mr J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Miss J. C. Park	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Mrs. Fysh	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Bew...	1	0	0
Ivy Lodge money-box, per Mrs. Sharman	0	10	0
A thankoffering, Insch	0	5	0
Mrs. Coleman	0	5	6
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
H. and E. D., and little ones	0	3	0
The Misses E. and A. Fleming... ...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferguson...	0	9	0
Anon. XXX	0	5	0
Mr. W. W. Grant...	1	0	0
R.	1	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Hawkins	2	0	0
B. P.	0	5	0
James A——	0	5	0
Mrs. Lepper	0	10	0
Mrs. Annan...	1	5	0
Mr. John Malcolm	1	0	0
Mr. H. Doorbar, jun.	0	5	0
"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." J. H. S.	5	0	0
E. L.	0	5	0
A thankoffering from a friend in Lanarkshire, per Miss Haddow ...	2	0	0
J. W. G.	0	10	0
W. and S. M.	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Blyth	1	10	0
From a poor woman	0	1	6
Children of Hulbeath Sunday-school, per Mr. D. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. D. Malcolm	0	2	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	5	0	0
Lady Abercromby...	1	0	0
Mrs. Poulty	1	1	0
Miss Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Mrs. Russell	1	1	0
A few of the workpeople of Messrs. Southall Brothers and Barclay, per Mr. J. B. Millard	0	12	6
Mr. and Miss Hart	1	10	0
Mr. S. New	0	5	6
Mr. R. Fortune	0	5	0
M. D., Leven	0	2	0
S. Cole	0	5	0
A poor widow	0	4	0
Mrs. Smith, Charlton	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Percy Monk	1	2	6
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	0	0
Christmas donation, Putney	0	10	0
A servant lassie's mite	0	2	0
Mr. F. Pool	0	10	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	6
A trifle, Lewes	0	0	6
Mrs. English	0	12	0
E. L. S.	0	10	0
A. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Mannington	2	0	0
Mrs. Walker's box, Thame	5	0	6
Fred. and Walter Newton	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Answer to appeal in "The Times," December 17th	0	5	0
L. P., Southend	0	1	6
A friend in Norfolk	0	10	0
Mr. S. Ashton	0	10	0
Friends, per Miss J. Jones	0	13	0
Mrs. E. Loverock	0	10	0
Mr. John Storey	1	10	0
Mr. Alfred Hobson	1	1	0
Miss Dora Walker's box	1	15	0
Mr. T. Froggatt, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. T. Froggatt's children	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. G. W. Cater... ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Trotman	0	10	0
Mr. James Simpson	0	5	0
Mrs. R. McKenzie...	0	2	6
A. R., Brechin	0	7	6
Mrs. E. Lovell	0	5	0
Mrs. Carter	0	2	0
Collected by Miss M. Cowen	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wale	2	2	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Imlach	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Ross	2	0	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	60	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	1	0	0
Nellie Hewat	0	5	0
Stanley and Alfred Jones	0	5	0
May Ellen Jones	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mrs. Hardy	0	5	0
Mrs. Butler and friend	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. T. Ballard	1	9	0
Mr. T. Weir and friend	0	10	0
Miss Ferguson	0	10	0
L. K. D.	0	15	0
Mrs. Pole	1	1	0
Miss Grigg	0	5	0
Mrs. Younger	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Collin	1	0	0
Mr. W. L. Maynard	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Irons	1	1	0
Mrs. Harris and friend	0	3	0
Mr. B. G. Plummer	0	5	0
Miss F. E. Barker...	0	4	6
Miss Camps	0	5	0
Miss M. J. Frost and friend	0	3	0
Mrs. A. Jungling	1	10	0
The Misses Hay	0	10	0
Miss Easton...	0	2	6
Some little friends at Hampstead, Christmas morning collection ...	0	15	0
A mite, Birmingham	0	1	6
A. C. D.	0	10	0
H. G.	0	10	0
W. D. K.	1	0	0
Mrs. Buik	2	0	0
Mrs. Ferris	0	2	6
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Keddie	0	12	6
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Mr. W. Beckett	5	0	0
Mr. J. Kerr...	0	5	0
Mrs. Spear	0	2	6
Mr. E. Adam	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Newbery	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Williams	4	0	0
Miss A. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. John Cameron	0	5	0
S. A., Bishop Sutton	0	5	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co., per Mr. O. Friston...	1	1	0
Pastor G. Cobb	0	5	0
C. and S. Collin	0	10	0
Risby; for Jesus Christ's sake... ...	0	10	0
Miss M. Guns	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
M. E.	0	3	0
Mrs. Millar	0	3	6
Miss M. Scott	1	1	0
Mr. Denis Ebsworth	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Munn	0	5	0
Mrs. John Mortlock	1	1	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	2	6
Mr. John How	4	4	0
Miss Glover	0	1	0
Mrs. Grundy	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Sinclair	0	10	6
Mr. J. E. Adams	1	0	0
A friend of children, Downton	0	2	6
Mrs. Brotherton	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0	4	0
Miss A. K. Pritchard	0	10	6
Miss M. A. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	16	0
Mrs. E Cross	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	0
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw	0	10	0
Mr. T. Farrar	0	10	0
Mr. W. Davies	0	1	0
Selkirk Baptist Church Sunday morning Fellowship Association, per Mr. J. Scott	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Masenhelder ...	0	1	0
From a little boy and girl in the Island of Mull	0	6	0
Mrs. James Williams	0	2	6
A. Clarke	0	10	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Miss H. Husk	0	5	0
Mrs. Brooker	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	14	0
Miss Oldman	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	0	13	0
Mrs. Thomas	3	0	0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	0	10	6
Collected by Pastor H. A. Fletcher ...	0	11	4
Mrs. E. Houghton	1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald," Derby	0	3	0
Mr. James Lundie	0	10	0
Mrs. Dorin	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Moore	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. T. Mumford ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. M. King	1	1	0
A new year's offering, Pontypool ...	0	3	0
Miss Edwards' Sunday-class, Denmark Place Chapel, Camberwell	0	10	0
A friend at Auckland Tabernacle ...	1	10	0
Mr. W. Andritt	0	2	0
Mrs. Baines	0	10	0
Mr. John Mee	0	1	0
Mrs. Scott	0	6	0
Mr. Crowther's little ones	0	6	0
Annie E. Miles	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
K., Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr. E. J. Howell	0	3	0
A friend, per C. F.	20	0	0
Mr. J. F. Linn	0	2	6
Helen	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack	0	0	8
Miss M. Jones	0	5	0
Margaret and Jessie	0	6	0
Miss B. Laflin	0	2	0
H. N. F.	0	5	6
Mr. James Bragg	0	10	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	1	0	0
Ebenezer	2	0	0
Collected by Master Charles Welton ...	0	5	0
Stronc House Sunday-school, per Mrs. Moubray	1	0	0
Mr. A. M'Cay	2	0	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Port Elphinstone	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Johnstone	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. Maitland	0	6	0
Per Pastor John Field, Ecton	6	10	0
Collected by Master Alfred Cammack Johnson	1	4	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Bridport	0	2	6
Mrs. Alchin	1	5	0
Sunday evening services, per Mrs. Alchin	4	0	0
Mrs. A. Snell	1	1	0
Mr. M. Pask	1	2	6
A constant sermon-reader, Knighton	0	5	0
Collected by Henry and Edward Wm. Harding	0	5	0
Miss Shillito	1	1	0
Rev. E. and Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0
Miss Wilkins, a thankoffering	0	1	0
Mr. W. Dorey	0	2	6
Mr. John Bowyer	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Arnold's box	2	0	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier's box	0	10	0
Rev. T. G. Mosscrop	0	2	6
Mrs. Scott	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Perrett	2	2	0
Mr. and Miss Johnston	0	3	6
Mr. E. Martell	2	0	0
A thankoffering, Hull	1	0	0
J. C.	0	5	0
Miss Grace Amery	0	10	0
A friend, per Miss E. Fyson	0	5	0
From some Plymouth children	0	2	6
Female Bible-class, Henley Tabernacle, per Miss Harbert	0	7	6
Mrs. Raymond	1	0	0
Miss Simpson and Miss Macara ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	5	0
Mr. Robt. Ryman	10	0	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. W. Price	1	16	0
Mrs. Henry Kilborn	0	5	0
A friend, Wimbledon	0	5	0
Mrs. Sangster's threepenny-pieces ...	1	1	0
Miss F. Gamson	0	3	0
Madame Joubert	1	0	0
A Happy New Year, J. F.	0	5	0
A friend, Stanley	0	2	0
Mrs. Beare	0	3	6
Collecting-box, per Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	12	0
Mr. A. D. Taylor	0	12	6
Mr. John Martin	2	0	0
Mr. George Virgo	2	2	0
M. and A. C.	0	5	0
Three friends, per Miss Wilmot ...	0	10	6
A widow's mite	0	3	6
Miss Runciman's class	0	10	0
An aged sister, per Rev. W. Davies ...	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Steer	1	0	4
M. G., Nairn	0	2	0
Mr. M. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. S. C. Clark	0	10	0
Otley Sunday-school, per Rev. P. W. Woodgate	0	17	6
Emanuel Church Young Men's Bible-class, Brighton, per Mr. H. Hilton ...	0	7	6
Mr. Wm. Wallace	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Bult	0	10	0
Children of the First Free Church Sabbath-school, Blairgowrie, per Mr. L. Falconer	0	10	6
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Howes	0	7	6
Miss Elizabeth Ramage	0	5	0
An aged disciple, per Mrs. Bowman ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Shaw	1	0	0
Fines, Caleb, per Mr. Freeman	0	3	6
Mr. J. W. Oldring	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	3	17	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John West	1	1	0
Mrs. Unstead	0	10	6
Madame Elise	2	2	0
Postal Order, Leamington	0	2	6
Mr. W. Jones	5	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, W. B.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Chenoweth	1	16	4
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D....	0	10	0
Mr. Gillespie	3	3	0
Per Pastor B. Marshall, Horley:—			
Mrs. Jennings 0 3 3			
Mr. and Mrs. Huggett .. 0 5 2			
Miss Stredwick and Miss Blundell 0 5 2			
Mr. Wood 0 2 4			
Miss Stredwick 0 2 1			
Mr. R. Jennings 0 3 10			
Messrs. Young & Edwards 0 2 1			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class 1 1 0			
Odd farthings 0 0 2			
	2	5	1
Dr. Brougham	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Allan	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Watson	0	2	0
Miss J. Stevens	0	5	0
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0
Mr. A. Cowan	1	0	0
Mrs. Drake	0	2	6
Mr. D. Peck...	0	2	6
Miss Stacey	0	1	0
Collected by W. Eveleigh Clatworthy, aged three years...	0	10	9
Mr. Geo. Cooper	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. C. P. Clover's Bible-class, Hitcham	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Mifflin	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Brame	0	5	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. S. Vost	0	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Martin	0	7	6
A sinner saved by grace	2	0	0
Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. William Eley	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
Ventnor	0	10	0
Mrs. Peel	1	0	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
P. M.	10	0	0
A friend, Tunbridge Wells	1	0	0
Mrs M. Cunningham	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lees, per Messrs. W. and J. Kennedy	0	6	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	10	0
Miss L. C. Fidkin	0	5	0
Mrs. E. J. Anderson	1	0	0
Mrs. P. Joyce	2	2	0
A Folkestone Working-man	0	5	0
Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, and Jean's box	0	8	6
J. G. G.	0	3	0
Mrs. T. Barrett	0	6	0
Mr. John McBeth	1	0	0
A widow, per Miss F. L. Mead... ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
A thankoffering, H. H. K.	0	10	0
Mr. W. E. Norman	5	0	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle...	7	16	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Holcombe	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Perkins ...	0	11	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Seymour ...	0	6	6
H. W. H., Maidstone	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Benmore Sabbath-school mission-box, per Mr. John Espie	0	18	3
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Edinburgh	1	0	0
J. W., Barrow-in-Furness	1	0	0
Stamps, Maidstone	0	1	0
M. S. A.	2	10	0
Mr. William Badden	3	0	0
Mrs. Rebecca George	5	0	0
A working man, Glasgow, less 4d. paid for registration	0	4	8
Miss Elizabeth Lloyd	0	10	0
Mab's offering	5	0	0
E. J. T. J. S.	0	5	0
C. T., Kilmarnock	0	10	0
C. D. D.	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	10	0
Miss Kidd, per Pastor W. Giddings ...	0	3	0
Mr. John Rossiter...	2	0	0
Miss M. Pentelow	0	6	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. McAlpine	0	5	0
Mr. W. R. Cunditt	0	2	6
H. S. C.	0	10	0
Mr. H. F. Edwin	0	10	0
Young women's Bible-class, Salters' Hall Chapel, per Mrs. Millward ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Spurgeon	1	10	0
Mr. J. H. Tarrant, per Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	0	10	6
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Omega	0	10	0
Postal order, Aylsham	0	5	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	5	0
Dear Granny	0	10	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. E. Vautin	0	5	0
Christmas Festival:—			
Mr. F. C. Neeve... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Jas. Lang 0 5 0			
Master Walter Oakley ... 0 1 0			
Messrs. Hine Brothers ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Jas. Richardson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ely 0 10 0			
Mrs. C. Norton 0 1 0			
Mrs. Grounds 0 1 0			
Mrs. M. Woolley 1 0 0			
Miss S. Green 0 2 6			
Mrs. S. Green 0 1 0			
Mrs. Wainwright, jun. ... 1 1 0			
Mrs. H. Keevil 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Dickinson 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Huckett ... 0 2 0			
Mrs. R. T. Moore, per Mr. J. Lang 0 2 6			
Friends, per Mr. T. C. Clark 0 7 5			
Mr. S. Ormrod 0 5 0			
Mrs. M. Dickson 1 0 0			
Mrs. Stevenson 0 2 6			
Mr. Jas. Bazeley 1 0 0			
Mrs. Griffiths 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Penkamen ... 0 5 0			
Collected by Mrs. E. M. Ashe 2 11 3			
Mr. C. F. Alldis 0 5 0			
Mr. E. R. S. Porter ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Jas. Fear 0 5 0			
Mrs. Appleton 1 0 0			
Miss L. C. Sealy 0 5 0			
Mr. J. H. Padgett... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Tubby 1 0 0			
Miss Ruthven, per Rev. T. Forsyth 1 0 0			
Mr. C. Devenish 0 5 0			
Friends at Waterlooville, per Pastor C. H. Thomas 3 0 0			
Master Bertie Dennish ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. McGregor 1 0 0			
Master Haslam's collection 0 12 0			

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mr. Smith and family ...	1 1 0	
Mrs. Edwards	1 0 0	
Mr. Warmington	1 0 0	
J. K.	1 0 0	
Mr. G. H. Bateman ...	0 5 0	
Mr. E. J. Slade	0 10 0	
Mr. John Parkinson ...	0 10 0	
S. and N.	0 5 0	
Mrs. W. H. Carter ...	0 6 0	
Willie, Charlie, Sydney, and Harry Carter ...	0 4 0	
Miss Lankester	0 2 6	
Mrs. Irwin	0 5 0	
H. E. S.	2 2 0	
Mr. F. Patterson	0 10 0	
Mr. W. Turnell	0 10 0	
Grove Road Sunday-school and friends, Gosport, per Mr. H. H. Dove ...	0 10 0	
Collected by Miss N. Caffyn :—		
Mrs. Dobbs	1 0 0	
Mrs. Mannington ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. Munn	0 2 6	
Mrs. Overy	0 2 6	
Mrs. A. Mannington ...	0 2 0	
Miss Mannington ...	0 2 0	
Miss Thatcher	0 2 0	
Mr. Caffyn	0 2 6	
Mrs. Caffyn	0 2 6	
Miss Caffyn	0 2 6	
Nellie Caffyn	0 2 6	
Box	0 1 0	
Endymion	0 10 0	
Mrs. Whitaker and Miss Greenwood's classes ...	0 6 0	
E. W.	1 5 0	
J. C. R.	0 3 0	
Mrs. B. Tice	0 5 0	
Mattie, Lottie, and Bennie Tice	0 5 0	
Mrs. Ridley's Bible-class, Bury St. Edmund's ...	1 1 0	
Mr. Rowland's two little girls	0 5 0	
Mr. J. Wilson	0 5 0	
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12 12 0	
Miss A. Broom	0 2 6	
Lent to the Lord	0 5 0	
K. M.	0 5 0	
Miss L. R. Phillips ...	1 0 0	
Miss Annie Sortwell ...	0 3 6	
Friends, per Mrs. Thorpe	1 0 0	
Miss G. Beall	0 10 0	
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock ...	0 5 0	
Bessie and Gertie Keylock	0 2 6	
Collected by Miss M. Best, Helston :—		
Mr. Heynes	0 10 0	
Mrs. Cotton	0 10 0	
Mrs. Crichton	0 5 0	
Mr. Wearne	0 2 6	
Miss M. Best	0 5 0	
Collected by Miss Richards, Helston	1 2 4	
Mrs. H. M. Watts	0 5 0	
Miss E. Sydenham	0 10 0	
A member of the Church of England	0 2 6	
T. H. C.	0 5 0	
Mrs. Fox	0 5 0	
Mrs. S. Laver	0 10 0	
Mr. Mann	0 10 0	
Mr. W. Underwood ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. W. Vinson	0 10 0	
Mr. L. Bush	0 10 0	
Mr. W. Johnson	0 2 0	
Mrs. Tunbridge	0 5 0	
The Misses E. and K. Pearce	0 5 0	
Mrs. C. Cooper	0 1 6	
Mr. John Hector	1 0 0	
Mrs. Leask	0 5 0	

			£ s. d.
Mrs. Thorndike	0 5 0		
"With best wishes for a happy Christmas" ...	0 5 0		
Mrs. and Miss White ...	0 5 0		
Mrs. Parker	0 4 0		
From a servant	0 1 0		
Pastor and Mrs. J. H. Barnard	0 10 0		
			63 15 0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox, for the support of two orphans for a year			40 0 0
Mrs. Seaton			0 10 6
Mr. Robert Ellis			0 10 0
Mrs. Bagster			0 10 0
Miss M. A. Burls, per Mrs. Bagster ...			1 1 0
Mr. H. Stevenson			0 10 6
Mr. E. H. Bramley			5 0 0
Mr. W. J. Davidson			5 5 0
Mr. Sewell			1 6 0
Mrs. Milne			0 10 0
Mr. Wm. Dunn			1 5 0
Mrs. Bagster			2 2 0
In memoriam, Bath			3 0 0
Mr. W. J. Dennis			1 1 0
Mr. J. B. Mead			10 0 0
Mrs. Davies			5 0 0
Mr. F. J. Aldridge			1 5 0
Mr. J. C. Lloyd			0 5 0
Mr. W. Raine Selwood			1 0 0
Miss Sarah Robinson			5 0 0
Mrs. Maxwell			1 1 0
Mrs. B. M. Swift			1 0 0
H. J.			0 2 6
Per F. R. T. :—			
A. A. T.	1 0 0		
Mr. Pewtress	0 5 0		
Mr. H. Keen	0 5 0		
Mrs. Adrian	0 5 0		
			1 15 0
Sandwich, per Bankers, December 31st			2 2 0
Mr. W. Ranford (quarterly)			2 0 0
Mrs. Yates (quarterly)			0 10 6
Mr. H. Reynolds (monthly)			0 5 0
Mr. Walter Worth (monthly)			0 2 6
H. J. R. (monthly)			0 5 0
Mr. E. K. Stace (monthly)			0 5 0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :—			
Gordon Hall, per Dr. Stephenson ...			3 3 0
Bunyan Chapel, Kingston			2 2 0
Shoreham, Sussex			6 0 0
Lewes			17 10 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Gospel Temperance Meeting, per Mr. Buswell ...			1 0 0
Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea			13 10 0
Lake Road Baptist Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst :—			
Collecting boxes and donations, including one gift of 230 threepenny-pieces	61 0 0		
Proceeds of Entertainment, less local expenses	24 0 0		
			85 0 0
Falcon Square Sunday-school			4 0 0
Eastbourne	9 0 0		
,, sale of programmes	0 15 0		
			9 15 0
Brighton :—			
Two collections	25 0 2		
Sale of programmes ...	2 4 5		
Mr. G. T. Congreve ...	10 0 0		
Mr. W. H. Willett ...	10 0 0		
Mr. Batchelor	1 0 0		
Mr. Mortlock	1 0 0		
Mr. Hassell	1 0 0		
Mr. Peskett	1 0 0		
Mrs. Sharp	1 0 0		
Mr. Fowler	0 10 0		
A friend	0 10 0		

	£	s.	d.
A friend	0	11	8
	53	16	3
Less local expenses ...	3	10	3
	50	6	0
Chelsea, Mr. H. J. Veitch	10	10	0
Southampton	21	2	6
Gosport	36	10	1
Tolmer's Square Institute:—			
Collection and sale of programmes	5	19	6
Collected by Mr. William Wood	2	0	0
	7	19	6
Less local expenses ...	1	10	0
	6	9	6
Downs Chapel, Clapton	21	2	6
Sale of programmes, Hawkstone Hall	0	17	9
	£1317	1	8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—3 boxes Raisins, 56 lbs. Currants, 42 lbs. Moist Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, and 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 barrel of Apples, Mr. J. Walker; 2 boxes Muscatels, Mr. T. Wray; 1 case of Currants, Mr. Lafone; 2 Sheep and 40 Rabbits, Mr. S. Barrow; 1 case of Oranges, Mr. E. Newman; 40 quarterns of Bread, Mrs. Unstead; 501 lbs. of Flour, Mr. J. Keevil; Some Fruit for a Pudding, Mrs. Jackman and friends; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. H. P. Brown; 8 lbs. of Sweets, Mrs. G. Thompson; 480 boxes Figs, Mr. W. Harrison; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 1 box of Oranges, "Anon." (forwarded by Messrs. Hanson, Son & Co.); 1 box Scotch short-bread, Miss McNab; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. Chivers & Sons; 1 barrel of Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 100 Oranges, Mrs. Heffer; 7 lbs. of Tea, Mr. A. Green; 165 lbs. of Beef, Mrs. Mills; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. H. Collins; 1 Pig, Mr. T. S. Price; 3 barrels of broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley & Palmer; 64 lbs. Beef, Mr. J. Warren; 7 bags of Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Pringle; 100 lbs. of Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co.; 1 box of Apples, Mrs. A. Plummer; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. Cutts; 1 Cake and several boxes Sweets, Miss Morris; 3 Geese, Mr. J. B. Elgar; 1 box Oranges, A Friend (per Army & Navy Stores); 1 dozen Tins Oxtail Soup, The Australian Meat Company; 7 bags Potatoes, Mr. H. Cottesmore; A Quarter New Zealand Sheep, Miss E. A. Smith.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—12 pairs Knitted Socks, M. & C. Sherwood; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. S. Barlow; 21 Flannel Shirts, and 2 Night Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 7 pairs Knitted Cuffs, and 7 Scarves, Miss Lottie Groves; 9 Boy's Caps, Mr. J. S. Smith; 31 Shirts, The Children's Sewing Circle, Down's Chapel, Clapton, per Mrs. A. Davis; 4 Articles, "B. P."; 13 pairs Gloves, 23 pairs Socks, Mrs. J. E. Leuty; 5 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Smith; 6 pairs Cuffs and 2 Scarves, Mr. & Mrs. Matthews; 2 articles, Miss Creasey.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—20 Articles, Mrs. A. Tidswell; 10 pairs Gloves, "S. J."; 8 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Miss E. Batty; 3 Articles, From a little girl who takes great interest in Mr. Spurgeon's Fatherless Family; 11 Articles for No. 1 girls, per Mrs. Harding; 101 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Kenyon Chapel, per Mrs. Douglas; 122 Articles for the "Reading House", Miss Chandler's Bible Class, West Croydon Baptist Church; 7 Articles, A reader of the "Sword & Trowel"; 6 Articles, From Friends at Rushden; 46 Articles, Mrs. G. Thompson; 4 pairs Cuffs, Miss Lottie Groves; 20 Articles, Mr. J. S. Smith; 11 Articles, "B. P."; 3 Articles, Miss J. Robertson; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 47 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Miss Poole; 4 Articles, Miss E. A. Smith; 3 Articles, for No. 1 House girls, Miss Edwards; 9 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 6 Articles, Mrs. L. Spencer.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Christmas Cards, Mrs. Bagster; A Fur Collar and Cuffs, A Dorset Friend, per Mrs. Gage; 250 Needle Books, and 250 Pincushions, Mrs. Clover; 1 Scrap Book, "B. B."; 36½ yards Dress Material, a quantity of Toys, &c., Mrs. G. Thompson; 12 Dressed Dolls, Miss Lottie Groves; 480 New Shillings, "J. D.," per Mr. W. Harrison; 1 Kip of Wash Leathers, Messrs. Beach & Son, per Mr. Wm. Olney; a quantity of the "Band of Hope Review" Anon.; 3 pairs Mittens, a quantity of Card Texts, and 4 Scarves, From a Friend and Well-wisher; 1 Scrap-book, The Misses M. & R. Jeffreys; 31 Dusters, The Children's Sewing Circle, Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mrs. A. Davis; 1 parcel of Books, Cards, &c., The Religious Tract Society; a Box of Toys, Cards, &c., Mr. E. Newman; 1 pair of Sheets, A Well-wisher; Half-dozen Handkerchiefs, Mr. J. H. Matchett; 480 Pennies for 480 Mouths, Mr. & Mrs. Wayre & family; 1 packet Christmas Cards, Anon.; 1 Picture (Stirling Castle), Miss McArthur; 1 parcel Scraps, Mrs. Allen; a quantity of Wall Texts, The Committee of the Sunday School Union, per Mr. J. E. Tresidder; 108 Table Forks, 42 Dessert Spoons, and 15 Jam Spoons, Mr. G. Wheeler; some Christmas and New Year Cards, Miss Morris; 4 Boxes Toys, 6 Scripture Cards, &c., Miss J. Robertson; 1 Box containing Cakes, Fruit, Toys, Scrap Book, &c., Mrs. R. Dodwell; 1 packet Christmas Cards, a Sister in Christ Jesus, per Editor "Christian Herald"; 1 Scrap Book, Miss Avelines; 46 Articles, Miss Descroix; a load of Firewood, Mr. Jonas Smith; 1 parcel Christmas Cards, Mountain Ash Juvenile Christian Association, per Rev. J. P. Jones; 1 Scrap Book, Miss E. M. Perkins; 5 Scrap Books, and 20 numbers of "Little Folks," Mrs. Barefoot; 1 Scrap Book, Anon., Finsbury Park; a quantity of Magazines, Mrs. Gurney; a piece of Linen, Anon.; 2 Bonnets, Anon.; 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. Knight.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. Bush	0	10	0
Miss S. A. Marshall	2	12	6
A sermon-reader, Scotland	1	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lane	1	0	0
S. and N.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Eliot	10	0	0
Trehorfydd	0	4	6
S. M., friends from the country ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. John Goosey	1	1	0
M. N. W., Berbice...	1	9	2
Mrs. Thomas	2	0	0
Findon	0	5	0
A Constant Sermon Reader: B. H. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Vowles	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Miss A. Mallett	1	0	0
	£28	17	2

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. G. Everett	1	1	0
Mrs. C. B. Cave	0	5	0
F. H. C., thankoffering	3	0	0
W. J. V. S.	2	0	0
Miss Parken's legacy, second instalment, per Mr. John Lane	1	16	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. Baxter	1	0	0
Stamps, Hereford	0	2	6
Widow's mite, J. H.	0	3	6
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
A mite from Uffculme	0	5	0
Mr. Jos. Hassall	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
A reader of the sermons, Glasgow ...	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Bragg	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Heaton	0	5	0
Miss E. Tanner	0	3	0
A ploughman	0	5	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	2	0
D. L. A.	0	8	0
Mr. John Smithers	0	1	6
Mr. Jas. Foord	0	2	6
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
Mr. W. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. Jos. Russell	5	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Casson	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
P. M.	10	0	0
A friend, Milton	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. A. H. Westropo	0	10	0
W. and E. H., St. David's	0	7	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
"H. M."	10	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co. (Limited) ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Carrington	0	10	0
	£125	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Great Totham, per Mr. Morton ...	10	0	0
Norfolk Association:—			
Neatishead 10 0 0			
Tittleshall 11 5 0			
	21	5	0
"H. M.," for Bristol	20	0	0
Ludlow, per Mr. Jas. Evans	15	0	0
Okehampton, per Mr. R. V. Bray ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. Maw	7	10	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	40	0	0
Aylesbury and Wendover Districts ...	20	0	0
Calne District, per Mr. Chappell ...	7	12	6
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Messrs. J. & R. Cory, for Penrhikyber and Cardiff	20	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown... ...	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	5	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham District	10	0	0
Tring District:—			
Mr. F. Butcher 2 0 0			
Mr. T. G. Elliman ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Thomas Glover ... 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Humphrey ... 0 10 0			
	4	10	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child, for Thornbury ...	10	0	0
Ross District, per Miss Ball	20	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	10	0	0
	£318	7	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1885, to January 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
Thankoffering from Union Chapel, Hanwell, for Mr. Burnham's services	2	10	0
Thankoffering from King's Langley, for Mr. Harmer's services	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Fownhope	3	0	0
W. J. V. S.	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mrs. Helen Dalgleish	5	0	0
A widow	5	0	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	2	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
P. M.	10	0	0
	£44	15	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; 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 1885.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,857	17	8
„ Donations	4,030	4	10
„ Collections by Students	488	0	6
„ Interest on Deposit Account	40	1	10
	6,446	4	10
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1885	2,294	6	1
	£8,740	10	11

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,624	6	0
„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	3,060	4	6
„ Clothing	50	0	0
„ Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	223	19	8
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office expenses	249	10	7
„ Book-grants to Students on leaving	160	8	6
„ Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	695	18	4
„ Annual Conference—including Hire, Labour and Decorations ...	360	14	10
„ Furniture and Fittings	112	11	4
	6,537	13	9
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1885	2,202	17	2
	£8,740	10	11

Audited and found correct, January 21, 1886.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
J. PASSMORE,
W. C. MURRELL,
Finance Committee.

WILLIAM POTTER OLNEY,
B. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE.
Auditors.

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1885.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	699	2	7	By Salaries of four Evangelists, and part of two others... ...	889	12	4
„ Contributions by Churches visited	508	4	5	„ Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	132	18	6
				„ Printing	3	3	0
	1,207	7	0		1,025	13	10
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1885	394	10	11	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1885	576	4	1
	£1,601	17	11		£1,601	17	11

JAS. A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
JOS. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

Audited and found correct, January 21, 1886. { WILLIAM POTTER OLNEY, B. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1885.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1885	1,149	19	8	By Loans to Churches :—			
„ Repayments of Loans (including £2 0s. 2d. interest on Deposit)	1,120	11	8	Gosport	150	0	0
				Billingboro'	200	0	0
				Great Grimsby	500	0	0
				Arthur Street, King's Cross	270	0	0
				Lordship Lane	300	0	0
				Bugbrook	100	0	0
					1,520	0	0
				Balance in hand, December 31st, 1885	750	11	4
	£2,270	11	4		£2,270	11	4

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1885 ...	4,334	9	0
Cash Balance in hand „ „ ...	750	11	4
	£5,085	0	4

THOS. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct, January 21, 1886. { W. P. OLNEY, B. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1886.

Who are the Persecuted?

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN these silken days men seem able to do anything without troubling their consciences in the least. Bigotry has become so unpopular, that multitudes of religious professors have abandoned all care about principle, lest they should be suspected of intolerance. Nobody now can be accused of straining at gnats; but the swallowing of camels, humps and all, is performed both in public and in private as a common affair; and he who raises any objection is denounced as strait-laced. People look at you with amazement if you suggest that there is such a thing as fixed truth; and they eye you with supreme contempt if you dare to hint that the opposite of truth must be a lie. You must be some old fogey, or antediluvian, or you would never make such an observation. The sooner you are back in Noah's ark the better.

There can be no doubt that, in years gone by, some brethren have drawn the line too tightly, and have provoked men to license by refusing them liberty. We are willing to admit that there may have been too ready a condemnation of brethren who were sound at heart, because they did not exactly correspond in opinion with the dominant section. No doubt true Israelites have been smitten because they could not pronounce "Shibboleth," and bring out the *sh* distinctly. We do not for a moment defend ungenerous censures of good men; neither would we willingly utter them ourselves. But, after all, the evil of bigotry has been cast out at too great an expense, if firm adherence to

principle has been thrown out with it. There was no need that it should be so; for a man can surely be at the same time liberal in his judgment of others and firm in his own convictions: but that the grip of principle has been relaxed in favour of the grasp of confederacy is clear to the most casual observer. Where are now the men who would sooner die than betray a grain of the divine treasure of the gospel? Where are the sturdy believers who earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints? A compositor had to set up a text concerning Daniel, of whom we read in the Scriptures that "an excellent spirit was in him"; but the worthy workman misread his copy, and the proof appeared thus—"an excellent *spine* was in him"—by no means a mischievous mistake when it described one so fearless in following the Lord his God. Could more of such excellent spines be inserted into certain brethren, it would be well; but backbone would render them unfashionable, and lead them into the wars.

Meanwhile, it is worthy of notice that latitudinarian opinions have not increased the amount of brotherly love in the religious world; on the contrary, they have simply changed the course of rancour, and increased its power. We have escaped from the whips of orthodox bigotry to be chastised with the scorpions of heterodox contempt. We have, indeed, leaped from the frying-pan into the fire. Compared with the rule of the Liberal Rationalist, the domination of the Rigid Doctrinalist was gentleness itself. Well may we pray to be saved from the intolerance of liberality, the contemptuous hate which is the outcome of pretended breadth. Modern liberalism has reached the conclusion that the mere existence of evangelical opinions is an accusation of itself, and an infringement of its own prerogatives. All who hold orthodox views are dolts, dunces, persons devoid of culture, and utterly unacquainted with science. What right have these simpletons to form churches or to choose ministers? They ought to contribute to colleges for the education of those who would oppose them, to elect pastors who would abuse them, and to support associations where novel views are ostentatiously paraded. These rights they may have, but none beyond. If they will not exercise these blessed privileges they are bigoted persecutors. This is the best that liberalism has to say of them. Liberalism is more bitter than the old bigotry, more intolerant than the old sectarianism. It will not allow orthodoxy to call anything its own; it would filch from it every house it has built, every pulpit it has raised. It is trying to do this, and if it be hindered in its game, it calls a trust-deed "the dead hand," and whimpers "*intolerance*." Let it whimper! What would the complainants themselves say if their own private inheritances were taken from them because they came to them by the will of a dead man, and were held by deeds to which only departed men were parties? This cant is nothing but an excuse for robbery.

The other day we heard of a person, who whined that he was persecuted, because he could not remain in a church whose doctrines he altogether denied: the "cultured" creature could not see that *he* was the persecutor. What right had he to be there? For our part, we were only too happy to find that there remained yet on the earth a band of religionists who believed something, and could not hold equal fellowship with the truth and its opposite. Of course, the anythingarians echoed

the whine of their brother, and soon there followed a general howling that freedom had been violated! Nothing can be more illogical and deceptive than the complaint which is thus raised. It is the old tale of the wolf and the lamb. According to this theory, it is intolerance for men to associate for the maintenance of any doctrines unless they are prepared to admit into their number those who deny those doctrines. This appears to be the case if those teachings happen to be the verities of God; it would be different if they were the opinions of a political party. Clubs of Conservatives are not considered to be persecuting if they exclude Radicals from their membership; but churches of the Lord Jesus Christ are bitterly accused of intolerance if they reject men who deny the fundamentals of the faith.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians" was a fine cry for Demetrius and the craftsmen; and, nowadays, false teachers of all kinds make equal use of the cry "Charity! Charity!"—meaning thereby *indifference to all truth*, or, at least, unrestricted currency for their own special errors. They claim to enter anywhere. Though they are barely so right as Socinians, they demand a welcome into any and every Christian church, and they claim liberty to promulgate their own dogmas within any fold of believers which they choose to enter. Their more honest forefathers never asked for such privileges, and would have scorned them had they been offered.

We have known cases in which companies of faithful men have, with great sacrifice, built for themselves a house of prayer, and have founded charitable, religious, and educational institutions in connection therewith. Their views of the teaching of our Lord Jesus have been clear and definite, and for many years they have remained a flourishing fellowship. A young fellow, fresh from college, has by accident occupied their pulpit for a Sunday or two, and has preached against the things which were verily believed in the community. He has been told plainly that he was out of place, and he has straightway declared that he was persecuted. If he had entered the Queen's palace, and had orated upon Republicanism; or if he had gone to St. Paul's Cathedral, and sold apples; he would have been excluded, as out of his place: but in this case he claimed that he was persecuted because he could not gain the pastorate. To stand up before a congregation, and revile those things which they hold dearer than life, seems to be the natural right of every man of "advanced views"! It is a right which none but idiots will concede, and none but braggarts will claim.

There are persons who raise a hubbub every time a man of novel views is not allowed to intrude upon an assembly of godly people. Shall "the dear young man" be kept back, because his views are rather more enlightened (?) than those of the older school? Is it not intolerance to refuse to hear the gospel belied? We are not slow to answer. Until it can be proven that it is the natural right of hogs to root up our flower-gardens, it will never be proved that it is the right of rationalists to destroy our churches. Liberty is a matter with two sides. You may do as you like in your own house, but not in mine; you may preach as you please in your own church, but you can have no right to do so in another. The people who assemble to worship in a certain place have some sort of rights, surely; and it is intolerance to them to

set over them a teacher who denies all that they hold to be divinely inspired. It is no injustice to tell that gentleman that he is out of place among them. Let him take his opinions anywhere he likes in the open market ; nobody denies his liberty of speech ; the world is large enough. But if Christian people are so simple as to say that they do not desire to hear him blaspheme their God and his gospel, in the name of justice what right has he to force himself upon them ? What right have newspapers to denounce those who will not receive him ? What justification is there for his outcry that he is persecuted ? Forsooth, he is persecuted by not being allowed to persecute other people !

It is time that those who adhere to the faith of their fathers should speak out. We have desired peace, and have therefore been quiet ; we have hoped for the best, and have waited in patience ; we have believed in our brethren, and expected to see them return to a better mind. Meanwhile, there has been no forbearance on the other side : respect for the courtesies of brotherhood, and tenderness towards other men's consciences, have failed to restrain our opponents. The truth has been shot at in addresses to fraternal assemblies, in sermons preached for evangelical societies, and in lectures supposed to be delivered in the interests of the gospel. Are we to endure this for ever ? If it were only our own persons, or peculiar ideas, that were attacked, reason would that we should bear with it ; but when truth, dear as life, is insidiously undermined, we may be found traitors to God and to the souls of men if we do not bear witness by decided steps. Divisions we have had enough of already, and more would be calamitous in the highest degree, and would, in the long run, bring no relief ; but plain, honest, outspoken witness-bearing is a more Scriptural line of action ; and if it be coupled with a decided withdrawal from fellowship with error, it may in due time work for good. We cannot be expected to meet in professed communion with those who insult our religion ; nor to supply pecuniary resources for the propagation of error ; nor to erect platforms and furnish audiences for the adversaries of our faith ; and we must let it be known that if such things be looked for they will not be forthcoming. In every association of men there must be room for differences of judgment : but there must also be a mutual deference, which forbids that divergences should be ostentatiously paraded. No limitation of free speech can be desired except that which suggests itself to each generous spirit on his own account.

However, the loudness of error gives warning of its existence, and prepares us to deal with it. When the interests of our Lord clash with those of denominations and societies, we need no time for deliberation. The ties of friendship, and the bonds of ecclesiastical union, are as rotten threads compared with the bands of love which unite us to Christ and to his holy gospel.

"Say not, Yet Four Months."

(John iv. 35.)

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.*

WE are great debtors to the Jews; but when our religion, like Hebrew verbs, exists only in the past and future, it were well had we learned one lesson less. For while it is blessedly true that our faith rests upon the past work of our Priest, and our hope looks to the coming glory of our King, yet the crowning joy of the gospel is its *present* blessing, and the word "HATH" is on its forefront.

We are sadly apt to think of what *has been*, or what *shall be* (especially the latter), rather than of what *is*. The Samaritan woman in this very chapter, in response to our Lord's words, said, "I know that Messias *cometh*." Her salvation was yet future, though Christ was by her side; and in this she represents many others. Many, when urged to decide for Christ, wait still for a more convenient season; when present conformity to the example of Christ is shown as their privilege, they postpone such a transformation because they "shall be like him" by-and-by. When almost thrust as labourers into the Lord's vineyard, they hope it may be so ere long. All these reply, "Yet four months, and then—and then": but the echo is lost in the distance.

Our Lord rebukes this spirit, and urges us to immediate service; when he warns us, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?" The harvest is already waiting; and if we can sing, "Jesus saves me now," we ought also to add, "Jesus *sends* me now."

Do not some of us, in reaching forward to some great work in the future, often forget the lesser labours close at hand? Do we not, in waiting for a more congenial sphere to open, often overlook acts of service, which if not so easy would be much more fruitful? Do we not, in anticipation of larger blessings, miss enjoyments just as real, if not so ecstatic, which come to our doors day by day?

These thoughts lead us to our main point, which is to remark how often, in regular and sustained Christian work, no immediate result is anticipated: the church settles down to a dull uniformity, and while insisting strongly that the word of the Lord shall not return void, yet expects the rich harvest only in future days. Under such circumstances something ought to be done to arouse the people to the fact that God is a *present* help, and that he *waits* to bless. Here comes in the science of special services. The Evangelist's message to such a people is, "Say not, Yet four months." Behold, it is harvest time already. Let us unite to gather home the sheaves.

It is our honest conviction that half the procrastination of unconverted men in accepting the gospel is due to the procrastination of Christians in expecting them to accept it. The most of us are spiritual sluggards, who, when the call to work arouses us, say, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to rest." What wonder, then, that the fields are unreaped, though the sun has risen high in the

* Our beloved evangelist sent us this urgent paper, and, alas! he was ordained to be an illustration in his own person of the need of instantaneous diligence. He has been taken so seriously ill as to be compelled to cease from all labour for six months. This is a serious loss to our work, and we beg the earnest prayers of all our friends that this most useful brother may be restored to health, and long spared for holy service.

heavens, and the great "NOW" of the day of salvation is fast passing away? "Behold, I come quickly," saith our absent Lord.

The main reason why many are converted at the special missions, is simply that the people of God are led to believe in the possibility of their friends deciding at once; and the last day of the mission is usually the most fruitful, because then the undecided do not say, "Yet four months, or four weeks, or four days." There is only one day left, and, as a consequence, that is the day of decision.

An elder in one church we visited spoke to a young man who had for years been in his Bible Class, and urged him to yield to Christ. He did so. At the end of the meetings, a night was set apart for thanksgiving and testimony, and that young man rising said, "Sir, I trusted Jesus when you spoke to me about it; and oh, sir, if you had spoken to me sooner, I might have found Jesus before"! What a rebuke! and how true! For if we all, instead of waiting for special times and seasons, would speak the word *now* that we mean to speak *then*, how many more weary hearts might come to the Rest-giver! Instead of that, we too often say, "Yet four months."

In nearly every town we have visited we have had the satisfaction of seeing whole Sunday-school classes led to Christ, and have rejoiced with the teachers in their joy at having all their scholars on the Lord's side. And how does this come to pass? I speak as a man, and being a man I can speak no otherwise: it is because the teacher expects them to decide during the special meetings, and puts forth special efforts that they may do so. The same means at any other time would probably bring similar results; but at other times the despondent heart too frequently says, "Yet four months."

There is something, however, even better than special services, and that is, to make every act of service special, taking them one at a time, and each time doing our best, expecting a daily blessing on our work, as we need daily grace to carry it on. There is nothing sadder in our life than the memory of missed opportunities, chances we allowed to escape: while we were busy here and there they were gone. Words we might have spoken to some heart at a time when by trial or other providence it was ready to receive them, which we did not speak, and now when perhaps we are willing to open our lips, the heart is closed to our appeal, or perhaps the soul has passed beyond our reach. What thou doest for thy Master do *quickly*. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might*. Son, go work *to-day* in my vineyard. "Say not, Yet four months."

A lady, stirred up to go out and invite her neighbours to come to a special meeting we arranged in a certain town, asked a woman at the door of a public-house to come. She said, "I wish you would go and see my lodger." "Where is she?" "At such a number in such a street," was the reply, and at once the willing feet of the worker were turned in that direction. It was a sad scene which presented itself when she pushed open the door, and entered; for she found it was useless to continue knocking when there was no one to answer. Upon the bare boards lay a woman gasping for breath, not a pillow of any kind for her head, and not a rag to cover her. Kneeling by her side the Christian lady spoke to her of Jesus and his love, and then hurried home to get the poor creature some nourishment and covering. But when she

returned there was no need of either; unattended and uncared for, that soul had passed into another world, and there lay the poor shattered body, on the bare floor of an empty house. Had it not been for the unusual earnestness aroused by the mission meeting, even the few words of hope whispered in that dying ear would have been unsaid, although death would have come just as surely. Around us are hundreds of such cases, and four months hence, nay, perhaps four days hence, they will be in eternity. As Deborah said to Barak, "Up, for *this* is the day." Then, "Say not, Yet four months."

In four months you yourself may be gone. The branch not bearing fruit may be taken away, and the fruit you thought of bearing some day will never be put to your account. You mean perhaps to give something to the cause of Christ: give it now. You mean to urge your dear ones to yield to Christ; you intend to write a letter to a friend about this matter: do it now. No future service can possibly compensate for present lack; what we do in time to come will only be our duty, and a great blank will be left for to-day. Go out *quickly*, and compel them to come in, and say not, "Yet four months."

Captain Allen Gardiner, on the inhospitable coast of South America, where he slowly perished with hunger, in the hope of attracting the notice of some passing vessel, wrote on the cliff in large letters "DELAY NOT, WE ARE STARVING." Years after, the words were seen; but it was too late, the bleached bones of the brave hero of the cross strewed the beach. Help had been delayed, and he had perished. The like cry of a dying world for the Bread of Life, ringing in the ears of the people of God who have enough and to spare, will surely not be much longer unheeded. A few have responded already, but what are these among so many? Oh that we would each one arise and do our utmost daily, expecting to see mighty results *now!* Do not think God's resource has been exhausted in past days, and "Say not, Yet four months." THE HOLY GHOST SAITH, "TO-DAY."

The Special Power of Preaching.

THE nameless and potent charm of intense personality cannot all go down into a dead book. *Truth in personality* is where the hidings of power are. We look in vain along the pages of Whitefield for the secret of his mighty effectiveness. We search the famous sermon of Edwards, and wonder what there was in it that moved men so. It was not the sermon on the printed page; it was the sermon *in the living preacher*. While men are men, a living man before living men will always be more than white paper and black ink. And therein will for evermore lie the supremest possibilities of pulpit power, which no competing press, however enterprising and ubiquitous, can rival. The Founder of Christianity made no mistake when he staked its triumphal progress down through all ages, and its victorious consummation at "the end of the world" on "the foolishness of preaching." He chose the agency in full view of the marvels of these later centuries, and the pulpit is not therefore likely to be despoiled of its peculiar glory and made impotent to its work by any device born of the inventive genius of man.—*Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago.*

Dr. Schofield, of T'ai Yuen Fu.*

CHINA needs the ablest and best qualified missionaries we can send her: there is no mission field in the world that will pay better. Not only is its population prodigious and closely massed, but the nation is educated, its level of education being higher than that of any other heathen country. There are two million graduates and undergraduates in China; and a large class exists of devout persons, three or four millions in number, formed into secret religious societies for the seeking of truth. It is from this class that most of the converts to Christianity are obtained.

Christianity has made its influence felt, moreover, in the highest ranks. It is well known that two distinguished officials, Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Chihli, and Prince Kung, the head of the regency, are favourable to it. The wife of the one had her life saved by a medical missionary, and her husband now supports two large medical missions in Tientsin as a thankoffering. The wife of the other has been baptized, and, together with twelve or fifteen other Christian ladies of rank, she celebrates Christian worship every Sunday in the Palace of Pekin.

The attitude of the thoughtful and educated classes of China makes it important that some Christian missionaries should be sent thither who have taken a high educational position in this country. Wider scope exists for the presentation of the gospel to educated men in China than perhaps even India itself presents; and had Dr. Schofield, who went out in 1880, lived, his remarkable abilities would have found abundant employment there. The greater is the regret that his career was so early cut short. Three years of medical mission work seemed only enough to serve as a preface to the volume of his missionary life. Perhaps its noble example will act as an inspiration to other able men, and prove the preface to a larger volume of Christian effort than he himself could have contributed.

He was born in 1851, in London. His mother says he was converted to God when nine years old. "His elder brother," she says, "had just been converted while away at school in Wales, when one day the servant came to tell me that Harold was walking up and down the dining-room in great distress of mind. I sent for him, and he handed me a letter from his brother, and stood by me in tears, to think that he was not saved like him. I spoke simply of the sacrifice of Christ, and I shall never forget the ray of joy that beamed through his tearful eyes, and lighted up his whole face, as he owned that Christ had saved him, too." But withal he was no dull, unnatural boy. His was a sunny nature, and his splendid physique gave him intense enjoyment of life. He loved to tear down-hill with a pony and gig, or prowl about the lanes on stilts at night, or climb the lofty elms and sit on the boughs to learn his lessons, with his legs dangling at a height of seventy feet, by lantern light, or when he grew older to go on long boating expeditions on the Thames or Wye, or the Irish lakes. His mind was as active as

* Memorials of R. Harold A. Schofield, M.A., M.B. (Oxon), First Medical Missionary to Shan-Si, China. By A. T. Schofield, M.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d.

his body. His college career at Oxford was brilliant. His scholarships amounted to nearly £1,500, and he obtained over forty certificates of honour from the Victoria University, besides numerous diplomas and certificates from the London University, showing him to be first in honours in zoology, and third in palæontology and classics. But there was never a smaller crop of vanity in any man; at the bottom of these lists Schofield himself wrote, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

From 1873 to 1876 he was engaged at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, as house-surgeon, where he accomplished an immense amount of work, for he lost no scrap of time. Besides the regular work of the wards, he cut and mounted over 1,200 anatomical slides for the microscope, took his energetic part in the Abernethy Debating Society and in the Hospital Christian Association, made sketches, carried on the study of Italian, Hebrew, and the Greek Testament, superintended a Sunday-school in the North of London, and constantly preached in halls and in the streets. His friend, Dr. Biss, said, "I never knew anyone who had been gifted with large natural abilities and mental powers, and had won by them distinguished successes, who seemed to be so little aware of the facts, as Schofield."

From 1876 to 1878 he had charge of hospitals on the scene of the Russo-Turkish war; the following year he carried out a long-cherished plan of a tour through Palestine, and, on coming home, formed the resolution, after much thought, to dedicate himself to medical mission-work in China. In a few months this accomplished man, who, as a friend said, "had more strings to his bow than most of the very best of the profession, not in England merely, but in Europe," had married, and gone to bury himself in China. He sailed on the 7th April, 1880, and travelling by way of America and Japan, spending a month in the former and a fortnight in the latter country, reached Shanghai on the 30th June. Visiting the various missionaries on the way, he travelled forward to the province of Shan Si, a province of the size of England and Wales, with a population of 14,000,000, and took up his abode at T'ai Yuen Fu, the capital, a city of 40,000 inhabitants. This city, like most cities in China, is surrounded by a wall. It is two miles square; the walls are from thirty to fifty feet high, and broad enough on the summit to drive two or three carriages abreast; a huge fosse encircles the city. The gigantic gates on each side are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, and are surmounted by a tower, with rusty cannon. Half the ground within the city-walls is under cultivation. Here Dr. Schofield met Mr. and Mrs. Richard, of the Baptist Mission, besides six missionaries and missionaries' wives, of the China Inland Mission, with which he himself was connected. He opened a small dispensary, with accommodation for twelve in-patients, and at the end of the first year had treated 1,851 different patients, making 3,488 attendances, and had received forty in-patients. The second year his work had nearly doubled. There were 3,247 different patients, of whom 105 were in-patients, and the total attendance had been 6,571. This work of course laid open to him a vast field for gospel preaching, which he regarded as by far the most important duty before him. He made it plain to the patients that his object was two-fold—to preach the gospel and heal

the sick; and the stories of Christ's death and resurrection, of his miracles of love and mercy, never failed to interest them. With the in-patients he had daily worship, with Scripture reading and exposition; and, not resting here, he preached in the street and sold books, and in this way circulated hundreds of gospels and explanatory tracts. We, in England, need not be surprised that he found, as all missionaries to China find, the opium traffic the greatest external obstacle to the gospel. "You had better explain to us the right and wrong of that opium business, instead of preaching your gospel to us." Men are not blind in China; and this is the just and bitter taunt they fling at the missionaries. The stain of the opium iniquity must be washed out of our Government policy.

Just as his work was broadening out and entering upon its fullest efficiency and power, Schofield died. In July, 1883, a man came to him with diphtheria. The doctor, always ready, did what he could for him, but told him he could not stay on the premises, on account of the infectiousness of the disease. The man went away, but came again next day, and, unknown to Dr. Schofield, slept in the hospital. The morning after, news came to the doctor that a man had died in the place. He ran down, thinking it was one on whom he had operated a day or two before, and, to his surprise, found it was the man who had been suffering from diphtheria. The smell from the stove-bed on which the body was lying caused typhus fever to set in, and on the 1st August, at the age of thirty-two, Schofield was dead. On his death-bed he sent this message to Mr. Hudson Taylor:—"Tell Mr. Taylor and council I have found my Lord's grace sufficient to sustain me in the most trying illness of my life, and that these three years in China have been by far the happiest in my life." He sent this verse to all friends:—

"A little while for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere we behold his beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace."

The book which relates the story of his life has been compiled mainly from his letters and diaries, by his brother, and will repay perusal. It contains a great deal of interesting information about China.

C. A. D.

Hold Fast your Shield.

IN that famous battle at Leuctra, where the Thebans got a signal victory, but their captain, Epaminondas, a little before his death, demanded whether his buckler were taken by the enemy, and when he understood that it was safe, and that they had not so much as laid their hands on it, he died most willingly, cheerfully, and quietly. Well! Christians, your shield of faith is safe; your portion is safe, your royal robe is safe, your kingdom is safe, your heaven is safe, your happiness and blessedness are safe; and therefore under all your afflictions and troubles, in patience possess your own souls.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Little-known Facts concerning the Reformation in England.

I.—Deification of Mary.

THE low state to which the church had fallen in the last years of the fifteenth century is well shown by the fact that the Dominicans and the Franciscans, who were orders of begging friars, spent almost all their time in rancorous disputes concerning the Virgin Mary. The Dominicans, who, in their black habits, went about the country as itinerant preachers, held that the Lord's mother was born as "all other children of Adam" had been; but their opponents maintained that she was spotless from the first. Hence arose what Foxe calls "a turbulent tragedy." He adds, that "this frivolous question, kindling and engendering between these two sects of friars, burst out into such a flame of parts and sides-taking, that it occupied the heads and wits of schools and universities, almost throughout the whole church; some holding one part with Scortus, some the other part with Thomas Aquinas."

These ridiculous wranglings extended over the Continent of Europe; and even after a papal bull settled the matter in favour of the Franciscans, the Dominicans had not played their last card. Some of their number, of an ingenious turn of mind, who watched the controversy from Berne, "devised a certain image of the Virgin so artificially unique, that the friars, by privy gins, made it to stir, and to make gestures, to lament, to complain, to weep, to groan." When controversy was carried on in this fashion, how can we wonder that the credulous, ignorant people, who came to ask questions, "were brought to a marvellous persuasion" that the Dominicans were in the right? Seeing "their kitchen to wax cold, and their paunches to be pinched," because the stream of alms was diverted from them, the Franciscans were sharpened to detect the fraud; and the stake being regarded as a last reply in religious differences, they had the satisfaction of burning four of their opponents who were convicted of imposture.

II.—Early English Confessors.

As early as the year 1510, one Joan Baker rejected crucifixes and image-worship. It was urged against her, at her examination, that Joan had persuaded a friend lying at the point of death to trust in God, who worked all miracles, rather than in the Pope, who "had no power to give pardons." Here and there enlightened persons spoke against pilgrimages; and a certain Richard Woolman had such a severe regard for truth, "that he termed the Church of Paul's a house of thieves"; alluding no doubt to the traffic then carried on in the cathedral. The vengeance of the church was at the same time especially visited upon those who met together to read English books. That such little congregations did meet together in the night we have ample evidence. When in 1518 Richard Butler was arraigned before the Bishop of London, he was charged with having, at intervals during three years, met a number of persons at the house of Robert Durdant, near Staines, where, through an entire night, he had "erroneously and damnably read in a great

book of heresy . . . certain chapters of the Evangelists in English." He not only read, but expounded, and exhorted his hearers to keep and hold the truth. Some did so, even unto the martyr fires; but others gave way, and did penance for having been disobedient children of mother church.

III.—Protestant Assemblies before the Reformation.

The evidence brought forward against Thomas Man, who was burned in Smithfield, in 1518, reveals the fact that, for many years previously, a number of anti-Romish congregations had been wont to secretly assemble in various towns of England. They remained unmolested in most instances until they were treacherously betrayed by apostates.

The towns mentioned as having been favoured by such teaching are London, Amersham, Bellericay, Chelmsford, Stratford, Langthorn, Uxbridge, Burnham, Henley-on-Thames, Newbury, besides other places in the Eastern Counties. The testimony of Man himself is not a little remarkable. While going from place to place in a westerly direction, he speaks of having come upon a great company of Christian people, "especially at Newbury," who rejected the Mass and accepted Christ. These met safely together for the space of fifteen years; but at last "a certain lewd person, whom they had trusted and made of their counsel," gave information to the authorities, which led to the burning of some and the abjuration of many more.

The secret church at Newbury is spoken of as "a glorious and sweet society of faithful favourers." At Amersham, Man came upon "a godly and great company," which had continued in that doctrine and teaching twenty-three years. At the time of his martyrdom, Dr. Man thanked God that he had been the means of turning seven hundred persons from popery to the gospel. In addition to this he had delivered a number more "out of the devil's mouth"; that is to say, he removed them from dangerous to safer districts. He was indeed a pastor raised up for the time, whose works deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance.

IV.—Inquisitors at Work.

The words of Christ, that a man's foes should be they of his own household, were often verified in the dangerous times of which we are speaking. In many instances persons testified against their nearest relatives to save their own lives.

In 1521, one Richard Bartlet confessed against his wife, his sister, and his father. The considerate youth, however, in speaking of the old man, mentioned one extenuating circumstance, which showed, in his opinion, that he was a better man than the judges supposed him to be. "The other day," said the witness, "there came a man to him (the elder Bartlet) as he was threshing, and said, 'God speed, father Bartlet, ye work sore.' 'Yea,' said he, 'I thresh God Almighty out of the straw.'" He was threshing out the wheat which would be converted into the wafer, "the Pope's god," as Foxe remarks.

The quality of the heresy which obtained during the early years of Henry VIII. was well illustrated in the charge preferred against Agnes Ashford, of Chesham. This woman, then accounted infamous by the

laws of England, had taught one James Morden these words : "We be the salt of the earth : if it be putrified and vanished away it is nothing worth. A city set upon a hill may not be hid. Teen ye a candle, and put it not under a bushel, but set it on a candlestick, that it may give a light to all in the house. So shine your light before men, as they may see your works, and glorify the Father that is in heaven. No tittle nor letter of the law shall pass over till all things be done." Five times the informer had been to the woman to learn this lesson. A second charge, quite as serious, related to the teaching of another lesson, which Morden had gone twice to the house to learn, *e.g.*, "Jesus seeing his people, as he went up to a hill, was set, and his disciples came to him ; he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed be the poor men in spirit, for the kingdom of heaven is theirs. Blessed be mild men, for they shall weld the earth."

No less than six most reverend bishops sat in judgment on this offender ; and, though she was not sent to the stake, she was "straightway enjoined and commanded" to "teach those lessons no more to any man, and especially not to her children."

If proof were wanted that the Pope is the successor of the old Pagan priest, rather than the vicar of Christ, we should have it in such passages as the above.

V.—An Evangelical Vicar.

There were evidently some married priests in the country, even before the consummation of the work undertaken by the Reformers. Where such were found, they naturally, in some measure, set their faces against the dominant Romish heresies.

In Worcestershire, a vicar, named John Drury, engaged one Roger Dods, as man-servant ; and when the man first entered upon his situation, the vicar "swore him upon a book to keep his counsel in all things." After this, Roger was introduced to the vicar's wife, from whom he never lacked either wholesome instruction or good advice. The man was taught to read, to disregard the superstitious directions of the church in respect of meats, and other matters tending to his good. The worthy vicar spoke against images and relics, advising the superstitious rather to give their money to the poor ; and to "worship but one God, and no handy-work of man." There were others like him, and probably more than we suspect.

VI.—The Colporteurs.

When making researches for his history, Mr. Froude discovered a paper among the Rolls House MSS. which gives facts additional to those mentioned by Foxe, concerning the Association of Christian Brothers, which had been formed in London for the dissemination of Christian books throughout the country. "It was composed of poor men, chiefly tradesmen, artizans, a few, a very few, of the clergy," says the historian; "but it was carefully organized, it was provided with moderate funds, which were regularly audited ; and its paid agents went up and down the country carrying Testaments and tracts with them, and enrolling in the order all persons who dared to risk their lives in such a cause." Later on in his work, when he comes to the martyrdom of Garret,

Barnes, and Jerome—the last having been vicar of Stepney—Froude speaks of the heroic trio having served "their great Master in their deaths better than they had served him in their lives;" but this was not the case. They fell, indeed, before their enemies, but the final victory was not far off.

In his fifth volume, Foxe inserts a long, rambling narrative by Anthony Dalaber, which presents us with some vivid pictures of the Christian Brothers, as they actually existed and worked.

Thomas Garret, in 1526, was a curate in Honey Lane, London; but in that year he left home for Oxford, with a number of copies of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, and other books. No sooner was the travelling bookseller started on his errand than the "ungodly generation" of the capital gained news of his movements, "wherefore they determined forthwith to make a privy search through all Oxford, to take and imprison him, if they might, and burn all and every his foresaid books, and him too, if they could: so burning hot was the charity of those most holy fathers."

Garret duly arrived in Oxford with his pack; but before he was able to enter many sales in the little account-book which he invariably carried, secret information of the intention of the authorities was received, and the bookseller was hastened off towards Dorsetshire, where a brother of Dalaber wanted a curate. The brethren—"for so did one not only call one another," says Dalaber, "but were indeed to one another"—thought that they had successfully baffled their pursuers; but instead of going forward towards the coast, whence it was hoped he might, if need arose, escape into Germany, Garret, after two days, returned to Oxford, where he was apprehended, to the "great joy and rejoicing among all the Papists," who at once notified their capture of a "notable heretic."

In the meantime Dalaber was ignorant "of all this sudden hurly-burly;" for, having sent his friend away with letters of recommendation, he concluded he was safe on the Dorsetshire road. Dalaber had also just removed to another college; and after busying himself for two whole days in arranging his furniture, he sat down on Saturday afternoon to read Lambert's "Commentary on Luke's Gospel." He tells us that he had a great number of the Reformer's works on the Scriptures, but they were very carefully hidden, "because it was so dangerous to have any such books." While the eager student was buried in his book, someone knocked "very hard" at his chamber door; but as it was not always safe to respond, Master Dalaber refused to speak until the intruder knocked "more harder," and then "yet more fiercely." Thereupon, thinking that it was someone who had need of him—perhaps one of the Brethren—the Reformer rose, opened the door, when "Master Garret, as a mazed man," stood before him.

Garret had walked towards the west for a day and a half, when he returned through fear; and now he borrowed clothes to serve for a disguise, which were readily lent to him. The two then prayed together "with plenty of tears;" and after the fugitive had departed, "I straightway did shut my chamber door," says Dalaber, "and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did, with much deliberation, read over the 10th chapter of St. Matthew his Gospel; and when I had so done, with

fervent prayer I did commit unto God our dearly-beloved brother Garret."

The prayer was answered, for, though arrested, Garret escaped in a mysterious manner, and though he was subsequently taken, he survived till the year 1540.

Wolsey was not by nature a persecutor, and seems to have been better pleased when "heretics" could be released than when they were punished. His successor, Thomas Cromwell, was more advanced; he was the patron of Bible printing, and the friend of the Protestants. He was thus intensely hated by the papists and the sycophant aristocracy, who thronged the court of Henry VIII. Having served a brutal master too well, the great minister suddenly fell; and in the persecution which ensued immediately after the strong hand of Cromwell was removed from the helm of the State, Garret and others were committed to the flames. The king soon missed his old counsellor, but the murder could not be undone.

VII.—The Bible in Old St. Paul's.

Having been a time-server before he developed into a persecutor, Bonner, in Cromwell's time, "was a great doer in setting forward the printing of the Bible in the great volume; promising, moreover," adds Foxe, "that he would, for his part, have six of those Bibles set up in the church of St. Paul, in London."

These copies of the Scriptures were accordingly set up, to the great comfort of a large number of godly souls, who resorted to the cathedral to read or to hear, so long as the good days of Thomas Cromwell lasted. Among the readers who read aloud to others was John Porter, who never failed to attract an interested assembly.

The tide having turned against the Gospellers, Bonner began to look with disfavour on this public reading; but because he could not legally arraign a man for reading books which all were invited to look into, he charged Porter with having "made expositions upon the text, and gathered great multitudes about him to make tumults." This was of course false; but the reader was committed to Newgate, and loaded with irons. The cruelty of this discipline was for a time relaxed through the intervention of a relative, who bribed the jailer; but when it was discovered that Porter instructed his fellow-prisoners in the truth of the gospel, he was consigned to the lowest and darkest dungeon of all, where he was one day found dead. Can we wonder that when Bonner himself died in gaol some years later, and was buried like a common thief without the city, that little children trampled on his grave in derision?

VIII.—"A Merry and Pleasant Narration."

On Christmas eve, 1536, there took place at Oxford what the martyr-ologist calls "a merry and comical spectacle" in connection with one of those scenes of recantation which the papists regarded as the triumph of their cause.

A Master of Arts of the University, named Malary, was arraigned for heresy, and having yielded to the enemy he was sentenced to "bear his faggot," by way of penance: and, what must have been a greater

infliction, he had to hear a sermon in church from a pulpit sycophant, named Smith, who apparently rejoiced in the occasion which had brought him a full congregation. The church was excessively crowded; and, preaching upon the sacrament, the enlightened doctor desired to deal out stronger arguments than mere words, and thus "provided the holy catholic cake, and the sacrament of the altar, there to hang by a string before him in the pulpit."

It so happened that while the sermon was proceeding apace, that a sooty chimney in the town became ignited, and a man, who, on descrying the mishap, raised a cry of "fire," very innocently occasioned "a maze among Smith's congregation." While some looked up in a fright, one in their midst answered the cry without with "Fire!" And when one and another asked, "where?" the response was, "in the church." "The church is on fire!" cried some, and making more of the matter as it proceeded, others surmised that heretics were abroad with their torches of revenge. There was no fire save in the foolish people's imagination; but that was quite sufficient to cause a general stampede from Dr. Smith's sermon, until the passages were thronged with panic-stricken people, some of whom were crushed to death. Such a scramble had never been seen in Oxford. Thinking that the molten lead from the roof would soon begin to fall, the preacher in the pulpit cried for mercy with great energy. Some "kneeled down quietly before the high altar, committing themselves and their lives unto the sacrament;" while others, with more worldly wisdom, held out rewards, one offering as much as "twenty pounds of good money" to any who would "pull him out, though it were by the ears." One corpulent ecclesiastic, who might have fared better, at least in this uproar, had he been more sparingly fed, thought to take a short cut to the street through a window; but "he did stick fast between the grates, and could neither get out nor in." The martyrologist thought that this "tragical story of a terrible fire which did no hurt," was in itself a timely warning to the persecuting papists, for by it they might know in some measure what burning meant.

Power of God's Word.

GOD has so wonderfully constituted his holy Word, that the smallest portion of it, taken by faith and assimilated into the spiritual being, may be the fountain and germ of life within. Give every one the Bible;—whether he is able to study it or not, give him the Bible. Whether he is able to read it or not, by the ear if not by the eye, still give him the Bible. The powers of the mind may be paralyzed for want of use; the heart may be slow to move; the leisure may be but scanty; but the blessed effects of that word are not limited by powers of mind, nor by warmth of feeling, nor by amount of leisure. One text, dropped into the depths of the being,—one crumb of the heavenly bread really fed on, may suffice to beget and maintain the new life unto God.—*The late Dean Alford.*

The Steam-Roller and the Stone-Roller.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Each saved one must try to serve his God according to his calling, position, and ability. Our powers vary greatly, and our modes of action must vary also; but each one ought to do his very best, and he should try to raise that best to something better. The largest capacities are none too large for our holy service. If we could each gain ten talents, our Lord would deserve ten times as many. The Lord Jesus is such a good Master, that he deserves to have good servants, and to receive perfect service. Oh that I could honour him with a thousand voices, and continue to extol him through a thousand lives! It may be that some of us will never be able to gain any remarkable degree of mind or influence; well, then, we must use what capacity we have. Whatever our work may be, we must throw our whole energy into it, and let it stand as a pattern of how work can be thoroughly done; and then, whether large or small, it will be acceptable. It is astonishing how much zeal and perseverance can accomplish with very little ability; and even if there be not much in quantity, the little may be so fine in quality, as to be very precious. He who carves ivory does not expect to fill so large a space as if his tools were used upon wood.

As I came to this service, I met an old acquaintance, for whom I have a respect almost amounting to dread; for my horse is too much impressed by him: I mean the steam-roller. He is the friend of all who travel upon wheels, and deserves first place among public benefactors. Rough roads, which make your ride like a voyage upon a stormy sea, are transformed into smoothness by this giant's power. When a long stretch of road has been broken up with picks, it is then covered with bits of granite which are all sharp edge and pointed corner, and every step becomes painful both to horse and rider. With the help of the water-cart, our weighty friend comes in, and makes the rough places smooth. It is wonderful how every unruly stone subsides into order as soon as the roller appears. It does its work grandly; with a steady, immovable determination which mortal men might envy. If ever I were, or could be, a steam-roller upon the road to heaven, crushing down those stones, which now hinder travellers, I am afraid I might become proud of my own prowess, and therefore I will not covet so hazardous an office; but yet I would earnestly desire and eagerly seek after all the force and ability that may be within my reach, that I may employ them for my Lord and his people. We may all ask that the power of Christ may rest upon us, that out of weakness we may be made strong,—strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Of such power the steam-roller may be a type; for all the impediments which lie in its way are most effectually overcome, and used to make its road better. The very things which look like difficulties are treated as instruments for the accomplishment of its design: granite stones are the material which the steam-roller subdues to its purpose. If a man receives great grace from on high, and the Lord endues him with much of his Holy Spirit, what work he can do for Christ!

But there may be much mental and moral force, and it may remain unused. If God has made you capable of being a steam-roller, I hope you will set the fire alight, and keep the steam up, and be ready for constant work. But it is not so in every case: those who could do much and should even do most, often do the least. Many men have ability, but there is no "go" in them; there is plenty of roller but no steam; plenty of weight, but no driving power. Many a preacher is heavy: Oh that we could put force into him, and set him to work. What is learning if a man will not teach? What is the profoundest knowledge of theology if there be no love to souls? What is the use of that young man's Biblical information if he merely reads and studies for himself? Grace to make us zealous in the Lord's cause must abound in us, or else our weight will create responsibility for ourselves, but it will have no salutary influence upon other minds and hearts. It is a small matter for a pitcher to be full, if nothing can be poured from it to slake the thirst of the fainting. It is well to have the talents, but it is better to trade with them for the Master. To my big brothers, comparable to the steam-roller, I offer earnest entreaties that they will consecrate every ounce of their power, and use it diligently. Oh, how much we need the help of all men of light and leading! Forcible characters are not so plentiful among us that we can afford to let one of them waste his energies. Indeed, my brothers, we are surrounded with so many feeble folk who need assistance, but can render little efficient aid in return, that our work is rendered hard from the want of capable and sagacious workers. May God send us a legion of strong men; but may he fill them to the full with his grace! My district would be all the better for a few more steam-rollers: I find plenty of stones in my road, and I have need of all the force I can enlist in preparing a highway for our God.

We cannot expect all of you to be steam-rollers; perhaps it is not needful that you should be. If all ships were iron-clads, or huge frigates, how would shallow rivers be navigated? If all were learned and cultured, simple folk might never hear a plain sermon. At Mentone I have seen another kind of roller used on the road. The remembrance of it amuses me much. Often as I have seen it, it has never failed to make me smile. In the mending of roads in the South of France things are done in a special manner: it wears the appearance of an endeavour to employ the largest number of men, and to give each one as little fatigue as possible. It is a fine country for going about work in a deliberate fashion. There is a bit of road to be mended, and it is done in detail, patch by patch: those who undertake too much at once may fail in their endeavours. A man picks the road over just a little, but he does not wear himself out with rash haste; he thinks between each stroke, and thus he performs his important office with wisdom and judgment. Having disturbed that little bit of road, of about the size of a door-mat, or possibly of a small Turkey carpet, another man comes along with a little water-cart, which he draws himself by the help of a hard-working comrade who pushes behind. Inasmuch as it would be a pity for one man to do the work that might be done by two, or which might do itself, the water is not allowed to flow out from the cart, through an arrangement of a pipe with holes in

it; but a tap is turned, and a watering-pot is filled, and a rose is put upon it, and the section of road is thus moistened with tender discretion, as if it were a bed of tulips. Another hard-working person now appears on the scene with a barrow-load of stones, a discreet load, such as may be pushed along without breaking one's back. You imagine that these stones will be shot down; but you are in too much of a hurry: they do things so much better in France. A small basket is provided, and a large shovel; the stones are shovelled into the basket, and then carefully deposited upon the prepared ground. A barrow of earth is also fetched; measured into the basket, and daintily used to mix with and cover the stones, even as a cook puts a crust over her gooseberries and makes a pie. It is quite beautiful to observe these children of toil when occupied with their sore travail: they may well be a terror to British workmen, and make them dread competition with them! We should all mend our ways; but should we not do it with care, and thought, and deliberation? So our French brethren rightly judge. Now comes in our roller, after a little discreet touching-up of the stones and earth with a rake.

The beauty of the whole concern to me lies in this stone-roller. It is a roller similar to that which any one gardener would cheerfully drag over our gravel paths; but this roller has a horse to move it to and fro. I confess it is a very old horse, and that you may tell all his bones; but still it is a horse, and a big horse for so little a roller. An excellent man led the horse with care over the difficulties of the selected portion of road. He fastened the traces to the roller, and gently led the horse to the end of the little bit of road; then he took off the ropes, and hooked them on to the other side of the roller, and walked the steed back again, and so on, with persevering continuance. It is a beautiful instance of how the thing should be done in order to utilize a large quantity of unexhausting labour for which the payers of taxes may give a bountiful reward.

Here, however, is the point of the whole affair; when I rode over roads which had been dealt with in this fashion, I invariably found that they were effectually mended. The old-fashioned method produced first-rate results. It took a good while to do; but when the work was done, it was well done; and complaint turned into good-humoured criticism.

It struck me that I knew certain friends who do their work for God very calmly and deliberately, and with as little of push as the old man and the old horse and the stone-roller at Mentone get through their labours, and yet what they perform will bear inspection, is of a lasting character, and wears well. It is therefore no business of mine to find fault, but, on the contrary, to commend; and if I smile, it shall be in all good fellowship. So far from disturbing our quiet, steady workers, I wish we had thousands more of them. Brother, let not the rush and worry of this boastful age disturb you. Move more quickly, if you can; but if not, be not distressed by the criticisms of the flippant. If you cannot be a steam-roller, and should happen to be more like a common stone-roller, keep on steadily at your work, and roll well the little bit of road that you travel.

It may be, you could do nothing if you quitted your own ways and

methods; don't quit them, but stick to ways by which you have done good work. Don't try to wear Saul's armour, nor even Solomon's robes. Only do your work conscientiously, prayerfully, and with faith in God, and somebody will yet say, "Well, it was a slow business; but it was a sure one." Have we not often seen workers do a great deal which has all ended in nothing? What a noise and fuss they have made! The papers have been ablaze with their mighty deeds; and yet we have passed that way, and the spreading bay-tree has vanished, not a leaf has remained. The bulk of us may never be more than humble plodders; but let it be our resolve that we will do good sound work by the help of God's Holy Spirit. Better that one soul should be savingly converted, than that hundreds should crowd the enquiry-rooms, and turn out to be only excitable persons, temporarily wrought upon, but not brought to Jesus in spirit and in truth. Better one yard of wall built with gold and silver, than a mile of wood, hay, and stubble.

While speaking to those who are saved, I remember sadly that some of my hearers cannot do anything for the Saviour. Who are they? Those who are bedridden? Ah! they can speak of Christ upon their beds. Those that have but one talent? They can use that one talent for the Lord. A little candle may give great light. But who are the useless ones? They are such as are not yet alive from the dead, those who have not yet come to Jesus. How can they do anything for Jesus, or even attempt it? Your first business, my friend, is to find the Lord yourself, and yield yourself to him, that he may give you a new heart and a right spirit. Then may you go forth and serve him. In one of the letters brought to me this evening, asking for our prayers, the writer says, "If God will but hear me, I will tell everybody of his goodness." Is not that the resolve of each one who has tasted that the Lord is gracious? Do not all believers cry, "Taste and see that the Lord is good"?

Individuality.

THE practical aim of each man should be to perfect his own variety, not ape another's. A Luther could not be a Melanchthon. By no process could an Owen be made into a Milton. Individuality is indestructible. I am afraid that teachers and learners are often at fault in overlooking what is so very plain. You sometimes have ideal characters described and put before you for imitation, which never were and never will be realized, because they combine incompatibilities. Qualities are taken from men constitutionally different from each other, and you are told to be all that is represented in some unnatural amalgam. But God requires of you no such impossibility. Be yourself—that is the divine will. Mature and perfect by his grace the gifts he has bestowed. Resist all early besetting sins, and cultivate all possible good. Not excusing yourself for only doing what pleases you; for omitting acts of self-denial; for being one-sided, self-indulgent, and peculiar; strive to be as comprehensive in excellence as you can, without attempting to obliterate the stamp of your own individuality. Bunyan was a wise man, and therefore did not crush all imaginable good qualities into his *Christian*, but distributed them amongst a number of individuals; painting the picture of different pilgrims, and assigning to them varied offices of wisdom and love.—*Dr. Stoughton.*

Our Nearest Foreign Mission Field.

THE nearest field is Brittany, just across the Channel, in the sister land of France. Here Baptist missionaries have laboured; but the society feels that the work must now support itself. Every true friend of Christian missions will rejoice with the Baptist Missionary Committee that the great purpose which they, doubtless, had in view when they decided to put a term to their subsidy to the Breton Mission, is already manifesting itself. Few who knew anything about the Mission would readily believe that the past half century of foundation-laying was lost work. Just now, at the Tremel station and its adjuncts, much is transpiring to show that the season of fruitage is close at hand. The "Word of the Lord," in the shape of the somewhat defective translation of the New Testament made by the late Rev. J. Jenkins, has not returned to him void; but the new translation into the Breton tongue made by Pasteur Lecoat, the devoted missionary at Tremel, is doing wonders, permeating Catholic families, and creating a hunger for further instruction. We can only wish that the funds were forthcoming with which to issue the Old Testament also, which Mr. Lecoat has translated—a work which has never before been attempted by any Protestant.

To show how powerful an evangelist the New Testament and gospel portions must be, followed as their distribution is by much earnest prayer, we will describe one or two methods of operation. At a large fair, in a village where there is a preaching-station, Pasteur Lecoat puts up the tricolor upon the building, and then at a time when the first rush of business is over, a bell is rung, and the farmers, with their wives and servants, troop in, and fill the room, leaving at the doors and windows a goodly crowd. After an earnest evangelistic address, the people retire, receiving gladly a "gospel" in their own tongue. This is repeated, and the room filled again, at least, four times in the day. At the close of the day these little "messengers of light" may be seen in the hands of the Breton peasants as they hesitate to put the precious treasures into their defiled pockets. They are carried into homes where the sound of the gospel can never come, and many are the letters for advice and requests for more information which are in consequence received by Mr. Lecoat.

The funeral of one of the members of the little church furnishes the only occasion for open-air preaching. During the past two years, such visits to "God's Acre" have been unusually frequent; and on several occasions, the persons interred by the Protestant pastor have been known to him as attendants upon his ministry, who, at the last, gave evidence of the new life. In former years, the sad procession was denied the usual national tribute of respect—the uncovered head, and perfect silence on the road; but now the whole commune is respectful, and seems to seize the occasion for hearing the gospel. Stones and mud give way to thanks, and even the *curé* stands by with uncovered head, although he yet protests against the distribution of the Scriptures that follows. These Scriptures are eagerly grasped, and a meeting in the chapel in the evening is the occasion of further explanations of the

truth. Village *fêtes*, known among us as "feasts," or "wakes," commemorative of the founding of the local church edifice, are useful opportunities for the colporteurs. As the result of one of them, as a sample of many others, a wealthy Catholic writes to ask that the *petit marchand de livres* may be instructed to call at his house once in each fortnight; for, on his last visit, they retained him for half a day while he expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly. We can only hope that he and all his household and servants, who were permitted to hear the word, may receive it with power. This is a typical case.

Trouble has driven the members of the little community at Tremel closer together of late, and there has been much importunate prayer. The work has been thoroughly reorganized: set times for prayer, stated work for every member, and the use of every means for the support and advancement of the cause of God among them, have been formulated into a covenant with this poor, but faithful band. Nearly every member present at the quarterly communion has a remarkable history. One old saint, who has but one eye, but by the help of which she does more good work for the Lord than many amongst us do with two, was known in her distant hamlet to have associated herself with the Protestants; and as the usual "boycotting" failed to check her enthusiasm for the salvation of the souls of her neighbours, a plot was hatched, and carried into execution. A bucket of boiling water was poured down the chimney of her cottage upon her wood fire, and by this dastardly outrage she lost the sight of her eye. A like visitation was proposed in another case; but one of the scapegraces was struck with remorse of conscience, and gave warning of it. He was obliged to flee; but having some little means of support, and his conversion following in a short time, he might have been seen seated at the table of the Lord with those whom he formerly hated and persecuted.

At the close of one such meeting which we attended, we noticed a little group of women gathered round one who was holding up a very soiled shawl, which we had seen her put under the form on entering. She had walked eight miles to that communion, and some vile fellows, set on by those who should have counselled otherwise, tore the shawl from her shoulders, and dipped it in a filthy ditch, to deter her from making the journey.

A good work is being done in connection with this Mission at the great arsenal town of Brest, where one of the rooms in the Breton quarter is crowded out. If a suitable building could be found, four times the number could be gathered. Mr. Lecoat has purchased and paid for a piece of land in a capital position, but about £400 is required to pay for the building.

A committee has been formed to take up this Breton work, of which Dr. Underhill is the chairman. Help towards the working expenses, or the erection of the chapel at Brest, would be gladly received by Mr. J. Wates, 4, Princes Road, Lewisham Hill, London, S.E.

W. E. LANG.

"Remember me Aloft."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

'Twas a captain's homely expression,
As we stood at the vessel's side;
I was going away to my duties,
He to his on the ocean wide.

I knew what he meant in a moment,
His eyes, which were upward raised;
And the grip of his hand translated
The novel and nautical phrase.

'Twas a sailor's method of saying,
"Don't forget me in your prayers
To the God who is high above us,
And yet for his creatures cares."

"For though he's above the heavens,
And far up beyond the stars,
I'm certain our cries can reach him
By way of the Saviour's scars!"

Thank God for the Christian captains,
And the Christian sailors, too,
Who are looking aloft to heaven,
And seeing beyond the blue;

Whose business upon the great waters
Reveals the works of the Lord;
Who praise his name for his mercy,
And publish his wonders abroad!

Did you say I should pray for you, captain?
Ay, ay, sir! I certainly will,
But allow me just to remind you
There's a blessing that's better still.

For the Captain of our salvation
Himself has gone aloft,
And *he* has the best of mem'ries,
For he sayeth in accents soft,—

"A woman her babe may forget,
But *I'll* never, no never, forsake;
I'm exalted on purpose to bless,
I'm always at hand, and awake!"

To him who used to be sailing
To and fro upon blue Galilee,
And did, in the moment of peril,
What no one could do but he;

To him who bridles the breezes,
And rides in the cloudy car,
To him we commend every sailor,
From Admiral down to Jack Tar.

"Our seamen, God bless," we will pray,
"*Bon voyage*" for each we desire,
Till the time there is "no more sea"
Save of "glass that is mingled with fire."

December, 1885.

Wild Bird Notes.

A REVIEW, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fulness and strength which are heard in the song of our canaries and other caged birds, there is a peculiar sweetness about the voices of the wood. Nothing can excel, or even equal, the charming sonnets of the pure children of nature, who have never known what it is to be shut up within wire bars and taught to imitate the notes of others. It is with men as with birds: for freshness and real power commend us to unsophisticated nature. Our Methodist friends of the past generation, like ourselves, had among them brethren who preached after the manner of the heart, with mother wit, original thought, and cheerful freedom; we wish there were more of them now. We delight to meet with the memorials of these dear, quaint souls, since we seldom light on living specimens of the class. Education is all very well; the more of it the better; but if it kills off the originals, and trims simple-hearted students into pompous divines, it is not the kind of education which we would advocate. No, give us the training which brings out the man; not that which casts out the genial spirit of a warm humanity, and enshrines in its place a stiff propriety, as cold as it is respectable. We had rather hear a dozen sentences from a genuine original than listen to a mile of—*as per usual* from "cultured" emptiness.

The lines above fell from our pen after we had read through a miniature biography of John Wold Ackrill, of North Allerton, United Methodist Free Church Minister.* Our good friends the regular Wesleyans are not overdone with eccentricity, for they are eminently respectable, and possibly for that reason none the more fitted for work among the lowest of our people; but certain other Methodists retain, and perhaps cultivate, the quainter gifts; and Mr. Ackrill found himself at home among the United Free brethren. He fell asleep some eighteen months ago, at the ripe age of seventy-five, and his friends speak warmly of him as "a grave, humorous, and saintly evangelist and pastor." We admire this curious but happy combination of adjectives. The little book entitled "Sanctified Humour" has abundantly repaid our perusal, and we cannot refrain from giving our readers the pith of it, in the belief that this will be the best method for promoting its sale.

Young Ackrill was born among Baptists, and it pleased God to call him by his grace under our veteran lecturer, Thomas Cooper, in the year 1832. He sold his violin with which he used to play in the alehouse for the dancers, and joined the Methodists. In those days the most of our vigorous young men tended in the Methodist direction. He was a

* Sanctified Humour. A Brief Memorial of John Wold Ackrill. By Robert Brewin. Jarrold and Sons.

bright addition to the community, and told out his joy in such a manner as to astonish the more despondent. "There were other members of the same class who did not share his sunny experience; but the leader, an illiterate man, knew how to deal with them. One of these said one day to his leader, 'The grace of God is not sufficient for *me*.' His leader replied, 'I tell thee what, Billy, *thou dasn't get enough on it*.'" A very sensible remark: it is not grace that fails, but we fail to receive the grace.

Training under such a leader was calculated to keep John Ackrill's mind simple and natural.

After serving his church, and at the same time carrying on business, for many years, he was set apart for the regular ministry, and continued therein for thirty-two years, when his Lord called him home. We will not give any further details of his life, for our one object is to let a few of his pithy sayings strike the minds of our readers. We do not endorse the *peculiarities* of his doctrine, for we have been taught in another school; but for the heartiness of his evangelical teaching, and the naturalness of his speech, we have unbounded admiration.

"Mr. Ackrill preached frequently upon those texts which enjoin entire consecration to God; and these occasions were times of great profit and refreshing to the saints. Here are a few of his sayings upon the text, '*Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord*.' After a few introductory sentences, he said, 'Let us look, if you please, first at the separation, '*Come out*.' This is the first step, and unless we take this step, there can be no advancement. It is one thing to have precious faith, and another thing to grow and increase in that faith. There is a danger, when we have got salvation, of just repeating the same process day by day, instead of going on to grow in grace. 'Come out.' The idea that God has is, that Christians should be separated from the world, from its scenes, and its practices. If ever you find Christian people taking more pleasure in the company of the world, it is a sign they haven't got *quite out*. We can't go two opposite roads at one time. We can't drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of the devil. '*Be separate*.' That is, having come out, *keep out*. 'Why,' you say, 'it'll be a very difficult thing to get to heaven.' Some people would like to go to heaven as people used to move about, in sedan chairs, without their feet touching the ground. You can't. You must do your part. '*And I will receive you*.' If you won't come out, the Lord won't receive you. What does it mean? Into the church? A man must have friends somewhere. If he leave the wild songs of time, he must have the sweet songs of eternity."

We like his story about taking tea with the old lady, and we do not doubt that it will be repeated in hundreds of places by our friends who go into the villages to preach; we shall certainly tell it in the Tabernacle. His text was, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation," &c. Upon this he said:—

"There's a nice word in the text—it's the word 'acceptation.' It's all provided for you. It's very much like a supper. You'll find the table laid, and everything all ready. You're not expected to bring anything at all. I was once invited out to tea by a poor widow, and I took something in my pocket. But I'll never do it again. It was two cakes;

and, when I brought them out, and laid them on the table, she picked them up and flung them out into the street, and said, 'I asked you to tea; I didn't ask you to provide tea for me.' And so with Christ; he asks, he provides, and he wants nothing but ourselves; and if we take aught else, he'll reject it. We can only sup with him when we come as we are. Who will accept salvation? Who'll say,

'I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love'?"

A few fragmentary sayings must end our brief notice of a brother whose usefulness was largely owing to his earnest use of a few talents, and his freedom from all affectation. Let those who read of John Ackrill follow in his footsteps. He remarked:—

"The rich farmer said, 'I have much goods laid up for many years.' He forgot that he had not many years laid up for the goods."

"I'm glad I've kept to the old lines. That which brings a man up will always keep him up. The faith that lifts him out of the horrible pit will always keep him out of it."

"Let us have no *circular* prayers to-night. Let them be all straight lines. A short prayer will sometimes go a long way."

"Wherever the hand of faith goes out it will always bring something back."

"The grandest thing to keep a man alive is to work hard."

"The subject of salvation is a very choice subject. The Cornish miner used to say it was like being up to the neck in new milk."

"It is written, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' Not—if thou canst understand, but if thou canst believe. A poor man in Bacup who could not read before he was converted said, 'Why, what could I a' done if I mut a' waited till I could underston it?' He did not wait, and in two years he could lead a prayer-meeting."

The Uses of Affliction.

IF aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
Or all the learnèd schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reformed my will, and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working lees settle and purge the wine;
So lopped and prunèd trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

—*Sir John Davies.*

Footstool Musings.

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

WHEN the heart is agonizing for God, the only balm for its pain is prayer. *"Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" "My soul followeth hard after thee." "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" "I beseech thee show me thy glory:"* what melody is here! On the wings of such heaven-bright aspirations, as on rainbow-pinions, the soul mounts and floats into the eternal light.

The riches of God's heart! He is so magnificently prodigal of himself. In musing upon God there is a delicious sense of luxury, of oceanic plenty, of immeasurable profusion, of exhaustless infinitude of supply. New continents rise into view, and yet there is always an immense undiscovered beyond. The treasures of creation within the last few scores of years have poured amazing wealth at the feet of man. Earth has admitted importunate humanity into chambers long concealed; and ancient planets have given up their secrets: yet the most far-brought glory is but an outpost of the Lord's untrodden kingdom of sublimity. Jehovah's heart is like his works, a beauteous immense whose golden shore the poor bark of our understanding has barely visited.

God gives, as man breathes, constantly, from a necessity of his nature. Hence the commands laid upon prayer; hence Faith's royal license; and hence the open-handed munificence of providence, and the riches of redemption. God gives his Son, he gives himself. Men are perpetually offending him because they will not ask enough.

The Trinity is a trinity of grace. The three-one God pours his goodness forth in three rivers of love upon mankind. The Spirit yearns to indwell us and stream his light out at the windows of our conduct. The Father fills the Bible with home-music; we must be his children, wear his name, inherit his treasures. The Son of God will have us reign with him, the bride with the Bridegroom on one throne of light, surrounded by one emerald rainbow. Thus the infinite Love clasps us to his bosom, most unlovely but for what he casts upon us!

When I first knew God I knew him as a child does. Over me was his throne: nigh my steps was his footstool. The air around me was solemn with his movements. There came one and unveiled to me the vastitudes of space; earth, he said, was but a sand on the coast of God's illimitable universe. Then I lost God. What could I be to him? He was gone amongst the immensities, and I was alone. But science came again; and now a new universe, as it were, was discovered to me; an infinity of littles—sea, air, earth, populous with hidden life: more millions than have populated the globe entombed in a fragment of stone, or sporting with vigorous vitality in a few drops of water. Here, thought I, is a wonder. While God is in *this* miniature universe, what becomes of *the other*—the boundless? I, who before had lost myself and him, in this particle on God's sea-shore called Earth, was coming

back, finding both myself and him midway between the two infinites. Faith reappearing whispered, "Thou canst not flee from his presence. He besets thee behind and before and lays his hand upon thee. All places are alike to him. God is not measurable by finite intellect. He is there in the ocean depths, and yonder with the most distant star, and yet he is at thy side." Then my heart cried out, "Let me think of him as the child thinks. Lo, I kiss his radiant feet. Now has faith relighted heaven above me with my Father's smile. My God is given me back, for ever and for ever."

God is beautiful, and his beauty is everywhere. Heaven is fair because of it. It drapes in splendour the palace of the King; flows as the river of God in the life of Christ; arrays the shame of the cross with delight and majesty, enclosing the very thieves in the circling radiance; flashes and gleams in the histories of his covenant-guarded people. Earth blossoms with it; saints glorified are robed in it; it rolls its tender depths through the heavens above us. How sweet and great, O Lord, is thy majestic throne to me! The world to the saint is at times a vast whispering-gallery, whence above, around, beneath, within, voices, bringing exquisite joy-thrills say, "GOD IS LOVE."

O earth, earth, earth, knowest thou yet thy God? All adown the ages he has been coming to thee; he covered thee with his handwriting that thou shouldest know his mind; but sent prophets, priests, his Son, that thou mightest rejoice in the love of his heart. Knowest thou yet thy God? Blissful comings; costly revelations! Earth should answer heaven's age-accumulating majesty with an ever-growing volume of uprising prayer.

They tell us, how while many plants which now enrich the globe have had their prototypes in ages before man, that queen of floral beauty, the Rose, was reserved till man's creation. God added this royal flower in honour of man's advent, and for his sake. In its exquisite loveliness and fragrance it is a new revelation of him who made it. For man's sake, the rose. But a fairer Rose was reserved in heaven yet, for many a century; till to sinful, lost man God gave at last the Rose of Sharon. What could heaven do more? And all this that we might be lifted out of sin, and know and love our God for ever.

Moses, at the footstool, once asked wondrously. He asked for God's beauty. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." Oh that we may, out of a longing anguish, so pray! Two loves, celestial in array, dwelt in his soul. He loved the people of his charge, and he loved his God. In that he loved God he knew the best that God could give. In that he loved the people, no inferior request on their behalf could content him. And he asked for them God's descending beauty. It was a kingly prayer, but he was a kingly pleader. To such as he—who suffer agony for God, and in their agony believe imperially—heaven issues open invitation:—come when thou wilt, ask what thou wilt. Who of all that lived in that age knew how to ask so much? Many might have craved Jehovah's power, and many more his inspiring wisdom, or his far-stooping mercy: it showed the insight of a seer, Abrahamic

faith, and love familiar with the throne-secrets, to beg the dowry of his beauty.

It is sweet to stoop at the footstool; sweet to veil eyes which else would be blinded with the glory; blessed to feel God far down in the soul depths; rapturous to be overcome of his majesty, borne away on the ocean of his love. Kneel we at the footstool, fainting, while our spirit seems to suffer dissolution, and every separate atom to feel its own encircling flow of rapture: How much of heaven, O Lord, may visit earth, to those who thirst for thee!

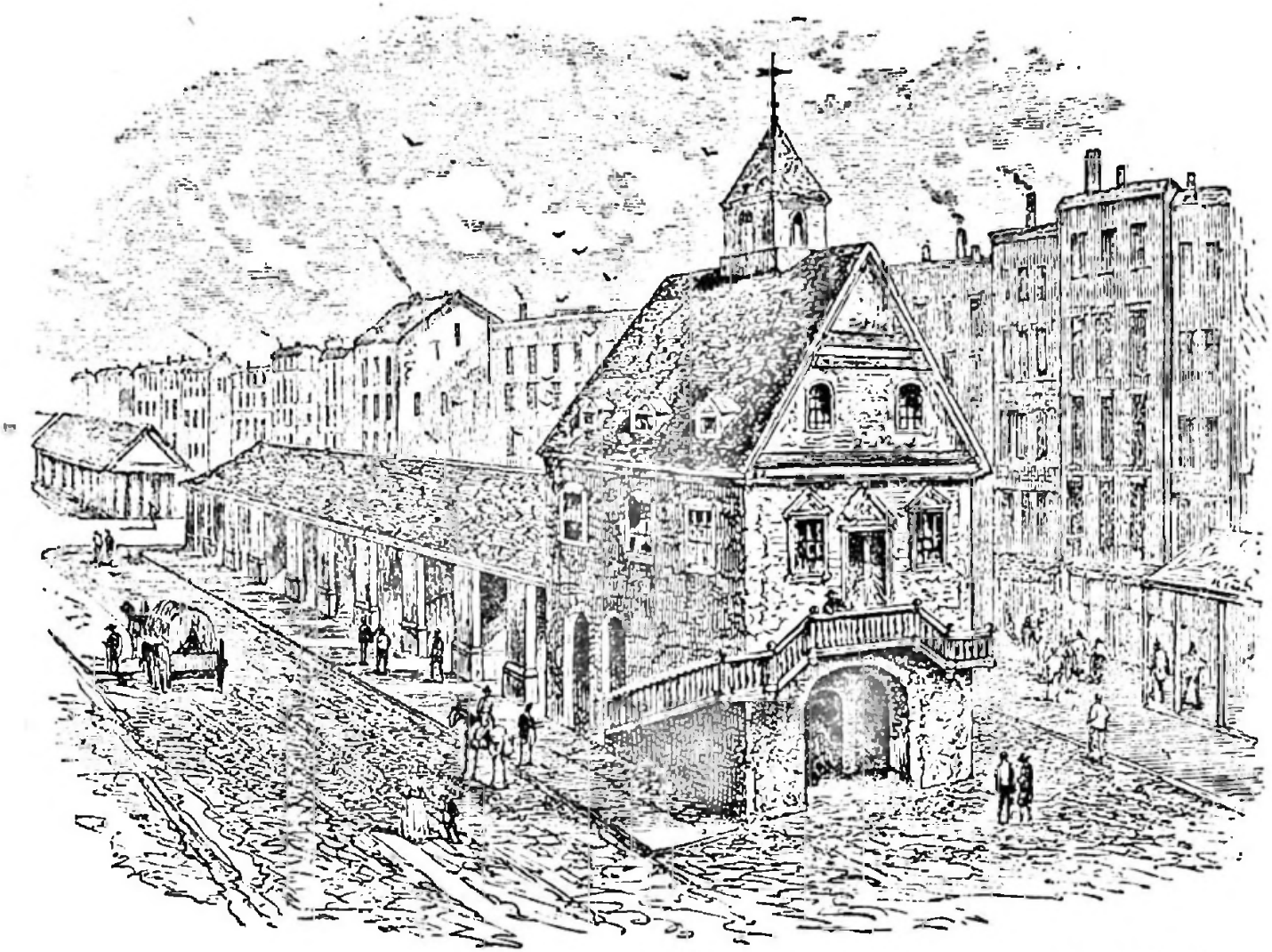
To see himself in us is God's delight. The mother, watching her child from the window of the house with a fulness of tender joy and pride, is the symbol of God in the loving satisfaction of his heart, looking out upon those whom his own hands have dressed in beauty. God has done so much for me that I would like to give him that satisfaction: Lord, at thy footstool may I catch the light that doth fill the skies with ravishment. Make me holy as thou art holy.

"The angels of God met him." This made cheerful travelling. God's throne is in heaven; but wheresoever a heart desires him, he sets his footstool. How suddenly one may meet God, even as in the country the traveller turns in a moment into a quiet lane gemm'd and odorous on either side with wild roses! Says one: "Hast thou passed by the hedge-row at eventide? and has a delicious fragrancy been all about thee, and thou knewest not whence it came? Hast thou searched and found the sweet violet hidden beneath its leaves, and known that it was that which gave its odour to the air around thee?" Even thus God sometimes *hides to meet us.*

It is better to sit at God's feet than to be cushioned upon earth's proudest chair of state. Great are the footstool riches of the lowly. Angels encompass that footstool, praise flows to it, communion dwells near it. Once its glory was too bright for eyes to look upon, but Jesus has made it endurable. It is lustrous with God's purity; what must his face be, upon which no created eye has gazed? It bears no approach of evil: "Worship at his footstool, for he is holy." But for the cleansing blood the "place of his feet" would have been for ever unapproachable. When his feet touched Sinai it was altogether on a smoke. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" But the feet that were nailed to the cross quenched with their crimson tide the law-flames of Sinai for the saints. Now, on earth or in heaven, we are welcome to God, and God is thrice welcome to us. Sweet are all his home-comings.

"His very step has music in't."

Dearest of fathers! Thrice gladly listens faith for his approaches—her Lord, her Life, her Love.



THE OLD MARKET-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA. *From "Cities of the World."*

The Growth of Towns—A Glance at Philadelphia.*

IN the production of these volumes pen and pencil have combined in order to afford the reader a view of the chief centres of population in the world; so that, without stirring from his chair, the stay-at-home tourist may, with little labour, get a tolerably correct notion and comprehensive view of the world, as it exists at the present time. The author does not lay claim to any exceptional originality; but he has collected his facts with diligence, and arranged them with skill; and his descriptions are made more telling by the beautifully executed engravings by which they are accompanied. The book is thus the complement of "The Countries of the World," previously published, both belonging to that pleasant class of books which minister at once to recreation and education. Mr. Edwin Hodder has won renown in more than one department of letters; and as a Christian teacher he commands our respect. We are pleased to meet with him in these pages.

In looking through volumes like these, the reader will be struck with the fact that many of the greatest towns, both in the British Isles and in America, have assumed their present gigantic proportions within a comparatively short time—that is, during the present century. We all know that London was not more than a quarter of its present size in the reign of George III. At the beginning of this century, Glasgow contained only about 80,000 souls; but at the present time the number is altogether something like 800,000. Many of our great northern towns have a similar story of wonder to tell; and America is not a whit behind the mother country in the matter of rapid growth. Speaking of Chicago, Mr. Hodder says: "In 1833 there were but thirty-five houses outside the walls of Fort Dearborn, and those mainly built of logs. Now there are 245 churches, and over 500,000 inhabitants." In regard to St Louis he writes: "It is only a hundred years, or thereabouts, since it was a rough-and-ready village of a hundred inhabitants; now the city covers an area of twenty square miles, with a population of nearly 600,000."

The interesting old market-house of Philadelphia, of which we give an engraving, is something more than a monument of other days; it belongs to a town whose very name is a perpetual protest against war and unrighteous encroachment on the territory of aboriginal tribes. It is only a little over two hundred years since William Penn took up his residence on the territory ceded to him by the English Government, which Charles II. chose to call Pennsylvania; and it was because he had called the Indians to a meeting at which he concluded a treaty of peace, that Penn named the capital Philadelphia, or, Brotherly Love.

The godly and patriotic Penn could not foresee to what his capital city would grow; for at the opening of the eighteenth century there were only 700 houses and 4,500 inhabitants. In after years the city became the most populous in the United States; and at the present time, with a population of about 900,000 souls, it ranks as the second city in the Republic in point of size.

* "Cities of the World: Their Origin, Progress, and Present Aspect." By Edwin Hodder. Illustrated. Cassell and Co. Three vols., crown 4to. Price 7s. 6d. each.

Those who are clamouring for the perpetuation of the connection between religion and the State in the British Isles, might learn in Philadelphia, and similar places, that the church thrives best apart from anything like political patronage. There are now 622 places of worship in the city, eighty-three of which belong to the Baptist denomination, and only three out of the entire number are put down as Unitarian. In the style of its philanthropy Penn's city is also far in advance of anything we are able to show in the Old World, for instance:—

"The Young Men's Christian Association occupies a magnificent building near the centre of the city, and in it are chapels, reading-rooms, parlours, and other agencies to interest young men, and bring them under good influences. The edifice is of Ohio sandstone, trimmed with rose-crystal marble, in a modification of the Venetian Gothic architecture; and the main front is 230 feet long, with a high tower rising from the centre. In the same neighbourhood stand spacious buildings of granite and marble, owned and occupied by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Baptist Publication House, and the American Sunday School Union. In this princely and practical fashion does a free church in a free state organize its perpetual campaigns, and establish its valorous garrisons."

Religion thus, as it were, walks in silver slippers; but this is as nothing when compared with the grandeur of the new town-hall, on the summit of which stands a statue of William Penn, overlooking the great city for which his wisdom and forethought ensured open spaces and wide streets, because he desired that through all time his capital should remain "a green country town." Being 537 feet above the pavement, this building is the loftiest habitation in the world, and with its 520 rooms, is the largest house in the United States. The cost has been about thirteen million dollars.

Penn always worked more for others, and for the good of posterity, than for himself; and he not only took care that the streets should be wide enough for fires not to be able to spread, and to provide open spaces; but he had the schoolmaster at work immediately after the founding of his colony. His committee, appointed to look after the education and manners of the people, were to take care that "wicked and scandalous living may be prevented, and that youth may be trained up in virtue, and useful arts, and knowledge." There are now 465 public schools in the city, and one orphanage, endowed by Stephen Girard more than fifty years ago, is a home for over 1100 boys. The buildings, opened in 1848, cost nearly two million dollars.

If we go back more than a century, we shall find much in the religious history of Philadelphia which links America with the mother country. "It was here that Whitefield began his itinerant career in England's Transatlantic colonies," says Mr. Tyerman, in his Life of the great preacher. "In Pennsylvania he became, what he had been for seven months in England, not a fixed star, but a flaming comet, his course eccentric, and calculated to alarm Episcopal, Presbyterian, and other kinds of precisians in the English settlements, quite as much as the same sort of methodical religionists had been alarmed in England."

How much need there was for Whitefield's awakening preaching

appears in a letter written at the time by a pastor named Samuel Blair, who says that, "A lamentable ignorance of the main essentials of true practical religion, and the doctrines relating thereto, generally prevailed. . . . There was scarcely any suspicion of the danger of depending upon self-righteousness and not upon the righteousness of Christ alone for salvation." Whitefield himself gives many interesting particulars of the religious awakening which followed his preaching in the city, during November, 1739. Indoors and in the open air he preached to great crowds; he spoke to the prisoners in the gaol, and even had his house "filled with people, who came to join in psalms and family prayer." He could say, "Blessed be the Lord for sending me hither." He also adds, "As I have sown spiritual things, the people were willing I should reap carnal things. They have, therefore, sent me butter, sugar, chocolate, pickles, cheese, and flour for my poor orphans." It was at Philadelphia, in 1740, that Benjamin Franklin, unable to resist the force of Whitefield's persuasive eloquence, gave to the collection all the copper, silver, and gold he had in his pockets. Better still, a change for the better came over the entire place, so that the blessing attending Whitefield's preaching may be said to continue to this day.

Notices of Books.

The Kingdom of God Biblically and Historically Considered. By JAMES S. CANDLISH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

THIS book was reviewed in our last number. Since then we have been favoured privately with a fraternal remonstrance from the author. Rarely can we afford time or space for so diligent a study of any volume as was bestowed in this instance. First of all we committed it to a friend who assists us in this department. Let it be understood that after making a large reserve for our own personal perusal, we parcel out the manifold miscellaneous books sent us to specialists, each man an expert, according to our judgment, in his own department of literature. On reading the original proof of our friend's review our interest in the subject induced us to take Dr. Candlish's work with us to Mentone, that we might read it at our leisure. We personally read the volume with no prejudice, but with much surprise. The result was that we accepted our reviewer's remarks, and endorsed them by contributing an additional word here, and an additional sentence there, confirming the estimate of our critic—a man little disposed to be censorious. Under these circumstances, although we cannot withdraw anything we have written on the subject, we have much pleasure in inserting our author's disavowal of the sentiments which we thought we found in his book. These are his own words:—

"I can quite believe that in a book going over so much ground, there may be things that an evangelical reviewer may think erroneous, and perhaps seriously so; but I cannot understand how anyone who has read it with any care could fail to see that I maintain the kingdom of God to be a supernatural divine institution, founded on the great facts of the Incarnation and Atonement of Christ, and the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit, and that my references to philosophical systems are designed to prove that none of them can secure the realization of that perfect state of society which is made possible and certain by the kingdom of God proclaimed and established by Christ. If you think that my book is really injurious to these great truths, or to any other Scriptural doctrine, I shall regret it very much, and carefully recon-

sider what I have written; but, anyhow, I would like you to know that I consider its design and meaning to have been represented in your periodical as the very reverse of what they really are."

Such candour is truly Christian. We do not, for a moment, doubt Dr. Candlish's statement; but unreservedly accept it, heartily rejoice in it, and regret that we have caused him the least disquietude. In this case we have done our very best with the book submitted to us, and have honestly described the impression produced upon our mind by it: we were not expected to do more or less; but as all mortal men are fallible, we do not wish any one to accept our judgment, which was made without personal knowledge of the author's real views, and only upon the book itself as we understood it. The author must know his own meaning better than we do, and his declaration ends our fears.

The Clue of the Maze. By C. H. Spurgeon. Second Edition. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one shilling.

This *bijou* is for the waistcoat pocket. It is hoped that it may be as a smooth stone from the brook to reach the brow of giant unbelief. Many a believing reader has expressed himself as refreshed by it, and our prayer is that many doubters may find in it a stepping-stone to faith. It is the author's personal testimony as to the way in which he gained sure foothold, and escaped the slippery and dangerous ice of scepticism.

The Alternatives of Faith and Unbelief. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A bit of quiet argument in Dr. Stanford's own forcible style. The more of such treatises the better in these unsettled and unsettling times.

Synoptical Lectures on the Books of Holy Scripture. By Donald Fraser, M.A., D.D. In two volumes. Nisbet and Co.

It is a good sign that such volumes should see a fourth edition, for they are cool, solid reading, and are calculated go give a sound, clear, harmonious knowledge of the various parts of the sacred Scriptures. Little more will be expected of us at this time beyond a hearty repetition of our former commendation. The young man who will carefully study these lectures, and at the same time read the several books of the Bible, will be laying for himself a solid foundation of Scriptural knowledge. Fifteen shillings is a very moderate price for so much substantial instruction.

Thoughts for Saints' Days. Short Readings, arranged for the Festivals of the Church's Year. By the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D. Elliot Stock.

The Christian church has sustained an exceeding great loss in the death of Dean Howson. Above all men, he had a clear eye for the instructive details of Holy Writ; and besides this, he was a safe and gracious guide. This is a precious book, which none can read without great profit. But how odd it seems to us for an enlightened man to write, "Not to observe saints' days at all is clearly a palpable neglect of a duty, and a palpable loss of a great privilege"! What nonsense! We can hardly help laughing; and, it is a fact, we did laugh when we read, "*Saint Matthew the Publican.*" It is droll to meet with such a combination; and yet we personally know *Saint Henry—the butcher.*

In the Footsteps of Heroes; and other Sermons. By Enoch Mellor, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume of sermons receives its title from the last of the series, which, from its unfinished state, is least worthy of that distinction. The secret of Dr. Mellor's popularity evidently consisted in a literary refinement and the adaptation of his thoughts and language to the daily experiences of Christian cares and conflicts. His subjects are less doctrinal than experimental and practical, and so far are in conformity with the taste of the present age. The allusions to the doctrines of grace, when they do occur, are decided and clear. The sixth discourse, which is upon "No Self-Expiation," is as a tree of life in the midst of the garden, of which whosoever partakes with the hand of faith may eat and live for ever.

The Life of William Carey, D.D. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., C.I.E. With Portrait and Illustrations. John Murray.

WILLIAM CAREY has at last arisen from the grave into which his son Eustace cast his memory. That many-adjectived worthy piled a vast heap of letters over his father's coffin, and called it a "biography." Never was so deadly a "life" ever presented to the public. Dr. Smith writes in the happiest style. When low with weakness, we read his pages with pleasure, and felt our heart glow with interest. He is solid, accurate, and profound; and, withal, gracious, appreciative, and clear. The Serampore mistake is wisely treated. As for Carey, he rises before us in growing majesty. He believed in God like another Abraham, and thus he walked among his fellows a prince, whom they were compelled to honour, though they could not decipher the roll of his descent. Each succeeding century will add new lustre to "the consecrated cobbler." Already Baptists should prepare to keep his centenary at Kettering, and all who love missions should be eager to join them in it. Dr. Smith has our profound gratitude for this invaluable volume. All our brethren should furnish themselves with it, and enjoy the rich feast provided for them.

"A Book of Remembrance"; or, a Short History of the Baptist Churches in North Devon. Alexander and Shepheard.

A WORTHY memorial of little witnessing bands of baptized believers who have worshipped in the towns and villages of North Devon. The details have been collected with much industry, and must prove of great interest to the churches which are thus chronicled. The outside world may sneer at the annals of humble folk who essayed to keep the faith; but, for our part, we wonder that the great and vital principles which they have maintained should so long remain in obscurity, and should so obstinately be set at naught even by the professed followers of the Lord Jesus. We continually meet with brethren who have never given ten minutes of candid consideration to the apostolic form of church government, or to the ordinance of baptism. Will the Master hold those to be guiltless who have so despised his royal authority as never to have studied his laws?

Having several of "our men" in North Devon, we have examined this "*History*" with special interest. It should be secured by every Baptist Historical Society, and every church should have such a Society attached to it.

From the Pit to the Throne; or, Scenes from the Life of Joseph. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Elliot Stock.

MR. MEYER has worked out his subject admirably. His earnest, faithful, evangelical ministry is, in God's good providence, a fitting protest against the error which abounds around him. His voice is clear for the gospel; and the people hear it with gladness. The parallel between Joseph and our Lord has often been worked out; but its treasure and instruction have never been exhausted; hence our friend still brings forth from the old mine many nuggets of new gold. The shape of the book is not advantageous for its presentation, for it makes too thin a volume; but, apart from this, our notice is undiluted commendation.

The Prophet of Glory; or, Zechariah's Vision of the Coming and Kingdom of Jesus Christ. By J. DENHAM SMITH. J. E. Hawkins.

ZECHARIAH'S prophecy has attracted many expositors of late. It is so full of points and striking passages that it will ever be a favourite resort of preachers. Mr. Denham Smith, whom to know is to esteem, here gives us sweet enlargements upon the words and visions of the prophet, which to our mind are shorter than we would have had them. The preacher scarcely gets into the subject before he has to quit it: what he gives us suffices only to make us long for more. The worst of it is, there is barely space for depth any more than length. However, we did not mean to dispraise, but to commend: a desire for more is nature's way of witnessing that what she has received is good. Our friend is known to be as clear as the light upon evangelical truth, and this is apparent upon every page which he has written.

The Wit and Humour of Life: being Familiar Talks with Young Christians. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Elliot Stock.

The whole church will be indebted to Dr. Stanford for having protested against the superstition which regards wit and humour as deadly sins. He has not only set forth the propriety of simple, natural mirth, but has well nigh shown the duty of it. We knew that our beloved friend had a sly twinkle in his eye, and said things which sparkled with a subdued and chastened fun; but we hardly believed that he would become the defender of our faith in wit, and the avenger of those fierce assaults which have been made on humour. This book ought to shut the mouths of those melancholy critics who think that everything solemn should be sad, and that anything approaching to pleasantry must be wicked. The chapter upon "What have Christians to do with Wit and Humour?" gives us the utmost delight. The argument is as irresistible as the laughter which it provokes; and both the argument and the laughter are as wholesome and as holy as anything we have ever read. We are tempted to make copious quotations, but we had rather our friends should get the book for themselves; in fact, they will have to do so, for everybody will be forced to read it. We hope these wise and genial pages will work a revolution in the ideas of thousands who now blush when they smile, and put down an honest laugh in the category of things to be repented of.

Kenneth McAlpine: a Tale of Mountain, Moorland, and Sea. By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. S. W. Partridge.

A story which wanders from a Scotch glen over the entire surface of the globe. Its hero should have been made President of the Royal Geographical Society, for he had been in every place, among all people. Still, McAlpine has a Scotch heart, and remembers in all his wanderings the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. He finds an American millionaire in possession of his native valley, turning it into a deer forest, and driving out the people. By a happy accident McAlpine is able to eject the Yankee oppressor. What a pity the story is not true! We should not care to possess the curse which now rests on certain depopulators for all the stags that ever lifted their antlers on the heathery hills.

This is a striking book with a lot of Scotch talk in it, and a fine selection of engravings illustrating highland scenery.

Heather Belles: a Modern Highland Story. By Sigma. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell.

A thoroughly Highland story, with courtships, and smugglers, and a runaway who hides at Monte Carlo and Mentone, and learns such sacred truth that he returns a man of another spirit than that which is distilled among the hills. We have discovered, by means of this volume, one fact which was quite unknown to us before. We have frequently heard that Welsh was spoken in the Garden of Eden, but this would seem to be an error, for we read—

"Should Gaelic language be forgot
And never brought to mind?
For it was spoke in Paradise
In the days of Auld Lang Syne."

The Riviera. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. J. S. Virtue and Co.

Friends who wish to see before them the whole length of the sunny south of France, drawn with pen and pencil, should secure this drawing-room book. Some of the engravings are poor; but as for the letterpress, its writer needs no word of commendation; he is an acknowledged master of description. Perhaps he undertook too large a theme when he went in for the whole Riviera —too large, we mean, for the fullest notice of each place; but his work is one of the delights of the season; and everyone who has been in the region, or hopes to be there, should furnish himself with it. Our only quarrel with the Doctor is that he allows a malicious sentence about Mentone to be quoted upon his page. Why not let the groans of a dying man die with him?

We believe the price of the volume is one guinea.

The Balance of Physics; or, the Square of the Circle, and the Earth's true Solar and Lunar Distances. By EDWARD DINGLE. S. W. Partridge.

THERE is something new without a touch of novelty in this treatise. Frost without, fire within doors, a man sits moodily gazing at the burning coals, and fancies castles or cathedrals, cones or caves of some kind or another in the kindled embers. Holy Scripture is always all aglow. Those who study it constantly are often pleased with coincidences which they picture to their own imagination. Your friend who sits by your side, while you are discovering your fire-picture, may not be exactly in the same frame of mind as yourself; so "he does not see it." This is the mildest form of disagreement. Even thus one of you sees a physical law of nature, the other discerns nothing more than the droll humour of a psychological phenomenon. In less pretentious words, our author seems to us to have mixed up two different matters, after the manner of a dream. Some day some one no doubt will discover "the differential calculus" in the Books of Chronicles.

The Vaudois of Piedmont: visits to their Valleys, with a Sketch of their Remarkable History. By Rev. J. N. WORSFOLD, M.A., F.S.S. Shaw.

In previous numbers of *The Sword and the Trowel* we have given an outline history of the Vaudois church. Brave little community, it deserves the loving sympathy of all the servants of our Lord Jesus! We are glad to see a new and enlarged edition of this well-written book. Mr. Worsfold has personally visited the valleys, and has done good service for their people; and we like his book exceedingly, though the title-page is very voluminous, and the frontispiece is about as badly executed as an engraving well could be. He who wishes to give a lecture on the Waldensians cannot do better than purchase this admirable history.

Some Important Dont's. A Word to Everybody. By JOHN WOOD. Shaw.

CAPITAL. Many of these pithy sentences, beginning with "Don't," awaken troops of thought. The book is very small; but "Don't" despise it, and "Don't" grudge sixpence for it. Here is one of the sentences: "DON'T suppose that doctrine is of small importance. Truth is good seed; error is not *dead* seed, but *bad* seed, and it will grow, and grow apace."

Bible Chimes. Holy Chimes. Old World Chimes. Daily Chimes. Cassell and Co.

ONE sometimes needs a cheap and tasteful little present for a birthday; these four "Chimes," at a shilling each, are the very thing. They are exceedingly well-edited.

Wayside Wisdom; or, Old Solomon's Ideas of Things. By the Rev. JOHN COLWELL. T. Woolmer.

WELL meant. Country friends will be amused and edified by it. Our author has not hit the dialect of any one county; but has made a shot at several. He needs to keep up his characters better; for he mingles with rustic speech a few words which no "Hodge" would use, and this spoils the effect. The publishers should either give no woodcuts at all, or else make them passable. We expect to see the Rev. John Colwell with his pen in hand again, and we feel sure of something first-rate from him, for he has it in him.

Macmillan's Latin Course, First Year. By A. M. COOKE, M.A. Macmillan.

AN admirable book, compiled on a plan that goes far to insure that, when each lesson is done by the pupil, it shall be well done.

The Earlham Temperance Series of Tracts. Compiled by T. B. S. 6 vols. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand, W.C.

WHO has not heard of the Earlham tracts? They are always lively, neatly printed, and elegantly illustrated. Mr Smithies had a peculiar gift in producing popular literature both for the Gospel and for the Temperance cause, and it would seem that his mantle is still worn by his successor. Here we have six very beautiful little books at a shilling each, made out of the Earlham Temperance series. The worker dies, but his work lives on.

The Mountain. By JULES MICHELET. With numerous Illustrations. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is a somewhat condensed edition of Jules Michelet's famous book. While the public gain by the lowering of the price, they do not lose by the excision of matter which was superfluous. We always stand in awe of Michelet. He is a writer of the highest order; and we greatly admire him; but we do not presume to think of understanding him at all times. When he is most obscure we feel sure that he means something surpassingly grand, if we could only get at it. Like Victor Hugo, he says impossibly fine things. We should vote some of his oracular utterances to be sheer nonsense, only we have not the courage to say so. Besides, others of his dark sayings have more in them than there ought to be in the single utterances of mortals, and so we try to take from the one and therewith put a portion of meaning into the other. Michelet is charming reading, and exceedingly suggestive; but he moves on stilts, and wearies you with his grandiloquence. To a young man who meets with this Grand Monarque French style for the first time, it must appear to be a very big thing; but a little more acquaintance lends disenchantment to the view: even "The Mountain" melts down as we come nearer to it.

How I found a Five-Pound Note, and what came of it. With other Stories. By GEORGE S. JEALOUS. Cassell and Co.

A SHILLING'S-WORTH of remarkably vivacious and truth-like tales. Just the sort for reading at an entertainment. There is something good in them which will abide on the conscience, and yet the writer never wearies by attempts at moralizing.

The Congo Rovers: a Story of the Slave Squadron. By HARRY COLLINGWOOD. Blackie and Son.

SOMETHING tremendous in the way of cutting out pirates, and setting slaves free. We are a little afraid of works which are quite so sensational; still, boys will not read unless there is a little powder on the page. We would prefer missions to the Congo; but each one to his liking. This is a fascinating story-book for lads.

Suggested Reforms in Public Schools. By C. C. COTTERILL, M.A. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.

THIS book is worth reading; worth reading in such sense as a competent witness who volunteers his evidence before a select committee is worth hearing. "Public schools," we are told, "as we know them now, may fairly be traced to the genius of Dr. Arnold." It is so. He was head-master of Rugby, and died at an age so often fatal to men of genius more than forty years ago. Before him, as a typical character in the same line, was Dr. Busby, hero of the birch, and terror of small boys. Two centuries have transpired since he flourished at Westminster School, renowned alike for the soundness of his classics and the severity of his discipline. Education in the old grammar-schools, though intensely earnest, established little sympathy between the preceptor and the pupils. Happily for the young folk of the present day, the modern idea is to develop all the faculties, recognizing the fact that boys have muscles as well as brains, and that both need skilful training. Intellectual culture is ill sought to the prejudice of physical health, perennial cheerfulness, or manly robustness of moral character. Suggestions on the subject of education still deserve all the time and attention we can afford to bestow on them. The problem is not solved yet. Play has come so much to the front that a reaction is pretty sure to set in. Parents are too proud of their sons' successes at cricket, football, or boat-racing, and too little concerned about their proficiency in Latin, Greek, Euclid, and the Sciences. "Cribs" are tolerated in the classes, and "cramming" is practised for university examinations. We are averse to both. The latest word from an expert is worth listening to, but the last word on this topic has not yet been spoken.

The Story of a Little Crab. By MARY H. ANDREWS. Alfred Holness.

A FASCINATING little piece of natural history, put together in as dainty a fashion as writer, printer, engraver, and binder could contrive. Fit for a princess, and will, doubtless, make many eyes flash with joy.

History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament. By EDUARD (WILHELM EUGEN) REUSS, of Strassburg University. Translated by EDWARD L. HOUGHTON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Price 15s.

THIS work, gigantic in its conception, and microscopic in the details of its execution, has already obtained some fair repute in modern theological literature. Four editions have been already exhausted in the Fatherland. Here we are favoured with a translation of the fifth revised and enlarged edition, by the diligent labour of an American scholar. It is properly a history. The method of presenting positive facts, or suppositions that have an air of probability, in brief numbered paragraphs, is fascinating in the extreme. Each of these six hundred paragraphs you find supplemented by a reference, in small italic type, to his authorities, with a gloss on their worth. Thus we get a key to libraries without limit. Little profit would you ever get out of their perusal; but we suppose that Herr Reuss has done valuable service in sorting and sifting them till we are supplied with grains of gold extracted from masses of ore.

His candour is to us always engaging; we noticed this when speaking of his "History of the Canon of Holy Scriptures" about two years ago.

The volume now under review comprises five divisions—"(1) Origin and development of a sacred literature of the New Testament; (2) Collection of sacred books of the Christians into a whole, for use in the churches; (3) Preservation of their original form; (4) Dissemination of the collection among Christian peoples; (5) Use made of them in theology; or, in other words, a history of exegesis."

Did space permit, we might very profitably call a halt at various points in this wide field of investigation. The fourth book, for instance, contains an interesting history of the popular versions—those of the Middle Ages, and those of modern times.

But to us the greatest value of the entire volume lies in the evidence it affords that no discovery has been made, and no hypothesis constructed up to this hour, which can pretend (our adversaries themselves being judges) to have annulled the validity of the New Testament, as we possess it; or, on the other hand, to have constructed a truer Canon.

One word more about our learned author himself, and then we will transcribe his closing paragraph in proof of the above assertion. Paradoxical as it may seem, the simple impression that the learned professor leaves on our mind is this: he is immensely captivated with the science of modern criticism, and intensely convinced that it has hitherto achieved no practical results. Here, then, is the six hundredth paragraph, which brings this enterprise to a finale for the present:—

"Thus the history of the theological use of the Scriptures shows that the church but for a short time received the will of her Lord, and the teaching of his disciples, through brief and simple instruction; and that Christian theologians have been labouring for seventeen hundred years since to fix, by learning and speculation, the meaning of certain pages which were written for the unlearned and simple-minded. True, there were always preachers, whose childlike souls perceived what the intellect of the scholar never saw, and struck the note which the apostles had struck; but their number was small, their fame and influence never the greatest. The loudest word in the science of the Scriptures has always been spoken by those who have thought that the truth could be discovered and established by the rules and definitions of scholastic philosophy. In a first period they lost themselves in the labyrinths of allegory, decking the Word with the motley tinsel of their own conceits; in the second they allowed themselves to be bound in the shackles of the systems, and crushed the life out of it with the iron consistency of their logic. Their laws, mostly designed to make exegesis responsible for the caprices of dogmatics, her mistress, stand side by side unreconciled to-day; the clearest passages are differently explained. The hermeneutic formula able to unite all voices is not yet found; and the impossibility of finding it, which is becoming more and more evident, is an earnest warning uttered by history to those who forget that they should be

servants, not of the letter which killeth, but of the spirit which maketh alive."

This may seem right; but it is not so right as it seems. As a climax, it appears to us to evaporate into an ingenious confession of its author's failure. Much research has brought his mind no rest or reliance. Can we be mistaken? Judge for yourself, gentle reader. More than thirty years after our historian had completed his task, he wrote a preface to this fifth edition; in which he tells us, with his habitual naïveté, that he does not imagine he has spoken the last word on any point; but he anticipates that the science he has striven to promote will be set before the next generation in a more complete form, and with more definite results. "So full of shapes is fancy!" Any hope of reconstructing Holy Writ by the aid of exegesis, though fine-spun as a spider's web, is just as frail.

The Rule of Faith and the Doctrine of Inspiration. The Carey Lectures for 1884. By Robert Watts, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In this volume we have the pleasure of greeting a Presbyterian of the old school; a professor of Theology in the Assembly's College, Belfast; and the appointed lecturer of the Carey Trust for 1884-1885. John Carey, of Antrim, Ireland, explained his motive for endowing this foundation. It was from a love of literature and learning, and "a desire to promote the interests of religion and morality." So he provides that the lecturer shall be at liberty to choose any "Theological, Geological, Biological, Anthropological, Philosophical, Religious, Moral, or Social question or questions of general interest and pressing importance." There is scope for genius here. All honour then to Dr. Watts for seizing the opportunity to make "the Bible" his theme, and "the re-assertion and vindication of the immemorial doctrine of the church in regard to the rule of Faith, and its relation to its divine Author" his aim. True to this purpose, he maintains, pure and simple, the plenary verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. And his courage is equal to his confidence, while his modesty is as evident as his manliness. He does not advance new ideas that our fathers knew not of, nor startling discoveries of a historico-scientific process of investigation, nor fresh light of ten-thousand-candle-power to illuminate an argument, without distributing any vital heat. Had he followed, though he has not, that old fashion, revived of late, of embellishing each lecture or chapter with a classical quotation, he might have selected the well-known couplet from Horace's Ars Poetica:

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem,
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat:

for he shines all the brighter because he makes no effort to be brilliant. In brushing away cobwebs that have been accumulating for the last half-century, and in pricking bubbles which they have been blowing, who boast that all the learning and philosophy of modern criticism are on the side of anti-verbalists, a Doctor of Divinity is doing good service. Clever objections are here met by clear common sense. In conclusion, our author formulates our position very fairly. "The ground taken by all intelligent advocates of the doctrine of verbal inspiration is that the Scriptures themselves are the only reliable source of information; and their teaching in regard to it is to be ascertained in the same way as their teaching in regard to the doctrines of Regeneration, Justification, Sanctification, or any other doctrine within the compass of the analogy of faith."

Comfort. A Book for the Cottage. By Jane Besemeres. Nisbet.

Bating the prayers which are here given, this small book is a well-intentioned attempt to turn affliction into a means of grace by reminding the soul of spiritual truths. More gracious than novel.

The Promise of His Coming. By E. N. Nisbet and Co.

The Lord's second advent enforced as the hope of the church. Earnestness under control, zeal tempered with wisdom, here treat what has often been made the theme of fanatical raving. Intimates of the King will be edified by this tiny Scriptural treatise.

The Precious Promises. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SERIES of daily portions upon the promises. They are full of "grace and truth," and each one saturated with the gospel. The soul will find a substantial meal each day in any of these chapters, which must satisfy its hunger. There are also hymns of praise, appropriately chosen, accompanying each portion, and there are also *prayers*. These latter certainly breathe the right spirit; but printed petitions do not suit our taste. Surely, truly needy hearts can best dictate their own supplications!

Notes.

MRS. SPURGEON'S book, entitled "Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund," is nearly ready, and will be published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster at 3s. 6d. A friend has sent up an order for six copies and the money, in the fear that all the books will be sold on the first day. *We* do not anticipate such a rush; but we do believe that the work will meet with great acceptance among the people of God.

Mr. Archibald Brown's "Poverty Clean and Squalid: a Record of One Year's Service" is a saddening revelation; indeed, it makes us feel life in this poor starving world to be a burden. But all must rejoice that this beloved brother is so graciously qualified for the Lord's work among the fallen, and is so graciously sustained in it. We do not believe that any one is doing so much real work for the poor as our friend Mr. Brown: none are doing more. Money sent to him at 22, Bow Road, goes directly to the poor, in the form of food, clothing, and other actual necessaries.

Mrs. Reancy's pleading for our tramcar men is brave and noble. We wish her the fullest success. There can be no reason why the hours of labour should in this case be so excessive, and some arrangement should be made to ease the men on Sundays. If *employés* are not able, in six days of fair length, to earn sufficient to keep them and their wives during the seven days, we usually conclude that their employers are occupied with an unremunerative business; but when a 9 per cent. dividend is announced, there can be no excuse. We trust the shareholders will scorn to make men slaves for the sake of a half per cent., and will study their own interests by making their servants feel contented with their situations.

Surely there is something in the air gendering strife and division among brethren. We have within five days had letters from some five communities in a ferment. Our best efforts are given to promote love and cordial co-operation; but the fog seems to have got down the throats of many brethren, or to have depressed their spirits, so that they are harsh and doleful. Oh for clear shining from above, and then a plentiful shower of grace! We are such poor creatures that we are sure either to quarrel with one another or with the Lord unless his grace sweetens and sanctifies us. In such times as these, all who love the Lord and his truth should cleave closely to one another.

Prayer should be daily offered for the Government that some wise and sound method may be discovered by which Ireland shall be pacified and the empire shall not be weakened by division. Are we not in the presence of a difficult problem and a great danger? Should not all eyes be up unto God that right and justice may walk side by side with gentleness and true wisdom?

It has been a great delight to the Pastor to be back again in the midst of his flock after his two months' absence for needful rest; and to see the crowded congregations on the Sabbath, and the large gatherings for prayer and worship on Monday and Thursday evenings. All the strength gathered during our sojourn in the sunny South has been required for the due discharge of the duties devolving upon us in resuming the active control of all the institutions that have sprung up one by one around the church at the Tabernacle; and we should be glad if friends would believe that we have as much to do at home as any man ought to undertake, and so save us from the pain of continually having to refuse invitations for all sorts of outside work which we really cannot perform. Many a time have we attempted other service, and have always broken down miserably, to endure crushing pain. May not common humanity now allow a man to avoid suicidal efforts, when he is at his easiest worked to the utmost of his strength?

During our absence from England many dear and valued friends have fallen asleep; and since our return others have been called home. The arrows of death have been flying all around us, and we have wondered who would be the next to be smitten by the insatiate archer. By the death of PASTOR W. ANDERSON, of Reading, we have lost a choice personal friend, as well as an invaluable member of our College brotherhood. He was a man of singular gifts, sanctified by a specially gracious spirit, and it will be long before we look upon his like

again. We can fully sympathize with his widow and family, and the church to which he so lovingly and faithfully ministered, for we also have been sorely bereaved by the stroke which has brought so much sorrow to them. A subscription has been commenced for Mrs. Anderson; and the Deacons at King's Road Chapel, Reading, hope that many will cheerfully unite in the testimonial.

The church at the Tabernacle has recently lost Miss Fanny Gay, who has for many years been the first on the roll of membership. She joined the church in the year 1807, and had thus been a member nearly eighty years, and was within a few hours of ninety-seven years of age when she was called home. She was a great sufferer for most of her long life, but her afflictions were patiently, and even cheerfully, borne; and for many years she had been one of the happiest inmates of the Almshouses connected with the Tabernacle. The good sister who is now the oldest member joined the church in 1834; and although she is in her eighty-third year, she is as sprightly and active as ever. She also is an inmate of the Almshouses.

Mrs. Krell, of Oatlands Park, a generous helper of the Lord's work under our care, and an earnest worker in various departments of Christian service, has been called away, after only a few days' illness. We sorrow with her lonely husband, who is also very ill, and with the many poor people, railway-men, and others, who will miss her kind and gentle ministry. Miss Smithies, the sister of the late editor of *The British Workman*, has quickly followed the beloved brother into whose labours she had so lovingly entered. We deeply sympathize with our first student, Pastor T. W. Medhurst, who has just lost his wife, after a long and trying affliction. She was his true helpmeet, and lived to see one of her sons a missionary in China. May the whole family be comforted and sanctified by grace! In the death of John B. Gough we lose a dear friend, as well as a valued co-worker in the cause of temperance and truth. He showed his love to us in many ways, and earth seems all the drearier now that his loving spirit has fled from it. We could not help wishing that we were with him in the glory-land.

Thus, one by one our brethren and sisters in Christ are getting home before us, and we could not wish them back from the presence of their Lord; but we joyfully anticipate the time when we, too, shall share with them the bliss of the glorified before the throne of God. May our Lord spare us a band of helpers sufficient for all the needs of his service, and raise up new ones according to his grace!

College.—Mr. J. W. Ewing, who has for some months been supplying the pulpit at East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth, has accepted the pastorate of the church.

Mr. G. J. Knight has removed from Girlington, Bradford, to Weymouth; Mr. H. Moore, from Bridgwater, to Philip-street, Bristol; Mr. J. Taylor, from Chipping Campden, to Nailsworth; and Mr. H. O. Mackey is leaving Southampton, and coming to Peckham Park-road. Mr. W. W. Willis has removed from Colebrook, Ohio, to Garnett, Kansas; Mr. M. Baskerville, from Lanark, to Tonica, Illinois; and Mr. C. W. Gregory, from North Topeka, Kansas, to East Los Angeles, California.

The London brethren met at the College on *Friday evening, Feb.* 19, to make arrangements for the forthcoming Conference. The suggested date, May 3—7, was confirmed; and it was decided that the Monday evening public meeting should be held at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth-road (Pastor E. Henderson's). An exceedingly profitable evening was spent in prayer and praise, and brief addresses upon Christian life and work. It was very delightful to witness the hearty unity and love of the brethren who are labouring in and around this great city.

Evangelists.—When sending the thank-offering for the services of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at Bristol, Pastor E. G. Gange wrote:—"The spiritual results are most cheering. We had met as a church for special prayer, and were expecting great things; but God has done exceeding abundantly above all that we asked or thought. In spite of snow and frost, our chapel was generally well filled, often crowded. Fullerton is the best evangelist I have ever heard, with the exception of Aitken. His addresses are scriptural, logical, forceful, and manly; then, Smith's tender, pleading voice, in speech and song, seems to break the people down altogether. . . . The last Sunday's service I shall never forget; the chapel reminded one of a battle-field. Men and women, wounded in spirit, were weeping all over the place. All our vestries and class-rooms were crowded with penitents. One of my members is rejoicing in the conversion of his wife and two daughters; in another family, four have been led to confess Christ; and, altogether, God has graciously visited us in connection with the labours of our brethren."

On Feb. 6, the Evangelists commenced their mission in Mr. Charrington's new hall in the Mile End Road, with a crowded congregation, and a very impressive service. They continued for about a week, having many thousands each night, and much blessing upon the word preached and sung; when, unhappily, Mr. Fullerton's health gave way, and Mr. Smith was obliged to carry on the work without the help of his invaluable colleague. It is impossible, at a short notice, to find an efficient substitute for such a man as Mr. Fullerton for the six months during which the doctor orders him to rest; but we trust that the Lord will show us the way out of the difficulty, as he did when he raised up Mr.

Fullerton to take the place of Brother A. J. Clarke, Mr. Smith's former preaching companion.

It may be that the engagements made by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith will be postponed for a time, and that Mr. Smith, who can both preach and sing, will conduct missions by himself. Any brethren who desire his services had better write to him at Parkfield, Northampton.

"The work of an Evangelist" cannot be rightly performed without the expenditure of a considerable amount of physical, mental, and spiritual force, so that we are not surprised when our brethren break down under the heavy burden that rests upon them, though we are anxious that they should not be unduly strained. During the past month *Mr. Burnham* has been laid aside for a while; but he now feels himself strong enough to resume his labours. As he was too ill to go to Cerne Abbas, as he had arranged, his place was taken by Mr. Hooper, one of the students in the College. We have been greatly gratified by the cheering reports that we have received of the blessing that rested upon his services. Mr. Burnham has revisited Bere Regis and Wimborne; and this month he hopes to conduct missions at Cotton-street Chapel, Poplar; and Rawtenstall, Lancashire.

Concerning *Mr. Harmer's* services at Chippenham, Pastor H. B. Bardwell writes:—"Our brother's addresses were telling and earnest, and were listened to with great attention. Several have spoken since of the profit and pleasure they derived. My own soul received considerable blessing during his stay. We are under great obligation to you for sending him. Our hope is that the Evangelists' Society may last long and flourish for the help of our little country churches, which need the arousing visits of our brethren. . . . . The weather was most unpropitious; but the attendance was encouraging; and many sought salvation, and found peace through believing."

Pastor F. J. Feltham's report of Mr. Harmer's visit to Luton is equally encouraging. He says:—"Brother Harmer spoke with power, and with telling effect. Our own workers came forward, and supported him with much joy and earnestness; and, what is the best of all, at *each* service the Lord blessed us with conversions. I feel it will rejoice your heart to know that the Master is so manifestly using the brethren who form the Evangelists' Society." Mr. Harmer has since been at Emsworth, and Appledore; and this month he is engaged at Totnes, Dartmouth, and Ipswich.

We shall be very thankful if our readers will unite with us in special prayer that all the Evangelists may be preserved, and still more richly blessed in their much-needed ministry; and we shall also be glad if the Lord's stewards will see that this work does not suffer through lack of financial support.

ORPHANAGE.—*Notice to Collectors.*—The next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage, on *Tuesday evening, March* 9. Tea will be provided as usual, and afterwards a meeting will be held, at which the President hopes to preside. He will be glad to see as many of the collectors as can be present. Will those who are unable to come kindly send the amounts they have collected, so that the total may not be less than on former occasions?

The *Annual Fête* will (D.V.) be held this year on *Wednesday, June* 23, as the President's birthday falls on the previous Saturday, which is not a convenient day for the meeting. We mention this arrangement thus early, partly in order that country friends may know when we hope to meet them at Stockwell, and partly because we hope there are many who, between the present time and the date above-named, will join our band of collectors, and help to swell the sum brought into the funds of the institution at the Annual Festival. Many collectors have died, and others, from various causes, have ceased to solicit subscriptions; so that we need a goodly band of volunteers to take their places. We asked the readers of "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1886" to form a new company of "All-the-year-round collectors for the Orphanage," and we are much obliged to those who responded to our appeal; but we thought the number would have been larger than it is at present. Possibly that page in the Almanack has not been cut, or has escaped notice; if so, please look it up, dear friends, and send on for a book to C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. If you would prefer one of the ordinary Orphanage collecting-books or boxes, to be returned on June 23rd, kindly write for one to the secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Our expenses are continually increasing, and it is a great relief to us to see the regular income growing in the same proportion.

We are very grateful to Dr. Parker and all his friends for the substantial help rendered to the Orphanage by the service at the City Temple, on February 11th. The amount of the collection was very welcome, but its value was largely increased by the spirit of fraternal sympathy in which the whole of the arrangements were carried out.

The Fifth Annual Report of the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, for the Stockwell Orphanage, has recently reached us; and from it we learn that, during the past year, two parcels, containing 307 articles of wearing apparel, &c., have been forwarded to us. Very heartily do we thank Mrs. Withers, and all the donors and workers associated with her; and for all of them we wish unbounded blessings from the orphans' God.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. E. Williams, of Knighton, has continued the distribution of our sermons during another year; and

he has not only found them spiritually helpful to many who have read them, but he has been able to remit a cheque for £13 0s. 6d. from sermon-readers and others, whom he has induced to help us in the maintenance of our large fatherless family. God bless our brother, and every one of the givers!

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have been on a tour in the North of Ireland, partly with the view of helping brethren there, and partly to secure fresh friends for the Orphanage. They appear to have had a very hearty welcome, and everywhere the boys have won golden opinions from all with whom they have come in contact, both in public and private.

PERSONAL NOTE.—The editor of "The Reaper," a monthly paper issued by the Ayrshire Christian Union, recently copied from our columns a short article, entitled, "Trying to Believe." He informs us that he has received a letter from a village near Edinburgh, telling him that the reading of the extract had been blessed to the conversion of a woman who had been in darkness of soul. He also writes:—"Another cheering incident came to our notice not long ago. The captain of a large steamer, that arrived lately at one of our Ayrshire ports, gave us a very gratifying testimony to his conversion at sea, off the coast of China, through reading one of your sermons which some one had put on board. This has been especially encouraging to us, as we put bags of books on board vessels leaving our ports on foreign voyages, and we reckon no bag complete without a parcel of your Sermons."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—February 4, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stokes	0	10	0
Miss Manning	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Curtis	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. F. Thompson	1	14	0
Collected by Mr. Ewing	1	7	6
An old friend near Brechin	0	2	6
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor J. A. Soper, New South Wales	10	0	0
Pastor E. Ashton	1	0	0
G. G., near John O'Groats	1	0	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
Dr. Wm. MacGill	1	1	0
Mr. O. Clabon	1	0	0
Pastor G. C. Williams, Ohio, U.S.A.	2	0	0
Half collection at Cottage Green Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown	1	10	0
Z. A.	50	0	0
G. O. N.	1	0	0
Mr. D. McLaren	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Hall	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Horne	10	11	6
Collected by Mr. J. G. Brown	2	7	0
Collected by Mr. H. A. Fletcher	3	2	6
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6
An old sailor, per Mr. J. Oxley	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A friend, per C. L.	0	6	0
Mr. Thomas S. Penny	1	1	0
Mr. Griffiths	5	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Griffiths	0	8	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. J. M. Scowen (less postal fine, 6d.)	0	19	6
Mr. John Jones	2	0	0
Hitherto	0	8	6
Mrs. Morris	0	4	0
Mrs. H. S.	0	6	0
Luke and Mary Horner	0	10	0
In memory of a constant and benefited reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, &c.	0	10	0
A friend	10	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 17	6	15	0
„ 24	20	1	0
„ 31	24	11	3
Feb. 7	30	9	6
„ 14	23	3	6
	105	0	3
	£254	1	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Brown and sister	0	3	6
A Bible-woman, per Mrs. Barker	0	5	0
W. H. and E. J. Buxton	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Rowe	1	0	0
Mrs. Slater, per Mr. Eustace	1	0	0
Mr. T. Dick	3	0	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, M. O.	0	10	0
A country minister	0	3	2
A friend in Canada	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Rust	5	0	0
Mr. J. Stevenson, Auckland	5	0	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	5	0
An old friend near Brechin	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, Kenmore	1	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Smith	0	5	0
Rev. W. L and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Collection at Drummond Road Sunday-school, Bermondsey	6	3	0
Mrs. Bartlett	1	0	0
Mrs. Protheroe	0	10	0
Sunday-school, Crondale	0	2	3
Mr. W. Austin	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Ed. Joscelyne	2	2	0
Mr. J. Hassall	1	0	0
Friends at Wantage, per Miss Clement	1	0	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry ...	0	8	6
Mr. John South	0	10	0
B. P., New Barnet...	1	0	0
R. M. P., Winsley...	0	1	0
C. Wright	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. Jas. Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	25	0	0
Mr. James Swan	1	0	0
Mr. Robt. Murray, and Mr. Chas. Hawkes	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Stratford-on-Avon	0	5	0
Miss Scott	0	5	0
M. E. H., Faringdon	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cone	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	19	7
Portobello	1	0	0
Part Collection, Sabbath-school, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards ...	1	8	0
Mr. H. F. Gaylor	0	5	0
A crumb for the Orphanage	0	2	0
Mr. Thomas Pattison	0	5	0
Mr. P. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mrs. Quilty	0	10	0
P.K.F., and E.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hull	3	3	0
Bonnington Hall Mission Sabbath-school, per Mr. R. Sutherland ...	0	7	6
Dr. Wm. McGill	1	1	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Spencer	0	10	0
A mite from the Mission-box, Saucher Sabbath-school, per Mrs. Sharp ...	0	5	0
Mr. Koppers	5	0	0
First Fruits, Illinois, 20-dollar Note ...	4	1	3
Mr Thos. Hudd	2	2	0
L. Marshall	0	5	0
Mr. H. S. Pledge	3	3	0
Mr. P. Macfarlan	1	0	0
Mrs. B., per Mr. H. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. John Thomson	0	5	0
J. S., Cumberland	2	0	0
Mr. A. McRae and friends	0	17	9
Executor of the late Mrs. Ann Lee ...	17	19	0
Stamps	0	1	0
H. M....	0	5	0
G. O. N.	1	0	0
Mr. D. McLaren	10	0	0
"From one of his little ones"	0	1	0
Two little brothers, Duns, N.B. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. L. B. Cox	0	3	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. T. E. Stevenson	1	3	6
A thankoffering, Leith	0	10	6
Free Church Sabbath-school, Fortwilliam, per Mr. James Miller ...	0	10	0
Female Bible-class, Henley Tabernacle, per Miss Harbert	0	15	6
Mr. G. F. Dean	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	2	7	6
Children of Eld Lane Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. Letch	1	15	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts, Southport... ...	0	1	6
In memory of Bertie Giles, born Jan. 16th, 1870, died Aug. 17th, 1883	0	5	0
Ellen and Janet Foster's boxes... ...	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Mr. Atkinson, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
J. N. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Muir	2	0	0
Mrs. S. E. Webb	0	4	0
Mr. Stokes	0	5	0
Mrs. A. M. Hallett...	0	5	0
Mr. R. P. Keys, per Mr. Moss	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts, Ashbourne ...	0	1	0
Mr. Thos. W. Lister	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Miss E. S. White	0	10	0
M. H....	1	5	0
Mr. Wm. Pittock	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Morris...	0	1	8
Postal Order and Stamp, Leytonstone	0	3	1
A friend, per Mrs. Smith...	0	10	0
Fanny Jezard's Christmas-boxes ...	0	1	9
"For Jesus' dear sake," Postal Order, Dover	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	2	8
Mr. T. D. Galpin, per V. J. C.	5	0	0
E. A. A., Holloway, per V. J. C. ...	0	4	0
Miss E. Grant	0	5	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Seymour ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Frost	0	10	0
Stamps from Wellington	0	2	0
Miss B. Lewis	1	0	0
An old sailor, per Mr. J. Oxley ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. B. A. Pike	0	10	6
Edmund Atkinson...	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Stewart's Bible-class, Regent Street Baptist Chapel, Belfast:—			
Isabella Templeton ... 1 7 6			
Helena Aiken 0 16 0			
Jessie and Maggie Gibson 0 19 0			
Helen Aicken 0 16 8			
Teresa Hogan 0 3 6			
Sarah J. Spence 0 5 3			
Matilda Mahaffey ... 0 5 6			
Mary Jane Hall 0 5 0			
Jemima Inglis 0 7 9			
Lydia McIvor 0 2 0			
Elizabeth Crabbe ... 0 4 7½			
Nellie Crabbe 0 4 1½			
J. S. 0 7 0			
Mrs. Gracey 0 5 5			
Sundry boxes 0 16 8			
	7	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Graham's Bible-class, Regent Street Baptist Chapel, Belfast:—			
Elizabeth Gay 0 4 0			
Mary A. McMann ... 0 2 4			
Mrs. Graham 2 1 2			
Jane Spence 0 4 1			
Mary Gowdy 1 9 10			
Maggie L. Smyth ... 0 5 0			
Mary Fegan 0 8 1			
Ellen Lyness 0 4 0			
Sarah McLarty 0 5 0			
Mrs. Gracey 0 5 6			
Annie Thompson ... 0 11 0			
	6	0	0
T. E. L.	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ronald	1	10	0
Mr. J. K. Clarkson	0	5	0
A friend and C. L.	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	12	6
F. G. B, Chelmsford	0	2	6
A. J.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
In Memoriam, E.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	15	17	0
Mr. R. Cory...	10	0	0
J. C. R.	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	0	10	0
G. M. T.	2	2	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	3	0
Mr. Thomas S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. J. Crocker	2	10	0
Mr. J. Bishop	3	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths from Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge ...	12	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Seven dozens "John Ploughman's Almanacks" sold at 2d. each to sermon-readers, by Mrs. Griffiths	0	14	0
Mrs. Charles	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mr. T. Huntley 4 0 0			
Mr. D. Heelas 2 0 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 1 10 0			
	7	10	0
Miss Rosey Adams...	0	1	0
Miss Emily Prior	0	1	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
Miss Rose Bousfield	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Lisle	0	5	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Postal order from Tring	0	2	6
Mr. Anderson, per Mr. C. Cornell ...	0	10	0
The Hon. Mrs. West	2	0	0
Mrs. Haynes	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Williams, sen....	0	2	6
An Almanack-reader	0	5	0
Beauly Sabbath-school	1	0	0
Friends at Ebury Mission	1	15	0
In memory of a dear mother	0	10	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0
Miss E. Lamb's Bible-class, St. Giles Street, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Hitherto	0	7	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Miss Anne Whatley	0	10	0
Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," Lochee (Order No. 802912)	0	10	0
Collection at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, per Pastor Jesse Gibson ...	2	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew... ...	5	0	0
Miss Smith	2	0	0
Miss Russell...	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0
JNO., Newcastle-upon-Tyne	0	5	0
A friend from Ross	0	10	0
Mrs. Sellers	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Knott	1	0	0
Achateny	1	0	0
A friend	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Mitchell's Bible-class, Rye ...	0	11	6
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mr. H. Orchard	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. D. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. Manseigh	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton :—			
Mr. F. Dunford, Oswestry 0 5 0			
Mr. John Boore, Tyncood 0 10 0			
Mr. R. K. Penson, J.P., Ludlow 0 10 0			
Mr. Fred. Tibbitts, Small Heath 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Peach, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mrs. Morgan, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mrs. John Langford, Knighton 0 2 0			
Mrs. Jones, Knighton ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Webb, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mr. Wm. Rogers, Knighton 0 5 0			
Mr. John Thomas, Knighton 0 2 6			
Mrs. Banks, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mr. James M. Rocke, Knighton... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Aaron Davies, Knighton 0 5 0			
Mr. John Cory, J.P., Cardiff 5 0 0			
The Hon. Arthur Walsh, M.P. for Radnorshire .. 1 0 0			
Mr. John Duggan, Knighton 0 2 6			
Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton 1 1 0			
Mrs. Evans, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mrs. Rickards, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mr. Charles Hughes, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mr. Henry Abley, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mrs. Bowen, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mr. Joseph Bowen, Knighton 0 1 0			
Miss Price, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mrs. Ward, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Mr. Thomas Peake, Tunstall 0 10 0			
Mr. W. J. Palmer, J.P., Reading 1 0 0			
Mr. Wm. Morris, Knighton 0 1 0			
Mr. William Meredith, Knighton 0 2 0			
Mr. J. Vaughan, Knighton... ... ... 0 1 0			
Miss Powell, Knighton ... 0 1 0			
Smaller amounts 0 0 6			
	13	0	6
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem :—			
P. L. 1 0 0			
P. M. 0 10 0			
B. S. 0 5 0			
G. E. 0 12 0			
G. W. 0 2 0			
Church of England ... 0 5 0			
A. C. Family 0 8 0			
	3	2	0
E. C. R. Close	0	5	0
A. M., thankoffering for the Pastor's safe return	1	0	0
Children's service, Immanuel Church, Clapham, per Mr. Alfred Wilson ...	5	6	6
Mr. John Jones Pierce	1	0	0
Mrs. Penning	0	5	0
Mary	0	2	0
Matt. xxv. 40	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Charles Smith	1,800	0	0
Collected by Miss S. D. Napier ...	1	4	1
Collected by Mr. W. Burnett, Brasted	1	17	0
Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0	3	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, West Croydon:			
Rev. W. J. G—— ... 3 0 0			
Miss Guerrier 1 1 0			
Mr. T. R. Edridge... ... 1 1 0			
O. B. 10 10 0			
	15	12	0
Mr. George Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey ...	2	0	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, as per list 43 4 8			
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, as per list 45 10 9			
	88	15	5
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Upper Holloway, per Pastor J. R. Wood	16	12	0
Christchurch Institute, Vassall Road ...	0	13	0
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	2	2	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Flower Mission	0	10	0
Victory Place, Walworth, sale of programmes	0	6	6
Stepney, sale of programmes	0	5	8
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. Jos. Wiles	1	1	0
Mrs. Humphreys, per Mr. Meyler ...	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per F. R. T.:—		
Mr. Probin	0 5 0	
Mrs. Probin	0 5 0	
In memory of E. P. ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. Bakewell	0 10 0	
Mrs. Dix	0 5 0	
Master Robert Dix ...	0 5 0	
Mr. T. R. Johnson ...	0 10 0	
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ...	0 5 0	
F. R. T.	0 5 0	
In remembrance ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. Henry Brown ...	0 10 0	
		3 10 0

	£ s. d.
Mr. James Plumbridge	1 1 0
Sandwich, per Bankers (January) ...	2 2 0
Mr. H. G. Gilbert...	1 1 0
The Misses Murray	2 0 0
Mr. C. R. White	1 1 0
Quarterly Subscription:—	
Collected by Mr. G. O., Newport ...	1 13 6
Monthly Subscription:—	
Mr. H. J. Reynolds	0 5 0
	£2,275 3 10

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (New Year).—Angell, A., 4s; Ashenhurst, J., 12s 7d; Arnold, G., 1s; Allison, S., 2s 6d; Banyard, S., 2s 6d; Britton, G., 2s 2d; Boorman, G., 2s; Barrett, J., 3s 6d; Beadle, J., 6s. 6d; Bowles, J., 11s 4d; Bristow, J., 14s; Banyard, H., 5s 2d; Bowley, H., 5s; Bridges, C., £1; Bell, H., 5s; Barson, E., 2s; Bailey, A., 1s 6d; Barter, A., £1: Berry, G., 2s; Croucher, W., £1 2s 7d; Cockell, H., £1; Cann, S., 5s 6d; Crabb, A., 3s 6d; Cook, C., 8s; Chamberlain, W., 9s 6d; Cartland, F., 1s; Cozens, H., 1s; Carter, P., 5s; Cassell, F., 5s 3d; Davis, A., 6s; Duff, E., 3s 6d; Davis, E., 2s; Dimond, J., 5s; Edgley, W., 10s; Edwards, G., 15s 6d; Fairclough, R., 1s; Farr, E., 3s 6d; Fitch, E., 5s 7d; Game, J., 10s; Gardner, G., 5s 1d; Gant, F., 11s 5d; Gammon, A., 10s 6d; Green, W., £1 3s 6d; Goatley, L., 2s; Hamlet, A., 10s; Hill, G., 10s; Horan, E., 5s 6d; Hinchley, J., 3s 5d; Hart, A., 8s 6d; Hewett, L., 1s; Ingram, A., 10s; Kibble, G., 2s; King, A., 4s 9d; Kemp, G., 4s; Ling, W., 8s 4d; Landeryou, A., 3s 6d; Lloyd, A., 10s; Lowne, J., 2s 6d; Lister, V., 5s; Metcalf, T., £1; Moore, F., 15s; Maxted, G., 3s; Moore, Arthur, 5s 3d; McLean, P., 4s; Morrell, H., 11s 4d; Mannell, W., 14s; Mead, B., 4s; Miller, C., 5s; Moore, Al., 5s. 2d; Norton, R., 6s; Peachey, A., 3s 6d; Park, F., 2s 3d; Pitney, G., £1; Pretty, H., £1 7s; Phillips, R., 5s 3d; Roberts, E., 7s 6d; Read, F., 3s; Rogers, W., 15s; Riehmann, L., 10s; Roberts, H., 7s; Sparke, E., £1 2s 6d; Stoner, W., 6s 1d; Sayer, H., 9s; Scott, W., 16s; Sutherland, J., 5s; Sarel, J., 12s; Sully, H., 4s; Smithers, W., 2s 6d; Smith, E., 14s; Smith, Henry, 5s; Symmonds, Y., 5s 10d; Sorrell, F., 6s; Small, A., 3s 9d; Smith, Herbert, 1s 6d; Sambell, J., 6s; Tant, J., 1s 6d; Talbot, J., 5s 1d; Tressider, W., £1 0s 6d; Titler, J., 6s; Taylor, G., £1; Taylor, F., 5s 6d; White, A., £1 18s; Weatherdon, H., 6s; Walker, A., 7s 6d; Wardill, T., 6s; White, J., 4s; Willard, A., 3s; Warner, G., 8s; Westbrooke, T., 5s; Ward, R., 10s. —Total, £43 4s 8d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (New Year).—Andrews, E., 4s; Agate, M., 4s; Attikin, E., 3s 9d; Ayling, E., 6s; Bennett, L., 9s; Blake, L. 3s; Barlow, M., 10s; Botham, L., 8s; Bond, N., 3s. 6d; Bettam, L., 1s 6d; Buckland, A., 5s.; Bullock, L., 5s 2d; Blackwell, K., 1s 6d; Beith, A., 2s; Breakspear, A., 6s 6d; Broadhouse, N., 6s 1d; Bridgman, A., 10s; Birtwistle, E., 4s 1d; Burrows, J. F., 3s 1d; Collis, H., 3s; Cooper, K., 5s 1d; Cousins, L., 12s 6d; Chapman, R., 3s; Collier, E., 7s; Cox, Edith, 3s 6d; Cox, Eva, 1s 4d; Caister, E., £1; Crowther, N., 14s 3d; Chamberlain, M., 8s; Drew, F., 2s 4d; Donnelly, G., 9s 2d; Dickerson, E., 10s; Epps, F., 5s; Eagle, S., 7s 1d; Foreman, L., 8s; Fairbank, A., 2s; Glover, E., 3s 8d; Guiver, K., 12s; Gilmour, C., 3s; Gould, L., 14s 6d; Gregory, M., 2s 6d; Gorey, S., 7s 11d; Green, G., 6s; Gray, M., 5s; Gort, G., 5s; Hall, F., 10s 2d; Haisell, J., 11s; Hunt, E., 10s; Hart, L., 5s 1d; Hickey, M., 5s 3d; Hinckley, L., 1s 3d; Ingle, F., 7s 8d; Jaques, K., 3s 8d; Jackson, A., 3s; Kemp, M., £1 3s; Kingaby, A., 9s 3d; Knowles, L., 7d; Lagdon, K., £1 1s 4d; Ladbrooke, J., 5s; Long, M., 4s; Logan, K., £1 0s 7d; Lovell, E., 2s 3d; Maycock, W., 5s; Mims, A., 10s; Males, S., 1s 6d; McKingley, F., £1 1s 7d; Marshall, M., 6s; Moore, E., 2s 6d; Nash, M., 3s 4d; Newton, K., 10d; Nutt, C., 4s 4d; Orridge, A., 5s; Owen, D., 4s. 6d; Poole, A., 2s 8d; Parker, A., 4s; Pearce, A., 4s. 6d; Peepall, G., 5s 1d; Powney, A., 3s 1d; Page, M., 10s; Pope, A., 5s; Pennington, F., £1 1s; Rampling, S., 2s 7d; Rushman, H., 1s 6d; Robottom, G., 18s; Richmond, B., 10s 8d; Somerscales, E., 2s; Salt, E., 8s 7d; Smith, A., £1 5s; Sabine, A., 1s 6d; Shorter, E., 11s; Spender, K., 12s 6d; Smith, J., 2s 7d; Smith, L., £1; Solomon, B., 2s 2d; Spear, C., 5s; Staines, C., 9s 7d; Simons, C., 5s 6d; Shipway, G., £1 1s; Smith, P., 7s 6d; Stone, E., 5s; Thomas, N., 6d; Thorpe, E., 5s; Tollworthy, E., 6s 6d; Tilly, G., 12s; Thompson, L., £1; Trill, N., 7s 6d; Unwin, M., 5s; Valler, C., 5s; Veryard, R., 2s 6d; Willis, A., 10s; Warwick, E., 10s; Williams, N., 4s 8d; Willison, D., 4s 2d; Wright, L., 4s; Willmore, N., £1 1s; Williams L., 1s; Wellington, M., 4s; Witham, P., 17s 3d; Williams, A., £1 2s; Wigzell, E., 6s. 6s.; Wood J., 5s; collected for one of the orphans by Miss L. Chamberlain, 16s 6d. —Total, £45 10s 9d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 15th to February 14th, 1886.—Provisions:—1 mat of Dates, Mr. G. A. Calder; 24 lbs. Pickled Pork, Mr. A. Green; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a quantity of Apples and Potatoes, Mr. F. Higgins; 28 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 Geese and a quantity of Apples, Mrs. Hughes.

Boys' Clothing:—8 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 8 pairs of Socks, Miss Jones; 2 pairs of Knitted Socks, Mr. A. McRae; 14 Woollen Scarves, Anon.; 2 Articles, Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class; 6 Shirts, Mrs. A. Greenaway.

Girls' Clothing:—90 Articles, Mrs. S. Brown's Bible-class; 13 Articles, Mrs. Catherall; 3 Articles, Anon.; 14 Articles, The Ladies' Working-meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 116 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 3 Articles, Mrs. Mallott; 47 Articles, Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class; 12 Articles, for No. 1 House, Arthur Street Bible-class, per Miss Crane; 3 Articles, Miss H. Verrall; 18 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 6 pairs Boots and 6 pairs Slippers, Mr. P. Pickett.

General:—A quantity of Magazines, Mr. D. C. Martin; 14 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 5 Dolls, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 1 Bread Slicer, Mr. T. Plant; 4 Articles, Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class; 1 Book, "Key to Adam's Panorama of History," Mrs. Dudgeon; 2 Quilts, Mrs. McLain; a parcel of Worn Clothing, per Mrs. Fouracre, 14 Volumes for the library, Rev. W. P. Peck; Periodicals, "British Workman," "Band of Hope Review," for the year 1885, Mr. J. B. Mead; Registered Letter from Hayle, containing Ear-rings, Brooch, Ring, and Pendant, for sale for the benefit of the Orphanage.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
W. S.	10	0	0
An Irish Methodist	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	10	10	0
Miss Scott	0	5	0
G. T., near Keighley	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0
Master J. S. Blyth...	0	15	0
Master Spencer Blyth	0	10	0
Miss Maude Blyth...	0	5	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
	£29	12	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Nottingham, and Notts Colportage Association, for Arnold (1885) ...	40	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evans	10	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
Mr. W. Martin, for Bower Chalk ...	1	0	0
Newbery, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Meysey-hampton, per Capt. Melbourne	15	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington	0	9	9
Ludlow:—Collected by Miss Fitzgerald—			
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald ... 1 0 0			
Miss E. Fitzgerald ... 0 5 0			
Miss Sheppard 0 2 0			
	1	7	6
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. White	10	0	0
Sandown, per Mr. Nisbet	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston district	10	0	0
	£153	17	3

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
The Executors of the late Miss Lucy Hadfield, Ryde	500	0	0
Mr. W. Hare	0	10	0
Mr. B. E. Holman...	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Corkett	2	0	0
Z. A.	25	0	0
G. O. N.	1	0	0
E. C.	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. Jas. Withers...	1	0	0
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mr. Stokes	0	2	6
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. and C. Parry	0	10	0
	£538	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Lieut. P. Flanagan	3	0	0
Z. A.	15	3	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	2	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Chippenham, per Pastor H. B. Bardwell	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Luton, per Pastor F. J. Feltham ..	5	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Spalding	2	0	0
Thankful	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bristol, per Pastor E. G. Gange	38	10	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
	£68	10	0

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

APRIL, 1886.

A Word for the Hour.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is not, after all, a thing to be wondered at that men should reject the great truths of revelation. These truths are spiritual, and the carnal mind has no capacity for receiving them; they are holy, and are never likely to please ungodly hearts; and, besides, they are humbling to the creature, and give all glory to God, and hence proud flesh is at drawn daggers with them. If the unregenerate world received the gospel with favour, it would cast great doubt upon the divine nature of the doctrine; but when the unrenewed heart rejects it with disdain, it does, in its own blind way, acknowledge that the teaching is not of man, neither by man. If the gospel were of the world, the world would love its own; but because it is of God, therefore the world rejects it. Have we not been too much staggered by the fact that the direction of modern thought is against evangelical truth? Was not ancient thought the same? Is not that text always true, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord"?

The fact is, that it is a miracle of grace when any man receives the truth in the love and power of it. No man so receives it as the bare result of reason and argument. As with Peter, so is it with all to whom the Lord is made known: the man is blessed, for flesh and blood have not revealed this unto him. Here and there men have avowed the gospel of grace as their chosen creed, and yet have never realized

the life which should ever grow out of it; but these are comparatively few: the bulk of mankind, in forsaking Jesus as the life, also leave him as the way and the truth. The preaching of the cross is foolishness to those who know not the power of God and the wisdom of God therein. It is not a wonder that men are unbelievers, the marvel is that any man should believe. Wherever we see even a grain of faith, we may exclaim, "This is the finger of God." Nothing is a clearer testimony to the omnipotence of the Spirit of God than the life, and work, and triumph of faith in any man, seeing that by nature man cannot discern the truth, and is full of hatred to it, even when it is in a measure perceived. The gospel cannot even be preserved among men, much less gain large influence over them, except by a continuous display of almighty energy. Only those believe its report to whom the arm of the Lord is revealed.

Cast, therefore, upon the power of the Holy Ghost, it becomes us to recognize his glorious might, to render him the homage due unto his name, and to act in practical dependence upon him. Our reliance is not upon the truth itself; for light alone cannot cause the blind to see. Much less may we depend upon attractive speech, cogent argument, or profound learning. These are legitimate forces, but they must not be exalted into the place of the divine Spirit. The calf was none the better for being made of gold; the highest mental powers will be mere idols if we trust in them. As to attempting to spread the Redeemer's kingdom by amusements, by the arts and sciences, by music and sensuous display, let this be far from us. The Holy Ghost must be met on his own ground; and we fear that very much of the work which is done by the church at this present moment is not upon a plane sufficiently elevated to be recognized by the Holy Ghost. It is not ours to judge; but is it not so? If all the power to create faith must come of the Holy Spirit, those who would propagate truth must be careful to go to work in *his* way. If a boat is to be propelled by wind, it must be provided with sails, and these must be so arranged as to catch the breeze: this is a parable of how work done for the Lord Jesus must be so arranged as to leave room and opportunity for the Holy Ghost. Is it so in our varied ministries, in the pulpit, the school, the mission-hall, &c.? Do we allow of the Holy Spirit's free action, or do we repress the holy energies which would break loose here and there if they were not restrained?

Our religion is either supernatural or it is an imposture; and it must be spread by supernatural means or not at all. Every advance that is made by Christianity, other than that which comes distinctly from the Holy Ghost, is a step backward. The enlightened reader of church history will not need to look long before he will perceive that this is the case. Human wisdom has marred the vessel of truth upon the wheel, or it has broken it after it has come forth from the furnace. Its meddlings are always mischievous: it is the enemy of faith and the foe of stability. When the Lord Jesus is made of God unto us wisdom, and when the Spirit of the Lord transforms us into little children, then we become truly wise, and "cultured" in a real sense; but all else in the things of God is mere puffing up, which leads only to increased pride and vanity. We are all apt to make that "much haste" which is ill-speed unless experience has weaned us therefrom. If we wrought

only in the Spirit and by the Spirit, we might seem to do less, but we should actually do more. Let us henceforth work as Moses and Aaron did: let us arm ourselves with the rod of God. If we go forth as mere men, we may do man's work and reap man's failure; but if we desire to see the truth of God prosper, we must do all in the name of the Lord, looking for divine power to rest upon us, that we may be workers together with God.

An abiding source of consolation in these evil days is to be found in the fact that the Holy Spirit is working in the same manner as ever. He produces in ten thousand cases the same results as in the best periods of history. A conversion to-day bears all the marks which authenticated a conversion five hundred years ago: there is the same repentance, self-loathing, and fear of wrath; followed by the same faith, and hope, and deliverance from the dominion of evil. It matters not how much the wise men of this world deride the gospel of our Lord Jesus, it still arouses the careless, guides the despondent, renews the guilty, and sanctifies the believing. We see for ourselves, daily, that the arm of the Lord is not shortened that he cannot save. Among men brought up in the malarious atmosphere of scepticism, the Eternal Spirit yet works his will, even though the concessions of philosophical theology and the arguments of literary culture have left them hardened in unbelief. The wooden swords of human force are broken, but the true Jerusalem blade still cuts through bone and marrow. The gospel is not declared in vain whenever it is simply stated and allowed to work its own way, unencumbered with human help.

To our great delight we find the Holy Spirit bearing witness to the same truths as ever. In listening to the experiences of the newly regenerated, we never find a heart impressed and led to repentance by a novel invention, but always by the old truth. In simple, unsophisticated language, those who are convinced of sin speak of it in the same terms as their fathers used before them. Faith in the Lord Jesus fixes itself still upon the atoning blood and the substitutionary sacrifice, just as it used to do a hundred years ago. If John Newton were to write another *Cardiphonia*, he would find gracious hearts feeding on the self-same verities as in his own day, and their voices of need or of satisfaction would be precisely the same. We find persons still troubled about predestination, and election, even though these old-fashioned truths have long ago been ignored by the mass of public teachers. These doctrines have in ages past stirred up the nests of many and driven them out of themselves to Jesus, and, despite all the derision poured on them, they arouse the thoughtful still. We meet with troubled consciences which find instant and stable peace upon hearing of the great sacrifice for sin, and that notwithstanding that this essential Gospel verity is in so many places caricatured and ridiculed. The fact is, that the Holy Ghost has not changed his views of things, nor has he set his seal to modern thought, nor withdrawn it from the doctrine of the cross. From day to day we see "the signs following," which are the divine attestation of revealed truth. Sinners are reclaimed, the despairing are relieved, saints are fed, and heroism is evoked, by the preaching of that one gospel which Jesus taught and Paul proclaimed.

While this is the case, what means this clamour for advanced thought?

Can there be an advance upon a revelation which is complete? Is there anything better than Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Are there surer words of testimony than those given to prophets and apostles, or than that which God hath given us by his own Son? See what dearth and death follow the giving up of the simple teachings of Scripture! See how the earnest ministry of reconciliation is owned of God's Spirit! No man having drunk the old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith, "The old is better."

In patience let us possess our souls, resting not in talent and learning and influence for the progress of the Gospel, but in the Holy Spirit alone. He can raise up leaders of eminence if other Pauls be needed. He can find learned pens if other Augustines are required. He never fails, nor even pauses, for lack of instruments. The character of the age is no impediment to his working. He has seen a thousand philosophies rise and fall, but his light shines on for ever, and in that light the nations shall yet walk, rejoicing in the truth. Wherefore, the banner is set up, and no man hangeth down either hand or head.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.*

A NOVEL-READING lady, to whom one of Mrs. Spurgeon's reports was sent, returned to her friend the message,—"When I took up the little book you gave me I thought it would be as dry as reports generally are; but I could not put it down until I had read it right through, I was so thoroughly interested, aroused, and surprised!" No one who reads this story of "Ten Years in the Service of the Book Fund" can wonder at the lady's remark. Was ever report so varied and graceful? To read it is like taking a stroll through wood and meadow to the accompaniment of the singing of birds, and the rippling of brooks, with mosses and wild roses drawing attention at every step, and here and there a violet heralding itself by its fragrance and peeping out from its green coverlet. The narrative of work done constantly breaks into charming apologue and parable, and there is a pleasant piquancy, too, in the little confidences with which the writer every now and then indulges her readers. This, for example, is how she draws aside the veil and allows us to see the origin of the Fund.

"It was in the summer of 1875 that my dear husband completed and published the first volume of his 'Lectures to my Students.' Reading one of the 'proof' copies, I became so enamoured of the book, that when the dear author asked, 'Well, how do you like it?' I answered with a full heart, 'I wish I could place it in the hands of every minister in England.' 'Then why not do so: *how much will you give?*' said my very practical spouse. I must confess I was unprepared for such a challenge. I was ready enough to *desire* the distribution of the precious book; but to *assist* in it, or help to pay for it, had not occurred to me. But 'John Ploughman' 'drives a straight furrow' to one's heart, and

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* Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund: being a grateful Record of my Experience of the Lord's Ways, and Work, and Wages. By Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster. 1886. Price 3s. 6d. Beautifully bound.

knows how to turn over the thick clods of selfishness which lie there choking up the useful growths; and very soon his words set me thinking how much I could spare from housekeeping or personal matters to start this new scheme. I knew it would necessitate a pressure somewhere, for money was not plentiful just then; but to see dear John's face beam so radiantly at the idea of my scattering his books far and wide, was worth any effort; and love, even more than obedience, constrained me to carry out the suddenly-formed plan. Then comes the wonderful part: I found the money ready and waiting! Up-stairs in a little drawer were some carefully hoarded crown-pieces, which, owing to some foolish fancy, I had been gathering for years whenever chance threw one in my way; these I now counted out, and found they made a sum *exactly* sufficient to pay for one hundred copies of the work. If a twinge of regret at parting from my cherished but unwieldy favourites passed over me, it was gone in an instant, and then they were given, freely and thankfully, to the Lord, and in that moment, though I knew it not, the Book Fund was inaugurated!"

From this beginning it has gone on growing till some 80,000 books have been given to 12,000 ministers of all denominations, besides a vast number of packets of stationery thoughtfully included in the parcels. The loving enterprise has branched out in other graceful ministries; *The Sword and the Trowel* has been sent monthly to many poor ministers' houses; about 100,000 single Sermons have found their way to such persons as missionaries and Christian workers in out-of-the-way corners in all parts of the world; and a "Pastors' Aid Fund" has distributed between £300 and £400 yearly, besides gifts of clothing to needy ministers and their families.

And there was room for such a work. Books are given, according to the rule, to pastors whose incomes do not exceed £150; but many may be found who have to maintain themselves and their families on half that sum. What can they do for books? Birds, when they have built their nests and filled the yellow gaping mouths that make their appearance therein, may sit and sing with sweet carelessness on the bough that sustains their tiny home; but the careworn pastor, who can scarcely satisfy the hunger of his children, finds it hard to sing out with joy his gospel message to the people, and he can spend nothing on books to freshen his ministry. To thousands of these good men Mrs. Spurgeon has become, it is not too much to say, a personal friend. Her kindly gifts have gone like sunbeams into dwellings where the chilling cloud of poverty hung like a pall, and the "light" which has been "sown for the righteous" in thousands of homes has afterwards beamed out upon the congregations from thousands of pulpits in fuller and brighter expositions of the Word of God.

The Book Fund has far outgrown its companion the *Lemon tree*, familiar to our readers, and stands laden with the sweetest of all fruit, the fruit that is formed and developed and ripened and mellowed in the sunny atmosphere of Christian love.

Here are some of the apples of gold :—

"Thank you very, very much for the valuable parcel of books which I received yesterday. Oh, how the very sight of them rejoiced my heart, for I cannot tell you how long it is since I had a new book! A

sort of inspiration seems to come with their very presence, and the load that often presses on my soul when seeking fresh material for future sermons is lifted off."

"The books you have so kindly sent me have just come to hand. . . . . You have no idea how much you cheer the hearts of the pastors of the churches. Yesterday afternoon I met Mr. ——, the Primitive Methodist minister here; his work is very heavy, and he looked tired and jaded; but he seemed to renew his strength and to look young again as he told me, with sparkling eye and beaming face, how good you had been to him."

"My heart is full of joy, but I cannot tell you about it; I can only pray."

"My wife has *never before* had a book or a dress-piece given to her. She can scarcely believe that your generous present is meant for her."

These thanksgivings are specimens of thousands. What a pathetic, joy-inspiring work it is! and the more so because it is unfettered by the limits of denominationalism. "A day or two since," says Mrs. Spurgeon, "the good Earl of Shaftesbury paid us a visit, and on leaving, he said to me, 'Well, how does the Baptist book-giving prosper?' 'Thank you, my Lord,' I replied, 'the Book Fund prospers grandly, all the more that it is *not a Baptist* book-giving, but is free to all the Lord's ministering servants.'"

The beauty of this work is that it is done by a loving hand that wears no glove of officialism. The warmth of affection goes with every gift, and (will it be believed?) even *rules*, "those solemn, starched rigidities," are sometimes broken through. Here, for example:—"The letter which comes now to hand is from an evangelist, who, not knowing that the work is for poor pastors only, asks for a grant of books. He is trying to win souls for Christ, has a wife and four children, very little money, and very few books. I reply, informing him of my rules, which prevent full compliance with his request, but offering him a parcel of Sermons, which he can first read, and then distribute to his people. This offer he will be sure to accept; and, having by me some good second-hand volumes, I shall put in a few of these also, and the poor man will rejoice as over great spoil. This is better than a total denial of his request; for the blessed truths contained in the Sermons will be certain to feed his soul, and then, when he scatters them, who can tell where the precious seed may fall, and flourish, and bring forth fruit!" This half-chuckling apology of kindliness to red-tape is delicious.

We said that this "Report," which ought of course to be formal and dry, blossomed out all over in an unconventional way in parables and pictures. Well, we should like to make good our assertion, and could easily do so, by crowding out everything else in this number of the magazine. But if the Editor will lend us his "trowel" for a moment (never mind its being a bricklayer's implement), we will use it for the prettier purpose of digging some of these flowers from their own mossy bank, and transplanting them into his garden, though, for want of room, we shall have to spoil them a little by trimming.

THE SYRINGA.

"A very pretty and suggestive picture is to be seen from the windows of my sitting-room—a dense mass of shrubbery, overhung with a

canopy of trees, and exhibiting in one corner a profusion of white flowers, of unusually large size. This clump of evergreens has been allowed to luxuriate in unchecked growth during many years, and displays, in consequence, a superabundance of foliage. Down in the heart of this miniature forest a small syringa bush had its home, and, disliking the darkness and lowliness of its dwelling-place, it took heart of grace, and for five years it has been endeavouring to gain access to the light, patiently pushing its way upward, growing through the laurels, and hollies, and briers, slowly ascending in spite of every obstacle, till now, in all the glory of eighteen or twenty feet of height, it overtops the surrounding trees, joyfully hangs out its snow-white garlands of perfumed blossoms, asserts its right to the lofty place it has attained, and seems to be making up in excessive beauty and luxuriance for the long years of repression it has suffered. Pretty, impetuous, ardent, living thing! I love to think how it persevered in its efforts to escape from the surrounding pressure and darkness; and it does my heart good to look at it, as now, revelling in the free and open air of heaven and the blessed light of the sun, it blooms in unexampled beauty, and showers down its white petals in a very abandonment of joy. What does the syringa say to me as I stand far below it, gazing with pride and pleasure on its loveliness? I think I hear a whisper from each little twig and spray, 'Learn from us to be brave and patient, think no waiting too wearisome to win a blessing, no toil too great to obtain a triumph; ever turn from the darkness and seek the light, though hindrances throng around you, and rankling cares, like thorns, would fain obstruct your progress; believe wholly in God, and trust in him to bring you through all difficulties, with the sunshine of his love and favour, in his own good time. The days were very dark with us down there, yet inch by inch we advanced, the living sap within us enforcing our upward growth; and ever and anon, when the wind swayed the thick branches above us, we had such bright glimpses of blue sky and golden beams, that the imprisonment became even more intolerable, while our longing for the light lent us faith and courage to struggle bravely on! And see to what strength and beauty our Creator has brought us!'"

Let us have another:—

SHADOWS.

"'Is the day going to be fine?' said I, on awaking early one morning in the month of May. 'Well, I believe so,' replied my companion, 'there are plenty of shadows about, and that is a good sign.' *Plenty of shadows! How can shadows give the promise of ultimate brightness?* I mused a while, wondering at the apparently doubtful inference; then, going to the window, I sought to solve the problem for myself, and stood gazing at the fair landscape which lay sparkling in the early freshness of sunlight and dew. There I saw manifest prospect and presage of a glorious day, and sure enough the shadows foretold it; for 'Westwood,' as its name betokens, looks towards the west, and the sun, rising behind the house, throws the shadow of the structure across the lawn, like the gnomon of a huge sundial; while to every tree, and bush, and outbuilding, it gives a shady side of very distinct proportions.

There were 'plenty of shadows,' truly!—they abounded everywhere; hiding in the deep recesses of the shrubberies, dancing on the surface of the water, creeping stealthily round every corner! I watched them for some time, enjoying the delightful purity and peacefulness of the scene, reflecting happily on the many analogies between nature and grace, and trying to draw sweet spiritual parallels between the natural shadows and those dark dispensations which seem sometimes to eclipse the sunshine of our lives. . . . . *There could be no shadows if the sun were not shining.* . . . . . *The shadows will vanish if we wait and watch patiently* . . . . and *the shadows cannot really harm us.*"

We wish we could quote the splendid story of the thrush and the snail, with its lesson of perseverance; or the account of the slow-travelling disc of light on the marble pavement of Milan Cathedral, thrown from some tiny opening in the vast roof, through which a sunbeam descending marks with its bright finger on the tesselated floor the silent yet certain passing of the moments, with the searching question that follows, "Is it possible that my life is hurrying to its end with such an awful persistency as this?" Or the description of the dense forest-growth that had noiselessly and gradually encroached till it had shut out the distant view, and the woodman's saw was needed, and the down-crashing of tree-trunks and severed branches, before the eye could gaze across to the sun-lit hill-tops beyond, too apt emblem of our lives shut in and overgrown by worldly cares, till the heavenward outlook from the windows of the soul is blocked.

We must only note, in a closing word, the great labour entailed on the beloved worker by this beneficent enterprise. *Seven hundred and fifty-five letters in one month!* Words easily written, easily read. But they give faint notion of the amount of toil involved in the correspondence they represent. No wonder the worker should say, "Either the days must be stretched to twenty-four hours, as the dials of the clocks have been, or the Book Fund manager must run away and find a 'lodge in some vast wilderness,' where postmen's knocks and letter-bags are all unknown"; or that her husband should write: "The business has overpowered her: the waggon is running over the horse. A measure of this ministry *must* pass into other hands, for to my great sorrow I have seen that over-pressure is now causing a growing sense of weariness." Yet the worker, though weary, is not tired of her work. She has found, as all true toilers for Jesus find, priceless blessing in it. "The Lord has made my time of loneliness," she says, "to be a season of such intensely busy labour, that the days have not been long enough to enable me to finish all my work; and there has not been a crevice of time into which a dreary, cheerless feeling could intrude itself."

This charming book will, we are persuaded, communicate its spirit of cheerful loving service to many who now stand comparatively idle, and with its bright, holy comfort will alleviate the sorrow of many stricken ones. God be thanked for the choice and chastened spirit which not only adorns the home and enriches the heart of one pastor whose field, in a sense, is the world, but has gladdened the hearts and homes of many thousands of pastors besides, by these ten years of her life spent in the service of the Book Fund.

C. A. D.

Neither Hot nor Cold.

A TESTIMONY FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE church just now is not hot, and the world is not exactly cold, about religion; but both are lukewarm, and must, therefore, be in a very sad state. Where are the champions for truth? Alas! our sad heart answers, "Truth has fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter." The clouds gather round us; men say, "Show us the clear sky of truth"; but the fog of doubt lowers over all. Men's eyes are dim, and our teachers cast dust into them to make them more so, and do not endeavour to remove the scales from their hearers' eyes. Oh for ministers of the gospel who would be content to preach it in its simplicity, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven!

Christ says, "When the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Alas! where is faith to-day? Theologians are telling us not to take the Bible *literally*, but according to the spirit of the age in which we live. The world is stretching out its hand to the church of Christ, and saying, "Enter into a confederacy with us: stand not so far off. Come with us, and *we* will do you good. With our *innocent* amusements we will cheer your hearts, and do you no harm; only you must not put your doctrines of grace and holiness too forward, or they might mar our pleasure." Thus the truth is pushed back, and worldly recreation is pushed forward: a compromise is arrived at, and the landmark is removed. It is now difficult to know which is the City of Peace and which is Vanity Fair. Bishops have told their flocks that they may go to the theatre so long as the play is respectable. Our Nonconformist pulpits are in danger; for many of the occupants speak with an uncertain sound, and they have not the faith or the courage to stand up and say, "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Smooth-tongued preachers dare not attack error, and tell their people plainly to believe *nothing* which is not authorized by the Word of God.

If God says that the state of the sinner is to be the same for ever as death finds him, then *surely it is true*, and it does not require our foolish thoughts and feelings to add new doubts and questionings. What if we do not understand it? Can our finite knowledge alter the facts as declared by the infinite and infallible Lord? Surely not. Thousands and thousands to-day are walking in utter darkness, regardless of the precipice which they are slowly but surely approaching. Many are piping to them and luring them on. Is there no one to call to them to stop? Will all be silent, or even assure the victim that there is no danger?

Not only is truth forsaken in the large towns, but in village after village no beacon lights are found to warn life's mariner of his danger, save here and there in the despised cottage meeting, or in the little chapel presided over by the toiling but gospel-loving local preacher. Some may hold these remarks up to ridicule, but I believe them to be sadly true; and if they will lead any of the truly faithful to stand up for the truth I shall feel thankful to have written them. This is not a time when even a feeble voice should be silent.

S.

A Winter Experience.

BY BOSTON W. SMITH.

WHAT say you to a missionary trip over the prairies, and into the woods of Minnesota? The spirit in the thermometer is playing in the neighbourhood of *thirty degrees below zero.* After a morning's ride over the Manitoba Railway, we are met at the little railroad station of A. by good Deacon D. The span of four-year-old colts are wild to be off on the winter road over the prairie; the deacon holds the restless animals with a firm grasp, akin to that with which he clings to his Baptist faith; the cutter is so full of robes and blankets that we wonder where ourselves and satchels can be stowed; the arrowy wind with its keen barbs warns us to enter the little station-shanty for shelter; the deacon shouts to us from his furry nest:

"Put on your wraps in double-quick time and in double-thick folds; the air is quite fresh this afternooon."

We pull our fur-cap down over our ears and forehead—the latter the mark at which Jack Frost aims his most fatal arrows—we button our buffalo-coat clear down to our ankles; and with thick boots over two pairs of woollen socks, outside of which are heavy overshoes, we finish our winter toilet by drawing on our beaver mittens.

"You must pardon this cold reception," cheerily chirps the deacon from his nest; "but the colts wouldn't stand long in this wind without a man holding the lines. Pull up that collar, my brother, if you don't want to stop at the first house to thaw out your cheeks."

We instantly comply with the good man's request. In some mysterious way, the great pile of robes covering the deacon opens, our satchels are pushed under the seat, and we occupy the deacon's comfortable cutter.

Away fly the span of colts, and we at once detect pride in horse-flesh as the deacon's besetting sin—a most comfortable one, by the way, when we anticipate our prairie drive of eight miles before stopping. Our conversation is carried on in an old style Methodist way, the merry chime of bells upon each of the colts making it necessary.

"See that house?" shouted the deacon. We exercise our lungs affirmatively.

"Well," the good man informs us, "the man who lives there has not been inside of a church for more than fifty years; and, what's more, we can't get him out to meeting."

Notwithstanding our warm wrappings, the Minnesota air has gotten its teeth into various parts of our physical make-up during our ride of four miles; so we propose a little missionary work with this long-standing absentee from gospel privileges. The deacon thinks it will be "a waste of words," but says: "I guess it is warmer inside; so we'll go."

Driving up to the barn, we discover the hardened non-church-goer chopping wood; he leaves the axe in one end of the log, and comes to welcome us to his home. We warm our cold bodies by the kitchen, parlour, and sitting-room stove combined, while our host chats about this being "the coldest winter since '57." He is one of those eastern

men who have come to the North-west for the sole purpose of making money, and has accomplished his mission; his wealth is his god, which has starved his soul.

We kindly suggest reading a few verses from God's word, and engaging in prayer; consent is given. What mean those anxious eyes turned toward the reader? All that this world gives fails to satisfy the longings of one so hardened by sin. We kneel to ask the Lord to visit this home, "to seek and save the lost." Not being a minister, we venture a bit of our experience when, as a business man, the Lord's word, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" came to us, and "set our affections on things above." We notice tears in the poor man's eyes as he looks into ours; and we pray God's Spirit to abide with him; we invite Satan's rich man to the gospel meetings that we are to hold in the recently dedicated Baptist meeting-house, and leave with him several gospel tracts to preach silent sermons, if he fails to accept our invitation.

The wind is even keener than when we entered the house; but four miles yet remain before we reach the deacon's home. What a sweep the wind has over these prairies! The snow drifts, so that the road is lost; two great sun-dogs are following the fast-setting sun; the colts seem to anticipate the farther falling of the thermometer, and hasten still more their now almost flying speed. Just at nightfall we see a light in the window for the deacon; and right rejoiced are we at the prospect of so soon being under shelter. With frosted hands and feet, we leave the cutter, to receive a cordial welcome from the deacon's wife, who administers to us such remedies as shall again start the circulation of our chilled blood.

The deacon's is one of the few really comfortable homes the missionary finds on the frontier, and where he feels that "the lines are fallen to him in a pleasant place."

Elder W. calls in just after our delicious cup of tea has disappeared. He has stood northern winters for many years, and asks our opinion of this weather. We answer in the monosyllable, "COLD." It is our first winter in Minnesota. The Elder looks at us curiously, and wonders how the Society came to appoint such a man as missionary in such a climate, and secretly resolves to try the stuff of which we are made, and says:

"To-morrow morning we'll make a few calls, if you are willing."

We express our willingness.

The Elder gone, the deacon's eldest daughter takes from the bookcase Bibles and hymn-books for all the family, and we join in their evening worship. We retire with a heart thankful that some places out on the frontier are little Edens to the missionary.

In the morning, after breakfast, Henry, the deacon's firstborn, reports: "The coldest of the season—*thirty-eight degrees below zero.*"

"Will the Elder want to make those calls?" we silently ask ourselves. Of course he will; and by eight o'clock he is at the deacon's *afoot* to take us out for several morning calls.

Owing to God's goodness, we are the possessors of a fur outfit; and in this we soon hide ourselves, only our eyes being visible.

"All ready, Elder," we report; and out into the cold world we go.

"The first place," the preacher informs us, "is about a mile and a-half up the road."

Being so securely sheltered, we rather enjoy the bracing air, and trudge along by the Elder's side, while the only sounds to be heard are our footsteps on the crisp snow.

"This *is* a stinger, and no mistake," remarks the preacher; adding, "perhaps it's *too cold for you?*"

"Oh, no, Elder," we reply, cheerfully; "very comfortable indeed this morning."

On we go, the Elder clapping his hands together to warm them every now and then. Arriving at our destination, we remove our wraps—the preacher not daring to go too near the stove to thaw out his left ear and also his fingers. We remove our cap, and throw open our buffalo-coat, to find our body all aglow, as if it were June instead of January.

We find here a poor family, nearly all sick, and scarcely able to be about. On the bed is an old gray-haired man, suffering with heart disease; he is a sceptic, and is known as such throughout the neighbourhood—"almost a hopeless case," the Elder has told us. We suggest singing and prayer; the family are willing; we sing one of the gospel hymns, and tears come into the sceptic's eyes; he is too weak to speak, but motions us to go on. We sing another verse, and kneel in prayer, and as we leave, say to him:

"If we do not see each other again on earth, may we meet in that better land!" He whispered, with tears filling his eyes, "Oh, yes!"

"This visit has not been in vain," the Elder says, as we leave the door; "the old gentleman has never before shown that anything of a spiritual character ever touched his heart."

"Then, Elder," we say, "this is not such a hopeless case, after all."

Out into the winter again, the good man says:

"It is almost too cold to make any more calls to-day. We'll go home."

We gently remark that we are not suffering from the cold; and he says he don't know when the cold has taken hold of *him* as it has this morning. We go home.

This evening we hold a gospel meeting in the church. The weather has moderated a little, and before half-past seven the little church is filled with people, some having come as far as six miles to hear the gospel; some of them walking the distance. The field is ripe for the harvest. While "the old, old story" is told and sung, one and another among the audience are seen with tearful eyes. The Holy Spirit is moving upon their hearts. We ask:

"Are there any here to-night who realize that they are lost souls out of Christ? If so, are you willing to stand on your feet one moment, to let us know that you want to be saved?"

All over the church are men, women, and children rising. We close the meeting, inviting all who desire, to remain to the inquiry meeting. A dozen souls decide for Christ before leaving the house. As we go out of the door, a rough-looking but very tender-hearted farmer, who loves the Lord Jesus, says to us:

"I wish you would come out to my place. I live in a little log shanty that is hardly worth calling a house; but I have some children whose souls are not saved; and they might be reached by your singing some of those gospel songs."

We tell him to look for us to-morrow afternoon. As the time draws near, the Elder calls in his sleigh; after a cold drive for several miles over the prairie, we near a little hut almost hid beneath the sods with which it is banked; the only place for light to enter is a window where only one or two panes of glass are visible. We enter and find one of poverty's homes; there is but one room in the house; four beds are in the four corners, where at night sleep the father, mother, and seven children—the oldest boy fifteen, and the youngest a babe, not two months old. In this home, we talk of what Jesus has done for lost sinners, and the children's hearts are reached by the simple story of the gospel. We leave some copies of "Our Little Ones" for the smaller children; and smiles spread over the little faces as this gem of a paper gladdens their hearts. One bright little fellow has learned his letters almost entirely from the manufacturers' names on the kitchen stove which warms the house, and is quite proud to be able to point out for us the letters, J E S U S, and is glad to have us tell him that Jesus loves him. We leave a number of happy hearts in this humble home.

When we are comfortably settled under the buffalo robes, the Elder says:—

"Isn't that one of the most poverty-stricken homes you have ever seen?"

We remark that we have seen poorer ones, because in some we have visited there has not been a single Christian in the family. But, so far as this world's goods are concerned, we must admit to the Elder that a very poor man lives in the hut we have just left.

"Well," says the Elder, "let me tell you a little about this poor man. When we began building our meeting-house, no one thought this man could help us at all; but, one day, he called on Deacon B——, and said he must help all he could, and put his name down for *one hundred dollars.* The deacon thought the poor man had lost his senses, until he said:—

"Yes, deacon, it is the Lord's house, and I must give to him, if I come to the poor-house; but I know I shall not. I can sell ten of my twenty acres of timber land for a hundred dollars, and I'll give it to the Lord."

"The deacon immediately increased his subscription to the building fund, when this example of self-sacrifice came to his notice."

We can only say to the Elder, "He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully."

"In that house," says the Elder, pointing to a frame shanty covered with tarred paper, "lives old Bill H., the wickedest man in the county. He was at meeting last night, and sat in the back seat. Nobody in this neighbourhood has anything to do with him; not even the ministers who work in his county."

"We'll go and call on him a few minutes," we say to the Elder.

"We haven't time now," says the preacher.

"Yes, we have all the time there is."

The door opens to our knock. Such a picture as greets our eyes! In a cradle, made of a soap box, is a little one, not a year old, with the whooping cough; the mother, with an infant at her breast, rocks the

cradle. She is the living picture of despair, all worn and tired from watching with her sick ones. Two boys in the corner are suffering with the mumps, while another is helpless from rheumatism.

The keen winter air comes whistling into the house, while the father replenishes the fire with green wood, and all suffer with cold until the fuel has had time to take fire. Twisted newspaper has been used to stop the cracks, through which the cold comes so keenly. Brown wrapping paper curtains the window which admits the light to this wretched home.

We distribute pictures and cards to the numerous little folks, and suggest to the father and mother a season of singing and prayer. Why do the tears start into the eyes of this father and mother as we sing—

"There is a fountain filled with blood"?

We tell of God's wonderful love to guilty and lost sinners, and kneel to pray in a home where prayer has never been offered before. How heartily this "wickedest man" and his wife thank us for this call, and promise to turn unto the Lord and seek forgiveness now! The Elder is very silent the rest of the way home.

"This afternoon we'll go over to Oak Grove Sunday-school," says the Elder, on Sunday morning.

His school meets in the morning, and resolves this year to use only Baptist literature; a collection is taken for the society's missionary work, and though small in amount, it is cheerfully given. We address the school upon some points in the lesson which will direct their thoughts toward Christ as their Saviour.

At one o'clock we start for the frontier Sunday-school in the woods —a four-mile drive over the bleak prairie. The thermometer *thirty-five degrees below zero*, and the wind blowing a gale, are indicative of the "weather probabilities." At the end of two miles, the Elder thinks we ought not to have started, and suggests turning back; but we unwisely suggest that since we have started, let's go through. The sun is closely watched by two great sun-dogs, and we run very great risk to go in the face of their warning. But we believe the real reason the Elder suggested this trip is to "try what stuff we are made of," and we are slightly proud to show him.

We reach the little log school-house in the friendly shelter of the woods, to find the faithful superintendent and seven pupils awaiting us. We hold a short gospel service, and start for home, as the Elder says:

"We *must* get home before night overtakes us, or we shall perish on the prairie."

There is a deep earnestness about the way in which he speaks that gives us a most uncomfortable feeling.

Leaving the woods, we find the wind full in our faces, and so bitter cold that the water running from our eyes freezes upon our cheeks. The snow has drifted; the road is hid; night is coming on; we urge our tired little pony forward; we cannot keep the road; but the Elder cheerfully announces that "he knows every foot of the ground." We drive over fences and fields; the sun sinks into a dark cloud-bank; darkness approaches. We hurry our pony; the dark cloud in the south-west comes rapidly toward us; as we come in sight of the Elder's house, the blizzard

catches us. We cannot see six feet before us, the snow is so blinding; we are almost frozen; the Elder holds a tight line over his faithful pony; suddenly the animal stops. We leave the sleigh to find that we are at the Elder's back-door. The storm increases in fury; the thermometer sinks to *forty degrees below zero;* the pony is sheltered and fed; while we are comfortably cared for by the Elder's family, who feared we had perished on the prairie. We thank God that we are again safely sheltered from the Minnesota blizzard.—*From "Spicy Breezes from Minnesota Prairies."*

Covering the Clocks' Faces.

IN Mentone, on Christmas-day, the shop-keepers' clocks, which on ordinary days tell the public the time, were religiously (?) covered over with boards or canvas that completely hid their faces from view. They were apparently going as usual, for their owners did not seem to consider there was anything wrong about their working so long as they were not *seen* to work, like certain people who put up their shutters, and close their doors on the Lord's-day, and yet balance their books, or labour at their occupations, all the while that their neighbours suppose them to be resting or worshipping God.

It would never have struck us that a clock was committing either a mortal or a venial sin by telling the time *even on such a holy day as December 25th;* but some persons have curious consciences! On the Sabbath, the day set apart by the Lord to be kept holy. the faces and hands of these clocks were exposed, their possessors' shops were opened, and business was carried on just as on week-days. Thus are the commandments of God rejected while the traditions of men are scrupulously observed. We wondered what would have happened if the clocks had been what bishops must not be, *i. e.*, strikers. Perhaps the bells would have been muffled; for it would surely be as great a sin to *hear* the tick of the pendulum, or the stroke of the bell, as to *see* the movement of the hands. It is wrong for a man to "go on tick" any day; those who "go out on strike" generally rue the day; but we should have thought that a clock might go on ticking and striking as long as the sun kept on shining and the stars continued twinkling, and that, in the case of the clock, as well as in other cases, the rule would hold good—the better the day the better the deed.—J. W. H.

Losing an Affliction.

THERE was a good man that had got so much good by his afflictions that he counted it his greatest affliction to want an affliction; and therefore he would sometimes cry out, "O my friends, I have lost an affliction! I have lost an affliction!"—*Thomas Brooks.*

Peter Hay.

A NARRATIVE OF IMPRISONMENT IN A COAL-MINE.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, OF ADDLESTONE.

WORK in coal-mines has ever been a hazardous calling, and it is so still. Half a century ago, however, the dangers were far greater than now; or, at least, the dangers were not so well understood, and the means of prevention were also less generally known. A list of all the casualties by explosion of gas, inundation, and other catastrophes in mines during the present century, would represent an amount of suffering and misery truly appalling.

Miners, and especially colliers, are judged by very many to be a vicious, vulgar, and dissolute set of people. This is true enough of large numbers; but it is also true, as the writer can state from his own knowledge, that among the mining class there are to be found—and in ever-increasing numbers—men of upright, honest, and irreproachable character; men of intelligence and solid worth, men who fear God and serve him and their generation according to his will. South Wales and Cornwall would, perhaps, furnish the most numerous specimens of the men we refer to, unless Scotland may be said to take precedence. It is well known, too, that the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley was remarkably successful among the Kingswood colliers. Forty or fifty years ago, however, the number of Christian miners was few in comparison with the present number; but there were even then some noble specimens of earnest, humble, intelligent, and faithful Christians among that very useful class of men. One of these—a Scotchman, whose Christian principles and faith, and their influence for good, as well as the proof of their value in the time of trial, are faithfully narrated in the following story of patient endurance and merciful deliverance—was Peter Hay.

Near the junction of the Musselburgh and Dalkeith Railway is a coal-pit, then known as the High Pressure Pit. On 9th March, 1839, the sides of this pit suddenly gave way, and fell in. The collapse was so great that the shaft was filled up to within sixty yards of the surface. Happily there were only thirteen persons—nine men and four women—in the pit at the time, so that the catastrophe might have been far more terrible and widely disastrous in its results. For the thirteen imprisoned ones it was bad enough, as, the shaft being closed with such a mass of material, there was apparently no way of escape and no means of communication with those above ground, so as to apprise them of their actual position.

When the accident happened the women were at work carrying rubbish, which Peter Hay was depositing so as to fill up the vacancies caused by the removal of the coals. The rest of the men were variously employed in the construction of a road, excepting one of them, George Pride by name, who was occupied in the removal of water from the bottom of the pit, where it had accumulated to the depth of two feet.

They were all busy at work when, between nine and ten o'clock at night, George Pride came from the bottom of the pit to his companions in the greatest alarm. The pit, he said, was giving way. A dropping

of loose earth and stones, repeated at intervals, and increasing from time to time, had thus filled him with consternation.

One of the men treated the subject very lightly at first, and continued at his work, but upon second thoughts he joined Peter and two others, who accompanied George Pride to the scene of the threatening danger. While on their way the sides of the pit fell in with three tremendous crashes, which resounded through the mine like sevenfold thunder. In addition to the noise there was a current of air of such force that one man was thrown against the wall of the pit and his face cut severely, while Peter and two others were thrown down into the water. The latter soon recovered themselves, and Peter ran to the wounded man, whose face was streaming with blood.

"Peter, Peter," said he, "what is to become of us now? We'll never see our wives and bairns mair!"

"Don't fear, John," said Peter, "I hope we shall see them yet."

But certainly there was cause for alarm, and none of them could help strong fears; for they knew that they were buried some three hundred and sixty feet beneath the surface, with no food, no means of communication with the outside world, and every avenue of the pit, so far as they knew, closed against them.

There was, however, one very small gleam of hope remaining, though only one, and that very, very precarious. They knew that an adjoining mine, called the Black Dean Pit, which had been disused for years, was connected with the High Pressure Pit by a narrow passage, about a mile in length. If the aperture on their side should prove to be open, and the narrow passage not entirely choked with rubbish or filled with water, they might possibly find their way into the Black Dean, and so escape; but the probability was very small, and, in any case, the difficulties very great. And if this way of escape were impossible, there was nothing before them but a lingering death from cold and starvation. The only alternative, then, was to try the passage to the Black Dean. This, therefore, they resolved to do at once.

The door of this passage, known as the air-gate, was soon broken open, and some of the men entered the passage. They had not proceeded far, however, before a mass of rock stopped their progress. They set to work to effect a clearance. Picks and shovels were of little use, for the passage was narrow and low, so wedges, punches, and malls were employed for four or five hours, but with little success.

Peter himself had remained behind with some of the men and the women. After a space of some hours he went to see how matters were proceeding. To his inquiry he received a very discouraging answer.

"Go back, Peter, and tell the other men to yoke at the pit's bottom, and see if they can clear that, for this is completely choked up. It will never do. There is no air."

"Is there no appearance of any opening?"

"No, Peter; it is as close as the wall's face."

So Peter went back, and he and the rest of the men went to work at the bottom of the pit, if possible to clear a passage there. They worked on until word was brought that a small opening had been made in the passage to the Black Dean. The men below then joined their comrades in the air-gate, cheered with the news which somewhat

revived their hope. The hole, however, was very small, only allowing of their crawling on their hands and knees. But they went on, creeping and groping their way, until they came to water, into which one of them fell up to his chin. The air was now so bad that four of their five lights went out, and breathing was very difficult. They were compelled therefore to retire, when they all went to work again at the pit's bottom. But here, too, they encountered the bad air, which put out all their lights, the only one remaining being that at the place where they were working when the accident happened. To this place therefore they returned as to their headquarters. Here the whole party remained for some time in composed silence, some of them at least lifting up the heart to God for help and deliverance, and for grace and strength to prepare them for the worst. This particular part of the mine came to be consecrated as a Bethel by their prayers and worship, and, doubtless, there they realized the presence of him who appeared to the lonely sojourner as he wended his way to Padan-aram, and who afterwards appeared to him as "the God of Bethel."

That the reader may be helped to conceive somewhat more accurately the circumstances of these poor imprisoned ones, it may be mentioned that their "Bethel" was a space which had been hollowed out of the coal seam, fourteen feet by eighteen in extent, and only three and a half feet high. Standing erect was therefore out of the question.

After sitting some time in silence, one of the men (John Nicolson) proposed that they should all unite in prayer, and that thus they should seek to prepare themselves for the death which seemed inevitable.

It is well known that the practice of catechetical instruction in the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and the committing to memory passages of Holy Writ, have been pursued in Scotland far more generally than in England, where, of late years, the use of Scripture catechisms has almost entirely ceased, without, in most cases, any adequate substitute. The advantage of the former system, of the benefit of which the writer himself can speak, was manifest in these, as it seemed, poor death-doomed miners. Some of the men and women were specially well acquainted with the Bible, and many of the precious promises of God were repeated for their mutual encouragement. One man in particular, Jamieson Bennett, had expressed strong faith in God's care and grace. The women, too, were sometimes full of hope, especially one Betsy Campbell, though even she would sometimes betray the poignant feelings of the mother, saying she should "never see her twa puir bairns mair."

But now they were all composed and quieted for this the first prayer-meeting in their Bethel, which they commenced by singing the first four verses of Psalm xx., Scotch paraphrase—

> "Jehovah hear thee in the day
> When trouble he doth send;
> And let the name of Jacob's God
> Thee from all ill defend." &c.

Then Peter Hay led them in prayer, by which they were all cheered and strengthened. They then sat and conversed together on the Scriptures, the state of their souls, and their hopes for another world, now and then pathetically referring to their loved ones at home.

This ended, a few of the men volunteered to go again to the air-gate leading to the Black Dean Pit, to see if there were any prospects of relief coming from that quarter. They thought it not impossible that an exploring party might have been sent down into the old pit to work their way towards them in the direction of the air-gate. The poor fellows hallooed and shouted for a long time, but there was no response, only the echoes of their voices, and no sign or sound of help coming. They therefore returned to their comrades with the dismal tidings, when every one seemed to think that hope and help from man were past and gone for ever. The shaft of the pit where they were was closed against them; the Black Dean Pit was inaccessible; hence there seemed nothing less than a lingering death before them. No wonder that some of them were greatly cast down.

To relieve their minds they resumed the conversation. One of them—Peter himself, it may be assumed—more cheerful than the rest, reminded them that their case was not altogether hopeless. "While there is life there is hope," said he. "Besides, let us rejoice that we have a God that is the hearer of prayer, whenever his children cry to him, wherever they may be. For though we are shut up in the bowels of the earth, yet he is able to hear us when we call upon him; and he can both hear and deliver us. He is the same God 'yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' He is without variableness or the shadow of turning. Let us remember the wonderful deliverance he wrought for the Israelites, when he opened a way through the Red Sea, that they might escape from the Egyptians. There were insurmountable mountains on both hands, the roaring sea before, and the pursuing enemy behind. When refuge failed them, and deliverance seemed to be impossible, then it was they heard the Lord saying to Moses, 'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.' 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Let us not despair. Let us rather resign ourselves to his will and pleasure. Let us be putting ourselves in a posture fit for death, and, with the highest resignation, submit ourselves to whatever seems to him to be best for us."

Thus did he seek to quiet and strengthen the minds of his companions, and his own, by leading them to stay themselves upon the Lord. And there was no small need that they should thus take heart, for, at this juncture, their remaining lights went out, the air being too bad to allow of their burning.

This seemed at the time a great calamity, as they were left in utter darkness; but it turned out in the end to be all for the best.

One of the men improved the occasion by remarking that, though they might never see each other again in this world, they hoped to meet in the New Jerusalem, where the sun would never go down, nor the moon withdraw her shining, but where the Lord God and the Lamb would shine for ever, and fill the city and every inhabitant with the light of everlasting glory.

We may interpose here, where, for convenience sake, we make a pause in the narrative, an interesting incident in relation to five of the fourteen men who were shut up in a coal pit near Pontyprid, Glamorganshire, in the month of April, 1877.

"These five men, when shut up in the pit, and expecting soon to die

by starvation or drowning, took, as they thought, a last farewell of each other, singing together, in their Welsh tongue, a hymn, of which the following translation has been given :—

'In the deep and mighty waters
There is none to hold my head,
But my only Saviour Jesus,
Who was slaughtered in my stead.
He, a friend, in Jordan's river,
Holding up my fainting head ;
With his smile I go rejoicing
Through the regions of the dead.'" *

(To be continued.)

Pastor Paul Rabaut.

BY W. L. LANG.

FROM the numerous family diaries kept by members of the persecuted Huguenot Church in France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it has been possible to construct a worthy biography of this loyal minister of Christ. It would require a Book of Martyrs ten times as large as those of Foxe and Crespin together to do anything like justice to the terrible sufferings of even the pastors only of the Churches in the Desert, as those on the right bank of the Rhône were called. Few English Christians know that more blood has been spilled in persecution of the servants of Christ in France than in all the other European states put together. The subject of this sketch, however, did not suffer death for the Master, except in so far as his experience was in accord with that of Paul, who confessed that he "died daily." But he suffered the extremest forms of poverty and shame, and lived as a stranger in his native land.

Paul Rabaut was the son of a humble cloth manufacturer. At the age of twenty, he was called to the perilous office of pastor of a Desert Church. How great was the danger of that position may be inferred fram the fact, that not more than a dozen of the leading pastors escaped death by fire, the sword, or the galleys. Louis XV. sent pastors and people to the galleys by thousands; the fates of 1550 of these sufferers for Christ's sake have been tabulated. Useful as was his ministry, and honoured as is his name, Rabaut owed neither to scholastic education. Six months at the College at Lausanne, after a meagre course at a night school, after he was seventeen years of age, served this truly great servant of God. If a reason for his remarkable success as a pastor must be given, the much-frequented throne of grace amply supplies it. His biographers, however, honourably mention that this modern Timothy was indebted for help in the things of God to a Eunice and a Lois. These facts unfold the secret of his great power over audiences often numbering ten thousand persons. How would the

* Tract No. 1251, by the present writer; also "Sunday at Home," 1877. R. T. S., 56, Paternoster Row.

Protestant churches of France sing loud hallelujahs if at the present day they could behold such gatherings!

After six years of pastoral work, Rabaut was privileged to meet Antoine Court, a kindred spirit, known still as the "Nehemiah" of the Churches of the Desert. A friendship sprang up between these two leaders of the persecuted churches, which lasted until the end of their lives. Both were speakers at the National Synod of 1744, at which a day of fasting and prayer was ordained to seek the protection of God upon their king, and that success might attend the French army in the war with England. True Christian patriots these, who could thus plead, after the terrible wrongs perpetrated in that king's name by his priestly myrmidons.

On more than one occasion Rabaut escaped from the officers sent to disperse his congregations by a ruse, which was generally followed by such gatherings, when surprised in the "illegal" act of worshipping God according to their consciences. This was the plan usually adopted:—Upon the entry of the troops (who were usually led by a priest), the people would crowd into the aisles of the building, and so impede the passage, while the ministers—they usually travelled by twos—made good their escape by a preconcerted plan. This led to the whole congregation being deported, as hostages for the escaped ministers, to work in chains in the galleys at Toulon. The authorities evidently shared the belief of Rabaut's own people, that he had a charmed life. That such a man, to whom prayer was indeed "his vital breath," should be so preserved, only attested the sure promise. The methods of his persecutors seemed rather to take the form of compromise than of force; for they saw clearly that if harm came to him it would be a political blunder. They therefore tried to induce him to leave France, in which case they offered to release a young pastor, Jean Fabre (who had been then eight years at the galleys), as a substitute for his aged father. Much as Rabaut desired to save his friend from an existence so terrible, his position left no place for argument or compromise; therefore he was obliged to reject this bait, and answer *non possumus*. Then the bribe was increased, other prisoners were to be released with Jean Fabre; but Rabaut still refused to yield even to this pressure put upon his personal affections. He deemed it to be his duty to keep his own hands clean, while he persisted in affirming the liberty to preach the word, in season and out of season, to be a right with which no earthly power had any authority for interfering. His haughty answer, as it was called, soon brought down upon him, afresh and with heavier weight, the iron heel of the law, by his being made to behold three pastors, well known to him, torn from his side and gibbeted before the eyes of their respective congregations. Two of them were not more than twenty-six years of age, the other threescore-and-ten. This exasperated the Cévennes to a revolt, and but for the appearance upon the scene of "Moses" Rabaut, as he was called, it would have increased to immense proportions. He seems always to have had ready a Scriptural liturgy of peace. Whether this was written, or whether the continual persecution to which he was subjected kept such texts alive in his memory, we are not told; but it sufficed for him to call the enraged people together, and to read or recite Matt. x. 16—42: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the

midst of wolves," &c.; then adding Luke xii. 51—53: "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth?" &c.; closing with Luke vi. 20—38: "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God"; gently leading their minds to the verses which enjoin and illustrate love to our enemies.

The very judges who condemned these persecuted people wept while they passed sentence. At last the whole Protestant population fled to the open country under the leadership of Rabaut, taking refuge in the mountainous district in the centre of France, for fear that the priests should take their children by force and make them Catholics.

Among the many hair-breadth escapes of Paul Rabaut, the most notable happened on his return from conducting an open assembly in the country. An officer with ten men suddenly surrounded him and a young pastor who journeyed with him; but thinking that the young man was the more worthy prize, and that it would be difficult to conduct both in safety, he released the elder, Rabaut. His companion was hanged, and Rabaut, referring to it, says that his escape was the more remarkable as, at the time, six thousand francs were offered for his head. After that episode the head money was increased to twenty thousand francs, and, instead of being hanged, he was to be broken on the wheel; so angry were the wire-pulling priests at Court on missing their victim, for whose blood they thirsted after a hellish fashion. Rabaut records his amusement on reading the description of "the heretic" on the public walls of the towns and villages through which he wandered. He saw that his teeth were special marks of identification, one being conspicuous by its absence in front, while another was not in line with the rest.

While playing this unpleasant game of hide-and-seek he frequently changed his name, and often his dress. His favourite *nom de plume*, "M. Paul Tuabar," a simple anagram of his real name, is used even now in the Cévennes district, as a jocular phrase. After he lost the young pastor from his side, he was always escorted by a body-guard of young men, who acted as scouts for him, many of whom paid for this faithful service with their lives. For fear of being deprived of market privileges, which was the common penalty of the Protestants, a shepherd betrayed him when resting in a rocky cave, where sheep were wont to seek shelter; but one of these "Jonathans" overheard the bargain of this Judas, and warned the object of their care.

Rabaut sent many letters to high functionaries at the Court at Versailles, with the design of thereby reaching the ear of the king; but interception was an art in those days. Hearing that the Minister of War was about to come south on a tour of inspection, he boldly determined to present himself to him in person. This was an extremely hazardous undertaking; but it seems that with Rabaut such things as consequences were altogether outside the sphere of his consideration.

The words of our hymn will express the feeling by which he was always inspired:—

> "Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
> 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide."

The dignitary and the humble but fearless pastor met in a quiet part of the road. Heedless of the guard, Rabaut approached the official

carriage; and holding up in his hand a roll of paper, which the guards possibly mistook for one of the official reports, which were being handed to the Minister all along the line of route, he shouted that he had something to give the Minister. The carriage was ordered to be stopped, while the document was being received. It was quickly consigned to a basket, with other papers. Quickly, too, the Minister asked to be informed of its contents. "It is a copy of a letter which your Excellency should have received in June last, and I flattered myself that, from your Excellency's known generosity and kindness, its subject would have commended itself to you," was Rabaut's quick response. "Who are you, then?" said the Minister. "I am Paul, Monseigneur. and I desire to pay my respects personally to you," Rabaut replied. "Are you not Paul Rabaut, then?" was the direct question of the Minister. "I am indeed the same, Monseigneur, my respects to you," said the bold pastor. "Ah! I have heard speak of you," said the Minister, with a smile, which betokened a sympathy for him. He then tried to read the letter which he had received, but the light of the moon would not admit of it; so, folding it up, and putting it into his pocket, he made Rabaut a very polite bow, and bade him adieu—Rabaut, on his part, wishing his newly-made acquaintance *bon voyage*. Mounting his horse, he returned to his home with much thanksgiving to God, and prayer for success upon his bold effort to seek an amelioration of the wretched condition of his fellow-Christians. The only known result, however, was that he was summoned to Versailles, and had several interviews with the Prince of Conti, who was most favourably impressed with Rabaut's appeal, and confessed that the pastor's statements of the diabolical doings of local governors, acting in the king's name, surprised him. But the hands of this Minister also were too closely tied by priestly "back-stairs" influence for his sympathy to take a practical form.

Rabaut's friends were hanged, burned, or banished on every side, but he remained steadfast, and continued his work of preaching and teaching, to the great strengthening of the more humble members of his flock. One close friend, Jean Calas, of Toulouse, was hanged, being accused of strangling his son, whose mind had been so depressed by the terrible inquisitorial scenes which he daily witnessed, that he committed suicide by hanging himself. Nor did the persecutors of Calas stop there; their malignity was such that they proposed to the local functionary, who had so meekly, and perhaps he thought piously, served their purposes by hanging the father in the morning, that he should also hang the mother and the sons before sundown; "that," to use their horrible words, "the whole family might sup together down below that evening." Appeal, sufficient to delay the execution of so diabolical a project, was put in motion, and the sentence, though recorded, was not carried out, notwithstanding the three years' hard struggle of the priests to secure its execution. Voltaire, who then resided in Geneva, hearing of the case, hastened to Toulouse, and took away the sons of Calas to his home, the mother remaining in suspense in prison. During the three years that followed, Voltaire threw into the advocacy of the case of this unhappy family all his means, and mental resources. When the news of the success of his efforts arrived at his home, he embraced

the younger son of the martyr with a warmth unusual even for a Frenchman. This was genuine emotion, for in speaking of the incident to a friend in after years, he said that he seldom felt a joy comparable to that which the three years' effort had yielded him. How often he longed for the repetition of it! but, alas! he took the wrong road to find it. Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to recover, from among the lost diaries of those humble people, an incident which sheds at least one redeeming ray of light across the life of this unhappy philosopher.

The old pastor lived to see the deposition and terrible fate of the weak monarch, who paid the penalty of his life for subservience to the demons in priestly garb, whose lives were spent in scheming against the followers of Christ. But Rabaut fared no better at the hands of the National Convention, to which his eldest son was elected as the representative for his native city of Nîmes. This brave, bright son, John Paul Etienne, suffered death at the instance of the fierce spirits who had seized the helm of State. He could not brook their continued plottings against all that savoured of religion and good order; and one day, during a debate upon the doings of Louis XVI., he rose in his place, and said, "I am weary of my share of the present tyranny, and I sigh for the period when a national tribunal will oblige us to lay aside both the forms and manners of despots." Words worthy of the son of such a sire; but they were sufficient evidence in the eyes of the "Reds" to send him to the scaffold as a holocaust to their hatred of religion and its professors. His father never recovered this severe blow, and a strange admixture of circumstances fell to his lot in his closing days. He saw accorded to his previously hunted congregations full liberty to worship God after their own heart, and he was even privileged to open a monastic church at Nîmes as a Protestant sanctuary. He concluded the dedication prayer on that occasion by a recital, on his own account, of Simeon's prayer: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c. But peace was evidently not to form a large part of Rabaut's experience; for he was called upon to obey the patrons of the "Goddess of Reason" in his ministrations. To an order of that kind the refusal was decisive and speedy. Such a rebuke from one whose Nonconformity they thought they had extinguished by their patronage, was unexpected, though it need not have been so. But Rabaut's grand loyalty to principle purchased for him under these rulers a greater indignity than had ever before fallen to his lot. He was taken from his bed, mounted on an ass, and made to ride on it backward to the fort of Nîmes by a ribald crowd. But he still refused to fall down before the image these modern Nebuchadnezzars had set up. In a dying state, he was soon removed to his own home, where he passed away on November 24th, 1794.

His remains were for greater security buried in the cellar of his dwelling, whence they were rescued from oblivion by the persevering exertions of an English clergyman, who, jealous for the memory of this brave servant of God, laboured first to find the body, and then to arouse his Protestant fellow-citizens at Nîmes to do the old pioneer of their present prosperous church the honour that is due to him. The authorities have on their part so fallen in with the project, that they have given his name to the new street, at the corner of which Rabaut's old house stood.

Death of John Maynard.

SORROW has fallen upon the Orphanage and the College, and sorrow of no common kind. John Maynard is smitten down with fever on the Congo, and his name is added to the roll of those who have laid down their lives for Jesus and Africa. Do not our friends remember "little Jack, the Orphan Boy," whose story was told in these pages in May 1884? He was beloved of all, and he went out to the Congo with our fervent prayers, and a certain speciality of high hope. News has come of his suddenly feeling the burning finger of the fever, and lying down to the last sleep. We are all sad. We are all bereaved.

This dear young man was first our child in the Orphanage, and there he became exceeding dear; for he was so devout, so gracious, so unobtrusive, and yet so manifestly to the front with moral and spiritual influence. It was Maynard who held the prayer-meetings, and yet he was always "little Johnny," and never thought of being anything else. It was half a temptation to wish that he might always be a boy, and for ever stop in the Orphanage to be a lump of salt to all the rest.

He found a good master in our esteemed friend Dr. Swallow, and his master found in him the best of servants. None will give Maynard a higher character than this good doctor, to whom he was first page, and then dispenser. Oh that all boys and girls and youths who profess religion were as faithful in their daily calling as was our John! It was a great loss to his employer, a loss which he much lamented, when John felt that he must leave and go to Africa. His scheme was that he would earn his bread as a chemist or dispenser in one of the English towns, and spend his leisure in learning some African language, and in speaking to the natives who might come to the colony to trade or to reside. This method he carried out with so much success that he was soon in a shop at Port Elizabeth, and on the outlook for work for his Master. This came in the form of a call to preach at Graaf Reinet, further up the country, where he endeared himself to English and Kaffirs, Fingoes and Hottentots.

His experience as a Pastor convinced him of the need of more education, and a more specific training, and this brought him home to England, and made him our son a second time by his admission into the College. There he was again all that we could desire: diligent and fervent, active and consecrated, decided and humble. We were not surprised when he volunteered for the Congo; for Africa was his first love, and he always intended to live for it in some way or other. He seemed just *the* man: partially acclimatized by having been in a semi-tropical climate, and doubly equipped by a knowledge of medicine as well as divinity. We rejoiced in having such a man to offer to the Baptist Mission.

He went, and his chosen wife was to follow him. She has gone, but when she arrives she will be a widow without ever having been a bride. The Lord comfort her, and cause this heavy grief to work lasting blessing to her in some unforeseen way!

Bowing our head in silent grief, we can only feel that the ways of the Lord must be right, and therefore his name must be praised.

The following letters derive special interest as being written home

by John Maynard to the orphans at Stockwell whom he loved as his brothers and sisters. Our young readers will be pleased with them, and they deserve to be on record in this magazine, which preserves the annals of the work of faith and labour of love of those who are associated with us in the Lord.

Underhill, Congo River, Dec. 24th, 1885.

Dear Mr. Charlesworth,—I have just been writing a letter to the boys. I at first thought of sending it to Mr. Evans to read to them, but it is hardly the kind of letter I should like read after their class lessons. I therefore send it to you; it is much longer than I had anticipated, but hope that it will not weary them.

You will be glad to know that thus far I have enjoyed excellent health on the Congo, though I am for the present settled at not the healthiest station; for it is here that most of our men have died, within a month or six weeks after arrival—Doke, Cottingham, and McMillan. I have attended several cases of fever with our boys and workmen on the station, and also the traders down river. I have also had a number of patients with ulcers, &c., before coming to Underhill. While at Borna I had to amputate a man's thumb, which was so completely smashed that it was impossible to do anything else with it. He was with me one month, when I dismissed him completely cured. I have here at present a royal patient—a king. His feet have been bad ever since he was a boy; he is now in middle life. When he came to me, both feet were a mass of ulcers; it was impossible to count the toes. Now, from a mass the size of a man's doubled fist, I have the toes normal and divided. He is on a fair way to recovery, though at first I almost despaired of his recovery.

Dear Mr. Charlesworth, I must now close, for if I get going into details of the work I shall make up another long letter.

With kindest regards to yourself, family, and all at the Orphanage known to me, I remain, yours very sincerely, JOHN MAYNARD.

Underhill, Congo River, Dec. 24th, 1885.

Dear Boys and Girls,—If you remember my promise to you through one of your Sunday-school teachers, you will be thinking it very strange that I have not written to you before; but when I tell you that I have only delayed writing so that I might have the more to tell you, I am sure you will overlook the delay.

My special reason for writing to-day is not that I have plenty of time to spare, but because I am thinking much of you. To-morrow is Christmas, and as I think of the many enjoyments you will have, your many presents of shillings, fruits, &c., your dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and then your hearty cheers, which will make the older people press their hands to their ears, I am reminded of days gone by, and of sixteen merry Christmases spent at the Stockwell Orphanage. To-morrow I shall think more of you while I am trying to make my fifteen little black boys as happy as I can. They will not have shillings, oranges, roast-beef, or three cheers, and three cheers repeated; but we will kill a pig for them, and make a plum-pudding as best we can.

And now for what news I have for you:—You will be glad to know that after a voyage of six weeks and six days I arrived at the mouth of the Congo River in safety. I will now tell you, in as few words as possible, about some of the places I visited, and what I saw; then, if I have time, I will tell you about the Congo River, and the people who live on its banks. The first place we called at was Madeira. As soon as our anchor was dropped, we were surrounded by small boats containing small boys, who amused us for some time by diving into the sea for money. Many of them could not have been more than five years of age. Threepence was the smallest piece of money they would dive for; but if you threw a shilling they would dive for it, and then swim down to the bottom of our ship and come up the other side. By the time these boys were tired we were tired also; then we went on shore. In London you are very often met by people

who ask for money; sometimes you are stopped several times in a day. But this is nothing to what it is at Madeira; as soon as you land you are surrounded by beggars—some men, some women and children, some blind and some lame. These follow you about the town, and if you enter a house, they will wait until you come out, unless you first give them money. For the most part the cause is the same as that in London, viz., strong drink. Seeing all this misery I was glad to hurry through the town, and get back to our ship. The streets are all paved with small stones; I suppose it is on account of this that there are no horses and carriages. Bullocks and sledges are used instead. After leaving Madeira we called at the Canary Islands, the home of our home-bird of song. The island in many parts is very barren, and not at all like what you would expect to see for the home of such a bird. Here we visited the Roman Catholic Church, the only church of any kind we could discover. Joined to the church we saw several cellars, often used as prisons. Some of them contained catacombs. One I saw empty, so I took the liberty of entering it. In the church itself there was nothing very special, unless it was that the font supposed to contain holy water seemed to me defiled by the many insects in it. I was glad to get out of this house of idolatry and filth to breathe the pure air of heaven. After leaving the Canary Islands we called at several places of little importance, such as Liberia, Gran Sess, Cape Palmas, Jack and Jack, and Half Jack. We then came to Accra, a town of growing importance. From here we have several men on the Congo helping us in our work. Here, as at other places, we were very much struck by the native canoes. They are made from the trunks of trees, simply scooped out and pointed at each end. They have no seats, the natives simply kneel or sit, and work with a paddle. Several times I saw them turn over, especially when some of our passengers threw things into the water; two or three would reach for it, and in doing so turn their canoes over. In one case a piece of pork was thrown to them. Several dived into the water for it; in doing so turned their canoes over, and, after all, lost it. Many of the natives came on board for the purpose of buying what are generally known as "top hats." These they would wear in their boats without taking the paper off which is put on to protect them, and I am told that they very often wear them in this way until they are quite worn out. In their boats they look very strange without clothing, with the exception of this hat, and perhaps a handkerchief tied round their waist. After Accra we came to Bonney. Here upon landing we found the place very swampy. In going from the beach to the town we had to be carried several times through swamps. When we got to the town, in the centre we saw what is called the Jusse house —the house of idols. It is filled up with the skulls and bones of men killed in battle, and also the images of fishes. At one time these were all worshipped by the people; but now they have heard of the true God, and every Sunday come to hear the story of the cross. As we were staying at Bonney over Sunday, we made up our minds to go on shore to the native church. Upon landing we were met by the minister, who asked kindly as to where we were going, and where we came from. When I said I came from Mr. Spurgeon's College he immediately said, "I wish you would preach for me; I have only just been talking to my people about Mr. Spurgeon, and they would, I know, like to hear you, as you come from him." It then wanted but a quarter-of-an-hour to service time, so that, at first thought, I hardly knew what to do. But I consented, and retired for the few minutes for thought and prayer. My congregation, as you might expect, was made up of black people, with the exception of the five missionaries who were with me. I had a very happy time in testifying for Jesus, and after the service received many hearty shakes of the hand and the prayers of about 600 people. As the people left the church I was very much struck to see them carry their Bibles and hymn-books on their heads. I afterwards found out that it is the custom for them to carry everything in this way. We next called at Old Calabar. Here I had the joy of meeting several missionaries belonging to the Presbyterian Mission. I will give you some of

the names because possibly some of you may have heard of them. There was Mr. Anderson, a very old gentleman, who has been there for many years; then there were Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, Mrs. Lyle and Miss Hogg, and also Mr. and Mrs. Luke, who came out in our ship. While at Old Calabar we visited the Mission at Creek Town. Here we saw Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Miss Edgerley and Miss Johnston, and Miss Thomas, from Cameroons. Having plenty of time to spare we visited King Ephraim and his sons, Princes George and Archibald. The King has a very nice house, but his taste for ornament is very peculiar. For instance, just above his throne he has one of Tom Smith's Christmas-cracker cards, the same as you very often see on show-boards in our London streets. This is only one instance of many; the houses of the princes are decorated in very much the same style. After visiting each, we visited the court-yards, around which small houses are erected for their wives—each of them have several. But the visit at Old Calabar which gave me most pleasure was that to the school; there were only about twenty boys present; but with old Mr. Anderson at their head, it was a very pleasing sight. In our presence he questioned them in Scripture; most of their answers were correct. After the questioning, he put them through some drill, such as you very often go through—"to the right," "turn," &c. We next called at Victoria and Cameroons; but as we only called for two passengers, we did not go on shore. Then we came to Fernando Po. We visited the Wesleyan Mission, but were very sorry to find that the missionary had been put into prison, not because he had done wrong, but for Christ's sake. The governor had issued an order that at the chapel the people should sing more softly; this they did, and, although it was very hot, they had all the doors and windows closed to keep the sound in. But presently another order came that they were not to sing at all. This they refused to obey; and because the missionary (Mr. Welford) wrote asking for an explanation of such commands, he was put into prison. After leaving Fernando Po, we passed Princes Island, St. Thomas's Island, and Elobe. We then called at Gaboon; here we found that within about six weeks one half of the Europeans had died from fever. We visited the American Mission, and found that the missionaries were in great trouble—the French were trying to drive them from the place, and had forbidden the children to go to school; so that the mission work was at a standstill. Apart from this trouble, all the male missionaries had been compelled to leave the place through sickness, leaving only three ladies in charge. After returning to our ship, we were sitting down very quietly, when all at once we heard the cry, "a man overboard." Immediately every one rushed for the side of the ship, and there struggling in the water we saw a poor black man, who had fallen into the sea while working on the ship. He managed to get hold of the rudder, and hold on until a boat was lowered for him; while holding to the rudder, our only fear for him was, that a shark would catch him, there being so many about there—our sailors caught two or three—but fortunately he was brought on board in safety. We now have only a few more ports to call at, and most of these are hardly worth mentioning: such as Sesse Cama, Nyanga, Manyanga, and Kabinda. Then comes Banana, the port for which we sailed.

I find that my time and space are more than spent, so that it will be well for me, and, perhaps, also for you—for you will be getting weary—if I stop here. In another letter I will tell you all about the people that will, I think, be of much more interest to you than an account of the voyage; but I thought that some of you, at any rate, would like to hear a little of these places.

I hope, dear boys, that some day I shall have the joy of seeing some of you in this country, as missionaries; it is a glorious work to tell others of the love of Jesus, and especially those who have never heard it before. Pray for me, and for all missionaries, that we may be strengthened for our work.

With fondest love to you all, with the hope that some day I may see you, and tell you more than I can write,

I remain, your affectionate friend and school-fellow,

JOHN MAYNARD.

Sketches of Bush-work in Queensland.

BY PASTOR W. HIGLETT, TOOWOOMBA, PRESIDENT OF THE QUEENSLAND BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

QUEENSLAND presents a wide and promising field for the operations of a Bush Missionary. Our Baptist Association has long recognized this; but at present it possesses neither the man nor the means. As to the latter, I am confident there need be no anxiety if we had a man of apostolic spirit, unfettered by family ties, possessed of a good constitution, and willing to spend a rough and lonely life, going about, like his Master, doing good. Of course, he would not make a fortune of this world's riches. Sometimes, it may be, his fare would consist of plain "damper," and the indispensable "billy" of tea. Possibly, as was the case once in the writer's experience, he might have to repose on a bedstead made by resting a sheet of bark upon two empty biscuit boxes, while another box would do service for a chair. Frequently the roof would permit him to study astronomy while lying in bed. Without doubt he would often make the acquaintance of that very lively insect, *Pulex irritans*, which is so truly declared in Chambers' Encyclopædia to be very abundant in some parts of Australia. But given a brother, who, for the love of Christ and the souls of men, is willing thus to endure hardness—such a man need never want. He would always find a hearty welcome, and unless he alighted among Roman Catholics, he would also find a readiness to listen to the gospel; while the hospitality, even if straitened by circumstances, would be generous to a degree. A lover of adventure would find such a life healthy and enjoyable, while it would afford the privilege of carrying the gospel where Christ had not been named, and thus avoid building upon another man's foundation. Personally, I love the work, and would not hesitate to devote myself entirely to it should the Lord point that out as my proper sphere. Meanwhile, I have the oversight of the Toowoomba Church, and can spare but little time for Bush enterprise. Nothing, however, would give me greater joy than to know that the following sketches, illustrative of the kind of life which might be expected, should induce someone to come over and help us.

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since, after a journey of forty miles by rail, and fourteen in a "buggy," I arrived at Eagle's Nest, Ellangowan. My first visit had been blessed in leading a sick man to trust in Jesus. He died before my second visit, and his wife has since followed him. I arrived on Friday, and the next day was devoted to "beating up" for Sunday, our first concern being the place and time of meeting. The district had never been visited, except by a minister of the Church of England, who had returned home about a year before. He conducted services in the house of Mr. S——, a grazier or small squatter, of High Church proclivities. We determined not to lose anything for the want of asking, and his consent to the use of his house was readily granted. A few minutes afterwards he was quite taken aback on discovering that he had given consent to a *Baptist* minister. I had been introduced simply as "The Rev. Mr. Higlett"; and as my hostess, who had driven me round, was an adherent of the Episcopal Church, Mr. S—— had not thought of the possibility of my being otherwise. However, he had committed himself, and would not withdraw, though he made some reservation respecting the future. During the day we visited every house within reasonable distance, driving, in all, some twenty miles.

On Sunday morning I rode over by 11 a.m., and found a gathering of twenty-three persons. We sang from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," led by an American organ. I preached upon the ten virgins, and our High Church friend expressed his great interest in the discourse. After service, I rode to the house of Mr. W. Passmore, where at 3 o'clock fourteen persons assembled, only two of whom had been present in the morning, and the day was ended with another quiet service at home. Having thus preached three times and

ridden about sixteen miles, I felt how appropriate were the words of our closing hymn.

"One more day's work for Jesus,
Oh, yes, a weary day."

But it was joyous service, and I could join quite as heartily in the lines—

"Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day."

Upon one occasion, while at Chinchilla, I was recognized by a lad who had known me in Toowoomba. He pressed me to visit the head station, his father being then in charge of the Chinchilla "run." This run is about forty miles in length by thirty miles in breadth, and the squatter's residence is always known as the head station. Not having any engagement before the next morning, I went with him, and received a welcome none the less hearty because my visit was unexpected. Mr. Ross is a Wesleyan, and, like myself, a wearer of the blue ribbon. I stayed there all night, holding service in the evening, which was attended by nineteen persons, mostly station hands. Although cordially invited, circumstances have prevented more than one further visit, and now Mr. Ross has removed. On the second occasion we had an audience of twenty-two, and after service I wrote a pledge for one man *for five years*. I could not prevail upon him to sign for life, but one of the domestics did so the next morning. On leaving I obtained the services of a lad to guide me to some of the residents on the Condamine river. Part of the journey was over very rough country—up and down ridges and gullies almost as steep as the sides of a house. Several times we had to cross the river. Owing to the drought, this is now nothing but a series of disconnected water holes; but at that time there had been recent rains, and at one crossing I had to draw my feet from the stirrups and clap them against my horse's sides, for the water was up to the girths. So far as I can remember, no minister had ever visited the homes of the people upon whom I called that day. Some were indifferent, but with others I had very interesting conversation, reading, and prayer; and reached the township in time to hold service in the Court House, where about thirty persons attended.

Two months ago, after preaching at one of our stations fifteen miles from Toowoomba, I started next morning to find my way across country to Merritt's Creek. Leaving the road after going about four miles, I entered the run of Mr. Cousens. Having a long journey before me, on arriving at the house I simply enquired my way and proceeded. Soon after, I was overtaken by an elderly man in characteristic Australian stock-riding costume, who proved to be Mr. Cousens. Looking after some of his cattle, he had espied a solitary stranger riding along, and had come to make his acquaintance. I was surprised when he addressed me by name, and found that he had heard me preach in Toowoomba. As we rode along together, he told me he was born in Haverfordwest, where at an early age he became a member of a Baptist church. Then he came to the Colonies; and here followed the too common story of gold diggings and backsliding. Yet he still bore a good character, and remained firm to his Baptist principles. I entreated him to return to the Father's house, and, on parting, he earnestly requested that I would make a point of calling when next in the neighbourhood. A few miles more of very rough country brought me to the house of Mr. Loveday. I had met him before, but he was out at this time, and I had to leave without seeing him. Here I had dinner, and read and prayed with the household before departing. Mrs. L. informed me that only twice before had they been visited by a minister although they lived within twenty miles of Toowoomba. Pressing forward I soon became convinced, by the position of the sun, that I had mistaken the track; but, knowing I should eventually reach the main road, I did not retrace my steps. This mistake cost me six or eight miles extra riding, but Merritt's Creek was safely reached at 5 p.m.

With the exception of an hour for dinner, I had been continuously in the saddle since 8.15 a.m. Here there is a sawmill, the surrounding country being very richly timbered. The mill is now owned by a member of our town church, and we held a service in his house that evening. There were nineteen present, being almost exclusively mill-hands or their wives. Among the number were a man and wife from the church at Alton—one, if not both, having been baptized by Brother G. J. Dann, who is now labouring in India.

It is under circumstances such as the foregoing that we endeavour to carry the Word of life to our perishing fellow-men. There is much to cheer and encourage; but, in the necessarily long interval between our visits, we often find that impressions wear off—that the thorns spring up and choke the word, and it becomes unfruitful. Have I not proved my case, that we need a Bush Missionary who can devote the whole of his time to the work? "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

Love's Loyalty.

It is not much he asks of you, though much has been forgiven.	Luke vii. 47.
That you his will on earth should do as it is done in heaven.	Matt. vi. 10.
The angels question not, I ween; but, heark'ning to his word,	Ps. ciii. 20.
With glowing feet, and humble mien, they wait upon their Lord.	Isa. vi. 2.
They know he asks for that alone which he may well request.	Rev. xvi. 7.
They recognize his righteous throne, and love their King's behest.	Heb. i. 8.
If angels thus his bidding do, for whom he has not died,	Heb. i. 5.
Should you not be obedient too—redeemed and justified?	1 Cor. vi. 20.
A foe, he changed you to a friend, and having loved his own,	John xiii. 1.
He'll love you even to the end, and raise you to his throne!	Rev. iii. 21.
Say then, "What wilt thou have me do? Speak, for thy servant hears!	Acts ix. 6.
I'll go the flood or furnace through—love banishes my fears!"	1 John iv. 18.
"My yoke's an easy one," saith he, "my very burden's light;	Matt. xi. 30.
Sufficient strength I guarantee to them that have no might.	Isa. xl. 29.
Profess your faith by being laid beneath the whelming wave;	Gal. iii. 27.
And, rising thence, aloud proclaim my vict'ry o'er the grave.	Rom. vi. 4.
Your death to sin and life to God are set forth by this sign;	Rom. vi. 11.
And they who walk along this road follow the Lamb Divine."	Matt. iii. 15.
"Forgive me, Lord, that I till now pleased self instead of thee;	Col. i. 10.
Hereby I do record my vow a filial child to be!"	Ps. cxix. 16.
"Obedience than sacrifice is better in thy sight!	1 Sam. xv. 22.
To *trust* henceforth will not suffice; I must observe this rite!"	Acts viii. 36.
"Now know I neither fear nor shame, God's will's enough for me:	John iv. 34.
Immerse me in the sacred name of God the Trinity!".	Mat. xxviii. 19.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Compulsory Tithes.

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

WHEN the people of England study the tithe question, they will be prepared to deal with tithe-payments in a just and equitable manner. The nation will be relieved of a great burden and a gross injustice; and religion will be freed from heavy, although golden, fetters.

What is the origin of tithe-payments in England? If we get a clear idea of their origin, we shall carry a light in our hand all the time we explore the subject. *Compulsory tithe-payments were not commanded by the Head of the Christian church.* He said nothing about them. Compulsory tithes were not commanded or sanctioned by the apostles, or early teachers of Christianity; they had another and a better method of meeting all their temporal needs. The early Christians never sought help from the sheriff's officers. Paul laid down the law in 1 Cor. xvi. 2: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." Also in 2 Cor. ix. 7: "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." The apostle had in the previous verse said, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel:" 1 Cor. ix. 14. Our Lord himself taught, in Luke x. 7, that "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Church historians and ecclesiastical lawyers tell us that the early Christians cheerfully practised this voluntary and proportionate style of giving, and that no other method was needed. The Rev. R. Burn, LL.D., Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, and Vicar of Orton, in Westmoreland, in his "Ecclesiastical Law," second edition, published in 1767, says: "What was paid to the church, for several of the first ages after Christ, was all brought to them by way of offerings; and these were made at the altar, or at the collections, or else occasionally." "Afterwards, about the year 794, Offa, King of Mercia (the most potent of all the Saxons of his time in this island) made a LAW, whereby he gave unto the church the tithes of all his kingdom; which the historians tell us was done to expiate the death of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, whom, in the year preceding, he had caused basely to be murdered."

"But that tithes were before paid in England, by way of offerings, according to the ancient usage and decrees of the church, appears from the canons of Egbert, Archbishop of York, about 750 A.D., and from an epistle of Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, which he wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the same time; and from the seventeenth canon of the general council, held for the whole kingdom at Chalchuth (Chelsea) in the year 787."

"But this law of Offa was that which first gave the Church a CIVIL RIGHT in them in this land, by way of property and inheritance, and enabled the clergy to gather and recover them as their legal due, by the coercion of the civil power. Yet the establishment of Offa reached no further than to the Kingdom of Mercia, over which Offa reigned, until Ethelwulf, about sixty years after, enlarged it for the whole realm."—Dr. Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," vol. iii. p. 347.

Dr. Burn refers to a valuable work on tithes, written by Dr. Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, pp. 139, 165, 167. It appears that Offa invited Ethelbert to his court, with the view of giving his daughter to him in marriage; but instead of doing so, he caused Ethelbert to be put to death, and then seized his kingdom. The bishops, priests, and deacons, assisted by cardinals, improved the event by working on his fears and his guilty conscience, threatening him with eternal sufferings, unless he passed the law they had long clamoured for—to make tithe-payments compulsory.

Dean Prideaux took great interest in tithes, and is deservedly regarded as a great authority on the subject by church people. He was a devoted

Churchman. In a considerable treatise, published in 1707, urging the propriety and justice of demanding ten per cent. as tithe-payments on house-rents in cities and towns, we find the following remarks against all who were not of the Church of England: "For now, they being at full liberty to set open their shops of faction and schism in what place they please, to be sure they will especially do so where they are likely to have the best trade, that is in the cities and larger towns, &c." (See p. 54, "Vindication of an award of King Charles I., setting two shillings of the pound out of rents of houses in Norwich, for the maintenance of the parochial clergy of that city, in lieu of personal tithes.") I mention this to indicate that the Dean is not likely to write anything in favour of any sect but his own. In the year 1710 he published a work on "Tithes: their origin in public law." In chapter iii. he says, "The primitive Christians being without any law from the State to provide for the support of God's worship in the maintenance of those who ministered in it, each became a law unto themselves, and freely gave of their own accord what abundantly answered the end intended." "For the first ages of the Church I confess we find no mention of tithes, because the zeal of Christians was such that they gave more in their voluntary offerings than the tithes could amount to. So that, out of them (voluntary offerings) there was not only a sufficiency for the ministers, but over and above, a large portion for the maintenance of the poor also. And thus, till towards the fourth age of the Church, all the necessities of it were fully answered by the voluntary offerings of the faithful, and what was given by them this way, as it much exceeded a tenth of their income, so did it more than suffice, not only for the ministers, but for all other occasions also."

In these extracts from Dr. Prideaux, we have two most important facts clearly proved by a strong Churchman.

1st. That ample provision was made for all church purposes without compulsory tithes or rates of any kind. Church purposes include buildings, incidental expenses, maintenance of the ministry, missionary enterprise, education, and the relief of the poor. For three centuries Christian people successfully witnessed for Christ, laid deep the walls and ramparts of the Christian religion in many lands against the most fierce opposition, and met all the costs without a penny except from voluntary offerings. They proved to a demonstration the practicability and efficiency of the voluntary system. The people gave as God had prospered them, and of a willing mind. They gave it "not unto men, but unto God." They gave it "for Christ's sake."

2. During those early and prosperous ages of Christianity the Master's dictum, "My kingdom is not of this world," was regarded and received as law. The Church and the State were two. They were distinct and separate. The Church was governed and in all respects sustained by people who loved the Saviour—such people only constitute the true Church. No Sheriff's officer seized people's goods to support religion. The Church had not been united to the State—that is, it had not been established in a national, official, and legal sense. Neither had the people who loved and followed the Saviour been united into one society, or into large bodies, but each little company of disciples constituted a Church. The pastor was called the Bishop. We read in the Epistle to Philemon, "Paul . . unto Philemon . . and to the Church in thine house," &c. Each company of believers was a Church.

The Rev. G. Townsend, D.D., Canon of Durham, in his Ecclesiastical and Civil History, Vol. I., pp. 178 and 180, says:—"The independence of the Churches of each other while they maintained the union both of doctrine and of discipline, is shown by the general absence in the first three centuries of any act of authority on the part of any bishop by assuming the office of ecclesiastical superior over another Church." . . . "All Churches, in truth, were independent of any external superior." . . . "Church was independent of Church before the Christianity of the Empire was protected and established by the civil power."

During all the time that the Churches were free from State patronage and State control—self-sustaining and self-governing—they had more than sufficient income to supply all their wants. The income in each case arose from free offerings. These Free Churches, as they were called—and they were free from the State—voluntarily supplied more than enough funds for all purposes, and always had money in hand.

These important facts we have on the testimony of Dean Prideaux, the Rev. R. Burn, LL.D., Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, Father Paul, author of the "Complete History of Ecclesiastical Revenues," dedicated to the Bishop of Durham, A.D. 1730; Father Simon, A.D. 1685, "The History of the Original and Progress of Ecclesiastical Revenues"; and many other authors and historians.

Father Simon says, p. 5: "At that time the ministers of the Church had no other revenues but what they gathered from the charity (love) of believers; for as to the tithes, firstfruits, and other rights that belonged to the Levites and Priests, they were abolished with the sacrifice. Our Saviour having instituted a new form of ministry, appointed also a new way of providing for the necessities of the new ministers. He received the alms that were given him, and put them into the custody of a steward, to be distributed according as need did require. St. Paul, who often speaks in his Epistles of the duty of ministers towards the people, and of the people towards their ministers, says no more, but conform to the words of our Saviour, that they who preach the Gospel should also live by the Gospel, and that they who serve at the altar should participate of that which is offered upon the altar, thereby alluding to the offerings of the Old Testament; he never makes mention of tithes, nor of those dues that were given to the priests, because he supposes that that priesthood being abolished, the rights that from thence accrued to the priests ought likewise to be abrogated. And therefore the primitive Christians, who sold their estates for the relief of the poor and maintenance of the ministers, thought it not sufficient to bestow the tenth part, but freely gave all that was necessary, knowing that the rights of tithes and firstfruits were but only ceremonies and customs of the Old Testament, of which they retained no more but what concerned morality. So that love was the rule of what they were to give to the ministers of the Gospel."

Father Paul confirms this, and gives additional facts. Speaking of deacons who had the management of the temporal affairs of the Churches, he says, on p. 6: "And this order of admitting none to any ecclesiastical function but by election of all the faithful in a general assembly, was inviolably observed, and so continued for about 200 years; the ministers of the Church and the poor subsisting all the while out of the common stock, which had no other fund than the offerings of the faithful at their devotions. But they were so abundant that the charity of those times had no other bounds than what every one could spare from his necessities. So that when the abilities of one city were more than sufficient to supply the necessities of its own Church, collections were there made for other Churches that were poor. At Rome, where the greatest wealth abounded, the offerings indeed were so large that about the year 150 they served not only to maintain the Clergy and the poor Christians of the city, but to contribute largely to the neighbouring and more remote Churches, as well as to the relief of great numbers of Christian captives in the several provinces, and to such as were condemned to the mines."

Here we have proof of self-supporting, self-governing Churches, and associations of these Churches, with their Sustentation Fund and Home Missionary Society.

Notices of Books.

Every-day Life; or, the Uneventful Journey. By C. H. Waller, M.A. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Intense has been our enjoyment of the deep spiritual thought contained in this volume. We do not at all agree with Mr. Waller when he stands up for a State church; but he has a right to do so if he thinks fit, and we are sure he says nothing which will do the cause of religious equality any real harm. Apart from that little matter, we are at home with Mr. Waller in all things, and feel greatly his debtor for leading us into rich pastures. This is no common book. Those who love solid Scriptural teaching, and deep fellowship with God, will revel in these sermons. Our Sabbaths at Mentone were brightened with one of these holy meditations: we felt that we had seldom met with more satisfying food for thought. We hope to meet with this author again, for we like each of his books better than its predecessors.

Routledge's World Library. Goethe's Faust. Translated by John Anster, LL.D. With an introduction by the Rev. H. A. Haweis, M.A. George Routledge and Sons.

We do not care much for the books which are proposed for this series, but assuredly *for cheapness* they beat everything before seen. So much for threepence is wonderful, but when bound and offered for sixpence the marvel is still greater. We wonder whether a *church* library could be produced at anything like the same prices.

Cassell's National Library.

Some twelve of these volumes are out. They are miracles of cheapness and excellence, and fairly rival those of Routledge. He who will not buy books at this rate must be a hopeless sot. A classic for three-pence! What would you more? We will notice the separate issues as soon as possible.

Hidden Depths: A Story of Cruel Wrong. With an introduction by W. Shepherd Allen, M.P. Hodder and Stoughton.

A terrible story; but our sorrowful observation during thirty years of London life causes us to believe that it is by no means overdrawn. Where the sins of young "gentlemen" are winked at, and poor women alone are made to suffer the shame of sin, incalculable misery must follow. Sadly have we known even the most moral folk talk of young men as "sowing wild oats," and so forth; as if fornication on the part of their sons was a very natural and pardonable folly. We must rectify this, and the age must be made to see unchastity on the part of men in the fair, truthful light, as being in every way as evil, and in some respects more evil, than the same offence in women. It is of little use to war against the foul unless we cultivate the pure. The subject is one which requires its bright and holy side to be daily cherished; but, at the same time, books of this kind, which reveal the hidden things of darkness, have their appropriate ministry. The tale is an unspeakable shillingsworth.

A Layman's Study of the English Bible. By Francis Bowen, LL.D., Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. T. Fisher Unwin.

Most of our readers no doubt have had their attention drawn to a series of articles in *The Pall Mall Gazette* on "*the best hundred books*," the first of which was written by Sir John Lubbock. The President of the Board of Trade expressed his surprise that "the Bible" was omitted from the Catalogue. Our American Essayist knew nothing, of course, about the opinions of Lubbock, Chamberlain, Ruskin, and others, which had not been published when he drew up his review of the seventy-six books compressed into a single volume in two parts—so small that it can be easily held in a man's hand—the Bible! (Rev. x. 2). He justly claims for this sacred volume a first place among the classics, and makes the study of it essential to a liberal education, even from a literary and secular point of view. He writes originally for the *alumni* of Harvard College, U.S., and he publishes his compilation of well-known facts and criticisms in this country for the benefit of our board schools.

Faith and Unfaith: their Claims and Conflicts. By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Dr. Sinclair Paterson is a master in apologetics. These lectures confirm Faith and discredit Unfaith. Since we cannot stop the ears of men, and they will listen to the hiss of the serpent, it is a great blessing to have a brother near us who can detect and discover fallacies. At the same time, we wish these defences were no longer needed, and we have no great faith in their efficacy, good as they are.

Doctrine and Doubt; or, Christ the Centre of Christianity. By Rev. Samuel Macnaughton, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

The experimental proof of our holy religion is the best and most readily available. We worked this out in our Clue of the Maze," in a brief argument; and Mr. Macnaughton has followed much the same line in these Sermon-Lectures. His work is elaborate and convincing; that is to say, convincing to the candid; but who can turn from their doubts those who resolve to disbelieve? We welcome all such aids to belief, and trust that they will promote the end designed. But chiefly we look up to the Holy Spirit, and beseech him to create saving faith in men; for there is not upon the earth one grain of it which is not of his working, and there never will be. More and more are we driven in upon the conviction that all who accept the truth are under a divine anointing, and that while men remain in their natural blindness the clearest reasoning will never make them see.

What I Believe. By Leon Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Constantine Popoff. Elliot Stock.

Interesting as the notions of one who has thought out the religion of Jesus for himself from one side only. He has failed to grasp the doctrinal, but he has sensibly touched the ethical portion of our most holy faith. That touch is true; but, like that of a blind man, its sensitiveness does not supply the lack of sight. Tolstoi is a sort of Russian Quaker, pushing matters much further than George Fox, and having far less spiritual light; but equally self-contained, iconoclastic, and world-defying. We do not think that many of our readers will care for the Count's lucubrations; they are those of an honest but deeply-wounded mind, sorely prejudiced by its sufferings. As their direction is quite contrary to the selfish policies of society, our author's opinions are not likely to make much headway; but if his errors are passed over, the perusal of his book may nourish noble impulses in intelligent minds, and so far do good. If the same opinions fall into the evil soil of a bitter mind, they will produce nothing but communism and anarchy.

Lesson Studies from the Book of Genesis. By Eugene Stock. Religious Tract Society.

Eugene Stock has made us greatly his debtors by former works, and this production is worthy of much praise. He very modestly proposes to instruct teachers and children; but in reality he is a tutor to us all. We find deep spiritual lessons in these "studies," and we receive them all the more pleasantly because of our author's clearness of style. One to whom we read a portion exclaimed, "There, that just suits me; for I can understand it all, and catch his points!" The work is not equally good throughout, and some of the studies are poor; but certain others are among the richest reading which has ever passed under our review.

Communion and Conflict. Thoughts on Life and Service. By Captain Dawson. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Captain Dawson has brought from the Engadine grand remembrances of the Lord's glorious works. Meanwhile, he has been kept in close fellowship with the Lord Jesus; and so, when he comes to write of "the things which he has made touching the King," his pen is that of a ready writer, and there is a special beauty in his language. We feel spiritually refreshed by these choice pages. Our hearty thanks are due to the "devout soldier" who has herein poured out the musings of his heart. None of our friends will ever regret investing a shilling in this precious booklet. It is good and gracious, and has the true ring about it.

The Errors of Evolution: an Examination of the Nebular Theory, Geological Evolution, the Origin of Life, and Darwinism. By ROBERT PATTERSON. London: S. Bagster and Sons. Boston, U.S.: J. H. L. Hastings.

FROM the author's own point of view this little book is extremely pious, and written in the interest of Christianity. We fail to appreciate its merit, and we do not care for this method of controversy. The weapons of our warfare would indeed be carnal if we lent ourselves to offensive personalities in contending for the faith. *Punch* on this or *Puck* on that side of the Atlantic can be comic without being coarse or bitter. There is a table of contents. We give brief extracts from each of the four divisions:—1. The Nebular Theory "makes coal from gas instead of gas from coal." 2. On Geological Evolution—"Why did not Moses make a fool of himself like the Chinese, Hindoos, and Evolutionists?" 3. Origin of Life—"Evolution is simply old putrid heathenism exhumed." 4. "Darwin is dead, but God lives." This volume cannot be accepted as a contribution to our sacred literature.

Golden Legends of the Olden Time. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

No one has had better opportunities than our friend, Dr. Stoughton, for picking up all that is precious of legend from the heaps of rubbish hoarded by the lovers of tradition. He has come across these heaps in his researches into history, and he has that judicial mind which is so greatly needed for separating the precious from the vile. Here he has gathered a treasury which reminds us of those romantic store-houses at Constantinople, which were some months ago described in *The Times* by a favoured individual who had peered into their secrets. Before us move the Wandering Jew, George and the Dragon, Christopher, and all sorts of personages, mythical, mystical, saintly, and otherwise. Many of these legends bear deeply instructive meanings on their foreheads, and others can readily be turned into useful allegories. The Doctor has collected these ancient stories for the sake of his children, grandchildren, and numerous friends. As one of the most favoured of the last group we thank him heartily for this beautiful volume, which is in every way a gem. It costs 6s.

The Revealer Revealed: thoughts upon the Revelation of Christ to and in his People. By W. HAY H. M. AITKEN, M.A. J. F. Shaw and Co.

AROUSING sermons. These will be read and remembered, for they are all alive. They show a holy vehemence blended with common sense, and a thorough consecration, which does not lose its head or run into insanity. It is a great comfort to think of High Church folk listening to such sermons as these: they must surely see, before long, that the preacher, who is so grandly clear when he sails out into the open gospel, is an awful bungler when he gets upon infant baptism and kindred themes. In this case we pare our apple, and then find it exceeding sweet to our taste. Mr. Aitken is most at home when he is preaching Christ and him crucified, and we then feel altogether at home with him. We feel a brotherly admiration of the great preacher even when we do not quite agree with him; but when he comes to the cross, as he usually does, we warm to the touch of kindred in Christ.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By various writers. Vol. VII. Religious Tract Society.

THE issue of this series of Christian Evidence Tracts was an exceedingly wise proceeding on the part of the Tract Society. In this the central object of the existence of the institution was aimed at. The common tracts of the Society are for the million, and they do much to disseminate the gospel among the crowd; but the thoughtful, and sometimes sceptical few must be looked after as well as the ninety and nine, and their cases are met by the "Present Day Tracts."

Volume VII. is now before us, and it keeps up the high standard reached by its predecessors. Six first-class papers, neatly bound together for 2s. 6d., cannot be thought to be dear; considering their quality, it would be difficult to produce anything more worthy to be called cheap.

Conversation: why don't we do more good by it? By the Rev. G. S. Bowes, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

An exceedingly useful book. All who talk should read it, and learn how to talk well. Unconsecrated tongues are full of sin and mischief; but when the lips are perfumed with grace, they scatter a healthy fragrance all around. Mr. Bowes is a great gatherer of illustrations, and hence his books are both rich and sweet; in no case have these two qualities been more eminently present than in this instance. Above all, there is a practical graciousness upon these pages, which we feel sure will, under the blessing of God's Spirit, be productive of the best results. If the teachings of this admirable treatise were generally carried out, our chats would be sanctified, our talks would be soul-saving, and our conversations would become hallowed communions. We commend to our readers the two questions with which our author concludes:—

Conversation: why don't *we* do more good by it?

Conversation: why don't *I* do more good by it?

The Seeking Saviour, and other Bible Themes. By the late Dr. W. P. Mackay, M.A., of Hull. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 2s. 6d.

We are glad to see that the widow of the late Dr. Mackay is so far able to continue her husband's work that she writes the preface to the present volume, and undertakes the editorship of *The British Evangelist.* As is well known, "Grace and Truth" has been translated into several languages; and "The Seeking Saviour," which consists of twenty studies, is calculated to be equally useful. "The composition in many parts is blunt and homely," remarks Mrs. Mackay. "One literary friend wrote regarding it: 'It is difficult to prune without hurting the vigour; so, as we prefer having it in its native vigour, we give it to you unpruned.'"

Dr. Mackay lost his life by falling into the sea off Portree pier, on the 19th of last August: and in a notice of his life and work it is stated: "This shocking accident was more or less due to the abominable parsimony of the owners of the pier in not supplying protection and sufficient lighting. Such a disgraceful state of things cannot be too severely denounced, and would not be tolerated for an instant by any English corporation. This is the sixth accident which has occurred at Portree during the last few years from the same cause."

As an evangelist Dr. Mackay had few equals, and his work will abide. The power he exercised over young men was especially remarkable.

Watching the waves coming in on the shore a few evenings before his death, he remarked, "We follow one another to eternity like these; but I am ready." Referring to her bereavement, his widow says: "My dear husband has been called home in the prime of manhood. Just when he was preaching and enjoying God's truth as he never did before, the word goes forth, 'Come up higher.' Let us not be selfish, but rejoice in his joy, since we know he has entered into the joy of his Lord." His work, "The Seeking Saviour," will prove the best possible memento of such a man.

Ethics of the Holy Ghost; or, Bible Readings on the Fruit of the Spirit. By Rev. Philip Norton. Nisbet.

To few is it given to speak in such a graphic, illuminative way on such deep truths. Mr. Norton is a born expositor, and holds us captive by his transparent power to reveal and make attractive. Preachers and Sunday-school teachers might get many suggestive lessons from these papers. They are full of seed.

The Royal Progress; or, Bringing the King Back. By Rev. C. W. Moore, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

Suggestive, stirring papers on consecration as the means for bringing the kingdom of Christ in power. There is no trace of the spiritual pride and folly that sometimes disfigure so-called "Holiness" writers, but much of sanctified common-sense and godly wisdom. Must do good in every way.

The Temptation of Christ. By an Oxford Graduate. Four Sermons. Elliot Stock.

Evangelical doctrine set forth with the eloquence of ecclesiastical authority.

Faithful Service: Sketches of Christian women. By MARY PRYOR HACK. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of "Consecrated Women" has made her mark in literature so distinctly that anything from her pen will command cheerful attention. In this tasteful volume, she gives us the summaries of some eight memoirs of useful Christian ladies of differing ranks in life. She has condensed these biographies with much ability, and has preserved undiluted all their spiritual teaching; and thus she has provided for the womanhood of England a book which we trust will be read everywhere with pleasure and profit. Our best word for it is freely given, because richly deserved.

The True Woman; Elements of Character drawn from the life of Mary Lyon, and others. A book for girls. By WILLIAM M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BOOK full of useful instructions to young women, supported by innumerable incidents and instances, and illustrated by quotations from a variety of sources. Mary Lyon, who is the person intended by the title, "The True Woman," is well-nigh drowned by her biographer in a sea of morals and anecdotes. Her name turns up again and again; but what she did we know not. Mr. Thayer might as well have given us the life of Tryphena or Tryphosa. Mary Lyon flavours the book, as one lump of sugar might sweeten the Thames from Chelsea to Greenwich; in fact, had Mary Lyon been left out, one would hardly have missed her. We confess that we are not enamoured of this style of biography; but if we look on the work as hints about female character and behaviour, we like it far better. Our author does not on this occasion appear at his best; but this is not the fault of the publishers, who have made up a very handsome book.

The Successful Merchant. Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Bemrose & Sons.

ONE of the finest biographies ever written. We have heard mercantile men take exception to the methods of Samuel Budgett; but we believe they did so with the view of excusing their own faults, and diminishing the pressure which his example exercised upon their consciences. To us he seems to have been the model of a Christian man of business. This new edition will, we doubt not, command a fresh band of readers, for it is not only gracious but amusing, instructive, fascinating. Young men just commencing business life should have this volume presented to them; it may guide them aright at a critical moment, and secure honour and success for the rest of their lives. Long as this book has been before the public, it has lost none of its freshness; and we congratulate the publishers upon having such a live book in their catalogue.

The Life and Teachings of Joseph Livesey, comprising his Autobiography, with an Introductory Review, by JOHN PEARCE. 337, Strand.

THE book on the veteran Temperance reformer. It comprises an instructive review of his labours, in which the man is interpreted from his writings, a reprint of his autobiography, and of the public notices of the man and his work; and the whole is supplemented by Livesey's famous Malt Liquor Lecture. Three hundred and seventy pages of the best material for Temperance workers for 3s. 6d. A sketch of Livesey appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* for May, 1885.

A Christian Mother: Memoirs of Mrs. Thorneley Smith. By her Husband. Hodder and Stoughton.

METHODISTS will welcome this biography of the wife of one of their best ministers, who, without occupying a prominent position, worked quietly and effectually in the various circuits where her husband was stationed, and shed a sunny influence in her home.

Jesus, and other Sermons to Children. By P. SHREWSBURY. T. Woolmer.

SPECIAL sermonettes to the little folks, which the writer gave at the close of his sermons in the regular ministry, and now has collected into a little book. If only as a hint to ministers to speak in language that childhood can grasp, it will be useful. These little talks are clear, crisp, and full of Scripture.

Madagascar and France. With some account of the Island, its People, its Resources, and Development. By GEORGE A. SHAW, F.Z.S. Religious Tract Society.

WE do not quite understand the terms of peace which are supposed to have been made between France and Madagascar; but we have rejoiced to see the answer to many prayers, and the reward of steadfast faith, in the withdrawal of the oppressor from his prey. France has rejoiced to drop the burdensome stone of Madagascar: she thought she was attacking a defenceless state, but she knew not that the Lord was there. This work by Mr. Shaw, who was so shamefully treated, is in every way valuable as a representation of the island, and a narrative of the Gallic invasion. We regret that we have been late in noticing the book, but it is by no means out of date; the affairs of Madagascar are always engrossing to the English people.

Jottings from the Pacific. By W. WYATT GILL, B.A. With sixteen Illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

THE title is well chosen, for it is rather jottings than a full account. A pudding all made of plums would aptly describe Mr. Gill's book. Somehow we cannot think of a Gill without conjuring up coral islands, and all sorts of romantic mission experiences upon them. The Biblical illustrations are not of the first water; but the natural history, in the direction of fish, is singularly full. Our chief delight in these jottings lies in the triumphs of the gospel over murderers and cannibals. These three books on Madagascar, Southern India, and the Pacific, are worthy to go together into similar niches of honour in every missionary library throughout the world.

In Southern India. A Visit to some of the Chief Mission Stations in the Madras Presidency. By Mrs. MURRAY MITCHELL. Religious Tract Society.

ONE hardly ever meets with a traveller's narrative so thoroughly lively, and so full of instruction, as these notes of a lady's journey, in company with her missionary husband. She notices little things, but never gives us small talk; she describes her own experience, and yet never puts herself in the forefront. One knows all about missionary operations in Southern India after reading this journal; and, at the same time, the country itself is before you as the background of the picture. You are amused and saddened, and in every case interested; and you do not wish to lay down the book till you have read it all. To Presbyterians the volume will have the chief charm; but every lover of our Lord's kingdom will be pleased with it. Friends of Zenana work, we specially commend to you this work upon India, written by a woman. Dear ladies, please make a note of this.

Siam and the Siamese; as described by American Missionaries. T. Woolmer.

MOST pleasantly written. The subject itself is attractive, and our authors know how to handle it so that children will be charmed by it. Here we read of white elephants, enormous crocodiles, and devouring ants; and we are saddened by stories of huge idols, and swarms of lazy priests. American Missionaries are labouring hopefully among the singular people who inhabit Siam; may our Lord speed them abundantly! Will the annexation of Burmah by the British be a means of light to Siam? We earnestly hope so.

It may be that some boy or girl reading this book about Siam will be led, in riper years, to become a missionary in that dark kingdom; and in that hope we commend the work to Sunday-school libraries.

The Chain of Life in Geological Time. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON. Second and Revised Edition. Religious Tract Society.

A NEW edition of a book which has flung light upon the Stygian darkness of the Scientific theory of life's succession, and which has helped to clear away much of the rubbish of so-called opposition between science and the Bible. We can heartily commend it to the study of devout hearts, who love to trace God's works as well as read his word. Each of his revelations aids and interprets the other, and Christianized science is always the handmaid of faith. An excellent book in all respects.

Platform Aids. The Clerical Library. Hodder and Stoughton.

A COLLECTION of speeches, and a few illustrations. Price 6s. We do not quite see how these will much aid a public speaker. As the book is well worth the money for other reasons, we shall not hurt it when we say that, if any unhappy minister or platform occupier should try to steal a speech out of these orations, he would make a great goose of himself. These big boots would not fit the feet of ordinary speechifiers; in fact, the little men would drop down into them and be lost. No, brethren, you had better compose your own speeches, or else hold your tongues.

The Lighthouse of St. Peter, and other Addresses. By Rev. A. N. MALAN, Head Master of Eagle House School, Wimbledon. Nisbet and Co. 2s. 6d.

WE have much pleasure in commending this little book. Though published without any preface, we can easily imagine that these discourses, occupying about a quarter of an hour each in delivery, were fascinating enough to a Sunday-afternoon class. They open, one and all, with a memorable incident, a scientific fact, or a reflection drawn from some familiar source. Thence they glide into a text of Scripture, upon which a strong light is thrown; and then a clear evangelical lesson is made transparent. If our conjecture is right, other head masters of other classical schools might find here some very acceptable models.

The Shadow of the Hand; and other Sermons. By WILLIAM A. GRAY, Elgin. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

SUBSTANTIAL sermons, which we have read with much pleasure. We delight in their doctrine, tone, and manner. The preacher has heard the "yea" which the Spirit saith so emphatically; and he has therefore bidden farewell to that perpetual "nay" which is everywhere unsettling the minds of men. In Mr. Gray we have a good instance of a mind highly educated, and yet free from those detestable weeds of heresy which are supposed to be the evidences of superior culture. The sermon on "Faith refusing Deliverance" strikes us as a masterpiece; but all the discourses here inserted are fine specimens of sermons for an educated Christian audience.

How we got our Bible: an answer to questions suggested by the New Revision. By J. PATERSON SMYTH, A.B., LL.B. Bagster and Sons.

A GOOD work would be done by any brother who should invest a shilling in the purchase of this book, and then boil it down into a popular lecture. All the materials for real instruction, and pleasurable interest, are here provided; indeed, we have seldom met with a better written digest of the history of our English Bible. It might honestly have been presented to the public as a five-shilling volume; and since it is offered at a shilling, it ought to sell by thousands. Meanwhile, many a country minister will thank us if he has confidence enough in our judgment to take the hint.

Sanctification as set forth in the Scriptures. By WM. COLLINGWOOD. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THIS booklet hath dust of gold, and the gold of that land is good. Where others have either dreamed in theory, or boasted in fancied attainment, our author has actually gone with chastened humility and personal experience. His heart, taught of the Holy Ghost, has made him a true theologian. Though not much larger than some tracts, the book is the essence of deep Biblical study, and worthy of closest thought and testing. Whoever carefully reads and examines, referring to the manifold quotations, will get a grip of this much-abused doctrine both fast and full.

The Reign of Grace. By Rev. W. BRIDGES. Marshall Brothers.

PIOUS rhymes, more devout in meaning than strong in expression, without any special force or beauty to keep them alive. We fear they will go into the silent land of honoured feebleness. Poetry is a poor business unless you are among the few "mighty ones"; and this our versifier is not.

The Treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, and Rheumatic Gout. By J. J. Barrett, M.D. George Hill and Sons, 23, Warwick Lane.

Dr. Barrett cleverly condenses the past of medical opinion upon Rheumatism and Gout, mentions all sorts of remedies, and makes his readers long to know what his own special treatment may be. This the Doctor does not disclose; it is hardly reasonable to expect that he should. Our personal suffering having been greatly shortened by Dr. Barrett's treatment, we recommend others who are afflicted in like manner to read his book and try his remedy.

Notes.

Denominational papers are silent upon the solemn matters upon which we wrote in our first article for last month. No doubt they have their reasons. Our contemporary, *Word and Work*, not only gives our article entire, but two or three weighty comments thereon. In a subsequent issue it returns to the subject, and says, "*Surely the time is not distant when those who are in agreement upon fundamental truths must take some definite action towards a firm and united testimony.*" The question deserves to be pondered.

The Baptist denomination has lost a pillar in the decease of Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown. He was every inch a man; and wherever he appeared, his leadership was acknowledged. His sermon upon baptism, preached at the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, had a sledge-hammer power in it; and this was a fair specimen of his powers of exposing error, and vindicating truth. Alas! we have few men left of his calibre; and the London Baptist Association has acted wisely in calling for united prayer that the Lord would raise up men of power in the ministry. "There were of old mighty men, men of renown." The God of these men will not fail his people.

After writing this, we were overwhelmed by a telegram noting the sudden decease of Dr. Charles Stanford. What a man was he! This is a loss to the entire church of God. Who will go next? Assuredly no one of us will be found more ready. "*He drew up his feet and smiled.*" Such is the way in which his death was described to us.

The Stirling Society's Floral Tracts are things of beauty; and are, therefore, likely to attract readers, and to secure their own preservation. The manager has sent us packets Nos. 33 to 64, made up from Spurgeon's sermons.

These leaflets are good and cheap. Christians are hardly yet alive to the benefits of tract-distribution. The world's base literature should be met by a still more copious flood of God's eternal truth.

When at Mentone Mr. Spurgeon sat for his portrait at the request of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. The result is the best likeness ever taken. The clear light is a great help to the photographer, and hence his success. Both *cartes* and cabinets are now on sale. 1s. and 2s. each, post-free.

Our friend, Hugh Price Hughes, has our sympathy in his lamentation over defections from infant sprinkling, caused by "Mr. Spurgeon's attractive dogma of adult baptism"; only he should state things correctly. Mr. Spurgeon never taught, or even believed, in any dogma of *adult* baptism; but in the baptism of *believers*, whether juvenile or adult. This is a very important difference, and we beg Mr. Hughes in future to observe it. We cannot conceive of anything more likely to drive Methodists away from infant baptism than the sacramentarianism of the High Church, unless it be the muddle of yea and nay which is made of it by such good brethren as Mr. Hughes. We do not often touch on the controversy, and there would be no need for us ever to do so if only those opposed to believers' baptism would state their own views. No sermon is delivered on baby baptism without its being followed by the outcoming of believers to be immersed in the Saviour's name. On this account we welcome the supreme nonsense delivered by the Bishop of Peterborough. It refutes itself; it does more, it drives thoughtful men to the Scriptures, which are at the opposite pole to the bishop's teaching.

Miss Habershon, of 70, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W., writes to say that, if our readers have any of our printed sermons that they can spare, she will be very grateful for them. The members of a Bible-class make a large number of sailors' bags, which are filled with religious literature, and sent through various agencies to those that go down to the sea in ships. Perhaps some friends will make a note of the address, and forward any sermons for which they have no further use. Sailors are glad of something to read on Sunday, and many of them have expressed their gratitude for the sermons they have received. We have just had the cheering tidings of the

conversion of the engineer of a Clyde steamer through the reading of one of our sermons, which was put into his bag by his wife, when he was leaving home.

Mrs. Menzies, of Liverpool, asks us to call attention to the appeal made, in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, for help in providing for the much-needed summer holidays of the young women employed in London and other places. Particulars can be obtained of the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association Holiday Department, 4, Inverness Terrace, London, N., who will be thankful to receive contributions to pay for those who cannot afford to have a holiday at their own expense, or to be informed of cottage or other homes at the sea-side, or in the country, where Christian people would be willing to receive gratuitously, or at low rates, young women needing a change.

On *Tuesday evening, Feb.* 23, the ANNUAL CHURCH MEETING was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of the Pastor. It was a large and happy family gathering, and the proceedings throughout were characterized by great heartiness and enthusiasm. The treasurer was able to report that, through the generosity of the Pastor, deacons, and a few friends, the whole of the church accounts could be presented without any debt; while on the College and Evangelists' accounts there were balances in hand. In addition to the usual business on such occasions, a special resolution was unanimously carried, congratulating Mr. William Olney on having completed fifty years of membership with the church, and Mr. Wm. Higgs was elected to the office of deacon. Long may the names of Olney and Higgs be found both among the members and the officers of the Tabernacle church! The statistics read at the meeting were as follow:—Increase, by baptism, 267; profession, 23; transfer, 62; restoration, 1: total, 353; decrease, by dismission to other churches, 170; joining other churches without letters, 47; names removed for non-attendance, 129; emigration, 10; withdrawn from, for other reasons, 3; deaths, 73: total, 432. The present number on the church-roll is 5,314.

On *Monday evening, March* 1, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. It was preceded by a tea and conference, at which Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, in the unavoidable absence of his brother, and interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. Wm. Olney, Mr. S. R. Pearce, and A. H. Baynes, Esq., the esteemed Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. In answer to questions, Mr. Baynes gave particulars of the progress and prospects of mission-work in various parts of the world; and Mr. Wm. Olney reported that since 1880, when he commenced collecting special subscriptions for the Society, he had received about £250 a year, an amount which he expected largely to exceed this year, as two subscribers of £10 had promised to raise their gifts to £50 each, and others had increased their subscriptions in order to aid the Society in its extended operations. The above figures do not include the amounts sent by Tabernacle friends direct to the Mission-house, nor the sums raised for Zenana work, and for the support of Mr. Easton in China, Mr. Guyton at Delhi, and Mr. Richardson at Bakundu, Africa.

At the meeting in the Tabernacle, Mr. Baynes again spoke with much power, and he was ably supported by the Rev. Timothy Richards, from China.

On *Wednesday evening, March* 3, the twenty-third BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL was held at the Tabernacle. Between 100 and 200 of the masters and their wives and other friends partook of tea in the College Buildings, and afterwards nearly 1800 of the men employed in the Metropolitan Meat Market were supplied with a bountiful repast in the large rooms under the Tabernacle. Every portion of the available space was occupied, but the feeding of the host of hungry beef-eaters was most satisfactorily accomplished by Mr. Murrell and his co-workers. After tea the men occupied the area of the Tabernacle, while large numbers of visitors and friends were in the galleries. Mr. Varley presided, and spoke in plain, earnest language that must have gone home to many of his hearers; and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon addressed the men upon the blessings of temperance, purity, gentleness, &c., and set before them the way of salvation in terms that none ought to have mistaken. Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir helped in the musical portion of the proceedings, and sacred solos were sung by Mr. J. Manton Smith and Miss Rich. It is difficult in one evening to make much impression upon such a body of men as we have with us at these festivals, especially considering the influences by which they are surrounded during the rest of the year; but there are signs of improvement amongst them, and Mr. Varley and those associated with him have heard of instances of usefulness which encourage them still to continue their ministry of feeding and instructing the Smithfield butchers.

On *Monday evening, March* 8, the annual meeting of the LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair, and spoke in advocacy of the work of the Society. Addresses were also given by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. W. Olney and J. W. Harrald. During the year a large quantity of garments, material, bedding, &c., and £37 18s. in money, have been given to the poor people who satisfied the ladies that they were needy and

deserving. If ever such a Society as this was required, surely now is the time, when the distress and poverty of London have made themselves manifestly seen and heard. Alas, means fail, but the needs never cease! Additional workers will be welcomed at the meetings held at the Tabernacle on the Thursday after the first Sunday in every month, and donations will be gratefully received by Mrs. Page, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.

At the prayer-meeting, in the Tabernacle, *the same evening*, there was a large gathering, and much earnest pleading for the Lord's blessing. Mr. J. Manton Smith gave an account of the mission which had just closed at Mr. Charrington's Hall in the Mile End Road, and special prayer was offered for all the Evangelists. Many requests for supplication and thanksgiving were received. The one that was most interesting was from a French pastor, who wrote that the reading of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and other works had done him much good, and had greatly contributed to the spiritual awakening which had been experienced in his district, and which had spread to many other towns and departments.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on *Monday evening, March* 15, special reference was made by the Pastor to the sad tidings that had been received of the death of John Maynard, who sailed for the Congo last August, and who died, after six days of fever, at Underhill Station, on January 28th. Prayer was offered by Mr. Harrald, as the representative of the older College brethren; by Mr. R. H. C. Graham, one of the students in the College who hopes soon to be sent out to the Congo; and by Mr. Charlesworth, who also delivered a brief, touching address upon the influence which "Little Jack" exerted upon his companions while in the Orphanage. A solemn feeling pervaded the whole meeting, and the impression was deepened when a member of the church, who had just lost his wife, spoke of the sustaining power of divine grace in the time of sorrow and bereavement, and prayed for the two of his children who are yet unsaved. Many special requests were presented, and the meeting was closed with prayer by Mr. Allison, who was leaving in a day or two for Palestine.

Haddon Hall.—The annual meeting of this work was held on *Tuesday Evening, March* 16. About 400 sat down to tea. The public meeting was presided over by S. Barrow Esq, of Redhill. The following is an extract from the report read:—

"Since the last annual meeting, 47 persons have been baptized at the Hall upon profession of their faith in Jesus. The following is the list of the various efforts:—Sunday Services in Hall, morning and evening. Sunday School, morning, afternoon, and evening; afternoon average attendance, children 614, teachers 34. Five Bible-classes, meeting in separate rooms, and the large Infant class (of 250), held in the Hall, are special features of the school work. Open Air Services are conducted, all the year round, four times a week. The Tract Society numbers 27 distributors. The Mothers' Meeting is held on Monday afternoons at two o'clock. During 1885 the average attendance was 200. Between £80 and £100 was paid for materials. Monday evening the Gospel Temperance Society holds its meetings in the Hall. 181 pledges were taken last year. At the same time a Children's Special Service is held in the school-room, after which the Young Christians' Band meets. The latter numbers 61, and several of its members have joined the Church. This Band is the result of the rich blessing following Mr. E. P. Hammond's visit in October. Tuesday evening there is the Prayer-meeting in the Hall. Wednesday, the Women's Prayer-meeting in class-room. Thursday, the Service in Hall. Friday, Young People's Prayer-meeting. Saturday, Meeting for Praise and Prayer in Hall, to conclude the week, and prepare for the Sabbath. The Benevolent Fund was first started by the Tract Distributors. Its annual income is now over £100. It is distributed by the hands of visitors, who examine into every case. The Dorcas Society meets once a month. It has been the means of giving away many garments to needy persons. In connection with it, blankets and bags of linen are lent out. A Free Reading-room is open. Cottage Prayer-meetings are held occasionally, and just lately much blessing has attended them. The total income of the work for 1885 was £568 10s. 6d. leaving a deficit of £87 10s. 6d. This arose from various alterations in the platforms, also from the expense of Special Services."

Before the meeting was concluded the whole of this amount was raised, and £18 with which to start the new year. Towards this sum the chairman gave £20. Both visitors and congregation did nobly. The speakers were the Revs. J. T. Wigner, and F. Tuck, Dr. E. Cronin, Mr. A. B. Winterbotham, M. P., Mr. T. Coote, M. P., Mr. J. T. Olney, and others. The blessing of God is very apparent in this work. Will our readers pray for the Haddon Hall workers?

College.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. H. T. Deavall, at Upwell, Norfolk; Mr. J. F. Shearer, at Middlesbrough; and Mr. R. E. Willis, at Bildestone, Suffolk.

Mr. H. A. Fletcher, late of Aylesbury, has gone to Blackthorn Street, Bow Common; Mr. J. C. Leigh, late of Merstham, has settled at Belvedere, Kent; Mr. G. Pring has removed from Wolsingham, Durham, to Aylsham, Norfolk; Mr. J. T. Frost, from Ashton-on-Ribble, to Houghton Regis; and Mr. A. Pidgeon from Hemyock and Sainthill, Devonshire, to Calstock and Metherill, Cornwall.

We are happy to announce that George

Palmer, Esq., late M.P. for Reading, has kindly consented to take the chair at the College Supper on Wednesday evening, May 5th. We trust that he will be surrounded by as large and liberal a company of friends as we have had in former years, that the College funds may once more be replenished.

EVANGELISTS.—*Mr. Smith* has completed the mission at Mr. Charrington's Hall with the help of various ministerial brethren. Large numbers have heard the gospel, and many have received it. This month Mr. Smith goes to Hereford and Ross, and next month, after the Conference, he is to be at Great Grimsby. *Mr. Fullerton* is, by this time, we suppose, in Palestine. He has already derived some benefit from the rest he has been obliged to take.

Mr. Burnham's services at Bere Regis and Wimborne were much appreciated. One of the ministers writes:—"I wish to bear testimony to the spiritual good that has been the result of his labours. A mission of this kind was a new experience for us, and I was rather anxious about it; but Mr. Burnham seems to have the faculty of kindling enthusiasm; and the thing was, in consequence, heartily taken up. God's blessing has, from the first, evidently rested upon his labours, so that souls have been won, sorrowing ones have been comforted, believers have been strengthened in their faith; and, as for the church as a whole, though I do not think we were asleep before, his coming has stirred us up considerably, and I am looking hopefully to the future."

During March, Mr. Burnham has conducted missions at Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar; and at Rawtenstall, Lancashire; and this month he is to be at Poole and Morecombelake.

We have received exceedingly cheering reports of *Mr. Harmer's* visits to Emsworth, Appledore, and Totnes. At Totnes he was happy to have the help of Mr. Chamberlain, and the services were held in connection with the Congregational and Baptist Churches. Both the ministers have signed the letter which contains the following passages:—"Some who have not been inside a place of worship for years were present at the services, and several of these have sought and found peace with God. Others, who have long been under the sound of the gospel, and have been the subjects of many prayers, and also several young people in our Sunday-schools, have been brought to decision for Christ. Mr. Harmer's conduct of the services has been admirable. He soon got 'in touch' with the people, and was able to adapt his words to his audiences. His addresses were listened to with great attention, and were the right sort for bringing the people to decision. Mr. Chamberlain's singing and addresses were much appreciated, and contributed greatly to the success of the meetings."

Mr. Harmer has since been to Dartmouth and Ipswich; and this month he is going to Sheffield and Attercliffe.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker write that they hope to leave San Francisco for Australia in June; and if the Lord opens the way for them, they will spend a year or so evangelizing in the Colonies. Since December our brethren have held missions in Zanesville, Ohio; Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Sterling, Illinois; and in each place large numbers have attended the services, and many have professed to find the Saviour. The Evangelists also send us good tidings of the Pastors' College men whom they have met in the United States.

ORPHANAGE.—A large number of collectors met at the Orphanage on *Tuesday evening, March* 9. After tea a meeting was held, under the presidency of the President, who thanked all the friends for their continued interest in the institution which is so dear to his own heart. Including the amounts sent in by those who were unable to be present, about £150 was received, a sum somewhat above the average at these gatherings. The programme included addresses by Rev. E. Maclean, and Messrs. J. Manton Smith and J. W. Harrald; singing and recitations by the boys and girls, and handbell ringing by the young campanologists. As we came away we felt that we had spent one of the merriest evenings we had ever enjoyed, and we can assure any of our collectors who have not attended one of the quarterly meetings that they have missed a treat.

Considering the hardness of the times, the tour of Mr. Charlesworth and his choir in the North of Ireland was highly satisfactory. They were able to render substantial service to the brethren there; and, at the same time, to gather funds and friends for the institution at home. Pastor W. Usher writes concerning the meetings in Belfast what would equally apply to each place that was visited:—"The dear boys captivated the whole town. It was delightful and amusing to witness the attendance of hosts and hostesses at the various meetings, and to hear them speak of 'my boys' as though the lads were members of the family, and not visitors. As to the entertainments, all who took part in them won golden opinions, and the heartiest desires were expressed that another visit would soon be paid. I wish I could convey to you the enthusiastic expressions of love which have been given during the visit, both for your own and your works' sake. Praises to the Lord have been uttered by all denominations for the great work he has enabled you to do in his name. The Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Rev. J. W. Whigham, carried the meeting with him when speaking on that topic. He informed us that he is instrumental in circulating your sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel* in the province of Connaught, and that he knew of a Greek priest, in Moscow, who had studied the English

language that he might be able to read your sermons." In return for the national "hundred thousand welcomes" which were given to the orphans, we gratefully send "a hundred thousand thanks," and pray the Lord very richly to bless every friend who helped to secure the success of the tour.

While the magazine is passing through the press, Mr. Charlesworth and his choir are visiting some of the Midland Counties; and from March 29 to April 14, they are to be in East Anglia, holding meetings at Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Norwich, Lynn, Wisbech, Haddenham, Ely, and Cambridge. We are sure that the wise men and good women of the East will help us as they have done aforetime; and we heartily thank them all, in anticipation of what we are about to receive for the continued maintenance of our fatherless family at Stockwell.

COLPORTAGE.—The work of the Colportage Association is extending, and probably needs only a revival of trade to increase more rapidly. The following are the districts recently opened:—Bath, Portsmouth, Slough, and Greenwich. The extracts given below, from a letter just received from a colporteur's superintendent, who writes with full knowledge of the details of the work, is very encouraging, and should stimulate others to use the agency:—

"My impressions of the good work of your Association may be put as follows:—1. Distinctly useful as an aid to village-work *connected with town churches*. 2. Nothing like it for remote hamlets and lone households far from the means of grace. Upon entering such a cottage, four years since, the poor woman fell on her knees, and thanked God, as she had not seen a minister for two years. Such cases are regularly visited by the colporteur—a work which, in that far and scattered district, would be difficult for a minister in a centre like this, with three distant village-stations all without railways. All the more hopeful cases of blessing have been given in these out-of-the-way places.

3. The sale of Bibles and Testaments during the year has almost equalled that of the local Bible Society, a fact which speaks well for the colporteur and his work.

4. Open-air preaching by the colporteur in villages where even a cottage has been refused, has gained an entrance for good books, and for the Bible, where the living messenger was shut out.

5. The constant tract-distribution by your agent is not without fruit, and has led to the desire to possess the Word of life.

6. Here and there members of the clergy and gentry have begun to see, at least, the good drift of the work. In fact, the day of your Society has hardly begun. I venture to predict a great future for it in its fully-matured state. Every town church will, I hope, have its colporteur, who will be an indispensable aid to the pastor."

The Association bears all expenses beyond the £40 a year required from a district, making the work one of the cheapest known, and securing the entire services of a Christian worker, who is at once an itinerant bookseller, a visitor of the sick and neglected, and a simple preacher of the gospel. Nearly £10,000 worth of good literature was sold by the colporteurs last year, and they report many cases where they have persuaded people to take pure and healthy periodicals instead of those of a questionable character. Best of all, many have been converted to God, both by reading the books, and hearing the voices of the colporteurs.

Any further information will be gladly forwarded on application to the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

The annual meeting of the Association will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, May* 17, when the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., has kindly consented to deliver an address.

PERSONAL NOTES.—One of our students writes:—"My dear President,—The following remarkable answer to prayer came under my notice a little time since; and I feel constrained to let you know of it, especially as you were the means, in God's hands, of bringing it about.

"Two Christian men, who were employed in a large shop in the south of London, sought to live for Christ among their fellow-workmen; in consequence of which they were often ridiculed, and at times bitterly persecuted, especially by one young man. After bearing much at the hands of this man, the two Christians determined to pray every day for his salvation; and, moreover, they decided to stay in the shop every Thursday evening, after the other men had gone, in order to plead together for the conversion of their persecutor. Months passed away without any change taking place. At last, one Thursday evening, just as they were going on their knees, they happened to look across the shop, and saw their opponent watching them attentively. They paused awkwardly, then he approached, and asked what they were doing. 'Why don't you go home,' said he, 'and look after your wives and families?' They were so taken aback that they could not answer. 'Look here,' continued he, 'you can't deceive me. I know what you are about, you are going to pray for me; but do you think your prayers will ever do me any good? Not a bit of it; you've been praying for nearly twelve months, and I am worse to-day than ever?' Then he commenced to curse and swear. Then taking a pack of cards from his pocket, he said, 'Do you see these cards? I am going to such-and-such a place, in the Borough, to spend the evening in smoking, swearing, drinking, and card-playing, and you are going to pray for me, like two great fools.' After

he left, the two Christians looked at each other, feeling quite crushed. It was a time of great trial to their faith; nevertheless, they fell on their knees, and wrestled with God for the conversion of this man, who seemed worse than ever.

"The man, true to his word, went to the public-house, and commenced the evening's amusement; but after playing a few games, feeling very uncomfortable, he packed away his cards, and walked up Newington Butts. As he was passing the Tabernacle, he heard singing, and he went up the steps, and listened near the door. Some one said, 'Come inside, there's plenty of room, Mr. Spurgeon is going to preach.' He accepted the invitation, listened attentively to the word; and on leaving the building, he was a new man in Christ Jesus. He went home immediately, and told his wife that God had saved him, he scarcely knew how or where. The wife thought her husband was different, but could not understand what he meant. The next morning he was the first at the work-shop; and, grasping the two Christian men by the hand, he told them of the change which had been wrought in him on the previous evening. Not content with this, he went around the shop, and told all the men of his conversion."

Mr. Whitmore, the Ramsgate Sailors' Missionary, sends us the following interesting account of a visit paid by him:—"On Oct. 25th, 1883, I boarded the German schooner, *Maria Elizabeth*, of Aldersum, Captain W. G. Pommer, whom I found a very earnest Christian. I had some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in the German language to give to him and his crew. As soon as the captain saw *the name of the author*, he exclaimed, 'Mr. Spurgeon is a great, good man; he is loved very much in some parts of my country; his books are well known, and read by a large number of people there. I heard him preach in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, ten years ago, on rolling away the stone from the grave of Lazarus, and the Lord blessed that sermon to me. I was led by the Holy Spirit to see all my sins, and was delivered from the grave of their corruption by hearing the voice of Jesus say to me, 'Come forth.' The sermon is entitled, 'The Sphere of Instrumentality,' No. 1,052. It is not often we are privileged to meet with such a bright, happy Christian as the captain of this vessel. It was most refreshing to hear his rich acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, and the deep things of God. I was pleased to find the crew of this vessel were a happy ship's company, and their spiritual requirements well cared and provided for. I was informed by the captain that, wind and weather permitting, he had worship with his crew three times a day—morning, noon, and night. It was pleasing to handle and see his well-used Bible. He pointed out the passage, which, he said, the Lord had given him at noon, for his evening meditation with his crew—Matt. vii. 11. I had prayer with him, for which he was very thankful; and on leaving the vessel, I could but lift my heart in adoring gratitude to God for that which rich, sovereign grace had done in this case, through the instrumentality of the sermons of this honoured servant of Christ. I visited this same vessel again the next day, and took with me the volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which contained the one the Holy Spirit blessed to the captain's conversion. I pointed out the sermon to him; he looked very intently over the introduction till he came to the words that were brought home to him. Then his countenance beamed with joy, as he read the words aloud. 'Yes,' he said, with deep emotional feelings of thankfulness, 'this is the sermon that brought me into newness of life.' He asked the loan of the book to read it to his crew. I am sorry to say he left the port a few days after, early in the morning, before I got down to the harbour, as the wind had come fair for him to proceed on his passage, and he took the book with him. Though I am deprived of my much-prized volume, I trust it will be the means, under God, of leading many to the Saviour."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—February 25, fourteen; March 4, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Hughes	0	12	0
Part collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	7	11	11
Collection, Cross Street, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	6	1	8
Mr. Geo. Hearson	2	2	0
W. Fuller, money order, 1875	0	9	0
Mr. B. J. Greenwood	15	15	0
Thanksgiving for special mercies ...	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Meikle	2	5	0
Half collection at Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Pastor J. Collins ...	1	17	6
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	6	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Miss C. Keating	15	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	6	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Thankoffering from East London Tabernacle Church, per Pastor A. G. Brown	20	0	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. H. R. Phillips ...	0	16	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Romsey, per Pastor J. Smith	1	12	0

	£	s.	d.
A North Highlander	0	10	0
Weekly Offering at Metropolitan Tabernacle:			
Feb. 21 ... ... 23 10 0			
„ 28 ... ... 8 16 6			
Mch. 7 ... ... 20 0 0			
„ 14 ... ... 122 10 0			
	174	16	6
	£297	19	1

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Geo. Davies ...	1	14	6
Collection at Lord's Table, Bridgwater Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Moore	1	9	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Glostershire	1	1	0
Collection at Christ Church, Aston Park, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	5	14	6
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Joanna	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Sonrd	0	5	0
Mrs. King and Miss Downs	13	0	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Anstruther Baptist Sabbath-school, per Mr. Alexander Black	1	0	0
A. T. S.	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Miller	0	10	0
A lover of the Lord	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Walter Cook	3	12	6
Collected by Pastor G. H. Harris ...	1	10	6
Mr. Seaton	0	10	6
Laddie, Castle Cary	0	3	7
Mr. Stephen Hubbard	1	1	0
Collected by Mr Ephraim Walker ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. G. Gibbs	0	10	0
J. and M. Davie	0	5	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. A. Hepburn	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. Kerry	0	12	6
Mrs. Weightman	5	0	0
Mrs. Harvey's box, per Mrs. J. Olney...	0	0	10
Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Mr. H. Elliot, per V. J. C.	1	1	0
Miss Lynde L. Macassey	0	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	12	7
Collected by Mr. A. C. Wilkie	0	1	5
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
Rev. H. L. Wayland. D.D.	1	0	0
A lady, per Dr. Wayland...	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Vautin	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Friends at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wesley Boud	5	0	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Burton-on-Trent	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	24	15	7
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mrs. H. S. Gifford...	0	5	0
Half collection at Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Pastor J. Collins ...	1	17	6
Mrs. Battershill	5	0	0
Mr. W. S. Cowell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wicks	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. White	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cubey	1	0	0
Communion collection at Norfolk Street Chapel, Peckham	0	17	6
Mrs. S. Thompson...	1	0	0
Mr. I. Armstrong	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	5	0	0
S. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Collis	0	10	0
Miss Colvin's Sabbath-class, Manbeen	0	13	6
Mr. I. A. Hulbert	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Risdon's Sunday-class, George Street Chapel, Plymouth	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Walter	10	0	0
J. M. N., per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	18	0
A thankoffering from a member ...	1	0	0
In the name of the Lord	0	10	0
A servant, New Wandsworth	0	1	0
Mr. E. Ison	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. M. Steeples	0	2	6
Mr. John Briggs	0	5	0
Mrs. C. M. Stevenson	1	0	0
Miss E. Ellis	0	6	0
Mr. H. A. Matier	0	10	0
Miss Stearman's Sunday-school class, Norwich	0	18	3
Mr. W. Paul...	0	3	0
M. A. C.	0	2	6
Miss F. Cook	0	2	6
Postal Order from Wootton Bassett ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
Miss C. Keating	25	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Macpherson	0	15	0
Mr. J. Richardson	0	3	6
Two friends, per Mr. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Mrs. M. East	1	0	0
Stamps from Nottingham	0	2	0
Miss Elizabeth Pugh	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Scoular	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Howe	4	0	0
E. Porter, 5 per cent. per annum ...	1	4	0
Mrs. J. L. Dickie	0	6	0
Mr. J. C. Romang	0	10	0
Mrs. E. E. Wright...	2	0	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
A friend, per Mr. W. Dorward... ...	1	0	0
Miss C. Fairley	1	0	0
Mrs. Ling	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wight	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Lewis, for "The Liverpool House"	1	0	0
Miss Mary Halstead	0	2	6
Collection at Lockerley Green Chapel, per Mr. N. T. Southwell	2	5	0
"Trouble not the Master," M. R. ...	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Sinclair	0	5	0
Mr. Gavin, per Mr. George Sinclair ...	0	2	0
Mr. H. E. Harber	0	5	0
Mr. John Clark	0	10	0
Mr. F. Holden	0	10	0
Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline	1	0	0
P. H.	0	15	0
Miss Foster (proceeds of sale of chain)	2	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone ...	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Wm. Mimpress ...	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Fanny Pledge ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss A. Green	0	12	6
Mabel, Maggie, and Georgie Evan's box	0	9	0
Cissy and Poppy Pearce's box	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Booker	0	10	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Bamford	0	13	6
Collected by Miss Barker	0	10	0
Mrs. Barry	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. T. Dick...	0	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Herrmann	0	4	7
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker ...	0	4	0
Miss E. Bickmore and friends, per H. B. S.	0	10	0
Miss Jones	0	5	0
Master Cecil Rickett	2	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Moase	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Johnson	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Grace Palmer ...	0	2	0
A. Z.	1	0	0
Miss Martineau	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Violet K. Houston ...	0	11	9
Collected by Mr. Holmes	1	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Moses	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Dean, Jun.... ...	0	12	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Rugg	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	12	0
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	10	6
Mr. John Brown	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Munday	3	2	6
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown	0	3	6
Collected by Miss M. Hayden	0	8	6
Collected by Miss Moss	0	11	6
Collected by Mr. Matthews	0	3	9
Collected by Mr. T. P. Chard	2	12	0
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	0	7	6
Collected by the Misses Everett ...	0	14	1
Collected by Mrs. Kellie	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. E. Lister	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Brown	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher ...	0	6	0
Mr. H. Harrod	0	5	0
Miss E. Beddome	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Spencer	0	10	4
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0	12	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Farmer	1	7	7
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	5	0
Miss Bamber's box	1	17	6
Mrs. Campbell	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Hall	0	6	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss F. Dunster	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Laker	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Simpson	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. F. Palin	0	0	8
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	14	0
Collected by Mr. H. Teverson	0	12	0
Collected by Mr. Frederick Battam ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Alice L. Boyd ...	0	8	6
Collected by Mrs. Livett...	0	13	6
Collected by Mrs. Blake	0	15	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Mr. F. Bartlett	2	4	0
Lizzie, Arthur, Walter, and Georgie Bunce	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Annie Sortwell ...	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Scales... ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. Shayes	0	11	7
Collected by Miss Hancock	0	4	0
Miss Carpenter	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Terrell	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. D. Gay-Cuming, per H. B. S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Giles, Manitoba	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Fryer	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. A. Plummer... ...	0	18	0
Mrs. Tressider	0	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Anne Bunting ...	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Derrick	0	12	6
Dorton	3	3	0
Mrs. H. B. Frearson	3	0	0
Miss Jane McGowan, savings	24	14	7
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. H. Williams	0	2	6
R. W., Glasgow	1	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Bartlett	0	3	3
N. K....	2	0	0
Mr. C. Betts and friends	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
Miss Blanning, per Pastor J. Kempton	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hind	0	2	0
Fines for sneezing, per "Uncle Joe" ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Edmund Walker	5	0	0
For Jesu's sake	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton:—			
Mr. James Rankin... ... 2 2 0			
Mr. John Edwards 0 1 0			
Mr. Charles Evans... ... 0 1 0			
Mrs. Wheatstone 0 1 0			
Mr. Henry Anthony .. 0 1 0			
James i. 27 ... ... 0 4 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. D. B. Wright, Mr. A. McLeod, and a friend	0	4	6
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Lancaster...	5	0	0
Glostershire	1	1	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Spence	0	2	6
Gresham	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Walker's box	0	10	10
S. J. C.	1	0	0
A. G.	0	10	0
E. A.	0	5	0
A. F.	0	2	6
Mrs. Grace Baik	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Dixon	1	10	0
Mr. W. Whittingham	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Hector	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher ...	11	19	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Lochee... ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Mary Evans	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 5 0			
Mr. H. Cooper 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Whitfield 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Two sisters, instead of wreath for Rev. W. Anderson's funeral ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
Mrs. G. Ward 0 2 6			
	7	5	0
Mrs. M. D. Macleay	5	0	0
A friend, per Dr. Swallow	50	0	0
Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford:			
Boys' box 1 1 11			
Girls' box 1 0 6			
Infant-class box ... 0 15 3			
Mr. G. Walker's box ... 0 5 9			
Mr. P. Pickett's box ... 1 17 7			
	5	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris	5	5	6
Mr. S. Hart	0	10	0
May and Marie Reavell	0	2	6
Baptist Church, Salterforth, per Mr. Wm. Brown	1	10	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Medway	1	0	0
L. K. D.	1	2	6
Mr. J. Robinson, and friends	0	5	0
Collection at Paglesham Chapel, per Mr. J. Robinson	0	12	0
Bostoe	0	4	6
A sympathiser	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Wm. and I. M. ——	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Farthings collected by G. F. Lee at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich	1	5	0
Mr. F. Ansell	0	1	6
J. and E. C. ——	1	0	0
Mr. H. Miller	0	10	0
B. B.	0	5	0
W. S.	1	0	0
A little one	2	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
S. and N.	15	0	0
M. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. King and Miss Downs	3	13	4
A grateful grandmother	0	10	0
Little George Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Shurmer	2	16	6
A believer	0	2	6
A little help	0	5	0
Councillor Crighton, per Messrs. Duncan and Black	50	0	0
A North Highlander	0	10	0
Miss Nunn	3	3	0
Collected by Miss Kate Mary Tansley	0	8	6
Collected by Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Fordham, per Mr. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. Albert Last	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Powell	1	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	0
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Orphan Boys and Girls' Cards:—			
R. Bush 0 15 0			
A. Dowera 0 10 0			
E. Temple 0 10 0			
R. Anderson 0 5 0			
Alice and Harry Runnacus 1 4 6			
J. Franklin 0 2 6			
H. Rathmell 0 6 0			
F. M. Carrol 0 10 0			
E. Lewis 0 6 0			
	4	9	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Collection at City Temple, after sermon by Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. ...	40	7	10
Leytonstone Baptist Chapel	13	4	2
Waterloo Road Wesleyan Chapel ...	1	1	0
Duke Street, Richmond, sale of programmes	0	10	0
Arthur Street Baptist Chapel, King's Cross	7	0	0
North of Ireland tour, less local expenses:—			
Belfast 43 9 5			
Donations 1 17 6			
Mr. R. Glendinning ... 20 0 0			
	65	6	11
Hollywood 12 1 3			
Donations, per Mrs. Shanks:			
Mr. Jones 1 0 0			
Miss Love 1 0 0			
Mr. Macassey 1 0 0			
Dr. Dunlop 0 10 0			
	15	11	3
Carrickfergus 13 7 0			
Donation, Miss Nelson ... 0 5 0			
	13	12	0
Coleraine 20 11 11			
Collection at Baptist Chapel 2 10 6			
Presbyterian service ... 7 5 0			
Mr. James Laughlin ... 1 0 0			
	31	7	5
Londonderry	18	15	2
Dungannon	25	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
Mr. W. Torrance	1	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Fidge	1	0	0
Robert and Norman Wells	1	0	0
Sandwich; per Bankers	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Miss S. Ellis	0	5	0
Per the Misses Crumpton:—			
J. B. K. 0 2 6			
Mr. J. Macintosh ... 0 5 0			
Mr. W. F. Masters ... 0 10 6			
	0	18	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. Reynolds	0	5	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting:			
Collecting Boxes:			
Akast, Masters F. and N.	0	2	5
Austin, Miss	0	16	9
Ansell, Mrs.	0	5	10
Burley, Mrs. and Miss ...	0	0	3
Bailey, Mr. F.	0	1	9
Burley, Miss	0	0	2
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	9	9
Butler, Mrs.	0	11	5
Barnden, Mrs.	0	17	7
Buswell, Mrs.	1	11	3
Brown, Mrs.	0	7	9
Brake, Mrs.	0	7	10
Battam, Miss	1	5	10
Bruin, Miss	0	19	7
Bloxam, Miss	0	0	5
Bartlett, Miss	0	6	0
Brice, Florrie and Willie	0	3	4
Boswell, Mrs.	0	3	10
Child, Master D.	0	1	6
Child, Master S.	0	1	5
Curtis, Master	0	1	6
Charlton, Miss F.	0	2	11
Cornwell, Mrs.	0	5	0
Cooke, Miss	1	17	6
Cozens, Master E. ...	0	1	8
Chapman, Mrs.	0	10	4
Cook, Miss	0	8	2
Collins, Miss F.	0	4	0
Cranch, Master D. ...	0	3	6
Cranch, Master B. ...	0	2	9
Cane, Miss	0	4	9
Crane, Miss C.	0	1	5
Conquest, Mrs.	0	10	5
Crane, Master W.	0	3	2
Childs, Miss	0	2	2
Davis, Miss K.	0	3	2
Durwin, Mr. F. D. ...	0	4	6
Dalton, Mr.	0	18	1
Davies, Mrs.	0	5	5
Dunn, Mr. A.	0	7	6
Ewen, Mrs.	1	4	4
Ellerington, Mrs.	0	4	6
Evans, Miss Alice	0	0	3
Euridge, Master W. ...	0	2	5
Evans, Miss L.	0	4	8
Elmonds, Mrs.	0	7	10
Ekins, Miss	0	12	7
Ellston, Miss	0	1	2
Everett, Miss E.	0	2	6
Essex, Mrs.	0	11	0
Furness, Mr.	1	9	0
Ferguson, Miss A. ...	0	11	11
Frisby, Misses F. and A. ...	0	7	10
Fern, Master	0	5	5
Frisby, Mr. T.	0	4	8
Fuller, Miss E.	0	2	8
Fitness, Miss M. A. ...	0	1	8
Farley, Mrs. and Miss ...	0	1	0
Garrett, Miss	0	14	3
Grant, Miss	0	11	6
Gray, Mrs.	0	10	10
Gray, Mr. A.	0	7	0
Hardy, Master	0	10	4
Holland, Master P. ...	0	4	3
Hart, Miss	2	8	5
Higgs, Miss	2	19	9
Hunt, Miss	0	9	9
Hubbard, Miss	0	9	8
Howlett, Miss	0	6	1
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	2	10

	£	s.	d.
Hodby, Mr. J.	0	2	2
Hall, Miss Alice	0	2	1
Ivimey, Miss	0	15	0
Jumpsen, Mr.	0	3	8
Jarvis, Mrs.	0	3	6
Knight, Mr. Geo.	1	3	8
King, J. C.	0	6	6
Knight, Mr.	0	4	5
Lansdell, Master Alfred ...	0	2	2
Larkman, Miss	0	5	9
Lennard, Miss	0	7	8
May, Miss	0	11	0
Moses, Master	0	0	10
Moore, Miss A.	0	4	4
McNeil, Misses E. and M.	0	2	7
Messent, Master	0	3	0
Middleton, Mrs.	0	1	8
Mills, Master F. C. ...	0	1	4
Matthews, Mr.	0	6	1
Messent, Master W. ...	0	0	11
Mackey, Mrs.	0	11	4
Mills, Master F.	0	3	5
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	2	4
Miller, Miss	0	3	5
Miller, Mr. D.	0	12	1
Merritt, Miss	0	11	8
Mallison, Mrs.	0	2	2
Narraway, Miss E. M. ...	0	2	0
Oliver, Miss Edith ...	1	0	3
Oliver, Master Albert ...	0	2	6
Plant, Master H.	0	4	4
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	11	1
Priestley, Mr. J. W. ...	0	0	4
Priestley, Miss	0	0	1
Price, Miss	0	1	6
Palmer, Mrs.	0	5	4
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	7	0
Pain, Miss	0	6	4
Parker, Master	0	1	10
Rawlinson, Misses F. & N.	0	1	1
Rawlinson, Misses W. & F.	0	1	11
Robins, Mrs.	0	12	0
Rayner, Mr. S.	0	7	0
Roper, Miss R.	0	2	6
Ransom, Master H. ...	0	1	10
Sutherland, Miss Dora ...	0	5	4
Smith, Mrs.	0	7	5
Smith, Miss	0	1	7
Shayes, Mrs.	0	0	8
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	13	9
Smyth, Mr. C. J.	0	6	6
Syrett, Master A.	0	1	8
Scudder, Miss J.	0	7	7
Saffell, Master E.	0	2	6
Snape, Mrs.	0	9	9
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	5	4
Stevens, Mrs.	0	4	0
Swain, Miss	0	4	11
Spender, Mrs.	0	12	6
Thomas, Miss A.	0	12	0
Thomas, Mrs.	0	1	8
Vero, Miss Maud	1	16	0
Wheeler, Miss E.	0	2	9
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	7	0
Wingate, Miss N.	0	8	2
Wynne, Master A. O. ...	0	1	10
Williams, Master W. H....	0	8	2
Warren, Miss	0	7	6
Westmoreland, Mrs. ...	0	1	5
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Watkins, Miss A.	0	6	8
Young, Mr. T. A. ...	0	6	0
Arthur Hoyle's Sunday dinner penny collection	1	0	3
Employées of Messrs. Marshall and Sons, per Mr. Morgan	0	18	0
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett...	0	17	8
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. W. Rose	0	5	10
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	18	11
			57 14 8
Collecting Books :—			
Bonser, Miss	0	9	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	10	0
Brewer, Mrs. A.	0	10	6
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	6
Bowles, Mrs.	0	19	6
Chenoweth, Miss	1	0	0
Day, Miss	0	5	0
Ewen, Mrs.	2	2	0
Fowler, Miss N.	1	9	0
Good, Miss	0	3	0
Hinton, Miss E.	1	0	0
Jephs, Miss	1	16	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	18	3
Lawson, Mrs.	1	10	0
Leeworthy, Miss	0	17	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	6	0
McKinley, Mrs.	0	6	6
Pellatt, Mrs.	0	5	0
Robertson, Miss	0	15	0
Ryan, Mrs.	0	5	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	5	0	0
Wheeler, Miss	1	7	0
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class :—			
Mrs. Dee	1	0	0
Miss Clarkson	0	16	8
Mrs. Bailey	0	9	0
			27 8 11
F. H....	0	5	0
Orphan girls' card, Edith Haydon	0	10	0
Sale of tea tickets	1	8	0
Wm. and Gilbert Finch's box	5	0	0
			7 3 0
			£821 13 0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.—PROVISIONS :—1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam ; a Quantity of Cooking Apples, Messrs. C. and A. Parker ; 19½ lbs. Bacon, Mr. A. Green ; 2 Sacks Potatoes, Mr. H. Watts ; 5 Rabbits, Miss Dickson.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—2 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. A. Smith ; 13 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe ; 10 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield ; 3 Pairs Socks, 1 Shirt, and a Few Collars, Miss Dickson ; 7 Pairs Socks, The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :— 5 Articles, A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel" : 32 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs ; 8 Articles, A Constant Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel" ; 15 Articles, Miss Hunter ; 12 Articles, for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss ; 8 Wool Cross-overs, 39¾ Yards Print, 31¼ Yards Dress Material, 3 Pairs Gloves, 12 Pairs Stockings, 9 Handkerchiefs, The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan ; 16 Articles, Young Women's Meeting, Charlotte Street, Melton Mowbray, per Mrs. G. D. Cox ; 12 Articles, Miss Glazebrook ; 6 Articles, Mrs. Spencer ; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner ; 34 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Cox.

GENERAL :—A Quantity of Cloth Patterns, Mr. Morgan Evans ; 3 Cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons ; 1 Bundle Handkerchiefs, Mr. Glendinning ; 1 Doll, Miss McKellar ; 6 pairs Babies' Socks, and 1 Pence Jug, A Constant Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel."

ERRATUM in March number :—"Female Bible-class, Henley Tabernacle, per Miss Harbert, 15s 6d." should be, "Collected by Miss Harbert, from friends, 15s. 6d."

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. P. Waters...	5	0	0
Mary Bowen	1	0	0
Miss Aldiss	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	5	5	0
W. S.	10	0	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Woolland	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£21	15	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Mr. Thos. R., for Bower Chalk (1886)	5	0	0
Cheddar District, per Rev. T. Davies:			
Mr. Sidney Hill 5 0 0			
Mrs. R. Clark 2 0 0			
Mrs. Day 0 10 0			
Mr. Salvidge 0 2 6			
Mr. Churchill 0 2 6			
Mrs. Finch 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Spencer 0 5 0			
Rev. T. Hunger 0 5 0			
Rev. T. Davies 0 5 0			
Mrs. Webb 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Harvey 0 10 0			
Mr. H. W. Medway ... 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Clark, J.P. ... 5 0 0			
15 10 0			
Less Expenses 0 15 0			
14 15 0			
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks ...	10	0	0
Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Home, Portsmouth	40	0	0
Mr. Thos. R., for Sellindge	10	0	0
Stratford on Avon, per Mr. Smith ...	25	0	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
Crosby Garrett, per Pastor Macdonald	10	0	0
A friend, for Kent...	33	18	0
Great Totham, per Mr. Morton ...	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£181	3	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. A. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Mr. B. J. Greenwood	5	5	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Miss C. Keating	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Part collection at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	81	4	3
Proceeds of lecture by the secretary, W. Corden Jones	5	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. H. Hollis	2	0	0
Glostershire	1	1	0
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
A North Highlander	0	10	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
	£135	17	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Johnston	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, Collace	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Steel	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Martin	0	2	6
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support, 1886	50	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at Totnes ...	2	0	0
	£66	0	0

Coupon No. 9, of the Imperial Property Investment Company, has been gratefully received; and the amount has been divided between Colportage, Country Mission, Evangelists' Association, and Poor Ministers' Clothing Society.

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, 1886.

Concerning doing Nothing.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, the other day, quoted as an epitaph from a Norfolk churchyard certain lines, which, we imagine, are rather from Joseph Miller, than from any one of the brotherhood of rustic poets to whom we are indebted for the "uncouth rhymes" which adorn our village graves. The rude forefathers of the hamlet do not use such words as "required," and "sever." Come from whom they may, the lines are clever, and exactly hit off the idle notion of idle persons who look for an idle heaven. The rhymes were repeated in the House of Commons the next night by an honourable member, who appears to have been as much struck with them as we were. To keep in the fashion, we will quote them too, and we will try to make some practical use of them :—

"Here lies a poor woman who always wor tired,
For she lived in a world where too much wor required,
'Weep not for me, friends (she said), for I'm going
Where there'll neither be working, nor reading, nor sewing;
Then weep not for me, friends, though death do us sever,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'"

But we feel bound to add that the correct text, as we have seen it, varies considerably from this modern version, and it did not profess to be an epitaph, but merely a comical rhyme :—

"There was an old woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where no help was hired,
Her last words on earth were, 'Dear friends, I am going
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing,
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
And though there the anthems are constantly ringing,
I, having no voice, shan't be call'd to the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'"

The notion that heaven lies somewhere in the region of inaction is not altogether a clownish conception; for the heaven of Buddhism is not materially different, except that it carries the idea still further, and arrives at personal annihilation. Poets have lent themselves to the conception that glory consists in sitting upon flowery mounts for ever, and singing all day long to the accompaniment of golden harps; but this is far nearer the truth than the sheer laziness implied in "doing nothing for ever and ever." Doubtless, this is the loftiest aspiration of many a dull and drowsy soul—nothing to do, and angels to help you in it. Yet Montesquieu was right when he said, "We generally place idleness among the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather, I think, be put among the tortures of hell." Austin calls it, "the burying a man alive." We heard one say the other day, "I am dreadfully depressed." We asked, "What is your calling?" The answer was, "I have done nothing for twelve months;" and our reply was, "No wonder you are half dead: it is enough to kill any one, to be so long with nothing to do."

That which in a man's idea is to be his heaven above, is highly likely to be his heaven below; and surely there are many modern Christians whose delight it is to take things easy, and maintain a state of Sabbatic repose. To be fed under the ministry is the ultimatum of many a professor. He knows nothing of the state of the church, and cares less. He holds the very soothing theory that the church has nothing to do with the improvement of the world, and he is consistent with his opinion, for he never attempts to do anything which would improve a mouse. He decidedly objects to the display of anything like zeal: he condemns it as fanaticism, and has many instances at his fingers' ends in proof of the evil which comes of being too earnest. If he is not lazy he is *born tired,* and is doing his best to recover himself from his sad condition by resting as hard as ever he can—an avocation for which he shows a peculiar adaptation. The Arabs talk of a lazy man who would not turn his head on his pillow, though the rain leaked through the roof above him, and dropped into his eye: we have brethren about us who could even match that description, so far as any work for the Lord is concerned. Busy enough in the world, they are sluggards in the church, and appear to look upon religion as "rest unto their souls," and nothing else.

Time was, in many a village congregation, when, at the close of the hymn before the sermon, rows of rustics composed themselves deliberately with a view to a sound sleep. We can well remember the satisfied and restful look of the burly farmer when he reached his corner of the pew, near the aisle, and putting his arm over the door, looked like one who felt at home. He was "safely moored, his perils o'er" for the next hour and a half. We hope we have more now of the lively expectant attention, out of which spiritual benefit is likely to arise; and yet we have none too much of it. Still, specimens may be met with, both among the Hodge family and its Cockney relatives, of persons who illustrate the old notion that the glory of Sunday is to go to church, and put your legs up and think of nothing. Sermons are too often soothing lullabies; they are suffered to go in at one ear and out at the other, with the net result of making the hearer feel more easy than if he had stayed at home.

At home we occasionally see the listlessness of the sanctuary exhibiting itself in other forms. At this moment we know young men who are never so industrious as when they are at dinner, or at the billiard table, or on the lawn-tennis green. They are gentlemen by profession, but sluggards by trade. They are fit company for those of the other sex who are ladies by repute, but idlers by character. Fussing a great deal, but really doing nothing, such persons are the victims of languor, the slaves of dulness, the martyrs of dyspepsia. Had they been forced to earn their own livings, they would have enjoyed robust health; but, as it is, they have nothing to do but to be deliciously ill. Literally, as Mrs. Partington would say, "They enjoy bad health." They are indisposed; especially are they indisposed to action. They need a change; but the only change which would set them right they are never likely to take. In his "Castle of Indolence," Thomson has pictured these idle folk; perhaps he has done it the more graphically because he was so lazy himself that he was known to gnaw peaches from the tree upon the wall sooner than take his hands from his pockets to carry the fruit to his mouth. Thus he sang of the crew of sluggards:—

"Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe;
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering steps and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind."

All this is grossly evil, and usually leads to the worst forms of sin. No plot of ground is more fruitful of evil weeds than the sluggard's garden. The wretched seed which ripens upon his thorns and thistles often sows a whole stretch of country. The harm that comes of idleness no mind can measure. It is so dangerous to have no occupation, that we may well say, "Let us do or die." Heaven never helps the men who will not act; but hell helps itself through them to an immeasurable extent. "Idleness," says old Burton, "is a cushion upon which the devil reposes." Chrysostom declares that to do nothing is to do mischief. To kill time, and thus to waste life, is murder in the first degree. At the dread judgment-seat of Christ many will discover that their surest condemnation was called down upon their heads by what they did not do. There is a Book of Holy Scripture which has been well styled "The Inspired Wealth of Nations," and it seems to have been written on purpose for the idle; if they take no notice of its warnings, they will find that when "the books" which contain the diaries of God are opened they contain for them nothing but lamentation and woe.

This very practical subject ought to come home to those who would be grieved if they were called idle, and yet at this time have nothing to do for Jesus. Who these are we must leave each person to consider. Some are looking for work! Looking for work where everything is to be done and the labourers are few! Others are occupied with finding fault! Finding fault with those who are doing their best! Finding

fault, and yet doing no better themselves! Many more are devising, and planning, and scheming, and arranging. They are putting into order an empty house, and sketching storehouses for harvests which will never be reaped because sowing is left undone.

Each member of a Christian Church should be a worker for Christ. Our Lord has never granted a dispensation to a single one among us; would any one of us desire that he should? His vows are upon us all without exception. Are we each obedient to his word, "Occupy till I come"? Are we putting out our talents to interest? If we are not doing so, we can never enter into rest. Rest implies previous labour. We are bidden by the Holy Spirit to labour to enter into the rest of God; it is the way thereto. Idlers are unrestful and fidgety, worried and worrying, fretful and fanciful, troubled and troublesome. They are happiest who are most completely consecrated to the service of God, and most fully absorbed in obedience to his will.

Oh that all our church-members were constrained by divine grace to do their very utmost for their Lord! There would then be no lack of labourers; no vine would be left unpruned, no wheat ungarnered. Under God we have in the Church all that is needful for her great work; it only needs bringing out and setting in order—perhaps we ought to say arousing and quickening. The world is full of stir, social, political, scientific, selfish; and shall the Saviour's household be given to slumber? Heaven can be no heaven to us if we do not labour here, by either doing or suffering the divine will. As six days of work preceded the Lord's Sabbath of rest, so must it be with us if we would enjoy the Sabbath of the skies. Remember how Bonar puts it, and let us put it so—

"Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

Peter Hay.

A NARRATIVE OF IMPRISONMENT IN A COAL-MINE.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, OF ADDLESTONE.

(*Continued from page* 172.)

AMONG the topics of conversation occupying the imprisoned ones, was the state of their respective families. Much pity was expressed for them, as their hearts yearned over them, and as they thought of their present anxiety and their future distress. One remarked that, desperate as their own case was, that of their families was not much, if any, better. "Doubtless they are bewailing us as dead, or doomed to death, and thinking of our sufferings and their own loss; but let us make this a further occasion for prayer, which will help them and ease us."

"Yes," said another," there ought to be more prayer and praise." So they joined in singing another Psalm, cxxi., Scotch paraphrase :—

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes;
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made."

Here again was an instance of the benefit of that sound and Scriptural teaching in which they had been nurtured. "Psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," though never having too large a part in public worship in Scotland, had, nevertheless, formed a part of their religious education. It was a satisfactory indication, too, of the really humble and penitent state of their mind, that they were led to confess that they had not lived such lives as, with the light they had and the privileges they shared, they ought to have lived. But this, while it led to prostration of spirit before God, led them also to confess their need of Christ and their simple trust in him, and to determine that, should they, by any possibility, be released, they would walk more consistently before the Lord in the land of the living.

Peter Hay then spoke again to his companions on the importance of their being at all times prepared for death, whenever and however the summons might come, especially considering their extremely hazardous calling. "We cannot be losers," said he, "by being prepared to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and we must every way be gainers." And then he continued to enlarge on certain choice portions of Holy Scripture, in order to encourage his companions to renounce all vain hopes and every sinful thing, that they might attain unto the joy of God's salvation.

"Such is the efficacy and sufficiency of Christ's atonement for sinners," said he, "that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. For 'him hath God exalted at his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins.'" He repeated also the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," adding that God would always hear such a prayer when put up with the same simplicity and sincerity, and with like faith and self-renunciation. Many remarks he made, also, concerning the gracious invitations of God to sinners, and other portions of the Word, dwelling in particular on the following passages: "Come

now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."* "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."† "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death."‡ "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."§

Thus clearly did this humble and faithful witness for God set forth the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Equally clear and vivid also was his insight into those precious promises which assure us of the immediate happiness of all those who depart this life in the faith of Christ; and not less so his view of the glorious hope of the resurrection, when Christ shall come to gather his saints together unto himself.

Peter's faithful words and earnest exhortations greatly cheered his companions, and they began at once to sing some of their much-prized hymns. One of these was the well-known hymn by their young and gifted countryman, Michael Bruce—the Kirke White of Scotland, as he has been styled:—

"Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears."

Let the reader try for a few moments to picture the scene, in the deep darkness of the pit, more than one hundred yards below the surface, and to think of those men and women in their dark and horrible prison, singing the tender, and touching, and faith-inspiring strains of the hymn:—

"He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,—
The Saviour and the Friend of man."

Very appropriate, too, were the closing verses:—

"In every pang that rends the heart
The 'Man of Sorrows' had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly Power,
To help us in the evil hour."

This was followed by another hymn, not less suitable:

"Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn."

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* Isaiah i. 18. † 1 Thess. iv. 14. ‡ Rev. i. 17, 18. § Rev. xiv. 13.

"Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight."

Such words, seeming almost prophetic of coming deliverance, inspired them with fresh courage, and, after remaining some time in converse, they resolved to send again to see if there was any sign of help or hope coming from the Black Dean Pit. But the men returned with the same dismal tidings, that no help was apparent, nor any change in the quality of the air in the passage. This was depressing, but Peter strove still to encourage his companions.

"Let us not fear," said he, "but put implicit confidence in him who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm, whose way is in the sea, his path in the mighty waters, and whose footsteps are not known. He is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts,' and he can make a way of escape for us, dark, desperate, and hopeless as our case seems to be." To these and similar remarks, descriptive of the power, grace, and love of the Almighty God, he added the exhortation, always well-timed, but then specially seasonable, "Let us draw near unto him with a true heart, coming boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Every one felt that that was a time of need, and they all readily united in again seeking help, and grace, and deliverance, or a due preparation for that death which seemed almost their only prospect.

But to prayer they united effort, by making another visit to the Black Dean passage. This time there was a gleam of hope. The air was better. The fact is that, among other measures taken for their relief by the proprietors of the mine and their advisers, steam engines had been set to work to pump the water out of the old pit, by which means the water had been so reduced as to admit of an influx of purer air. The good news seemed past belief, and one of the party was so incredulous as to be unwilling to make any further efforts to effect escape, preferring, as he said, to die where he was; and adding that, if any of them escaped, they could tell his friends where his body might be found.

But Peter's faith did not fail him, even under these discouraging circumstances. His memory of Scripture facts came to his help again. He referred his companions to the story of the four lepers, when, in the days of Elisha, Samaria was besieged by the Syrians.

"These men," said he, "were in such circumstances that if they remained where they were, there was nothing for them but death; if they entered into the city, it was still death; and if they went into the camp of the Syrians, death was almost certain, though there was just a bare possibility that there might be relief in that direction: so they were resolved to seek that possibility by going into the camp, and with what happy results we all know. And we are bound," he added, with much feeling, "to use to the last all our energies while we have breath, for the rescue of our lives from destruction, and then leave the events to God. Yes," said he, "we must buy death at the dearest rate. We must pray, and hope, and work on."

This intelligent Christian man, whose faith, and courage, and perseverance may be regarded, under God, as the salvation of the whole company, said afterwards, when he visited the places which were the chief scenes of their efforts, that "it need be no wonder that some were reluctant to try any further, for I am quite sure that if we had had light at the time to see the holes into which we should have to creep, and the other dangers that threatened us, we should hardly have ventured to make the attempt. But we see how good God was. We grieved when our lights went out; but God put them out in mercy, that we might not be deterred from entering the narrow places for our life."

Peter's appeal roused them to action; and it was resolved that three should go and make another trial at the old place, and that the rest should follow in half an hour if the three did not return. But the three would not venture without Peter; he therefore joined them, and they proceeded along the passage until they reached the water where they had been stopped at first. Before they proceeded another step, they sat down and commended themselves, their comrades, and their efforts to the God that heareth prayer. They then went into the water, creeping, or rather crawling, on all fours, the water being up to their chin. They moved on, however, and soon found the water less deep. But soon another difficulty faced them in the shape of a broad flagstone, which almost completely closed the passage. Yet even this did not overcome them. Providentially two of the picks which they had used in their first endeavours to open this passage had been left on the floor near the mouth. Peter Hay and George Pride returned for them, and, all four uniting, the stone was soon removed. The rest of the company was now heard following them. The first party waited for them, and then they proceeded in single file, each one repeating at intervals the name of the one next behind him. Thus they moved slowly on, until a great heap of rubbish obstructed their progress. This difficulty overcome, the passage became higher, so that they could walk upright; but the water was deep, sometimes up to the chin of the tallest of them, so that the women, being shorter, were compelled to hang upon the men, or swim or float as best they could. They still moved on slowly and cautiously, and with increasing hopes of deliverance. A mishap, however, befell Peter. He somehow lost his companions, and though he called several times he received no answer.

"I soon found," he says, "to my dismay, that I was alone, and that I had gone wrong. The road became impassable with rubbish, and the air so extremely bad that one of my ears gave a crack and a ring, the streamers flew from my eyes, and there was a great heat. Then, thought I, I am certainly wrong. But I thought I must be as cool as I knew how; for I was sure there must be two ways, a right and a wrong, and I had heard of people's brains being turned in such situations. . . . . With as much self-possession, therefore, as possible, I returned, and turning to my right hand, I went up to my shoulders in water. At last I reached the dry ground. I then found a smell of sulphur and smoke; but remembering that a lamp was kept burning in the Black Dean Pit, to help to purify the air, I concluded that the smell must come from that, and that now I was in the right way. This was indeed the case; and I soon found myself where we all had

so long desired to be—at the bottom of the shaft of the Black Dean Pit, and that, you may believe, was no small comfort to me."

Peter found, to his great joy, that all the rest of the company had reached the same place before him, and that their fears had not been excited as to his safety, as in the darkness they had not missed him. The air was still bad, and they panted as if they had all been running a race. They were all very weak, too, as the result of their long fasting, their much toilsome working, the long anxiety and excitement, and the frequent immersions they had had, to say nothing of suspense and fear.

The imprisonment must have extended to more than seven days. The 9th of March, 1839, fell on a Saturday, and their deliverance was effected on Sunday morning, which must have been March 17th.

As soon as the hunger-bitten and toil-worn people had recovered themselves a little, they shouted up the shaft, and, to their no small satisfaction and joy, there were some answering voices. A volunteer soon commenced the descent, but the air was so bad that he began to lose his senses, and shouted to be taken up. Just coming from the pure air above, he was unable to breathe the impure atmosphere of the mine. So the bucket was let down empty, and the starving, weary, waiting, languishing ones helped each other into it as best they could, until all were drawn up to the pit's bank in safety, Peter Hay arriving with the last three.

Great was the joy among their friends, who received them as though they had been raised from the dead; and greater, if possible, were their own satisfaction and joy, and their thankfulness to God who had thus rescued them from the pit, and saved them from the very jaws of death.

We will not detain the reader with any reflections. Some thoughts of a serious character must have occurred to him in the course of the narrative; and it must have struck even the least thoughtful, that an acquaintance with the Word of God, a habit of daily seeking the Lord in prayer, and a humble reliance on his promises and on the grace of Christ, are blessings of incalculable advantage, especially in such perilous circumstances as those described—that a "good hope through grace of acceptance in Christ, and of eternal life beyond the grave," are mercies beyond all comparison precious, and beyond all price, which all should seek to possess and enjoy.

The value of such men as Peter Hay—and there are many such to be found, not only among colliers, but other classes of working-men also—whose excellence of character and aptness to instruct and comfort his fellow-sufferers, must have impressed the reader, outweighs all that mere rank, or titles, or wealth, or skill, or learning can claim. May such be increased a hundred, yea, a thousandfold!

We conclude this interesting recital in the words of Peter Hay himself—words touching in their simplicity, devout and fervent in their grateful acknowledgment of divine favour and grace:—

"So we reached the Black Dean Pit head, and again saw the pleasant light of day about eight o'clock on Sabbath morning; and my first words were—'Glory be to God in the highest, that I am once more on the earth, alive and safe!' and glory be to his holy name, I now say, and shall say, to the end of my life!"

"On the Road."

BY C. SPURGEON, OF GREENWICH.

THREE "commercials" entered the railway carraige at C——, and it was not long before all in the compartment were in conversation. Being one of the number, I took my part in the discussions which were held upon various topics. As per usual, the weather was commented upon, the state of Ireland, and the dulness of trade. This last subject seemed to be the most fruitful, for each traveller had his own tale to tell. As the different towns were mentioned which were the markets for the goods "travelled in" by the three gentlemen, I mentioned various incidents in connection with most of them, and through constantly visiting these places displayed some acquaintance with nearly every one spoken of by the "commercials"; until one of them said, "Are you on the road?" "Yes" said I, "I have been on the road ever since I was nine years old." All looked surprised, and then another made the remark, "That was rather early to begin such a rough life!" This produced the following reply upon my part: "Oh, there is nothing like starting young—a good beginning is half the race." "May I ask what you travel for?" enquired a third. "I am on the road to heaven, and I travel for my Master; preaching everywhere for the salvation of souls." This announcement caused a decided change in our conversation; and it was a great joy to find that one at least out of the three was on the same road; and a Methodist and a Baptist continued the talk together on good things. Dear reader, "Are you on the road?" There are two ways, but only one of them leads to heaven. Hear what Christ says of each. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Are you with the majority, or numbered with the minority? It is a happy thing to be on the road to glory!

What stopped the Mill?

IN one of the older States resided an infidel, the owner of a saw-mill, situated by the side of a highway, over which a large portion of a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to and from the church. This infidel, having no regard for the Sabbath, was as busy, and his mill was as noisy, on that holy day as any other. Before long it was observed, however, that a certain time before service the mill would stop, remain silent, and appear to be deserted for a few minutes; when its noise and clatter would recommence and continue till about the close of the service, when for a short time it again ceased. It was soon noticed that one of the deacons of the church passed the mill to the place of worship during the silent interval; and so punctual was he to the hour, that the infidel knew just when to stop the mill, so that it should be silent while the deacon was passing, although he paid no regard to the passing of the others. On being asked why he paid this mark of respect to the deacon, he replied, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he *lives*, also, such a life, that it makes me feel bad *here* (putting his hand upon his heart) to run my mill while he is passing."—*Elon Foster.*

"Nearly Well!"

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WHAT! "Nearly well"? when every vein is but a way
The burning feet of agony traverse!
When weeping relatives think more than they dare say,
And doctors' silence seems to whisper "Worse."

What! "Nearly well"? though strong men bow, and keepers quake;
With silver thread so loose! and golden bowl,
And wheel, and pitcher at the fount about to break!
And body bending to "farewell" the soul!

* * * * *

"Yes, nearly well! For, lo! a few short moments more,
And I shall be completely, and for ever healed;
Already at the porch; I've but to pass the door:
The painful past forgot—all joy revealed!"

"Yes, nearly well! For just without those pearl-built gates
I'll quit at once all sorrow and all sin;
Jehovah Rophi ever at the entrance waits,
To bid his world-worn children welcome in."
"Yes, nearly well! One grain may filter through Time's glass,

And I shall be where Jesus lives and reigns;
There I shall never know a loss, or cry 'Alas!'
While rapture rare outweighs my previous pains."

"Yes, nearly well! For I have fought, and almost won,
This is the latest, if the fiercest fray,
Just one more valiant charge, and then my Lord's 'Well done,'
And victory and peace will smile for aye!"

"Yes, nearly well! The scene is gloomy as the grave,
Storm fiends are howling; but, athwart the dark,
I see the beacon's beam, and, on the wave,
The dancing glimmer of the Pilot's bark."

"Yes, nearly well! He springs aboard my shattered craft,
And through the 'Narrows' wisely, safely steers;
Once past those frowning 'Heads' soft breezes waft:
The heavenly haven, long-desired, appears."

Quite well! quite well! "Th' inhabitant shall no more say
'I'm sick,'" all hearts with happy haleness swell:
Pain is no more! "The former things are passed away"
For ever and for ever, "All is well!"

Auckland, February, 1886.

Hard Times—Past and Present.

FOR some years past Great Britain, in common with other countries, has been passing through a season of depression, which has touched all classes—the landowners, the farmers, and the manufacturers, all having alike been disastrously affected. The cause of these hard times has been explained in different ways by various people, some thinking that free-trade—which has, undoubtedly, been a vast national benefit all round—is our stumbling-block, while others find it more convenient to blame the weather, or to trace our sorrows to over-production. Our present object is not so much to solve this problem as to show that history repeats itself in a remarkable manner. As people are not always well acquainted with things which have gone before, it is quite natural that they should think their experiences to be exceptional. In very many instances "the oldest inhabitant" has been brought forward as a witness; and if this person only declares that the like of a certain thing has never been heard of within living memory, everybody at once concludes that nothing of the same kind ever happened in the wide world before.

First, in regard to the weather. The weather is never "bad" in the truest sense. The best weather is such as God sees well to send. At the same time, we have only to take notice of what observers have recorded of other days to be convinced that, on the whole, the weather in England is still just what it has been for long generations; and there are no symptoms of radical change, as some not over-wise newspaper writers would have us believe. In the Diary of Samuel Pepys, for example (27th November, 1662), there is a reference to warm winters: "At my waking, I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, which I have not seen these three years." Then, in 1666, he speaks of a long and severe frost, which covered the Thames with ice, and made full amends to those who may have been thinking that winter was retiring to the North.

But may not agricultural depression in part be owing to a succession of cold, wet summers? Who has ever heard of such seasons as preceded 1879, and brought a culmination of disaster in that year? Writing in 1783, Cowper says, "I shiver with cold on this present third of July. Summer and winter, therefore, do not depend on the position of the sun with respect to the earth, but on his appointment who is sovereign of all things. Last Saturday night the cold was so severe that it pinched off many of the young shoots of our peach trees. The very walnuts, which are no bigger than hazel-nuts, drop to the ground; and the flowers, though they blow, seem to have lost their odour." On account of the hot, dry mists which prevailed in its summer, the year 1783 was one of the most singular ever known. "The sun continues to rise and set without his rays, and hardly shines at noon, even in a cloudless sky," writes the poet. So that when anything very unusual occurs, it can commonly be matched by something quite as remarkable which has happened before. This is especially true of wet summers; and the facts which might be mentioned under this head surpass our own modern experience. Thus the inundations of August, 1799, extended throughout the country during the time of hay and

corn harvest. On some parts of the road the Manchester and London coach found "the water was so high that the horses were up to their necks, and the body of the coach in the water; the trees were their only guide, the hedges being in general washed away." ("Annual Register," 1799, page 30.)

This will suffice concerning the weather; and by turning attention to other things, it will be easy to show that our forefathers, who lived in the reign of George III., were generally much worse off than ourselves. We sometimes justly complain of heavy taxes and rates; but, compared with the crushing burdens of eighty or ninety years ago, our own payments are moderate indeed. These burdens, and the excessive price of provisions, led to serious riots in the provinces, as well as in London. At Birmingham, the attacks on bakers' shops, and worse things which were threatened, rendered the presence of soldiers necessary. On the 15th of December, 1800, the famishing poor of London made a show of rising. "Inflammatory bills, posted on the monument in the night preceding, urged the people to rescue themselves from famine by their own exertions, and to take vengeance on monopolists and forestallers. In the morning, a mob appeared in Mark Lane, insulted the dealers in corn, and clamorously demanded an abatement in the price of that necessary article." ("Annual Register," 1800, page 212.)

Unwise or selfish legislation on the part of landowners in Parliament was formerly the cause of much mischief; and very much still remains to be done in the direction of reform before the peasantry of this free country are all that they ought to be. The notion was that farmers must be protected at any cost, both by duties on corn, and by the peasantry having their wages supplemented out of local rates. Speaking in the House of Commons in 1807, Mr. Whitbread showed, that out of a population in England and Wales of about eight and three-quarter millions, nearly a million and a quarter had parish relief—"That is, that nearly one-seventh part of the people of England was indebted to the other six, wholly or in part, for their support; but by far the larger part of that number wholly." At the present time the population of England and Wales is about 27¼ millions, or more than three times what it was in 1803; and yet the persons receiving relief in 1884 were only 586,717 outdoor, and 187,593 indoor, instead of 1,234,000. The numbers for 1884 were less by more than 20,000 than they were in 1883, so that the outlook is not quite so hopeless as some foreboders of evil have led themselves and others to suppose.

Agricultural distress is no new thing; but it is hardly likely to pass away until the Parliament deals with the subject in an enlightened way, and abolishes the laws which now hamper or oppress the farmer. In the war-time of the first years of the century, the unnaturally high prices which then ruled made the tillage of the soil one of the most profitable of callings; but in the year after the peace (1816) farmers, as well as manufacturers and traders, learned how multiplied disasters naturally follow after protracted wars. Wheat having fallen to about seven shillings a bushel in March, the House of Commons showed its own urgent need of reform, and the tendencies of the age, by discussing the expediency of imposing heavier duties on imports, and of encouraging

exports by bounty. In those days it was not always possible to repel by fair argument and common sense those who came forward with such unpatriotic and suicidal proposals; but in 1816 they were very effectively answered by an inclement season. Instead of being over-supplied with the necessaries of life, as the friends of farmers had pictured in the spring, when debating the matter, corn rose to 103s. a quarter in December, the farmers, meanwhile, having in the main lost their crops. The fear was now of famine rather than of too great abundance; the long-continued and heavy rains of the summer having destroyed a vast amount of produce. It was the coldest and wettest season which the new century had seen; and the general distress exceeded anything that could be remembered. Although Adam Smith had written his book about forty years before, no one as yet seemed to understand his arguments; all alike clamoured to have their own interest protected; and, as the land was the most powerfully represented, the landlords in the main had their own way.

Thus, as the year grew older, wages went down, while provisions rose to semi-famine prices and employment became more and more difficult to obtain. We are told ("Ann. Reg." 1816, p. 93) that "The growing discontents first began to assume a menacing appearance in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, where nightly assemblages were held, threatening letters were sent, and houses and rick-yards were set on fire." In the Isle of Ely and in the Eastern counties the disorders reached a climax rarely equalled even in more turbulent times; for it was a new thing to find labourers gathering in mobs to demand "bread or blood" of those they supposed to be responsible for their miseries, and to burn or otherwise destroy their property. Then, while stacks were burning in the farmyards, and while the shops of butchers and bakers were attacked by frantic peasants who thought that they could reduce prices by dictating what they were to be, masked desperadoes roved hither and thither to demolish machinery or houses in towns and villages. This Luddite iconoclasm had been carried on in 1812. "Armed bands, under the orders of a chief, held the inhabitants in nightly terror, commanding them to put out their lights and keep within their houses, under penalty of death," says Charles Knight ("Hist. Eng." viii. 61). "Their ravages were not confined to towns; they would march with suddenness and secrecy to distant villages, and rapidly effect their purposes of destruction. The General Ludd would address his forces in a short speech, divide them into parties, and assign their respective operations."

The distress in all the centres of mining or manufacturing industry was far more acute than anything we have experienced in our times. Ironworks and coal-mines which had employed great numbers, suddenly came to a stand. In the North of England, in South Wales, in London, work was failing, provisions were rising in price, and large subscriptions were collected from the charitable to prevent the people from starving.

All this was bad enough, but probably it was exceeded by what occurred some years later. At the beginning of December, 1825, we are told ("Ann. Reg." lxvii-123), "the agitation in the city exceeded everything of the kind that had been witnessed for many years. Lombard-street was nearly filled with persons hastening to the different banks to

draw money, or waiting in anxious fear of hearing of new failures." Then follows a list of seventy-three banks in London and the provinces which in that memorable month failed or stopped payment! Many others followed in the new year, 1826. The "Annual Register," on its opening page, bears strong testimony to the pressure of the distress: "The demand for the labour of the artisan had not yet revived, and want of employment and its concomitant misery were the results. . . The ship-owners, likewise, were suffering from the inability to procure freights. . . There was thus throughout the whole community a great deal of pecuniary embarrassment, of comparative privation, and of positive suffering."

In the year that the present Queen ascended the throne the outlook was also very dark and threatening; for although the Reform Bill had been passed, and a new era entered upon, generations of bad government and of enormous war expenditure could not be got over all at once. In all directions the complaint was of want of trade and want of work. The poor, who had been pauperized, and thus demoralized, by the old poor laws which had been amended shortly before, were becoming more and more discontented, and hence came the Chartist agitation. A prophet of evil might then have thought that the country was on the verge of actual revolution.

Ten years later, or in 1847, trade became paralyzed in a similar manner. "Each day brought tidings of gigantic failures," we are told by Sir T. Martin ("Prince Consort's Life," chap. xxii). "In Lancashire alone, between July and October, the failures were stated by Lord Stanley to have amounted to close on £16,000,000. Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and the other great towns had the same tale to tell. . . Credit was suspended, and the whole trade of the country seemed upon the verge of being brought to a standstill."

After this the outlook brightened; the corn laws were abolished; the country entered upon that great era of free trade which, under God, has seen Great Britain outstripping all other competitors in the markets of the world. In 1870 we also entered upon the new era of national education; and the vast benefits which will arise from this departure will be seen more and more as time goes on, especially if the Sunday-schools and Ragged-schools throughout the country are well sustained to supplement the teaching of the Board Schools. Those who say that the nation is going back, or that, having reached a stage never paralleled before, we are on the verge of ruin, know nothing about the testimony of history. The statistical returns from the Balance Sheet of the World show that even in hard times the nation has made progress, and that there is a vitality about our own free trade which is altogether wanting in that of "protected" countries. Instead of inspiring alarm or misgiving, the present distress should only stimulate our efforts for its removal; for it is happily self-evident that the Legislature, by passing wise and needed measures, still has it in its power to further the re-establishment of prosperity in the country. We do not need to keep our toiling millions from want by the charitable intervention of the State; we rather want to see the unnatural restrictions removed which now fetter agricultural enterprise. If tithes, which alone are a chief cause of agricultural depression, and entail were abolished, and the

transfer of land made as cheap and as sure as it is in France—where there are nearly six millions of small freeholders—those reforms alone would go far towards introducing a new and better era. As it is, however, we are going forward, and not backward, despite the hard times; the amount per head earned by the population has risen considerably since the middle of the century; education is extending; crime is diminishing. Indeed, to compare the worst of our bad times with those of other days is actually ludicrous to those who are acquainted with the facts of history. Do we now ever hear of fifty-two shillings in the pound being paid for poor-rates, as was the case at Hinckley, Leicestershire, seventy years ago? Were not the bad years which immediately followed after the Queen's accession far more heartrending than anything we have known, when Glasgow had 12,000 persons receiving relief; when only 100 persons out of a population of 9,000 at Accrington were fully employed; and when the poor-rate at Stockport was ten shillings in the pound, the money having been needed to pay those who were breaking stones on the road? Facts without number might be given to show that the old times were in all respects worse than our own. Only let religion be more widely accepted, and let habits of soberness and of thrift become the rule rather than the exception, and England will go on progressing. In proportion as her people recognize the truth that righteousness exalteth a nation she will prosper. G. H. P.

Palm-trees in the Snow.

LOOKING out of the window of our hotel in Paris, we saw a cart, covered with snow, from which the tops of a number of palm-trees were protruding. We felt quite sorry for the beautiful products of the southern clime whither we were bound, and wondered at the carelessness which could thus expose the feathery fronds to such a painful experience. It was trying enough to take the palms from the sunshine in which they were born and nurtured, and to make them ride in ignominy through the cold streets, on a bleak December day, without any protection from the wintry blast; but, surely, it was an additional cruelty to leave the snow just where its icy fingers could freeze the very life-blood of the delicate branches, when a minute's work with a broom could have cleared it all away.

It seemed to us that the palms in the snow-wreathed waggon were a picture of the way in which plants of the Lord's right hand planting are often exposed to the chilling influence of the world's contempt and scorn. Like the palm-trees in Paris, Christians are strangers in the earth, exotics from the land where

> "Everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers."

It is very trying to the spiritual nature to be so far from its heavenly home, and the journey through this world's "Vanity Fair" is always painful to the pilgrim to Zion's city bound; but heartless persecutors, like the Paris carmen, add to the perils of the passage by sinful suggestions and blasphemous insinuations, which are as injurious to the child of God as the snow was to the plants removed from their home in the sunny south.—J. W. H.

Two Years at Haddon Hall.

THE mission to the working-class population of Bermondsey, which Mr. W. Olney Junr. commenced as a youth at Green Walk, has now been carried on in Haddon Hall for two years, and the general results are such as will yield abundant satisfaction to those who helped to provide the new building. The blessing of God continues to rest on all branches of the enterprise, so that within the year, forty-seven persons have joined the church by baptism, after a profession of their faith in Christ, and the average attendance at the Lord's table has increased. The Sunday-school, the Temperance Society, the band of tract distributors, the open-air preachers, and other evangelistic agencies are all in a healthy condition, showing in a delightful manner that this outpost of the Metropolitan Tabernacle is in itself a working mission church.

Of course in a time of general depression, such as that which the country has been lately experiencing, Bermondsey would suffer in no small degree; and the truth is, that many sad cases of privation through want of work have been brought to light by the visitors of the mission. These sufferings have drawn out the sympathy of those who are able to help, even among the poor themselves; so that, even in a temporal sense, the condition of the neighbourhood would have been far worse had there been no Haddon Hall, with its band of earnest Christian friends, ready with all possible help.

The second anniversary meeting of the mission came off on the 16th of March, when the people mustered in sufficient force to show that, so far as they were concerned, the occasion represented the chief festival of the year. Tea was announced for six o'clock; and so many came that only half the number could be served at one time. It was a thoroughly representative social gathering of all classes, rich and poor having taken their places at the tables in true Christian fellowship.

At the public meeting in the large hall, the chair was taken by Mr. Samuel Barrow, who from the first has been a liberal supporter of the cause. After Mr. William Olney had prayed, his son gave an account of the year's work, when he said that his helpers were so thoroughly well adapted for their work, that he would not change them for any others.

The chairman said it gave him new life to come once a year to take notice of the progress of such a work; for he did not know of a mission of similar size that was doing so much. He did not know of any ministers who went so thoroughly into the work as Mr. William Olney, jun. What was done in Bermondsey was not done for honour, but for love; and if the superintendent had received £600 a year for his services, he could not have done better.

Mr. Barrow then went on to contrast the condition of the poor, as regarded religious teaching, in a parish like Bermondsey, with that of the peasants in secluded villages, where the Established Church had all things its own way. During the late general election, he had seen something of life in certain rural districts, the result being that he returned home each evening feeling much sympathy for the villagers. In

places where there was no dissent there seemed to be little religious life, and he asked representative natives, who seemed afraid to speak of either the parson or the squire, whether they were not glad that a Liberal had come to wake them up? One incumbent was mentioned who received £2009 a year for conducting one service on the Sabbath, and who, as a bachelor, felt so little interest in the trade of the parish that he dealt at "the Stores" to save his money. It was hoped that such a system would soon give place to something better.

Pastor F. Tuck, of Gravesend, said that a light was going forth from Haddon Hall which would stretch into eternity. Then came words of cheer from two Members of Parliament; Mr. A. B. Winterbotham, who represents Cirencester, and Mr. Coote, of Huntingdonshire. The first, who said that he was in sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon, denounced bigotry in religion on the part of those who had the devil to fight. There was bigotry in the Church of England; but it was not all there; and when a fellow-Christian was met with it was well to see how far they could agree with him. He thought that the country was far happier than it was fifty years ago, and one of the beneficent things for which they had to be thankful was the Education Act. There were three million children in the day-schools, and four millions in the Sunday-schools—double the number of the days before the Act was passed; and one consequence was that crime had been decreased one half. If they wanted to attack crime they would have to look after the children, and remove out of the poor man's way some of the frightful temptations which abounded in London. They wanted free education on the one hand, and the land for the people on the other; for the wretchedness of labourers in the villages helped to aggravate distress in general. If they could make people happy in the country they would not overcrowd the towns.

After Mr. Coote, M.P., had wished the cause success in the name of those he represented, the Rev. J. T. Wigner said that, in the future, mission-hall work would prove of the greatest blessing to England. God was blessing such work as that carried on in Haddon Hall, and they were on the winning side. Reference was then made to the hard times, and, speaking as a member of a committee which had been engaged in distributing the Mansion House Fund, the pastor added that he had discovered that poverty arose from three main causes—early marriages, want of thrift, and the gin-shop. The people were urged to be self-reliant in the best sense, because God helped those who helped themselves, and because better days were in store.

Dr. Cronin said that they must consecrate all their powers to the service of the Most High while seeking the glory of God and the good of immortal souls, and that was done at Haddon Hall. The Doctor then mentioned the case of a man who, when out of employment, had obtained a situation by means of prayer. Hence, Christianity was a practical religion. They had to seek first the kingdom of God, and all other things would be added unto them.

Mr. John Olney also addressed the meeting in his own happy style, as did also Mr. William Olney, jun., the President of the Mission, and the latter had the pleasure of announcing that the collection amounted to one hundred guineas.

Some other friends had something to say ; but we may now pass from the speeches to notice a number of conversions of notorious sinners which have recently occurred, and have greatly encouraged Mr. William Olney, jun., and his associates. The first example was that of a man whose father had been a preacher of the Gospel. The young man paid so little attention to his father's teaching, that he openly embraced infidelity, and was bitterly opposed to all religion. On a summer evening he happened to be attracted by an open-air service, while passing along the Bermondsey New Road; and being interested in what he had heard, he was led to see himself a sinner in God's sight; and now, after years of life in London, surrounded by manifold temptations, he stands firm in the faith, a monument of the power of God to rescue the vilest from their sin.

Several others, whose besetting sin was hard drinking, have, during the progress of the work, become sober Christians through looking unto Jesus. One such was first attracted during a visit of the Stockwell Orphanage Choir, on a Sunday evening. Another came to the special services for the parents of the Sunday-school scholars ; and having become changed in heart through the grace of God, both of these are now actively engaged in Christian work at Haddon Hall.

A night watchman, employed at one of the large establishments in the neighbourhood, was strolling about before going to his work ; and after listening to the open-air singing, he attended service at Haddon Hall, and found peace in Christ. One man who attended for the first time, because his daughter was to be baptized, was led to seek the Saviour for himself. A returned soldier, whose time had expired, found peace in Christ on a Sunday evening. He had, for some years, read with eagerness the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon ; but notwithstanding, he had never made the full surrender until that night.

Some who have been brought to Christ through the mission, are filling positions of usefulness elsewhere. One is an effective lecturer for the Christian Evidence Society ; another is an officer in a neighbouring Sunday-school ; a third is employed in a village British school ; while others, who are heard of at times, are serving the Lord abroad or in the provinces.

The gracious work of the Spirit is manifest in families. In one case an entire household was brought to God : first the mother, then the father, followed by the eldest daughter and the younger children, in a short space of time. The prayers of some, who might be mentioned, for their unsaved associates in life, have recently been heard. A Christian young man, who had grown lukewarm, and who, through a visit to Haddon Hall, was restored to his proper standing, became the means, directly or indirectly, of the conversion of his father, mother, wife, brother, and sister.

These are samples of the wonders wrought by divine grace which are constantly occurring to encourage the Mission Church at Haddon Hall. May the blessing of the Lord abide thereon !

"A Sunday-school in a Car."

THE first frost had come, and with it the question: "What can be done for our Sunday-school? It cannot be held out of doors any longer."

It was no laughing matter to our superintendent. He felt that the school ought to continue through the winter. In the new Minnesota town, all the inhabitants were living in the smallest of rooms in their humble homes, not one of them large enough to accommodate the Sunday-school.

The superintendent was a man who was afflicted with home-sickness, if a week passed and he was denied the pleasure of meeting the boys and girls for Bible study on Sunday. His own little store was so crowded with goods, that no room in it could possibly be made for the school. Not a hall, or even a school-house, had been built; and it seemed as if the Sunday-school house must close for the winter.

A less determined man would have given up, with the discouraged ones' lament: "It is of no use trying to keep up the school." He could not be satisfied to have only his own family gathered on Sunday afternoon, for Bible study, and all the children of the neighbourhood running wild; for he was about the only Christian man in the new town. More than once had he been threatened for speaking out on the temperance question, for he believed it should have a place in every Sunday-school; he had succeeded in getting many of the boys and girls to sign the pledge. He had exposed the saloons of the place many times, showing by facts and figures the enormous amount expended for the deadly stuff, by their own little town. Several attempts had been made to drive him from the place; many an insult had been given to himself and family; but he still kept on, rebuking evil as opportunity offered. Threatening letters were written, and, finally, his store was set on fire by those against whom he had taken such a stand.

He had seen what a hold he had upon the boys, by introducing the pledge among them. One of the bright lads of his school had, a few weeks before, gone out with a hunting party from the village, composed of men who indulged freely in the use of liquor. In the wagon in which the party had gone, was placed a beer-keg filled with water, for their use in preparing their food, also for those whose thirst could be satisfied with the drink which God has given. Our little hero became thirsty, after being out a few hours, and was offered a drink from the keg, but refused on the ground that the water must be tainted by being in such a place. Of course they laughed at the little fellow for being so scrupulous; but he dared to do right, and persistently refused to drink from one of King Alcohol's reservoirs. His thirst became almost unbearable during the long, hot hours of that August day. But he refrained from satisfying it until the hunting party returned to the village. Then he drank of heaven's sweet drink, and rejoiced to report to his superintendent that he had kept his pledge. This boy's keen perception of the sacredness of his pledge preached to the young men the most powerful temperance sermon to which they ever listened. To this day that boy's steadfastness is remembered by the men in that party, though all of them are low, drunken men, apparently beyond hope of reformation;

and they will tell you to-day that, had they had such temperance taught them in their youthful days, they might now be men filling high places of confidence and honour.

A knowledge of these facts, and others equally significant, made the superintendent very solicitous as to the closing of the school for the winter. He knows how active Satan is every day of the year. But with no church, no school-house, no hall, and no room large enough to gather a company for Sunday-school purposes, what could be done?

It was made a special subject of prayer around his family altar; and they felt sure that, in some way or other, the Lord would provide. He thought of the waiting-room of the railroad station; but that was so small and filthy that he could not ask the children to gather in such a place. After considering the question for several days—holding fast to his early conviction, that "where there's a will there's a way"—he decided upon one more effort. He addressed a letter to the Division Superintendent of the railroad running through their town, asking that every Saturday night a passenger coach might be side-tracked at the station as the night express passed, and taken on by the early Monday morning train on its return trip. He waited anxiously for a reply; for he well knew the uncertainty as to whether such corporations would be disposed to grant such favours; but when the answer came, the request was very cheerfully granted.

The following Saturday night the coach was left upon the side-track, near the great elevator. The novelty of having Sunday-school in a railway coach was a great attraction to the people of the new town. Sunday afternoon there gathered the largest school ever held in that village. The school was continued without intermission every Sunday, with the exception of two Sundays when the Saturday-night express was "snowed in" before reaching the station.

The winter meetings in the coach were blessed to the strengthening of Christians, and the winning of souls for Christ among the boys and girls.

With the return of spring came the booming period of the new town; large business blocks were erected, a school-house was built, and to-day the Sunday-school held in the railway coach is grown into a live, stirring Baptist Church, with a neat house of worship.—*From "Spicy Breezes from Minnesota Prairies."*

Novel Reading.

A HABIT of novel reading is a sort of mental gin-drinking; fiction is the alcohol of the mind. The immense popularity of trashy books implies a woeful and widespread lack of moral tone, meditative habit, and logical power.

"*But we get something even out of these books.*" No: a man who gets a shilling when he might have got a sovereign, has really lost nineteen shillings. Do not count the few grains of truth you have found in the heaps of chaff as gain; but set down the difference between what you have, and what, with time well spent, you might have had, and that difference is the sum of your loss.—*Samuel Coley.*

Bible Conquests.

NO one will deny that in the times immediately preceding the new era of missionary enterprise, at the end of the last century, the state of the world was sufficiently deplorable. It is one thing to extol "the good old times," and another to realize what the days of our grandfathers actually were. In spite of present complaints about trade depression and scarcity of work, those old times were incomparably worse than our own; for the "war and glory" madness bore its legitimate fruits when, in 1795, King George III. himself was assailed in the streets with cries of "Peace and bread." *We* suffer only from competition and over-production; our forefathers felt the pressure of the iron hand of actual famine, or something very near akin to it. We groan under a super-abundance; they wanted a greater supply of the necessaries of life. The famine which was sorest in the land was that of the Word of life. The scarcity of Bibles in the British Isles was incredible; but it was much greater in other countries. In this we are immeasurably beyond all past times. The Lord be praised that it is so.

The establishment of our own British and Foreign Bible Society was the necessary complement of all the other home and foreign evangelistic agencies which were commenced nearly a century ago. In proportion as the Scriptures were disseminated, the heavy shades of darkness lifted, and the promise of a better day became manifest.

At this distance of time it is pleasant to discover in forgotten records persons who were enthusiastic in the new movement for spreading the Scriptures, although their names may not have been known to fame. There were some, even in the dark places of the earth, who, understanding well enough what was meant by the power of the Bible, welcomed its approach as a remedy for the ignorance and wickedness which afflicted the people.

One of these unknown benefactors, who had evidently felt in his own soul the preciousness of the revealed Word, was a priest of the Greek church at Moscow, who saw in the diffusion of Bible light the salvation for which he had longed. As he lived in the track of the iniquitous French invasion of 1812, this man lost his all when the city was burned to save it from becoming a shelter to the enemy, although the lives of his family were spared. In his poverty he one day attended the market and bought a second-hand feather-bed by way of replacing the furniture he had lost. On taking this bargain home, and cutting it open to take out the feathers for cleansing, the priest found over 700 roubles, or about £100; but such was his honesty, notwithstanding his need, that he made known the discovery to the authorities, who allowed him to keep a third part for himself. The end was that he devoted his share of 235 roubles to the treasury of the Bible Society, because Russia wanted the Scriptures more than he and his family wanted bread.

We cannot help thinking that the work of Bible circulation had many such friends in the most unlikely places; persons whose names were never publicly known, but whose zeal was as honourable as that of Alexander I. of Russia, and his minister Galitzin, or William IV. of

Prussia, all of whom rejoiced in being enabled to diffuse the written Word.

The importance of this work is shown by its results in all countries; for whether the Bible has gone forth among a heathen people, or among those who are nominally Christians, the effect has ever been to raise its readers to a higher condition of life than what they had before enjoyed. It is always fair to the last degree to judge of any teaching by its effects.

By a Bible conquest, we mean the spiritual enlightenment of an ignorant person by reading alone. Is it possible for a person reared among all the darkness and prejudices of heathenism, to be made to apprehend the true significance of the gospel dispensation by means of reading the Scriptures apart from any other human agency? If this is possible, we have the strongest argument for circulating the Book.

Some years ago, certain missionaries who were preaching in the neighbourhood of Barrackpore, came upon a native shopkeeper, who, for seven years, had read a Bible given him by a person whose name was unknown. This Bible reader showed a competent acquaintance with the plan of salvation through Christ. He had not been taught in any mission-school; he had not been in the habit of conversing with missionaries; he had simply read the Bible with diligence daily, and he showed surprising enlightenment although still surrounded by the impurities and superstitions of the native paganism.

A similar, if not a more striking, instance of what is very correctly called teaching by the Spirit of God, is told by Mr. Sawday, in the current report of the Bible Society. Being stationed at Tumkur, in the district of Bangalore, the missionary heard strange news from a secluded spot some fourteen miles off, where a native was reported tc be acting in an unusual, if not in an eccentric, manner—he was speaking about Christ to all the villagers with whom he came in contact. This man, who was of middle-age, had never seen a missionary, he had never even conversed with a catechist; but he had attended certain markets in the vicinity, and he had carried home a copy of John's Gospel and some Christian tracts. He showed these treatises with a delight which proved that he prized them as treasures indeed; and it is added, that he had read them until he not only understood them, but could repeat the very words. He spoke in scriptural terms, as he told how he had forsaken friends and kindred, had inhabited alone a forsaken temple, and had actually baptized himself. According to his own confession, the one desire of his life was to know more about Christ. Then comes a somewhat mysterious sequel to the story—the man promised to come forward for baptism, but he has not since been heard of. He seems to have been prevented from carrying out his desire, by the fanatical populace; and perhaps, for aught we can tell to the contrary, he has become a martyr for the faith.

To give one example more from our great Indian empire, we may mention the well-known name of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, whose singular experience in connection with his Bible-reading in early life is not generally known. His baptism, which took place rather more than thirty years ago, created some interest, for the convert was the son of "the Lion of the Punjaub," and his youth had been passed amid

scenes of bloodshed and anarchy terrible to think about. As a result of the war, Dhuleep lost the crown of his ancestors; but he was treated well by Lord Dalhousie, who placed him under the care of Dr. Login. At that time, or in 1851, the Doctor left Futtyghur, where he was staying, for Calcutta, when Dhuleep Sing enjoyed the companionship of a youth who had been taught in the American Mission School; and these two habitually read the Scriptures in company, until the youthful chieftain resolved to break caste and become a Christian. At the time, this event was justly regarded as one of the most interesting events in contemporary Indian history.

The effect of sceptical or otherwise impure literature on the mind, has too often been demonstrated; but it is wonderful to notice how, through the divine blessing, the damage done to the moral nature has been more than repaired by the Scriptures. Many years ago there was living in North Germany a scholar who for half a lifetime had read the writings of the old French infidels until he was reported to be utterly corrupted, and completely alienated from God. There happened to be living in that part of the country a Capuchin monk, whose heart had evidently been touched by the Spirit of God, and who regarded the Bible as the joy of his life. This recluse, with characteristic earnestness, recommended the Book to his friend, the result being that the scholar was altogether transformed, while the satisfaction he found in the oracles of God was the best possible contrast to his former contempt of them. This gentleman was not the only subject to whom the monk recommended the Scriptures with success, thus proving that there are many in the communion of the corrupt Romish church who apprehend and embrace the Gospel in its fulness and simplicity.

In the Bible we have a divine prescription which is a sovereign cure for crime. In past times the only accepted method of dealing with criminals was that of extreme severity. It is now discovered that milder treatment is more effective, and that criminals are as amenable to Christian influences as other people. In one instance a robber in Prussia who would not confess his crime, but remained sullenly silent, was entirely subdued by Bible-reading in prison, copies of the Scriptures having been supplied by English agents. He not only owned his guilt, but confessed an offence with which he had not been charged, and declared that if he had given attention to the Word before, he would not have seen the inside of the prison.

One peculiarity of the Bible, and one which directly testifies to its inspiration, is that it is adapted to meet the requirements of all classes. The scholar who received a copy from the sanguine monk found a corrective for the injury he had sustained at the hands of literary atheists; the poor thief was directed into better ways; and in other instances the most degraded have yielded to the mysterious influence which emanates from the inspired pages. The drunkard has forsaken his ways, and has become altogether transformed. Years ago, the bargemen who were associated with the coal mines on the River Ruhr, in Germany, were regarded as uncivilized and wicked beyond reclamation; but on one occasion a religious awakening broke out among them which astonished all who beheld its varied and striking

phenomena. There was one man more particularly whose name of Wolf suggested only a few of the traits of his character ; for a savage beast of the forest would have used its offspring better than this man used his household. To crown all, he was a drunkard, and no wolf could ever be charged with that abomination. Though too illiterate to read, the man still came under the influence which was abroad, and conscience smote him on account of past iniquities, until life was almost unendurable. In a state of despondency he went to a relative who was a Christian man, who after listening a while, remarked, "I know a Physician who can cure you." "Where does he live ?" cried Wolf, in extreme eagerness, "I would gladly walk ten miles this night to find him." The only reply to this was to preach Christ as the Great Physician, who saves from the effects of sin. When the penitent returned home he prayed long and earnestly, until his agony of mind was relieved, and he found peace. His appearance among his companions in labour struck them all with surprise. Instead of beating his wife, he became instrumental in her conversion, while the earnest power with which he preached Christ among the workers on coal barges was viewed with astonishment. Dr. Pinkerton, who sent home the particulars, remarked, "the Holy Spirit confirmed his testimony. The holy fire spread from boat to boat ; drunkards, thieves, and abandoned characters were made penitent." Hundreds were converted, and houses which had been given up to riot and squalor became clean and attractive—the abodes of peace and love.

An infidel in London had a wife who possessed a Bible which she regularly read ; being annoyed at this, the man, who had frequently threatened to do so, threw the Book upon the fire. This appears to have taken place at dinner-time. He then left home to go to his work, but soon returned to see if the last vestige of the volume had disappeared. The woman, who naturally felt distressed at her loss, said she thought it must be completely burned ; but her husband stirred the ashes to see it such was the case, when he read what fastened itself upon his mind, and led to his conversion—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." The sister of this man was the wife of a London pastor ; and just when the Bible was burning she was earnestly praying for her brother's conversion.

From all quarters of the world, and from every mission field, there come instances of persons who have been savingly enlightened through reading the word of God, and that alone. Surely this should lead every one of us to distribute the Scriptures to the utmost of our power. Will not each one of our readers give away a Bible at once, or at least distribute some of those portions of the Bible which can be so cheaply purchased of the Bible Society ? With the New Testament to be had for one penny, none should be left without it.

The Rainbow round about the Throne.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, BRADFORD.

"A rainbow round about the throne."—Rev. iv. 3.

THE "door opened in heaven" introduces the second vision of John. The first vision, recorded in the first three chapters, had revealed to him Christ in his character of High Priest, tending the sacred lamps of the temple. The trimming of these lamps of the churches, some of which were burning brightly, others smouldering and almost extinct, is fully detailed in the second and third chapters. Now the apostle is favoured with a glimpse of the divine glory. "A throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne." Who is this enthroned One? The description is vague, no account is given of his person, no bodily form is visible; we have merely the act of sitting, and the aspect, "like a jasper and a sardine stone." In chapter v. 7, this divine Person is distinguished from the Lamb, who is seen taking the book out of his right hand. This then is the Father—"the Father in his throne," mentioned by Christ in the close of the previous vision (iii. 21). The white jasper and the flaming sardine represent the conjunction of mercy and judgment in the divine character—a conjunction too little regarded in the present day, in which the justice of God is suppressed, and a mere sentimental pity allowed to remain. The throne is encircled with a rainbow, showing it to be the throne of grace. The four-and-twenty elders round about the throne represent the church under the two dispensations, or, which comes to the same thing, the whole priesthood, in its four-and-twenty courses, ministering before God. The "seven lamps of fire" and the "sea," which are seen in their places before the throne, and the cherubim in the midst of it, correspond with those patterns of things in the heavens, with which we are familiar in the Jewish temple, occupying the same relative positions with regard to the mercy-seat; and suggest that the vision showed to Moses in the mount, and the specification of the temple given to David, probably resembled the vision before us. The whole scene is a revelation of the state of things in heaven since the redemption. God is seated on the throne of grace in the midst of the adoring church, whose purity and spirituality are symbolized by the sea of glass, wherein they have been cleansed, and the seven lamps of fire before the throne—the seven-fold Spirit of God, by whose grace their light has been given.

Our attention is to be concentrated upon the rainbow round about the throne.

I. The rainbow shows that *there has been a storm*. In the early dawn of the world sin provoked it. The atmosphere between earth and heaven became electric immediately upon the entrance of evil. No sooner was the guilty act committed than God's question was heard, "Adam, where art thou?" It was the lightning-flash that revealed the conscious pair cowering in their concealment. "Cursed," said the voice, "is the ground for thy sake: dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return." It was the thunder-peal that rolled its long echo to Gethsemane and the cross. From that moment the elements became tempestuous. Heaven frowned, earth was the scene of desolation. The

tempest raged in Noah's day well nigh to the destruction of the race. It came down in vengeance on the vile cities of the plain, and their smoke went up to heaven. The storm rolled over to Egypt. There is a cry in Egypt, for there is not a house where there is not one dead. It breaks afresh over the fated chivalry of Egypt, and Pharaoh's groaning chariot-wheels drive him heavily to perdition. Canaan lies desolate, for its iniquity is full, and nation after nation falls beneath the flash of divine anger. The chosen people, established in their land, perpetuate their sin, and provoke the continuance of the storm. The thunder still reverberates through the long, dark centuries in which the prophets spake. Peal follows peal in solemn succession in the hearing of the silenced world—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" "Reprobate silver shall men call them, for the Lord hath rejected them;" "Pray not for this people for their good; for I will not hear thee;" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways hast thou not glorified;" "Mene, mene, Tekel Upharsin;" "My God will cast them away;" "What wilt thou do in the solemn day?" "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone." Thus raging, it culminated at Calvary. A voice was heard, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Then the storm summoned all its fury, all gloom gathered over the cross, the sun was darkened, men smote their breasts, earth quaked, the rocks rent, the universe itself was shaken, heaven and hell felt the shock of that dreadful tempest, when the curse leaped in vivid flame upon the Son of God and Jesus died. Here, however, over the dark scene of Golgotha, it had reached its height, and the spent storm sunk to silence.

II. In the relief we look up again to the throne, and recognize in the encircling rainbow the sign that *the storm is past.* Over Golgotha the clouds parted, and rolled away from the divine love which shot its cheerful beams athwart the gloom; the bow of covenant-mercy immediately appeared in the cloud, and shone over the cross, and mercy was seen heightened by wrath. The storm is now past. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The sun appears. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." The earth smiles. "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." When the deluge was past, and Noah left the ark, he entered upon his new life with sacrifice. It was a declaration that he owed it to the mercy of God, and depended on the same mercy for its continuance. So let us begin and carry on our new life with the like confession of faith in the atonement from which we derive it. Nay, let us lay ourselves on the altar of consecration, and in the flame of grateful love yield ourselves to God.

III. Further, the rainbow signifies that *the storm will never come back.* Upon earth, since the days of Noah, rain has fallen, but no flood, and upon the pardoned man chastening may come, but no wrath. If he suffers, it is not the penal sentence of the Judge, but the correction of the Father. The rainbow binds up the clouds of wrath, and not one drop can fall upon the redeemed. And as in the church below,

so in heaven. Time was when storm raged even in those seats of bliss, but now it is for ever excluded, for the rainbow is round about the throne. "The elect angels" are confirmed in holiness, and so are the saints elect, for they are "without fault before the throne of God, and shall go no more out." "The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

And will not the rainbow, full in view, yield an eternal assurance of safety? A memento it may be of the guilt which once exposed the ransomed to death; for it is a bow, the instrument of death. But while it may excite repentance, it will strike no terror, for it is an inverted bow. A memorial it will be of the means of our salvation from death, for eternal mercy inverted it, that, since the arrow of vengeance must be shot, it might fly upward into the bosom of God, and pierce there the Well-beloved, our Substitute. And thus it will be an everlasting monument of the security of the redeemed. There is no arrow now on its string, and they shall look, and weep, and love, at the recollection of the guilt that caused death, and of the grace that endured death to obtain life.

IV. The rainbow suggests that *God has overruled evil for good.*

This was but a throne before, now it has a halo of rainbow glory. What has been the result of sin but the fuller manifestation of God? By the divine treatment of sin, attributes have been brought to light which could otherwise have been but dimly known. Now, the sevenfold effulgence of the divine character shines in view of heaven and earth. Not only wisdom, power, justice, and truth, but mercy, grace, and love are revealed; and has not earth, has not heaven itself a profounder bliss in communion with such a God?

And is there not in the experience of those who have been saved from evil a joy fuller and wider-reaching than the mere happiness of innocence? Is not the character formed amid the conflict of good and evil, and, braced with the discipline of temptation, superior to the inexperience of one who has known only good? And will not allegiance to God in the one case be more deeply grounded and more reverent than the other has capacity to be? If so, then out of evil God has educed good, and sin itself has been yoked to his chariot, and compelled to draw on his benevolent purposes.

V. The encircling rainbow suggests that there are in store for us *fuller revelations of truth,* and a more complete comprehension of it, than have been possible here.

On a calm afternoon at sea, the rainbow that spanned the sky has been reflected in the glassy surface of the water, the inverted bow meeting the feet of the arch overhead as if to support it, and making one bright circle. This ring of light is like the rainbow of John's vision, "a rainbow round about the throne." And, indeed, the rainbow we are accustomed to see in the cloud is semicircular only from the point of view we occupy. Could we look down upon it from above, the *bow* would be a *circle.* And so on earth truth is made known to us in half revelations—this is the realm of partial views; but hereafter we shall see things in their wholeness; and for the partial knowledge of earth to be perfected, it only needs that we be lifted to the heavenly view-point. Many distract their minds in the vain effort to understand

all mysteries, and resolve all difficulties. Cease your restless strivings—wait, wait till your view-point is changed, and in a moment all will be clear. Heaven will be the place of the solution of riddles, and the clearing of knotty questions. The basis of God's great works, as well as their superstructure, will be visible. We shall see the hidden line of connection between truths which as yet appear to us contradictory and irreconcilable. We shall see not only the upper, but the nether arch of the bow—not only the outward manifestation of the work of redemption, but the eternal purpose from which it sprang. We can well afford to lay aside for future solution some things incomprehensible, and to take on trust many things at present obscure; for, in the words of our Lord, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

And now I invite you to this throne of God. It is a throne of grace, for there is a rainbow round about the throne. Do you not see the seven colours of this resplendent bow of grace?

Here is the first: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."

And the second: "The Son of God loved me, and gave himself for me."

And the third: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

And the next: "He was wounded for our transgressions; and with his stripes we are healed."

And the fifth: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

And the sixth: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

And the seventh: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The rainbow is *round about* the throne. The upper arch is sustained by the nether. For all God's loving action towards you there are deep and profound reasons underneath. God's unlimited mercy is the upper arch. His eternal love is the lower on which it rests. God's full, free forgiveness is the upper; the Saviour's vast and complete atonement is the lower which sustains it. The forgiven sinner's exaltation and glorification is the upper, the Saviour's abasement and agony the nether. Can you resist this glorious grace? Come to the rainbow-circled throne of God.

Preaching should be Appropriate.

WE are told that a sermon was once preached in the Highlands of Scotland—it was two hours long—on the sin of *luxury*. Now, that may have been a very good sermon, but it was not *appropriate*, because there were only about three pairs of shoes in the whole congregation. It, clearly, was not their sin. During a recent war, a good kind of man went into a hospital distributing tracts; and he gave a tract on the "Sin of dancing" to a man who had lost both his legs. The intention in both cases may have been good, but the act was not appropriate.—*From "Classified Gems of Thought."*

Compulsory Tithes: their Origin.

[Second Article.]

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

DEAN PRIDEAUX on "Tithes: their Origin in Public Law," Part III., says: "Thus till towards the fourth age of the church all the necessities of it were fully answered by the voluntary offerings of the faithful; and what was given by them this way, as it did much exceed a tenth of their income, so it did much more than suffice, not only for the maintenance of the ministers, but for all other occasions also." . . . . "But then this zeal beginning to grow cold, some offering too little, and others nothing at all."

It is of considerable importance that we should ascertain how this change for the worse came about. What caused their zeal to grow cold towards the fourth century? Settle this satisfactorily, and then you will have the key that will unlock and discover a great deal that needs now to be brought to light.

It was not through persecution, nor through poverty, that their zeal waned. The venerable John Wesley, in a sermon on the "Mystery of Iniquity," says: "Persecution never did, never could, give any lasting wound to Christianity. But the greatest it ever received, the grand blow which was struck at the very root of that humble, gentle, patient love, which is the fulfilling of the Christian law, the whole essence of true religion, was struck in the fourth century, by Constantine the Great, when he called himself a Christian, and poured in a flood of riches, honours, and power upon the Christians, more especially upon the clergy. Just so, when the fear of persecution was removed, and wealth and honour attended the Christian profession, the Christians did not gradually sink, but rushed headlong into all manner of vice. Then the mystery of iniquity was no more hid, but stalked abroad in the face of the sun. Then not the golden, but the iron, age of the church commenced.

"This is the event which most Christian expositors mention with such triumph! yea, which some of them suppose to be typified in the Revelation, by the 'New Jerusalem coming down from heaven.' Rather say, it was the coming of Satan and all his legions from the bottomless pit; seeing from that very time he hath set up his throne over the face of the whole earth, and reigned over the Christian as well as the Pagan world with hardly any control." Sermon lxi., secs. 27, 28. John Wesley.

Constantine, the Emperor of Rome, abandoned Paganism for Christianity, and then Christianity became the recognized and fashionable religion. *True* religion was swamped by the enterprising and unscrupulous part of the people belonging to the great Roman empire. Vast numbers of people professed to be Christians for the sake of fashion, office, and favours of various kinds.

The "church," as it was called, was united with the State, and was regarded as a part of the empire. The government of the church was changed—changed for the worse. The Head of the church said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The early Christians kept it separate and distinct from the world. But Constantine the Great united it to the State, and commenced to build up that system—the grand hierarchy—which was and is so great an attraction to the ambitious and to the worldly-minded. The clergy, instead of remaining all on one level, so far as civil governments are concerned, had to be remodelled on the plan of the army, with its officers of all grades and all scales of remuneration, to meet the needs of the wealthy and ambitious worldlings who wished to "enter the church" as a means to promotion. It was natural, then, that the best families should be put into the best offices—natural, not spiritual. Neither did it advance the spiritual interests of the church, although it advanced the temporal interests of emperors and princes at the expense of true religion.

It does not require much effort to understand some of the more immediate ill effects of this change. Many more hundreds of thousands of pounds were soon required every year to meet the extra demands made on the churches to

pay the salaries of these superior State-church officials. A greater demand was made on the liberality of the Christians without a corresponding increase in the liberal spirit that animated the first Christians. Why was this?

1. The extra demand brought no corresponding benefit to the community. This is easily seen by anyone who asks himself, "What benefit do I or my brethren get by our having to pay £15,000 a year to an Archbishop?

2. Vast numbers of people who professed to be Christians did so from worldly motives. This class of people did not give their share to the church funds. Hence it is that Dean Prideaux came to the conclusion that "their zeal grew cold, some offering too little, and others offering *nothing* at all." The Dean was wrong if he thought that the zeal of *true Christians* grew cold. It was the nominal, the fashionable, the professing part of the State-church that on the one hand created artificial and extravagant expenses, and on the other hand, introduced multitudes of mean-spirited, Christless people into Church-fellowship.

The following has been asked many times in my hearing:—"What benefit does the religion of Jesus Christ derive from the payment of £176,300 a year to two Archbishops and twenty-eight Bishops in cash, besides 33 episcopal palaces?"

This and other artificial expense is only a small part of the bad fruit brought forth by the tree that Constantine planted in the Lord's vineyard in the fourth century, when he established the Church; that is, when he made it a creature of the State. In other ways also he sowed thorns and thistles in the "garden of the Lord."

What *use* are Archbishops, Bishops, Canons, Deans and Chapters, and such like? It is true that we read of Bishops in the New Testament. We also read of them in the first centuries of Christianity. We also read of Pastors, Elders, and Presbyters, as well as Bishops. These words all referred to one class of officers in the Apostolic and early days of Christianity.

The Rev. H. Soames, M.A., Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, in his "Anglo-Saxon Church" (p. 38), says, "The care, universally marking primitive Christianity, to provide a bishop for every church, necessarily connects the stream of British prelacy with Apostolic times." I accept the fact, but reject the inference. The fact is proved by other writers, but the inference is a matter of opinion.

Father Simon, a learned priest, in his "History of the Origin and Progress of Ecclesiastical Revenues, Laws, Ancient and Modern," tells us, on page 8, "The bishops in these assemblies had the same honour as the ruler of the synagogue amongst the Jews had in their synagogues. The superiority of the rulers of the synagogue, in respect to priests and elders, consisted only in some titles of honour as being the chief amongst their brethren. And therefore they are all comprehended under the name of priests and elders in the 107th Psalm, verse 32: "Let them also exalt him in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders," which was the place of their meeting. So we find in the New Testament that the names of priest and bishop are indifferently taken the one for the other."

Jerome and Hilarius Diaconus maintained in the fourth century that originally bishops and presbyters were on an equality with each other. Polycarp, in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians, makes mention only of presbyters and deacons, and seems to style himself only as the principal presbyter of the church of Smyrna. Modern writers always speak of him as "*Bishop* Polycarp." Irenæus uses the words presbyter and bishop interchangeably.

The bishop was the chairman or president, holding a similar position to the chairman of the Baptist and Congregational Unions, and to the presidents of the Methodist bodies, and to the Chairman of the District amongst the Methodists.

Hilary says, "At first presbyters were called bishops, so that when one (who was called bishop) passed away, the next in order took his place." The bishop

was simply the senior pastor. Dr. Killen, in his learned and suggestive work on "The Ancient Church," has accumulated valuable evidence in support of this statement. It is conclusive that bishop, and presbyter, and pastor, were identical in origin. In the early days of Christianity the highest officer in the churches next to an apostle, was an elder, frequently also called pastor, presbyter, and bishop. We do not read anywhere in apostolic times, or in the ages immediately succeeding them, of prebendaries, archdeacons, archbishops, canons, or deans and chapters. These are all the creations of human ingenuity, ambition, and avarice. They absorb yearly the enormous sum of £479,694. How many earnest, godly, useful preachers, would this large sum maintain?

What is the use of archbishops, deans and chapters, canons, &c.? The people who introduced such officers into the church had not been instructed by the true Teacher, or his apostles, or by their immediate successors. This is proved by Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History" (vol. i., part ii., sec. viii.): "The rulers of the church were called either presbyters or bishops, which two titles are in the New Testament undoubtedly applied to the same order of men." It is manifest from the diligent researches of Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, and many other scholars and historians, that the early disciples of the Lord did not know anything of diocesan-bishops, archbishops, deans and chapters, canons, cardinals, popes, curates, rectors, vicars, incumbents, prebendaries, right-reverends, most-reverends, very-reverends, or superior or inferior clergy. The constitution of the churches did not need them. They had congregational bishops; that is, each bishop was the pastor of a church.

Further, these ancient pastors, or bishops, were chosen by the people to whom they ministered, and never appointed, or even nominated, by anyone else. Each company of believers was a church, and each church was a separate and independent republic. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall" (chap. xv.) says, "Such was the mild and equal constitution by which the Christians were governed more than a hundred years after the death of the apostles. Every society formed within itself a separate and independent republic; and although the most distant of these little states maintained a mutual, as well as a friendly intercourse of letters and deputations, the Christian world was not yet connected by any supreme authority or legislative assembly." "Independence and equality formed the basis of their internal constitution."

Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History", (vol. i. part ii., chap. ii., sec. xii., page 48), tells us: "Let none, however, confound the bishops of this primitive and golden period of the church with those of whom we read in the following ages. For though they were both distinguished by the same name, yet they differed extremely, and that in many respects." "A bishop, during the first and second century, was a person who had the care of one Christian assembly, which at that time was, generally speaking, small enough to be contained in a private house. In this assembly he acted, not with the authority of a master, but with the zeal and diligence of a faithful servant. He instructed the people, performed the several parts of divine worship, attended the sick, and inspected into the circumstances and supplies of the poor. . . . . And though the episcopal office was both laborious and singularly dangerous, yet its revenues were extremely small, since the church had no certain income, but depended on the gifts or oblations of the multitude."

This was all changed by the action of Constantine. Great offices were created, and, of course, great expenses. To meet these new and artificial expenses measures were resorted to that found no warrant in the New Testament —measures not needed in the days of pure Christianity. Let history speak.

David Hume, in his "History of England," in describing the reign of Ethelwulph (chap. ii.), A.D. 838—857, says, "The ecclesiastics, in those days of ignorance, made rapid advances in the acquisition of power and grandeur. . . . Not content with the donations of land made to them by the Saxon princes and nobles, and with temporary oblations from the devotion of the people, they had cast a wishful eye on the vast revenues which they claimed as

belonging to them by sacred and indefeasible title. However little versed in the Scriptures, they had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of the land was conferred on the priesthood; and forgetting what they themselves taught that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent by divine right in those who officiated at the altar. During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies was directed to this purpose; and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payment of tithes to the clergy." I can give you a specimen, furnished by the celebrated Sir Henry Spelman, the great authority on tithes, and a staunch advocate for their "Divine right." He quotes it from a sermon of St. Augustine, on tithes, who came with forty monks to convert England, in the year 597 A.D. "Ingrateful and perfidious deceiver! I speak to thee in the Word of the Lord. Behold, the year is now ended; give unto the Lord (that giveth the rain) his reward. Redeem thyself, O man! whilst thou livest. Redeem thou thyself whilst thou mayest. Redeem thyself (I say) whilst thou hast wherewith in thy hands. Redeem thyself, lest if greedy death prevent thee, thou then lose both life and reward together. Thou hast no reason to commit this matter over to thy wife, who haply will have another husband. Neither hast thou (O woman!) any reason to leave this to thy husband, for his mind is on another wife. It is in vain to tie thy parents, or thy kinsfolk, to have care thereof. No man after thy death surely shall redeem thee, because in thy life thou wouldst not redeem thyself. Now then, cast the burden of covetousness from thy shoulders, despise that cruel lady, who, pressing thee down with her intolerable yoke, suffereth thee not to receive the yoke of Christ. For as the yoke of covetousness presseth men down to hell, so the yoke of Christ raiseth men unto heaven. For tithes are required as a debt, and he that will not give them invadeth another man's goods," &c.—(Sermon 219, *De Reddendis Decimis*). See Sir Henry Spelman's *De non Temerandis Ecclesiis* (of the "Rights and Respects due unto the Church," page 19). I wonder what our modern hearers would think of the like.

Dean Prideaux quotes many passages nearly in the same strain; all with the same object, from various archbishops and other great lights of the church, who gave themselves no rest until tithes became their legal property.

Turning again to Hume, we see how successful they were: "Encouraged by their success in inculcating these doctrines, they ventured farther than they were warranted, even by the Levitical law, and pretended to draw the tenth of *all* industry, merchandize, wages of soldiers; nay, some canonists went so far as to affirm that the clergy were entitled to a tithe of the profits made by courtezans (prostitutes) in the exercise of their profession." In support of these statements, Hume quotes Padre Paolo's *Sopra Beneficii Ecclesiastici*, pp. 51, 52, 132, Edit. Colon. 1675; and Spelman's *Concil.* vol. i. p. 268, as his authorities.

This famous historian also goes on to say: "Though parishes had been instituted in England by Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury, near two centuries before (Parker, p. 77), the ecclesiastics had never yet been able to get possession of the tithes; they therefore seized the present favourable opportunity of making that acquisition, when a weak, superstitious prince filled the throne, and when the people, discouraged by their losses from the Danes, and terrified by the fear of future invasion, were susceptible of any impression which bore the appearance of religion." (Hume, chap. ii.)

The Historian Rapin has something important to say here:—"The continual wars with the Danes during the eighth century and the early part of the ninth, were no less fatal to the church than to the State. They produced an extreme corruption of manners and a profound Ignorance all over the Kingdom.

"Ethelwulph was addicted to religion both in temper and in education, having been a monk. Two prelates bore an absolute sway over him. He was

naturally of a slothful and indolent temper. Bishop Swithun, all in all with the king, confirmed him more and more in his natural bias to a religious life. Above all, he instilled into him an extreme affection for the Church and Clergy, wherein the main of religion was made to consist."—Rapin's History of England, vol. i. p. 86.

By the advice of Bishop Swithun, the King granted to the Church the tithes of all his own land, as follows:—"I, Ethelwulph, by the grace of God King of the West Saxons, &c., with the advice of the Bishops, Earls, and all other persons of Distinction in my Dominions, have, for the Health of my Soul and the Good of my People, and the Prosperity of my Kingdom, taken the Prudent and serviceable Resolution of granting the tenth of my whole Kingdom to the Church and Ministers of Religion to be enjoyed by them, with all the Privileges of a free Tenure, and discharged from all Services due to the Crown, and all other Incumbrances incident to Lay Fees. This grant has been made by us to the Church in Honour of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin and All Saints, and out of regard to the Paschal Solemnity, and that Almighty God might vouchsafe his Blessing to us and our Posterity. Dated at the Palace of Wilton, in the year 854, Indiction the second, at the Feast of Easter."—Rapin's History of England, vol. i. p. 3. Rapin says, "The Charter here translated is in the Monasticon, p. 100, and is dated at Wilton in 854."

Dean Prideaux gives the same Charter, and adds to it the following, as part of the original:—"Whosoever shall augment this our donation, may God augment him in his prosperous days! But if anyone shall presume to diminish or change it, let him know that he must give an account hereof before the Judgment Seat of Christ, unless in the interim he doth make amends by giving satisfaction for the same. ✠ I, Ethelwulph, the King, ✠ I, Ælstan, Bishop. ✠ I, Swithin, Bishop, ✠ I, Wulflaf, Abbot, ✠ I, Werford, Abbot, ✠ I, Ethelred, and ✠ I, Alfred, the King's Sons, have given our consent hereto." —Dr. Prideaux, on "Tithes, their Origin in Public Law," chapter iv. See also the learned John Selden's "History of Tithes," Original Edition, A.D. 1618, Chap. viii. pp. 204-211.

Ethelwulph immediately made a pilgrimage to Rome, and after spending large sums of money on the Papacy, and a year's time, he started homeward. On his way he called on the French King, Charles the Bald, and foolishly married Judith, his daughter, a girl only 12 years old. He gave her the title of "Queen." But when he came home he met rather a cool reception, and found the people in no way pleased with his marriage; they also objected, on principle, to the King's wife being called "Queen." Bishop Ælstan and the King's eldest son, Ethelbald, with others, plotted against the King to depose him. To appease the clamour of the church officials for compulsory tithes of all the Kingdom, and to put the crooked things of the nation straight by the influence of the Ecclesiastical powers, Ethelwulph expressed his willingness to grant a tenth of all the land in the Kingdom to the Church. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops, and all the Clergy had been plotting and planning and preaching and passing canons in their councils for centuries to get the Legalization of tithes.

They succeeded. I quote from Dr. Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, "Tithes; their Origin in Public Law, Chap. iv."

1. "Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning for ever. Whereas, in our time, we have seen the burnings of war, the ravagings of our wealth, and also the cruel depredations of enemies wasting our land, and many tribulations from barbarous and Pagan nations inflicted upon us, for the punishing of our sins, even almost to our utter destruction, and also very perilous times hanging over our heads.

2. "For this cause, I, Ethelwulph King of the West Saxons, by the advice of my bishops and other chiefmen of my kingdom, have resolved on a wholesome and uniform remedy—that is, that I grant as an offering unto God, and the blessed Virgin, and all the saints, a certain portion of my kingdom, to be held by perpetual right—that is to say, the tenth part thereof; and that this

tenth part be privileged from temporal duties, and free from all secular services and royal tributes, as well the greater as the lesser, or those taxes which we call Witerden (a tax or royal aid imposed by Saxon Parliaments), and that it be free from all things else, for the health of my soul, and the pardon of my sins, to be applied only to the service of God alone, without being charged to any expedition, or to the repair of bridges, or the fortifying of castles, to the end that the clergy may, with the more diligence, pour out their prayers to God for us without ceasing, in which we do in some part receive their service.

3. "These things were enacted at Winchester, in the Church of St. Peter, before the great altar, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord, 855, in the third indiction, on the nones of November, for the honour of the glorious Virgin and mother of God, St. Mary, and St. Michael, the Archangel, and of the blessed Peter, prince of the apostles, and also of our blessed father, Pope Gregory, and of all the saints.

4. "There were present and subscribed hereto all the archbishops and bishops of England, as also Boered, King of Mercia, and Edmund, King of the East Angles, and also a great multitude of abbots, abbesses, dukes, earls, and noblemen of the whole land, as well as of other Christian people, who all approved of the Royal Charter, but those only who were persons of dignity subscribed their names to it.

5. "King Ethelwulf, for the greater firmness of the grant, offered this Charter upon the altar of St. Peter the Apostle, and the bishops on God's part received the same of him, and afterwards sent it to be published in all the churches throughout their respective dioceses."

The Dean says: "This charter we find recorded in three of our ancientest historians—Ingulph, William of Malmsbury, and Matthew of Westminster; and Ingulph being the oldest of them, as having been secretary to William the First in Normandy, before the Conquest, and after his coming into England made Abbot of Croyland by him, I have here set it down as I find it in him. But the second paragraph being so depraved by after transcribers, as not to be made sense of, I have jointly with it added the same paragraph as it is in Matthew of Westminster."

Here, according to Selden, Prideaux, and multitudes of tithe writers, historians, and ecclesiastical lawyers, we have the foundation of the civil right of the clergy to tithes in England. It is not so many voluntary gifts on the part of "our pious ancestors," but law made by a few of the people, and most of that few had an active interest in the law. I propose in the next article to show how the people were compelled to pay the tithes by most cruel laws and penalties: thus proving that they did not give them of their own free will.

In Memoriam.

"C ome," said the Master, and the soul that oft
H ad heard that voice aforetime, and had been
A ttentive to its lightest whisper, now
R esponsive to the well-known tones, replied
"L ord, here am I. Behold, I lift to thee
E yes, darkened for a while on earth, but now
S o soon to see thee, whom unseen I love."

"S *ymbols of Christ*" are now unneeded, in
T hat temple where the Lord himself is seen,
A nd "*Power in weakness*," here so often felt,
N ow lays aside its weakness evermore.
"F *riendship with God*," to him on earth no vain
O r meaningless expression, has for aye
R eceived new "*Confirmation*." "*Central Truths*,"
D ear to him here, are seen to meet in God. M. P. C. C.

Notices of Books.

Bees and Bee-keeping; Scientific and Practical. By Frank R. Cheshire, F.L.S., F.R.M.S. Vol. I. Scientific. L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand.

Mr. Cheshire is the scientific lecturer at the Pastors' College, and his ability reflects honour upon our institution. He is great as a bee-master. Many previous bee-writers have stolen their matter, and even their illustrations, from him: and who is to blame them? We do not; for we see the consequences of the company they keep. Bees appear to have a very indistinct idea of the evils of plagiarism: they plunder the flowers, and men plunder *them*. Association with bees evidently leads to lax views as to literary property. However, Mr. Cheshire's discoveries and descriptions are his own; and very learned and lucid they are.

We should think that this will be *the book* on the *Scientific* side of bee-keeping. The most of our readers will probably prefer the *Practical* volume which is to follow, for it will be of more use to them; but it cannot be more full, painstaking, and accurate than the work now before us. There is enough in the anatomy of a bee to inspire a devout heart with admiring wonder. Within so small a compass wisdom is seen which indicates the presence of God; and he is blind who will not see it.

Every one who goes thoroughly in for bee-culture must have this standard work.

Whitefield Anecdotes, Illustrating the Life, Character, and Work of the Great Evangelist. By Dr. Macaulay. Religious Tract Society.

Real nuts. Whitefield's life is full of incidents, and Dr. Macaulay is the very man to light upon the most telling of them. This is the fifth of an excellent series of anecdote books at eighteen-pence each.

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. XIII. Nisbet and Co.

This first-class ministers' help has now reached the thirteenth volume. We shall never take much delight in what is called a *Symposium*, which gives an opportunity for spreading as well as for answering error. In other respects this magazine is to our taste, and is calculated to be exceedingly helpful to weary preachers.

The Preacher's Analyst for 1885. Longley, Warwick Lane.

This work pursues its unobtrusive course, and we doubt not it furnishes many a village preacher with a timely outline, and so enables him to preach usefully when otherwise he would not know where to find a subject. It contains many articles which display great ability.

The Rosebud: A Monthly Magazine of Nursery Nurture and Amusement. James Clarke and Co.

This for the budding part of the household—the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds—must be a great delight. Who could grudge 3d. for such pictures, and verses, and tales? Our wonder is how such a magazine is kept up, for it needs real genius to interest the tiny tots.

The Baptist Magazine. Alexander and Shepheard.

Our old friend has left the couch of weakness, and has renewed its youth. It was always a better magazine than it seemed; but now it is made lively and attractive. The portraits are a novelty, and are themselves alone well worth the sixpence. Mr. Swaine is a born editor.

The Naval Brigade News. Temperance Monthly Magazine. Edited by Miss Wintz. Partridge and Co.

Right glorious is Miss Weston's enterprise. Her paper is a sort of sailors' *British Workman*, and is well adapted for its special purpose. The year's volume is quite resplendent. The monthly numbers are exactly the things to give away at every sea-port town.

The Bond of Union. The Organ of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. Vol. II. S. W. Partridge.

Makes a volume of more than passing interest. Success to this excellent endeavour!

Personality the beginning and end of Metaphysics, and a necessary assumption in all Positive Philosophy. By the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

We give the title of this essay *in extenso*. It is really the utmost compliment we can offer. Though the author has a high reputation, we feel sure that few of our friends will relish his thesis. The outlook is rather philosophical than religious. His object is to defend the science of metaphysics, which comprehends the principles and causes of all things that are, and the mind or intelligence that apprehends them, against the anti-metaphysical writers who revel in an agnosticism which ignores every department of absolute knowledge.

The Preservation of Health. By Clement Dukes, M.D. Rivingtons.

As this is the prize essay which gained the "Howard Medal" for 1884, it would be presumptuous in us to offer an opinion upon its literary and scientific merits. It is principally devoted to the subjects of cleanliness and temperance in all things. The influence of these upon the physical, social, and moral welfare of men, under all circumstances, is minutely and comprehensively traced. It is without doubt a good book of reference upon all questions relating to the preservation of health.

The World's Workers. Cassell and Co.

Under this general title the enterprising firm at Belle Sauvage Yard is issuing a series of popular biographies, remarkable on the whole for their cheapness and general excellence. Though well printed and tastefully bound in cloth, each volume, containing 128 pages, crown 8vo, costs only a shilling; and hence they are among the cheapest books in the market. We do not profess to have read all of the fourteen volumes published, but we have found some of them exhilarating reading; and we are pleased to find that so large a proportion of the narratives relate to those who were the world's workers in the best sense, namely, philanthropists and Christian exemplars, who will be held in lasting remembrance. Livingstone, George Müller, Andrew Reed, F. R. Havergal, Sir H. Havelock, George Moore, Sir Titus Salt, and others, are dealt with. Young people will read with profit the narratives relating to the brothers Stephenson, President Lincoln, and Richard Cobden. The volume we like least is that on Charles Dickens, prepared expressly for the young. With this exception, we heartily commend the whole set. The value of such a cheap series of well-written biographies is very great, especially at a time when education is so rapidly extending its empire.

The Reformation and its Heroes. By Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. With Illustrations. T. Nelson and Sons.

The records of the Reformation translated into fascinating language for young people, by one who knows how to enthral youthful ears and hearts. A book which should be read by every boy and girl throughout the empire.

Bible Narratives in Verse. By Mrs. Marshman. J. F. Shaw and Co.

We cannot say much for the poetry, or even for the rhyme of these narratives, but then they are not set before us as competitions in versification. They are meant for young folks, to help their memories concerning holy things; and we think they will, in many cases, accomplish the good design. We like the narratives better in their native state; but if any will read them in verse who would have neglected them in prose, it is a good work to versify them.

The Homes of the Birds. By M. K. M., with 65 illustrations by Giacomelli. T. Nelson and Sons.

Charming writing, delightful engravings, and tasteful binding. Nelson and Sons can do a thing well when they attempt it. This little book is bright as a humming-bird, musical as a nightingale, and yet as elevated in flight as an eagle. It has upon its pages the freshness of the upper air, and the joyousness of the woods in spring-tide. It has been a great spiritual treat to read it, and we could wish that all our readers who are devout naturalists might be able to procure a copy. We do not know the price, but we guess it will be half-a-crown or three shillings—very cheap, if so.

A Gleam of Light. By A. M. H. Nisbet and Co.

Some fourteen pieces of devout common-place, neither better nor worse than much that has aforetime been written and left unread.

The Mother's Crown Jewels. By Mrs. C. B. Wheeler. Jarrold and Sons.

Entirely out of our line. This book has to do with the Nursery, and such domestic subjects as the feeding, watching, and guiding of infants. Mrs. Wheeler is such a bright, charming writer, that we have read her work in spite of ourselves. It is *the* book for a gift to marriageable girls, or young mothers. Piety and keen sense, godliness and tenderness, in delightful combination. Just perfect in idea and execution.

A Diurnal for the Changes and Chances of this Mortal Life. Edited by Catherine Sturge. Hatchards.

A choice quotation of prose or poem for every day in the year. Books innumerable have been ransacked in their selection, and the little volume is unusually good in quality. An added value is given by the topical index which is included.

Your Sundays. Fifty-two Short Readings. Especially intended for Schoolboys. By Rev. G. Everard. Nisbet.

Our author has hit the happy medium between prosy piety and bright barrenness, and the result is a book that will hold the attention of young readers, and give abiding benefit. Short, sparkling, spiritual, all-alive portions, in such brief form that the busiest can devour one in a few minutes. Unless we are much mistaken, it will be a great favourite with our young manhood.

My Morning Word. Counsel and Comfort for Daily Need. *In the Shadow of his Hand.* Thoughts for Lonely Hours. By Rose Porter. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Two more of Mr. Shaw's elegant *Parchment Library.* The first is a text-book for the mornings of a year; the Scriptures are very well selected, and placed in suggestive apposition. The second is mainly an invalid's book, and is intended to minister comfort, and strengthen resignation. To many persons of taste, these books, in delicate white covers, will be very attractive.

Hour by Hour; or, the Christian's Daily Life. By E. A. L. Nisbet and Co.

Another daily-portion book, but on a new plan, answering to the duties of the particular *hour;* such as dress, pastime, meal-time, hours of recreation, hours of sorrow, &c. The selections of prose and poetry are good and appropriate; but we doubt whether it is practicable to snatch up and read a book every time the clock strikes, or the scene changes.

The King's Palace. By Rev. J. N. Rogers, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

This adds another to the already long list of text-books. This book has a practical reference exclusively to Christian service, and touches upon the parts which the heart, the lips, the eyes, the ears, the hands, and the feet, are to play therein. There is much freshness and force, both in the idea and its treatment, and we think it will hold its own with its many competitors.

Methodist Worthies. Characteristic Sketches of Methodist Preachers. (Vols. V. and VI.) By George M. Stevenson, M.A. Thomas C. Jack.

Nobody living could do this work better than Mr. Stevenson, for he has lived and moved in the midst of Methodism of all sorts. He has been behind the scenes as well as in the public activities of the various bodies of Methodists. With the portraits and lives of worthies these five volumes make up a grand memorial, of much interest to all the followers of the great Wesleys. Our author has undertaken too great a work to be able to insert in the biographies those anecdotes which are the charm of all memoirs; but he has done his best where the materials are not of the richest, and the space was necessarily limited. We trust the many Methodist communities will see that this labour becomes remunerative: every wealthy layman should purchase a copy, and hand it down to his descendants.

The Rich Man and Lazarus. By the Rev. ARTHUR MACARTHUR. Nisbet.

A TIMELY piece of exposition. Now that the moderns are unsettling the very foundations of society by questioning the just punishment of sin, a man needs to be a brave spirit to bring down their bitter assaults upon himself. Mr. Macarthur does not fear the anger of the *Salvator Mundi* school, but deals faithfully with the whole band of apologists for sin. The little treatise costs eighteen-pence. Now that Purgatory has become the new idol of the advanced school, it is well that here and there a brother is prepared to speak out against their idle dream.

Our Rest-Day: its Origin, History, and Claims. By the Rev. THOMAS HAMILTON, A.M. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

No one can question the justice of the award which made this a *Prize Essay*. Other works may have been as good, but none could have been better. It is as interesting as it is instructive, and we give it our hearty praise. Writings upon the Sabbath are apt to be dull, but Mr. Hamilton has quite escaped that fatal vice, and has produced a book which ought to be perused, for it possesses the power of retaining the reader when he once begins it. We like the plea for ministers that they should not lose their weekly rest. The fact that traces of a seventh day, observed with reverence, have been found in China and almost every other land, is well brought out. The question of opening museums is temperately argued, and so is that of the Sunday closing of public houses. The suggestion that all Christians should avoid fine dinners on Sundays, which involve extra labour, is one which ought not to be needed; for every Christian should think of this spontaneously.

The Self-Revealing Jehovah of the Old Testament, the Christ of the New Testament. By S. M. BARCLAY. James Nisbet and Co. 7s. 6d.

IN these busy days it is hard to buttonhole a friend, and hold him while you thoroughly discuss a theme. Lax views of inspiration, loosely expressed by an acquaintance, whom she credits with a profession of Christianity, grieve the heart of our author. She sits down to write a leaflet upon the subject, and she finds that it expands into a volume of more than three hundred pages. Nor is this due in any degree to her own volubility. She happens to have read interesting books which such people as she talks with are never likely to read. So she culls choice passages from a large collection of choice authors, and places her studies at their service. More than that, she presents them in elegant attire. Such paper and such type are worthy of the best morocco.

But what of the subject? It is the kind of truth one might well account to be the richest treasure. The structure of the Holy Bible, compact and concrete, is a rock on which saints rely for safety; but it seems to some silly folk like a reef against which they strike and perish in the flood of modern thought. This modern thought has many guises; none more deceitful than that which distorts every evidence and argument that our later literature has supplied. Have the Scriptures in their component parts been subjected to the severest scrutiny? and has the text been examined with the keenest possible exegesis? Well; we welcome light, all light, even the cold light produced by the electric battery; though we much prefer the warm rays of the sun, lord of light, and lamp of day. But oh! it is gross ignorance for critics to suppose that by turning the focus strong upon "the Book of Judges," or "the Book of Acts"; or the Pentateuch of Moses, or the Epistles of Paul, they can break the unity of the Scriptures. The Book remaineth one and indivisible.

The Revised Version, completed in the year of grace 1885, has confirmed the canon. We may disagree with details here and there; but from both sides of the Atlantic the decision has been reached that the canon is fixed and cannot be disturbed.

Mrs. Barclay, with devout conviction, asserts what we have often asserted in our sermons. "The angel of the Lord, that great Messenger of the covenant, who was actually to appear in flesh and blood, many a time before he was born at Bethlehem anticipated his descent to earth, and visited it in human form." So thinks she! So say we!

My Lord's Money; or, the Consecration of Talents. Consecrated Recreation; or, the Christian's Leisure Time. By Rev. Ernest Boys, M.A. Nisbet.

A facile pen, a devout spirit, and an earnest desire to be a safe guide to fellow-Christians, are manifest throughout these little books. Whilst we do not pledge ourselves to every detail, we endorse the main positions here taken with great heartiness. The tendency of this age is certainly not to over-strictness, but to undue laxity; and we need firm anchorage of Christian principle not to be moved by the drift of modern opinion. A fuller Christian life would answer many of the questions which now puzzle feeble saints, and this Mr. Boys aims at developing. The church will tell on the world when the world has been cast out of the church.

The Good Fight; or, More than Conquerors: Stories of Christian Martyrs and Heroes. By Rev. John Hunt, D.D., and others. Hodder and Stoughton.

This book reminds us of the "Book of Martyrs" of our boyhood. How we read and re-read it! and how our eyes were held by its grim pictures! In this work everything is new and artistic compared with our old copy of Foxe; but still, it has revived our youthful visions. In truth, this is a fine book, and one which should, like a Family Bible, find a place in every house. If we would deepen Protestantism, and reproduce firm adhesion to the truth of our Lord Jesus, this is the sort of book to read, and to set others reading. It is marvellously cheap at 7s. 6d. Time was when such a book would have been a guinea. The type and binding are both excellent.

The Man with the White Hat; or, the Story of an Unknown Mission. By C. R. Parsons. T. Woolmer.

It is said that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." We liked the tone of the book when we read it, and then passed it on to one who superintends a large mothers' meeting, so that its effect might be noticed upon those with whom the story deals. The interest seemed to grow as its pages were read, and all gave a unanimous verdict of "Very good indeed." We recommend it most heartily, and wish there were more of these useful "unknown missions."

Hymns of the Present Century. From the German. Religious Tract Society.

One of the sweetest of that sweet series of "Companions for a Quiet Hour" which the Religious Tract Society are now issuing. There is a calm, quiet pensiveness about most of the hymns here translated which is very refreshing in these fussy days. Such quiet ministers to the growth of personal piety and devotion. It was like a cool bath of meditation, in the midst of the fevered atmosphere of life, to sit and read these tender songs. They will grow in charm as they are read.

Public Notices and Cautions. A Book for Youth. J. Gadsby.

Pungent, taking talks with young folks on a variety of subjects, all bearing upon religious decision and Christian character. Not the best we have seen; but very, very far from the worst: the author evidently having a passionate love for the old Scriptural truth, and a wholesome contempt for the gingerbread theories of modern divines. May this book be to many youths a beacon to warn, and a sign to guide!

Daddy Longlegs and his White Heath Flower. By Nellie Cornwall. T. Woolmer and Co.

This tiny little book so charmed the little ones who heard it read, that, to the third time of hearing, they listened with eager interest, and wanted more. This we think to be the little book's best recommendation. It is bright, gracious, full of attraction and pathos. The more of such pages the merrier.

Some Aspects of the Blessed Life. By Mark Guy Pearse. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

Simply delicious. Our esteemed brother writes under a holy anointing. He is, doubtless, a Methodist, but he is, first of all, a Christian. Our fellowship with him is very true and deep. With intense personal enjoyment we read this book at Mentone, and we would hand it on to others, saying, "Eat ye that which is good."

Crossfield; or, Passages in the Life of a Rector. By NESTOR. Shaw and Co.

A BOOK written in that stiff Protestant style which we almost feared was extinct. Is the writer an Orangeman? We should think Mr. Newdegate would be in ecstasies over him. There is a great deal of truth in these opinions; but it is truth to which the majority of people nowadays reply with a smile. It is a regular rib-roasting for those who were formerly known as Puseyites, who now think themselves to be the soundest members of the Church of England. What a noise there was thirty years ago about altars and candles! Things are a thousand times worse now, but few raise any outcry unless it be here and there a *Nestor*, and he is regarded as an antediluvian.

In the Bush and on the Trail. By M. BENEDICT REVOIL.

Salome. By Mrs. EMMA MARSHALL. T. Nelson and Sons.

THESE two books are specially adapted for birth-day presents; one for boys, the other for girls. The story of adventures in North America is by a distinguished Frenchman, who found in the United States a field for sport; a menagerie of birds and beasts whose habits, as hunter and trapper, he could study in their native haunts; and a host of Niggers, Wild Indians, and Redskins in prairie and savannah, able and willing to entertain the "pale faces" with yarns as they sat round the camp-fires. No less than seventy wood-cuts give an additional charm to the volume.

"Salome" is the lively heroine of a lively tale. The possibilities of quiet heroism in domestic life are well depicted. The bright spirit of a girl facing tragedy without yielding to fear, sustaining the spirits of a disconsolate mother, and of brothers beset with temptation, are well related. Perhaps! (we really do not know, so we say perhaps!) perhaps there are phases of faith and fortitude which can be better described in stories than in sermons.

David Elliott. A Cornish story. By C. E. IRVINE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

NOTHING delights the average British boy like "a sail", or clambering about among the various small craft, and "yarning" with the fishermen on the beach. In reading this story of Cornish fisher-folk, he may fancy he is by the sea; or he may mentally bear a hand in saving the crew of the "Nancy" from a watery grave. Some of the "hair-breadth 'scapes"—sea-'scapes, &c., *may* be true; but all that is said about the great salvation *is* true.

His Grandfather's Bible: a Tale of Furness Fells. By the Rev. C. W. BARDSLEY, M.A. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

AN admirable story for our friends of the Church of England. Nonconformists will find so much in it of Common Prayer, Collects, Christening, and Clergy, that they will not care for it. These things are right enough in books written for Episcopalians, and our regret is that many Dissenting writers do not show their colours as boldly as these Conforming writers do. Still, we must admit that the thing can be overdone; and we are not sure that it is not so in this instance. At any rate, so much sectarian peculiarity must limit the influence of the book by restricting it to one set of readers. We can only say that the story is good, and that it will be best enjoyed by those for whom it is evidently intended, namely, strict Episcopalians of the Evangelical school.

The Owners of Broadlands. By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE name of the writer is sufficient guarantee that the plot of the story is well constructed and interesting, and that the tone is pure and elevating. Young persons generally, who have "large expectations" from old bachelor uncles, may learn some very useful lessons from it; the same may be said of the spoilt only sons of weak-minded mothers. Two other classes we would also advise to peruse it, *they* won't miss the five shillings; viz., those who unexpectedly "drop into" a magnificent fortune, and young men who, while "over head and ears in love," rapidly acquire professional eminence and success: a very small edition will be sufficient for these. The former, however, are so numerous that the book ought to have many readers.

Hymns, with Music, to be sung at the Scholars' Sunday Services, at Whitsuntide, 1886. Manchester Sunday School Union. London: Hart & Co.

A CAPITAL idea, well carried out. A plan that should be imitated by every Sunday-school Union. The hints to conductors are valuable, and contain just the information needed. The worship-music of our Sunday-schools and congregations would be greatly improved by carrying out such a system. The root of the matter is struck by the hint: "Teach them to sing with expression." "Singing with expression" is but another form of Paul's phrase, "with the understanding."

The Easter Cards of our good friends of the Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, are most excellent. Three cards by A. Schlienz are marvels of beauty. They are on thick grained boards with gold bevelled edges, and cost 2s. 6d. the three. We have placed them in our own room, and hope to be cheered by looking at them every morning. Apply for them to Miss Holland, Mildmay Park, N.

Notes.

MRS. SPURGEON'S new book, entitled "Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund," has met with many commendations. Within a few days half the edition of two thousand disappeared, and we doubt not the other half will soon be scattered far and wide. Unfortunately, it tends to increase a work which we proposed to diminish: let us hope that fresh strength will be given. The volume itself is tasteful without, and delightful within. It contains a wealth of real poetry written as prose.

The third volume of our "Sermon Notes," from *Matthew* to *Acts*, is ready for publication; and we propose to get on with the fourth portion, so as to complete this series of preachers' helps. We have abundant evidence of their value to overworked brethren. We issue these books at half-a-crown, that their purchase may not be beyond the means of poor men.

MR. CHARLES WATERS BANES has passed away, after completing his four-score years. He had a large heart, which made him thoughtful of the poor, and tolerant of those who differed from him. In the dim past of thirty years and more, when certain ultra-Calvinistic brethren were criticizing us very severely, he expressed his friendship for us as well as he could, for his position was a difficult one. He loved the doctrines of grace, but he did not like to smear them over with wormwood, as some of his comrades thought it wise to do. The old-fashioned high Calvinists are passing away, and we are among those who miss them. They may not have been all that we could have desired them to be, but they were good men and true, and believed firmly what the Lord had taught them. They were so resolved to hold what they did know that they were not in a hurry to learn more, and consequently missed some of the truths which make up the complete evangelical circle. Still, it was a great point about them that they were faithful to light received.

Their places are not occupied by better men. The dominant, or at least the prominent faction, nowadays, believes in nothing but its own cleverness; and in its pretended liberality derides all positive and fixed belief. We would sooner have the narrowness of those who have gone than the emptiness of those who ridicule them. Charles Waters Banks spent his life in preaching and writing for the cause he loved. In his old age he was as indefatigably industrious as in his youth; and he was always thoroughly unselfish, ready to help others, even when he might rather have asked help for himself.

THE LIBERATION SOCIETY goes this year to St. James's Hall, simply because our Annual College Supper is held on that particular evening, and therefore we could not accommodate the meeting. No one may, therefore, infer that we are tired of the movement, and wish to shunt the Society.

The following letter from Miss Weston, "the sailors' friend," explains itself:—

"Dear Sir,—I gladly avail myself of your kind permission to ask your readers to bear a hand, and to help me to shake out a reef or two at the Sailors' Rest, Devonport. This building has been doing its work as a bright, happy home for our blue-jackets for ten years, and during that time 454,000 men-o'-war's men have slept under its roof. Its coffee-bar drives a roaring trade, and it would do your heart good to see the defenders of their country crowding the marble tables. Meetings and classes are constantly carried on, and the sailor-boys from the training-ships swarm the place whenever ashore. Many a yarn could I spin about our Christian seamen and boys, but I forbear. I have at this moment a golden opportunity to close and pull down two public-houses adjoining us: 'The Royal Naval Rendezvous,' and the 'Napier Inn.'

Without bearing false witness against my neighbour, I can affirm that these public-houses have done, and are doing, the usual ruination business. For £2,600 I can 'improve them off the face of the earth,' and for £1,000 more, build and furnish an addition that would double our Sailors' Rest. I ask each of your readers to fire a shilling shot at these publics, and heavier metal if he can, and we shall have them down. 'I'll fire ten shilling shots at that 'ere grog-shop,' said a seaman, throwing down half a sovereign, 'you're doing a good work to make a clean sweep.' Postals, stamps, or cheques, can be addressed to me as under.

"Yours very heartily,
"AGNES E. WESTON.

"Sailors' Rest, Devonport."

On *Thursday evening, March* 25, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Tabernacle was celebrated by a special sermon from the Pastor, founded upon Psalm xl. 9—11. There was an unusually large congregation, and much interest was manifested in the service, and in the prayer-meeting which preceded it. It was very cheering to see the lecture-hall full of those who had come to praise and pray, and afterwards to look upon the great company in the Tabernacle. Mr. Wm. Olney and Mr. Henry Varley united with us in thanksgiving for the quarter of a century of mercies and blessings which we have received, and in supplication for the continuance and increase of the favours which our loving Lord has so bountifully poured upon us. The tale of those twenty-five years can only be read by the light of eternity. It is with deepest gratitude that we remember all the way by which the Lord our God has led us. Those who can sympathize with our emotions, when preaching to so vast a throng for a single Sabbath, may form an idea of the wear and tear of a quarter of a century of such work. To God be glory: to us be shame and confusion of face that we have not done better.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 30, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of the Pastor. There was a good attendance of parents and friends, considering the wet and stormy night, and everything passed off admirably. The choir sang sweetly; the right tone was given to the meeting by the prayer of Mr. Wigney; the secretary, Mr. Wagstaff, presented the annual report in a most interesting manner; our good friend, Rev. David Davies, of Regent's Park, delivered an address full of force, fire, weight, and wisdom; Mr. Ford ably and worthily followed him; the chairman helped to keep the meeting at the right pitch throughout; and the audience, led by Mr. T. H. Olney, defrayed the balance of £12 12s. 11d. due to the treasurer.

We have space for only the briefest summary of the report. There are in the school 103 teachers, all church-members; and 1,479 scholars, of whom 112 are church-members, 31 having joined during the past year. Children's services are held on Sunday mornings and evenings; and prayer-meetings for teachers and scholars once a month, and for teachers every Monday evening. There are three youths' Bible-classes and five young ladies' classes, all occupying separate rooms, and doing good work for the Master. The Home and Foreign Missionary Society's receipts for the year have been £150, and the money has been expended as follows:—Zenana Mission, £25; Mr. Guyton, Delhi, £25; Mr. Easton, China, £25 (in addition to £50 raised annually by Mr. Wigney's class, of which Mr. Easton was formerly a member); the colporteur at Tring, £40; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £20; Continental Sunday-schools, £10; and Mr. Richardson, Bakundu, £5. The Band of Hope has had 74 new members during the year; the Dorcas Society has clothed many poor children and colporteurs; the Mutual Improvement Society and Bible-reading Union have helped to interest and instruct their members; and the usual excursions, treats, &c., have taken place with happy results.

All the above particulars relate to the *home school* at the Tabernacle, but it must be remembered that we have in addition 20 branch Sunday-schools, with 450 teachers, and more than 6,000 scholars.

On *Tuesday Evening, April* 6, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in the hall; in fact, many could not be admitted for want of room. Addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who presided; Canon Leigh, Canon Fleming, Rev. G. M. Murphy, and Dr. Norman Kerr; the Blue Ribbon choir led the singing; and the report was read by Mr. A. E. Smithers. From this it appears that the weekly meetings of the Society have been continued throughout the year, and that there have been, in addition, Sunday evening services in the College Buildings during the winter, and open-air meetings in the summer, at all of which gospel and temperance truths have been taught, leading many to sign the pledge, and some to seek and find the Saviour. Since the last anniversary, 754 pledges have been taken, making a total of 19,321 for the four years of the Society's existence. The total expenditure of the year has been £83 10s. 9d. If the Gospel Temperance movement accomplished nothing beyond the bringing of good men from different churches into hearty union, it would do much. Our clerical brethren were as much at home in the work as either C. H. S. or Mr. Murphy, and the address of Canon Fleming was a splendid declaration of the gospel of the grace of God; and no one could say that total abstinence was put in the place of the

gospel by any one of the speakers. When will our brethren who love the gospel help us to fight one of its worst enemies? Cannot they drop their drops?

On *Monday Evening, April* 12, Mr. A. Orr Ewing and four other young men, who were about to sail for China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, were present at the Tabernacle, and were specially commended to the Lord in prayer. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Ewing, who has given up his partnership in a large business to devote himself to work among the Chinese; Mr. Piggot, who has laboured for seven years in "the Celestial Empire"; and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, who pointed out to the departing missionaries the necessity of presenting to the heathen a living, personal Saviour.

Before the prayer-meeting, these friends were entertained at tea by C. H. S. We ask the prayers of all the Lord's people for China. All the missions in that singular and unite in begging for the prayers of the aints. Only by supernatural power can China be converted; let us daily bring the ase before the Lord God of heaven.

College.—Mr. A. W. Hooper has become pastor of the church at Woodchester, Gloucestershire.

Mr. W. J. Juniper has removed from Henley-on-Thames to Ridgmount; and Mr. C. W. Townsend, from Inskip, to Conduit-road, Plumstead.

On *Friday, March* 19, Dr. Reynolds, Professor Whitehouse, and most of the students of Cheshunt College, spent the afternoon and evening with us at the College. It was a happy, hearty, fraternal gathering, and must have benefited all who were present. On the part of the visitors, addresses were delivered by the Doctor, and Professor, and one of their students; while the Pastors' College was represented by the President, Professor Fergusson, Mr. Cheshire, Mr. Wm. Olney, and one of our students. We are all looking forward with bright anticipations to June 1, when we are to pay the return visit to our friends at Cheshunt.

Through a railway accident, we have been deprived of the services of our esteemed friend, Professor Gracey, during a great part of the past session. We trust that he is now recovering, and that we shall soon see him at his post again. Meanwhile, the College owes much to the invaluable aid of Mr. Douglas, of Kenyon Chapel, who seems to have been brought to London by divine Providence on purpose to be our willing helper. Our venerable friend, Professor Rogers, seemed a month or two ago to be on the verge of heaven, but he is still spared to us for a little while. All our brethren will earnestly pray for the much-loved tutors to whom they are deeply indebted for their ministerial training.

We ask the very earnest prayers of our readers on behalf of the Conference to be held in the week commencing May 3. We long for a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the hundreds of pastors, evangelists, missionaries, and students, who will then be gathered together.

Evangelists.—The first half of the past month has been spent by *Mr. Smith* at Hereford, and the second half at Ross. Notwithstanding very wintry weather, the meetings at Hereford have been crowded, and many who have attended them have been blessed.

After the Conference, Mr. Smith will be at Great Grimsby for the rest of May, and he has promised to visit the churches in the Potteries district next month.

Mr. Burnham completed his campaign among the Congregational churches in Dorsetshire by paying a second visit to Poole, where a marked blessing rested upon the services. With our other Evangelists, he hopes to be present at the Conference, and afterwards is going to Billingboro'.

Pastor F. J. Greening writes concerning *Mr. Harmer's* services at Dartmouth: "His visit has been to us a means of great spiritual blessing and refreshing, and we believe it will be the means of adding to our church those who have been led to decide for Jesus. In our case the work was not so much that of gathering in what was already white unto harvest, but the more difficult work of breaking up fresh ground. Several who were not attendants at any place of worship have come, and have been impressed, and are now hopefully within our reach. I wish it were possible for every church in our circumstances to have the benefit of such a refreshing and stimulating mission."

At the end of March, Mr. Harmer spent a week at Washbrook Chapel, near Ipswich, where the villagers were attracted in unusual numbers, and many, it is hoped, have been blessed by the messages to which they listened. During the greater part of April Mr. Harmer has been at Attercliffe, and other stations near Sheffield, where his services have been greatly appreciated by Mr. Ensoll's hearty friends.

Brethren who wish to secure any of the Evangelists for meetings will do well to arrange with them at the Conference, as they will all be fixing their winter appointments as soon as possible.

Orphanage.—The Midland and Eastern Counties Tours of Mr. Charlesworth and his singers and ringers were both very successful. At Lynn, a lady put into the headmaster's hands a packet for the Orphanage, and almost before he had time to thank her, she was gone. On opening it, fifty sovereigns were found! To the unknown generous donor we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude; and to all who have entertained the boys, or contributed in any degree to the success of the meetings, we send our grateful thanks. It has been most cheering

to receive from all quarters most encouraging testimonies to the behaviour of the boys, and the quality of their entertainments.

The following lines were composed by one of the Stockwell Orphanage boys, named L. P. Roff, aged thirteen. They will for that sole reason interest our young readers.

Come to Jesus, sinner,
Come to Jesus now;
He will make you happy
Won't you love him now?

REFRAIN.

Won't you love the Saviour,
Love him every day?
He will keep you safely
In the narrow way.

Jesus, help me trust thee,
Love thee, even now;
May I see thee dying
On dark Calvary's brow.

Won't you love the Saviour,
Love him till the last?
You will be rewarded
When all danger's past.

I will trust this Saviour,
Living by his love;
I would trust him ever
Till I rest above.

I am trusting Jesus,
He's my life, my soul;
I will never leave him
Till I reach the goal.

Jesus died to save men,
Jesus died for me;
I will never leave him
Till his face I see.

We are on the Lord's side,
He's our King, our theme,
Jesus keep us ever
Till we cross the stream.

COLPORTAGE.—Mr. Jones wishes us to call our readers' attention again to the annual meeting, which will (D.V.) be held at the Tabernacle, on Monday, May 17, when the President hopes to preside, and addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., and several of the colporteurs from the country.

PERSONAL NOTE.—For many years, through the generosity of a Christian friend, our sermons and others have been inserted as advertisements in *The Australasian* newspaper. We have, at various times, heard of instances of usefulness through this method of publishing the gospel; and, recently, the following interesting particulars were forwarded to us by one of the Pastors' College brethren now settled at the Antipodes:—A farmer, who had suffered much through strong drink, one day took up *The Australasian*, which contained our sermon on "The Approachableness of Jesus" (No. 809). The reading of the discourse was the means of his conversion; and, after a while, he went to see the Baptist minister in the adjacent town, with a view to joining the church. Unhappily, before he returned to his home, he had to transact business with some persons who induced him to take a glass of wine, which aroused the old cravings for liquor, and led him to fall most grievously. On coming to his right mind he felt ashamed to unite with the Lord's people; but after having been kept steadfast by the grace of God for a number of years, in his old age he was baptized, and became an honourable member of the church over which our former student presides.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 25, nine; April 1, five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	0
Pastor W. Stokes	0	10	0
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	5	16	9
Mr. R. E. Willis	20	0	0
Rev. J. A. Howard, L.R.C.P.	0	10	0
Pastor J. Cruickshank	0	7	6
Earned with industry, and saved with economy, per J. T. D.	5	0	0
Collection at Octavius Street, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	2	15	0
Pastor J. W. Comfort	0	10	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	5	5	0
Collection at Port Mahon Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor T. I. Stockley	5	2	1
Contribution from Faversham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. A. Slack	1	1	0
Collection at Victoria Place Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor Jno. Crouch	6	0	0
Miss J. Traill	5	0	0
Mr. J. Gwyer	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Smith	10	0	0
L. D.	0	10	0
Miss A. M. Morris	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Goff	0	10	0
W. B.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Devonshire Square Baptist Church, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Parker	1	0	0
Almshouses Sunday-school	5	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	2	0
Mr. James Collingwood	3	3	0
Mrs. Imeary	2	0	0
Mr. James W. Wolfe	1	1	0
Messrs. Straker and Son	10	0	0
Part collection at Carshalton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	1	0
E. G. K.	40	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Pastors' College Evening Classes, per Mr. S. Johnson	12	12	0
Mrs. M. Murray	1	0	0
Collection at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	17	6	0
A Friend, Ansonia, per Pastor W. Mc Kinney	1	0	0
Baptist Church, North Adelaide, South Australia, per Pastor W. E. Rice	14	0	0
Mrs. Hislop	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
Ashford	0	10	0
Mr. J. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Varley	2	10	0
Mr. Fred Howard	2	2	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	20	0	0
Mr. Geo. Gould	2	2	0
Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S.	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Morley	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Cotton	2	2	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
March 21	25	3	3
,, 28 including 25th Anniversary Thank-offering	50	0	0
April 4	26	0	0
,, 11	22	10	1
	123	13	4
	£469	15	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
A friend, per Pastor W. S. Llewellyn	0	10	0
Box on counter at Sellindge	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Tyson	1	0	0
Collected by Master James Little	0	11	0
For the boys W. P. T.	0	2	0
Mr. Henry Hoare	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Paintin	0	3	7
Mr. W. R. Hewitt	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Miller	0	10	6
Mr. D. H. Lawson	0	15	0
Per H. B. S. :—			
Mr. W. L. Mead 0 2 6			
Miss Mead 0 1 0			
Mr. W. H. Mead 0 0 6			
	0	4	0
"From one attending the Strawberry Tea"	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Mr. W. G. Birch	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Biggs, Ras-el-tin Barracks	2	0	0
Young women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Jas. Stiff	0	17	8
Mrs. Wm. Morgan, per Rev. Sydney R. Young	2	10	0
H. J. L., Perth	1	0	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	2	0
Emily	0	4	6
Messrs. H. Pringle and Co.	4	0	0
Mrs. Pringle	1	0	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Slater	0	5	6
E. N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	2	0	0
Mrs. Mary Mills	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Mrs. Howard	10	0	0
Mrs. A. Markland	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Mrs. Tompkins	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. A. Altham	39	12	0
First-fruits	2	0	0
A sympathizer	0	1	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha	1	1	0
Mr. J. Crathorne	0	1	0
In memory of J. H. Fordham	15	0	0
Miss E. W. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. M. McIntyre	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	2	0	0
A friend, per E. H. Tyson	0	10	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
Mrs. Barbara Mutch	0	15	0
Mr. J. Beament	0	5	0
Miss Emily Hall	0	5	0
Friends at Southampton	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Goff	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
Dr. and Mrs. Riddel	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. G. Smith	0	2	6
Miss Kate Martin	0	10	0
Thankoffering for goodness received in a foreign land	5	0	0
Mrs. Armstrong	1	0	0
B. W. C.	2	0	0
A mite for the Lord's little ones	0	10	0
C. H. Ruddick	0	2	0
A friend, Beckside, Beverley	0	10	0
Given at a lecture by Mr. Samuel Need	0	5	0
Mr. T. Thomson	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	4	4	0
Mr. E. J. Parker	1	0	0
Miss Daisy Ridley	0	10	6
Mrs. Guns	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Fletcher	0	10	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. J. Norkett	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
A friend per Mr. G. Boyden	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Wittey	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Foster	0	5	0
Strone House Sabbath-school, per Mrs. Moubray	1	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Baptist Church, Crieff	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Miss H. R. Foreman	0	2	6
Mrs. M. McKenzie	0	10	6
H. E. T.	0	2	6
Mr. M. D. King	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ferneyhough	0	1	0
Miss Woodham	0	10	0
Miss Hall	0	9	0
Frank Nye, Sunday penny collection at dinner-table	0	17	0
Grateful, Cradley Heath	0	10	0
Per Pastor J. S. Bruce	0	5	8
Orphan Boys' and Girls' Cards :—			
Albert Moore 0 3 6			
B. L. Buck 0 2 6			
P. W. Lenson 0 2 0			
	0	8	0
Mrs. Shipway	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Milroy	2	0	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Elizabeth Thompson, per Mr. James Blythe	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0
Mr. P. Wallis	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Watson	1	3	6
P. P.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Dyer	0	1	0
From Hampstead, thankoffering for prayer answered	1	0	0
E. G. K.	40	0	0
T. R.	0	5	0
Friends at the Free Church Manse, Penicuik, Mid Lothian, per Rev. H. A. Stewart	2	3	6
Mrs. E. Hall	0	5	0
A friend, Melrose Hall	0	5	0
The Misses Seymour	0	2	6
Mr. E. Bell	2	0	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
H., Kingsbridge	2	0	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Booth	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. E. Bennett	2	4	0
Miss E. A. Fyth	0	1	0
Miss E. Grounds	0	1	0
A Mid Lothian farmer	10	0	0
Mr. W. Pickard	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Inglis	0	16	0
A nurse	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Gray	0	12	6
Mrs. Spencer and friends	0	13	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	0	0
Miss Turner	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. James Lancaster, golden wedding thankoffering	25	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	5	0
Friends at Risby, for Jesus Christ's sake	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Murray	1	0	0
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. Jones	0	6	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
R. W. and nephew	2	10	0
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0	6	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	19	7
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
Cowl Street Sunday-school, Evesham	2	7	4
Collected by Mr. H. W. Spice	0	15	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Pickering	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Part proceeds of lecture by Pastor J. A. Soper, Petersham, Sydney	9	0	0
Mrs. M. Shurmer	0	3	6
Mr. Roberts	0	1	0
Mr. Wigget	0	1	0
Mr. James Betts	20	0	0
Mrs. M. Callam	2	0	0
Mr. W. T. Wallace	0	10	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	0	5	0
Miss K. Ridley's Bible-class	1	1	0
Mrs. Protheroe	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Scott	1	0	0
B. J., Norwich	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	2	2	6
Mr. Geo. Gould	2	2	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	2	2	0
Mr. Cullingham	1	0	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Mrs. Belough	0	2	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Barnes, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir, less local expenses:—			
Derby	15	10	0
Leicester	21	19	6
Devonshire Square Baptist Chapel	15	15	0
Stepney, per Mrs. Reaney	1	10	0
Colchester	35	0	6
Mr. J. Kent	1	1	0
A friend	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Rev. E. Miller	0	2	6
Parsons Heath Sunday School	0	8	6
	38	2	6
Ipswich	27	11	4
Lowestoft	20	2	7
Chelmsford	11	2	0
Mr. J. G. Conder	1	1	0
Mrs. Conder	1	1	0
Miss Gertrude Ridley	1	0	0
	14	4	0
Wisbech	12	17	1
Yarmouth	18	14	4
Donations	4	16	1
	23	10	6
Nottingham	23	1	0
Ely	13	3	3
Donation	0	5	0
	13	8	3
Lynn	19	7	9
Contribution, a lady, unknown	50	0	0
Contribution, a lady, unknown	1	0	0
Mr. A. Jermyne	1	0	0
Mr. Brown	1	0	0
Messrs. True and Son	1	0	0
Miss Potter	1	1	0
Mr. Leggett	0	10	6
The Mayor of Lynn	0	10	0
Mr. Northfield	0	5	0
Mr. Oakford	0	3	0
Mr. Miles	0	10	6
Miss Ratcliff	0	1	0
Mr. Slater	0	2	0
	76	10	9
Norwich, Victoria Hall	17	0	8
Ditto, half Sunday collection	5	10	0
Part collection, Presbyterian Church	5	2	6
Mrs. Colman	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Howlet	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Dakin	5	0	0
Mr. H. Trevor	5	0	0
Mr. R. Savage	1	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	1	0	0
Mr. H. Juby	1	0	0
J. A. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Roche	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	6
	52	15	8
Westbourne Park Chapel, Rev. Dr. Clifford's	21	3	9
Sale of programmes	4	17	9
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. Reynolds	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Muir	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Miss J. Wornell	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Collingwood	0	5	0
Miss Humphry	0	5	0
	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	2	2	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
	£741	7	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 14 Quarterns of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 25 lbs. Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 Flannel Shirt, Miss Trotter; 8 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. F. Hall; 9 Flannel Shirts, and 3 Night Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 22 Pairs Socks, Mrs. Knapp.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—13 Articles, Mrs. Jane Henry; 8 Articles, The Misses K. and C. Oakley; 18 Articles, Mrs. McLain; 12 Articles for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss; 12 Articles, Two Friends, per Mrs. Penstone; 28 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 16 Articles, for No. 1 House Girls, The Young Women's Bible Class, Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mrs. J. Harding; 6 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 4 Articles, Mrs. Mannington.

GENERAL:—8 yards White Flannel, and 2 yards Print, Mrs. M. Mills; a quantity of Pictures, Pamphlets, &c., the late Miss Smithies, per Mrs. M. Taylor; a parcel of Worn Clothing, Mrs. E. Bowser; a parcel containing Hats, Hoods, Slippers, &c., Mrs. L. Blyton; 1 box of Worn Clothes and a quantity of Books, Mrs. H. Howard; 1 box Flowers, from a little Orphan in the country; 10 Articles for No. 1 House Girls, Young Women's Bible-class, Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mrs. J. Harding; 4 vols. for Library, Mr. E. Cayford; a quantity of Toys for the Infirmary, Mr. J. Daniells; 1 doz. Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Mannington; a set of "The Children's Friend," and a quantity of other Books, Mrs. E. Bridekin.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Norfolk Association:—			
Tittleshall... ... ... 11 5 0			
Neatishead 10 0 0			
	21	5	0
For Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. Thos. White	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. T. White ...	10	0	0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	20	0	0
Friends at Maldon	20	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. T. Bantock	20	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge, per Mr. Samuel Maw	7	10	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. W. Beer	50	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, for Witney ...	20	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	7	10	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham ...	20	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Aylesbury and Wendover Districts ...	20	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Bath District, per Mr. H. Mager ...	10	0	0
	£351	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
J. F. C., per Mr. Grimwood	0	10	0
In memory of a dear sister	563	16	8
Mr. E. J. Bowley	0	10	0
Adelphi	1	4	10
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	3	14	2
The Misses R. and E. York	1	0	0
E. G. K.	20	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Benson	1	1	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£627	16	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. J. Bowley	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar, per Pastor W. H. Broad	1	15	0
A widow lady, per Mr. David Carswell	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Mr. Charrington's Hall, Mile End Road	30	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Dartmouth	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£39	0	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; 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, 1886.

What We Would Be.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON AT THE TWENTY-SECOND CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS assembly begins to be venerable. For years we were a band of young men; but now our own sons are with us, comrades of our ministry, and we feel that we are no longer striplings. We have not yet reached the sere and yellow leaf, nor have we come to our dotage, or our anecdotage; but we are tending towards maturity, and are impressed with the conviction that if ever we are to do anything for our Lord Jesus we must do it at once. To us remains no time for loitering, or even for leisure. To me, at least, eternity seems so near that I cannot frame an excuse for delay. *Now or never* sounds sternly in my ears.

* This address was delivered in great pain. It is not what we desired it to be. Our anguish made it hard to think, and almost impossible to think connectedly. Almost all that had been prepared was forgotten, and no new springs of thought could make channels for themselves while the mind was smothered up in physical suffering. We have corrected a good deal; but even now we only dare to trouble our readers with one-half of the address at a time. They may regard it as a literary curiosity—the talk of a man who could with difficulty keep himself from tears through acute suffering, and yet was resolved to take his part in a meeting which he had anticipated with solemn interest for months before. We might not have printed it at all had it not been urged upon us that *The Sword and the Trowel* is, to a large extent, autobiographical, and friends wish to have a permanent record of our various transactions. We may add that the revising of the address was accomplished under much the same conditions as the delivery of it.—C. H. S.

RETROSPECT.

Coming together, as we do now, after more than twenty years of brotherly Conferences, and some of us after more than thirty years of ministry, what recollections surround us! In the crystal glass of memory we see the past living and moving. Far be it from me, though racked with pain, to cloud that glass with the hot breath of my own anxiety; but yet I must say it—*never do I look back upon my own past without regret.* I am among the most favoured of my Lord's servants, and I sink into the dust while I joyfully confess it. I have no complaints to make against my God, yet I have nothing else but complaints to make against myself. It seems to me that, wherein by divine grace I have succeeded, I might have succeeded on a far larger scale had I been a better man. Want of faith on my part may have hampered and hindered my Lord. If I have fed the saints of God, I might have fulfilled that sacred pastorate far more to my Lord's praise had I only been more fit to be used by his Spirit. How can I take a vain-glorious complacency in the little which has been accomplished, when before my eyes I see an immeasurable mass of possibilities which I have missed?

This will be a healthy feeling for the younger brethren, who are flushed with their first victories. Let them rise to a higher scale of expectancy, lest they readily become self-satisfied, and thus destroy all hope of a great life. Believe me, young brother, as our years sober us we become more and more aware of our imperfections, and feel less and less inclined to admire our own performances. To me a retrospect means a hearty psalm of praise, and a deep sigh of regret. Unto the Lord be glory for ever: but unto me belong shame and confusion of face.

But what is the use of regret unless we can rise by it to a better future? Sighs which do not raise us higher are an ill use of vital breath. Chasten yourselves, but be not discouraged. Gather up the arrows which aforetime fell wide of the mark, not to break them in passionate despair, but to send them to the target with directer aim, and a more concentrated force. Weave victories out of defeats. Learn success from failure, wisdom from blundering. Through grace, if we have done well, we will do better. We will more fully acquaint ourselves with God, that, being more in harmony with him, our life may be pitched to a diviner key. Mayhap, cure for these ill days may lie near to our own mending. When our own torches have less of smoke, and more of heavenly flame, the night may not seem quite so drear.

PROSPECT.

With regard to the prospect before us, I may be supposed to be a prophet of evil; but I am not. I mourn the terrible defections from the truth which are now too numerous to be thought of in detail; nevertheless, I am not disquieted, much less dispirited. That cloud will blow over, as many another has done. I think the outlook is better than it was. I do not think the devil is any better: I never expected he would be; but he is older. Brethren, whether that is for the better or for the worse, I do not know; but, assuredly, the arch-enemy is not quite such a novelty among us as he was. We are not quite so much afraid of that particular form of devilry which is raging now, because we begin to perceive its shape. The unknown appeared to be terrible; but familiarity has removed

alarm. At the first this "modern thought" looked very like a lion; the roaring thereof was terrible, though to some ears there was always a suspicion of braying about it. On closer inspection the huge king of beasts looked more like a fox, and now we should honour it if we likened it to a wild cat. We were to have been devoured of lions, but the monsters are not to be seen. Scientific religion is empty talk without science or religion in it. The mountain has brought forth its mouse, or, at any rate, the grand event is near. Very soon "advanced thought" will only be mentioned by servant girls and young Independent ministers. It has gradually declined till it may now be carried off with the slops. There is nothing in the whole bag of tricks.

At this hour I see the tide turning—not that I care much for that, for the rock on which I build is unaffected by ebb or flood of human philosophy. Still, it is interesting to remark that the current is not setting in quite the same direction as heretofore. Young men who have tried modern doubt have seen their congregations dwindle away beneath its withering power, and they are, therefore, not quite so enamoured of it as they were. It is time they should make a change; for Christian people have observed that these advanced men have not been remarkable for abundant grace, and they have even been led to think that their loose views on doctrine were all of a piece with looseness as to religion in general. Want of soundness in the faith is usually occasioned by want of conversion. Had certain men felt the power of the gospel in their own souls they would not so readily have forsaken it to run after fables.

Lovers of the eternal truth, you have nothing to fear! God is with those who are with him. He reveals himself to those who believe his revelation. Our march is not to and fro, but onward unto victory. "The Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever." Other enemies will arise, even as Amalekites, Hivites, Jebusites, Perizzites, and all the rest of them, rose up against Israel; but in the name of the Lord we shall pass on to possess the promised heritage.

PROPOSAL.

Meanwhile, it is for us quietly to labour on. Our day-dreams are over: we shall neither convert the world to righteousness, nor the church to orthodoxy. We refuse to bear responsibilities which do not belong to us, for our real responsibilities are more than enough. Certain wise brethren are hot to reform their denomination. They ride out gallantly. Success be to the champions! They are generally wiser when they ride home again. I confess great admiration for my Quixotic brethren, but I wish they had more to show for their valour. I fear that both church and world are beyond us; we must be content with smaller spheres. Even our own denomination must go its own way. We are only responsible so far as our power goes, and it will be wise to use that power for some object well within reach. For the rest, let us not worry and weary about things beyond our line. What if we cannot destroy all the thorns and thistles which curse the earth; we can, perhaps, cleanse our own little plot. If we cannot transform the desert into a pasture, we may at least make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; and that will be something.

Brethren, let us look well to our own steadfastness in the faith, our own holy walking with God. Some say that such advice is selfish; but I believe that, in truth, it is not selfishness, but a sane and practical love of others which leads us to be mindful of our own spiritual state. Desiring to do its level best, and to use its own self in the highest degree to God's glory, the true heart seeks to be in all things right with God. He who has learned to swim has fostered a proper selfishness, for he has thereby acquired the power of helping the drowning. With the view of blessing others, let us covet earnestly the best blessings for ourselves.

PERSONAL AMBITION.

I want to make the most of myself. I may not even yet know the way to be most useful, but I would like to know very soon. At least, I can honestly go the length of saying that, if I felt that I could be more useful outside of the pulpit than within it, I would hurry out of it at once. If there were a street corner where, I was divinely assured that, by my blacking of shoes, God could be more glorified than he is by my bearing witness before the great congregation, I would welcome the information, and practically obey it. Some men never can do much for God in the way which they would prefer, for they were never cut out for the work. Owls will never rival falcons by daylight; but then falcons would be lost in the enterprise of hunting barns at night for rats and mice, and such small deer. Each creature is not only good, but "very good" in its own place, fulfilling its own office: out of that place it may become a nuisance. Friend, be true to your own destiny! One man would make a splendid preacher of downright hard-hitting Saxon; why must he ruin himself by cultivating an ornate style? Another attempting to be extremely simple would throw himself away, for he is florid by nature; why should he not follow his bent? Apollos has the gift of eloquence; why must he copy blunt Cephas? Every man in his own order. It seems to me nowadays that every man prefers his own *dis*order. Let each man find out what God wants him to do, and then let him do it, or die in the attempt. In what way can I bring my Lord most glory, and be of most service to his church while I am here? Solve that question, and pass into the practical.

MORE GRACE.

One thing is past all question; we shall bring our Lord most glory if we get from him much grace. If I have much faith, so that I can take God at his word; much love, so that the zeal of his house eats me up; much hope, so that I am assured of fruit from my labour; much patience, so that I can endure hardness for Jesus' sake; then I shall greatly honour my Lord and King. Oh, to have much consecration, my whole nature being absorbed in his service; then, even though my talents may be slender, I shall make my life to burn and glow with the glory of the Lord! This way of grace is open to us all. To be saintly is within each Christian's reach, and this is the surest method of honouring God. Though the preacher may not collect more than a hundred in a village chapel to hear him speak, he may be such a man of God that his little church will be choice seed-corn, each individual worthy to be weighed against gold. The preacher may not get credit for his

work in the statistics which reckon scores and hundreds, but in that other book, which no secretary could keep, where things are weighed rather than numbered, the worker's register will greatly honour his Master.

NEED OF GREAT CARE.

Brethren, my desire is to do everything for the Lord *in first-rate style.* We are all of us eager to do much for the Lord, but there is a more excellent way. With ringing trowel we strike away and build a wall, and girdle a city in six months: the aforesaid wall will be down in six days afterwards. It would be better to do more by doing less. Thoroughness is infinitely preferable to superficial area. It is well to work for God microscopically: each tiny bit of our work should bear the closest inspection. The work of the church had need be done in perfect fashion; for her flaws are sure to show themselves in exaggerated form before long. The sins of to-day are the sorrows of ages. Look at those straths in the Highlands which remain to this day Roman Catholic. Had they at the time of the Reformation been carefully visited by a Protestant ministry, they could not have remained for centuries in bondage to old Rome. How slight a deviation from the right line may involve ages of dreary labour! Our Puritan forefathers raised their walls, and laid their stones in fair colours, building well the city of God. Then that greatest of heroes, Oliver Cromwell, looked upon them, and lent his aid. He handled the sword of steel as few have ever done, but his carnal weapon agreed not with the temple of the Lord. The Lord seemed to say to him, even as he said unto David, "Thou hast been a man of blood, and therefore thou shalt not build the house of the Lord." Therefore Puritanism had to come down, and all its exceeding stateliness of holiness, because its sons saw not that the kingdom of the Lord is not of Church and State, nor of the law of nations, but purely of the Spirit of the Lord. We, upon whom the ends of the world are come, must be careful that we do not send the armies of the Lord wandering for another forty years in the wilderness, when Canaan else had been so near. The Lord help us to be workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of God. May we live in the eye of ages, past and future; above all, live as seeing him who is invisible!

AROUSAL.

Need I affectionately call upon you, my brethren, to *stir up the gifts which are in you?* Cultivate your natural and gracious qualifications for the ministry. The pastor knows far more than when he left college; has he learned all he ought to have learned in that interval? No doubt many of our brethren

> "Grow wiser than their teachers are,
> And better know the Lord."

I am not so sure about those who are the most eager to assert this of themselves. Real progress may be usually reckoned by the gauge of humility. He knows most who is most aware that he knows little. We have all great need of much hard study if our ministry is to be good for anything. We have heard of the French peasants who sent to the

Pope for a *curé* "who had finished his education." They complained that their pastor was always studying, and they wanted a man who knew all that was necessary, and consequently needed no time for books and thoughts. What fools they must be in that part of France! We need exactly the kind of preacher whom they despised. He who has ceased to learn has ceased to teach. He who no longer sows in the study will no more reap in the pulpit.

My earnest desire is that all of us be really

SOUL-WINNERS.

I hope it will never get to be your notion that only a certain class of preachers can be soul-winners. Every preacher should labour to save his hearers. The truest reward of our life-work is to bring dead souls to life. I long to see souls brought to Jesus every time I preach. I should break my heart if I did not see it to be so. Men are passing into eternity so rapidly that we must have them saved at once. We indulge no secret hope which can make it easy to lose present opportunities. From all our congregations a bitter cry should go up unto God, unless conversions are continually seen. If our preaching never saves a soul, and is not likely to do so, should we not better glorify God as peasants, or as tradesmen? What honour can the Lord receive from useless ministers? The Holy Ghost is not with us, we are not used of God for his gracious purposes unless souls are quickened into heavenly life. Brethren, can we bear to be useless? Can we be barren, and yet content?

Remember that if we would win souls we must act accordingly, and lay ourselves out to that end. Men do not catch fish without intending it, nor save sinners unless they aim at it.

The prayer of a certain minister before his sermon was, that God would bless souls by his discourse. After hearing that discourse, I wondered at the prayer. How could the man ask for that which he seemed never afterwards to have thought of? His discourse unprayed his prayer. He might as well have poured water on a fire, and have prayed God to make the fire burn thereby. Unless the Lord had caused the people to misunderstand what the preacher said, they could not have been converted by his utterances. God works by means—by means adapted to his ends; and this being so, how can he bless some sermons? How, in the name of reason, can souls be converted by sermons that lull people to sleep; by sermons containing mere frivolities; by sermons which say plainly, "See how cleverly I put it"; by sermons which insinuate doubt, and cast suspicion upon every revealed truth? To ask for the divine blessing on that which even good men cannot commend, is poor work. That which does not come from our inmost soul, and is not to us a message from the Lord's own Spirit, is not likely to touch other men's souls, and be the voice of the Lord to them.

Brethren, I long that we may all be

TEACHERS.

The church is never overdone with those "whose lips feed many." It should be our ambition to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

We all know certain able ministers who are expositors of the Word, and instructors of believers. You always bring something away when you hear them. They trade in precious things: their merchandise is of the gold of Ophir. Certain passages of Scripture are quoted and set in a new light; and certain specialities of Christian experience are described and explained. We come away from such preaching feeling that we have been to a good school. Brethren, I desire that we may each one exercise such an edifying ministry! Oh, that we may have the experience, the illumination, the industry needful for so high a calling! Oh, for more richly-instructive sermons! Brethren, look at many modern sermons! What fire and fury! What flash and dash! What is it all about? To what purpose is this display? We often meet with sermons which are like kaleidoscopes, marvellously pretty, but what is there in them? See, there are several bits of coloured glass, and one or two slips of mirror, and other trifles, and these are put into a tube! How they sparkle! What marvellous combinations! What fascinating transformations! But what are you looking at? You have not seen any more after twenty displays than you saw at first; for indeed there is no more. Some preachers excel in quotations of poetry; and others excel in apposition and alliteration, or in the quaintness of the division of their texts. Many are great in domestic sorrows, and death-bed spectacles, and semi-dramatic picturings. Very telling, very sensational; and, under gracious direction, useful in its own measure; but when souls are to be saved, and saved souls are to be fed, more solid matters must take a prominent place. We must *feed* the flock of God. We must deal with eternal verities, and grapple with heart and conscience. We must, in fact, live to educate a race of saints, in whom the Lord Jesus shall be reflected as in a thousand mirrors.

(To be continued.)

The Royal Road to Heaven.

THE way to heaven is an *afflicted* way, a perplexed, persecuted way, crushed close together with crosses, as was the Israelites' way in the wilderness, or that of Jonathan and his armour-bearer, that had a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other, and, whilst they crept upon all fours, flinty stones were under them, briers and thorns on either hand of them, mountains, crags, and promontories over them. *Sic petitur cœlum*, so heaven is sought by pains, by patience, by violence—affliction being our inseparable companion. "The cross-way is the highway to heaven," said one of the martyrs; and another said, "If there be any way to heaven on horse-back, it is by the cross." Queen Elizabeth is said to have swum to the crown through a sea of sorrows. They that will have knighthood must kneel for it; and they that will get in at the strait gate, must crowd for it. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," saith our Saviour. Strive and strain even to an agony (as the word signifieth).—JOHN TRAPP.

William Griffith and the Methodist Free Church Movement.*

WILLIAM GRIFFITH, one of the leaders in the movement which resulted in the formation of the Methodist Free Churches, was a man whose life-story was worth telling: and it is worthily told in the little volume in which Mr. Chew has embalmed his memory. Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith, were the three Wesleyan ministers who made the memorable stand at the Conference of 1849, and were expelled from the body. Griffith, the youngest of the three, was a remarkable man. Six feet high, of Herculean strength and powerful voice, of much intellectual force and considerable culture, of strong convictions and unbending fidelity to them, and with a courage that quailed at no difficulty, he was a veritable leader of men; and yet there was about him the simplicity and modesty that form the best adornment of such a character, rounding off the angles of its strength and clothing it with grace. When the Methodist Free Churches became strong and prosperous, he kept in the rear; and, notwithstanding repeated entreaty, never allowed himself to become President, although once actually elected to that post.

The story of the agitation which gave rise to the Methodist Free Churches is familiar enough in Methodist circles, but it may not be out of place to briefly tell it here. Wesley himself during his lifetime was absolute ruler in the Methodist connexion. It was natural that it should be so. His position as founder, his unrivalled force of character, his wisdom, disinterestedness, and ability, made it inevitable that while he lived his authority should remain unchallenged. Never perhaps did any other man exercise such unqualified power in a voluntary society. But he foresaw the necessity of providing for the future administration of the great religious body that had grown up under his hand, and in his "Deed of Declaration," drawn up when he was eighty years of age, he did his best to give it a constitution and form of government. By this Deed, the government of the "people called Methodists" was vested in a "Conference" of one hundred ministers, and regulations were provided for the choice of a President and Secretary, for filling up vacancies, for exclusions, and for the settlement of Chapels upon Trustees. Seven years afterwards the venerable man passed to his reward. The mantle was left; but the prophet was gone. An universal upheaving soon made itself felt in the connexion, and for fifty years agitation succeeded agitation, and secession followed secession. The first upheaval occurred as early as 1797, on the question of the admission of laymen to the Conference in equal proportion to the ministers, and resulted in the formation of the Methodist New Connexion. In 1810, Primitive Methodism arose out of contentions on the questions of the propriety of camp meetings, of female preaching, and of a still larger proportion of laymen to ministers in Conference, namely, two to one. The Bible Christians seceded in 1815, on the question of the administration of the Sacrament. Then, in 1827, the organ controversy violently stirred the Conference;

* William Griffith: Memorials and Letters. By Richard Chew. Hamilton, Adams & Co

and in 1834 the Wesleyan Association originated in the removal from its ranks of one or two influential ministers. This also was a question of popularizing the constitution of the Conference. In all these instances the cry for greater freedom was resisted, and the result was that the Conference of 1849 witnessed an agitation still more violent on the subject of the famous "fly sheets." The "fly sheets" were anonymous papers circulated among Wesleyan ministers, protesting against official mismanagement, centralization, favouritism, and cliquism. Two of them had been issued in 1846, another in '47, and a fourth in '48. The Conference endeavoured to discover the author or authors, by issuing a form of disclaimer to be signed by the ministers of the body. As many as 256 ministers declined to sign; and it was well known that a determined effort would be made when the next Conference assembled to stamp out the evil. Accordingly, Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith, who had spoken out the most freely against the course that was being adopted, were cited before the Conference, put through an examination, and for the "aggravated sin" of being "abettors of the fly sheets," and of supporting the *Wesleyan Times* and the *Wesley Banner*, reforming Methodist papers, were expelled. With reference to this affair, the venerable Dr. James Dixon afterwards said: "A hurricane swept over the Conference, and the preachers were all mad together. I respect the preachers as men, but would not trust them in Conference: they are good personally, but not synodically. Good men, as men, hardly ever do wrong; it is only in their congressional state that they are apt, through the leading of their chiefs, to be guilty of injustice and cruelty."

The Conference had got rid of its disturbers, but it had not freed itself from the disturbance. The country had watched the proceedings with interest; and the expulsion of the three ministers made a deep impression on the public mind. They were regarded as martyrs in a just cause, and they immediately became public heroes. Chapels were everywhere open to them: invitations to hold public meetings poured in from all quarters. Manchester, Exeter Hall, London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, all parts of the country were the scenes of densely crowded and sympathetic meetings. In three months, 177 Circuits and Societies had raised their protest against the action of the Conference. The agitation assumed such proportions that some kind of organization became necessary to guide it. A Central Committee was formed in London; Delegate meetings, which became the source of authority in the movement, followed; and a deputation in charge of memorials signed by 50,000 members of Society was sent to the Wesleyan Conference of 1850. They expected a courteous reception; but they met with an answer of "No surrender:" and, thrown back upon themselves, they resolved to continue the campaign. In two years more the movement had 1,481 places of worship; 2,588 local preachers; 3,139 class leaders, nearly 50,000 members, 610 Sunday-schools with 11,000 teachers and 62,000 scholars, 100 Tract Societies with 1,088 distributors, and 57 Benevolent Societies. The Reformers had no intention at first of forming a new denomination; but their approaches to the parent body had been repulsed, and in the end the Wesleyan body lost 100,000 members during the commotion.

In 1857 the Wesleyan Methodist Association, which dates from 1834, united with the "Reformers," and formed the "*United Methodist Free Churches*," which body now stands third of the Methodist bodies in numerical strength.

Mr. Griffith settled in Derby, and remained pastor of the church in Bechett Street with increasing usefulness and honour to his dying day. He was an utter Radical in nearly all things. He abjured priestism in all its forms, even in its garments. He wore a black necktie of easy fit, and when he got excited in speaking it not unfrequently worked round, so that the bow would appear on the side of his neck, or even make a further progress backward. He could wield a great power of sarcasm, and his letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, when that functionary disallowed the use of the term "Reverend" on the tombstone of a Wesleyan minister at Owston Ferry, could not have been very palatable to his lordship. Personally, Mr. Griffith had a strong objection to the prefix, and never employed it himself; but he rightly refused to grant that any man-made prelate or any minister of a Parliamentary church had a greater right to the title than a lay preacher of the gospel.

He was a politician, and was no more prepared to sink his citizenship in his Christianity than his Christianity in his citizenship. "His political opinions," he said, in 1849, "were all drawn from the Bible." They were wrapped up in those two divinely-inspired sentiments: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Whether poor or rich, master or servant, magistrate or subject, law-giver or law-observer; "whatsoever ye would"—it is one law, it has one meaning, is capable of but one exposition; it is no respecter of persons; it looks upon the coronet and the crown just as it looks upon the fustian jacket and the smockfrock—"whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If you like to be heavily taxed, then heavily tax others; but if you would not like your civil privileges taken out of your hands, and yourself to become a political slave, then seek to make others free. The other sentiment was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." These were his political sentiments, and if he could be called a Chartist his Bible had made him so.

This keen, strong, fearless man had a tender heart, and very pathetically it utters itself on the death of his wife. "Oh, how I miss that form of gentleness, affection, and unobtrusive activity and kindness, morning, noon, and night; upstairs and downstairs; sitting-room, parlour, study, garden; when I go out, when I come in, everywhere, and at all times. Everyone loved her. The people weep like children when I enter their houses, and even before I say a word about the dear departed one. They cry as if they had lost a sister. She grew to me more lovely year by year—ay, I can truly say month by month. Her character, always amiable and modest and kind, developed more and more in every 'virtue,' and in every 'praise.' Yet I could not live in any other house than this. I would not leave it for the best house in the county. I am loth to leave it for a day. I love to see what her own hands have arranged; to sit in the rooms where we sat together; to think of the happy hours we spent at our own fireside or in our own garden. Never was the house we live in so dear to me as it now is."

He died July 12, 1833, at the age of seventy-seven. He was an able, honest, noble man; a *man* every inch of him; and he has left in his life's work and its hallowed memory a rich legacy to the Methodist Free churches.—C. A. D.

Recruits Wanted.

AS century after century passes, infidelity, always refuted, invents new tactics, or re-applies old ones, but more shrewdly planned and more energetically carried out. And if I mistake not, we who live now, or the younger part of us who live now, are destined to witness more subtle and, I fear, more mischievous attempts to undermine the faith, among the classes of society to which most of us belong, than previous ages have known.

But am I therefore afraid of such an attack? Do I suppose the Gospel less capable of sustaining it now, than at all the previous times when her victories have been gained and the infidel armies routed?

No, not for an instant, as far as the Gospel itself is concerned. It stands, a rock of adamant, in the midst of the wild waves of human unbelief; all their chafing for 1800, yea, for 5800 years, has but burnished its glittering surface, so that we can see the clearer into its glorious depths: for it I have no fear—God forbid! No, nor for ourselves, if we be but earnest, diligent soldiers of Christ, not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. Let the adversary's champions come forth morning and evening, armed with sword, and spear, and shield, and defy the armies of Israel: we fear them not. The smooth stone culled from the brook of the water of life shall yet sink into the forehead of the proudest among them, and lay him low on the earth. Yes, but we must have a David to sling it; one who has tried the God of Israel for himself in the hour of peril; one, moreover, who knows how to chose the pebble, how to fit it to the sling when chosen, and how to wield the weapon when it is fitted. We must have not one nor two such, but many: one, ay more, if it may be, in every family, in every house of commerce. We must have them springing up in our congregations, and gathering round their spiritual officers, armed for the day of battle, and awaiting it in God's strength. We must have them not of one sex only, but of both; we must enlist on our side not merely the grasp of mental power and the tongue of manly strength, but the refinements of gentle and enlightened persuasion,—the soft pleadings of holy affection. We want all the force we can muster to swell the ranks of the army of the truth.

As to our POSITION, it is everything that could be wished; our feet are on the everlasting hills; we have an inexhaustible armoury to draw from, and endless supplies of the bread of life to sustain us; but, Christian young men, WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS. What minister of Christ will not, in his spiritual conflict, echo the affecting words of the gallant commander of our armies,—"I will not conceal it, that I should be better satisfied could I occupy the position in greater strength"? And therefore it is, that I want every one among you to gain skill with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.—*From a Lecture by Dean Alford.*

Druidism and Sacrifice.*

AS the great symbol in Druidism was the mistletoe, so the central act in its worship was sacrifice. Here, again, we approximate in point of form the divinely appointed worship of the Hebrews. In common with the whole heathen world, the Druids connected the idea of expiation with their sacrifices. They offered them to propitiate the Deity. Nevertheless their sacrifices were *pagan* not *evangelical*. The victim on the altar of the Druid was itself the propitiation; the victim on the Jewish altar was the type, and nothing more than the type, of that propitiation. The Hebrew looked beyond his sacrifice to the divine victim typified and promised by it, and whose blood alone could expiate and cleanse. Of this divine victim we have no proof that the Druid knew anything, beyond sharing, it may be, in the vague and uncertain expectation which then filled the world of the coming of a Great One who was to introduce a new and happier age, which should make that "golden morning" of which the poets sang, to be forgotten in the greater splendour of the world's noon. Beyond these vague hopes, the priests of Druidism had no settled beliefs or opinions, and to their own sacrifices did they attribute exclusively that power to propitiate, which, of all the sacrifices of all the ages, belonged to but one sacrifice, and that a sacrifice as yet in the distance.

It is long since the baleful fires of the Druid were seen on our hill-tops. A purer light has since arisen in the sky of Scotland. But we are able to recall the scene which for ages continued to be witnessed in our land. Like all false religions, the spirit of Druidism was terror, and we can imagine the awe it inspired in the minds of men over whom it had been its pleasure for ages to hang the threefold cloud of ignorance, superstition, and serfdom.

The festival has come round, and this day the fires are to be lighted, and the sacrifice is to be offered on the "high place." The procession has been marshalled. At its head walks the high-priest, a venerable and imposing figure, in his long-flowing robes of white. His train is swelled by other priests, also attired in white, who follow, leading the animal destined for sacrifice. It is the best and choicest of its kind; for only such is it fit to lay upon the altar. It is a bullock, or a sheep, or a goat, or, it may be, other animal. It has been previously examined with the greatest care, lest, peradventure, there should be about it defect, or maim, or fault of any sort. It has been found "without blemish," and now it is crowned with flowers, and led away to be slain. As the procession moves onward, songs are sung by the attendant bards. The multitudes that throng around the priests and the victim perform dances as the procession, with slow and solemn steps, climbs the sacred mount. The height has been gained, and priests and victim and worshippers sweep in at the open portal of the stone circle, and gather round the massy block in the centre, on which "no tool of iron has

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* We take this extract from Dr. Wylie's "History of the Scottish Nation," which we heartily commend in our Notices of Books. The passage struck us while reading it as a singular proof of the almost universal conviction among mankind that sin can only be put away by sacrifice and death.—C. H. S.

been lift up," and on which the sacrifice is to be immolated. The more solemn rites are now to proceed; let us mark them.

The priest, in his robes of snowy whiteness, takes his stand at the altar. He lays his hand solemnly upon the head of the animal which he is about to offer in sacrifice. In this posture—his hand on the sacrifice—he prays. In his prayer he makes a confession of sin, his own, and that of all who claim a part in the sacrifice. These transgressions he lays—such is his intention—on the victim, on whose flower-crowned head his hand is rested. It is now separated—devoted—for even the Druid feels that with sin is bound up doom, and that on whomsoever the one is laid the other lies also. Wine and frankincense are freely used in the ceremony of devotement. Set free from human ownership, the animal is now given to the deity. In what way? Is it dismissed to range the mountains as no man's property? No: bound with cords, it is laid on the altar; its blood is poured on the earth, its flesh is given to the fire, its life is offered to God.

Such was the worship of the Druid. It consisted of three great acts. First, the laying of his offence on the victim. Second, the offering up of the life of that victim. Third, the expiation, as he believed, thereby effected. The three principles which underlie these three acts look out upon us with unequivocal and unmistakable distinctness. We can neither misunderstand nor misinterpret them. We do not say that the three principles were full and clear to the eye of the Druid in his deep darkness. But though he had become unable to read them, that no more proves that they were void of significance and taught no truth, than the inability of the barbarian to understand a foreign tongue or a dead language proves that its writings express no intelligible ideas, and that it never could have been the vehicle of thought. We leave its meaning to be interpreted by the men to whom it was a living language. So in respect to these rites, we look at them in the light of their first institution, and we place ourselves in the position of those to whom they were, so to speak, a living language; and when we do so, the three doctrines that shine out upon us from the sacrificial rites of the Druid are the doctrine of the Fall, the doctrine of a substitutionary Victim, and the doctrine of Expiation and Forgiveness. Such is the testimony borne by the altars of the Druid to the three earliest facts in human history, and the three fundamental doctrines of revealed religion.

How came the Druids to worship by sacrifice? No philosophy is sounder than that which, following up these traces, arrives at the conclusion of an original revelation, of which this is the remote and dim reflection. Sacrifice is no mere Druidic rite, transacted nowhere save in the oak forests of Scotland. A consensus of all nations had adopted sacrifice as the method of worship; and wherever we go, backward into history, or abroad over the earth, to ages the most remote, and to lands the farthest removed from each other, we find the altar set up and the victim bleeding upon it. Strange and amazing it is that the nations of the earth, the most polished as well as the most barbarous, the Greek with his passionate love of beauty, and the untutored and realistic Goth, should, with one consent, unite in a worship, the main characteristics of which are BLOOD and DEATH. Who told man that the Almighty delights to "eat the flesh of bulls, and drink the blood of goats"?

Left to the promptings of his own instincts, this method of worship is the last which man would have chosen. From what he knew of the Creator from nature, he would have judged that of all modes of worship this would prove the most unacceptable, and would even be abhorrent. "What!" he would have reasoned, "shall he who has spread loveliness with so lavish a hand all over creation ; who has taught the morning to break in silvery beauty, and the evening to set in golden glory ; who clothes the mountain in purple, dyes the clouds in vermilion, and strews the earth with flowers—shall he take pleasure in a sanctuary hung in gloom, nay, filled with horrors, or delight in an altar loaded with ghastly carcases and streaming with the blood of slaughtered victims?" So did the first-born of men reason; and in accordance with what he judged fit and right in the matter, he brought no bleeding lamb, he laid upon the altar instead an offering of new-gathered flowers and fruits. And so would the race have worshipped to this day, but for some early and decisive check which crossed their inclinations, and taught them that it was not only idle but even perilous to come before the Deity, save with blood, and to offer to him ought but *life*.

Apart from the idea of an original divine appointment, there is no fact of history, and no phenomenon of the human mind more inexplicable, than this consensus of the nations in the rite of sacrifice. A problem so strange did not escape the observation of the wise men of the heathen world ; but their efforts to solve it were utterly abortive. To those of the moderns who refuse to look at the inspired explanation of this phenomenon, it remains as abstruse and dark as it was to the ancients.

These red prints—these altars and victims—which we trace down the ages, and all round the earth, what are they ? They are the foot-prints which have been left by the soul of man. They are like the etymological and archæological traces, which the early races have left on the countries which they have inhabited, and which so surely attest the fact of their presence at a former era in the regions where these traces occur. So of these moral traces. They could no more have imprinted themselves upon the mind of the species apart from causes adequate to their production, than the etymological and archæological ones could have written themselves upon the soil of a country, without its previous occupation by certain races. These moral vestiges lay a foundation for philosophical deductions, quite as solid as that which the other lay for historic and ethnical conclusions. They form a chain by which we ascend to the fountain-head of history. We have in them the most indubitable attestation of the great fact of the fall. We have its historic imprint made visible to us in the sense of guilt, so deep, so inextinguishable, and so universal, which that primal act of transgression has left on the conscience of the world, and which has transformed worship, in every age, and among every people, from an act of thanksgiving into an act of propitiation. This is the world's confession that it has sinned : it is the cry of the human soul for pardon.

We have DEATH in the worship of man ; we have GUILT in the conscience of man : and these two facts compel us to infer the existence of a third great fact, without which the first two are inexplicable, even SIN in the history of man. No other solution can even philosophy accept.

Cowper and Newton at Olney.*

WE have before us a new and improved edition of a book of which the lamented Dr. Manning wrote a considerable portion in his happiest style, while the remainder is from the gifted pen of his colleague, Dr. Green. Of the series of illustrated drawingroom-table books to which it belongs, this one, relating to England, is most interesting to us because it relates to our own country; and some who have not travelled through the length and breadth of the land will, perhaps, discover that England is even more beautiful than they had supposed. Having enjoyed a large share of public favour for some years, the book, as revised and brought down to date, will now become more acceptable than ever. We will confine our attention to that part of the book which relates to Olney.

Soon after the fatal accident to Mr. Unwin, at Huntingdon, in 1767, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed to Olney, where they were to enjoy the ministry of John Newton; otherwise, the district was not such as a poet, and a keen observer of the beauties of nature and of natural phenomena, would have selected for a place of residence. "My lot is cast in a country where we have neither woods nor commons nor pleasant prospects," remarks Cowper himself; "all flat and insipid; in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood." The scenery, such as it was, however, Cowper made the best of by looking at it through the eye of a true poet, and by describing it to the life in his own inimitable lines. Moreover, he found godly friends there after his own heart. As John Newton, who lived in the vicarage, says, "The Lord who had brought us together had so knit our hearts and affections that for nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for twelve hours at a time when we were awake and at home. The first six I passed in admiring and trying to imitate him; during the second six I walked pensively with him in the valley of the shadow of death."

The house represented in our engraving is about 120 years old; at all events, it was almost new when Mr. Newton took possession of it in 1767. "We removed last week into the vicarage, which Lord Dartmouth has kindly rebuilt and enlarged for us," he writes in October, "so that from one of the most inconvenient, I have now one of the best and most commanding houses in this county." He accounted it a wonderful providence that "a poor wretch that once wandered naked and barefoot, without a home," should be housed in a home like this. Mr. Newton wisely selected an upper room for a study as being farthest removed from noise and intrusion, and there probably the texts from Isaiah and Deuteronomy are still to be seen. "Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable." "But thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." When years afterwards Newton entered that study as a visitor, he was glad to find the texts still looking him in the face.

Life in a retired country place like Olney in the 18th century was not altogether desirable, for the abounding wickedness which prevailed

* English Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil, by the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D. New edition, revised. The Religious Tract Society. Price 8s.



From "English Pictures."

OLNEY VICARAGE.

must certainly have been depressing to a sensitive mind. In 1777 a disastrous fire occurred; yet, notwithstanding that the houses were thatched with straw, the advice of the pastor that hazardous bonfires should not be lit on the 5th of November, had the effect of arousing a counter demonstration. "Many put up candles who had not done so in former years, and some who had formerly lighted them doubled their number," writes Mr. Newton. "This gave great encouragement to the sons of Belial, and when night came on there was much riot and confusion. A wild and lawless mob paraded the streets, breaking windows and extorting money from one end of the town to the other. My house was expressly threatened. . . . We have some who sigh and mourn for the evils that abound among us, but for want of leading men and magistrates, things are come to such a pass as is indeed a scandal to a place that has been so long favoured with the light of the gospel."

In a letter to Mr. Newton, September 24th, 1785, Cowper himself gives a vivid and affecting sketch of the demoralization of the children of the peasantry:—"Heathenish parents can only bring up heathenish children: an assertion nowhere oftener or more clearly illustrated than at Olney; where children, seven years of age, infest the streets every evening with curses and with songs, to which it would be unseemly to give their proper epithet. Such urchins as these could not be so diabolically accomplished unless by the connivance of their parents." For this horribly neglected state of the poor, our forefathers do not seem to have ever been troubled by conscience on account of dereliction of duty on their own part, nor did they appear to realize in any sense what they were bequeathing to posterity. When villages were actually becoming unsafe as dwelling-places, what must have been the case of the towns?

In addition to its natural disadvantages, and the degradation of its non-Christian population, Olney had other peculiarities which were not altogether in its favour. The staple industry of the place was lace-making; and the people were hardly able to earn sufficient for their wants, although the boys, as well as the women and girls, all alike engaged in the occupation. "Lace-making and straw-platting, indeed, used to employ so many women, and so many children of all ages," says Southey, "that the farmers even found it difficult to obtain hands for their ordinary work."

It is not all of the poet's biographers who understand his surroundings and the growth of his religious life. At Huntingdon he had attended the reading of the prayers in church daily; but not until he went to Olney did he get into the sunshine of an evangelical ministry. Nor did he want for occupation; for, as Cecil says, "Mr. Newton used to consider him a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish." Southey has taken exception to what he considered to be the over excitement of the daily round of holy work and religious services; but then this able biographer evidently thought that evangelical doctrines were merely a set of theological notions. Are we to think that Cowper's malady was aggravated by the active Christian service in which he was engaged, or that in it he found a solace such as no other employment could have afforded? We do not hesitate as to our answer.

The most interesting passage in "English Pictures" is that relating

to Cowper; and, indeed, the subject thus introduced is one of perennial freshness and profit. The Tract Society also publishes "Letters of William Cowper"; "Letters by the Rev. John Newton, of Olney, &c.: with Biographical Sketches and Illustrative Notes"; and also "John Newton, of Olney, &c.: an Autobiography and Narrative. By Josiah Bull, M.A." These three books are delightful reading; and, while their tendency is to quicken Christian life, they add immensely to our knowledge of the eighteenth century.

Remember the Weak.

A FATHER tells us how he once started alone to climb a steep and perilous hill, purposely choosing a time when his children were at play, and when he thought that they would not notice his absence. He was climbing a precipitous path when he was startled by hearing a little voice shout, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down, he saw that his little boy had followed him, and was already in danger; and he trembled lest the child's feet should slip before he could get to him, and grasp his warm little hand. "Years have passed since then," he writes, "but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon all to whom my words may come."—*Archdeacon Farrar, in a Sermon on "Individual Responsibility."*

The Growth and Action of Besetting Sins.

A SECRET sin works insidiously, but with wondrous quiet power. Its hidden ravages are awful, and the outward revelation of their result and existence may be contemporaneous. Until that revelation was made, probably no one ever suspected the presence in the man of anything but a few venial faults which were as mere excrescences on a robust character, though these growths were something rude. Oftentimes a large fungus will start from a tree, and in some mysterious manner will sap the life-power on the spot on which it grows. They were like that fungus. When the fungus falls in the autumn, it leaves scarcely a trace of its presence, the tree being apparently as healthy as before the advent of the parasite. But the whole character of the wood has been changed by the strange power of the fungus, being soft and cork-like to the touch. Perhaps the parasite may fall in the autumn, and the tree may show no symptoms of decay; but at the first tempest it may have to encounter, the trunk snaps off at the spot where the fungus has been, and the extent of the injury is at once disclosed. As long as any portion of that tree retains life, it will continue to throw out these destructive fungi; and even when a mere stump is left in the ground, the fungi will push themselves out in profusion.—*From "Scientific Illustrations and Symbols." Published by Mr. R. D. Dickinson.*

The Gospel in the City.

THOSE who are ready to acknowledge that our English Capital, with its population of four millions, and a supplemental million or two in the outlying area of Greater London, is "no mean city," are still compelled somewhat sorrowfully to admit that the interest of the place from an archæological standpoint has been "improved" away. London has been "improved"; but though more convenient and more healthy than of old, its grand historical landmarks are gone for ever.

Some years ago, our friend Mr. J. C. Parker, who has lately been engaged in the Christian visitation of the taverns of Hastings and St. Leonards, was located in the city, where he found as extended a sphere of labour as any one man need desire to cultivate. He wrote at the time: "I have under visitation six hundred licensed public-houses and two hundred coffee-shops. The whole of these eight hundred refreshment houses are open to me, so that I may make known the gospel in them all, without let or hindrance." As an intelligent observer of life and manners, he was struck with the boundless variety which his sphere presented. In and about Houndsditch and the Minories, he encountered large numbers of Jews, to whom, at certain seasons, the publicans notified, "Passover bread and rum-and-shrub may be had in private rooms." At the Tower he came across sundry sight-seers from the country, who, in many instances, were quite illiterate, and, consequently, were ready to be the dupes of designing knaves. In Billingsgate he found many costers who were fine examples of their useful class, the proverbial coarseness and profanity of talk for which the fish-market was once notorious having given place to something better. Here, as well as in the meat-market, the temptation is to drink beer and spirits, on account of the exhausting nature of the work which the porters have to do; otherwise, there is a general improvement, as a veteran on the ground once attempted to demonstrate by remarking, "You never in your lifetime heard of a butcher sticking his wife." In and around St. Paul's Mr. Parker found plenty to interest his enquiring mind, while he himself moved about as an interesting, because novel, kind of character. "I visited the taverns for the first time with a blush upon my face," he remarked; "for it seemed to be almost like trespassing, to take religious periodicals and tracts to such localities. Of course I apologized to the publicans; . . but they eagerly told me that this was quite unnecessary, "We're only too glad to see you, and to have your papers."

On coming to the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, Mr. Parker found pleasant Christian associations. "History tells us," he remarked, "that the holy and heavenly Archbishop Leighton, during his life, had often been used to say, that if he had the power to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. "It looked," he said, "like a pilgrim going home, to whom the whole world was but a large and noisy inn, and he a wayfarer, tarrying in it as short a time as possible, and then hastening away to his Father's house." God granted his pious

wish, and his life was brought to a close at the Bell Inn, on June 25th, 1684.

In other parts of the city other scenes and characters were taken notice of, such as the lawyers of Chancery Lane, and the merchants of Lombard Street, and the Stock Exchange, and in every instance many a hearing for the gospel was obtained. At a dining establishment, near London Bridge, a prayer-meeting was established, which is still continued.

Such was the Old City a few years ago, before Mr. Parker left the familiar scene to settle in his new sphere at Hastings; but if we take account of what Mr. Vicary has to say, whose mission-station is near the Monument, we find that the work to be done has not greatly altered. The need of effort is as great as ever it was, and the reward is just as certain.

When Christian friends first thought of doing something for what may be called the River-side quarter of the City, nothing beyond house-to-house visitation was attempted; but when at length a station was obtained, it was found that other opportunities were afforded of getting at the people individually. In the little room where the lending library is arranged, many a wanderer has told his sad story, and numbers who were ignorant have received a saving knowledge of the gospel, and other cheering results have rewarded those who have fed the hungry and helped the homeless. As will be known to those who read our article, "A Sunday Breakfast in the City," the little station is a veritable ark of refuge.

But why should Billingsgate and the River-side district attract, as it were, magnetically, the miserable and the destitute? Whatever may be the cause, hither they come in extraordinary numbers; and so great are their needs as to temporal things, that friends who give them any attention at all cannot possibly forbear copying the example of the Good Samaritan while they press upon their acceptance the word of life. Hence twopenny tickets for the morning coffee-stall; "the fourpenny doss" for a night's lodging at an approved rendezvous; and other tickets—for a free breakfast, or a soup supper—are distributed to hungry loiterers on the bridge or at the wharves. Mr. Vicary says, "We give help to the starving apart altogether from the disposition to receive our words"; and surely all will approve of a procedure which is sanctioned by the example of Christ himself.

Mr. Vicary assures us that London abounds with big lads who can easily be lost in the crowd; and that no service has yielded him more solid satisfaction than when he has been enabled to gladden parents by restoring their lost children to them. Take this representative example.

Among his friends there is a certain worthy mechanic, with only one boy; and as would be natural in the case of an industrious and home-loving father, this lad had been well cared for, and fairly educated. In due time he was apprenticed, and would, in all probability, have done well, had not his susceptible mind been poisoned by the teachings of an atheist, one of the working-staff in the shop. To their great distress, the parents found that their child had become quite a different being. The ideas he had imbibed were those of utter lawlessness; and as he

disagreed with his parents, and little understood the world, the young adventurer resolved on leaving home, and showing that he could take very good care of himself. How he fared may be readily guessed. One day Mr. Vicary found himself accosted in front of Fishmongers' Hall by a dirty, ragged boy, selling "lights," who was at once recognized as his friend's son Charlie. He was taken home to his parents; gladly they welcomed the prodigal, who, like many another too confident youngster, had found in the school of adversity that the way of transgressors is hard.

Wandering about London there is a class of youths who seem also to be attracted towards Billingsgate and the river-side—those who are above school age, and yet are incompetent to provide for themselves. These, being without education or such technical knowledge as would enable them to earn a livelihood, are hard pressed. By way of examples Mr. Vicary mentions several characters who have come under his notice within a few days. One had a father who, when the step-mother took to beating his son with a fire-shovel, "let her have it back again," until the family feud could not be appeased, and the boy went out into the uncertain world, to be at last picked up by friends who fed, clothed, and lodged him, hoping to find for him a suitable opening. Another said that his father had died of "horrors"—delirium tremens (?)—and his mother had gone off with a sailor. A third was both fatherless and motherless, but was anxious to obtain a ship. Numbers of others appear who cannot be assisted to the extent of their pressing need. One thing is certain, that these youths, who, after a little training and good feeding would be strong to labour, ought not to be allowed to run to waste in this manner. With a little management their reclamation might be made to pay for itself. Has not Adam Smith demonstrated that the true wealth of a country is its labour?

Among the men who are encountered are found all kinds of characters—those whose chief distress in life is that they cannot obtain work, the lazy loafers who would hardly do work if they had it offered them, and those who have come down from stations of affluence. By a judicious distribution of tickets for the coffee-stall, Mr. Vicary endeavours to prevent any genuine son of industry from wandering about in a starving condition. Of course, those who are out of work have greatly increased during these times of general depression, but in some instances adversity has served to open the heart for the reception of better things. At all events, as the agent on the ground assures us, "We have satisfactory evidence that God's Word does not return unto him void."

One ragged adventurer who was pinched by want and cold had an extraordinary story to tell. He had been started well in life, having been apprenticed to a chemist in Aldgate, and then, after coming of age, he had successively received three sums of money, one of which amounted to £3,500. To a man who wanted a breakfast, and who had passed the previous three nights on London Bridge or the Thames Embankment, these wasted resources appeared like so many enormous fortunes. He was a prodigal, and had learned that the devil is a hard taskmaster, and that to a man who had spent all the world is a barren country.

"Well, what has brought you to this?" was the first question.

"Oh, sir," he intimated, without hesitation, "the same old game as

many others have played," and then he passed one hand to his mouth to signify the road whither one part of the money had gone, while by another sign, as if he were throwing the dice, he showed that he had been a gambler as well as a drunkard.

"Well, are you quite satisfied with it?" is asked, not sarcastically, but with a view of drawing forth further information.

"No, I shall be glad to give it up," is the reply, spoken in a tone which shows that the heart knows its own bitterness.

Though anxious to enjoy something better than he had yet known, the man was not ready at first to lay hold of the only security which would be offered to him; but a change set in, and after an interval he returned, when he gave evidence of being penitent and trustful. If, after losing his money, he found Christ, he was richer than ever he had been before.

Another man who came into the breakfast-meeting was a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, a man of good presence and intelligent countenance. The word which, as usual, was spoken to the little assembly, acted like a hammer to his hard heart, and he went away convicted of sin. Soon afterwards there came news of the young surgeon from a house at Blackwall. In his distress he went to a brother practitioner, who procured from the young man's father sufficient to pay a passage to one of the colonies, and thither the penitent sailed with the intention of doing better.

On a certain day, when our friend the missionary happened to be passing along Bishopsgate street, a carman with a sunny countenance suddenly appeared, and after apologizing for seeming abruptness made a characteristic confession.

"Bless you, sir, for what you did for me in the little room by the fishmarket," he said. "I came in with the crowd and had a breakfast there; but I got what was more—a new heart. I soon got a job, and now I've got my poor girl back with me again, and we are happy."

One man who came from Sheffield acknowledged that he had left wife and children in hope of being able to escape to another country. Habits of drinking had burdened him with debts he could not discharge, and one evil led to another until matters became desperate through his robbing his employers, who, however, did not prosecute on account of the misguided man's family. Acting on the advice offered to him, this man signed the Temperance Pledge, and prayer was offered that he might have strength given to walk in better ways. The mad craving for alcohol departed from him; according to his own confession it was dead and buried. "I go back to recover my character," he said, "and never to drink any more."

Another case of ruin and rescue was even more striking than any we have yet given. A man, whose appearance betokened abject beggary, came to the meeting; he was a gambler who had played away his last pound, and, judging from appearances, his last chance of doing any good for himself or for others in the world. Yet that man was by profession an architect of no mean attainments in his own department, and as regards education generally. At first he sat in the meeting as still as a statue, apparently so far overcome by despair that he did not even remove his cap from his head until told to do so. Such

is the dreadful melancholy which the service and the wages of sin will ultimately inspire. At last, however, the ruined architect yielded to gentler influences, and he could sing with feeling, and heartily join in the prayers. In that out-of-the-way room one more, who also "had spent all," found more than he had lost, and a certain cure for all the distressing ailments which afflicted him. Having found acceptance with the Saviour, the next thing to do was to start afresh in the world, and it was thought that the most likely opening would be found in New Zealand. When leaving to go on board the vessel at Gravesend, he said, "With the help of divine grace I go to a new country a new man." He carried with him papers to distribute among the passengers during the voyage, and a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which Mr. Vicary's name was inscribed beneath his own.

Mr. Vicary regards his work as humble and obscure, but the instances of blessing received show, at least, that it is far-reaching. Many who are brought to beggary have been ruined by habits of indolence and intemperance while young; but in all cases the gospel, when accepted, proves to be a certain cure. Times without number the cross of Christ has proved itself to be the power of God unto salvation.

G. H. P.

The Thief Betraying Himself.

"A MAN broke into a small church in Scotland, with the sacrilegious intention of stealing the communion plate. Hearing steps outside the building, and expecting that he should be discovered, he hurried to the end of the church, where, seeing a long rope depending to the ground, he laid hold of it for the purpose of climbing out of sight. But it proved to be the bell rope, and his weight rang the bell, which attracted his pursuers immediately to the spot. The man, of course, was caught; and thus wittily addressed the unconscious cause of his detection—'If it had not been for thy long tongue and empty head, I should not have been in my present predicament.'"

This is the story as we get it from Mr. Gatty's book upon "the Bell"; but it has its lesson. Those who sin are pretty sure, sooner or later, to turn king's-evidence against themselves. There is a voice in wrong-doing; its long tongue will not always be quiet. All unaware, the offender puts out his hand and pulls the bell which tells against himself and summons vengeance to overtake him. Let no man dream that he can secure secrecy for his wickedness. Every timber in floor or roof is ready to cry out against him, and before he is aware of it, he will himself be ringing out his own infamy. What will be his dismay when he stands self-convicted before the assembled universe!—C. H. S.

Handling the Truth.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR J. BRADFORD, LEYTONSTONE.

"IT pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe"; and being called, among others, to be ministers of the New Covenant, we are earnestly solicitous that the divine purpose in our labours should be fully secured by the constant addition to the church of such as are being saved.

The returns of 395 members of our brotherhood, who have reported of the year's work, show an average gross result of 16 per church brought to the Saviour's feet, for which all will be both devoutly thankful, and profoundly *un*satisfied. The Holy Spirit is mighty. The gospel is divinely adapted to produce immensely multiplied results, and the Master is worthy of them.

In that season of silent self-examination, which falls somewhere between 8 and 10, or later, on the Sabbath evening, when mind and conscience and heart hold earnest conference, we have often asked ourselves the reason why so many of our sermons seem to be barren of those results which we long to be able to lay at the Master's blessed feet. We have prayed for them, in many instances expected them, and we have been sorely disappointed that, so far as we could tell, they were not forthcoming.

Among the many questions raised at such a season, there are one or two which it may be mutually helpful to ask to-day. *Have we in every instance preached* THE TRUTH? No amount of skill in handling can be effective, if we preach not the gospel. Lectures on what are called current topics, or Shakespeare, or perhaps "musical evenings," may fill chapels, though even that is not proved. We want, however, not full chapels only, but increasing churches.

Men say, What is the gospel? Able scholars from Germany have in the past presented us with their "higher criticisms", in which, nevertheless, they have to day largely lost belief, saying, *this* is the gospel. Eloquent preachers across the Atlantic present to us a "new theology", and say, *this* is truth. From our Puritan fathers we have received a legacy of Saxon sermons, in which they have set forth, at great length in some instances, what they hand to us as the pure word of God. Amid the strife of tongues, however, we may look up to the Lord and say, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" with the assurance that he will tell us to "Come and see"; and then we shall step forth to say, "We testify that we have seen."

We are devoutly thankful for an experience of sin and saving grace so definite that it becomes a test of what we are to preach. We have preached the old theology—Christ as surety, Christ as substitute, Christ as sacrifice, because it saved us, made us new creatures in Christ Jesus, turned our mourning into dancing. Nathanael Culverwell says, "Reverence a grey-headed truth," and we both reverence and preach the gospel, not only because it is "grey-headed", but because we can say: The gospel we preach has saved us. We believe, and therefore speak. Credo

comes before Creed. We fully believe that God has yet more truth to shine forth of his holy Word; but we are bound to judge the new by the old and tried; and, after all, the Bible is so old a book, and so many able and godly men have searched it through and through, that we may well be cautious in proclaiming the fact that we have discovered a new truth; for, as Dr. Dale says, "What a young theologian receives with trembling wonder as a revelation fresh from heaven, never known before to scholar or saint, turns out to be one of those familiar elements of faith which every devout old lady in the congregation has known for years"; and he may expect an experience similar to that of an old lady in Virginia, who, on declaring that she had lived nearly eighty years without discovering what a great sinner she was, received for reply from her old slave attendant, "Bless you, honey; I know'd it all the time!" We have been bold to answer our Master, in response to our first enquiry—"O Lord, thou knowest that we have not ceased to preach that gospel which we learned at the foot of thy cross!"

Writing home from a distant field of labour to the American Mission Board, a missionary said, some time ago, "The truth is mighty, and must prevail, *if properly handled.*" An unfortunately common remark concerning many of us preachers is, "His matter was very good, but he had a wretched delivery;" and, sad to say, that will have the effect of driving away many who might be brought to hear the joyful sound, and, speaking on the purely human side, hindering the effect which the Holy Spirit designs to produce in those who are hearers. "The sense decides the sound," say the professors. The weapon decides the handling. We have a message; a message from God to men. Have we aimed to give it to them? Or, have we talked about it? Had the message a sufficient address to ensure its falling into the right hearts? Or, did it become a dead letter? Many advisers have said, "Don't preach unless you have something to say." But we *have* to preach. We shall have to preach two fresh sermons, at least, next Sunday, that is, as fresh as we can make them. We wish we could always say that we have a distinct *message* committed to our hands, and so handle it as to be free from the criticism passed by Archbishop Whately on a certain preacher, of whom he said, "He aimed at nothing, and hit it."

Have we been sufficiently dogmatic? Or, have we been tempted to argue where we should have asserted positively? This is a fault into which we may easily fall, from a desire to meet the intellectual unrest of the time. Now I suppose it will be admitted that the arguments are comparatively few with which we cannot find fault if we want to; and Satan may be expected to be very busy in that direction. We are indebted to the Gospel of John for bringing out clearly our Lord's own method of dealing with men. How grandly he dogmatized! Says Dr. Maclaren: "There is nothing more characteristic of our Lord's words than the way in which, without attempt at proof, or argumentation, he makes them stand upon their own evidence, or rather, depend on his veracity. . . . His method is this: Verily, verily, I say unto you. Take it on my word. You ask me for proof of my saying? I am the proof of it. I assert it; that is enough. He lays his own character and veracity as the basis of what he has to say, and has no mightier word by which to back his testimony than his own sovereign Verily." It

would be sad, indeed, if men rejected, through some flaw in our argument, real or fancied, that which they must have received and believed on the Word of our Lord himself, for "he taught them with authority." Our final word to men is therefore—It is true, and you must believe it, not because we can show it to be philosophical, or in harmony with the nature of things, but because Christ said it.

Can we say, also, with the apostle, "We use great plainness of speech"? *Have we preached the simple gospel*, or, as one prefers to state it, the gospel simply, without even the addition of water? Of the way of holiness it is said, "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." What is true of the way we feel should also be true of the directions concerning the way. With passionate earnestness the apostle of the Gentiles defends to the Corinthians his simplicity in preaching the truth, saying, "Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect"—wise words, certainly; eloquent words, if we have them, for our theme demands the very best; but, as Alford puts it, "not in the speculations of philosophy, nor in philosophic forms," lest men, admiring the beauty of Christ's teaching as a philosophy, should miss its saving power as a gospel. May we not here enter a plea for the retention of the old terms, such, for instance, as covenant, substitution, suretyship, which are valuable spoils from the battle-fields of the past? If we have the old wine, we should like the old bottles, too.

Of course, we must, if we have not already done so, face the fact that thus we lose all chance of being considered able or intellectual preachers, unless once in a way we should interlard our sermon with learned quotations, such as, for instance, Herbert Spencer's definition of life; then, in the esteem of the ignorant, we should be intellectual indeed! There is the other side, however, as represented by an American writer, who says, "We see the *thought* in some men's sermons for the same reason as we see the bones in a skeleton,—viz., because there is nothing else to see." We trust we shall not forget that, however much of theologians we may be, we are not called to preach theological propositions, but rather to tell the story of "*the life*," and

> "Truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors,
> And so the Word had breath and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds,
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought."

Have we been as earnest as the theme demanded? Here surely, if nowhere else, the sense determines the sound; the message determines the method. It is said of Mark Twain that, one morning, he stepped out of his house to breathe the morning air, and after looking leisurely round, he crossed to a neighbour's house, where the inmates were enjoying a lounge in the verandah. On joining them he threw himself into a low seat, and lighted a cigar. After chatting for a while concerning the weather, &c., he added, "I dare say you wonder what brought me across here so early; but the fact is, I saw your house was burning, and thought I'd come over and tell you." Now, we need beware, lest, when we speak of men's danger, we emulate

the humorist's manner. If the theme does not move us to earnestness, how can we expect it to lift men out of their natural indifference, and win them to the cross? We need an earnestness which will lift us sometimes even out of our ordinary methods. Hearts that resist the assaults of the gospel in one form must be compelled to meet them in another. It is recorded that when our soldiers were defending Gibraltar, many years ago, it was found impossible to disperse the ships of the enemy on account of their being covered with a peculiar kind of hide from which our shot glanced off without damage. In the extremity, the general commanded huge fires to be made, and the iron bolts to be made red-hot, and fired in that condition. The result was electrical, and showed the wisdom of the thought, for almost immediately the defences were pierced, the ships scattered, and Gibraltar saved. When all else fails, let us as preachers make the shot red-hot in the altar-fires of love and devotion to the Saviour, and hearts that hitherto have been callous to the gospel preached with intellectual coldness will succumb.

While we depend very completely on the Master for "words that breathe and thoughts that burn," in which to preach his name, we shall not be indifferent to any suggestion of help, no matter from what direction it comes, nor regardless of dangers which may arise from such matters as unsympathetic audiences, and the feeling that we have preached these truths again and again. Said a brother, the other day, "Towards the end of my ministry at Z——, I got into the way of reading my sermons, because of the feeling that the people were out of sympathy with me, and I was glad to get through, and back again into my study." He had forgotten that there was One present to hear; for there is no congregation, however small, but may boast, "Christ was with us to-day"; and it will surely help us in handling the truth if we remember that he whom we preach is present to hear how we speak about him. In the record of David's mighty men there is mention of one Eleazar, by whom the Lord won a great victory, and whose sword clave unto his hand, and became, so to speak, part of himself. Thus may it be with us, and the Sword of the Spirit; and may we have grace so to wield it that many may be the slain of the Lord, to be our crown of rejoicing in the day of his glorious appearing!

Preaching should be Suitable to the People.

"AND with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it": Mark iv. 33. Not as he was able to have spoken; he could have expressed himself at a higher rate than any mortal man; he could have soared to the clouds; he could have knit such knots that they could never untie, but he would not; he delighted to speak to his hearers' shallow capacities. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now": John xvi. 12. —*Thomas Brooks.*

Notes on Certain Weather in the Month of May, 1886.

HELD back by a cold spring, the leaves at last grew impatient, cast off their sheathings, and half unfolded themselves. The trees were of a golden green. How else can we describe their colour? Youth and beauty trembled with modest weakness, which shrank from the scene which they adorned. A few days of soft sunshine would have seemed seasonable: the infant verdure appeared to crave it. To allow each leaf to unfold itself to smiling sunbeams, and gentle zephyrs, looked the fittest of arrangements that could be ordained of the Great Husbandman.

Yet it happened not so. There came a wind out of the north-east, a wind most fierce and cruel, like to a dragon having teeth. This roared and raged while it might. It was followed by a still stronger monster —a raging sou'-wester, which did not only blow and bluster, but put forth hands, and plucked and tore on all sides. Our garden-paths looked as though green weeds had sprung up in a night, and grassed them over. It was the wreckage of young leaves, remorselessly bitten off by the rude blasts, and left mangled and rent upon the ground. Hard usage this for leaves as newly-born as the young King of Spain! Where was the tenderness of Nature of which some have talked so sentimentally! Nature is a stern step-mother to the children of the trees, if not to other feeble things.

How often have we heard of him, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"! "Where is that text?" said one in our hearing. Good sir, there is no such text in the Bible, for the Bible is a book of truth, and not of pretty fancies! If you are so cruel as to shear a lamb, you may attempt to excuse yourself by a current saying; but please remember that the saying is a lie. *God does not temper the wind to the shorn lamb*, nor to the young leaves, nor to any other young and weak things. He is very tender and pitiful: but, having made rules for the government of his creation, he is too wisely kind to suspend their operation. Lambs would be still more roughly treated by men if they could entertain the hope that God would step out of his way, and alter his providential arrangements to make up for man's unkindness. No, the laws of nature proceed upon their course, whoever may be crushed by them; and on the whole it is the best thing possible, the largest kindness that may be in such a world as this.

Young leaves may be full of beauty, and of hope, and yet be tossed to and fro of tempest, and rent with the pitiless blast: even in the earliest hours of their out-peeping they may be sorely vexed. It has been so in the mental and spiritual world, as well as in that which is natural. A soul, long frost-bound with doubt and conviction of sin, has at length ventured to believe; and with the struggling faith the other graces have also looked forth with hopeful daring. The time of fruit was not yet, but the time of leaf had fully come. Rejoicing friends wished for the new convert a halcyon period, a time of growing confidence and rising joy. All expectations of the kind were met with blank denial. A hurricane of temptation swept over the mind, and rent to ribbons

the delicate hope so newly unfolded! What confusion! What destruction! What misery! What foreboding! Who now would say of godliness, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace"? Would not such discouragement prove fatal, and destroy all good, or even hope of good, within the soul thus assaulted?

Two or three days have passed away. The winds are quiet. Rains have fallen. We see no wounds upon the trees; no rifts, gaps, or rents in the abounding foliage. The damage could hardly be discovered, except by microscopic examination: the general appearance of the leafage is much the same as if the storm had never worried it. No doubt some great and general good will come of the apparent evil, and the hastening summer will retain no scar from the battle of the spring.

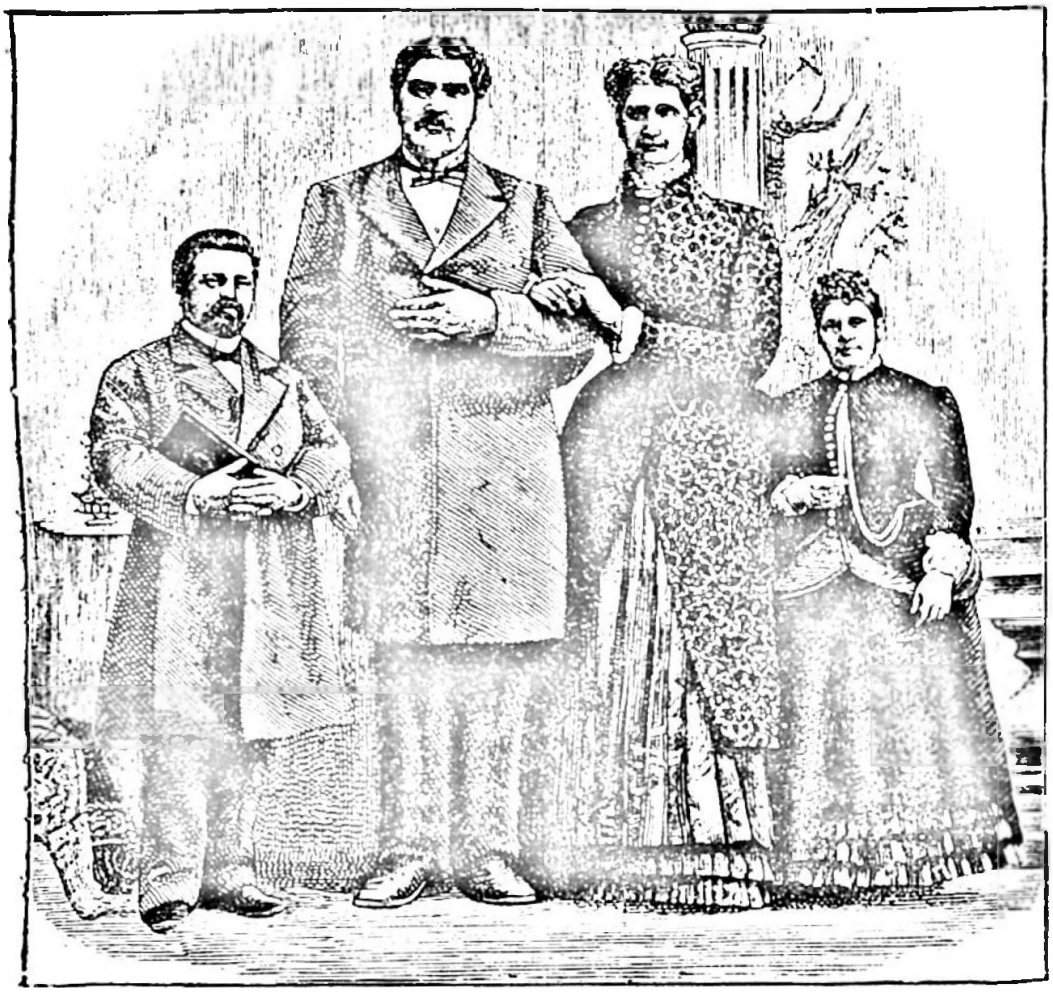
Even thus will it be with our spiritual experience. If we are called to bear the yoke in our youth, and in our earliest religious life are sorely tried, we need not fear. No real harm will come of it: not half so much even of apparent harm as would befall us if we could be removed from all trial, and housed in a perpetual peace. Look at the plants under glass; see how their leaves grow foul with dirt! The most careful gardener has a terrible task with trees which are not visited by the cleansing winds, and the washing showers: all sorts of mischiefs arise out of their unnatural immunity from the influences of the elements. We need trial; we live by it; we develop and mature by it. Wherefore, let the blasts blow even as they will, and let the winds remain untempered. The Lord's wisdom does not err, neither does his loving-kindness fail for evermore. He does not comfort us into imbecility, but inures us to hardship, and thus fortifies us for days of adversity and deeds of valour.

As one who knows the faithfulness of the Lord, but has learned to behold it as much in terrible things in righteousness as in tender things of pity, I set my seal to this testimony, that in rough dispensations there is as much of God as when his gentleness hath made me great.

C. H. SPURGEON.

The Gospel of Evolution.

"THIS a sad, a terrible thing, to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding *no God in this universe.* I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence—men professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to—all things from frogs' spawn; the gospel of dirt is the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever." No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set *that* aside.—*Thomas Carlyle.*



Great Baptists.

OUR friend, Rev. Philip James Ward, of Seville, Ohio, in a letter, mentioned that he had in his church two of the greatest Baptists in the world. Now, as Mr. Ward was one of our College men, and his wife was a member of the Tabernacle church, we took the liberty of asking him to be photographed, and his wife also, with the good and great folks whom he mentioned. Here is the group. Captain Bates is nearly eight feet high, and his excellent wife is of the same stature; consequently, the pastor and his wife, who are by no means diminutive, are considerably dwarfed in their society. One half wonders how Brother Ward could have baptized Captain Bates. These friends are prominent members of the church in Seville; and, as constant attendants at the services and prayer-meetings, and as workers for the Lord, they are among those who cheer the minister's heart, and ensure a blessing on his work.

We thought our readers would be interested by the wood-block. It is the best that we could procure, but it does not do justice to the comely countenances of our friends. It is almost impossible to produce good portraits upon so small a scale. Long may Mr. and Mrs. Bates be pillars in the house of our God! May they experience to the full that gracious assurance—"He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great."—C. H. S.

Compulsory Tithes: Enforced by Crushing Pains and Penalties.

[Third Article.]

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

WE are continually told that the nation mutually and willingly agreed to give one-tenth of the land's produce to the church. That this particular tenth never, after that mutual gift, belonged to any one but the church, and to withhold it is to rob God. That it never did belong to the present owner of the land, and that it is beyond the power of the nation justly to interfere with it in any way.

We can prove, on the other hand, that the nation did not either willingly or mutually give a tenth; but that the tenth was FORCED from an UNWILLING people, who reluctantly paid it when they were compelled by the stern and irresistible power of civil authority. Nothing can be more misleading than the idea that tithe-payments and Nonconformist endowments stand on the same basis. In fact, tithes and Church of England endowments are separate and distinct from each other. When we say that tithes are a "*legal* tax," we are not including lands, or churches, or annual payments from property, that were *given* by individuals or companies to the church, or to separate churches. I trust this important distinction will never for a moment be lost sight of in these papers, either by the writer or by the readers. As the learned John Selden truly says:—"And the truth is, that divers of them that writ, with more will than judgment, for tithes, fall often from their Jus Divinum, before they are aware, and talk of them as supposed due also by human positive law of (or) practice. But they are far enough from showing what or where that law or practice is. What do they else when they confound tithes and consecrated lands together? And apply that to tithes which is equally to be spoken of lands given to the church? I trust they mean not that the church had an original title also, Jure Divino, to lands arbitrarily consecrated to it."—Selden's "History of Tythes," A.D. 1618, p. xv. Preface.

If we do not make a clear distinction between tithes and endowments we shall be in a dense fog. There is no fear of losing endowments by the same laws that could appropriate tithes. Some people think there is danger. I know this bogey is often raised to terrify people who have an interest in endowments. It need not frighten any one. Tithes and endowments rest on totally different foundations. Tithes are national property, because they were exacted by laws; endowments were not. But more of this in a future article.

People were not obliged to give property, or tithes, until the law was made by the king. After the year 855 they were obliged to pay the tithe; and this is true to-day. *They* had no will in the matter, and *we* have none. We must either *pay* the tithe rent-charge, or *redeem* it.

In speaking of Ethelwulph's charter, Dr. T. Fuller says:—"Indeed, before his time many acts for tithes are produced which, when pressed, will prove of no great validity. Such are the imperial edicts in civil law, never of full power in England; as also the canons of some councils and popes, never admitted into plenary obedience by consent of princes and people. Add to these, first, such laws as were made by King Ina and Offa, monarchs indeed of England in their turns, as I may say, but not deriving the same to the issue of their bodies: so that their acts, as personal, may by some forward spirits be cavilled at, as determining with their lives. Join to these (if producible) any provincial constitutions of an English archbishop, perchance, Egbertus of York: those might obey them who would obey, being otherwise *not subject to any civil penalty*. But now this act of Athelwolphus appears entire in all the proportions of a law, made in his great council, equivalent to after-parliaments; not only *cum consilio episcoporum*, 'with the advice of his bishops' (which easily may be presumed

willingly to concur in such a matter of church-advancement), but also *principium meum*, 'of my princes,' saith he; the CONSENT OF INFERIOR PERSONS NOT BEING REQUIRED IN THAT AGE."—Book II. Cent. IX.

This renowned church historian clearly points out—1. That civil rights and penalties were first attached to tithes by this law of Ethelwulph. 2. That the law was made by the "upper ten," most if not all of whom had an interest in the working of the law. 3. That the consent of the bulk of the people was neither given, nor asked for. The people did not have any hand in *making* the law. The only thing they had to do with the law was to obey it. An archbishop recently expressed their relationship to the law, in speaking of that of the bulk of the people in our day, when he said, "All that the poor have to do with the law is TO KEEP IT." And yet people tell us, in the language of Sir John Conroy, Bart., in a lecture on "Church Endowments," p. 12—"The duty of paying tithes was one that was insisted on by the clergy, and appears to have been gradually acquiesced in by the laity. In process of time the law recognized and enforced these payments, but not till the time of Edward the First, or nearly six hundred years after they commenced." The law recognized and enforced these payments in the time of Ethelwulph. I must not omit one thing more. Fuller attaches to the great charter, that psalms and masses were to be said every Wednesday for the soul of Ethelwulph and the other just men who had consented to this grant.

The Rev. J. Johnson, M.A., informs us—"Councils of all sorts were rare in this age (but especially synods for regulating and restoring the discipline of the church), by reason of the frequent invasions of the Danes. They first infested our shores in the year 787 A.D., but grew more terrible still for almost a hundred years together. . . . They were for many years so violent that they did in effect extinguish not only law, but religion, and reduced this nation to a great degree of ignorance."—Johnson, p. 310.

"The following laws could scarce be made before King Alfred's first league with the Danes, A.D. 876, because till that time he was wholly engaged in wars for the defence of his kingdom, and was sometimes reduced to great straits, and they must have been made before his other laws upon Guthrun's baptism, A.D. 878. See Saxon Chronicle." Laws and canons of the Church of England, p. 330. Laws quoted relate to morality. Johnson, on p. 330, says further—"He (Alfred) was a king of a martial spirit, and is said to have fought fifty-six battles by land and sea; and within seven years after his advancement to the throne, he so far reduced the Danes as to bring them to terms of agreement. Their King, Guthrun, professed Christianity, and is baptized, Alfred standing godfather at the solemnity: he relinquishes all further pretensions on King Alfred and his people, on condition that he might have the kingdom of Northumberland, and of the East Angles; and these are the religious laws by which they agreed to administer their government; for I conceive that, as to civil matters, both kings were left to their own native laws. The truth is, King Alfred seems to have studied nothing but religion and war."

No. 6 of the said laws, A.D. 878, is:—"If one withhold his tithes or his Rome-fee, or do not pay his lightscot, or his plough-alms, or deny any ecclesiastical rights, let him pay a mulct among the English, or a fine among the Danes. If he fight against [those who demand it], and wound a man, let him forfeit his life; if he kill a man, let him be outlawed; and let all that love right pursue him with hue and cry; and if he cause men to kill him, by opposing the right of God and the king, and if this be averred, let him be without any satisfaction."—Johnson, vol. i., p. 332.

"Forfeit his life"—forfeit the legal security of his life. "Let him be without satisfaction," means simply that his case is beyond satisfaction to his relations. Alfred went for the second time to Rome, when he was seven years old, to see the Pope. The Pope confirmed him, and declared that he would be king—he even went so far as to anoint him, and to assure him of his interest and of the interest of the Papacy in him.

Mr. Pulman observes: "Alfred was not content with *establishing* a religion —he provided for its maintenance by causing it to be taught to the young as well as the old . . . being thoroughly satisfied that to ensure the permanency of a NATIONAL RELIGION it was necessary that its teachers who administered its sacraments should be provided for by a PERMANENT FUND, he took care to re-enact the ANCIENT LAW of the land, that the tithes arising from land should be set apart for their support" (p. 65). By the ancient law I understand the laws of Ina, Offa, Ethelwulph, &c.

"A.D. 925.—King Ethelstan's Laws Ecclesiastical. I, Ethelstan, King, by the advice of Wulfhelm, my archbishop, and other of my bishops, command all my reeves (sheriffs) in the name of the Lord, and of all his saints, that they do in the first place give tithes of all my estate, both of the living stock and of the fruits of the earth, and that all the bishops do the same of all that belongs to them, as also my aldermen (some copies have earls) and reeves (sheriffs). And my will is that my bishops and sheriffs give this in charge to all that are subject to them, and that they do it effectually by the time that we have fixed —that is the beheading of St. John, Baptist. Let us consider what Jacob said unto the Lord: 'I will give thee my tithes and my peace offerings.' [This is an interpolation of Gen. xxviii. 22.] And what the Lord saith, 'To all them that have shall be given, and they shall abound,' and we may remember what to our terror is written in this book, 'If we are unwilling to pay our tithe the nine parts shall be taken from us.' It is not my will that ye get anything for me by indirect means." The last part of this paragraph is abridged from Lambard's text, which in this place is thus translated by Mr. Thorpe:—"We may, moreover, think on this which fearfully in these books is written; 'IF WE WILL NOT GIVE OUR TENTHS, THE NINE PARTS SHALL BE TAKEN AWAY FROM US, AND THE TENTH ALONE SHALL BE LEFT US.' The divine doctrine exhorts us that we should earn the heavenly things with the earthly, and the everlasting with the transitory. Now ye hear what the Lord commandeth us, and what it behoveth us to fulfil. Do so that ye acquire those things that ye for me may rightly get. I will not that ye get for me anything with wrong. If I grant to you all your things on the condition that ye for me acquire mine, be ye warned, and those who unto you belong, of God's ire and mine."—Johnson's "Laws and Canons of the Church of England," vol. i., p. 340.

The archbishop and bishops fraudulently used a saying of St. Ambrose, as if they were quoting God's word. They put Ambrose's saying, "If we are unwilling to pay our tithe, the nine parts shall be taken," and pretended that it was a quotation from Holy Scripture. It was easily done, without risk of detection or suspicion, at that time.

"The Anglo-Saxons, it has commonly been supposed, were provided with a complete vernacular translation of the Holy Scripture. No such volume has, however, been discovered. Hence the existence of such at that time is very questionable. The Bible, in fact, was evidently considered as a Latin book in ante-Norman England. Texts were generally cited in that language, and then rendered into the native idiom, according to the Roman usage of later times. Doubts even entered reflecting minds as to the expediency of opening Scripture unreservedly to vulgar eyes."—Soames' "Anglo-Saxon Church," p. 250.

In Efric's Canons, A.D. 957, Canon 21, we read: "And the priest shall have the furniture for his ghostly work before he be ordained, that is the holy books, the psalter, and the pistol-book, gospel-book, and mass-book, the song-book, and the hand-book, the calendar, the pasconal, the penitential, and the lesson-book. It is necessary that the mass-priest have these books; and he cannot be without them if he will rightly exercise his function and duly inform the people that belongeth to him. Addenda: And let him take care that they be well written." The Rev. J. Johnson explains: "These books did *not* contain the entire epistles, or entire four gospels, but such portions of them as were assigned to be read at the altar at mass. The psalter, or lectionary, or lesson-book, or

legend. Antiphonary, containing the prayers, canticles, and psalms for every day in the year, which, with the lectionary, makes the present breviary. The missal—the baptismal service, and I am apt to think it contained the whole ritual, that is, all the services for administering the sacraments (except the eucharist) and sacramentals, the martyrology for the circle of the whole year, and the computus with a cycle, which I take to have been meant by the kalendar, as I turn it after our Somner, that is, the tables of new moons, and for finding moveable feasts, and for finding Easter for ever."—J. Johnson's "Canons," vol. i., p. 396. Johnson quotes Bede, Sir Henry Spelman, Thorpe, &c. I quote this canon to prove that the priests possessed only a very small quantity of Scripture themselves, and *that*, it must be remembered, could be only in *manuscript*. As they possessed so little, it is evident the public had less. Any imposition by crafty designers was perfectly easy on an ignorant and superstitious people. They could not discover a "pious fraud" if they tried. If even they suspected it they could not be certain. The lying quotation succeeded fully, and bore fruit, as we shall see presently, in Edgar's reign.

"A.D. 944. King Edmund's Ecclesiastical law. No. 2.—We enjoin all Christian men to the paying of tithes, by virtue of their Christian profession, as also their Church-scot and alms fee.* . . . Let them who will not do it be excommunicated."

A.D. 950, or thereabouts. Johnson, Wilkins, and Spelman range between A.D. 949 to 997. The Laws of the Northumbrian Priests. "Law 51. . . . If any withhold his tithes, and he be a king's thane, let him pay nine marks and a half—£6 6s. 8d. If a landed man, five marks and a half—£3 13s. 4d.; if a common man, twelve ore (12 ounces) of silver—£1.

"King Edgar A.D. 958, approximate. And let all the tithes of the young animals be paid by Pentecost, and of the fruits of the earth by the equinox; and let every Church-scot be paid by Martin's Mass (Nov. 11th), under pain of the full mulct which the doom-book mentions; and if any will not pay the tithe as we have commanded, let the king's reeve (sheriff), and the bishop's reeve, and the mass priest of the minster go to him, and take by force the 10th part for the minister to which it belongs, and deliver to him the 9th part; and let the 8 parts be divided into two, and let the lord take one half, the bishop the other, whether it be a king's man or a thane's man."—Johnson, vol. i., 409.

What a picture! What a strange way of "taking up the collection"!

Could any action be more crushing and more certain to alienate people from religion, and make them utterly neglect it? Especially when they were taught that their religious duty chiefly consisted in paying tithes, and the priest's duty in consuming them—frequently in shameless dissipation and riotous living!

It mattered not what depredations the Danes constantly committed upon these helpless people, nor how they continually robbed them of the fruits of their labour, still the tithe must be paid, or the king's reeve and the bishop's reeve, with the parson of the mother Church, would come together and seize all that the man had except 1-10th, and divide it between them.

To me this seems so incredible that I would not have believed it if it did not rest on the highest authority.

Not only does high authority support this law, but to my amazement a Bampton lecturer attempts to justify it.—Soames, p. 165.

This law is enough to take one's breath away. Could anything more clearly establish the cunning craftiness and grasping greediness of the clergy, the dire ignorance and complete helplessness of the people? It is certain that they did offer stern and prolonged resistance to tithe-payments, or there would not have been any necessity to make such severe laws to compel people to pay

* Alms fee, or Plough alms—an offering made to the Church in proportion to the number of plough-lands which every man had.

them. We see here the complete surrender of the king and his counsellors to the crafty exactions of the church, as the priests were pleased to call it.

But there are considerations that throw light on their action. 1. The king and his chief men had their pickings out of it. They had patronage, and some of them had "livings." It is difficult to estimate the value of patronage to the rulers of that, or, in fact, of any other age. The people had lost all voice in the election of their ministers. It was not likely that any priest would get patronized by a ruler if he did not hold the candle to that ruler. The influence of the priesthood was immense. It was not possible to govern the country with any success or comfort without church-influence; neither, indeed, could a king long sit on his throne without it. Charles I., in later days, often used to say to Independents and others who argued against Episcopacy, "To do away with the bishops is to do away with the crown." He upheld the bishops, so that they in turn might uphold him. Neither, on the other hand, was it possible for priests or bishops to gain their greedy ends unless they had the goodwill and help of the crown. The two powers (civil and ecclesiastical) united to oppress and fleece the people they governed. That was indeed a mutual compact. The lord of the manor got 4-10ths, and the bishop got 4-10ths of the person's property, when some John Hampden or William Penn disputed the justice of the parson's claim. The argument was cut short by the speedy meeting of the parson and sheriffs, and the prompt division of the victim's property. Could any action be more cruel, more barbarous? I challenge any one to produce its equal. This done by Christ's representatives? Never! They were impostors in religion, and conjurers with religious things.

Writing of this King Edgar, Dr. Thos. Fuller, in his "Church History," Book II., Century X., says:—"I have read in a most fair and authentic gilded manuscript extant in the precious library of Sir Thos. Cotton, wherein he (Edgar) styleth himself 'God's vicar in England for the ordering ecclesiastical matters.' . . . The devotion of King Edgar may be condemned to be biassed to superstition." Soames states "that he styled himself 'the Vicar of Christ.'"

Dr. T. Fuller was no Dissenter, neither did he believe in voluntaryism. He was a dignitary of the Church of England, "Prebendary of Sarum, &c., &c.," and, as I shall have occasion in these pages to show, an earnest advocate for tithe payments. This Dr. Fuller tells us that "the devotion of King Edgar may be condemned to be biassed to superstition." Are all the generations of Englishmen for ever to be bound by laws made by superstitious men? Historians prove that the kings who made the laws by which the Clergy claim civil right to tithes, were superstitious, and even worse. One was a murderer, who caused a neighbouring king's death, so that he might seize his kingdom. He made the law to satisfy the menacing demands of the clergy, as penance, a few months before his death. Another was a monk, and designed by his father for a bishop. In all respects he was more fit to be a churchman than a king. Furthermore, he was in great fear of losing his crown. And that ground was diligently ploughed and plentifully sown by the clergy, who harvested an excellent crop. Are we to be bound by their laws—laws antagonistic to Apostolic teaching and practice? The grants of tithes by law were got by fraud through fear. The people were taught to believe that God's word commanded Christians to pay tithes, or else forfeit nine tenths of their property. Tithes were enacted in that belief. The Bible was to them a sealed book. These are our "pious ancestors" who "gave us the tithes"! And these are the "pious" ways in which they were induced to give them! "Surely this is the 'art of arts,' as Bishop Gregory testifieth."

Notices of Books.

All of Grace: an Earnest Word with those who are Seeking Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

Having of late written much for ministers and believers, it came into my mind that I ought to prepare a cheap book for the unconverted. Here it is. I have put my whole heart into it, and fertilized every page with prayer; and therefore I feel sure that God will bless it to the conversion of many. My publishers have put it into quaint and attractive binding, and its price is one shilling. If it has been my part to produce the book, it is now the part of lovers of souls to set it going among the thousands. I am confident that my friends will approve of it, and scatter it.

Queen Victoria: Scenes and Incidents of her Life and Reign. By Frederick Ball. With Eighty-eight Illustrations. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A Seasonable volume prepared for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. With all her sorrows, we question if ever Queen had a happier fifty years, and we also question whether any other monarch has so many prayers offered for the long continuance of her reign. We can scarcely have a better occupant of the throne, and we may have far worse, or none, which would probably be worst of all. The principal incidents in the royal life are pleasingly set forth, and worthily illustrated. The binding is striking, and we prophesy a long run for Mr. Ball's book.

History of the Scottish Nation. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Vol. I. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Dr. Wylie will be as much renowned for his "History of the Scottish Nation" as for his "History of Protestantism." Both works are written on the same lines, and are battering-rams against the Church of Rome. This may seem to be a singular statement so far as it refers to Scottish history; but the reader will soon see that it is emphatically true. The separate and independent church-life of Scotland which was traceable to Iona was vigorous in Caledonia long before a Romish missionary came hither with his claims of Popish supremacy, and our author is doing great service to coming ages in making this clear to all candid minds. History has too long been written by the enemy, and then endorsed by common use. All history needs re-writing: it should be done impartially, if possible; but we have long enough put up with it in the worst form of party pleading.

This promises to be a noble work. Every Scotchman should read it. This first volume scarcely reaches to authoritative history, but feels its way through the non-recorded periods, and closes before it reaches even so measurably near a period as that of our Saxon Alfred. We began to read it, and we could not lay down the book; it held us firmly, and demanded of us that we should hear it tell its tale even to the end. We yielded, and we advise our readers to do the same. We do not know how many volumes will be required to complete the work, but the next one will present the charming subjects of Patrick, Columba, &c.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The First Epistle to the Corinthians. By the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. Cambridge: University Press.

Another of this admirable series. Though meant for schools and colleges, these works will be valued by the ablest of Bible-readers.

Abundant Grace. Selected Addresses. By Rev. W. P. Mackay, M.A. R. S. Briggs, Toronto, Canada.

Of the lamented death of "Mackay, of Hull," we have already spoken. Anything which will perpetuate the memory of such a man is welcome. The volume before us contains a short biographical sketch, and about twenty sermons and addresses. These sermons are a revelation of the man, as well as of his Master. The truth they contain evidently passed through the fire of an intense life in the preacher, and it was delivered with force, clearness, and power, such as must have brought conviction to many hearts. We have here a ruggedness of style, a felicity of illustration, and a constant home-thrusting, which make the book healthy and profitable reading.

The City of God: a Series of Discussions on Religion. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. Second edition. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d.

A collection of sermons preached at various places and at considerable intervals. Some of them were pronounced on special occasions to select audiences. They are here gathered up, sorted, and pieced together, so as to assume the form of a continuous connected series. By way of "Introduction," we have a lecture on "Faith and Modern Thought," delivered at Airedale College, in 1878. We shall never cease to protest against the misleading method of naming volumes of sermons from some one discourse. A title broad enough to embrace all the sermons would surely have been preferable to the expedient of inscribing the whole volume with the title of the last discourse. Such a title, to wit, as "Religious Ideals," would have covered our author's entire course. These ideals, it is true, are not always identical in their significance. Sometimes the ideal is in comparison with the actual, as on "*The Religion of Christ*" (pp. 99—101). At another time it is in conjunction with the actual, as in "*The Death of Moses*," which he describes as "*an ideal death*" (p. 191). Or, mayhap, it is positively in contrast with the actual, as in the case of the "*City of God*" (p. 355).

Our space prohibits our pursuing the learned Professor through each of his Discussions. Arguments, sentiments, and illustrations of rare beauty and rich eloquence might be easily culled from these pages. We simply follow his lead in glancing at the one sermon he projects to the front. To the craving of man's heart, rather than to the revelation of God's purpose, he looks for a clue to "*the City.*" Hence he opens with a reference to three typical individuals, in three distant ages born, whose dreams descried "*the City*," when from feelings of solitude they longed for holy society. They are indexed thus—"*The ideas of*—(1.) *Augustine*; *the Civitas Dei.* (2.) *Abraham*; *the City which hath the Foundations.* (3.) *John in Patmos*; *the New Jerusalem.*" Observe, this is an extract; the order of recital is the author's, not ours. Augustine is in the van, John in the rear, and Abraham in the centre. This is the interpretation. "*In these so dissimilar and distant men a similar faith stands expressed. There is a City of God invisible, spiritual, which knows no place or time, which embodies God's ideal of society, the ordered and obedient life of man*" (p. 355). Further on, "*The City of God then is an eternal, unrealized, yet realizable ideal—an ideal that is to be for ever in the process of realization*" (p. 358). Surely, surely, the visions of the ancient seer were too distinct, and the details too minute to admit of our minds finding any satisfaction in such a negative notion as this. Is the kingdom of God a something always held before us, and never to be within our grasp? Our author's intention appears to be to discountenance the popular conception based on the heraldry of the Apocalypse and the hymnals of the Church. He has no sympathy with "*men who feel as if heaven could have no being unless placed in a city which stands square and strong to every wind that blows, whose walls are of precious stones, whose streets are of fine gold, paced perpetually by pilgrims who sing and carry palms, while in the midst, visible to all, is the throne of God and the Lamb.*" But his own favourite ideal is, to our apprehension, rather distressing than delightful. "*The high destiny which bids man ever struggle towards the Infinite, which he yet can never reach,*" too painfully reminds us of the doom of Sisyphus, rolling the huge stone up hill, which returns with increased velocity, till his punishment becomes interminable. Is Dr. Fairbairn's heaven Paradise or Gehenna? The description will do nearly as well for the one place as for the other. Such ideals may challenge admiration as exotics; they will never grow in the soil, or in the atmosphere which our hearts delight in. In form, colour, and fragrance, they differ widely from the flowers which may be discerned in all their beauty in the sacred songs which are used in Congregational worship. The people know a great deal more than their teachers, and in their favourite hymns they declare their grasp of truths after which eminent professors fumble in vain.

The Millennium; or, the coming Reign of Christ Spiritual, not Personal. By Rev. E. Storrow. J. Snow and Co.

Is not the title of this little book rather questionable? "Spiritual" and "Personal" are not as terms the inverse of each other. If we say, God is a Spirit, should we therefore deny that he is a Person? Touching the resurrection of the dead, Paul says, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Are we, then, to suppose that personality is lost in the change that accompanies resurrection?

So much for the title: now for the treatise. Our author is a specialist, but prophetic truth is not his *spécialité*. He takes up his subject on a side issue; his own special interest being concentrated on Christian Missions, with a particular view to the propagation of the gospel in India. So sanguine has he become of the ultimate success of Missionary Societies, that he is convinced that the doctrines of Christianity will inaugurate an era of righteous nationalities without the second Advent of the Messiah—the King who shall reign in righteousness. No doubt Mr. Storrow is a gracious man, and therefore his readings of divine Revelation may provoke a smile, but never a sneer. Perhaps the eyes of his understanding are not of equal power: one eye is singularly brilliant, the other nearly blind. His own remark, that he has only met with two authors of his way of thinking, and that their respective works were both out of print, ought to be suggestive to him. We can assure him that our conscience is clear on this matter. We pray perpetually, "Even so; come Lord Jesus," and we expect him so to come in like manner as he was seen to go into heaven; for his departure was personal, not metaphorical. Yet we try to keep near the front in the evangelical enterprise of sending forth ambassadors into all the world; the more so, because we know that the night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

The King's Coin; or, God's Fraction. By the Rev. Thomas J. Bass. With an Introduction by the Dean of Canterbury. Nisbet and Co.

The duty of a Christian to give at least a tenth of his income to the Lord is here set forth in clear and forcible language. This is by no means a new doctrine, but it is one which needs constant enforcing. If even liberal Christians were to keep account of their givings, they would be shocked to find how little they have devoted to the Lord's cause. Regular, systematic, proportionate giving is the only plan by which the duty can be fulfilled properly, so as to yield content to the conscience.

We hope this treatise will have a large sale. It has special relation to the Church of England, but it will be of great service to all Christendom. The price is eighteen-pence. It will be a profitable investment if lent about in a congregation.

Scientific Sophisms. A Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men. By Samuel Wainwright, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Here the evolutionists are smitten hip and thigh. Too many Christian people have been fascinated by the puerile hypothesis of evolution, and it is well that they should know how easily the whole mass of nonsense can be reduced to nothing. Dr. Wainwright is out-and-out in his opposition to the last and silliest of the philosophies; but he does not assail it with mere declamation, he goes to work at it in a scientific manner, and refutes the arguments of modern Gnostics with unquestioned facts. We use the word Gnostics, because our author truly says, "Honest doubt has been supplanted by the clamour of a positive self-assertion. Agnosticism is no more, and gnosticism reigns in its stead."

Believers who live in the constant enjoyment of the eternal verities can scarcely find time to glance at the ever-changing insanities of scepticism: it is theirs to use the truth for the glory of God and the good of men, and not from day to day to be discussing it. Yet, for the sake of others, certain gracious men must even bring themselves to answer idle dreamers, and, if they feel compelled to do so, they will find great help in this well-written volume. The day is not far distant when it will be difficult to make intelligent persons believe that educated men ever accepted such absurdities as those which are now the idols of the hour.

The Pentateuch: its Origin and Structure; an Examination of Recent Theories. By EDWIN CONE BISSELL, D.D., Professor in the Hartford Theological Seminary. Hodder and Stoughton. 1885.

THIS vindication of the Pentateuch against the vexatious cavils of "modern scientific criticism" deserves special notice. Our author is an American, who pursued his studies of the Old Testament in the University at Leipsic. There he became deeply interested in the discussions of the day; and, in connection with the private societies of Delitzsch and Guthe, he found the Pentateuch the principal topic. Names little known, except in literary circles, to Evangelical Protestants on either side of the Atlantic, were sufficiently renowned in Germany. Such were Reuss, George, and Vatke, Graff, and Wellhausen, with a British champion, of whom we have all heard, Professor Robertson Smith, who represents the novel theory as "the growing conviction of an overwhelming weight of the most earnest and sober scholarship." These partisans of the scientific method of investigation assume, with the magic wand of "Exegesis," to have detected that the Pentateuch is a piece of patchwork; that although "Deuteronomy" may have been drafted in the days of Josiah, the greater portion of the books of Moses was invented after the captivity; that different sects of the Hebrew community — "Jehovist," "Eloist," and "Deuteronomist,"— produced the several parts. They point out the obvious sections as they trace the seams. Then they discover the handiwork of an anonymous "Redactor," who, by skilful trimming, and careful interpolation, united them together into one continuous history. Adding the Book of Joshua to the five Books of Moses, they make up what they are pleased to call a "Hexograph," and this they assail with unscrupulous virulence. After breathing a while the atmosphere of their class-rooms, Dr. Bissell retired from Saxony, and returned to his native land; and there found some relief from the incubus of such killing literature in recording the reasons for his faith in an Old Testament revelation. More than half of this book has already appeared in print, being made up of articles contributed to the "Bibliotheca Sacra," and to the "Journal of the Society for Biblical Literature and Exegesis." The style throughout is calm and clear; respectful to the adversaries of inspiration, but most devout in its adherence to the authority of Holy Scripture. We follow with peculiar interest the reflections of a Professor who has acquainted himself with German criticism in its German form, and observed its subtle influence on the youth by whom he was surrounded. To us, however, it seems pitiful to speak of these speculations as science; or of the sciolists who promote them, as scholars. Hardly an axiom they lay down as the basis of argument is rational, or obvious enough to secure general assent. They start problems which they never profess to solve. Enough for them if they suggest a clue. Nothing is solid, all their metal is in a state of solution. We may meet with a proposition at the top of the page but with a "*q.e.d.*" at the bottom of the page never, by any chance. Little aid do our churches and pastors derive from colleges and their professors. Your theological professors find enough of recess and spare time to waste their wits on wild romance, while truly evangelical pastors have an arduous vocation which affords them no leisure to sift crude theories. With professors hypothesis after hypothesis explodes in the process of inflation; with us workers the faith once delivered to the saints abides steadfast throughout all generations. Antiquity helps us as it unearths the memorials of buried cities; and history and experience unite in vouching for spiritual facts described in the Book. Thanks to you, Dr. Bissell, for your exposure of captivating fallacies. It will fortify us with a chapter of evidences.

Bible Readings. Selected from the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. By Rev. J. A. CROSS. Macmillan and Co. Price 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS to the title exactly. Probably in some schools the selection will be found useful, but it seems an expensive way of buying a part of the Bible.

Marie's Home; or, a Glimpse at the Past. By CAROLINE AUSTIN. Blackie and Son.

BY a rather pretty conceit the writer describes a parent as putting into the hands of a maiden in her teens, as a birthday gift, the diary of her grandmother. The old lady therein describes her home-life in the family mansion, and also the scenes she witnessed, and the horrors she and her family passed through in the Court of Marie Antoinette, at Versailles, and also in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Now that we have in our midst men who flaunt the red flag and the cap of liberty, it may not be lost time to read of the doings of mobs of hunger-bitten men with whose madness some seem to be bitten.

Gytha's Message: a Tale of Saxon England. Blackie and Son.

A VERY interesting story of the times of Edward the "Confessor," Harold, and William the Conqueror, which will give young people a better idea of the home-life of the Anglo-Saxon Thanes, and of the stirring events of the period, than many a history lesson at school. The chief interest centres in the little slave-girl, Gytha, who, while sheltered for a short time in a convent, hears and receives the "message" of God's love in Christ Jesus, and lets the little light she has there received so shine amid the heathen darkness of the Thane's household, that some therein are blest, many bettered, and God glorified.

The 'Squire's Hat, and other Gospel Temperance Stories. By JAMES M. RUSSELL. Jarrold and Sons.

IF all the stories are as good as the one which gives a title to the whole, this is a capital collection of tales. These brief narratives are suitable for temperance readings. Wood-cuts very wooden.

The River Waif; or, The "Luck" of Godfrey's Wharf. By CONSTANCE CROSS. John F. Shaw and Co.

A GHASTLY, tragic story of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; but setting forth the power of the Gospel to enlighten and soften the darkest and most brutal natures, and of the sovereign virtue of the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel to wash out even the brand of Cain. We are indebted to this story for the information that the Cathedral prayer-singing of the hired minstrels in their outward and visible *chemises de nuit* was the means of the conversion of an ignorant and wicked old man who crept in out of curiosity. We would fain hope that this at least is not fiction, but an illustration of the mighty power of the Divine Word under circumstances greatly calculated to hinder its operations.

Us Three. By E. A. B. D. John F. Shaw and Co.

THE frontispiece introduces us to "Us Three," viz., a quarryman's wife, or, rather, widow—for her husband has just been brought home dead—her little boy, who has just come in and learned of his irreparable loss, and little "Puz" (short for "Puzzle"), their pet dog. The hard struggle of the poor widow and her lad to get daily bread, and how they were helped by the Father of the fatherless and Judge of the widow, are pathetically told. Nor is the short biography of poor "Puz" without interest to all lovers of animals. Many who read the story and have not yet done something to help the widow and orphan, will do so at once; the Stockwell Orphanage will be their happy almoner.

The Pedlar and his Dog. By Miss ROWSELL. Blackie and Son.

A VERY interesting little story, which tells, in a pleasant way, the wanderings of an old pedlar and his dog Shock, through the villages and towns of England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. We think all young folks who read it will like it.

The Archer's Chance Shot; and *Waiting: an Allegorical Story.* By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

THE first of these neat little shilling books contains an interesting account of the conversion of a Roman Catholic father and daughter. We can make very little out of the second story; we even fail to see the allegory which its title promises.

Wait till it Blooms. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A LIVELY little tale, meant to teach little folks to be careful and exact in little matters, as great events from little causes spring. For a shilling, youngsters can here have a *story* with a haunted house and a ghost in it.

The Sunbeam Stories. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. Crosby, Lockwood and Co.

WE cannot afford space for the nine or ten pretty little volumes of this series. The price is one shilling; and the books themselves strike us as being worthy of a place in all family and school libraries. The series, as a whole, is sure to command public favour.

Josceline; or, the Cousins. By M. M. POLLARD. Sunday School Union.

THE trials and triumphs over peculiar difficulties of a girl in her teens are very well portrayed in this pretty book. Josceline is the motherless child of a wealthy Jamaica planter, sent over to her father's friends to be educated. Her peculiar tastes and habits subject her to the thoughtless ridicule of her young relatives, and cause her to be misunderstood by her teachers. Young people should learn from the story to be more considerate of the feelings of their companions, and teachers to study the characters, and make proper allowances for the deficiencies of their pupils.

Thrown on the World; or, the Scrapes and 'Scapes of Ray and Bertie. By EDWIN HODDER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A GRAND book for our elder boys especially, brimful of travel-talk and adventure, and sparkling with fun. The titles of half-a-score books leaped to our lips as we made the grand tour with Ray, Bertie, and their tutor, "old Cherrystones"; *e.g.*, "Holidays in the Highlands," "The Exiles of Siberia," "With Brigands in Greece," "The Successful Merchant," "With Nihilists in Russia," "The Innocents Abroad," "A Trip to the North Cape," &c., &c. Mr. Hodder must be a walking library of Murray's Handbooks. We could not help wishing we had been "thrown on the world" with him instead of "old Cherrystones" as a guide, philosopher, and friend; and his readers will wish so too.

Issy: a Story of Trust and Triumph. By L. L. McL. BACKLER. Partridge and Co.

A HEART-TOUCHING little story of the rescue of a poor little waif, "Issy," from an East-end slum, by the Christ-like ministry of a City clerk and his good wife. The fiction happily has its counterpart in the veritable rise and progress of many a "Home" for little waifs, and will stimulate Christian workers to "rescue the perishing, and care for the dying."

That Boy Tom. By M. SEYMOUR. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A RATHER common-place story of a youngster who fancied that he knew more than his godly old "granny," until he was led by her dying words of warning to discover his own blindness and guilt, and to find pardon and peace through the cross of Christ. Simple and sound, and nicely got up.

The Hallam Succession. By AMELIA E. BARR. T. Woolmer.

A STRANGE mixture of all sorts of things. Not at all to our mind. Every part is over-wrought, and strains at an effect which it fails to produce. Whilst defending Methodism, it denounces Dissent: we dissent from this method.

Worth the Winning. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A QUAKER story, which will harm no one, and may possibly do good. There is nothing particularly striking in the tale, but it is good enough to lead us slightly to alter the title, and call it, "Worth the Reading."

Oldham; or, Beside all Waters. By L. E. GUERNSEY. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A SIMPLE story of country life in America, in which the gospel is clearly stated. It shows how seed sown by a Christian teacher bore fruit in the lives of her scholars. The close of the story is too tragic for our taste.

The Opposite House; with other Stories. By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAN. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

EXCEEDINGLY good. These stories hold the mirror up to nature, and the reader will be the wiser for looking therein.

Thirty Sermons for Children. By the Rev. G. Litting, M.A., LL.B. R. D. Dickinson.

Very good. We have seen many worse addresses than these, and few better. They will be helpful to teachers who have to take a children's service.

The Anglican Pulpit of To-day. Forty Short Biographies and Forty Sermons of Distinguished Preachers of the Church of England. Hodder and Stoughton.

A valuable collection of specimen discourses from most of the great Anglican preachers of the day. All schools are represented. Canon Liddon is absent: we suppose he did not care to appear in such mixed company. Apart from this, the selection will convey to future generations a fair idea of the Anglican pulpit in 1885, and it will lead them to acknowledge that it was not lacking in men of remarkable oratorical power.

Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia, Revised to the end of March, 1886. Edited by E. D. Price, F.G.S. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, 52, Long Acre.

Full of useful information of the kind needed by any reader of the daily newspaper. To the end of March everything is up to date. This will not supersede Whitaker, but it will be a very handy companion thereto. It is a sort of book which should lie on the study table, or be somewhere near at hand at all times. It is a book for *immediate* purchase, but much of the matter will be of permanent value. Price 3s. 6d.

Notes.

We do not consider it to be our duty to discuss politics in *The Sword and the Trowel*, but in answer to many friends we feel bound to express our great regret that the great Liberal leader should have introduced his Irish Bills. We cannot see what our Ulster brethren have done that they should be cast off. They are in great dismay at the prospect of legislative separation from England; and we do not wonder. They have been ever our loyal friends, and ought not to be sacrificed. Surely something can be done for Ireland less ruinous than that which is proposed. The method of pacification now put forward seems to us to be full of difficulties, absurdities, and unworkable proposals. It is well meant; but even the best and greatest may err. Is it not possible for those who desire the welfare of Ireland, and the unity of the empire, to devise a more acceptable scheme? We cannot look forward with any complacency to Ulster Loyalists abandoned and an Established Irish Catholic Church; and yet these are by no means the greatest evils which we foresee in the near future, should the suggested policy ever become fact.

Among our chief deprivations, through illness, has been our inability to speak for the London City Mission, at the meeting convened by the Duke of Westminster. Our obligations to Canon Fleming for frequent and most generous help are very great, and we hoped to have expressed our gratitude to him by speaking at that gathering. Still more do we feel that the City Mission is one of God's chief instruments for the salvation of London. It ought never to run short of funds. Seething with vice, poverty, and infidelity, our city is an incalculable danger: as well feel comfortable on the sides of Vesuvius as in the neighbourhood of such a population. The gospel carried from house to house can alone give this vast metropolis safety, to say nothing of purity or happiness.

Once more the Editor has been called to pass through the fiery furnace of pain. This sad state of affairs has largely resulted from the extra services which he has been induced to undertake lately. Nearly every day requests have come in, begging for sermons, addresses, &c., on behalf of all sorts of objects at home and abroad. Many of these have been refused with regret, but there were some to which a denial could not be given, and this is the consequence. After preaching the annual sermon for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Great Queen Street Chapel, the preacher returned quite exhausted, and suffering acutely. He has since then spent three Sabbaths at home, in pain and weakness, instead of ministering to the great congregation at the Tabernacle; he has had to be absent from the greater part of the College Conference, and all the meetings of the Colportage Society, while all regular work has been thrown into confusion, and friends far and near have been made to suffer through the Pastor's illness. The question continually comes up—is not this too heavy a price to pay for the privilege of rendering occasional service to deserving objects outside our own immediate circle?

There is, however, a bright side to the dark picture. Notwithstanding the Presi-

dent's absence from so many of the Conference meetings, they were full of interest and spiritual power, and the brethren returned to their various fields of labour conscious that the Lord had been in their midst, increasing their zeal, deepening their consecration, and more fully qualifying them for future service. Our ever-generous helpers, who assembled around the supper-table, with the liberal gifts of those unable to be present, made up £2,250 for the College funds, and thus set our mind free from all anxiety concerning the maintenance of the students during another year. While we have been ill, large sums have come into the Orphanage treasury, and we have also received notice of the first American legacy we have ever had for any of our institutions. As soon as the necessary documents can be signed and returned, £400, left to us for the Orphanage, by a generous gentleman in New Jersey, will be duly forwarded. Truly, the Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us. What an unspeakable mercy it is that, even during our illness, we have been enabled to send forth No. 1,900 of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit"! Let those who read that sermon see whether gout makes us surly, or even melancholy. Yet that discourse was almost re-written when it was torture to hold a pen.

Mrs. Spurgeon's many friends will be gratified to learn that the sale of her volume, entitled, "Ten Years of My Life in the Service of the Book Fund," has been so rapid that the first edition is nearly exhausted, and the publishers are preparing to issue a second edition. The book can be obtained through any bookseller, or any number of copies will be sent at the published price (3s. 6d.), post or carriage free, by Mrs. Spurgeon, or Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

Since he prepared the article on "Bible Conquests," which appeared in last month's magazine, the writer has been shocked to find that the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has gone back into heathenism. The facts of his supposed conversion were published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in their Report for 1854 (p. 97); and in the last published Report (1885) the name of Dhuleep Singh appears among the vice-presidents of the society.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION.—Our friends who are engaged in this pleasing work ask us to say that they will be glad to receive further supplies of flowers suitable for distribution in hospitals, infirmaries, &c. The packages should be addressed to Miss Higgs, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, and be sent off in time to arrive by ten o'clock on Wednesday mornings. The hampers or baskets in which the flowers are forwarded will be returned carriage paid.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—A. B. is gratefully informed that the parcels sent by her have arrived safely, and that the Society is still prosecuting its much-needed work. New or partly-worn garments, or materials for making up, will be heartily welcomed by Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London; and articles that would be more suitable for colporteurs than ministers will be thankfully received by Mrs. Pearce, at the same address, for the Colportage Working Society.

HADDON HALL.—On *Good Friday*, a social meeting was held, which proved exceedingly popular. Although the day was so remarkably fine that the people were expected to spend their holiday in the country, 350 sat down to tea. The earlier part of the evening was spent in hearing the experiences of a number of brethren. Some told the story of their conversion, and others of the Lord's gracious dealings with them in other ways; altogether, ten brethren took part. Afterwards dissolving views, illustrating Bunyan's "Holy War," were shown and explained by Mr. W. Olney, jun. The hall was crowded, and many more would have entered if there had been room for them.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS' TRACT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held on *Friday evening, April* 30, in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, under the presidency of W. C Murrell, Esq., when addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. W. Harrald, G. E Elvin, and J. T. Dunn; and the Orphanage choir and other friends gave additional interest to the proceedings by singing, bell-ringing, and reciting. From the report read by Mr. C. Cornell, the Secretary, it appears that during the past 20 years about 240,000 of the Pastor's sermons have been circulated as loan tracts; and many cases of blessing through the reading of them have been reported, while, doubtless, there are many others which have only been recorded on high. Sixty towns and villages in the United Kingdom have had grants during the past year, and that number might be largely increased if the Society's funds could be augmented. All particulars can be obtained of Mr. Cornell, 8, Hartington House, Mason-street, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., by whom donations will be thankfully received.

COLLEGE:—Mr. C. A. Fellowes, who has been for some time co-pastor with his father at John Street Chapel, Edgware Road, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at St. Helier's, Jersey. Mr. W. J. N. Vanstone is removing from Hay and Bronith, South Wales, to Leafield, Oxfordshire, and Mr. T. Cameron, late of Lochee, is going to Lichfield Street, Willenhall.

Friends who are thinking of spending their summer holidays at the sea-side are reminded that at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, there is a Baptist Chapel, with an

earnest preacher of the gospel, who will be most grateful for the sympathy and help of Baptists who may be able to visit that part of the island. Arrangements are being made for a bazaar, for which contributions of money and articles will be thankfully received by Mr. S. L. Lindley, Arthur Villa, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

CONFERENCE:—The twenty-second annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association commenced under a cloud. The ministers and students, who met for prayer, on *Monday afternoon*, *May* 3, at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road, had a special and unexpected subject for their petitions, through the illness of the President, who had hoped to preside at the evening meeting. At the tea-table, a stirring and inspiring address was delivered by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., and hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and their kind friends for the excellent way in which they had entertained the brethren. At the public meeting in the evening, the spacious chapel was crowded. The Vice-President (J. A. Spurgeon) occupied the chair, in the enforced absence of his brother; prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Douglas, M.A., and addresses were delivered by Pastors T. G. Tarn, (Cambridge,) G. Stanley, (Eythorne,) and T. L. Edwards, (Stockton,) and by Mr. S. B. Drake, missionary from China. At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Pastor T. W. Medhurst, (Lake Road, Landport,) presided; and several brethren from the country either spoke or prayed.

On *Tuesday morning*, *May* 4, in consequence of the President's continued illness, the Vice-President occupied the chair. Professors Rogers and Gracey were unable to be present, but in the course of the day letters from both of them were read, and appropriate replies were sent in the name of all the brethren. The first hour was spent in praise and prayer, at the close of which the Vice-President read a portion of Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, and delivered an address founded upon the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." He then introduced the Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, the President-elect of the Baptist Union, who spoke with much power upon the resemblance which should exist between our ministry, and that of the Lord Jesus Christ. A loving message of sympathy was sent to the absent President, in reply to his letter to the Conference; and the rest of the morning was occupied with the business of the gathering. The principal items of general interest were the following:—The deaths of five brethren were reported, five names were removed from the list, and the names of 32 students, who have been in the College over six months, were added to the roll. The officers were all re-elected. The Assurance Community balance sheet showed that, including £31 5s. 6d. in hand last year, the total receipts had been £121 0s. 6d., and the payments £90 17s. 6d., leaving £30 3s. with which to commence this year. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Allison for his services, and he was asked to continue as manager of the fund during the present year. *Monday*, *June* 21*st*, was fixed for the *day of special united prayer* by all the churches connected with the Conference. (Will all our brethren kindly note the date; and, with their people, keep the day for very earnest importunate supplication for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost?) Altogether, the morning was an exceedingly profitable time, notwithstanding the disappointment necessarily caused by the President's absence.

The trustees of the Orphanage, recognizing the services rendered to the institution by many of the ministers, invited the members of the Conference to spend the afternoon and evening with them at Stockwell. In addition to the usual programme on such occasions, there was a most interesting exhibition of gymnastic exercises, by a number of boys who have recently undergone special training for the purpose. The orphans also occupied the principal portion of the evening with their singing and bell-ringing; and addresses on "Incidents in Evangelistic Work" were given by Messrs. J. Burnham and A. A. Harmer, two members of the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

On *Wednesday morning*, *May* 5, when the brethren assembled, they were devoutly thankful that their beloved President was able to be with them, but deeply grieved to see how much he was still suffering. After a brief season of prayer, the President delivered the address of which the first portion is published in the present number of the magazine, and his weighty words were all the more impressive from the fact that those who listened to them were assured that the speaker would be obliged to return to his sick chamber, and renewed pain, after the effort he had made to meet the band of brethren he so dearly loves. The remainder of the sitting was devoted to foreign mission work, the claims of which were ably advocated by A. H. Baynes, Esq., secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society; and interesting details of missionary service and suffering were given by Mr. S. B. Drake, from China, and Mr. R. Maplesden, from India, both of whom are hoping to return to preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Brief prayers brought to a close the proceedings of another morning which will long be remembered by those who were privileged to be present.

In the evening the annual meeting of subscribers and friends was held, under the presidency of George Palmer, Esq., J.P., of Reading. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Stott; the Vice-President presented a report of the past year's work; and

addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Canon Fleming, Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P., Mr. Henry Varley, and Pastors W. W. Blocksidge, (New Brompton,) J. S. Geale, (Brighton,) and J. E. Jasper, (Carshalton,) and Mr. Drake, from China. The visitors then adjourned to the lecture-hall to partake of supper provided by the President and two or three friends, and prepared by Mr. Murrell and his helpers; and when the collectors had been round it was found that nearly £2,100 had been contributed to the College funds. Friends unable to be present sent further donations, bringing up the total to £2,250. For this most gratifying result we first thanked our gracious God, and then expressed our gratitude to the esteemed chairman, to Mr. Murrell, and to all who had helped to make the evening such a magnificent success.

On *Thursday morning, May* 6, though still weak and in much pain, the President occupied the chair throughout the whole sitting. During the earlier proceedings, letters from sick and absent brethren were read, and they were lovingly commended to the Lord in prayer. A paper on "Handling the Truth" was read by Pastor J. Bradford, (Leytonstone,) and we enjoyed it so much that we have printed it in the magazine, in order that our readers might become sharers in our joy. Pastor C. Joseph (Birmingham) followed with a paper upon "The Influence of Character upon Creed," which was the subject of kindly criticism. The following resolution was carried with great heartiness:—

"The Pastors in Conference assembled desire to tender their heart-felt thanks to their firm and long-tried friend, Mrs. Spurgeon, for the generous and thoughtful gifts in which her Christian love has again found expression. They cannot think without emotion of the ten years of her life, during which her unseen hand has forgotten its weariness while ministering to their welfare, nor do they fail to recall the many thoughtful and delicate ways in which that service has been rendered. They are glad to know that, by the Master's own rule, her splendid kindness returns in yet richer blessedness on herself, and they would unite their prayers that, through many years, she may be spared, with increasing and deepening joy, to be identified with her beloved husband in the Presidency of their Association."

Pastor G. Smith (Bexley Heath) read an admirable paper upon "The Minister's Self-ministry," which we hope also to present to our readers.

At the public meeting in the evening, the Tabernacle was almost full, and again the President presided, though it was evident to all that he was very ill. Prayer was presented by Professor Marchant; addresses were given by Pastors F. E. Blackaby, (Stow-on-the-Wold,) H. O. Mackey, (Peckham Park Road,) W. H. Broad, (Cotton Street, Poplar,) and H. H. Pullen (Darlington). Mr. Harmer related some of his experiences as an evangelist; and our singing brethren, Mayers and Chamberlain, together with the Orphanage children, helped in the service of praise. It was a very impressive sight when, at the Chairman's call, the hundreds of ministers and students stood up, and, in token of their loyalty to Christ and his gospel, led the assembly in singing, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." Before the meeting closed, Mr. Spurgeon presented to Mr. Murrell a set of the Religious Tract Society's "Pen and Pencil" series, as a token of gratitude from himself and the brethren for his arduous labours in providing for their comfort and refreshment during the week. The ministers and students were afterwards entertained at supper in the usual bountiful manner, so bringing to a close another enjoyable and profitable day.

On *Friday morning, May 7th*, the President was so exhausted by his efforts on the preceding day that he was unable to be present, so his brother took his place. To the great delight of the brethren, Professor Gracey was sufficiently restored from his accident on the railway to be at the final meeting of the Conference, though he did not feel strong enough to take any public part in the proceedings. Exceedingly able papers were read by Pastor T. I. Stockley (Sheffield) on "Our Spiritual Life: its influence upon our preaching"; and by Pastor H. Trotman (Blisworth) on "How far we may be responsible for the spiritual condition of our hearers." After a hearty vote of thanks had been passed to those who had entertained the brethren at their homes during the week, we assembled around the Lord's table for our closing communion, in the course of which prayer was offered by Pastor Charles Spurgeon; a brief address was given by the Vice-President, founded upon the words, "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you"; and another by the Rev. John Spurgeon, upon the passage, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Then followed Psalm cxxii., sung as usual by the whole company standing with hands linked.

At the farewell dinner, Pastor F. H. White, our Remembrancer, reported that 205 brethren had collected or contributed £589 5s. 11d. for the College funds during the year, an increase both in numbers and amount upon the preceding year. Mr. White was heartily thanked for his services, and at the same time a resolution was passed earnestly asking every brother to endeavour to send up a collection or contribution for the College before the next Conference. Votes of thanks, good wishes, &c., were then accorded by acclamation to many friends. The Doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and we went our several ways, praising God for all the blessings we had received while meeting with our brethren, and looking forward to a year of hard but happy work for the Master

who had so graciously manifested himself to us each day of the sacred feast.

EVANGELISTS.—The Congregational minister at Hereford writes, concerning *Mr. Smith's* mission in that city:—"Mr. Smith has carried on the work single-handed with an energy and success that could scarcely be expected from one man. I have never seen our places of worship so densely crowded, and the interest was maintained without abatement to the last. As the mission advanced, impressions were deepened, and though there has been no undue excitement, many have been pricked in their hearts." At the meeting of subscribers and friends before the College supper, very gratifying testimony to the blessing resting upon Mr. Smith's work at Ross was borne by Thos. Blake, Esq., M.P. During the latter half of May, Mr. Smith has been holding services at Great Grimsby; and this month he is to visit the Potteries.

Mr. Fullerton reports himself much better in every way, and he hopes to return to work with his colleague in September. He has greatly enjoyed his pilgrimage to Bible lands, but he says that he would much rather be occupied in winning souls for Christ.

Since the Conference, *Mr. Burnham* has visited Billingboro'; and *Mr. Harmer* has gone to Co. Tyrone, Ireland, for tent services in connection with the Baptist Union British and Irish Home Mission.

COLPORTAGE.—The anniversary meetings of the Colportage Association were held on *Sunday and Monday, May 16 and 17*. On Sunday morning and afternoon, the committee met about thirty of the colporteurs for prayer and conference, and a stirring address was delivered by Mr. Wm. Olney. The President's absence through illness was sadly felt on Monday afternoon; but Pastor J. Douglas, M.A., of Kenyon Chapel, kindly gave an address, which was much appreciated.

The annual meeting in the Tabernacle was a real lively time. Mr. W. Olney occupied the chair. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., delivered an address urging the value of colportage work, and showing that this agency had been used in Apostolic times, at the era of the Reformation, and during the revival of the last century; and should be unceasingly employed in view of the favourable conditions created by the extension of the franchise, and the facilities offered by the present educational advantages. The annual report was read by the secretary, W. Corden Jones, showing that the value of sales had been £9,525 16s. 2d., being an increase of £538 8s. 9d. on the last year, which had been the best previous year. The number of Bibles and books issued was about 457,527, and periodicals, 320,504.

It was pointed out that the whole of the subscriptions received went direct to pay the colporteurs, all the working expenses being met by trade profits, the residue of which was used in supplementing the subscriptions.

A very enthusiastic meeting was brought to a close by addresses from some of the colporteurs.

ORPHANAGE.—*The Annual Fête* will (D.V.) be held on *Wednesday, June 23rd*, the nearest convenient day to the President's birthday. We hope to see a large company of friends from the country, while our London helpers will, doubtless, as usual, come in their thousands. The trustees are making arrangements for several novel features, which will give additional interest to this year's festival. There is to be an Old English Market, with a number of stalls for the sale of useful and ornamental articles. Any contributions of goods will be heartily welcomed. All parcels should be sent to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. The Baptist church at West Croydon, under the pastoral charge of the Vice-President, has undertaken to furnish one stall, in the hope that other London and provincial churches will follow the example. Time is very short, but willing friends can do much in three weeks. A special novelty will be the athletic exercise of the boys who have been recently undergoing instruction in gymnastics. If the Lord will send us fine weather, restore the President to health, and bring together the generous helpers of the Orphanage as in former years, we shall have fresh cause to praise and magnify his holy name.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Fifteen years ago, one of our Tabernacle friends sent one of his Pastor's printed sermons to his mother, who gave it to a young man under conviction of sin. It was blessed to the conversion of both the man and his wife; and this encouraged our brother to continue what he calls his Sermon Mission. His plan is to get addresses through some Christian friend, and then send the sermons direct. In 1884, he posted 980; in 1885, 1,271; this year he hopes to make up the number to 2,000. He suggests that many other friends might adopt a similar plan with the most cheering results. He is constantly hearing of blessing received through the reading of the sermons, though in most instances they are sent to complete strangers.

A friend tells us of a village in *Kent*, where our sermons have been distributed among the farm-labourers by a good Wesleyan sister. As the result of their circulation, and other agencies, many have been converted, and others established in the faith. One man, who was formerly a great drinker, had the sermons lent to him, and they brought him to the Saviour. He is now an active worker in connection with the services held in an oasthouse on the farm.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 29, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D....	0	10	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	10	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder...	2	2	0
Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Heritage	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hudson	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Edwards...	5	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	0	10	0
Mr. P. Holland	1	0	0
Mr. T. E. Wright	1	1	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	2	2	0
Collection and subscriptions from Elgin Baptist Church, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	5	10	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	10	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	2	0
Collection at Bovingdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. G. Kemp...	0	7	0
Contribution from Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor F. J. Feltham	2	2	0
Collection at James's Grove Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. E. Bennett ...	5	4	3
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Mr. F. J. Chapman	1	1	0
Contribution from Bromley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Tessier ...	2	0	0
Dr. Barnardo	5	5	0
Mr. S. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. E. Gammon	1	1	0
Collection at Burnham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	1	0	0
Mr. J. Coulson	1	1	0
Dr. Cronin	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dore	2	0	0
Mr. Busbridge	0	10	0
The Hon. Mrs. Trotter	5	0	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. H. Mallett	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards ...	1	15	6
Mr. E. S. Boot	2	2	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers...	3	3	0
Mr. T. Burrill	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Rains	5	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Rev. T. N. Smith	0	4	0
Mr. John Dodd	1	1	0
Mr. George Plumbly	1	1	0
Miss Heath	3	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	13	2
The late Mrs. E. M. Layard, per Rev. C. Clement Layard	50	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. E. G. Wrigley...	10	0	0
Mrs. C. E. Burt	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Altham	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Betts	10	10	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Figgis	5	0	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Collection at Kenyon Chapel, after sermon by Mr. Spurgeon	11	10	6
Collection at Wimbledon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Ingrem	2	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearce	10	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Harris	2	2	0
Mr. John Best, J.P.	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Freeth	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Biss	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. G. H. Kilby	2	16	0
Collection at Godstone Baptist Chapel	1	5	6
Pastor T. Hancocks and friends at Chatham	5	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	1	1	0
Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley ...	5	2	9
Pastor E. White	1	0	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	5	0
Rev. J. Green	0	5	0
Collected by Pastor E. George	4	15	9
Pastor F. Cockerton and friends at Pain's Hill	0	10	0
Collection at Commercial Road Baptist Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	2	5	0
Contribution from Baptist Chapel, Ashford, Kent, per Pastor E. Roberts ...	4	11	6
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	11	1	6
Collection at Ilfracombe Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Genders	3	12	6
Part collection, South Stockton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Winsor ...	0	10	0
Pastor John Palmer	0	7	6
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible-class ...	5	0	0
Collection at Ashdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. J. Layzell	1	0	0
Collection at Grafton Street, Northampton, per Pastor S. Needham	1	10	0
Contribution from Highgate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	10	0
Contribution from Arthur Street Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor W. Smith...	1	1	0
Collection at Maidenhead Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Irving	2	8	0
Collection at Chelsea Chapel, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	2	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	19	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards ...	2	2	0
Rev. E. A. Carter	2	2	0
Pastor R. Ensoll	0	10	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	2	11
Contribution from Old King Street Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans	5	0	0
Pastor T. Hagen	0	10	0
Bible-class and friends at Battersea Chapel, per Pastor W. Hamilton ...	0	17	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Mrs. Ryder	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Pastor C. Rudge	0	10	0
Contribution from King Street Chapel, Oldham, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	1	1	0
From friends at Melksham, per Pastor G. A. Webb	2	0	0
Part collection at Faringdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg ...	1	2	6
Crawley Baptist Church, per Pastor J. McAuslane	0	10	0
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor Geo. Duncan, D.D.	1	0	0
Contribution from New Brompton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor W. C. Bryan:—			
Mr. Butcher 0 5 0			
Mr. Jackson 0 5 0			
Mr. Bidwell 0 5 0			
Miss Gregory 0 5 0			
Mr. Tebbutt 0 10 0			
Pastor W. C. Bryan ... 0 5 0			
	1	15	0
Mrs. A. Norris	0	10	0
Mr. W. Heath	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson	1	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Teddington, per Pastor A. Greer	4	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Pastor W. Dobson... ...	2	10	0
Contribution from Baptist Chapel, Guild Street, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew	0	10	6
Pastor H. C. Field	0	10	6
Contribution from Rushden Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins ..	2	2	0
Contribution from Southend Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor H. W. Childs	2	0	0
Pastor A. Knell	0	10	0
Subscriptions from Baptist Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, North, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	4	0	0
Collection at Redditch Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. W. Berry	1	6	6
Contribution from Walthamstow Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Breewood	1	2	0
Pastor A. E. and Mrs. Johnson ...	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lecture, by Pastor F. E. Blackaby, Stow-on-the-Wold ...	1	16	0
Pastor John Field	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm	1	1	0
Collection at Ridgmount Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Juniper	3	0	0
Collection at Shefford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Smith	1	3	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	6	0
Subscriptions from Heneage Street Baptist Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor G. West	3	3	0
Contribution from Sandown Baptist Church, per Pastor C. Fowler ...	1	1	0
H.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. N. T. J. Miller ...	2	10	6
Mr. J. Grose	2	2	0
Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Last	0	12	6
Pastor C. Pearce	0	10	0
Pastor F. M. Smith's Bible-class, Hornsey Rise	1	11	0
An Ebenezer stone, S.E., for 1885 ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Pearce	5	0	0
Part collection, Grove Road, Victoria Park, per Pastor W. J. Inglis ...	2	0	0
Pastor C. Bloy	0	2	6
Part collection, Sherborne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. G. Clow ...	1	1	0
Collection at Orpington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Scilley	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Barley	2	0	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Collection at North Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Chadwick ...	4	14	0
Pastor J. Briggs	0	2	6
Collected by Pastor R. T. Lewis ...	2	18	0
Per Pastor Geo. Wainwright:—			
Mr. Stanion 0 10 0			
Mr. Oppenheimer 0 10 0			
Mr. Simpson 0 10 0			
Mr. Sykes 0 10 0			
Mr. King 0 10 0			
Friends 0 6 0			
	2	16	0
From friends at Eynsford and Kingsdown, per Pastor G. B. Richardson ..	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Cook	2	2	0
Mr. Philip A. Houghton...	10	0	0
Pastor G. Smith	0	10	0
Pastor J. McNab	0	7	0
Mr. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Pastor H. Bradford	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Grange, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	2	12	6
Mr. W. Dunning	2	2	0
Collection at Victoria Road Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor E. Henderson	12	14	8
Per Pastor R. S. Latimer:—			
Mr. James Smith 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Few 0 10 0			
R. S. L. 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	3	1	0
Collection at Parson's Hill Chapel, Woolwich, per Pastor J. Wilson ...	5	0	0
Putney Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Thomas	0	10	6
Subscription from Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. H. White	4	7	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Brondesbury, per Pastor J. C. Thompson ...	3	2	11
Contribution from Battersea Park Chapel, per Pastor T. Lardner ...	1	1	0
Collection at St. Ann's Baptist Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor W. Sullivan ...	1	10	0
Pastor J. Bradford	1	1	0
Pastor A. H. King	0	2	0
Collection at Brixham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. T. Almy	1	7	0
Radcliff Street Church, Nottingham, per Pastor J. G. Williams	0	5	0
Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	0	17	6
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliff	1	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. E. Bithray	5	5	0
Mr. T. Drake	5	5	0
Mr. Finch	2	2	0
Mr. Manley	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harden	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	4	4	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Short	2	2	0
Mr. James Clark	10	10	0
Mr. George Hollands	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alderton	3	3	0
Mr. Stocks	1	1	0
Mr. Bennett	1	1	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Miss Ethel James	1	1	0
Mr. William Fox	10	10	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
L. G.	2	2	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. T. T. Cook	1	1	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters	2	2	0
Mr. Hellier	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Lovell, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	5	5	0
Mr. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Whiteman	5	0	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	20	0	0
Rev. A. E. Green	1	0	0
Mr. F. L. Edwards	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	20	0	0
Rev. J. J. Kendon...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	3	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hicks	1	1	0
A friend	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Miss Darkin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	5	0	0
Mr. John Bygrave	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. John Morgan	2	2	0
Miss Smallridge	1	10	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Conolly	2	2	0
Mr. and Miss S. Mould	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. F. Rouse	3	3	0
Mrs. F. Rouse	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. F. Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Doyle	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Granville	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Sutcliff	2	2	0
Mr. E. Ward	1	1	0
Miss Ward	0	5	0
Rev. G. A. Ormsby	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Gloag	1	1	0
Mrs. Josiah Ruck	10	0	0
Miss Lena Ruck	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Congreve	10	10	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Miss Heritage	2	2	0
A friend	0	10	6
Miss Pearson	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Emery	10	0	0
Mr. M. Romang, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. E. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. C. F. Hodges	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. E. Dipple	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	3	3	0
Mr. R. Brigenshaw	1	0	0
Miss H. Tillotson	1	1	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. Jas. Toller	3	3	0
Mr George Redman	3	0	0
Mr. Bartram, per Mr. G. Redman	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Fox	2	0	0
Messrs. Bourne, Johnson, and Latimer	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Latimer	3	0	0
Mrs. M. M. Smith	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Penny	3	3	0
Friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Summers	5	5	0
Two friends	1	0	0
Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Hewson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gyles	4	4	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Baynes	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Benson	2	2	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. William Rea	10	10	0
Miss Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Creasey	2	18	0
Mr. and Mrs. George S. Lancaster	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	2	2	0
Miss F. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. J. N. Everidge	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wayre	5	0	0
Pastor T. C. and Mrs. Page	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Graves	1	1	0
Pastor T. W. Medhurst and friends	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Master Edmund J. Hill	2	2	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	5	5	0
Miss Giles	2	2	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. W. Cuthbert	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Oxley	2	2	0
Pastor H. O. and Mrs. Mackey	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Higgs	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	10	10	0
A friend	2	2	0
Miss Webber-Smith	2	0	0
Miss Webber	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mace	2	0	0
Mr. C. J. Alldis and Miss A. Alldis	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey	3	3	0
Mr. Chas. Neville	5	0	0
Miss Sands	0	10	0
Mrs. Brooks	0	10	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Mr. M. and Miss Romang	2	2	0
Mr. F. J. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Bond	2	2	0
Mr. A. and Miss Richardson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moss	3	3	0
Mr. Andrews	2	0	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	2	2	0
Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Miss H. B. Sortwell	1	1	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
Mr. T. Mills	3	3	0
J. G. C.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart	3	0	0
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0
Mrs. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0
Miss A. Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Ackland	2	0	0
Mr. W. Ackland	5	5	0
Mr. F. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	15	15	0
Miss Hall	3	3	0
The Misses A. and L. Buswell	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mr. E. J. Mead	5	5	0
M. A. F. Dain	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Evans	7	7	0
Mr. W. Evans	15	15	0
A friend	0	10	0
Miss Hale	5	0	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gamage	3	3	0
Mrs. and Miss Norman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lines	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sorrell	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas C. McIntyre	2	2	0
E. and S. F.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Mrs. Sturge, "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mrs. Chilvers	3	3	0
Mr. W. R. Paterson	1	1	0
Mr. George Paterson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Leaver	2	2	0
Rev. James Douglas, M.A.	2	2	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Mrs. J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. H. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman	5	0	0
J. G. and Mrs. G.	2	2	0
Pastor J. Alexander Brown, M.R.C.S.	7	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Stiff	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	3	0
A. L. and S. E. Brake	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Williamson	3	0	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. S. M. Hammer	0	10	6
Mr. E. H. Phillips	0	10	6
Mr. John Evans	0	10	0
E. V.	5	0	0
Messrs. A. N. Denny and R. Macgregor	0	10	0
A. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth	3	3	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
R. F. W.	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Miss Morrison	1	1	0
Mrs. Kent	1	1	0
Mr. John C. Horsfall	5	0	0
Mr. William Blott	10	0	0
Mr. G. Shippey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. C. J. W. Rabbits	2	2	0
Mr. Coutts	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Woollard	5	5	0
Mr. T. J. Redgate	5	5	0
Contribution from Queen's Square Baptist Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor J. S. Geale	1	4	0
Mr. A. E. Smithers	3	3	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	3	3	0
Dr. Swallow...	2	2	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	10	0	0
Mr. John Masters	1	10	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	1	5	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Manson	0	10	0
Mr. R. R. Nelson	2	0	0
Mr. Josiah Wood (towards expenses of Conference)	3	3	0
Rev. E. L. Hamilton	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	3	0	0
Light after darkness	0	5	0
Nameless	0	10	6
Collections at Hemel Hempstead, per Pastor G. T. Edgley	7	15	3
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Pastor C. H. and Mrs. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P.	100	0	0
Mr. Thos. Blake, M.P., and Mrs. Blake	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Huntley	21	0	0
Pastor C. and Mrs. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mr. Handel Cossham, M.P.	2	2	0
Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. Henry R. Kelsey	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. Herbert Virtue	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	12	0	0
Mr. George Pedley	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potter	10	10	0
Mr. John Marnham	5	0	0
Mrs. John Marnham	5	0	0
Mrs. Jennings	10	0	0
Mr. G. D. Stapleford	1	1	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke	2	2	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (for the support of one student for a year) ...	50	0	0
J. O. R.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mumby	1	1	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Pastor W. Williams	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. R. Lane	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Crisp	0	10	6
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P.	10	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	1	0
Mrs. May	10	0	0
Mr. A. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. W. Withey	5	0	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Clark	5	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Stevenson	21	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	20	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
A. A., and R. L.	5	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Nash	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Hayward	5	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood...	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood... ...	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	5	5	0
Mr. B. W. Carr, jun.	1	1	0
Miss K. E. Carr	1	1	0
Miss S. L. Carr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	4	4	0
Mr. John Chapman	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Varley (2nd donation)	2	10	0
Mr. G. D. Pearman	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0
Monthly Contributions :—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 18	30	16	6
,, 25	27	0	9
May 2	24	5	0
,, 9	20	9	0
	102	11	3
	£2261	7	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family ...	0	10	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Per Mr. C. Gray :—			
Fochabers Sunday-school children 0 5 0			
Bogmoor Sunday-school children 0 10 1			
	0	15	1
H. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hall	0	5	0
Mrs. Mattick	0	1	0
Mrs. Kelland, sale of sermons	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Miss M. Mack-Wall, for special instruction of girls in bookkeeping	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	2	11	0
A friend, per Mr. Matthews	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected on Good Friday for gymnastic fund	0	5	10
The late Mrs. Frost, per Mr. H. Humphry	1	0	0
Stamps from Ely	0	0	6
Collected by Mrs. Watts	0	3	4
Mr. C. W. Prior	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Jas. Stiff	0	15	2
Executors of the late Miss Eliza Usher	1800	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Grose	0	13	9
Collected by Miss Congreve, per Miss Spurgeon	0	16	6
Collected by Master E. Charlesworth	0	6	8
Mrs. Winsor's box	0	11	6
Orphan boy's card, D. Crean	0	3	2
Mr. D. R. Dossetor	0	1	0
Collected by Pastor W. Gillard	5	0	0
Collected in Cannes by Miss Marie Cornell, per H. B. S.	2	0	0
Miss Salt's Sunday-school Class	0	4	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
E. O. E.	0	10	0
Maggie	0	2	0
Miss H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Beaumont	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams and friend	0	5	0
In Memoriam	10	0	0
Collected by George Thompson	0	1	9
A friend, W. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes' household	1	0	0
Mrs. Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. E. Vautin	0	5	0
Mr. James Frame	1	0	0
Wellington Street Sunday-school, Luton	2	2	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
The late Mrs. E. M. Layard, per Rev. C. Clement Layard	50	0	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. James Brown	1	0	0
J. C. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.	1	1	0
Eythorne and Ashley Sunday-schools	4	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. James Alp	3	3	0
W. and S. M.	1	0	0
A friend in Crieff	1	0	0
Miss A. Thatcher	0	5	0
Mr. Ernest B. Creasey	0	3	0
Mrs. Williams	0	10	6
W. A. M.	0	5	0
J. R.	0	2	6
A poor widow, Exeter	0	2	0
Annette	0	5	0
An old friend, per Mr. W. Michael	1	0	0
Mrs. Creasey	0	2	6
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Penstone	1	10	0
W. and S. B.	2	0	0
Mr. S. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell's Bible-class, Rye	0	8	0
Mr. Gasson	0	1	0
Mrs. J. R. Mason	1	0	0
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
Miss Heffer	3	10	0
Miss Struwe	0	10	0
A debtor to sovereign grace	0	5	0
Miss Nixon	5	5	0
Mr. W. H. Grange, per J. T. D.	2	12	6
Mr. H. Hudson	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Dore	2	0	0
Memorial Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Griffiths	0	14	0
Mr. and Mrs. Heritage	1	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Russell	0	5	6
A Shetland friend	0	10	6
Mr. Edward Ingle	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Mr. John Masters	1	10	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Per Editor of "The Christian World"	1	0	0
J. C.	0	5	0
A tenth of a dividend, from a member of the Church of England	0	5	0
A friend, Floore	0	5	0
In memory of little Seymour	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Crisp	0	10	6
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0
D. L.	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas H. Howell	5	0	0
Mr. H. Lincoln, jun.	0	10	0
Twenty miles from Surbiton	0	5	0
Rev. E. Baker	0	10	0
Vegetarian	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, sale of chain	1	10	0
Nameless	0	10	6
Aunt F.	0	10	0
W. D. K.	2	0	0
Thankful, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Miss E. Eno	0	2	6
A Folkestone working-man	0	10	0
H. B.	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. J. Ashton	2	12	0
Mr. J. Gwyer, sale of "Spring Thoughts"	0	10	0
Miss J. Tingle	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Sherrell	0	10	0
Bostoe	1	5	4
Mr. W. H. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft (for the Girls' Orphanage)	100	0	0
Mrs. S. Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
Three straw-plaiters, Ivinghoe, Aston	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :—			
Sir W. McArthur	1 1 0		
J. E. P.	5 0 0		
Northfields	0 10 0		
Mr. J. B. Meredith	0 10 0		
Smaller amounts	0 9 0		
	7	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Cambridge	19 1 9		
Mr. T. W. Doggett	6 1 0		
Mr. R. J. Moffat	2 2 0		
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1 1 0		
Mr. J. Toller	1 1 0		
Mr. J. S. Watts	1 1 0		
Mr. J. Yarrow	0 10 6		
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1 1 0		
	31	19	3
Hendon—sale of programmes	0	9	9
Stoke-on-Trent	24	5	0
Haldenham	26	0	0
Longton	21	4	0
Mr. Charrington's Hall—sale of programmes	2	2	10
Bolingbroke Hall—sale of programmes	0	7	5
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. Raybould	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Mold	0 5 0		
Mrs. Probin	0 5 0		
	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Webb	2	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Mundy	1	1	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. Henry Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	10	0
Mrs. A. J. Muir	0	5	0
	£2207	6	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—1 ton Potatoes, Mr. C. Gray; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Green, per Mr. Toller; 26lbs. Bacon, A friend, J. H.; a quantity of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 1,050 Buns, Mr. Medcalf; 224lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 700 Buns, Mr. H. Judkins; 1 firkin Butter, W. B. L.; 1 churn of Milk, The North Hants Dairy Company; 36 quartern Bread, Mrs. Unstead; 10 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. H. Thompson; 10 Edam Cheeses, Mr. A. Green; 25lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 30lbs. Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—A quantity of Bows, Mrs. Moore; 2 Suits and 1 pair Trousers, "S. H. W."; 4 Knicker. Suits, Mrs. S. Welman; 2 pairs Woollen Socks, Miss Kirtley; 10 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 1 Suit, Mr. Street.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—22 Girls' Hats and 3 Ulsters, Mr. T. Hollingworth; 55 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 26 Articles, Arthur-street Bible-class, per Miss Crane, for No. 1 House.

GENERAL.—1 box Flowers, Mrs. Mattick; 1 box Worn Clothing, Mrs. G. Lazell; 4 years' numbers "Sunday at Home," Miss Wells; 1 box Flowers, Mrs. R. Oakley; 1 box Flowers, Miss L. McCandless; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. Monteith; 1 Swing and 2 sets Croquet, W. R. T.; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Woods; 1 box Flowers, Band of Hope children, Penmaenmawr.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	15	0	0
Berks Congregational Union, for Slough District	3	6	8
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. V. Bray, for Okehampton ...	10	0	0
Stow and Aston District	5	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Meyseyhampton District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
Ludlow, per Mr. J. Evans, for 1885 ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evans	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for James-street, St. Luke's	10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mr. Day ...	7	10	0
Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10	0	0
	£190	16	8

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. Shaw	0	8	9
Mr. and Mrs. Dore	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	1	1	0
Scotland	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. E. Webb	0	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£21	4	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Dore	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Washbrook Chapel, Ipswich ...	3	10	0
Rev. A. W. Leighton Barker, thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Emsworth	1	0	0
Thankofferings from Dorsetshire Congregational Churches visited by Mr. Burnham, including £20 from Dorset Association	36	3	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's services at Congregational and Baptist Chapels, Hereford	32	6	1

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Arres-Mather	1	17	6
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	1	5	0
Scotland	10	0	0
Miss M. A. Maitland, thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Cheltenham	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£93	2	1

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

1885-86.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1886.

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Vice-President.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

Trustees in whom the Property is vested.

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J. A. SPURGEON.	J. PASSMORE.

Solicitor, and Secretary for Students' Applications.

Mr. T. C. PAGE, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.

Secretary.

Mr. H. HIBBERT, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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.*

To my Dear Friends and Helpers.

BRETHREN,—Through another year I have earnestly conducted the Pastors' College, and the work which has grown out of it. The burden has been heavy, but the joy has been great. The sickness of our principal tutor is a great trial, but the general conduct of the students and of all concerned has been a special consolation. There has been a steady demand for our men from the churches, and they have gone from us to suitable spheres without difficulty: we should almost have been glad if some had remained longer. Those who are with us are, several of them, waiting for Mission work; the loss of our brethren on the Congo acting rather as an incentive to their zeal, for which may God be praised!

To preserve the truth of God in these days of declension, it is imperative upon us that we commit the gospel to faithful men. Controversy with those preachers who are already infected with erroneous views is of small use: the wiser way is to train others to proclaim the true doctrine. In the fear of the Lord, in dependence upon the Spirit of all grace, I have tried to instruct those whom the Lord has called to be ministers of his Word, and the result has been most encouraging. Men are free agents, and feel the current of the times which is very strong in a wrong direction; but yet the Lord is pleased to own the endeavours of earnest teachers, and to keep his chosen ones firm in the good old way. Our men, as a whole, abide faithful to the gospel, and God is using them as winners of souls.

I am deeply grateful to those who have found the money during the past year. I am equally in need of their assistance now. The Lord will not leave his servant, nor allow his cause to flag for lack of silver and gold. To me the inevitable care and labour are incessant, and it would be too great a strain if I had difficulty in procuring funds. There are earnest believers still remaining who will help me in this effort to provide a sound gospel ministry. I give to this labour my whole strength; in fact, the life-blood of my being. Those who agree with me in my faith will not leave me to beg for funds, but will continue freely to supply the amount required for the board, lodging, and education of the students. The Lord will recompense them according to his grace.

To my brother, to the tutors, and to Mr. Douglas, I am sincerely grateful for their hearty co-operation. May the Lord refresh them in mind and body, and spare them long to me!

With fervent prayers, I am,

Yours most gratefully,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President's Report.

A GREAT mercy to be able to report another year's service in College work, and to have so good a year's service to report! To our gracious God we offer humble and hearty thanks. With one exception the men have maintained a spotless reputation, and displayed undoubted zeal in the Master's service. If "the child is the father of the man," the Student is the type of the Minister, and we may fairly argue for our young brethren a future of much earnest, consecrated, and successful toil. A long and trying winter has interfered with some of the Students; but upon the whole we have much cause for thankfulness that the health of our men continues so good. A spirit of holy self-sacrifice in Mission work pervades the College, and stimulated rather than deterred by the sad loss of some who have entered glory through the field of foreign service, our young champions of the truth are eager to press into the gaps and fill up the vacant posts. Let no one say the era of Mission zeal is past; if they think so, we could correct their error by a visit to our Missionary Prayer Meetings, and a stay with some of the young recruits who are training in our midst. The demand from the churches at home continues, and our men have not to enquire at the end of their term: Where shall we find pastorates? We see every reason to press on along the lines of devout and patient study of the old truths, by which we have succeeded so well in the past, and from which we anticipate not less of joyful God-honouring results in the future.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Letter from Mr. Rogers.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—My visits to the College have been so interrupted, by increasing inability for active service, that I cannot personally bear witness to its proceedings during the past year. I have been, however, sufficiently observant of its affairs to conclude that it has not lost its first love, nor ceased to do its first works. That its internal operations should have been continued undisturbed, its usefulness undiminished, and its reputation unimpaired for so long a time, is an encouraging evidence of the divine approbation of the manner in which our young friends are trained for their work. Where there is an unceasing pleasure both in teaching and being taught, and all are of one mind and one heart in reference to the gospel of the grace of God, and the devotional element unitedly prevails, and occasional services are blest, and demands for permanent service are continued, and souls are saved, and the saved are built up in their most holy faith, there can be little need for any such changes as might lead to more imposing titles and more intellectual qualifications for the ministerial office; and still less, for an entire revolution of collegiate preparation.

The tendency in Dissenting Colleges to centralization, and to a separation, after the example of Universities, of secular and theological

studies, is not, we think, one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The effect, we fear, will be to place the wisdom of this world, through the honours that attend it, above the wisdom that cometh from above. "Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom"; but through desire a man who seeks to know and make known the wisdom that cometh from above, will separate himself for that one object, and count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus His Lord. "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." So good is it, that the intensity of his desire to fulfil it will make all things subservient to its gratification. He will not hold it in abeyance in order that he may the better carry on the pursuit of human learning, which at most is but a secondary means to the end he ought to have in view. He will not contend first for literary honours, and then for the faith once delivered to the saints; but he will reverse that order. A long course of secular studies is no preparation either of mind or heart for the humble and zealous reception of the doctrines of the cross, and the communication of them in all their power and simplicity to others.

Separate Colleges are both a stimulant and a restraint to each other. If error comes like a flood into one, another may set up a standard against it. It will be an evil day in which the various Colleges shall be melted into one institution.

If new collegiate measures are adopted, it is because the former methods have failed to accomplish the end for which they were originally designed. But why have they failed? If it be because they have departed from their first faith, and lost their first love, it is not likely that, by efforts more accordant with new views, their former usefulness can be regained. Our Colleges, it may be thought, need to be brought into greater conformity with the present age. This may apply to other seats of learning, but has really little or no application to that which is equally adapted to every age, and is founded entirely and unchangeably upon the principle, "It is better to give than to receive."

The gospel of Christ, which is the only true theology that can benefit mankind, like the sun in the heavens, gives light to all and borrows from none. The gospel is in all respects the same as it was in the Apostolic age, and will continue the same to the end of the world. There need be no great departure, therefore, from the original methods by which it was made known; and it is because the gospel in its original purity and simplicity is taught in our College, that I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

Yours very fraternally,

GEO. ROGERS.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

THE work assigned to my department in the College may be seen by a glance at the following list of subjects, forming the studies pursued therein.

Tuesday.—Ethics; text-book, Wayland's Ethics, alternated with Butler's Analogy; English Grammar in its most elementary form; text-book,

Lennie's English Grammar; Simple Analysis and easy exercises in Composition.

Wednesday.—Higher English Grammar; text-book, Fleming's Analysis of the English Language: for Analysis, Paradise Lost; Bain's English Composition.

Thursday.—Bible Studies; Angus's Bible Hand-book: Logic; text-book, Fowler's System of Logic; English History; text-book, Smith's History of England; Philosophy; text-book, Sir Wm. Hamilton's Metaphysics.

This year I have good reason for saying that the work done by the men, both as to quantity and quality, has been full, real, and thorough. Our success I attribute to several causes; and as chief among these permit me to name the following. One is, the health of the President has been such as to allow him to be more frequently personally present with the whole College; the value and potency of this one factor in relation to the entire work of the College, and consequently in relation to that of each class-room, I will not presume to estimate, but leave the reader to guess. Another I desire to name is, the personal character of the men; it has been eminently high, simple, and full of force. Many of them will leave their mark on their generation in the form of honest work done for God. I must mention, as an element in the successful work of this year, the conduct of the men; it has been steady, pure, subdued, being pervaded by a true sense of what becomes a man who is to spend the prime of his days between the fountain filled with atoning blood and the perishing souls of his fellow-men. The spirit of the men this year has done great things for us in the way of hard work; it has been thoroughly imbued with tenderness, strength, and verve, derived from a thorough acquaintance with the old-fashioned Gospel of the Apostles, whose chief corner-stone is Jesus Christ only. The brethren have no doubts as to the adequacy, transforming power, and overwhelming energy of this Gospel in dealing with all the ills of our fallen world. Their loyalty to the Bible, and their thirst to get at the mind of the Spirit that lies in its pages, have stood them in good stead in the hour of work, smoothing for them the wrinkled brow of toil, and amply rewarding the deep heart-searching thought inseparable from the life of the man who would be mighty in the Scriptures. To me, personally, on account of these things, the work of the year has been a source of comfort and pleasure, though the absence of Mr. Gracey, our beloved principal, has cast a deep shadow on all the year's success.

A. FERGUSSON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

DURING no year since my connection with the tutorial work of the College began have we been subjected to anxieties so grave and depressing as those which we have to record to-day. We have missed very sorely the kindly presence and skilful hand of our dear principal, the Rev. D. Gracey, since he was suddenly rendered helpless by the Finsbury Park Railway accident on the 10th February last.

Perhaps, few of us knew how much we loved him till we were so abruptly and sadly deprived of his services. For the first few weeks after his accident, till we could assure ourselves that dangerous symptoms were not likely to follow, one common longing that he might be spared to us with unimpaired powers was continually expressed in the anxious prayers of the brethren, and seemed to pervade the entire College. Even now, after the lapse of what seems so many weeks, prayer is seldom offered in the class-rooms without mention of his name.

I mention our depression on account of these things the more freely, because God has been very good to us in our day of need. I think every student has made it a point of honour, both by punctual attendance and by diligent attention to class work, to do all in his power to keep the College from suffering loss by our principal's absence. In addition to this, very efficient help, given in a most kind spirit, has been rendered by the Rev. James Douglas, M.A. A little more work has necessarily fallen to Mr. Fergusson and myself, which we have done our best to discharge. Notwithstanding, then, all causes for sorrow and anxiety, I believe that in all the classes the work of the institution has been thoroughly well sustained throughout the year. Sermons by some of the junior brethren have been exceptionally good, the debates have been vigorous and high in tone, and the spirit of consecrated piety and love for souls has been such as to encourage us all. Concerning this spirit of consecration, we very thankfully mark the ready cheerfulness with which our brethren designated as Missionaries for the Congo are prepared to step into gaps made by the fall of our brethren Maynard, Sidney Comber, and others in that land of fever and death. As men who have well learned to say, "Thou art with me," they promptly hasten to add, "I will fear no evil." Their readiness to live or to die, as the Lord wills, exerts, I believe, a silent and profound impression on us all.

As to my own classes, I do not think that the work has ever been done more conscientiously or thoroughly. Two books of Euclid, with occasional exercises, have been well done by two sets of students, while a third class is well on towards the close of Book I. The juniors have some of them long since finished the usual Delectus work, while others are proceeding with it. In more advanced classes in Latin and Greek, Arnold's Exercises, in both languages, several of "The Lives" by Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar's De Bello Gallico, Virgil's Bucolics, Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia, with the First Epistle of John, in Greek Testament, have furnished us with subjects for what has, in my opinion, been another year's successful work.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

OUR work is being continued upon the lines which I have indicated in previous reports; for we are, as heretofore, labouring to acquire some knowledge of the physical laws by which God administers his universe, with the distinct object that our minds may be enlarged, our reverence deepened, and the great storehouse of parable and illustration which nature provides brought more fully under our command. And I delight to add that I never more really felt that the attitude in which the students gather around our interesting work is very largely that which I have always coveted for myself, viz., that we are science students looking into God's thoughts in the visible creation because we are Christians, and, above all, because we are preachers of the gospel of him by whom all things were created, and without whom was not anything made that was made. The antagonism of so-called science to revealed religion makes it necessary sometimes to show that science itself is not based upon ascertained fundamental truth, but upon theory or hypothesis, faith in which is essential before the superstructure can be raised. With a finite nature faith is an essential to knowledge. The little child begins to know, not through the efforts of its own reason, but through its faith in those who teach. It is so with science, which (although it would here and there abolish the word supernatural) has to begin to build by adding to a foundation not proved to be true, and the limits of which it knows not, but yet believes in because it seems to fit into the necessities of the position. In like manner religion begins in faith; it is its logical beginning. The God past finding out reveals himself by his Spirit as a Sun and a Saviour, and the taught soul sees him and feels him to fit into all the position, and in faith accepts him, as it must. The difference between science and religion, in this relation, depends on this, that science reaches after man's interpretation of the infinite, while religion strives to grasp God's interpretation of himself; and faith in the interpreters is the basis of both. Ours are days of difficulty; but we are not discouraged. We are little children, we have *only entered* upon an endless being; what we know is as yet nothing, and if we were not met by mystery, that would be to us the greatest mystery we had yet seen.

Our Lectures, which are well attended, have embraced during the year Physiology, into which temperance teaching has largely entered, so that possibly illustration and experiment might furnish material to be used by the brethren in those addresses they are so very frequently called upon to deliver. Electricity has been treated in twelve lectures, and Chemistry has been the subject of several others. Our microscope is still used in the old way, and is doing good work. Our apparatus is not kept exclusively for my lectures; but such part of it as can be easily carried, and utilized at soirées, or evening gatherings, is frequently borrowed by our brethren, and serves a good purpose in connection with their preaching-stations.

FRANK R. CHESHIRE.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

MESSRS. FULLERTON and SMITH continued to work together very heartily and happily until February, when the excessive strain of the services proved too much for Mr. Fullerton, and necessitated a long period of absolute rest. We trust that after a while he will be fully restored, and able to return to the important position for which he is so eminently qualified, and in which the Lord has so greatly blessed him. In the meantime, Mr. Smith is conducting missions by himself, with local help, and with much acceptance; but he will be devoutly thankful when his able and loving colleague can rejoin him, for he does not know of another partner with whom he would be so suitably yoked.

Since the last Conference our brethren have visited Huddersfield, Oldham, Dr. Barnardo's Mission Hall, Shoreditch Tabernacle, Devonshire Square Chapel, Abney Park Congregational Chapel, Abbey Road Chapel, Lower and Upper Norwood, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Broadmead Chapel and Colston Hall, Bristol, and Mr. Charrington's Mission Hall; and Mr. Smith has been to Hereford and Ross. In every place the Lord has manifestly set his seal of approval upon the work, and large numbers have been added to the churches as the result of the Evangelists' labours.

Mr. BURNHAM'S chief work during the winter has been carried on among Congregational Churches in Dorsetshire, where he has rendered great help to the pastors in the following towns and villages:—Beaminster, Blandford, Kingston, Spettisbury, Puddletown, Dorchester, Bere Regis, Wimborne, and Poole. Many of the ministers have written in most appreciative terms concerning the Evangelist's visits, and in nearly every case he will be asked to go again. Mr. Burnham spent the month of September, as usual, in the Kent hop-gardens, to the spiritual profit of many of London's poor toilers, who were enjoying their annual health-promoting country outing: and since last Conference he has also conducted missions in Whitchurch and the surrounding Shropshire villages; and at Hanwell, Spalding, Rawtenstall, Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar, Fishpond, Morecombelake, and Marshalsea. It is a great joy to us constantly to hear of conversions in the houses where our brother is entertained, and also to receive the glad tidings that the message of salvation, as sung and spoken by him, has reached the hearts of his hearers. He is not fitted to undertake work on the scale suitable for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith; but to the measure of his strength and ability he accomplishes equally acceptable service in the smaller places which they are unable to reach.

Mr. FRANK RUSSELL, who was until last summer a member of the Society of Evangelists, then became pastor of a new church formed in Hull. In looking for his successor, we were directed to Mr. A. A. HARMER, who was then pastor of the church at Dolton, North Devon, but who felt called to devote himself entirely to Evangelistic work, in which his labours had been much blessed in various villages and towns around Dolton. Mr. Harmer held his first mission in connection with the Society last September, and from that time until the present he has

conducted special services at Harrow (Wealdstone), Alnwick, Fownhope, Orcopp, Little Tew, King's Langley, Bloxham, Wandsworth, Chippenham, Luton, Emsworth, Appledore, Totnes, Dartmouth, Washbrook Chapel, near Ipswich, and Attercliffe and village stations near Sheffield. We have had abundant testimony that the choice of Mr. Harmer was a wise and right one; for, everywhere that he has been, his earnest addresses and simple hearty singing have carried conviction to the hearts of many, whom he has afterwards, in private conversation, pointed to the Lamb of God; while those who have known the Lord have been stirred up by him to more devoted service in the cause of God and truth.

Messrs. MATEER and PARKER have made their own arrangements since they agreed to go together, preaching and singing the gospel wherever the Lord opened the way for them, and they have only occasionally looked to us for a grant in aid of their support. Last autumn they sailed for the United States, where they have found abundant opportunities for evangelistic effort, and their services have been much appreciated. They will shortly be leaving for Australia, where they will probably spend some months in special services; and, before they return home, they hope to preach the word to our fellow-countrymen in India, and elsewhere.

We have several brethren fully engaged in evangelizing, though not depending upon us for their support; and many of our pastors, who have evangelistic gifts, both in speech and song, devote a large portion of their time to special efforts to reach those who are out of the way.

At home and abroad there is as much need now as in the days of Paul and Timothy of the work of Evangelists, and we have been happy to have helped in training men to supply that need. The pastors and churches have welcomed them most heartily as fellow-helpers; and in return the Evangelists have laboured with all their might to build up the churches, and to strengthen the hands of their brethren in the ministry. If the Lord's stewards will furnish the means, there is no reason why this most useful agency should not be largely increased.

The College and the Australasian Colonies.

NOTHING can be more important than to lay well the foundations of the Church of Christ in new colonies which are soon to be great empires. Hence we are glad to have had our fair share in sending forth men to our colonies in the Southern Sea; and we devote this Report to an account of the men and their work. May the Lord make that work to prosper more and more! It is not without sad instances of failure that this branch of the service has been carried on. Some men have even quitted the denomination which educated them and sent them out; but we are not called upon to chronicle all the disappointments; we would rather dwell upon the brighter side.

New South Wales.

It was early days with us as a College, and we were but a small band, when the first call came from the "land of the Golden Fleece," "Come over and help us." This was in 1863, when it was almost as serious a matter to go to the Antipodes as now it is accounted to penetrate into the interior of Africa. Now it is but a rather prolonged holiday trip; then it meant life-long partings and the severance of all home ties.

Mr. F. Hibbert was the first of our men to respond to the call. He went to Sydney, where for about five years he was successfully engaged gathering a church of our faith and order. He then removed to Tasmania, and took the oversight of a church at Launceston for several years, eventually returning to Sydney, where he still remains. He is at the present time Chairman of the Baptist Union of New South Wales; for although he has no pastorate, his one business is to seek the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the Colony, chiefly in connection with our own denominational institutions. He is the editor of "The Banner of Truth," the organ of the denomination.

Mr. J. A. Soper, formerly pastor in Lordship Lane, Peckham, went to Melbourne about three years since, and became pastor of a small, newly-formed church at Foot's Cray. He removed to Petersham, where he has a larger sphere and a richer blessing. During the past year the church has received a clear increase of forty members.

Queensland.

While in New South Wales the College is represented by two brethren only, in Queensland five of the thirteen churches have pastors from our midst.

Brisbane.—Wharf Street Church, the mother church of this colony, with its three out-stations, is now under the care of our brother, *Mr. Whale*, late of Middlesbrough, whose letter we subjoin. This church is one of the largest in Australia, having a membership of nearly four hundred. *Mr. Whale* has here a noble sphere, for which his former experiences peculiarly fit him. He writes:—

"Brisbane, Queensland,
"February 20th, 1886.

"I have so recently accepted the call of this church, through Dr. Landels, that I have very little to say of my work. Perhaps I may just say a word about the place and people. The Church is the mother church of the colony, having been in existence about 28 years. There have been two previous pastors, one of whom has gone to the heavenly home, and the other is seeking health in old England. Both were good men and true. The city of Brisbane has grown rapidly and has extended over a very wide district of country. There are now about 40,000 people, and we have eight pastors and about fifteen churches and stations for the 40,000 people. There are four pastors for the whole colony outside this district, and for a population of nearly 300,000. Brethren from the Pastors' College are held in high esteem here. Brother Higlett, of Toowoomba, is President of the Queensland Baptist Association this year, and that honour is in store for brother Young next year. Brisbane and the whole colony have great need of the gospel. It is a puzzle to know how the few churches here are to grapple with the wants of the large districts where we are unrepresented. The statistics will show that we are beginning to move. Congregations are good, and the people outside are getting some benefit of our services. We are moving the young men to effort, and hope to see even in this relaxing climate some attempts to do more and better for our blessed Master. Your dear son Thomas has passed through here and left the savour of his name and of the love of Christ. If the work

grows we shall soon be in difficulties for room and shall have to build. Already we are arranging for seats in the aisles. God has brought us here by a way we know not, graciously preserved us and given us health; we must believe that it is all for some glorious end, and now we work and pray and hope for the result.

"Yours in tender love and brotherhood,

"W. WHALE."

FORTESCUE STREET, another Brisbane Church, has for its pastor *Mr. J. Glover*, long a faithful pastor in Combe Martin, Devon. He has but recently settled, but already he sees signs of the Divine blessing.

TOOWOOMBA.—The pastor of this church and its two out-stations is *Mr. W. Higlett*, interesting accounts of whose evangelistic work in the Australian bush have appeared in "The Sword and the Trowel." We subjoin some particulars from a letter just received:—

"The Baptist Church in Toowomba was established in 1875 by six brethren who withdrew from other churches in the town for that purpose. For the first seven years it had a very chequered history. In 1882, the church wrote to Mr. Spurgeon requesting him to send out a student, and enclosing the passage-money. In response to this request, Mr. William Higlett was selected by the President, and left England on the 1st June, 1882. The aspect of affairs on his arrival was far from rosy. The church was heavily in debt (considering its size), and the number of members was only 37, all of whom were of the working-classes. During the three-and-a-half years of Mr. Higlett's ministry, great improvement has been effected in the organization of the Church and Sunday-school; for up till that time it might truly be said, 'every man did that which was right in his own eyes.' Various improvements in the building, &c., have been made and paid for; about £120 has been cleared off the debt in addition to about £55 for interest. Twenty-seven persons have been baptized, and the membership has risen from 37 to 69. Toowoomba is the most Western of the Baptist Churches in the colony, although scarcely 100 miles from the coast. There are three or four preaching stations in connection with the church. From time to time Mr. Higlett has taken long journeys into the bush, visiting the scattered homesteads, and gathering upon every opportunity little companies for worship and spiritual conversation; some of these so far removed from any place of worship as to be almost as destitute of religious privileges as the dwellers in heathen lands."

Besides the three brethren already referred to, there are Pastors *W. Young*, who is greatly prospering at Ipswich, and *W. Bonser* at Maryborough; *Mr. E. J. Welch*, late of Sarratt, Herts, is now *en route* for Queensland, and will doubtless soon find a sphere of labour there.

VICTORIA.

VICTORIA comes next in order, in our denominational Hand-book. In this colony ten of our men are pastors, and our brother, *Mr. A. J. Clarke* is one of the two evangelists of the "Evangelization Society of Victoria"; to his work we shall refer further on.

GEELONG.—In 1872, *Mr. W. C. Bunning*, after five years of very successful ministry at Rose Street, Edinburgh, was obliged to seek a change of climate owing to serious failure of health. The way was providentially opened for him to undertake the charge of the church in ABERDEEN STREET, GEELONG, where he laboured with marked acceptance and success for twelve years, until his removal to his present sphere (WEST MELBOURNE) in 1884. During his pastorate, a handsome and commodious chapel was erected, and largely increasing congregations saw proportionally larger spiritual results. To a college friend he wrote, some time before leaving Aberdeen Street: "Last year was a good year in the history of our church. I think I have baptized over

ninety persons this year and the last, 'and still there's more to follow.'" It was with extreme regret the church parted with the pastor who had greatly endeared himself to all, and had been a great power for good in GEELONG and the parts adjacent. Moreover, he was known far beyond his own immediate neighbourhood, having journeyed great distances "in the bush", preaching the word as opportunities offered of gathering people together to hear the gospel. In passing, we must note that the church at GEELONG has chosen another of our brethren as successor to *Mr. Bunning*—namely, *Mr. J. S. Harrison*, who commenced his ministry there in April, and has seen an increase of sixteen members by the close of the year. To his evangelistic work we shall have occasion to refer elsewhere. The following is from the Secretary of *Mr. Bunning's* present church at WEST MELBOURNE:—

"It is with thankfulness to God that we can report that since our Pastor's arrival amongst us the Church has increased steadily in numbers. During the past twelve months we had a clear increase of thirty-two members. Our congregation numbers in the morning between four and five hundred, and in the evening from seven to eight hundred. We rejoice at our Pastor's success, he being loved by all: he speaks with no uncertain sound. Our Sunday-school still maintains the premier position in the denomination in Victoria, having more than eight hundred on the roll. The Church property is estimated to be worth about £10,000, although the Church *we mean to have* (D.V.) is not erected yet; but we trust in a few years to have this, which is so much needed. . . . . Our Deacons felt it would be only right to express our satisfaction to you, that God has raised such an earnest and faithful servant from the Pastors' College."

ST. KILDA, MELBOURNE.—Of this church we have had no account returned, and so can say nothing; but we may congratulate the members upon their choice of a pastor; for *Mr. W. Clark* is a well-tried servant of Christ, and did a good work during his ten years' pastorate at BALLARAT. At the latter place he found the cause very low, for there had been no pastor for a considerable time. After eight years' experience he was able to say: "I have been blessedly sustained these eight years, while steady progress has marked the whole course of my ministry." And this, notwithstanding the depression in gold mining, which in one year caused so great an exodus that forty church members were obliged to leave the locality. Yet the cause did not flag, nor the finances suffer. May our brother see yet greater blessing in his present pastorate!

KEW is a suburb of Melbourne, and the pastor of the church, *Mr. James Blaikie*, tells of the Lord's dealings with him in the land of his adoption in a letter from which we extract the following:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Like many others, I was compelled in the year 1882, through a long illness, to seek a more genial climate in search of health. In the providence of God my attention, through you, was directed to this country and city. Deeming it the call of God, I left London with my wife and family on June 1st, of the year stated, reaching these shores on the 17th of the following month.

"The border of this land has been to me the hem of the Master's garment, making me whole. I preached the first Sunday after my arrival, and right on, and a month afterward was invited to the pastorate of the church at Kew, where I have laboured ever since with joy and reward. The Church, which then had a membership of between forty and fifty persons, met in a small wooden building; but they had nearly finished a neat brick building, with accommodation to seat 300 worshippers. The erection of this building had been undertaken during the ministry of my predecessor,

the late *Rev. Henry Marsden* (a Pastors' College man), who did not live to see it completed, to the sorrow of all who knew him. The opening services were held in the month of August following my arrival. . . . During my ministry the place has not been crowded, but good congregations have gathered year by year, and they were never better than now. The people are loving, united, earnest and liberal. We are not a large Church (106 members in all), yet we stand third in the list of Melbourne Churches for liberality. The two objects to which we mainly contribute are the newly-formed 'Victorian Baptist Fund,' and 'Home and Foreign Missions.'

"The growth of the Church since my settlement has also been very encouraging. There have been received into the Church sixty-one. Thus the membership has more than doubled, and so has the congregation. Other agencies and institutions have also sprung into existence. . . . These have all been blessed, praise be unto our God and to the Lamb. Our population here is as yet sparse, and churches are plentiful; but at no distant date it is anticipated that this healthy and beautiful suburb will become a populous district, and this we hope by faithful and earnest labour for Jesus will be a large and influential Church."

We must not pass from our reference to KEW without mention of its former pastor, *Henry Marsden*, now with God. He left our College to become the pastor of the church at Mansfield, Notts, "where for seven years," says his biographer, in the Baptist Hand-book, "they enjoyed his life and love, his teachings and direction; but his ministry was often interrupted by sickness. Medical examination revealed the sad fact that his life was doomed, and the church with great kindness and thoughtfulness made provision for his voyage to Australia." A few weeks before he died he wrote to a College friend: "I feared that I should never be again able to resume my work. By the end of the voyage, however, I had gained so much strength that I ventured to believe that the Master would give me the honour and pleasure of serving him again." The Lord granted his servant's desire; for, ere he landed, he was invited to preach at KEW, soon became pastor, and had many tokens of the Divine blessing. Increasing congregations necessitated the erection of a commodious chapel; but before it was completed our brother was called to his rest and reward. He was a man greatly beloved.

Here, too, we must mention our late brother *H. H. Garrett*, who after exercising a faithful ministry at BRIGHTON, in this Colony, was killed in a railway accident, to the intense grief of all his brethren.

WILLIAMSTOWN is the seaport suburb of Melbourne: the present pastor of the Baptist Church, *Mr. Downing*, came from Australia to enter the College, and returned at the request of the church in FORTESCUE STREET, BRISBANE, to become their pastor:—

"At that time they numbered thirteen members, and were worshipping in their own building. During my stay with them the blessing of the Lord was on us. We had much life, and peace, and power, and the place was enlarged. The Lord added to the Church, so that at the close of my work amongst them the membership had doubled itself twice. A short pastorate of rather over three years, but very happy in all its relations.

"While there I received an invitation from Mr. Thomas Spurgeon to work with him in the Auckland Church, and in response I left Brisbane, and had seven happy months' labour in the delightful company and co-working of our President's son. However, the mind of God was evidently not agreeable to my continuance in New Zealand, and my own desire was to get home to Victoria.

"Having arrived in Melbourne considerably broken in health, I could attend to little more than Sunday Services for some while, and commenced in December, 1882, preaching in a hired hall for the Baptized Church in Williamstown, the seaport

suburb of Melbourne. The Church here had been rent many times by internal strifes, but there had always been a few faithful to the Lord and to the Victorian Baptist Association, under whose auspices the work had been begun fifteen years previously. At the time of my advent these few were in great trial of many afflictions through recent dissension; but, by the blessing of God, one difficulty after another has been overcome, inch after inch has been gained, and to-day we have nearly treble the membership of three years ago. Last year I received twenty-nine into fellowship. We have a Sunday-school, with corresponding increase, a 'Model' church building, and the promise of better and greater things at no distant future. We have been enabled to organize and direct earnest efforts for grasping and holding the non-church-goers, of whom there are at least seven thousand in our town of ten thousand people."

BRUNSWICK.—The pastor of the Baptist church in this suburb of Melbourne is *Mr. E. Isaac*, who has been eminently honoured of God in the land of his adoption, as a winner of souls. The greater portion of his five years' colonial life has been spent in the work of an evangelist. He has had for his companion and fellow-labourer *Mr. J. S. Harrison*, of GEELONG, already referred to. If we mistake not, these brethren both began their ministry at Deloraine. At any rate, they conducted special services there, and "every Lord's-day, for several weeks, they were cheered by seeing converts." They then visited the churches in Melbourne, Geelong, New South Wales, and Queensland, where "the Association threw open all their churches, and the Mission lasted thirteen weeks." Wherever they preached, the word was with power. Writing of a Mission they conducted at Geelong, soon after they took up the work, Mr. Bunning says that "night after night twelve hundred people, mostly 'non-church-goers,' and many of the lowest and most godless class, crowded the Mechanics' Hall. When, after a second series of services, we counted up our gains, we found 300 names of persons who professed to have found Christ. Nearly all the churches have received additions; 50 have fallen to our share." Of the two brethren themselves, the same friend said: "They have done my soul a power of good. They live prayerful, consecrated lives, and magnify the crucified, glorified Redeemer."

Both of these brethren have become settled pastors; for, like most earnest evangelists, they have found the strain on their strength too great to permit of incessant journeyings and preachings. The Brunswick church has received a clear increase of 19 to its fellowship during the past year.

As we have somewhat broken off from our order of record, we will mention another evangelist, a name well-known to our College friends, *Mr. A. J. Clarke*, who, for about six years, with our friend Mr. Manton Smith, was in labours abundant among us, until, in 1879, his health completely broke down, and he proceeded to Australia to seek for a restoration to health and strength. The church at WEST MELBOURNE elected him to the pastorate, and he was enabled to render the cause of Christ there good service. During the first year of his pastorate more than one hundred were added to the church, and the chapel enlarged so as to seat 800. A new interest was commenced at FOOT'S CRAY, and various other good works were inaugurated or extended, the blessing of the Master continuing to abide with our brother in his work of soul-winning.

In 1883, *Mr. Clarke* felt drawn to his former mode of service for his

Master, and placed himself at the disposal of the "Evangelization Society of Victoria," which he had helped to found. In this work *Mr. Clarke* still continues, and, as we learn from the two years' reports of the work, the Lord owns his servant's message to the saving of many souls. Our space will only allow of one or two extracts. Of a mission at Chewton we are told,—"The publicans declare that their interests have suffered very materially; but the poor victims who had been delivered from the cruel bondage of the drink are praising God for their deliverance. So far as we have been able to ascertain numerical results, 187 converts have joined the various Christian churches in the locality." "The mission at Eaglehawk, by *Mr. Clarke*, resulted in about fifty professed conversions, most—if not all—of whom have joined the churches." Scores of places have thus been visited by our brother and his co-workers for this Society, among whom our two brethren, *Isaac* and *Harrison*, find honourable mention as winners of souls.

Four other churches in Victoria have for pastors brethren from our ranks, each of whom is doing good service for our Divine Master; they are *Mr. Williamson*, at KYNETON; *Mr. Buckingham*, at SOUTH MELBOURNE (our brother is chairman of the Victorian Association); *Mr. Vaughan* (agent for the Home Mission), GOULBURN VALLEY DISTRICT; and *Mr. Testro*, who is just leaving NORTH CARLTON, where the membership of the small church has been doubled, and a chapel erected.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

In this colony there are at present five of our men; may they be the pioneers of many more!

PARKSIDE.—In this large and rapidly growing suburb of Adelaide, *Mr. S. Fairey* has succeeded in raising an influential church, gathering into Christian fellowship during the five or six years of his labour nearly two hundred believers. In the winter of 1869, *Mr. Fairey* was obliged to leave College in consequence of ill health. Having consumptive symptoms, his medical adviser counselled him to leave England for Australia; and at one of our College Meetings, some time afterwards, Mr. Spurgeon announced that our friend had "gone to heaven". Instead of this being true, after a period of rest, he was enabled to take charge of a small church at GAWLER, with a membership of about thirty, and a heavy debt. The little chapel was soon overcrowded, and a public hall hired for the Sunday services. The chapel was enlarged, then the manse purchased, and further extensions carried out, and better still, the spiritual prosperity was unbroken for ten years, and our friend ere he left for PARKSIDE had around him a company of nearly two hundred in Christian fellowship, and he had also undertaken the charge of four smaller churches in the district.

At PARKSIDE, where the effort to raise a church has been aided by the Association, a commodious chapel has been erected, and all the operations of the church are in a flourishing condition. *Mr. Fairey's* many labours as pastor, editor of "Truth and Progress," and official duties connected with the denomination have caused a breakdown in

his health; but we hope and believe that he will be continued to the church for years of happy and successful service.

MITCHAM.—Not many of our brethren have had harder and rougher pioneer work than *Mr. Coller*, the pastor of the Mitcham Church. Several medical men having given it as their opinion that our friend was suffering from deep-seated pulmonary disease, he left the College and proceeded to Sydney. The voyage and change of climate were, by the Divine blessing, so beneficial to his health that he was able to preach at Bathurst for a time. The Baptist Union of N. S. Wales then engaged him to go to the north of the colony, on the borders of Queensland, for the purposes of opening preaching-stations and founding new churches. His first station was at CASINO, a township of about 400 inhabitants, on the Richmond river. He thus describes his work at this time:—

"I soon was able to open up preaching-stations all along the river, so that before I left, my average week's work was preaching three times on Sunday, four times in the week, and riding 200 miles in the saddle. It has been my privilege to preach four times on Sunday and ride 40 miles, on Monday to ride 75 to the opening of a preaching-station, back on Tuesday, and then do the rest of my usual week's work. During my first year on the Richmond I preached nearly 400 times, and rode between eight and nine thousand miles in the saddle, besides travelling by steamer, coach, &c., and you will remember that according to the verdict of quite a number of doctors I had only one lung; thank God, I have *two now* at all events, and this enables me to preach five times every week and conduct three other meetings. Yes! thank God and Australia.

"The work I have just referred to I kept up, by God's blessing, for eighteen months, and had by far the largest congregations on the river, preaching sometimes in chapels, sometimes in institutes, court-houses and barns, and sometimes under the glorious cedars, pines and ferns of the forest primeval, to men and women who loved to hear the gospel, if not for its own sake only, for the sake of old associations, and in all my colonial experience no work was so thoroughly enjoyable as this, for the people welcomed the gospel as an old friend.

"Owing to scarcity of funds, I did not complete my second year in that district, but resigned, and went to Newcastle to endeavour to resuscitate the church there, which had been reduced to four members and a congregation of about twenty.

"This church I took in conjunction with Wallsend, a real mining township, as to English ears its name would indicate. The two churches combined guaranteed the munificent sum of £2 per week, on the understanding that should either be disposed to give a separate call at any time, and be in a position to do so, the Pastor was at liberty to accept it, if he thought fit. In less than a year Newcastle gave the call, and I accepted; there was a splendid field, and there were by this time about 30 members and 150 in the congregation.

"Whilst in Victoria I received a call to the church at Mitcham, and came over on a visit, ultimately settling, as you know. It was my lot here to fall in with a church in which there is work for at least two ministers. I have to provide for six services every Sunday and take three myself. I have also to take four meetings during the week."

NORTH ADELAIDE.—*Mr. W. E. Rice*, formerly pastor at Earl's Colne, went to NEW ZEALAND to supply the pulpit of *Mr. Thomas Spurgeon*, during his visit to England, and upon the return of the pastor to AUCKLAND, *Mr. Rice* received an invitation from the church at Tynte Street, ADELAIDE, a very important sphere of labour. During the short time of his pastorate, there have been 22 additions to the church, which now has a membership of 411 believers. The outlook is most cheering.

For the greater part of the year 1875, our late dear friend *Mr. A. P.*

Fulton preached the word in NORTH ADELAIDE. He, like certain others of our brethren, had gone to Australia as to a sanatorium, having after four years of earnest and successful labour at ST. ANDREWS, N. B., exhibited consumptive tendencies in some degree. During his short period of Christian work, he won the esteem and love of his Australian friends, who on very short notice subscribed £200 for his widow and children.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND stands *first* on the list of Churches in the Hand-book, and as to its membership it stands first of all the Baptist Churches in Australasia. Of the work which the beloved son of the President has been enabled to do, not in Auckland only, but in each of the Australasian colonies, we might make a "Report" alone, for materials are ample. There is, however, little need to do so, for we had proofs abundant that our friends took a hearty interest in his work by their generous gifts, when he came among us seeking help towards his chapel-building. The Lord is with him to bless his work, not only "at home" in Auckland, where the constant additions have brought up the membership to nearly 700, but far away in the other colonies, where, as one of our brethren lately wrote, "he has left the savour of his name and of the love of Christ."

CHRISTCHURCH.—A circular, with photograph of a very handsome structure, which was lately opened for worship by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, has just come to hand. It is one of many "begging letters" which we cannot say we are *sorry* to see; for it is of a kind that tells of the extension of the kingdom of our divine Lord and Master. We copy the following particulars from a letter written by the Secretary of the Oxford Terrace Church :—

"Nine years ago the Church numbered eighty members, who met for worship in a wooden building capable of accommodating about two hundred and fifty persons. Shortly after the settlement of Mr. Dallaston it was found necessary to enlarge the Church building, and one hundred new sittings were provided; but it very soon became evident that the enlarged structure was altogether inadequate for the numbers who came to hear the gospel. Frequently on Sabbath evenings many were unable to obtain admission, and the discomfort arising from overcrowding and insufficient ventilation was so great that it was decided to erect a more commodious building. The new church is a substantial edifice, built of brick and stone, with accommodation provided for seven hundred persons, and capable of seating one hundred more; and the old building now forms a very convenient School-room and Lecture Hall.

"The eighty members who welcomed Mr. Dallaston to New Zealand have now increased to three hundred and thirty; but these figures do not convey an idea of the amount of work accomplished, for during the past nine years five hundred and five new names have been placed upon the roll. This in itself explains the great difficulty experienced in all Colonial church-life; the population is so migratory, a large proportion of the people moving from town to town according as work or other inducements offer. Most of all we rejoice in that during this time three hundred and forty believers have been publicly immersed upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The total cost of the church property has been about five thousand five hundred pounds. The amount of our present mortgage debt is three thousand pounds. Preparations are now actively engaged in for a Bazaar to be held in June next; and to supplement the 'Debt Extinction Fund,' Mr. Dallaston is at the present time making a tour of the Australasian Colonies to solicit help towards the reduction of this heavy burden, the Church having to pay 7 per cent. interest on this debt—a rather low rate for the Colony.

"In connection with the Church there is a flourishing Sabbath-school of nearly four hundred scholars, with its Young Christians' Band, Scholars' Prayer Meeting, and Band of Hope, all in good working order; and other agencies, such as Tract Distribution, are also employed in seeking to extend the Master's kingdom."

WELLINGTON.—Mr. H. H. Driver, an Australian "bred and born", writes a long and interesting letter, for which we have not space. He had greatly endeared himself to us all at the college; and as he had been known to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon as an earnest servant of Christ in the colonies, and returned with him to Australia, it was thought he might stay in Auckland as a helper of the good work there. He, however, accepted a rather arduous task as pastor of the church at Wellington. Although he only commenced his ministry in June, he is able to report an increase of membership of nine before the close of the year.

MAORI MISSION.—Mr. Fairbrother has carried on an interesting work among the aborigines.

TASMANIA.

There are eight Baptist churches in this colony, most of them small and of recent formation. Of the six pastors five are from our college. The secret of this is to be found in the warm Christian affection of *Mr. Gibson* and his family to the President, and love of the "old gospel" which he preaches. Another reason must be added, and that is, the princely generosity of the *Gibson* family; for to their liberality in a great measure the churches owe at the present time the chapels or "Tabernacles" at PERTH, DELORAINE, LONGFORD, and LAUNCESTON, as well as the means for "importing" not a few pastors from the old country. The list of brethren who have, during the past eighteen or twenty years, ministered to one or other of the Tasmanian churches, and been entertained by these kind friends, would be a long one. We can only give a few extracts from recent letters.

PERTH is a very small township of about 800 inhabitants, though it is said to be "the cleanest, healthiest, and godliest in the island. Here Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and family have lived, using their time and wealth in seeking to bless the people." The present pastor is a student fresh from college, *Mr. J. R. Cooper*, who has been in charge of the work rather more than a twelvemonth, during which time he has baptized nine believers, and received them and several others into fellowship. There are 104 names on the church roll.

HOBART.—*Mr. R. McCullough*, in a long letter, full of interesting information concerning matters social and religious in the island, gives the following particulars of the work in which he has been engaged in LONGFORD and HOBART. At the latter place he has within the past two years gathered a church which, with its branch at BISMARK, consists of 77 members, 32 of whom have been added during the past twelve months. He thus writes to the President:—

"I am now the oldest of our men here (and there is only one Baptist minister in the island who is not from the Pastors' College), and I have seen great progress in the six years since I left England. There was then only a church at Perth, where our dear friends the Gibsons live, and churches of the old style at Launceston and Hobart. The latter may be said to have become defunct. We have now a beautiful tabernacle at Launceston, where Brother Bird labours; a tabernacle at Longford, where Brother

Wood is pegging away; a tabernacle at Deloraine, where Brother Hyde has lately settled, while Brother Cooper is at Perth, and myself here. We have a Baptist Union formed. Our annual meetings are seasons of great blessing. We are feeling our way to open up new spheres, and we have started a monthly religious paper, "The Day Star," for the good of the community. As editor, I take this opportunity to thank you for permission to publish your sermons.

"My first place of settlement in Tasmania was Longford, where I remained four years. I had many discouragements. Among other things, the different churches looked upon me as an intruder. But the Lord's blessing was upon the work from the very commencement. A tabernacle and manse were built by the Messrs. Gibson, and when I left there was a good church in a flourishing condition. It is flourishing still. Many there are dear to my heart who came out of the world, gave their hearts to the Saviour, and helped me in the work of the Lord.

"I came to Hobart because for years it had been a complaint that there was really no Baptist church here. As no salary was guaranteed, few preachers seemed anxious to take possession. I felt that it was a disgrace to us not to have a church in the capital of the colony, and determined to do what I could. I am thankful to say that after two years, although I have sometimes been ready to faint under discouragements, I can testify that the Lord has wonderfully upheld me, and has given a measure of blessing on the word preached.

"We have a neat stone building now erected, and have left room for a large tabernacle in front of the ground. We hope soon to be compelled to begin this larger building. Unfortunately, in a land of wealth, with the exception of the ever-generous Gibsons, our Baptist people have little 'spare coin'; but the Lord will provide. I have been dissatisfied and disappointed in the 'reaping' so far; but there has been enough to prove that the Lord did not bring me here in vain; and a work has now been commenced on a solid basis, which will one day be a mighty instrument for good. If space permitted, I could give some interesting instances of how souls have been reached."

LAUNCESTON.—*Mr. Bird* has not sent us a report.

LONGFORD.—*Mr. H. Wood*, the present pastor of the church here, left the college and went to Australia in 1879, and spent nearly three years in South Australia and Tasmania in evangelistic work, in which he was much blessed, many being brought to the Saviour by his instrumentality. After a brief visit to England in 1882, he returned to the Colonies, and for a short time assisted *Mr. A. J. Clark* at West Melbourne, and had the oversight of the branch church at WILLIAMSTOWN, "where the Lord owned the preaching of his word in a remarkable manner; numbers were brought to trust in the Lord Jesus, and to walk in newness of life." The following extracts from his last letter will, we believe, interest our friends. Speaking of his work at WILLIAMSTOWN he says:—

"We started a Gospel Temperance work, which, with God's blessing, has wrought a happy change in hundreds of homes. In less than six months the press acknowledged the effect for good the movement had had upon the community. It is little better than three years since it was started. I think its members number some thousands, many of whom have been brought to Christ. Williamstown being too cold and damp in winter, after nine months happy service, I had to leave one of the most promising spheres of usefulness for a more suitable climate. My dear friend Mr. Gibson had frequently written me to return to Tasmania, so we returned to our old friends, resolved to do all we could in this pretty little island to bring the people to His feet, of whom it is written: 'The isles shall wait for His law.' We settled at Longford two years last November. It is a small township with a large surrounding district. The people are very poor, and were it not for the noble liberality of our good friends the Gibsons, we never could have supported a church here. The Lord has given us much encouragement. We have started several out-stations in the bush. This year we hope (D.V.) to make the Church entirely self-supporting. I have often been tempted to leave when larger spheres have been offered. The kindness of my people, as shown in their humble way, has constrained me to close my eyes

to more promising fields. In addition to pastoral work, they allow me to go away for evangelistic work for a week or fortnight at a time. Many have been brought to the Saviour in this way."

Thus, with varying success, have our brethren laboured, causing us often to magnify the Lord. We have not been able to mention all the brethren, and those omitted will, we trust, believe that it is no want of love which caused the omission. May the Lord send yet greater blessing!

The Student's Progress.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

I WONDER if I can make anything out of so unusual a subject as *the birth, origin, history, and work of a Student of the Pastors' College.* Consider who he is, where he comes from, what he is doing, and what he will do one of these days. You have seen Hogarth's pictures of "The Industrious and the Idle Apprentices"; mine will mainly deal with the industrious. It is an ideal picture, yet it is very realistic. I may not call it fiction founded on fact, but fact garnished with a little imagination, like a joint of roast beef with horse-radish.

The locality from which our hero comes is very frequently a country town or village, though it is not exclusively so; for London has yielded us many of our best men, and we hope it always will do so, as it lies most adjacent to our head-quarters. Our young friend in the country is first of all converted, and united to a church. Then the rude clay begins to be prepared. It is greatly to be desired that in this early stage the earth may be ground very fine, and made into good plastic material; for a great deal of his future success in winning others will depend upon the young man's own conversion. The more thorough, and I venture to add, the more old-fashioned, his conversion the better. Personally, I feel very grateful to God that I did not find peace with God quite so easily as many do. That long period of depression and agony which I endured has enabled me to feel deep sympathy with others in like sorrow; and I am all the better able to tell out the cheering word to those who are broken by the law, and crushed by a guilty conscience. John Bunyan's five years of temptation and despair, described in his "Grace Abounding," helped to make him the great preacher that he was. Let us therefore have a thoroughly renewed man as our raw material.

Certain young ministers of my acquaintance need converting again before they will be of much use to the souls of their fellows. "Oh," said one to me, concerning a well-known preacher, "he would be a first-class minister if he were ever to be converted." I fear the critic hit the nail on the head in the case referred to. Too many may have undergone some sort of change, but it would be hard to describe it: they themselves in their own consciences never felt sure that it was the work of the Spirit of God. The young man who is welcomed at our College professes to have experienced a thorough conversion, which has made him loathe sin, and hate self-righteousness.

He has felt the smart of a wounded conscience; and having had the balm of Calvary applied to his heart, he is enjoying a wonderful healing, and delights to tell of it to others. What is felt, confessed, and learned in that brief period which surrounds his conversion will affect him all his life; and if he does not then begin to have a deep experimental acquaintance with the things of God, it will be difficult for him to obtain it afterwards. Almost everything depends upon the foundation laid in the time of first love. If the convert happens to be the child of religious excitement he will die if you take him out of hot water; but if he be a true heir of the kingdom, he will live on in all weathers; for his religion depends on principle and not upon passion.

If he is to be a student of the Pastors' College, the young man will now be constantly seen at the *prayer-meetings*. His pastor will notice that the young brother is singularly earnest and fervent. He will be found associating with spiritually-minded people of more advanced years, and he will be heard of as occasionally opening his mouth in public prayer. Soon he is called upon to pray frequently; and he prays more and more acceptably, till godly people are glad to see him enter the room, because he is likely to pray to edification. He is also busy in the Sunday-school and in other holy service. In the village where he lives there are not many like him, and he becomes valuable to his pastor and the church as a young man who can be relied upon to help in an emergency. If he is away from a religious meeting it is not the weather that detains him, but a much more weighty reason. He is a joy to his pastor, as one whose heart is in the work, way, and worship of the Lord.

By-and-by he *begins to speak* in cottage-meetings and in the open air. Some shrug their shoulders; others say, "That young man will be spoiled: he will run his head against a pulpit and be stunned for life." Kind friends are always eager to encourage young people in this way. Others who are wiser, and think well of the brother, give him a good deal of frank criticism of this sort: "Try again, my dear boy: you make a great many mistakes, but you *may* do. If you will be careful and persevere, you may in a few years time suit some little mission-hall." Our young friend does not relish being measured up so candidly; but he submits to it, and it does him good. Those are wiser who rebuke him in a neater fashion. An old deacon of mine at Waterbeach once gave me a very quiet lesson without speaking a word to me. I used now and then in those days to be slightly eccentric; at least, people thought so. After one of my outbursts I stayed at this old gentleman's house, and when I reached my home I found a pin in my Bible at this passage, "Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." I guessed at the intent, and felt quite as grateful as if the pin had been placed in the tenderest part of my body. The young brother in the country finds amateur tutors whether he desires them or does not desire them. Almost every person feels able to instruct a juvenile orator.

Our young friend is very soon heard of as *preaching a good deal*, and some of the older and primmer brethren think that he shows his own ignorance and impudence by doing so. He has now severer antagonists, and also friends of a warmer sort; his preaching has become a matter of fact

and also a matter for discussion. He kicks a little at being restrained by a certain church dignitary, who tells him that he is too fast. If he does not bow down before this great individual and the rest of the powers that be, the youth is likely to be called egotistical, officious, and proud; all of which will probably be true to a measurable degree, and is in danger of being true to a far greater extent under the malevolent cultivation of envy and ill-will.

Meanwhile, our young friend *has done some good;* he has quite a little following, including several young people, not of his own sex, who greatly admire him. In their partial estimation there is none like him; no, not the pastor himself. At the present moment he is in no little danger; man-traps are being set, and our young man may prove a victim. If he does not become vain and self-conceited, it will not be the fault of his friends, nor even of his enemies; for the mode of procedure on both sides tends to produce that result. For good or for evil, it is now pretty clear that our young friend's course tends to a pulpit.

If I were to tell you what *I* think of him, I should say that there is a great deal that is very hopeful about him. He is evidently truly converted, and is deeply earnest. He is likely to be useful; but, at the same time, he thinks quite enough of himself; for as he has not had much experience of things on a large scale, he is a triton among the minnows of his village, and therefore thinks himself a triton everywhere. He will have to be taken down several notches before he will be of much use among ordinary people: his geese are all swans, and yet it is whispered that it would be nearer the truth to say that they are very little ducks. The good fellow has much to learn, and he is acquiring much that he must unlearn. It will be a great pity if he gets to be too fixed in his modes of thought and expression before he can come under corrective influences. If he gets stereotyped as he is, there will be no altering him, and all his blunders will be perpetuated. He is a very nice young man, many loving voices attest the fact; and I am afraid he will live and die with no other adjective but that of "nice", unless we can transplant him.

Now occurs an incident in his life which materially affects his whole future course. A young minister comes down from the Pastors' College to preach, and preaches in such an admirable manner that our hero enquires whence he came. The young minister speaks heartily of his College, and our friend thinks he would like to visit it. The country brother *writes a letter to Mr. Spurgeon.* I need not describe how he writes it. Perhaps he begins each line with a capital letter—several excellent men have done so, evidently thinking that they were writing poetry. His spelling is original, his grammar is heretical, and his composition is irregular. His letter is occasionally vainglorious, but usually modest and confidential. It contains a full, true, and particular account of his preaching, and occasionally covers as much as six sheets of note paper. Generally his name is taken down and his application is put on one side until he has learned to write all he has to say on one sheet of paper, the President suffering from the absurd notion that a man cannot have much to say if he needs several sheets to say it on. If the good young man in the country had only guessed what would

become of all that long discourse of his which is so full of emphatic sentences, how much less he would have written!

He sends his *photograph*—not so unwise a thing as it may seem—the President is glad to have it; it may be a guide to him in arriving at a decision. There are men whose portraits positively forbid all hope of their ever making successful preachers. I remember a very noteworthy portrait of a brother who wanted to enter the College. He had squinted ferociously while he was being taken, and I thought, "What must he do when he is actually preaching?" There is no sin in squinting, but there is a degree of obliquity in it. All through the answers to the questions I could trace a squint; the cross eyes of the man were visible in his doctrinal statements. There are brethren with no foreheads, and others with sinister expressions. From such we turn away. We do not believe exclusively in phrenology, but we have great faith in that ology which takes in the *tout ensemble*—the person, carriage, and air of a man. The outward appearance is very apt to deceive; and yet there is a something in it which, wisely read, becomes a help to the judgment. At any rate, he who looks a fool is not likely to instruct wise men.

By-and-by, the young man has convinced Mr. Spurgeon that there is something in him, and that it is possible that the Lord has called him, and so *he comes up to College.* Let us draw a veil over the leave-takings. Arrived at the summit of his hopes, he is a student of theology. The young man from the country is now spoken of with reverence as having gone to London. If he is a model student, he will probably find some things different from what he had expected. He had an idea that the College was built in the centre of Paradise, that the students were all angels, and that the tutors were—well, I pause for want of words. About those tutors he is not likely to be disappointed; but if he imagined that the cherubim and seraphim had taken up their abode at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, he soon discovers that he was slightly in error. Our brethren already here deserve the respect of the new-comer; but he soon discovers that they are not infallible, and what is far worse, that they do not think that *he* is so.

The new arrival is eminent in many respects; ask his admirers at Slocum-in-the-Marsh if he is not. When he takes his seat in the class-room he feels that at last the College has a *man* in it. Many who are now humbly pursuing their life-work recollect that feeling of intense satisfaction with which they entered the College. The very first lesson convinced them that there were other men in the world beside themselves, and that some of these might prove to be their equals, and possibly their superiors. It is not always a pleasant experience, that opening of the eyes, that discovery of ignorance, that stripping off of imaginary excellences, that bursting of bubbles full of all the colours of the rainbow. It ought always to be done very gently and quietly and lovingly; but it is a very necessary process, that bringing of brethren to their level. This is one of the most useful results of a College course,—useful, however, mainly because associated with other and better results. It takes some men months to realize what fools they are; but in College many are eager to assist them in the realization; some even throw too much zeal into their amiable assistance. For a while the path of knowledge

descends, and the youthful pilgrim does not find that the descent of this Avernus is by any means easy. Many illusions are dispelled in that descent; but if our brother is a fit man for our institution he prizes the experience. During the first one or two sessions he learns that he is a fool, and he is helped to regain his spirits as it gradually dawns upon him that he is not the only one. Then he comes before God in conscious weakness, and begins at the beginning. He resolves that if piety can be valued, if grace can be felt, the brethren shall feel his influence; not because he wants to be their superior, but because he feels that in his present position he must do his very best if he is to be qualified for future usefulness.

I am sorry to say that there are always among us certain brethren who do not add to our *spirituality:* they need to take more out of the College than they bring into it; and I hope they may. On the other hand, we receive brethren who act as great lumps of salt, and savour the whole community: as we remember their names we think gratefully of the holy influence which they exerted while they were with us: I wish every one of our men belonged to that blessed band. We have occasionally among us a jocose man: "the funny brother" is the name by which he is appropriately described. He is a good fellow in his way, but we need not covet his title, for he will not be known in heaven by it: the angels will not in their songs rejoice, and say, "Here comes the funny man." Another brother is the leading critic, keen as a rapier and tart as vinegar; by no means a bad sort, but he is hardly an example for tenderness. No congregation will beseech me to send him to be their pastor because of his sarcastic manner. I should court above all things to be the student who walked with God, the man who was like Jesus, the brother who in the prayer-meeting was most at home, and in class and out of class was always earnest, cheerful and devout. He is the friend of all, the pattern for all. In his ordinary talk the brother who is now before my mind's eye is as cheerful as any man, but at the same time he is free from levity. He is manly, and self-contained: the Son has made him free, and he is free indeed. His heart is in his work and with his fellow-workers. The young man from the country is growing and will grow, God helping him.

By his *tutors* this student is known by *the punctuality of his attendance at all classes.* Coming in late is an abomination to him, not merely because it is an insult to the teacher, and a hindrance to the class, but because it is so injurious to himself. The President of this College has for many a year felt that if he could not attain to any great virtue, he could make sure of a little propriety, which is well within reach. He has been uniformly punctual, and by this means he has saved himself from a world of worries and his friends from a sea of vexations.

It is due to the tutors that students should be always in time, and that they should come with their class-work well prepared. If any student is in the habit of absenting himself from the classes, or neglecting his preparations, he ought to consider whether he should not abstain from coming to College at all. Idlers are never happier than when they have a friend up from the country who requires their guidance to the sights of London; they are also very expert at taking colds and other friendly disorders which can excuse them from class. In such cases it is the

President's very plain duty to send a respectful letter to the student, informing him that the institution will no longer inflict upon him the penance of attending: the world is all before him where to choose. This is a rare occurrence.

The true student is *industrious* while he is in the College, because he feels that the time allowed him for preparing for his great work is all too little, and he cannot afford to lose an hour of it. In many cases brethren have been so conscientiously laborious that they have broken down, and have had to retreat to the country or the seaside for a while, or have even been compelled to quit study altogether. Such brethren are usually of feeble constitutions, but of this we were not aware when we received them: they looked strong enough in those days. We are glad when more robust health allows men to excel in studiousness and yet to remain vigorous.

A student may do, and should do, much more than mere class-work: a world of reading and research is open to him in his personal study. He does well if he habitually reads an Exposition of the Bible, or carefully peruses a Body of Divinity of larger dimensions than that used in the College, or devours in secret the productions of some great Puritan. The man who will make a future leader is sure to be a hard reader, a digger and delver in the rich fields of sacred literature. No College course can do anything for a man who does not do great things for himself. Our hopes lie mainly in men who are students by force of nature, or rather by force of grace; who need no stirring up, but give themselves with ardour to the work of fitting themselves for their future ministry. We have had many such, and have them now. I wish we had none of any other kind.

Brethren in the Pastors' College are requested to recognize their relationship to *the Church* which mainly supports the institution. Their presence at services, and specially at prayer-meetings, is looked for, and is yielded in most cases with great alacrity. The President loves to hear the voices of the students in prayer: it cheers him to see a line of them drop in at the smaller meetings for prayer, for he knows there will be brief and hearty supplications. This is good all round, and specially good for the students themselves. They see such meetings for prayer as they would find nowhere else in the world, and they must be led thereby to form a high idea of what a prayer-meeting should be.

The young man from the country *finds himself continually urged while in College to seek for greater spiritual strength.* It is our prayer and labour that our brethren should increase in grace as they increase in knowledge. If a man becomes weaker as a Christian through coming to College, it had been better for him that he had kept outside; the gain of a ton of learning is a loss if it be obtained by the loss of an ounce of grace. Preparation for the ministry is better promoted by deepening love to God and men, than by extended reading and study. The development of a man of God requires more self-knowledge, more faith, more fire, more communion with God, more likeness to Christ, more absorption into the designs of the Eternal: if a man goes back in these things, he is declining while he dreams of advance. The neglect of private devotion cannot be made up by the most diligent class-work.

I do not believe that the Lord will bless ministers who neglect to call upon him. We must know how to plead with God for men, or we shall never be successful in pleading with men for God. Every servant of God ought to be at all times in close and constant communion with his living Lord, or else he will do nothing aright. If it is so needful for us to be at peace with men that we are bidden to leave our sacrifice at the altar and go and first be reconciled to our brother, how much more must it be needful for us to be fully in communion with God before we attempt anything in his name?

The good student ever endeavours to keep up the force of his spiritual life with regard to others; he is always on the side of holiness, prayerfulness, and spirituality. By no means averse to the harmless pleasantries which are as oil to the wheels, he is yet a serious and earnest man who cannot endure to spend his days in levity. He feels that he has a great work before him, and that he cannot allow his student life to become what others seem to take it for granted it ought to be. He hears of silly, boyish ways, and he leaves these to boys. He is not merely a man, but a man of God. His aim is to minister to the edification of his brethren. He would not dare to say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou;" but he earnestly wishes to say—"Stand at my side, and let us all endeavour to be holier." The air and atmosphere of a College for ministers should be holiness unto the Lord; a man's three years' study should be like John's retirement in the isle of Patmos, bright with vivid revelations from the Lord which will cast a radiance over the whole of his future life. Each man should be an Enoch here, that he may be an Elijah in the world.

This young man from the country is getting on; and stands in good repute with his brethren, and the tutors, and the President. The Vice-President, who has an eye to home character, has a clear record concerning him; and where he is called upon to preach he is wanted again. He has preached before the College the usual number of times, and has had his due share of criticism, and he is becoming one of the older brethren. Once he looked for entrance to the College, *now he looks for exit.* They say that a ministerial College is like a mousetrap; those outside are trying to get in and those inside are trying to get out. This saying has truth in it. I believe, however, that those get out most easily who think least about it, and those have most difficulty in finding a position to whom a position is the one thing needful. God is the best friend in this as in everything else. It is seldom that a brother has long to wait: the door opens when the man is ready. Brethren outside the College recommend those whom they know within, and it often happens that before his time is up, a student has more than one church seeking him. He should not be very proud of this, for it may humble him to know that better men than himself are waiting for churches. He is a young unmarried man, and can live on less than a far more useful man who has a family about him: and in these straitened times the churches are forced to consider this point.

A young man is not always wise if he aspires to a large church at his first setting out: a few years in a quiet village or country town may be of great use to him, enabling him to get rid of his crudities and prepare

himself for a more prominent position. It is as foolish as it is wicked to make the salary the great guide. I have seen no man prosper long who has had his own personal gain in his eye; but I have observed several instances in which men have set aside their own advantage with a cheerful deliberation, and before long that step has turned out to be for their advantage in all ways. In our high calling we must above all other men "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and then all minor things shall be added unto us.

Of course a young minister would be very glad if his salary could be ample; but as his main desire is to glorify his Master, he is ready to begin life under great difficulties and to work his way. The wise student prefers to commence at the bottom of the tree, and gradually ascend, rather than to snatch at a position by preaching two or three flaming sermons, and then come down by degrees till he has scarcely a hearer.

When a man has been ready to do the Lord's work even if he received nothing for doing it, the Lord has often trusted him with money; but when he has hungered for preferment, and has read the Hand-book rather than the Bible, he has been left out in the cold. Our collegian, if he commits his way unto the Lord, will not be long without divine direction. We wish him good-bye, and may God bless him!

He who a little while ago was a young man from the country is *now returning to the country as an acknowledged minister of the gospel.* He is pastor of a church, large or small, bad, good, or indifferent, rich or poor, probably the last: now what ought he to be? If he is a true Metropolitan Tabernacle student, he *continues a student;* he says to himself, I learned in College how to study, and I mean now to put it in practice. How often do I tell my young brethren that I have only just commenced my own education! Our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, has often declared that he has not finished his education. From a parish in France, they wrote to the bishop asking him to send them a minister who had finished his education, because their last *curé* was always at his studies when they called to see him. They must have been very benighted. A brother getting into a very small sphere, says: "I shall not probably stay here all my life; this will be a good beginning for me; it will give me experience, and enable me to do better in future. I will make the best of this opportunity to do good and get good." Look at the difference between such a resolve and the actual proceedings of many. The first thing with some young brethren is to be *married;* they are of opinion that to be married is the chief end of man. Alas! it often proves to be the end of his usefulness when an unfit partner is chosen.

Supposing that great danger to be past, and that the minister is not hindered by a foolish marriage, our trust is that our young brother will preach a full gospel, and keep to the preaching of it, whatever temptations may arise to lead him off into modern vagaries. If he keeps to the examples set before him in his student life, he will be eager for conversions. He will never be content with fulfilling the weekly round of services and sinking into a dull monotony, wearisome to himself and people; but he will love the gospel, and feel enthusiastic in the preaching of it, and hopeful, nay, confident that good results will follow. Gathering about him

a band of zealous men and women, he will try to break up fresh ground, and carry the word of the Lord where it has not been heard before. He will be seen on the village green, in the cottage, in the barn, in the farmer's kitchen, testifying both to small and great the glorious plan of salvation by grace. From house to house he will visit his people, as far as he can economize the time from his pulpit preparations. He has heard the President say, time after time, "Make your pulpit your first consideration. Feed your people well on the Sabbath." Therefore he does not spend all his days in going out to tea and listening to gossip; but he is glad to go where he can do real pastoral visitation and be truly winning souls. He works harder than any other man in the parish: if he does not do so, he is worthy of the woe which awaits him at the last. It is to be feared that there are ministers who do not come up to this standard.

I knew a man who was pastor of a church which gave him at the rate of seventeen and sixpence a week. It was not a very large salary, it is true; but when I spoke to the deacons about it, they made the following reply, to which I had no answer: they said, "Seventeen and sixpence a week is much more than he earns. Why, there are men among us who work six days a week in the fields, and at the end of the week receive twelve shillings or less; but this gentleman is seldom up till ten o'clock in the morning, and if you want to find him almost any time during the day you will see him in an old dressing gown, and a pair of slippers, in the garden smoking his pipe. He seldom visits any one unless he is invited out to tea; he preaches twice on Sunday, if you may call it preaching, for he talks in a slipshod fashion; and he says he cannot hold a week-night service, because no minister of any ability preaches more than twice a week. He sometimes comes into the prayer-meeting, and sometimes he does not; and we are better without him than with him. Seventeen and sixpence is the outside of what he is worth." What could be said? I wish the idler had been in some other calling and not a preacher. Oh, it is horrible to suspect the ambassador of Christ of laziness!

From the Pastors' College have gone forth some of the most laborious and devout of men. Few are those of whom we can find fault; many are those to whom the Master will say, "Well done." There they are, plodding away, hundreds of them—all needing our prayers, all deserving our sympathy; some needing our aid. The whole band make up an army of the cross, whose victories shall be known in that day when the Lord shall reveal the secrets of all hearts. The Holy Ghost has called and qualified them for their Lord's service, and they will do it till the Lord comes.

To toil on till old age, bearing with human infirmity and testifying against sin, is the chosen portion of the man who in his youth devoted himself thereto. A quiet corner in the meeting-house yard is the resting place for his body, but his name shall live in the grateful hearts of the many whom he has turned to righteousness. He might have chosen an easier and better remunerated form of labour; but he could not have been engaged in a more noble and glorious enterprise. He who works in gold considers his art to be honourable; but what must

his be who works in the everlasting material of soul and spirit? In the esteem of angels and heavenly intelligences the young man from the country who gave himself to soul-winning now ranks among the honourable of heaven; he has chosen the good part; he shares the work of the Son of God; he shall partake in his glory.

Summary of Results.

DURING the thirty years of our existence as a school of the prophets, seven hundred and twenty-two 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 (fifty-four) have fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about six hundred and three brethren. Of these, five hundred and forty-seven are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized:—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College		722
„	now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists...	547
„	without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	21
„	not now engaged in the work (in secular callings)	14
„	Educated for other Denominations	2
„	Dead—(Pastors, 47; Students, 7)	54
„	Permanently Invalided	9
„	Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as joining other Denominations, &c.	75

These last are not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving us, and astounded that they should change their views upon baptism; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1886.

What We Would Be.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON AT THE TWENTY-SECOND CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

(*Continued from page* 259.)

FATHERS.

THE Apostle Paul truly says, "Ye have not many fathers." He calls the general run of teachers pedagogues, and says that we have myriads of such; but "fathers" are not many. No man has more than one natural father, and in the strictest sense we have each one *spiritual* father, and no more. How singularly true are the apostle's words at this present hour: still have we a lack of spiritual fathers. I would suggest to this Conference of brethren who have been for years in the ministry, that we have come to that point of age and experience in which each of us should set before him the image of a father as that to which he should approach more and more. We are already fathers in the sense of having around us converts who are our children in the Lord. We have already heard the penitential cries, and the believing prayers, of those born to God through our preaching. Many of us, beloved brethren, without boasting, can rejoice that the Lord has not left us without witness. Ours has been an imperfect and feeble ministry; but the Lord has given life to many by our words.

The parental relation is one which requires much of us.

the father. If we have wisdom, we shall maintain peace, and shall attempt reforms with gentleness. Fathers do not kill their children because they are unphilosophical, or unsound in theology, or somewhat disobedient in conduct.

If we would be fathers, we must aim at

A HIGH DEGREE OF HOLINESS.

The query is often proposed—Is it possible for believers to be perfectly holy here on earth? That question sounds strangely from some lips. I saw a man the other day who had no shoes on his feet, and was only half covered by his rags. Suppose he had asked me whether I thought it was possible that he could become a millionaire, I should have answered that he had better first go and earn sixpence for his night's lodging, and then save up enough to buy a decent suit of clothes. Thus, those who are eager to dispute about perfection had better see that their lives are first of all decently consistent with the profession they have made. Brethren, we can be much more holy than we are. Let us attain first to that holiness about which there is no controversy. At the time of the Council of Trent there was a controversy between the Church of Rome and the Protestants as to whether it was possible for the laws of God to be kept. The question was awkwardly put, and when Luther endeavoured to show that it was impossible, he seems to me to have advocated one truth at the cost of another. At any rate we dare not set limits to the power of divine grace, so as to say that a believer can reach a certain degree of grace, but can go no further. If a perfect life be possible, let us endeavour to obtain it. If a faith that never staggers can be ours, let us seek it. If we can walk with God as Enoch did throughout a long life, let us not rest short of it. We dare not straiten the Lord in this matter; if we be straitened at all it is in ourselves. Let us aspire to saintliness of spirit and character. I am persuaded that the greatest power we can get over our fellow-men is the power which comes of consecration and holiness. More eyes than we wot of are fixed upon our daily life at home, and in the church, and in the world. We claim to be the Lord's ministers, and we must not wonder that we are watched at every turn; ay, watched, when we think that no observer is near. Our lives should be such as men may safely copy.

You know the weighty responsibility of a father towards his children; such is ours. I do not think that any of us would dare to say, "Follow me in all things." And yet the tendency is to follow the pastor. In this tendency lies influence for the holy, and a dreadful power for mischief for the careless. Many beginners take readily to an earthly model: they find it more natural to copy a godly man whom they have seen than to imitate the Lord Jesus whom they have not seen. I do not commend them in this; but so it is, and we must be tender towards this weakness so that it become not the occasion of evil. Children first obey their parents, and so learn the law of the Lord, and no doubt many of the weaker sort learn the way of holiness from their spiritual guides. A painter, who afterwards becomes a great original, is in his earliest days a disciple of a certain school of art: it is so in religion. The babe in grace is taught to walk by an older brother, and

afterwards takes his own path. I believe that many weak ones in our churches are seriously injured, if not entirely broken down, by following the example of their ministers in matters wherein they come short of the Lord's mind. How grievous it would be if any believers were dwarfed through our conduct! May we not fear that there are some in our churches to-day who are not what they might have been had we properly guided them? No doubt some have been coddled into weakness, and others have been allowed to grow more in one direction than in others. Do you say, "We cannot help this. It is no business of ours"? I tell you it is our business. Strangers may talk in a careless way, but fathers are conscious of great responsibility as to their children. If a family is not well ordered, a wise father begins to mend his own ways. If our people do wrong, we fret and blame ourselves. If we were better, our church-members would be better. It is little use to scold them: our wiser way is to humble ourselves before God, and find out the reason why we do not produce better results.

I don't think I can say much more, I am so greatly overcome by pain. I was going to say that as an earthly father stands in the place of God to his children, so do we in a certain measure. We do not aim at it nor wish for it, but we are placed by many weak and ignorant persons in a position from which we would gladly escape if we could, for we abhor everything which wears the semblance of priestcraft. Alas there are simple souls who forget to look to the Lord's mind in the Scriptures, but they look to us as their teachers and guides. I grant you there may be an evil superstition in it, but there it is, and it must not be trifled with. In many instances, however, through their grateful respect the members of our congregation gather lessons from what we do as well as from what we say, and this should make as very careful lest we lead them astray. Be holy that others may be holy.

WE HAD NEED BE KIND AND COURTEOUS,

for even such a small thing as shaking hands, or giving a nod, may have an influence. One who is now a member of our church told me that he had often stood to shake hands with me at the back gate, as I left the building, long before he had come inside to hear me preach. The mere fact of a kindly notice which I gave him on going out had made him think of me, and inclined him to hear. He assured me that this simple matter was the first link between him and religion. He was drunken, and wretched, and ungodly, but he had by a happy accident become the friend of a minister of Christ, and this bond, though slight as a spider's thread, was the beginning of better things. Never be stiff and proud. Be pitiful; be courteous. Children expect kindness from a father; let them not be disappointed. It is ours to be all things to all men, if by any means we may save some. Even to those who are without, we must show a tender consideration.

EVEN TO THOSE WHO REJECT OUR GOSPEL

we must display unbounded tenderness. It should fill us with deep sorrow that men refuse the Saviour, and follow the way of destruction. If they will persist in ruining themselves, we must weep for them in secret places. Having lovingly preached the gospel to them, if they will not repent we must break *our* hearts because we cannot break *their*

hearts. If Absalom has perished, we must go with David to the chamber over the gate, and bitterly lament him, crying, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" Do you ever mourn over your hearers as one that weepeth for the slain of his people? Can you bear that they should pass away to judgment unforgiven? Can you endure the thought of their destruction? I do not know how a preacher can be much blessed of God who does not feel an agony when he fears that some of his hearers will pass into the next world impenitent and unbelieving?

On the other hand, survey the picture of a father who sees his child returning from the error of his way. In the New Testament, you see the portrait divinely drawn. When the prodigal was a great way off, his father saw him. Oh, to have quick eyes to spy out the awakened! The father ran to meet him. Oh, to be eager to help the hopeful! He fell upon his neck and kissed him. Oh, for a heart overflowing with love, to joy and rejoice over seeking ones! As that father was, such should we be: ever loving and ever on the outlook. Our eyes, and ears, and feet should ever be given to penitents. Our tears and open arms should be ready for them. The father in Christ is the man to remember the best robe, and the ring, and the sandals: he remembers those provisions of grace because he is full of love to the returning one. Love is a practical theologian, and takes care to deal practically with all the blessings of the covenant, and all the mysteries of revealed truth. It does not hide away the robe and ring in a treasury of theology, but brings them forth, and puts them on.

Oh, my brethren, as you are the sons of God, be also fathers in God. Let this be the burning passion of your souls,

GROW TO BE LEADERS AND CHAMPIONS.

God give you the honour of maturity, the glory of strength! But courageously expect that he will then lay on you the burden which such strength is fitted to bear. We need you to quit yourselves like men. In these evil days, when the shock of battle comes, it will have to be sustained by the fathers, or not at all. Our young and immature brethren are invaluable as light troops, leading the way, and advancing into the enemy's territory; but the solid squares, which stand firm against the fury of the charge, must mainly be composed of the Old Guard. You of experience in the things of God; you experts who have fought the battles of the Lord over and over again; you must stand fast, and having done all, you must still stand. I call upon you fathers to hold the fort till Jesus comes. *You* must be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. If you fail, where are we to look? It will be as when a standard-bearer fainteth.

But lest you should feel pleased with the fact that you desire this high honour, and fancy that the mere aspiration will fulfil itself, let me remind you how the Saviour lived. He never settled down in desires and resolves, but girded himself for constant service. He said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Soul-winning must be meat and drink to us. To do the Lord's work must be as necessary as food to us. *His* Father's work is that in which we also

are engaged, and we cannot do better than imitate our Lord. Tell me, then, how Jesus set about it. Did he set about it by arranging to build a huge tabernacle, or by organizing a monster conference, or by publishing a great book, or by sounding a trumpet before him in any other form? Did he aim at something great, and altogether out of the common line of service? Did he bid high for popularity, and wear himself out by an exhausting sensationalism? No; he called disciples one by one, and instructed each one with patient care. To take a typical instance of his method, watch him as he paused in the heat of the day. He sat upon a well, and talked with a woman,—a woman who was none of the best. This looked like slow work, and very common-place action. Yet we know that it was right and wise.

To that single auditor he did not deliver a list of clever maxims, like those of Confucius, or profound philosophies, like those of Socrates; but he talked simply, plainly, and earnestly with her about her own life, her personal needs, and the living water of grace by which those needs could be supplied. He won *her* heart, and through her many more, but he did it in a way which many would think little of. He was beyond the petty ambitions of our vain-glorious hearts. He cared not for a large congregation; he did not even ask for a pulpit. He desired to be the spiritual father of that one daughter, and for that purpose he must needs go through Samaria, and must, in his utmost weariness, tell her of the water of life. Brethren, let us lay aside vanity. Let us grow more simple, natural, and father-like as we mature; and let us be more and more completely absorbed in our life-work.

As the Lord will help us, let us lay our all upon the altar, and only breathe for him. Certain of you will go abroad, some of you may find a grave on the banks of the Congo: we cannot all do this, but, brethren, we must all live unto the Lord, and lay down our lives for the brethren. The Thames and the Clyde must have their consecrated ones as well as the Congo and the Ganges. London and Bristol must witness to as true a heroism as Canton and Calcutta. Because we belong to Christ, the zeal of the Lord's house must eat us up.

I wish I could have spoken to you with all my strength, but it may be that my weakness may be used of God to greater purpose. My thoughts are few by reason of pain, which disorders my head, but they are all on fire, for my heart remains true to my Lord, to his gospel, and to you. May he use every man of us to the utmost of our capacity for being used, and glorify himself by our health and our sickness, our life and our death! Amen.

The Colporteurs in London.

THE more Colportage and its useful plan of working become known, the more will such a method of diffusing pure literature among the people be appreciated by the friends of evangelical religion. There is nothing new in the idea, for both the Reformation and the eighteenth century Revival were forwarded by similar means; and for years the most valued and intrepid servants of the British and Foreign Bible Society have been the colporteurs in Romish and heathen countries. Compared with the heroic endurance required of men in the foreign field, the service of the agents in the United Kingdom may possibly appear tame or common-place; but, at the same time, there are perils to be faced, and hardships to be borne even in England, which prove that only men of large hearts and strong frames are competent for the work. When its duty is thoroughly performed, there is no harder sphere in the church than that of the colporteur; and there is none more useful and honourable.

On the 17th of May, according to long-established annual custom, about twenty or thirty of the men employed by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association assembled at the Tabernacle to take part in the Spring Conference. In the middle of the day the colporteurs might have been seen at the head-quarters of their society, talking together about their own districts and work; and the gathering presented a good opportunity for any interested person to take stock of the workers. The little band would have struck any competent observer as being a weather-beaten clan with many original characteristics; and much that could not be gathered from other sources might have been learned from them about secluded corners of the country where superstition still lingers, and where the light of the gospel has almost gone out, especially where there is no Dissent, and the clergy have gone over to sacerdotalism. These hard-handed, warm-hearted colporteurs are becoming more and more home missionaries to persons of their own class. The amount of literature spread abroad can scarcely be estimated by a bare account of the money received. A short time ago the parcels for one month, sent to one agent only, weighed over half a ton. Fancy the labour involved in carrying that amount of reading into the surrounding villages, and distributing it from door to door.

The men assemble for their conference at the Pastors' College; and it is then that we learn from the colporteurs themselves more about their work, their difficulties, and their successes than we could discover by any other means. We soon perceive that these men find joy in their work, and that they look to God for success. In the course of an hour a large number stand up and briefly speak their experience.

First, let us listen to Mr. Appleby, of Tring, in Hertfordshire, for whom £40 a year is guaranteed by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school. In his rural district he has not exceeded £172 in the amount of his sales; but then, in the course of the year he has distributed 300 Bibles and Testaments. He undertakes preaching regularly; and many testify to the benefits they receive through hearing

the Word faithfully proclaimed, although it may be in a homely manner.

We mark how much importance is attached to the visitation of the sick, who in some instances are stricken down in the flower of their days, while others are aged and bed-ridden. In many instances the colporteur is the only Christian visitor who goes with words of cheer into cottages darkened by affliction; and at other times he is the only person available to expose the errors of false teachers. In one case a young church-woman was found making her own "good thoughts"—a substitute for Christ! Nor was she a singular example.

Mr. H. Mears, of Brentford, has been engaged in the work for twelve years; and from him we learn that the coloured Scripture cards, published by the Religious Tract Society, have been made a great blessing to the cottage folk of the district. In his own way he is also able to adopt original methods of reaching or impressing the people; for, having set a hymn to music, he sings it about the streets. He also attaches the greatest importance to the visitation of the afflicted, and the instances he cites show how urgent is the need of many whose only religious instructors are as unenlightened as themselves. Thus, one man had lain in bed for fourteen months, and no one but the colporteur had spoken to him about his soul. This complaint of the people having no one to speak with them about religion appears to be a common one, for it is repeated by several colporteurs in similar terms.

As one after another rises to speak, it is pleasant to find that each has something to tell about advances made in various forms. Possibly the men may not all have taken so much money as in the preceding year, but they have grown more efficient, and have found in their hearts a greater love for the work. One whose total receipts for the year (£285) were rather less than usual, had nevertheless disposed of 21,000 articles books, and magazines.

No one would think it likely that wives could prefer ungodly husbands; but one agent tells a remarkable story of two country women who almost savagely opposed those to whom they were united when the men began to seek the salvation of their souls. One of these women threw the key of the house into the chapel where her husband was sitting, and the other was of a similar spirit; but in course of time, through the colporteur's instrumentality, both became totally changed. In one case the operations of the colporteur have become so valued by the better classes of his district that one lady offered either to give a subscription to the Society or to supply the agent with a coat and leggings for rough weather. The man showed admirable self-denial and voted for the subscription, and £6 was accordingly sent to London. It is peculiarly interesting to listen to the varied experiences of these men, who make known to us in their own forcible, because earnest, manner, the extreme need of the villages, which was never more pressing than it is to-day.

Though able to hold their own, and, in a way, to stand alone, we are pleased to notice that the men are extremely glad of any advice which is likely to be of use to them in their holy service. Mr. S. R. Pearce, who commonly takes the chair in the afternoon at the annual Conference, always says a good word, and so also does Mr. W. C. Jones, the

secretary, who, on this occasion, strikes a high note when he urges the men to be bravely aggressive, and not to confine their visits to the poor, but to make their way into the houses of the better classes; and thus, while benefiting such people themselves, to advance the cause of the society. The word that Mr. Douglas, of Kenyon Chapel, gave to the men, was also likely to be of much service. All that was needed was for the Lord to arise; and in the work that such servants were engaged in, abilities were not so much needed as consecration. Because it was the Lord's work, they were not to be discouraged.

At the evening gathering—which was also the Tabernacle weekly prayer-meeting—the large assembly had an opportunity of hearing for itself what the colporteurs had to say for themselves. The Chair was occupied by Mr. W. Olney, who gave a number of facts showing the urgent need of such work as that which the colporteurs are engaged in; and then came the address of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, which, like the speech of Dr. Manning on Luther's "Well-Aimed Ink-pot," some years ago, will be long remembered by those who heard it. He seemed to think that the Apostle Paul himself was so much of a colporteur that all colporteurs are in the true apostolic succession. The allusions which were made to the eras of Wickliffe, the Reformation, and the Revival, were all to the point; showing how the greatest revolutions of the religious world have always been stimulated by a more liberal diffusion of the Word of God. Mr. Hughes also gave some startling facts, collected by the Wesleyan denomination, to show how urgent the need of the villages was even in the near neighbourhood of London. In a comparatively limited area of the rural suburbs there was a population of 135,000, and with certain hamlets, not reckoned, it was thought there might be even a quarter of a million of people who were wholly dependent for their religious teaching upon the Church of England; and in many cases that teaching is sadly different from Holy Scripture. Colportage was the readiest means of reaching these people; and now that agricultural labourers had the franchise, it was the more important to extend to them the gospel.

From every quarter a cry of distress is coming up from the villages, in consequence of the agricultural depression; and unless something more than ordinary is done for their relief, the cause of religion generally must certainly suffer. Never since the Reformation have there been such difficult, disheartening times in the villages as at present. The pastors complain not only of more straitened means, but of the still more serious fact, that the farmers, on whom they have chiefly depended for support, are, one after another, leaving the old homesteads for other scenes. The best of their young people are also quitting the country for the already over-crowded towns. What is still more saddening is the additional fact, that pastorates are becoming vacant, because of the inability of the people to support a resident minister; and in these centres the colporteur is frequently found in the pulpit, or there would be no preaching at all. Under such conditions the work of colportage grows in importance, and pleads for extension. It belongs to no single denomination, but claims the support of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

G. H. P.

"Something like a Holiday!"

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

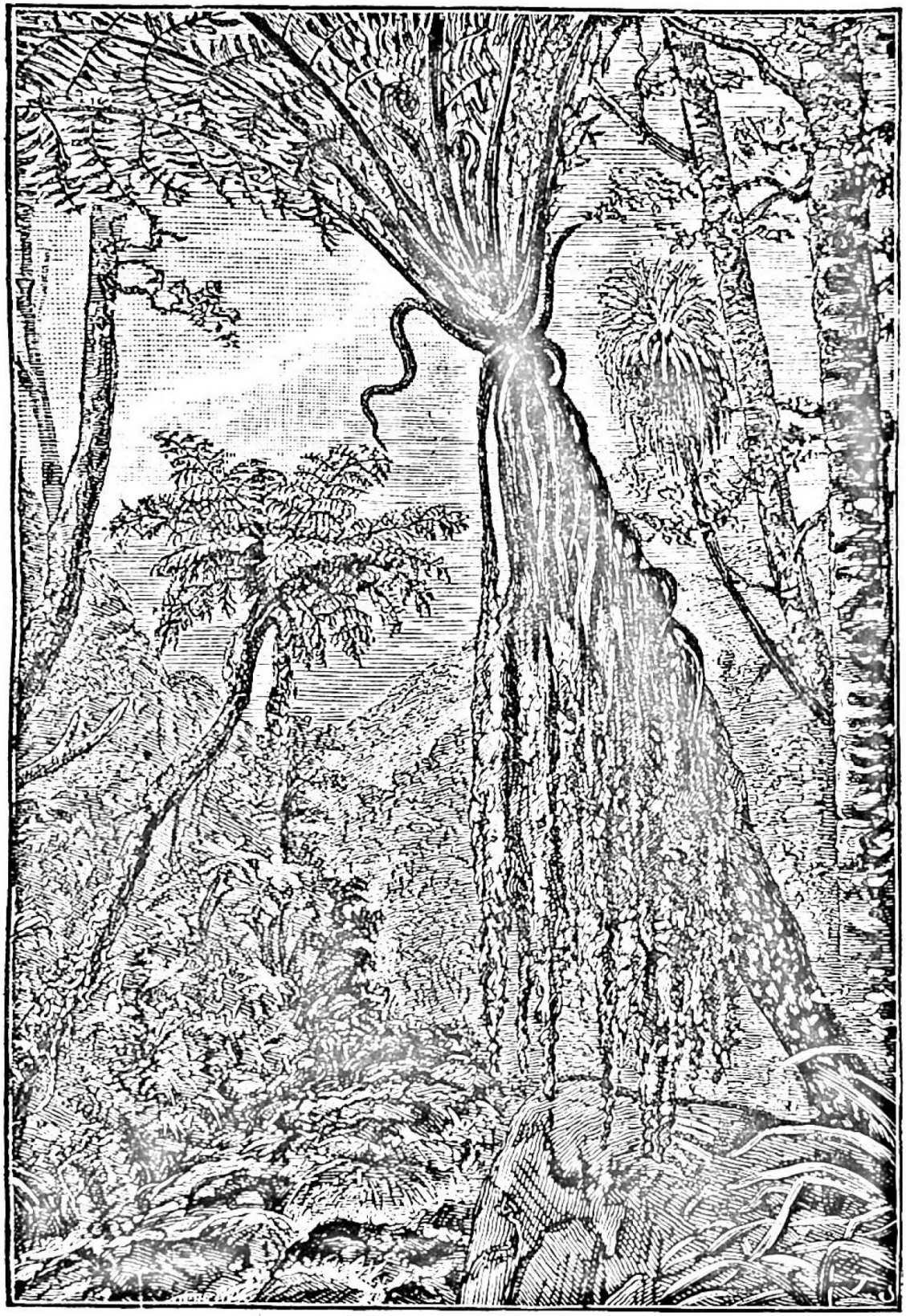
THERE are a good many difficulties in the way of a city minister having a real holiday. This is especially so in New Zealand. For instance, "supplies" are not so easily obtainable as in the old country. We have no colleges on whose students we can "fall back," and ministers without pastoral charge are by no means numerous. But for the able and kind assistance of laymen, I, at all events, could not so readily have enjoyed the parson's fortnight of which I propose to give *The Sword and the Trowel* readers some account.

Where to go is the next perplexity. A sea trip is no longer novel and delightful. Travelling from township to township inland is wearying, while remaining in any populated centre means preaching, and lecturing, and visiting to a dead certainty. Out of this difficulty, also, I have managed to find a way of escape.

It had been my good fortune to spend a while under canvas, in company with some friends, upon the ranges in the neighbourhood of Auckland. It was amidst the sylvan charms of that brief "outing" that a longer excursion was suggested. If just a day or two proved so pleasant, before one had time quite to grow used to the least pleasing features, what would a fortnight be—with nothing to do, no letters, no visitors, no sermonizing, no preaching, no marriages, no burials, no deputations, and no visits to manufactories and public institutions? "If such joys," said I, "are yet to be tasted, if such bliss be really attainable, 'Oh, where, oh, where can it be?' and 'What must it be to be there?'"

Time and place being agreed upon, my artist friend was entrusted with all arrangements. Unlike some knights of the brush, he is practical as well as artistic—not an æsthetic Apelles, who can stoop to nothing lower than a sunflower. He knew the very spot for our tent, as well as what we ought to have with us, and how to get it there. Obedient to his behests, I made up my belongings (mostly "old clo'") into a "swag," a 'possum rug enclosing all; and these, with the tent, and blankets, and the "tucker," were sent part of the way by train, and then by packhorse to the Anawata Creek, where it merges into the sea on the wild West Coast. Here we ourselves arrived on horseback one bright Monday afternoon, not a little wearied because of the Sunday services, an early start, and a hot ride. But what a ride it was! Excepting one piece of uninteresting country between the city and the hills, the scenery was charming. The track pierced the bush, with its lovely variety of giant trees, graceful ferns, and clinging creepers. Now and then a clearing and a settler's house took us unawares, while constant glimpses of the two oceans which lave New Zealand's eastern and western coasts showed us how narrow a neck of land we roamed.

We made two halts *en route*—one beside a sparkling creek, where we let our horses have a bite off the grass and a roll, while we had a bite of roll on the grass; and another only a mile or so from our destination, at a vacated house, whence (by kind permission of the owner) we abstracted a few necessaries for the culinary department (a camp oven and some "billies"), together with the unexpected luxury of a chair.



A NEW ZEALAND CREEK.

(*Drawn and engraved by Thomas Spurgeon.*)

My first sight of our camping-ground enchanted me. Just across a considerable creek was an alluvial flat, backed by a steep cliff, and thickly grown with pohutokawa trees. This tree thrives on sea cliffs and river banks, twisting its big branches down to the ground or over the stream; while in December it decks itself with bright red flowers, and so earns the title of the Christmas-tree. At the foot of the cliff were several small caves, near one of which we pitched our tent, so as to have two rooms to our house—one of canvas and the other of rock. A big fire soon sent its blue smoke curling up the cliff-side, and as we had not feasted at all inordinately, but rather the reverse, on the journey, we made preparations for a substantial meal. A big bundle which I had carried on my saddle-bow was now brought into requisition. By the way, this bundle had come somewhat to grief when, at an early stage of our trip, my horse tripped or slid on a greasy bank, throwing itself and its rider and his package in the mud. Its contents were rather varied; to wit, some artists' materials, Metropolitan Tabernacle sermons, and a ten-pound ham, uncooked! Soon from the tin dish which served as a frying-pan came most melodious sounds of frizzling ham, while the atmosphere was redolent of savours which, for the time, quite counteracted the whiffs of the briny, which in those parts are accustomed to have it all their own way. A little later the hungry hunters were "pitching into" the pig.

We turned in early that night; I into a hammock slung from the tent's ridge-pole, and my friend into blankets on the ground. Haunted houses never echoed with such strange sounds as I heard that night. There was such a combination of noises! The fire crackled, the wandering cattle lowed and moaned, our horses neighed and snorted, the ocean boomed, mosquitoes trumpeted, and our New Zealand owl kept crying "More pork," as if in envious reference to our supper.

At early morn we sought the sea. Down the creek's sandy bed we strolled till the ocean beach was gained, with its castle rocks guarding the miniature estuary, and sentinelling the sea. Amidst the surf we splashed and swam, and then hied home to breakfast. Every other morning after this we contented ourselves with swimming in the creek near our camp, thus avoiding the fatigue and saving the time involved by walking to and from the sea, and battling with the breakers. The tidal stream was deep and clear, and served at once as bath-room, wine-cellar, laundry, and dairy. Its cool flow preserved the milk and butter beautifully, save for the danger of the tide floating the tins down stream. Once we missed them from their accustomed corner. They had broken from their moorings, and, without a pilot, were attempting to navigate the tortuous stream. Fortunately we espied them hiding away, like guilty things, beneath the opposite bank; but a swim was necessary to recover them.

How happily the days flew by! Cooking, and even washing up, had charms; while eating was bliss indeed, for appetite was hearty. Moreover, our larder was well stocked. My friend made bread most sweet, the sea yielded us fish most fresh, then there was the aforesaid ham, with tinned meats, and preserves, and porridge, and potatoes, and all that we could wish. I need hardly add that tea, and cocoa, and Adam's ale were our only liquors. You may search our camping-place as you

will, but not a "dead marine" will be discovered; or if it be, 'tis none of ours. In camp, or riding out, hot as the weather was, we wished no better drink than water. The same bright rivulet that quenched the thirst of "Lassie" and "Rowdy," our faithful steeds, slaked ours. Childhood's request was repeated with renewed emphasis—

"Give me a draught from the crystal spring
When the raging sun is high."

And we were pretty busy too. There were "household duties," of course, to be attended to, and fishing, and crab-catching. Reading, and painting, and writing filled each day. I embraced the opportunity for preparing a temperance lecture, and commencing a rhyme which my readers may yet have inflicted upon them. We also made excursions to some neighbouring saw-mills and post-office, to local marvels, a "Sion Rock," and "The Blowhole." My companion's brush was very busy. No less than nine finished pictures did it achieve, some of which have since graced the walls of our local Art Exhibition, and obtained a ready sale. Thus each of us endeavoured to turn the trip to good account, and make it pay. Personally, I have never found such an outing fail to quicken thought, uplift the heart, and provide illustration. On a previous occasion, a fire in the bush helped me wonderfully to speak from "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire," &c. I had seen the early stages of the conflagration, and watched the red-coated army of the flames advance, shooting their fiery arrows forward. My cheeks had been almost scorched by the heat, so I could speak of things that I had seen, and known, and felt. I had actually witnessed such fire as the poet sings of—

"That as in triumph seizes on the boughs
And reigns upon the throne of pine-tree tops,
And wraps the forest in a robe of flame."

What wonder, then, that pleasure to myself and profit to the hearers resulted when I came to descant upon the fearful fiery forcefulness of the tongue, which, little as it is, works such mischief!

"When a spark, scarce seen, will set ablaze the illimitable forest."

So also, after this furlough, I could not help speaking about the wise and foolish builders; for rocks, and sands, and winds were fresh in memory. I found it sweet, too, to talk from Isaiah xxxiii. about the "quiet habitation," and the "tabernacle which shall not be taken down," the "broad rivers," and galley-less streams. My people missed me for a Sabbath, but they would have missed these messages if they had not spared their pastor. And who can count the thoughts that have sprung, or may yet spring, from even so short an intercourse with the beautiful? He studies none the less who quits his books and desk, and learns direct from God and nature.

"Our daily teachers were the woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Of all these happy days, the Lord's-day was the best and brightest. We rested a little longer, I must confess; there was no excursion, and brush and palette were, of course, laid aside. Upon a jutting rock we passed the morn. And what a service we had! The grand old ocean with its

combing waves played the organ, our own grateful hearts offered praise; my companion read the lesson; the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* preached the sermon; and God gave his blessing. Many a time the audience and the reader had to stop to express delight, as the sweet experiences and rich thoughts of "Our own dear Shepherd" made their hearts burn within them. That sermon, like hundreds of its fellows, has spoken as forcefully in print to twos and threes as it possibly could have done to the thousands who were privileged to hear it preached. It moved us, too, to pray for the author, and that the day so happily begun with us might dawn as full of blessing for our friends. At eventide it was light outside with a young moon and myriad stars; light inside our cosy tent with candles; and light within our hearts as C. H. S. again held forth in "A Plain Man's Sermon." So passed the Day of Rest, in holy pleasures rather than in holy duties—a delightsome change from the happy but arduous labours of other Sundays.

"Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above."

It must not be supposed that during our trip we were absolutely free from inconvenience and care, for we were still in the flesh, and still on earth. That we were in the flesh, the mosquitoes, and flies, and, well—alter the vowels in *flies*, soon discovered, and evidently determined we should not forget the fact. The rain favoured us by falling at night, save on one occasion, when it would have taken the starch out of our collars, had we not entirely eschewed such encumbrances of civilization. The lowing of the wandering cattle did not always soothe us to sleep, and the "morepork's" hoot was not even successful as a lullaby. Nor can I insist that either a hammock or a bed of ferns is the most comfortable of resting-places *until one gets used to it*. True also is it that we could not always catch fish just when we wanted them; and the crabs were wonderfully nimble in scampering away (the scamps!), although they walked sideways. Some letters we expected went a-missing, and so did our steeds; and though the cooking department was generally beyond reproach, it must be admitted that an attempt at a plum-pudding was not an unquestionable success.

But such mishaps and drawbacks are incidental to this mortal life. Moreover, be it remembered that the insects had as much right to live, and eat, and drink as we. Indeed, were we not invading their domain? And who can blame the fish that they did not want to be caught and cooked, or the crabs that they preferred the rocky pools to boiling water? Besides, abundant compensation was at hand in sounding sea, and rippling rill, and pure fresh air, and absolute rest. A revel among the ferns made up for ever so many mosquito-bites, and the sand-flies were endurable in sight of the snowy surf. Up the creek or on the beach, booted on horseback or barefoot on the sands, reading or painting, walking or resting, we were "happy, gay, and free." And all this so near the city! We had but to climb the range, and Auckland, with its busy thousands, was in sight. How near, and yet how far! In three hours we could find ourselves amongst them, and be busy too.

When Friday came ('twas all too soon), we struck our camp, and turned towards home, staying *en route* to visit the Waitakerei river where it leaps from its rocky bed four hundred and fifty feet down

amongst never-leafless trees and spreading ferns, itself a shower of diamonds if the sunshine does but brighten it. Thence home, tired it is true, but to feel, for weeks after, that this was "*something like a holiday!*" How I wish that my toiling brethren in crowded cities had such a chance as I, if indeed they could adapt themselves to circumstances, and revel in the rural! Alas for those who get no rest at all! Each congregation ought to make it possible for the minister to have a holiday. Let him have his Margate if he cannot get a Mentone. Happier still may we remain who can enjoy such "quiet resting-places," so close at hand, and at such trifling cost. And now "to the work," for "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Brethren, pray for us!

Baptismal Hymn.

O JESUS! now exalted,
Though once by man despised,
We ask thy benediction
On those to be baptized.
As sinners they have sought thee,
Responsive to thy call,
And seeking, they have found thee,
Their Saviour and their all.

And now because they love thee,
They would thy word obey,
And follow in thy footsteps
All through their onward way:
Thy voice they hear commanding
That they should be baptized,
And thus with thee be buried,
That with thee they may rise.

The cross they would not shrink from,
But take it up and bear:
The path of duty treading,
They nothing have to fear.
Thy grace will well sustain them,
Thy smile their hearts will cheer;
They joy to pay obedience
To one they hold so dear.

The water is now waiting,
And they are waiting, too;
And angels here are watching
To witness what they do.
O Jesus! look upon them,
Thy richest blessing send,
And keep them true and holy,
And faithful to the end.

Berkhamsted. J. Francis Smythe.

The Tender Mercy of our God.

THE Psalmist, at the close of Psalm cvii., exclaims, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." For want of observation we fail in understanding. Sometimes an event comes under our notice which we are unable to forget, and then the mercy of our God flashes in upon our soul, and utterly amazes it. Here is an instance of loving-kindness which has just been told me: it happened a few days ago. I had it from one who knows the family, and therefore it is authentic.

The Lord in his great tenderness frequently prepares his people for a trial which he has ordained for them. When children are practising athletics, we place mattresses under the vaulting-horses, and the climbing poles, to break their falls. Just this the Lord did in this case. A believing father had a dear daughter of nine summers, a highly intelligent child, quick and engaging. One morning she said, "Dear papa, what does that text mean, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?' How can the Lord give us evil?" Her father explained the passage briefly, and promised that in the evening, he would tell her more about it. Alas, the little one fell from a high window, and when the loving father came home, his darling was dead! That question of the morning—was it not singular? Could any passage have been more appropriate, or more suggestive? Surely the Lord sent to the father the richest form of comfort by the most acceptable of messengers.

But this was not all, for within the dear child's Bible was found a leaflet about coming to Jesus, upon which she had written, "*I have come to Jesus, and he has saved me.*" In another part of the book was a second leaflet about bringing others to Jesus, and on this was written, "*My dear father led me to Jesus.*" Joy poured into the mind of that father. His heart was well-nigh broken by his loss, and yet how could he sorrow? Surely the bitterness of death was past! Did not the great Father pity the mourner, and provide for him the most effectual consolation? When the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, fulfilled his consoling office, he used these things as a balm for the wounded spirit—a balm right well adapted for its purpose.

Think you, reader, that this is a solitary case? Far from it. I can bear personal witness of preparations for pain, and for trouble. Peculiar visitations of grace and discoveries of love have come before or with the trial, and so the bitter medicine has been taken in honey, or what if I say "swallowed up in victory"? We are surrounded by love. We do not notice a thousandth part of the gracious care which forms an atmosphere around us. The Lord is secretly as well as manifestly at work for his chosen: he keeps us out of the furnace, or makes us to pass through it without so much as the smell of fire upon our garments. We need never be afraid, for should trial come, there will come with it a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. As our tribulation increases, so also shall our consolation abound by Jesus Christ. To our tender Father be praise evermore.—C. H. S.

Evils averted by Trials.

FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

GOD doth many times make our present crosses means to prevent future evils which otherwise might do very great damage to our worldly estate and condition. For example, the Jews in Jeremiah's time which escaped the captivity remained at home for their greater hurt; for they were driven into all the kingdoms of the earth, and were so tortured and consumed that they became a proverb and a taunt and a curse in all places. Those that were taken captives escaped these greater evils, and at length were restored home again, and enjoyed their former liberties and lands. In like manner God doth many times deal with us also; for whereas we grieve at the untimely death of our children, which we hoped should have been the staff of our old age, yet we may observe that many children have proved such crosses to their parents that their parents have not stuck to say of them, "Would God he had never been born!"

Rachel, who, out of her desire of children, said, "Give me children, or I die," did afterwards die in child-bearing. That son, whom she greatly joyed to think of aforehand, proved afterwards a Benoni, a son of her sorrow. Even so the children, whose lives we do so immoderately desire, and for whose deaths we grieve without measure, had they lived might have proved "sons of sorrow," and such as we would have wished that they had been buried long before.

We think it a heavy curse if a man be diseased or dismembered, and either full of pain or deprived of one of his limbs; and yet it is not unusual that strength of body and soundness of limbs do give occasion for far greater mischief; so that we may sometimes hear men say, "Would God I had been sick in my bed!" or, "Would that I had lost a leg or an arm rather than have begun such a work!" Further, we count it a lamentable thing if a man be robbed by thieves, or in any way brought to penury or distress; and yet we may often note the sad fact that many times riches prove "the hurt of the owners" of them (Eccles. v. 13); either they embolden them to some desperate attempt that may be their ruin, or they whet others with envy to lay snares for their life, or one way or other they breed men such woe that they will say of them, "Would God I had been born to never a foot of land!" or, "I would I had lived as such a cobbler or labourer doth; for then I had escaped these mischiefs, and might have had some comfort in my life."

Concerning all this we must consider, that what we see afterwards and wish for when it is too late, that God seeth aforehand, and provideth for it before it comes. If God do take away our children that are dear unto us as our lives, we should think it is perhaps because he foreseeth that if they should survive they would work woe to us. And if he lay sickness or lameness upon our bodies, it may be he doth it because he foreseeth that if we had health and soundness of limbs they would be an occasion of some greater mischief. And if he send us want and poverty and losses in our estates and dealings, it is because he foreseeth that wealth would breed us more woe than it is worth. If these things be so, why should we mourn immoderately over that which tendeth to our welfare and greater comfort?—*From "The Cure of Cares," by Henry Mason*, 1628.

Henry Bazeley, the Oxford Evangelist.*

M. TAINE, in his "Notes on England," describes an open-air service that he witnessed at Oxford. "Another Sunday," he says, "at eight o'clock in the evening, in a university town, I saw two gentlemen and a member of the middle-class preaching in the public highway. They do this every Sunday. . . . I went off at the end of a quarter of an hour. The audience consisted of about fifty persons, men and women, well-dressed for the most part; at intervals some of them whispered and smiled ironically, but the majority of the men and all the women listened attentively, and appeared to be edified. I heartily approve of these proceedings. In the first place they provide a vent for a consuming passion, for an intense conviction, which for lack of an outlet would degenerate into madness, melancholy, or sedition. In the second, they are moralizing, and may do much good to many consciences. In the third, they keep alive among the public the belief that there are noble ideas, genuine convictions, perfectly zealous souls; for man is only too ready to fancy that indifference and amusement are the end of life." The vivacious Frenchman's phrases accurately characterize Henry Bazeley, the leader of this little party of evangelists. He had "a consuming passion" for doing good, "an intense conviction" of Christian truth; and was, so far as this world can show such a character, "a perfectly zealous soul." He was well known to every one in Oxford; a fellow of Brasenose, a man of profound theological learning, of singularly independent judgment, of intense consecration to Christ, who at the bidding of conscience relinquished prospects of honour and ease in the church in which he had been trained, and plunged into the thick of the fight with surrounding ungodliness, encountering its roughest experiences, for the love of souls and of the Saviour.

But a good many people out of Oxford will be ready to ask who he was; for he was no egotist: he did not himself seek notoriety, and the prominence into which his self-sacrificing work brought him in Oxford was to him its most distasteful accompaniment. He was the son of a London clergyman, and was born in Poplar in 1842. He showed a good deal of mental independence from the beginning. His father used to say to him, "You are the most contradictious little chap I ever knew." The *literal* cast of his mind must have deprived him, one would think, of some childish pleasures, for he declined to play at horses with chairs. "No," said he, "they are not real horses; I only know about the horses in the street." He was educated under Dr. Sewell at Radley, from whence he passed, in 1861, to Brasenose College, Oxford. It was a time of controversial ferment. The Romeward movement of John Henry Newman was no longer supreme; an anti-clerical reaction had set in. University reform was in progress, Liberalism was dominant, and the influence of free thought, such as found expression in the "Essays and Reviews," was felt everywhere. Into this ferment of controversy and scepticism young Bazeley was suddenly introduced; but his early habits of piety, his purity of heart, his love for his parents,

* Henry Bazeley, the Oxford Evangelist. A Memoir. By the Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

and his sense of duty and principle stood him in good stead. He never lost his balance. Almost from the first he attended the Saturday evening prayer-meetings for undergraduates at St. Aldate's, and was a frequent guest at Mr. Christopher's Saturday evening "at-homes." The influence of this excellent rector has been an inestimable blessing to many an Oxford undergraduate besides Bazeley.

He took his B.A. degree in his twenty-fourth year. "His character was then," says his biographer, "fully formed. He had an iron will, the slave of a scrupulous conscience; and his mind was of that logical order which presses every truth to its ultimate consequences, and dislikes hesitation or compromise. But his character was as pure and as gentle as it was strong; and there was no end to his kindness."

It became his duty to decide upon a profession. His leanings were towards the ministry; but while no objection existed in his mind to Church *Establishment*, he had doubts about Episcopacy. His study of the New Testament led him to prefer Presbyterianism as a system of church government; and he went down to Scotland to see it actually at work. The ultimate result was that he left the English Church to join the Church of Scotland, in which communion he remained till his death, with the exception of a brief return to the Church of England in 1876. The mental struggle through which he passed upon this question was very great and harassing. "If he had not followed his conscientious convictions," writes his friend, Mr. Christopher, "his mental health, I think, might not have stood the strain. I never felt so strongly as when I saw the painful conflict in Bazeley's mind, that we must not think hardly of every brother who leaves the Church of England."

His ministry in the Presbyterian Church was exercised first in Stepney, to which place he travelled every week from Oxford, afterwards in a disused Friends' meeting-house in Oxford, which he hired; and finally in a Presbyterian church in Oxford, which he built at his own cost. He received no payment from his congregation, but maintained himself by his work as a private tutor; and found time for an amount of evangelizing work in addition to his other labour which is simply astonishing. He carried on evangelistic work in the surrounding villages, preaching in barns, and on the village greens. In Oxford itself he organized evangelistic services in the town-hall, and continued them for six years in succession, procuring occasionally the services of such men as Lord Radstock, or Mr. Stevenson Blackwood. He preached also in the open air on Sunday evenings at the "Martyrs' Memorial," after his service in his own church; and "few," says one, "were the sermons preached in Oxford of equal clearness and vigour of thought, soundness of scriptural exegesis and nervous power, with those preached by Bazeley at the Martyrs' Memorial." In cap and gown he attended the Oxford boat races with well-selected gospel books, to give to undergraduates as they returned from the race; he gave teas to the Oxford Militia, at which he and others addressed the men; and as opportunity offered, he went still further afield with the gospel, attending yearly the Warwick, Oxford, Abingdon, Reading, and Ascot races; the Witney, Reading, Abingdon, Banbury, Stratford-on-Avon, St. Giles' and Wallingford fairs; and the agricultural shows at Oxford, Wolverhampton, Cardiff, and Bedford, preaching the gospel, distributing tracts, and selling Bible

and religious books. This was no easy work. To carry on such labour in close proximity to the shows, merry-go-rounds, menageries, stalls innumerable, musical and unmusical sounds, glare, confusion, rough-play, drunkenness, and debauchery of a country fair will put the powers of any man to the strain. Sometimes he encountered rough treatment, as at Abingdon, when he was knocked down more than once, plentifully bespattered with flour, and finally driven from the ground; at Witney, where he got a kick which necessitated medical attendance; and at Reading, where his own taciturn diary only mentions "a violent mob." "It was in the midst of a great uproar," explains a friend, "with a crowd of five hundred or more persons around us, that the cry was raised, 'To the water!' The whole crowd then began to hustle us down to the water-jump. We were very near to it when a poor, wretched woman (an 'unfortunate'), stepped up, and standing close beside us, said, 'Well, if you put them in, you shall put me in too!' It was this alone that saved us. We afterwards thanked the woman, and got into conversation with her. She said that our preaching had shown her the wickedness of her life, and that she wanted to give it up."

Bazeley's evangelistic labour was not confined to preaching. He gave alms as freely as tracts, and visited the poor as much as he preached to them. Soup was given to all that applied at his door, and his Sunday evening visits to the tramps' lodging-houses brought many destitute ones to him. The overcrowding and filth of these places led him to open a tramps' lodging-house in St. Aldate's, where he daily conducted family prayer, and gave a free breakfast to the lodgers every Sunday morning, himself presiding. Christmas dinners to his lodgers, and Christmas teas to the old and poor of the city, the visiting of prisoners in gaol, the rescue and reclamation of the unfortunate women who walked the streets, the firm and loving rescue, also, of undergraduates who were sliding recklessly down the incline of a career of vice—for "we owe a duty to all men, *even to our equals*"—these were the activities that consumed his strength and time. His influence over young men in Oxford was very great. Undergraduates of all views, High and Low Churchmen alike, were drawn to him, not only by his knowledge and power of imparting it, but by his transparent sincerity and untiring kindness. He set aside a part of every day for walks with those who wished to converse with him; and they were always welcome at his lodgings. He was active in the Young Men's Christian Association, and gave a course of lectures on Christian Evidences, conducting an examination afterwards; and he organized a "College Servants' Society" for the mental and spiritual improvement of one of the most neglected classes in Oxford, the college servants. Hard drinking used to be common and godliness rare among these men; there is now a great improvement, but "to no one man is the improvement due so much as to Bazeley."

How was time found for it all? The secret was that he never wasted a moment. "He was always to be found at the daily prayer-meeting," says one, "at 7.30 a.m., and by that time he had done an hour's reading. He would read with pupils from 9 to 1; would be out visiting the sick and poor, or looking up undergraduates, all the afternoon; and in the evening at lectures or meetings, from which he rarely returned

before 10 p.m. On Sunday his day began with the early prayer-meeting at 7.30 a.m.; at 10 came the university sermon, which he hardly ever missed; church at 11; undergraduates' prayer-meeting at 1; the university sermon again at 2 p.m.; a Bible-class at 3.15; the Y. M. C. A. Bible-class at 5.15; church again at 7; the open-air meeting at the Martyrs' Memorial at 8.30; visiting the lowest lodging-houses from 9.40 p.m. to 10.30 p.m." Thus he fitted in his work like a compact mosaic.

Bazeley married, in 1880, Miss Louisa Boothby, a lady whose love for Christian labour was like his own; but he was not long spared to enjoy the sweetness of home life. His strength began to fail, and, in May, 1882, finally broke down. He sought recovery in rest and change; but the end was come, and he passed away on March 1st, 1883. The town was profoundly moved by his death. The working people streamed out to follow his remains to the cemetery. The sad procession made a short halt at the Martyrs' Memorial, and again near to the spot where he sold Bibles at the fair; and a vast crowd of all classes of Oxford citizens stood with the silence of deep feeling around his grave.

Such was this strong believer, this faithful, godly, consecrated man. His life will bear more fruit than the direct results which sprang from his labours; for he was a *pioneer* of aggressive out-door work for the Lord in Oxford, and others will be inspired by his example. His biographer has laid the church under obligation by this book, which is admirably written, and will do good wherever it is read.

"A Retiring Collection."

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

"AT the close of the present service there will be A RETIRING COLLECTION, *as usual.*" So said the minister, on a recent Sabbath morning; and, as we looked at the scanty congregation, and at the modest amount put into the plate at the door, we thought that the collection was likely to be in harmony with the description which had been applied to it. Nor was this an unusual or unique occurrence, as the announcement indicated. There have been other collections that have been so retiring that they have withdrawn almost entirely from view; they have been like the sea when the tide has been ebbing, only that they have retired so far that one could hardly see them at all. A story is told of a negro preacher, who sent his hat round among the audience he had been addressing, and when it came back to him without even a copper in it, he exclaimed, in tones somewhat irreverent, "Bress de dear Lord dat *I got my hat back!*" There is such a thing as a give-and-take policy, and he might fairly fear that if the niggardly niggers would not give anything to their minister, they might take from him that which was his own.

Why is it that there are so many stories of a similar character to this? Some of them, of course, are *stories;* but others are only too sadly true. One would suppose, from the lack of liberality in certain quarters, that there was a special grace or extraordinary virtue in

meanness; but it is not so. Doubtless, in some instances, ministers are themselves to be blamed for the "retiring collections" of their people. Many congregations have had an important part of their education completely neglected; they have never been educated to give; and the result is that what ought to be one of their greatest privileges is looked upon as a sore trial, or a disagreeable duty. The apostle Paul wrote to the church at Corinth, "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." There are many, even professing Christians, who do not appear to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" They are good at receiving, but their giving is done on a very different scale. It would not be so if they always recollected that all they are and have they owe to him who bought them with his blood. The silver and the gold are the Lord's, and the most generous donors must say to him, "Of thine own have we given thee," while those who withhold what is really not theirs are unfaithful stewards of their Lord's treasure.

A better state of affairs might be brought about if children were trained, from a very early age, to contribute personally, even though the amount should be very small, towards the work of the Lord, missions to the heathen, and philanthropic and benevolent societies at home. "I was disappointed this evening, father," exclaimed a little Yankee boy on his way home from a meeting in aid of some charity. "What wa the matter, my son?" "Why, father, when the minister said, 'We wil take the *cents* of the meeting,' I got my money ready, but no one came round with the plate." There was a good deal of *sense* in what the lad said, even though he had mistaken the meaning of a word. A still wiser boy asked, on another occasion, that the collecting-plate might be placed on the ground; and when his request was complied with, he stepped into it, saying, "I have not anything to give, but I should like to give myself to this good cause." Such volunteers for the Lord's service will not be like the soldiers who are of a retiring disposition in the day of battle, and run away at the first opportunity; but they will be the stuff of which Christian heroes are made; and having given themselves, they will gladly add to the value of their gift by bestowing their substance also, as God hath prospered them.

Even where people do give, it is surprising what small contributions satisfy the consciences of certain individuals. We were amused with the logic of a little girl, who was present at a school examination, where the question was asked, "What is a hypocrite?" For some time the children were unprepared with an answer. At last the teacher supplied one: "A hypocrite is a man who makes believe to be really good when he isn't! Sometimes a man will give a lot of money to a church to make people think that he is better than anybody else." "Well, my papa is not a hypocrite," said a little girl, "for he gives only a penny every Sunday."

"But Middling."

THERE is not much difficulty in grasping the meaning of a critic when he pronounces a sermon to be "middling": but when the verdict is further qualified, as above, the "but" takes off a liberal discount not easily expressed otherwise. If a sermon is described as "but middling," you may be sure it is somewhere below mediocrity: the preacher, either through incompetence or want of diligence in the study, has fallen short of half the distance towards success. And yet, perhaps, the failure may be accounted for on other grounds. Mental anxiety or physical pain, neither acknowledged nor betrayed by the preacher in the pulpit, would, if known by the hearer, greatly modify his judgment, and sympathy would silence censure. Many men never can rise above the "but middling," while certain individuals are conspicuous amongst their auditors. Their listless attitude, or their well-known mental or moral predilections, render it impossible for the preacher to do his best; and the fault is theirs, not his!

The presence of a greengrocer in the white cravat with which he appeared as a waiter at a public dinner on the previous evening, has been known to disconcert a preacher and degrade his sermon, till it was "but middling," because, forsooth, he was mistaken for a college professor. Does the reader pronounce this to be unworthy of the man whose call to the ministry is divine? Let the reader remember that a man even with a divine call is a man still, and, most likely, a man with a very sensitive nervous organization. He would give all he possessed if, in facing an audience, he could feel himself master of the situation, and infinitely superior in every way to all the members of his audience. But, alas! he can do nothing of the kind. No sooner is he on his legs than he begins a process of introspection, and sits in judgment upon himself from the standpoint of his hearers, and the result is, his sermon is "but middling."

Few men are always at their best under all circumstances; and the sermons of some of the best preachers are sometimes "but middling." This being so, a man should not be finally judged by any one sermon he may deliver. "We will hear thee again" should be the wise resolve of hearers, even when they feel the sting of disappointment following upon the just verdict of the sermon—"but middling."

We have known preachers whose sermons are always "but middling," because they never seem to have a clearly defined idea of the subject they are handling, or of the purpose the sermon ought to serve. "*He don't seem to get at it,*" said a critic to me on one occasion, when the preacher had pretty well exhausted his vocabulary of stock words and phrases with as much coherence as one might expect from the narration of a garrulous idiot. This want of definiteness or perspicuity must bring down any discourse to a level far below mediocrity. "But middling," is too great a measure of praise for it. There is nothing middling about it: it only borders throughout its course on the extremes of nonsense.

Then, again, we have known preachers so profound that they are lost in their own profundity. "*I can't get at him,*" was the uttered regret

of a devout hearer who had listened to a sermon couched in terms which affected culture mistakes for learning. A select few, to whom such sermons are specially addressed, vote the production sublime; but the average hearer, whose poor brain has been pelted with vocables, and not wishing to be censorious, takes refuge in the very safe formula when he declares it to be "but middling." He would not be far out if he said it was "but muddling"; but Christian charity is careful even in the selection of a vowel.

If the average sermons of a preacher are "but middling," he cannot wonder if empty benches stare him in the face. Fewer people than ever attend a place of worship as a matter of course, and fewer still are content with any utterance simply because it is delivered from a pulpit. The congregation will be "but middling" if the sermons are "but middling." Nowadays, it is the men who preach because they have something to say, and not because the time has come when they are expected to say something, and, having something to say, know how to say it with the accent of personal conviction, who command a congregation. Even when they are not at their best, they never descend to mediocrity. If their sermons lack greatness, they are never deficient in goodness; if they contain but little for the head, they minister to the heart, and the verdict of the emotional outweighs that of the intellectual. Thomas Binney was an unequal preacher, but he was always worth hearing, and so he succeeded in getting and holding a congregation.

I happened to enquire of a deacon whose minister's sermons are "but middling," how they were getting on. The good man treated my question as a conundrum, and replied, "Don't know: I'll give it up. Ask another!" There was no necessity to add another question, for I was well able to grasp the situation. The sermons were "but middling," and the condition of the church was ditto. As the minister is less than half awake the people are more than half asleep. There is no movement till the benediction is pronounced, and then the congregation are on the move; but they move off with an undisguised sigh of relief that they are free from a similar affliction for another seven days. Sermons which are "but middling" will never rouse a church to vigorous life and aggressive action. If the preacher drones, the people dawdle.

Of this same minister, the last thing I heard was an opinion expressed by a visitor to one of the deacons—"You won't be troubled with him much longer"—the comment evoked in reply being, "It will be a merciful providence which removes him!" Said as this case undoubtedly is, it is rather a type than an instance. There are, alas! far too many of whose sermons it must be said, they are "but middling."

V. J. C.

Sensational Preaching

REMINDS me of what an English lady said of the shop windows in Paris, during the Prussian siege; "that they showed fifty pots of mustard to an ounce of meat."—*Storrs.*

Advertising—Old and New.*

IN some form, advertising must necessarily be about as old as society itself; but as the present is emphatically an age of advertisements, all classes of readers will be interested in learning what Mr. Sampson has to say on so many-sided a subject; for it illustrates the history of the nation and the progress of the people in many curious and unexpected ways. The Bellman of our engraving, the original of which appeared in Thomas Decker's "Lanthorne and Candle Light; or the Bell-Man's Second Night's Walk" (1608-9), shows how advertising was effected in the days of James I. In country towns the bellman is still a local institution, although he cannot now compete with the newspaper. As it embraces all periods in the world's history, the subject of advertising is a very wide one; and Mr. Sampson's comprehensive book is the most complete survey for general readers.



BELLMAN OF OLD LONDON.

From "The History of Advertising."

The word "advertise" occurs twice in the Bible. "And now, behold, I go unto my people," says Balaam to Balak (Num. xxiv.); "come, therefore, and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days." So also Boaz, when speaking in the gate to the kinsman of Naomi, says, "And I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people."

The world's great poet uses the word in a passage which those

* A History of Advertising from the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Biographical Notes. By Henry Sampson. With Illustrations and Fac-similes. Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.

engaged in highest services might apply to themselves with profit—"As I was then advertising, and holy to your business, not changing heart with habit." Like other words, this may have changed its meaning in the course of ages. What is now chiefly understood to mean a paid notice in a journal, formerly signified advice, instruction, or even moral admonition.

The advertisements of any period are an index to its social manners and customs, and also to its code of morality; so that while many things still appear which ought never to see the light, our own times compare very favourably with those which have gone before. The examples given of different classes of advertisements, which appeared two or three generations ago, prove incontestably that our notions of morality have greatly improved.

Thus, a century ago, persons who were ambitious of sitting in Parliament openly and unblushingly advertised their wishes, of course offering to bribe well such as were willing to further their cause. "A gentleman of character and considerable fortune is extremely desirous of a high honour at an approaching period," one of these advertisements begins; while another candidate delicately intimates that he has £1,500 at his banker's. A third offers £3,150 to be accommodated. On the other hand, persons who may have been the holders of pocket boroughs, &c., seem to have offered their services in the parliamentary market by promising to secure seats without contest at the poll.

Akin to this, and not a whit less shameless, was the manner in which situations under Government were advertised for; ample returns were offered to such persons as would use their influence to procure places. In a London paper of 1781, "A gentleman of character," who wished "for some employ under Government merely for the sake of amusement," offered to advance on mortgage £3,000 to "any nobleman or gentleman" who would favour his wishes.

A hundred years ago knowing persons had their own way of appealing to the philanthropic instinct of the charitable; and they could become even pathetic in their mode of putting things. Thus, one who was probably an adventurer in want of money commenced an advertisement in a morning paper after this fashion: "Wanted immediately, or as soon as can be met with, that invaluable acquisition (when once gained), a sincere friend, by a person who in the early part of his life had many; but who, from the all-powerful hand of death and other fortuitous incidents, has been deprived of all those whom he could once call by that sacred name, and to whom he could apply either for counsel or assistance." Another advertised in a similar strain, *e.g.*: "Wanted immediately, that most difficult thing to be met with in the world, a sincere friend, by a person who, though in the meridian of life, has outlived all he had."

We hardly know whether the following old-time advertisement for a pastor was altogether serious; but such men as the one applied for were actually in the church, and there are unhappily many nowadays who would see nothing very objectionable in a preacher who could accommodate his action and doctrine to the requirements of the world:—

"Wanted, for a newly-erected chapel, near Grosvenor-square, a gentleman of elegant manners, and insinuating address, to conduct the theological department to a refined audience. It is not necessary that he

believe in the Thirty-nine Articles; but it is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring; he will be expected to leave out vulgar ideas, and denunciations against polite vices which he may meet with in the Bible; and upon no account be guilty of wounding the ears of his auditory with the words h—ll, or d——n, &c., &c."

The extent to which persons are defrauded by means of advertisements is very remarkable. Any nostrum in the shape of patent medicine will sell almost to any extent, if only it is advertised. Sham "specialists" for various human ailments, by the same method, can reap a golden, but dishonest, harvest. A taking bait is also held out to amateur authors; and a good deal of money has been taken from fast-living persons by racing agents, who pretend to possess prophetical gifts. Another shameful practice which still goes on, although it has been exposed again and again, is the "placing out" of young persons on farms in the colonies. When premiums are asked for this, people may know that the thing is a sham and a fraud; and that nothing better than common labourers' work will be provided, such as applicants could readily obtain for themselves if so inclined. The lowest class of all are those advertisements which are inserted in order to entrap young girls on coming to London. The inexperienced cannot act with too much caution; and it cannot be too widely known that the Young Women's Christian Association has agents who, free of expense, gladly meet any young woman on her first arrival in the metropolis.

The post-office is being made more and more a medium for advertising; and we cannot help thinking that if a little more circumspection were used by the authorities, it would redound to the credit of the Department, and the convenience of the public. The quantities of circulars about German lotteries which periodically come to England should not be delivered; and the same may be said of indecent medical publications, which pass in large numbers through the post. If the public want a remedy for such annoyances, however, they have it in their own hands. The most effective plan is to return the circulars and books to their senders as unpaid letters.

The idea of publications without circulation living on their advertisements is almost comical; but here is what Mr. Simpson says about this ingenious mode of cheating:—

"There are in London at the present time (1875) papers that have absolutely no circulation, in the proper sense of the word, whatever; and of which only a sufficient number of copies is printed to supply those who advertise in them, according to the custom observed in many offices. The readers therefore pay a rather heavy premium for the privilege of perusing each other's announcements. It may seem that this state of affairs cannot possibly continue long; but whatever theorists may make of it, we can speak with confidence of more than six papers which to our knowledge have possessed no buyers whatever for more than six years, yet their proprietors get good livings out of them—better, perhaps, than they would if sale, and not swindle, was the reason of their being—and calculate on continuing this state of things for their time, at all events. . . . We remember quite well an office in which six of these newspapers were printed; that is, supposed to be printed, for, with the exception of an alteration of title and a re-arrangement of

columns—and with, very rarely, the substitution of a new leading article for an old one—these six newspapers were all one and the same to the printers. Now, of course, had there been any chance of one man buying two copies of this instrument of robbery under any two of its distinct names, the swindle would have run some risk of being exposed; but, so far as one could discover, there was no desire ever shown to buy even one, the circulation being exclusively among the advertisers."

To many this will be a new phase of life in the strange world of London. It will also show that the "History of Advertising" is a subject abounding with many curious facts. Indeed, with its fac-simile pictures, and out-of-the-way revelations, Mr. Sampson's book is one of the curiosities of literature.

Compulsory Tithes: Enforced by Crushing Pains and Penalties.

[Fourth Article.]

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

THE following ancient document proves still further the unpopularity of compulsory tithes, and gives a peep at the harsh treatment of the poor by the rich. Its date is about a hundred years after Ethelwulph's tithe charter:—

"King Edgar's Proclamation."

"Here is manifested in this writ, how King Edgar considered what might be for a remedy in the pestilence that greatly harassed and diminished his people widely through his kingdom.

"This is then, first, what he and his *Witan* thought, that this unfortunate state of things was earned by sins, and disobedience to God's commandments; and chiefly by the subtraction of the bounden tribute which Christian men should yield to God in their tithe-payments. He bethought and considered the divine course by that of the world. If any agricultural tenant neglect his lord's tribute, and rendered it not to him at the right appointed time, one may think, if the lord be merciful, that he will forgive the neglect and take his tribute without punishing him. If he then frequently, through his messengers, admonish him of his tribute, and he then hardeneth himself, and thinketh to hold it out, one may think that the lord's anger will wax to such a pitch that he will allow him neither property nor life. So one may think our Lord will do, through the boldness with which common men resist the frequent admonition which our teachers have given about our Lord's bounden tribute, which are our tythes, and church-shots. Then bid I and the archbishop, that ye provoke not God, or earn a sudden death in this present life, nor, what is worse, a future one in everlasting hell, by any subtraction of God's rights; but let every one, whether poor or rich, who has any cultivated land, render to God his tythes, with all pleasure and liberality, as the act teaches, which my *Witan* enacted at Andover, and now again at Whitbordestane, with a pledge confirmed. Moreover, I bid my reeves by my friendship, and by all that they possess, that they punish every one of those who pay not this, and break the pledge of my *Witan* with any prevarication, even as the aforesaid enactment teaches; and in the punishment let there be no forgiveness. Whether a man may be so poor as to be tempted into encroachments upon which is God's, to the ruin of his soul, or so hasty-tempered as to think little of that which he does not consider as his own, that surely must be more his own which lasts for ever, if it be done with a truly cheerful mind.

"Then will I that God's rights stand everywhere alike in my dominions;

and that God's servants who receive the payments that we make to God, should live clean lives, that they should through their purity intercede for us to God. And I and my thanes enjoin our priests what is taught us by the pastors of our souls, that is, our bishops, whom we should never fail of hearing in any of the things that they teach us for God, that we, through the obedience that we yield to them for God, may earn the everlasting life which they persuade us to by teaching, and by the example of good works."—Soames' "Anglo-Saxon Church," Appendix, p. 259, A.D. 1856, fourth edition. Soames quotes from "Brit. Mus. MSS.," Cotton, Nero. E. 1, f. 380. Mr. Thorpe has printed and translated this piece under the title of "Supplement to Edgar's Laws," in the "Anc. LL. and Instt. of Engl." i. 271.

No one can say that King Edgar, "the vicar of God on earth," did not do his uttermost to induce and compel the people to pay the tithes. Every archbishop, bishop, and, in fact, every clergyman, did all that was possible—both good and bad—to get the people to pay them. Bishop Swithin, or Swithun, was canonized as a saint, because of the successful part he played with Ethelwulph, in wheedling, and badgering, and threatening him; and plotting, and planning, and preaching, until by "hook and by crook," Ethelwulph, the "apt pupil" and "tool," was induced to pass the law by which the clergy claimed legal right to tithes in all England.

Coercive laws were continued "hammer and tongs," "tooth and nail," throughout all the reigns; and it is by coercion alone that the tithe rent-charge is paid to day.

Ethelred, in A.D. 1008, and 1012, contributed laws in addition to the foregoing, to compel the unwilling nation to pay the tithe-tax that the aristocracy had imposed upon the people. Canute, in a Parliament held in Westminster, A.D. 1032, revived and re-enacted, with additional penalties, the laws of Edgar and Ethelred for tithes, plough-alms, and church-scot.

Throughout all the changing fortunes of our nation, the law to compel tithe-payments was ever fresh, vigorous, and operative. It mattered not whether the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, or the Hanoverians mounted the throne, the law sternly commanded the tithe to be paid.

Why was this? The answer is at hand. It is clear and complete. Tithes had *friends* in court. Not only friends, but *interested* friends—yea, *deeply* interested friends. Princes were often bishops and abbots, princesses were abbesses, &c., &c. These great and lucrative offices were not created for the poor or worthy. No one is now so ignorant as to think they were. They were created for the rich, and for rewards rendered for services to kings, &c. Also abbots created knights. "Brand, Abbot of Peterborough, knighted his nephew, Hereward, in the reign of William I. Lanfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, knighted William Rufus." Rapin also says (Book vi., p. 217): "We find in 'Anglia-Sacra,' and the 'History of the Church of Winchester,' by Rudburn, that in 1144 Pope Lucius sent the pall to the Bishop of Winchester, KING STEPHEN'S BROTHER, with the intent to erect that see into an Archbishopric." Is not this delightful reciprocity! "The upper ten making things comfortable all round for themselves," as Mr. Bright expressed it. "A kind of concurrent endowment," as the late Earl Beaconsfield suggested. What would have been done with the beautiful Stephen's brother if there had not been "the church" to fly to? It is comforting to the wealthy to-day, as in the days of old, to know that the church, as now constituted and supported, is able to find shelter for any of their sons who are unable to hold their own in this competitive world. Bishop Sanderson complains that "those who have advocations of church livings must needs have some of their children thrust into the ministry." "Here we have a fulfilment of the prophecies when the best families get put into the best offices." Quaint old Quarles wrote truth when he penned,

> "The church sustains the extremes of cold and hunger
> To pamper up the fat advowson-monger."

We have within the last few months seen most of our tithe-paid clergy turning every stone, marshalling every skeleton of an exploded argument, in order to tax the people's food. Were they earnest and sincere in their endeavours? Most assuredly they were. The dearer the bread is that their flocks eat, the higher their tithe rent-charge rises. When corn runs up to starvation price they greatly increase their stipends; the tithe rent-charge being regulated by the price of corn. Dear corn, hungry sheep, and well-fed shepherds! Self-interest rules their policy. Are people's doings known by their fruits? What fruit should we have seen growing in our beloved country during the past hard winter, if those "legal shepherds" had had the feeding of the people with dear bread? They did their uttermost to put a tax on it. Why? Shall I be charged with want of charity if I give the only true answer? Be that as it may, I know no reason why they should want to tax food, except for *fat tithes*. And, in like manner, there is no reason why the *various grades* of the clergy were created, except to make fat livings for friends and favourites of civil rulers. That they are not chosen to rich livings for their spiritual experience, or theological attainments, or arduous labours, is illustrated by the last great appointment. In a recent issue of *The Rock*, a Church of England organ, we find the following:—"Our readers will, doubtless, remember that we recently called attention to the vagaries of the Bishop of Lincoln, and expressed regret that the Bishop of Ely was following suit. We understand that at the last ordination he wore his new mitre, blazing with jewels, as he walked from his palace to the Cathedral. What, however, distresses us most is that he should have told his candidates that he could not address them on any *spiritual* subject, because he did *not* feel *competent*, nor on any *theological* topic, as he had *never had time to study theology*, and he would, therefore, speak to them about three of the rubrics. (The Bishop's only charge for many years was a small parish of about one hundred souls.) This, then, is the *raison d'être* of the mitre, we suppose. The Bishop is to supplement his spiritual and theological deficiencies by the variety and completeness of his wardrobe. We wonder how his lordship reconciles it to his conscience to draw a large salary for the discharge of duties he is incompetent to perform. The head of the police in London recently resigned because the public considered him inefficient. We would recommend the propriety of a similar step to any bishop who feels himself unqualified for the efficient discharge of his duties."

The Rock may criticize, suppose, and suggest anything it likes; but it is of no use, since knowledge of theology, spirituality of mind, pastoral capacity, and Christian experience are no grounds of promotion, even to-day in the tithe-supported church. They are in other churches. The bishop was a lord before Prime Minister Salisbury "frocked" him. He was chosen on other than religious grounds. Thus it is clear that the money said to belong to the church is paid away for other reasons than for the promotion of spiritual religion. What is this but spoliation? Is not this using religion as a drudge to promote party interests?

Being a resident in the diocese of Ely, I am not a little interested to learn how Lord Compton occupied his time before he became a "Right Reverend Father in God." He "never had any time to study theology." "He is not competent to address" the young clergy on "spiritual subjects," and yet *he* is the man "whom the Holy Ghost commanded the Dean and Chapter to elect." Sad, sad, and dreadful blasphemy!

Can the greatest opponent of the State-church system affirm that in all the thousands of the clergy there is not a true, well-equipped man of God who is competent to address soul-inspiring spiritual counsels to young clergymen on the most solemn day of their lives? If this is a fact it is unique. I will venture to affirm that there is no other sect which could not with an hour's notice furnish all that is needed for any ordination service. No, no. Lord Compton was not chosen because there are no spiritually-minded men learned in theology in "the church." Other and more pressing considerations sent down

the scale, and therefore theology and spirituality had to kick the beam. So it ever must be in a State-church—there is no remedy for it.

Must all the country for ever be taxed to support this sect?—a kind of huge family compact! Yes, the most gigantic family and political society in the world. The only sense in which it is national is that everybody, either directly or indirectly, *has to support it—must* support it. There is no choice, and will be none, until the law is altered. I hope I have clearly proved why governments have so long been in favour of tithes.

Possibly it is imagined by some people that when the Danes, or Normans, &c., conquered England, they rejected and repealed their predecessors' ecclesiastical laws. Historians assure us that this was not done, but that the existing ecclesiastical laws were confirmed and adopted by all the various governments.

The links of this chain are more complete than those of the boasted Apostolic succession. Apostolic succession is a fiction in the sense in which it is generally used; but tithe succession is a stern reality, which has put gall and bitterness into many a widow's bleeding heart as she has seen her fatherless children's food taken out of their mouths to pay the tithe-tax.

When William, Duke of Normandy, came to England, Aldred, Archbishop of York, placed the Duke on the throne, and administered to him the oath usually taken by the Saxon kings. The substance of the oath was, "That he would protect the Church and its ministers; that he would govern the Nation with equity; that he would enact just laws and cause them to be strictly observed; and that he would forbid all rapines and unjust judgments. Malmsbury adds, he promised to behave himself mercifully to his subjects, and govern the English and Normans by the same laws." Rapin, Book vi. p. 107.

The king called a parliament to ascertain the laws by which the kingdom had been governed in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The laws then brought under review were adopted as the *foundation* of what is called the "common law" of England. F. Plowden, Barrister-at-Law, in "The Principles and Law of Tithing and Tithe Cases," p. 136, says, "As the common law of England can have been in no instance altered, abrogated, or affected, since the time of memory (A.D. 1189), but by statute law, all decisions of the judges, however apparently contrariant, are but declarations of what the common law is, or how it has been altered or affected by the statute law: and the construction of statutes rests with the judges of the different temporal courts of record. It would be redundant to attempt to enforce by reasoning individual submission to the acts of the legislature, in whom, under God, the supremacy of that civil power, to which Englishmen owe submission is vested. Separate negatives are not to be raised against the will of the majority, which is that of the whole. It will be proper here to observe that the old *canon* law, to which frequent reference is made, is a part of the *common law* of England, and binds the whole nation: but the latter canons of 1603 bind only the clergy, and not the laity. Every part, therefore, of the old *canon* law, which bears upon any object within the competency of the *civil* magistrate (such is by far the greatest part of that huge mass) became incorporated with our municipal or common law, by adoption of the nation; and according to Sir M. Hale (one of the most constitutional law writers), their authority is founded merely on their being admitted and received by us, which alone gives them their authoritative essence and qualifies their obligation; we are not bounden by their decrees further or otherwise, than as the kingdom has, as it were, transposed the same into the common and municipal laws of the realm, by admission, acquiescence, or express declaration, which alone can make them of any force in England. I need not give particular instances; the truth thereof is plain and evident, and we need go no further than the statutes of the 24 Henry VIII. c. 12, 25 Henry VIII. c. 19, 20, 21; and the learned notes of Selden upon Fleta, and the records there cited." . . . p. 140. "Nothing can so conclusively demonstrate that tithes are objects of CIVIL POWER, and were *always so considered in this country*, as the uniform application to parliament by our ancestors to *explain, alter, modify, abrogate, or repeal the payment*

of them on every occasion of doubt, difficulty, or inconveniency, arising out of the system."

The above testimonies from distinguished lawyers carry immense weight. 1. They show that all the canons passed between A.D. 1189 and 1603 were binding on all the nation. 2. Also that if even for the sake of argument we were to admit that the great charter of Ethelwulph is of such early date that doubt is cast upon it, we have sufficient in these canons to establish everything that the charter gives. We are entirely independent of the charter. We do not, however, admit that the charter is in any sense doubtful; but if we did, it would not matter. 3. Also that tithes are *not* church property, but property *belonging to the State.* 4. That they were *always so considered in this country.* 5. That the ancient parliaments "explained, altered, modified, abrogated, or repealed the payment of them, on every occasion of doubt, difficulty, or inconveniency, arising out of them." 6. That very ancient ecclesiastical laws were handed down to succeeding generations and received as binding. But Rapin and other historians place the charter and the ancient laws above cavil when they inform us that the laws that governed England in the time of Edward the Confessor were adopted by a parliament in the time of William I., "as the *foundation* of what is called the common law of England."

Rapin, p. 137, says, "Before the reign of Edward the Confessor (A.D. 1041), the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws were observed in England, namely, the first in Wessex, and the second in Mercia, and the last in Northumberland. This prince reduced them all into one body; and from that time they became common to all England, under the name of *the laws of Edward*, to distinguish them from those of the Normans, introduced afterwards." Here we have connecting links that unite the ancient laws and canons into one compact body down to the year 1603.

This brings us down past the Reformation.

Notices of Books.

Light and Shade: Pictures of London. A Sequel to the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London." London Congregational Union. Speight and Sons.

THE London Congregational Union has entered on a noble work of ministering to the poor and feeding the multitudes. The "Bitter Cry" evoked much practical help, and here are more particulars equally calculated to stir the feelings, and ease the pockets; and Christians ought to lighten their pockets nowadays.

Birds of Gay Plumage, Birds of Paradise, and Sun Birds. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. Nelson and Sons.

A VERY beautiful little book, all about those birds which are worthy to be called living gems. It is produced in Nelsons' first-class style. We do not know the price, but it will be either a shilling or eighteenpence.

Poems. By GORDON FRASER. Wigtown: Gordon Fraser.

Two things have made us slow to enter upon the task of reviewing this book. In the first place, it is composed of poems, and we are weary of the ever-flowing flood of rhymes; and in the second place, about half the volume is in Scotch,—a very fine and expressive language, but rather puzzling to a Southron. On being driven to a close investigation, we are glad to witness to the graciousness of many of the pieces, and their fair literary excellence. Well may a poet sing who is inspired by the memory of the Wigtown martyrs! Mr. Fraser lends his aid to that which is good, and true, and brave: he is on the side of the old faith, and his note is clear as a clarion. Several of the poems are of local interest, and will be most valued in the writer's own town. Wigtown has no cause to be ashamed of its songster.

Parables of the Lake; or, The Seven Stories of Jesus by the Sea of Galilee. A Sunday Book for Young Readers. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Nisbet.

Messrs. Nisbets' catalogue of 66 pages makes this volume of 202 pages bulk out somewhat pretentiously. Is not this rather overloading a book with advertisements? But it is a notable work. It appears to have been written for the young; but it is rich, and ripe, and full. We do not remember to have seen the seven Parables of Gennesaret more fully illustrated. All authorities have been consulted, and every point has been studied; and yet the exposition is so simple that the juvenile mind will gladly receive it. One only complaint is that there is not more of it; for what there is is of the finest quality. If Dr. Macduff had taken ten years over this book, he could hardly have done his work in better style; and yet he has been creating literature at a prodigious pace. He reminds us of the tree of life, "which yieldeth her fruit every month, and the leaves are for the healing of the nations." Hardly a cheap book; but very neat in external appearance, artistic in illustration, and admirable in matter. Price 3s. 6d.

The Biblical Treasury of Expositions and Illustrations. Vol. V. Nehemiah to the Book of Psalms. Sunday School Union.

This excellent work proceeds rapidly, and we recommend all our readers to get it. The Sunday School Union has hardly done a better thing.

Scenes from the Life of Jesus: Lectures by E. Lehmann. Translated by Sophia Taylor. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Very edifying. Written with that child-like faith which we see to perfection in Germans when the Lord sweetly leads their subtle intellects to the Redeemer's feet. Here are lovely pictures of our divine Lord drawn by a pen which is dipped in love. It is quite a delight to read such holy and devout language. We hope that the Messrs. Clark will be greatly encouraged by a large sale. The price is 3s. 6d.; and the book is worth ten times as much.

The Valley of Weeping a Place of Springs. By Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

There is nothing very striking in this book, but it is good in its simplicity. The thirty-second Psalm is dealt with in a tender and consolatory manner; the thought underlying the words being to this effect, that "the bitter tears of repentance are transmuted into the wine of heavenly joy."

Memorials of the Right Reverend Charles Petit McIlvaine, D.D., &c., late Bishop of Ohio in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Edited by William Carus, M.A. Cheap edition. Elliot Stock. Price 5s.

The Reformer who remarked that religion was never endangered until it got among the right reverends would, probably, have made an exception in the case of Dr. McIlvaine, for the bishop was certainly one of the excellent of the earth; and, while he was a churchman, his love went out towards all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Carus does not regard these memorials as a proper biography; but the book is, nevertheless, a tolerably full portraiture of its subject, and as the bishop worked hard in America, beside visiting England several times, the record has references to eminent persons in both countries, and is thus rendered interesting. Dr. McIlvaine was a friend of the late godly Simeon, of Cambridge, whom he visited more than once, and therefore Simeon is also pictured by Mr. Carus. The book will be much valued by evangelical members of the Church of England, but all will profit by its perusal.

The Promise of the Land of Canaan to Abraham and his Seed; a Complete Refutation of Christadelphian Teaching on the Subject. By Samuel Jackson. Published by S. Jackson, Box Tree Cottage, Spa Lane, Derby. Price 6d.

Exposes one of the wild theories of the Christadelphians, and mentions works which deal with their other errors. Possibly these people are better let alone; but if they must be encountered, here are smooth stones for the champion of the gospel.

Unpolished Gems of Scripture. By the Rev. J. Hawker. Vol. I. Elliot Stock.

The author's name is an omen of good, and his book is a fulfilled prophecy of blessing. As light has come to him upon various texts in Job and the Psalms, Mr. Hawker has remembered what he saw, and made a note thereof. We are not always sure of our author's translations, though they are usually accurate; but we delight in the deep spirituality of his tone, the graciousness of his doctrine, and the freshness of his thought. We have had two or three good times already in the instructive society of this volume, and we look for many more. It is a preacher's book, and full of germs of thought. Here we have criticism, and much more. Criticism alone puts nothing before a man but bones; it needs grace in the heart to cause the critic to place meat before the Lord's household. In these pages the Holy Spirit is acknowledged and honoured, and hence there are fulness and sweetness in that which is brought out of the text. From a dry, unspiritual scholarship may the Lord deliver us! it is as destructive as the heat of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. In this case there is dew about, and the air is laden with heavenly refreshment. Our ministering brethren will only need the hint which we now give them: they will not regret taking it.

The Trinity of Evil. By Canon Wilberforce, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

We rejoice to find a canon aiding in such a cannonading against such gigantic foes as infidelity, impurity, and intemperance. The shot seem to have been made white-hot in the heart-fires of the author, and then fearlessly and forcefully hurled with powerful precision at each pernicious practice. Would to God many such batteries were erected in the churches of our land until these monster evils were all destroyed! May the Lord give this champion for the truth long life and good health to continue his noble warfare for the right! The three articles which, with a spirited exhortation as an appendix, make up the volume, are reprints from a series published in *The Christian Commonwealth*, and we are glad to have them in this more abiding form.

The Martyrs of Angus and Mearns; Sketches in the History of the Scottish Reformation. By the Rev. J. Moffat Scott, Arbroath. Alexander Gardner, 12, Paternoster Row.

Let such histories be multiplied. Our people are toying with Rome, because their teachers have ceased to remind them that the wolf of the Tiber can never change its nature. Scotland ought never to forget the burning of her noblest sons by Antichrist. Mr. Moffat Scott does well to rehearse the story of the martyr lives and deaths. His volume is abundantly illustrated, and is a choice bit of Scottish history. Let it be in every church and school library in Scotland.

The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuchal Codes. By Geerhardus Vos. Hodder and Stoughton.

This appears to be a prize-essay, or competitive thesis, for the Hebrew scholarship, by a scholar, now a fellow of Princeton Seminary, N.J. It is highly creditable for a graduate in any university. Taking a retrospect of years how many great men have finished their course of whom we never heard till we read their obituaries! Even thus in the wide field of vain philosophy, and pseudo-theological exploration, how many hypotheses have held our fellow-creatures spell-bound, and yet they never crossed our own path till the report reached our ears that they were exploded! Say, if you please, that we must be behind the age; liken our libraries to old directories: our books notwithstanding are "a survival of the fittest." We humbly confess that we have never read a line of those renowned scholars, Graf, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, who affect to find traces of forgery in the Books of Moses. We never mean to read a line of them, and we smile as we are informed that they have been duly refuted and disposed of. Let the dead bury their dead. Yet to cart away such rubbish is good exercise for school-boys. In point of fact, an educational training in metaphysics is about the best qualification for a Reviewer of the new theology. Our Transatlantic brethren do us good service by their admirable condensation and their scathing criticism of modern Teutonic literature.

Rambles in Naples. An Archæological and Historical Guide to the Museums, Galleries, Villas, Churches, and Antiquities of Naples and its Environs. By S. Russell Forbes. T. Nelson and Sons.

Mr. Forbes knows what he writes about. When he conducts a party over Rome or Naples, he greatly adds to the interest of the visit. This is as good a guide-book as can be. Are you going to Naples next winter? Just jot down the name of the book and the publisher.

The Covenant Promise of the Father; or, the Enduement with Power from on High. By T. Payne. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Whilst there is much in this treatise that we cannot accept, especially as to physical prostrations being the work of the Holy Ghost, and the special call of women to the public ministry, yet there is such an evident desire for a mightier enduement of the church by the power of the Holy Ghost that we wish this book a large constituency of thoughtful readers. The instructed Christian will be able to reject the chaff, whilst the uninstructed is not likely to care to peruse its pages at all. We cannot unreservedly commend, but believe it may yet do good.

The Veil Uplifted. A series of Bible Readings. By Hannah Whitall Smith. F. E. Longley.

Whilst these "Bible Readings" are most excellent in design, we much fear that they are too complex for ordinary use. Ten or twelve pages of closely-printed matter could never be digested in the limits of an ordinary lesson. Our authoress must learn to condense, or she will fail of her aim through sheer overweight. We want a joint, not a whole ox or sheep, at a sitting.

The Way Home. By Rev. C. Bullock, B.D. "Home Words" publishing office.

Yet another edition of this popular volume on "The Prodigal Son." Bating the references to infant baptism, which we think rather needlessly thrust in, we give our most cordial welcome to this gospel book. Mr. Bullock, if not strikingly original or brilliant, is always gracious and pleasant to read.

Gesta Christi; or, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity. By C. Loring Brace. Hodder and Stoughton.

A second and cheaper edition of a very remarkable work. The achievements of our Lord by the spirit of his gospel are here chronicled. From the day in which the Roman child ceased to be his father's chattel, and the slave obtained the right to be treated as a man, we are led on to the time when the negro burst his bonds and the drunkard found a friend in the Christian total abstainer. These victories of love and justice have been wrought by the right hand of the Crucified. Evil after evil has been slain by his cross, and the work is still going on. Jesus vanquishes all wrongs, uplifts the fallen, rescues the captive, and defends the friendless.

Incidentally, this book is a glorious argument for our holy faith: distinctly and immediately it pleads with every generous heart. This is charming reading; as full of interest as any novel, but having the one grand advantage over fiction, that it is all true, and worth the knowing. Every reading society should invest three half crowns in this standard volume. It should be found in every complete library. We are strongly inclined to make considerable extracts, and shall probably do so.

The Testimony ov Jesus; or, Plain Proofs from the Old and New Testaments compared, that the Lord Jesus Christ iz the one only God ov Heven and Erth, in whom iz the Divine Trinity ov Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. By David Bailey. F. Pitman.

So far as we can judge, the teaching and spelling in this little book are equally queer. Adopting Mr. Eizak Pitman's reformed or deformed typography, we need mutch pashens, and resieve littel plezshure or nolej, wile serching thru thez passagez. In our jujment, the peepel will be wiz if they refuz to aksept the relijon ov which Mr. Balee iz the profet. We want reforms in our spelling, but we cannot see what improvement we should make with such "eksajerashons" as we have quoted.

Cheerful Christianity. Brief Essays, dealing with the lesser Beauties and Blemishes of the Christian Life. By L. B. Walford. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Very good in its own way. Flavoured with sound common sense and practicalness. The writer does not express herself after the manner of our school of thought, but she is evidently earnestly desirous to foster an attractive, influential piety among her friends. The little essays are vivacious and judicious.

The Evening of our Lord's Ministry; being Preludes to "Voices from Calvary." By Charles Stanford, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

The writings of this beloved author need no commendation from us. He dipped his pen in grace, and used it beneath a divine influence. We can hardly realize that he has left us. In these pages he speaks to us with all his living force, sweetness, conciseness, and unction. The theme is a tender one, and was most meet for the evening of our brother's saintly ministry.

The Pulpit Treasury. An Evangelical Monthly for Christian Workers and Families. Joseph Sanderson, D.D., Editor. Vol. iii. New York: E. B. Treat, 771, Broadway.

We value this Treasury. Our American friends are wealthy in homiletical helps, and this is one of the best of them. The yearly volume is a great mine of gold for a poor hurried preacher. When we receive each monthly number we are always glad to look it through; and this is much more than we can say of all publications, whether American or English.

A Glance at the Italian Inquisition. A Sketch of Pietro Carnesechi: his Trial before the Supreme Court of the Papal Inquisition at Rome, and his Martyrdom, in 1566. Translated from the German of Leopold Witte. By John T. Betts. Religious Tract Society.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Betts, is doing noble service by translating Valdes, and tracking his friends. This treatise shows what Rome did in her palmy days. The whole world has now gone into admiration of her, and governments are to be changed in her favour. Rome would now be thought liberal: we may trust her with power, and set her on high. Let fools believe it, but let them first read such a history as this.

The Book of Joshua. A Critical and Expository Commentary of the Hebrew Text. By the Rev. John Lloyd, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

This work is for the learned reader. It comprises notes grammatical, exegetical, historical, and ethical, and the author has been at great pains to render the work useful. The most of our subscribers would value the work more if it were of a more popular character; but in its own line it will, we doubt not, meet with great acceptance. Its price is 7s. 6d.

The Royal Picture Books. Religious Tract Society.

Splendid picture books, at 6d. each. Just the thing for the tinies.

The Life of Latimer. Wit and Wisdom of Thomas Fuller. Adventures in Mongolia. Olive's Story. Religious Tract Society.

These books, at sixpence each, are at the head of the market for cheapness. No young man or woman need now be without a library. The Society ought to sell these books by the million.

A Hedge Fence. By Pansy. Nelson and Sons.

The schoolboy, whose letters are here supposed to be quoted, would call this "a most awfully splendid book"; or he would ask one of his playmates, "Ain't it prime, just?" With the exception of such extravagant expressions as these, which are only lightly condemned by the author, we very heartily commend this volume. Many a boy or girl would be glad to have such "a hedge fence" as Pansy has here constructed out of texts of Scripture. If any wonder how a pansy could make a fence with such holy materials, let them buy this book; and perhaps the pansy will prove to be a heart's-ease to the young friend who receives it.

The New Moral Creation. By Rev. JOHN COOPER. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

UNDER the general title of "The New Moral Creation," we have here three short tracts or treatises, bearing each a separate inscription, a separate preface, and a separate table of contents. Of these, the first is styled "The Christian Doctrine of Evolution"; the second, "Self-sacrifice Victorious"; the third, "The Conflict ended." This tripartite volume, each part separately paged, is intended as a supplement to four previous volumes issued by the author, at intervals, during the past eighteen years. They were originally projected as "Vital Truths for Present-day Thinkers," but badly christened by this name, as will be apparent when we explain their purpose. We are invited to assume that Mr. Cooper is at once evangelical and philosophical. For proof of the one, he "has subscribed to the Westminster standards": though "he frankly admits that considerable latitude of view is permitted on questions regarded as not essential to a genuine Christian faith." For proof of the other, we extract the opening sentence of his "General Introduction." "In the conditioning of the unconditional, we have the Infinite coming under the limitations of the finite, the Eternal under those of the temporal. From the commencing evolution, the beginning of the conditioning in fiery dust to the image of the Divine, there was progression, development in boundless variety, stretching in duration beyond finite conception." Tall talk this! Has our friend ever heard of Kant or Hegel? His language sounds to us rather intellectual, but not very intelligible.

Our author's series has at length come to a close. Would you learn his *motive?* He would fain do "what lies in his power to restrain, in some degree, the declension from the Christian profession which appears to be so lamentably prevalent at present." Admirable design! Are you curious about his *method?* He has endeavoured "to recast the more prominent doctrines of the Christian faith, so as to present them in a form that would commend itself to the more thoughtful readers of the day."

Do you feel interested enough to ask for his ultimate *manifesto?* Well, he is rather apologetic to start with. "The doctrine defended," he tells us, "is not Universalism, nor Annihilation, nor Conditional Immortality, nor Purgatory; but a reasoned statement of the probable future of those who pass out of this life in an unconverted state." Afterward he discloses his private opinion about the Almighty. In the contents of "Self-sacrifice Victorious," are these words:—"If a future probation be not possible, a dark cloud rests on the divine character." More at large, on pages 29, 30 of the same treatise, we read thus:—"A fuller understanding of the self-sacrificing love of God to man induces the expectation that there will be other dispensations of grace in worlds to come. If this be not possible, and in conformity with the character of God, a dark cloud intervenes between us and God. Faith in his self-sacrificing love becomes very difficult of attainment, and a deep gloom settles down on minds seeking after the knowledge of the truth." After eighteen years of such diplomacy as he cultivates, our author ought to have discovered that in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, every concession made to the adversaries is accepted on their side as a disposition to capitulate. What remains to be capitulated after the concessions we have quoted?

Books like these may be written by a Presbyter, but they are not Presbyterian. The want of our age is not a new gospel, nor is it a fresh construction of the old gospel; but a candid, cordial, conscientious obedience of heart and life to the Word of God, as it is embodied in the sayings and teachings of Holy Scripture.

Prayers for the Congregation. By Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. Selected and arranged by Rev. J. R. BROWN. James Clarke and Co.

IT is not for us to judge a man's prayers. We do not see the use of printing them. For any one else to use Mr. Beecher's expressions would be most unwise. From him they were no doubt fresh and suitable. They do not impress *us* much; but every man has his own utterance.

Christian Believing and Living. By F. D. Huntingdon, D.D. A new edition. Higham and Co.

A volume long known and appreciated by preachers as being filled with suggestive sermons. The style is a little too philosophical for most readers, but the student will find many germ ideas repaying his study. Though not of equal merit, all the discourses are good, and will yield a return to the man who will use them fair and honestly.

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

A capital series of brief biographies of holy women, written in a bright, reliable style. No better gift book could be chosen for wife or daughter: it will be sure to command both buyers and readers. Authoress, printer, and binder have united to produce a dainty book.

Wilderness Lessons: or, What Subject shall I take? By Louisa Clayton. J. E. Hawkins.

These addresses are the very ideal of Bible-class or Bible-reading lessons, and must have been the result of regular and patient Scripture study. There is not a dull line in any of them, whilst the illustrations at the end of each lesson are just admirable. None of your threadbare stories that clamour for burial, but dewy, all-alive ones, well told. It has our best wishes and predictions.

The Churchette: a Year's Sermons and Parables for the Young. By Rev. J. Reid Howatt. Hodder and Stoughton.

We do not care much for this title, but the book itself is likely to be very helpful to those who address children. Mr. Howatt has a mixture in him of fairy-tale-maker and expositor: his habit is at the close of the morning service to have a children's hymn, and then to talk pleasantly to the little ones. Capital plan! Many should imitate it, and more will wish that they could do so. Surely these sermonettes must be the best part of the service; if not, the sermons must be very good. This volume ought to be a favourite with Sunday-school teachers, and all others who instruct the young. The little sermons might be better, but we are glad that they are as good as they are.

Spiritual Truth for the Spiritual Mind of Believers. Counsels and Thoughts for the Spiritual Life of Believers. By Thomas Moor. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Moor is a theologian of the very old school, and his writing is solid to the last degree. He needs theologians for readers, and the sounder they are, the more they will appreciate him. We should not run quite in the same groove, but the general tenor of our teaching would be much the same. We are glad to see that a second and cheaper edition of his "*Counsels*" has been called for. It is a sign that truth is yet alive in the land when an edition of such a weighty and orthodox volume can be disposed of in a short time. "*Spiritual Truth*" is not every man's book, but experienced Christians will value it.

The Psalms: their History, Teachings, and Use. By William Binnie, D.D. New edition, enlarged and compared throughout with the Revised Version of the Old Testament. Hodder and Stoughton.

When writing "The Treasury of David," we frequently consulted this admirable work, and we are now glad to see a new edition of it. In our "Commenting and Commentaries," we said what we here repeat emphatically: "A highly valuable work. It is not an exposition, but can readily be used as such, for it possesses a good index to the passages treated of. Dr. Binnie reviews with great skill and intense devotion the various sacred poems contained in the Book of Psalms, and gives the general run and character of each one. His work is unlike any other, and supplies a great desideratum."

The Sum of Saving Knowledge. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Bating the scrap about infant baptism, which is a repetition of an old mistake, we welcome this hand-book. It is a singularly useful outline of Calvinistic doctrine, and will, we trust, be of much service to those who are willing to learn. It is a bit of old-fashioned theology on the lines of the Westminster Confession.

The Legend of Sir Juvenis. By GEORGE HALSE. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

AN allegorical poem with striking illustrations. An idyll of "the lordlier chivalry" which consists in spiritual conflict against powers of darkness. Our author devotes his minstrelsy to the cause of the good and true. Virtue is the lady to whose honour he consecrates his song.

Rachel, the little Captive Maid. By JULIE SUTTER. Partridge and Co.

WE should commend this story if we could bring ourselves to tolerate the making of tales out of the Biblical narrative. But we confess that our mind shrinks from all books of the style of the popular book entitled, "The Prince of the House of David." There are so many other sources of material for imaginary narratives that there can be no need to borrow the dedicated gold of the Scriptures. It seems to us so much like the manufacture of legends, and apocryphal books, we cannot endure it. Yet apart from this, the story is good, and likely to do good.

Rosa Lindesay, the Light of Kilmain. By M. H. Hodder and Stoughton.

WITHOUT in the slightest degree modifying our oft-expressed opinion about the reading of fiction on the Lord's day, we heartily commend this volume of the "Sunday Library for Young People." "A flower that's offered in the bud is no mean sacrifice"; and such was the sweet child whose history forms the foundation of this pretty story. Full of lessons in practical godliness, and withal very enticing as a story, it is sure to be a favourite with young and old.

Chapters in the Life of Elsie Ellis. By HETTY BOWMAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE of the best of the "Sunday Library" series. To those who have been observant of the heroic struggles of young girls of good education and refined feelings, who, through adverse circumstances have been suddenly confronted with the question, "What can you do to earn your livelihood?" these chapters will read more like an autobiography than fiction. The same may be said of the spiritual problems and experiences described, which we can well believe may be helpful to others seeking Divine light. As might be expected from the authoress of "Lily Hope," the story begins and ends in a vicarage, and Elsie becomes the help-meet of a godly and hard-working clergyman, as was most meet and right.

A Daughter of Fife. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A CHARMING story. Once begin to read it, and you have no power to quit the page. The characters are singularly charming; true to Scottish nature, and almost too pure and unselfish to be possible.

At Miss Lamblion's. A Story of Preparatory-School Life. By RICHARD ROWE. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, E. C.

VERY amusing doubtless, and full of the fun small boys delight in; and they might possibly believe the "crammers" with which it is literally crammed. As for any useful information or profitable lessons it may contain, we have not been able to discover any traces with the Biblioscope we have in use at present.

Linda's Life Story: A Village Record. Religious Tract Society.

A ROMANTIC and touching story, which some would have spun out to the length of a three volume novel; but which the anonymous writer sums up in this concluding sentence:—"This is a 'love-story,' and is told here because there runs through it the golden thread of a higher than mere earthly affection."

Crookside Lads; or, How Bill Ferrers was Won. Religious Tract Society.

A LIVE little book, and a little book that will live; for though it is a new, and possibly not literally a true story, yet it's all about the "old, old story."

The Crookside lads were "roughs" gathered on Sunday afternoons from the streets and slums by a young lady with a passion for soul-winning. The history and conversion of one of these lads, Bill Ferrers, are told to the life, and will delight and instruct readers of all ages.

The Joyous Story of Toto. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Blackie and Son.

IF in our childish days we had told such *stories* as Toto and his friends are here made to tell, we should have been reminded of the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and, like them, should have been speedily and severely punished. A little boy is supposed to spend his afternoons in a wood with a bear, racoon, squirrel, woodchuck, parrot, and wood-pigeon; all of whom are most accomplished *story-tellers.* Baron Munchausen and "The Arabian Nights" are nowhere in the competition with these strange companions; but we cannot see what good any child can get by reading such a book.

Ivor Rees, the Welsh Cowherd. Religious Tract Society.

TRUE godliness fits its possessor for every sphere of life. In this romantic tale a poor child is preserved from a thousand dangers by his simple trust and literal obedience.

Historic Boys, their Endeavours, their Achievements, and their Times. By E. S. BROOKS. Illustrated. Blackie and Son.

MOST attractive in appearance, and exceedingly well written. Yet we do not see the principle upon which the boys were chosen to be thus described. Some of them are far from being examples, except it be of energy and courage.

The Naresborough Victory. By Rev. T. KEYWORTH. Nelson and Sons.

THIS "story in five parts" won the prize of seventy pounds offered by the Band of Hope Union for the best tale illustrative of Temperance in its relation to the young; and we are not surprised at the adjudicators' award. The other competitors must have done exceedingly well if they came even within measurable distance of Mr. Keyworth. The five parts of the story are supposed to be written by different individuals, and together they have produced a variety which is charming, while they have combined in conveying useful instruction as to the evils of drunkenness, and the way to avoid them. The book would make a capital present for a young man starting on the inclined plane of moderate drinking, or one who thinks of doing so.

Southwood. By CATHARINE STURGE. T. Fisher Unwin.

ANOTHER temperance tale on much the same lines as the foregoing, but not its equal in literary ability. It sets forth the sorrow caused among the upper classes of society by the prevalence of wine in the dining-room, and beer in the kitchen; and points out how a change for both mistresses and servants can be effected. The book is dear at half-a-crown; a shilling or eighteenpence would be quite enough to charge for it.

Five Little Partridges. By BRENDA. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A TAKING book for the little ones. It has a fascination about it which we feel sure will cause it to be liked by the children. Its illustrations are quaint, but very much to the point, and cannot fail to amuse the youngsters. Take it to the sea-side, and read it there.

'Twixt Promise and Vow, and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

WE read one of these stories till our eyes were too full of tears to go on with it. So we wiped them, and began again; but they would not keep wiped. What better can we say for a tale?

Margaret Casson's Resolve. A Tale of Victory. By E. C. KENYON. J. F. Shaw and Co.

OUR friends of the Church of England Temperance Society will be much pleased with this story, and from the point of view of those who believe in confirmation and other peculiarities of Anglicanism, it is an excellent Gospel Temperance tale. Most Bible-readers will, by reading the particulars of the confirmation, be confirmed in their belief that it is a fiction; but they will heartily endorse Margaret Casson's Resolve to reclaim, by prayerful Christian effort, "confirmed" drunkards. The author's work will do real good in her own denomination.

Master Lionel: that Tiresome Child. By E. M. WATERWORTH. Religious Tract Society.

CAPITAL. Every boy should read this shillingsworth.

The Autobiography of George Fox. From his Journal. Edited by HENRY STANLEY NEWMAN. S. W. Partridge.

To our mind a singular power and unction abide abundantly upon George Fox's Journal. We never read it without feeling that a kind of inspiration breathes from it. The man is often grotesque in his actions, and almost ferocious in his denunciations; but then he is a man, and God is in him, and you feel it is so. This is a capital edition of a favourite work. If you cannot put up with a good deal which you do not like you had better not buy this book; but if you are willing to learn from a singular man of God send on your order.

Transformation Temperance Pictures. (Reid's Patent.) 34, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

THESE are new aids to lecturers upon Total Abstinence. You have before you a large clear picture of a drunkard, and you apply clean water to it with a sponge, and to the delight of the audience it is transformed into John Gough. The principle is applied to several subjects, and produces telling effects. We very heartily commend these striking novelties.

Notes.

CAN it be true that Boston, the Pilgrims' own city, the hub of the universe, allows men to be imprisoned for preaching the gospel on her common? Will Christians in the United States tolerate the fining and locking up of such men as Mr. Hastings for no other crime than open-air preaching? We cannot say much in England, for in London we are under objectionable restrictions; but we did not think that the great Republic would allow this abridgment of freedom. We congratulate our brother on being counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake, but trust that neither he nor others will long be denied the liberty for which their fathers would have gone to prison and to death.

Friends will be glad to know that the work of conversion goes on at the Tabernacle with abiding constancy. Of late many young children have borne testimony to redeeming love, and have greatly cheered both the teachers of the Sabbath-school, their parents, and the Pastor.

Hearty thanks are rendered for hosts of birthday congratulations, most of them accompanied by generous help to the Orphanage, and other works. The good cheer thus afforded comes in an hour of need, and is received with gratitude to God and loving thanks to the kind friends. Contributors to the Orphanage may be stimulated if we say that were it not for legacies, the voluntary gifts would leave us deeply in debt, for they fall far short of the expenditure. The dead have this year supplied the shortcomings of the living. Since this is just now the Lord's way of supplying the funds, we are sure that he knows best; but we are equally clear that this does not alter our obligations as his living stewards.

Special prayer should be presented by all Christian men for our country at this hour. Politically, socially, religiously, we are in a critical period. There seems to be little or no alleviation of the depression of business, and the crops are not promising. Let us pray.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On *Wednesday evening, May* 19, the annual Teachers' Soirée took place, when over 100 were present. Exceptional interest attached to the proceedings by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Easton, who had just returned from China. Mr. Easton was formerly a scholar in the school, and ten years ago left to labour in China. He and Mrs. Easton have worked with devoted zeal at Chan-su, and adjacent villages, and have gathered together a church numbering over 100 members. A hearty welcome was extended to them by the teachers. They appeared in Chinese costume, and Mr. Easton gave an interesting account of his ten years' sojourn among the Celestials.

Another pleasant feature of the soirée was the presentation by Mr. T. H. Olney, treasurer of the school, of a handsome and massive marble timepiece, bronze ornaments, and an armchair to Mr. S. Wigney, who has laboured in the school as a teacher for over 26 years, but has recently been compelled by ill-health to resign. A valuable timepiece and bronze ornaments were also presented to Mr. W. Mountain, who occupied with efficiency the post of secretary of the school for eight years.

On *Monday evening, June* 7, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE ZENANA MISSION was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. It was preceded by tea, and a meeting of subscribers and friends, at which Mrs. Ellis gave an exceedingly interesting account of Zenana work, and pleaded very earnestly for increased funds and additional helpers for this mission to the women in India. At the meeting in the Tabernacle there was a larger gathering than usual, many petitions were

presented for this and other missionary labours, and addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., LL.B., in the absence of Mr. A. H. Baynes. We feel sure that the touching and impressive words of Mrs. Ellis and Mr. Rouse will materially help to remind our friends of the claims of this important branch of Christian missions to their sympathy, supplications, and support. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Murrell, 67, Bedford Road, Clapham, S.W. The women of India are glad to hear the gospel, and their condition is a loud call to the women of England to supply it. No one can know this and question its value. English ladies who have no vocation at home might here find a field of service second to none beneath the stars.

Monday, June 21, was the day set apart for special prayer by all the churches connected with the College Association. A post-card was sent from the President, reminding the brethren of the holy engagement, special references to the matter were made on the preceding Sabbath, some churches (as at Shoreham, Sussex) began the season of supplication very early in the morning, while others had meetings later in the day. The students met at the College, at 6 p.m., and afterwards united with us in the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, which was very largely attended, although many members were at the church-meeting, simultaneously held in the lecture-hall. The burden of the petitions was—"O Lord, be pleased to bless yet more abundantly the work of the Pastors' College!" One solemn part of the proceedings is not likely to be forgotten by any who were present. The President called the students to the front of the platform, and asked them, and all preachers of the gospel who were there, to join him in singing the hymn commencing—

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?"

This was done most solemnly, and it was followed by much prayer that each man might faithfully keep his dedication vow.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Ruthven has accepted the pastorate of the church at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading.

Messrs. R. H. C. Graham and H. R. Phillips, two of the students who volunteered for mission work on the Congo at last year's Conference, have been accepted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. They hope to sail for Africa at the end of this month, and we earnestly entreat for them the prayers of the Lord's people that their lives may be spared, and that they may be greatly blessed in their consecrated service.

Mr. S. B. Drake, who has been for more than seven years connected with the China Inland Mission, has also been accepted by the Baptist Missionary committee. He will return to China, all being well, in the course of this year, and we trust that he will be used, as in the past, in leading many of the heathen of that land to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. I. Bridge has returned to Rayleigh, Essex, the scene of his former labours; and Mr. R. J. Mesquitta has removed, from Scarborough, to Chesterfield. Mr. T. Harrington, late of Invercargill, New Zealand, has settled at Mount Gambier, South Australia; and Mr. H. J. Batts, after seven years of successful service at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has gone to King Williamstown, British Kaffraria.

Two of our brethren, Mr. A. Billington, from the Congo, and Mr. R. Maplesden, from India, have been to see us lately on their way to America, where they are going to consult the committees of the Missionary Societies with which they are connected before returning to the lands where they desire still to labour for their Lord.

On *Tuesday, June* 1, the presidents, tutors, and students of the Pastors' College returned the visit of the Cheshunt College brethren. The earlier part of the day was spent at Loughton, where Pastor W. H. Vivian and his friends entertained the party with most generous hospitality. Mr. George Gould provided carriages for the drive to and from Cheshunt, which was duly reached at 3 p.m. A pleasant hour was spent in recreation in the grounds, and afterwards all assembled in the chapel for a meeting, at which addresses were delivered by Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Henry Allon, on behalf of Cheshunt College, Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon representing the Pastors' College, and Dr. Schaff, of New York, as a visitor, rejoicing to be present at such a happy, fraternal gathering. After tea, further speeches were made by tutors and students of the two Colleges before our brethren started for their return through the Forest to Loughton and London. It was altogether a day long to be remembered, and one that we have reason to believe was greatly beneficial to all who were present. To our kind hosts in both places we again tender our hearty thanks for their warm welcome and ample provision for our refreshment and enjoyment.

We entreat all believers to pray for our Colleges. For good or for evil, they influence the times far more than our churches are yet aware of. You could guess the nature and tone of the next twenty years' theology if you knew the tutors of our Colleges, and their teaching. May the fountains overflow with pure crystal waters!

EVANGELISTS.—*Mr. Smith* spent the latter part of May at Great Grimsby; and his work there has cheered the heart of the pastor, helped many believers in their Christian life, and brought others to decision for Christ. He next visited Burslem,

and afterwards Hanley, where the word preached and sung was not in vain. He has found that working single-handed has greatly tried him, so he is now taking his summer holiday. Next month he hopes to visit Sandown and other parts of the Isle of Wight; and in September *Mr. Fullerton* expects to be well enough to join him in a mission at Hull, where they will have the support of our former evangelist, Mr. F. Russell, and other pastors and friends.

Mr. Harmer has had a month's tent work in Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in connection with the Baptist Union British and Irish Home Mission. During the first two weeks the weather was cold and wet, but the people gathered in fair numbers, and each Lord's day the tent was crowded. Services were held at Ballygawley, Knockconny, Mullycar, Lis-na-gleer and Mul-na-gore. At the two latter places there seemed to be a very earnest spirit with the Baptist friends, and many tokens of blessing. The brethren in Co. Tyrone are working amid great difficulties, and need the sympathy and prayers of the Lord's people. Mr. Harmer is at liberty for July, and will be glad to hear from brethren needing his services during the coming season. His address is 29, Almeric Road, Clapham Common Gardens, S.W.

ORPHANAGE.—Our "Notes" have to be made up before the Festival on June 23, so we must postpone our account of the proceedings till next month, when we shall also present our readers with the Annual Report of the institution. So far as we can judge up to the time of writing, the birthday contributions appear likely to be as numerous and as generous as on former occasions.

COLPORTAGE.—As we give the Annual Report with this number of the magazine, and also an article on "The Colporteurs in London", we only need to mention here that three new districts are just being started, at East Greenwich; Littledale, Lancashire; and Thurlow, Suffolk.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Our good friend, Mr. Duncan S. Miller, who has just been on a tour through *Sweden*, with his brother bell-ringers, brought us most cheering tidings of the usefulness of our sermons in that country. He met many men and women who ascribed their conversion, under God, to the reading of them; and he was glad to know that in the palace of the king, as well as in the homes of many of his subjects, "Spurgeon's Sermons" were regularly read, and much appreciated. Mr. Miller amused us with his description of the portraits he saw hanging in many a house that he visited—"Luther, Melanchthon, and Spurgeon, coloured up so that their own fathers would not know them." It is a great privilege to be permitted to preach the gospel, through the agency of translators and the printing-press, to so many in different parts of the earth who do not speak the English language. May the Lord bless his own word wherever it goes, and he shall have all the glory!

One of our former students, settled in a *Midland* county, tells us of the usefulness of one of our sermons, from which some one, apparently in anger, had torn out the middle pages. The tract-distributor did not notice what had been done, and left the sermon at another house. On calling again, she was roughly told: "If you cannot bring tracts without the middle torn out, you had better not bring any more." It appeared that the man had become quite interested in the sermon, and annoyed that it was incomplete. Further enquiries led to his attendance at the chapel, and, it is believed, to his entire renunciation of his former godless life.

A *West of England* friend writes:—"There is a poor woman in our village who has profited greatly by reading your sermons. For a long time she was under deep conviction of sin, quite in despair, thinking she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that there could be no hope for her. She remained in this state for a long time, until she read one of your sermons, 'Faith contending with unbelief.' (No. 1,809.) This, with the prayers of Christian friends on her behalf, gave her hope; and she is now a very happy Christian. She is very deaf, and as she is unable to hear anything in the public worship in God's house, she stays at home, and reads your sermons, and tries to distribute them among the unsaved as much as possible."

A *Suffolk* minister writes:—"One of my friends, who is a constant reader of your sermons, lent me to read, 'The Foundation and its Seal' (No. 1851), and, having found so much comfort in the reading of it, I recommended it to my people. I am thankful to say that many of them took my advice, and obtained the sermon. Another result of that notice was that the head of a family, who reads your weekly sermon, sent me 'What is the Verdict?' (No. 1,855), stating that he would give me two dozen for free distribution. Yesterday I had the pleasure of telling the people that, by applying to me, they could have the above sermon. The following notice was enclosed to read:—'A friend has placed in my hands for disposal Mr. Spurgeon's sermon "What is the Verdict?" He puts no price on it, but prays that some one or more may be blessed by the reading of it, which will be above all price.' I happened to tell the people that 'The Foundation and its Seal' was worth 6d. per copy; but you see, sir, my friend has the best of me. I felt I must write and thank you for them; and above all, thank the Master for the grace given you to preach them; for in these days of religious *fads* they are needed."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 3rd, twenty-eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Enfield, per Pastor G. W. White	0	18	0
Mr. Robert M. Shaw	2	0	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0
E. S. L.	0	10	6
Mrs. McCurdy	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Travers	1	6	0
Collection at King's Road Chapel, Reading	11	11	7
Miss Turner, per Pastor W. Osborne	0	5	0
K. J.	2	2	0
Mr. H. Maris, per Pastor N. J. S. Naish	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Olney	2	2	0
Contribution from a few friends at Appledore Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	12	0
Per Rev. N. Heath:			
Mr. J. Tansley 0 5 0			
Mr. Dennison 0 5 0			
Rev. N. Heath 0 10 0			
	1	0	0
P. C. R.	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
Collected at Mansion House Chapel, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	7	0
In registered letter from Ulceby	0	10	0
Ashford	0	10	0
Mr. J. Newman	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Hanson	160	0	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Featherstone	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	10	10	0
Miss Williamson	1	1	0
Miss Angelica Williamson	1	1	0
Miss Irene Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Hobbs	5	5	0
Mr. W. H. Sedcole	0	10	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Goldston	2	2	0
Contribution from Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	1	1	0
Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst:			
Mr. Matthews 0 10 0			
Collected by Mrs. Smith 1 13 6			
Collected by Mrs. Wixey 0 12 0			
Collected by Mrs. Matthews 0 12 0			
Collected by Miss B. Jones 1 0 0			
Collected by Mr. H. Lenthall 0 10 0			
Collected by Miss E. Jenkins 0 9 0			
Collected by Miss Hitchman 0 6 7			
Collected by Mr. C. Taylor 0 6 0			
Collected by Miss King 0 5 8			
Collected by Miss Clifford 0 5 0			
Sums under five shillings 0 7 9			
	6	18	0
Mrs. S. Knott	0	10	0
Pastor R. Scott	0	5	0
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
Hill End	100	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Passmore	5	0	0
Miss Passmore	2	2	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0
In memoriam, E. D. A.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Essex	5	0	0
Monthly Contributions:—			
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 16 23 0 0			
„ 23 32 0 0			
„ 30 50 0 0			
June 6 30 0 0			
„ 13 36 6 6			
	173	6	6
	£579	17	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, Wellington, New Zealand	4	0	0
Mrs. Potter's children's box	0	13	0
Mr. Orde, per Rev. T. Newland	1	0	0
Rochester (with 2 articles of clothing)	0	1	0
Mrs. McCurdy	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kelley, per Mr. S. Wigney	0	10	0
Mr. Allchin	0	2	0
A thankoffering for rise of pay	0	7	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Pool	939	7	0
K., Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr. A. Larkin	0	1	0
Mr. J. McElkinney	0	5	0
Mrs. M. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Fairey	1	0	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
Miss Maggie Trevenen	0	5	0
M. N. W., Berbice	1	5	0
Mr. Charles Beere	2	2	0
Miss M. A. Paget, per Mr. Sydney Sackville Unwin	33	6	8
The late Mrs. Little	0	12	6
Kemnay	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Randall	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Gunn	5	0	0
Collection at Dunfermline Boys and Girls' Religious Society's Sabbath services	2	0	6
Miss C. H. Brereton	0	10	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	5	0
An obliged friend	1	0	0
Stamps from Weston-super-Mare	0	5	0
Mrs. Mackessack	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Leask	0	10	0
M. R., per Mr. S. Need	0	10	0
Miss K. Stewart-Robertson	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Service of Song, given by Masters and Pupils of Bethany House School, Goudhurst, Kent	10	6	5
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	4	6
South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich	2	2	0
Mrs. Norris, per Mr. G. H. Gill ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sandison	5	0	0
A friend in Crathie	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. E. Arnott :—			
The family	2	12	0
Dear Hannah	1	0	0
Infants	0	0	9
	3	12	9
Another primula's bloom	0	10	0
The late Mr. William Hurst, per Mr. Thomas Taylor	40	0	0
Mrs. Hoyle	5	0	0
Collections at Surrey Grove Mission, per Mr. C. A. Pavey	1	11	0
Strone House Sunday-school, per Mrs. Moubray	0	12	0
Mr. Playfoot	5	0	0
Wee Jessie Agnes	0	2	0
Mrs. Hicks	0	2	0
Alexander John Hicks	0	2	0
Edwin James Hicks	0	2	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
M. L. P., Selly Park	2	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Hanson	100	0	0
A. B. K.	0	6	0
Mr. F. G. Lang	0	2	0
Miss Cole	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Dawson	0	3	0
Mr. E. Johnson	2	0	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. M. Martin	0	5	4
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Ewing	9	0	0
Mr. James Brown	1	0	0
Mr. F. Bateman	0	6	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Mrs. Hands	0	10	0
M. B.	1	1	0
Mr. E. Newell	5	0	0
Pastor J. Cruikshank	0	5	0
Bethesda Free Chapel, per Mr. H. W. Cothay	0	2	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Langton	0	2	0
Townley Street Mission	0	17	7
Collected by Miss Collie	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Warren	0	10	6
Mrs. Cunningham	1	0	0
K. J.	2	2	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. Bamford	0	12	0
Collected in Jamaica by Mrs. M. East :—			
Mr. E. Kinkead	2	0	0
Dr. Philippo	1	1	0
Mrs. Stiebel	1	0	0
Mr. P. Chapman	1	0	0
Rev. D. J. and Mrs. East ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Butcher	0	10	0
Mrs. Cochrane	0	10	0
Rev. — Washington ...	0	5	0
Rev. J. Balfour	0	5	0
Rev. W. Teall	0	5	0
Rev. J. Kingdon	0	5	0
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0
Rev. T. C. Hutchins ...	0	5	0
Rev. W. Webb	0	5	0
Rev. W. N. Brown ...	0	5	0
Rev. A. Tucker	0	5	0
Rev. E. Fray	0	5	0
Rev. F. Sikoburgh ...	0	5	0
Rev. A. G. Kirkham ...	0	5	0
Mr. Henry	0	5	0
Miss Cooper	0	5	0
Miss Jones	0	5	0
Dr. Robb	0	5	0
Mrs. Oughton	0	5	0
Colonel Hicks	0	5	0
Mr. A. Kingdon	0	5	0
Miss Bailey	0	2	0
Three dear children ...	0	3	9
Small sums	0	4	3
		12	6
Executors of the late Mrs. Aitken ...		791	15
Mr. Thomas Hudd		2	10
Mrs. Blake		0	5
Mr. J. H. Gray		1	0
Mr. William Hardy		1	0
Collected by Miss E. Bickmore, per H. B. S.		0	16
Mr. T. Farrar		0	5
Mr. E. West		1	1
Miss M. E. Jenkins		1	2
Miss Sharpington		1	11
Mr. W. Martin, Ontario		0	4
A friend, Selkirk		0	1
Mr. D. White, per J. T. D.		5	5
Mrs. Younger		0	5
Mr. F. A. Fawkes		1	1
Collected by Miss Mackintosh		0	13
Collected by Miss Morris...		0	5
Mr. F. Pool		0	10
Mrs. Tebbutt		1	0
Miss Turnbull		0	10
Mr. C. E. Smith		5	0
Collected by Mrs. Prust		1	2
A loaf for the orphans		0	0
Mr. Alexander Craig		2	0
Mr. J. B. Collin		0	10
Mrs. Bowie		0	5
Miss Walker		1	0
Mr. A. Falconer		2	0
The Durweston chimers, per Mr. C. Adlem		0	10
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading :—			
Mrs. E. C. Targett's book	5	0	0
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0
Mr. W. I. Palmer	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mrs. James Withers ...	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton... ...	1	0	0
Mr. Gregory...	0	15	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. Herbert Sutton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Simonds	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Hunt	0	5	0
Mrs. Lousley	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0
Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Shepherd ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Parfitt	0	2	0
Mr. Turner	0	1	0
		17	12
Mr. R. G. Whiting		11	15
Mr. Walter Worth		0	2
Miss M. A. Ling		0	2
L. K. D.		1	2
Mr. W. Izard		0	1
Mr. J. T. Waugh		1	0
Miss L. Atkinson		5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
Mrs. Scott	0	5	0
A friend	1	0	0
Miss Searfe	0	1	0
Friends, Cheltenham	0	6	0
A friend, Biggar	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Dewar	1	0	0
Mrs. Grace Burk	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson	0	2	0
S. P.	1	1	0
A widow's mite	1	0	0
Miss Gush	1	0	0
Mr. John Climie	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Milne	0	5	0
Proceeds of Mr. Gwyer's "Spring Thoughts"	0	7	6
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Mrs. Hopperton	0	10	0
Lily and Mary Harrald's collecting-box	1	5	0
A Welsh friend	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Eskdale shepherd	0	10	0
Mr. L. I. Dunn	0	10	6
Miss I. Cooper	1	0	0
A friend, per Miss I. Cooper	0	2	6
The widow's mite, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. E. M. Tucker	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	5	0
Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Mr. I. Keith	1	0	0
Mr. George Gibb and friend	0	2	6
Mr. E. Palmer	0	2	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
In memoriam, 17th July, 1885	1	0	0
Uncle Joe, fines for sneezing	0	5	6
Mr. Frank H. Butler	2	2	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Rev. E. Baker	0	2	6
Postal order from Cardiff	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, and Artie Nash	1	12	0
Mrs. S. Tutcher	2	0	0
Hill End	100	0	0
A friend, by Chrissie Murrell	0	10	0
Mrs. Welsdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Sir Peter Coats	100	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. Ross' Mission	6 11 6		
Mr. Ross, donation	1 1 0		
Sale of programmes	0 6 3		
	7	18	9
Albert Palace Temperance Fête	2	0	0
Sale of programmes, Soho	0	19	8
Hanley	9 0 0		
Mr. W. Woodall, M.P.	1 1 0		
	10	1	0
Commercial Street East	1	7	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
In memory of loved ones	1	0	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Beach	1	1	0
E. B. B.	1	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. Reynolds	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, May	2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, June	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	10	0
	£2372	10	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—1 churn Milk, North Hants Dairy Company, per J. and R. Broomfield; 720 Eggs, Mr. A. Ward; a quantity of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 80 lbs. Pickled Pork and 45 lbs of Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 3 sacks Haricot Beans, Mr. J. Hall; 10 Gouda Cheeses, Mr. Alfred Green; 2 lbs. Tea, Mrs. S. Allen.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—5 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. A. Smith.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—Articles of clothing, &c., for 2 girls (and Sweets for 45 girls), Miss Dawson; 1 Box Worn Clothing, Mr. Hide; 12 Articles, Mrs Rees: 1 Skirt, from Huddersfield; 31 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 30 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. S. Cox; 6 Aprons, Miss E. Clover; 20 dozen Neckties for the girls, Mr. and Mrs. Ross.

GENERAL:—1 Picture Book for girls, M. Holmes; 1 Quilt and 1 Antimacassar, Miss E. Parker; A Quantity of Music Books, Mr. W. Cole; A Box of Sundry Articles, A friend, W. D.; 8 Yards Tatting, Mrs. J. Dobson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Sellindge	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
East Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Winchester District, per Miss L. Perks	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. Beer, Treasurer	50	0	0
Mr. J. Dodson, for Littledale	40	0	0
Crosby Garrett District	10	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington District	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sandown District, for year ending 24th June, 1886, per Mr. A. Nisbett:—						
Donations:						
Mrs. Fripp	0	5	0			
Miss Cotton (Freshwater)	0	5	0			
Subscriptions:						
Mrs. Hughes	2	0	0			
Mrs. Porter (Lake)	1	0	0			
Rev. W. Leicester	0	10	0			
Colonel Baille	0	10	0			
Dr. Neal	0	5	0			
Major Justice	0	5	0			
Mr. Wright	0	5	0			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. Conner	0	5	0			
A friend	0	5	0			
E. T.	0	2	0			
Rev. L. C. A. Mouton ...	5	0	0			
Mr C. Armstrong	1	0	0			
Captain Burn	0	5	0			
Lady Oglander	2	0	0			
Mr. Garland...	0	5	0			
Mr. Blore	0	5	0			
Miss Erck	0	5	0			
Mr. Calloway	0	5	0			
Mr. Taylor	0	5	0			
G. T.	0	5	0			
Colonel Birney	2	0	0			
Rev. A. H. Shaw	0	10	0			
Mr. E. Hopwood	0	5	0			
Miss Cotton (Sandown) ...	5	0	0			
Mr. Steward	2	0	0			
Mr. Sandilands	1	1	0			
Mr. G. Fox	0	10	0			
Rev. Mark Guy Pearce ...	0	10	0			
Rev. A. Dicker	0	10	0			
Miss Mitchell Ventnor ..	0	10	0			
Mr. Brock	0	10	0			
Mr. Withers	0	10	0			
Mrs. Elizabeth Withers ...	0	10	0			
Mr. J. Morgan	0	5	0			
Mr. A. Nisbett	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Bonner	0	5	0			
Miss Way	0	5	0			
Mr. W. J. Baker	0	5	0			
Mr. Micket	0	5	0			
Rev. J. Wallis	0	5	0			
Mrs. Hewett	0	5	0			
H. T. D.	0	5	0			
W. F. B.	0	5	0			
A. F.	0	5	0			
W. T. S.	0	5	0			
E. M. D.	0	5	0			
M. T. M.	0	5	0			
Miss Merriman	0	2	6			
Rev. A. Griffiths	0	2	6			
Madl. Mouton	0	5	0			
Miss Tattenham	1	1	0			
	34	19	0			
Previously acknowledged	20	0	0			
	14	19	0			
Less printing, postage, &c.	1	1	0			
				13	18	0
				£228	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Satchell	1	0	0
H. M.	5	0	0
Mr. E. Raybould	1	0	0
E. R., token of love for the Pastor ...	0	5	0
Collected at Annual Meeting	20	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Hanson	100	0	0
Mr E. Newell	2	10	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
E. S.	5	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Hill End	100	0	0
Thankoffering, Mrs. C. Devenish ...	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. F. Satchell	1	0	0
Mr. A. Norris	0	10	6
J. and C. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
The Misses A. and E. Newman ...	2	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Gunn	10	0	0
Mrs. C. L. Russell	0	5	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£268	2	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
K. J.	2	2	0
Part collection at Billingboro, per Mr. J. Burnham	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's services at Ross	6	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Treeton, Swallow Nest, Walkley, and Attercliffe, per Pastor R. Ensoll	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Orcopp, Hereford	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Thankful	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard (monthly)	0	5	0
Mr. J. Martin	0	2	6
Mr. George Norton	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
Hill End	100	0	0
	£120	4	6

Thanks are due for £15 from an old contributor. Mr. Spurgeon will use it for those parts of the work which are most in need.

Received after lists were closed:—Mrs. R. Thomson, Owen Sound, College, £2 1s. 4d., Orphanage, £2; A. S., Orphanage, £1; R. P., College, Orphanage, Colportage, Evangelists, and Book Fund, £10 each; Mr. Edward Marsh, Orphanage, £100.

Miss Weston, Sailors' Rest, Devonport, acknowledges, with thanks, a donation of 7s. 6d. from "Lettie."

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

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,

1885.

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.

OFFICE AND DEPÔT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD

SOUTHWARK, S.E.

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."

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table:—

Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Visits to Families.	Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Visits to Families.	Services and Addresses
1866	2	927	18	1	114,913	1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	
1867	6					1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850	7,149
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	1885	76	9,525	16	2	552,677	8,458

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.*

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.
1885.

THE Committee are glad to be able to give a report of steady successful work during the past year.

The amount of sales has exceeded in value that of any previous year in the history of the Association; consequently the number of Books and Periodicals distributed has been larger, and so the main object of the work has been increasingly furthered. The total value of sales made by an average of 76 Colporteurs and 7 Book Agents has been £9,525 16s. 2d. an increase of £534 8s. 9d. on the previous year. The number of Bibles and Books issued was about 457,527 and Periodicals, 320,504.

The wonder has been expressed that so large results have been realized, especially during a season of almost unexampled depression in trade, and consequent lack of employment. But it should be noted that Colportage creates a taste and desire for its own class of reading, so that in districts worked continuously for many years, a regular connection of customers is formed and constantly supplied by the Colporteur.

The reports from the districts contain encouraging accounts of the labours of the Agents, similar to those of other years, varied by place and circumstances. The lonely and afflicted have been directed and comforted, and dying men and women have been pointed to a living Saviour, trusting in whom many have found "life eternal." Not a few confess to have been led to trust in Jesus by the simple earnest preaching of the Colporteurs, some of whom possess gifts in that direction. In the Cottage, Chapel and Open Air, testimony has thus been borne to "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Many direct instances of success have also been traced in the discontinuance of bad books and periodicals, and the substitution of those of a beneficial tendency. In some cases the books read have been instrumental in the conversion of souls. Thus the Committee are encouraged to prosecute their cherished design of endeavouring to provide an antidote to the poisonous and demoralizing literature so profusely issued from the Press.

Samuel Morley Esq., M.P. said recently at the Annual Meeting of a kindred Association that "there was being poured out through the

Press of this Country an amount of pollution which went far to account for the impurity about which they had heard so much of late, and there was great need for an antidote." So far as the means at disposal have allowed, the Association has endeavoured to meet this necessity, but there is urgent demand for more extensive effort in this direction.

With regard to Subscriptions, a fair amount of support has been received, and the President and Committee are very grateful to the many friends of various religious denominations who have aided them in their work both by donations and personal service. A much wider field might have been occupied, had friends combined to raise the £40 per annum required towards the support of a Colporteur, as it is only by such co-operation that the Association can hope to overtake the great need of so many scattered, and at present unworked, districts.

The Committee invite the assistance of any Evangelical friends or Churches, and trust that the present staff of 80 Colporteurs may by another year be increased to at least 100. Liberal assistance has again been received from the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society by grants of Books, Tracts and Bibles on special terms, which the Committee gratefully recognize. Above all they desire to thank "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," for the measure of success and blessing afforded to their work during the nineteenth year of the existence of the Association.

EPITOME OF WORK FROM REPORTS OF COLPORTEURS AND LOCAL FRIENDS.

BENEFITS RESULTING FROM BOOKS SOLD.

Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and Works.—From almost every district tidings are received of souls saved and believers comforted through reading the publications of the President. Only a few can be culled from various reports.

"*Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons* are read with very great interest and profit. One person who belongs to the Church of England when in London went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and was so pleased that on her return she ordered the sermons monthly, and says 'she never read such sermons.'"

EIGHT PERSONS CONVERTED BY READING ONE OF MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS.

"Sold Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on 'Heaven and Hell.' The person to whom I sold it told me that it had been the means of leading eight souls to Jesus."

A SOUL BROUGHT TO JESUS BY READING MR. SPURGEON'S BOOK, "PRESENT TRUTH."

"Two months after this book was left, the Colporteur called again, and on asking how the book was liked, the woman said, 'Oh, that is a wonderful book: it has been a blessing to me. There were three things in it I never saw before. "One thing I need, one thing I know, one thing I do." It was this that opened my eyes.' Thus the book was sold, and the soul saved. We had a little prayer together, and I went on, glad in the Lord."

"*Farm Sermons.*"—"Sold one to a farmer in my district with a deal of persuasion: told him I would give him the book and return the money if he did not like it. He afterwards said, 'I would not be without it on any account: it has done me good, and all the members of my house.'"

There are scores of other cases noted in the reports.

SALVATION BOOKS.

From the frequency with which cases of conversion are reported through perusing them, this title may be given to the following among others:—"A Child of Jesus," "A Peep Behind the Scenes," "Christie's Old Organ," "Taken or Left," "Come to Jesus," "The Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

A few instances only are appended:—

CONVERSION OF A MOTHER.

"I sold the little book, 'A Child of Jesus,' to a little girl. She was so interested by it, that she read it to her mother, and it was the means of leading that mother to the Saviour: they value that book more than gold."

A SOLDIER BOY ABROAD BENEFITED.

"One woman says she sent the little book called 'The Sinners' Friend' away to her soldier boy, and she received a letter from him to say that it had been the means of doing him much good. His uncle (a Christian) prized the letter so much that he took it to a meeting and made use of it there."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Have also to record one case, in which a woman was converted through reading 'A Peep Behind the Scenes,' the Lord blessing it to her by showing himself the 'Good Shepherd' who gave his life for the sheep."

A GIFT LEADING TO CONVERSION.

"A lady told me a few weeks ago, that she bought 'Christie's Old Organ' from me a few years since, when I was selling books on the beach. She took it to Ipswich and gave it to a woman about thirty years of age, who, through reading it, was led to give herself to Jesus."

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"During the month I have been informed by several people that the books, &c., which they have purchased have been sent to the following far-off places:—America, Australia, Alexandria, and Paris. In one case, from America, the reading of the Scripture texts, and 'A Peep Behind the Scenes,' resulted in the conversion of a son from whom the mother had not heard for a long time. This is the second case from that country resulting from the portions of God's Word sent over in this way."

THE WORD OF GOD ITSELF.

Colportage has always been eminently successful in the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, and this Society has reason for gratitude for much success in this direction. Forty-three thousand copies of Bibles and Testaments were sold last year, besides an immense quantity and variety of Scripture texts.

FAMILY WITHOUT A BIBLE.

"In a house at L——— I found a woman who has eleven children, seven of whom are living at home, and not one of them had a Bible or Testament. One girl was going out to service, and as her mother had not a penny I gave the girl a Testament, and told the mother of the love of Christ of which she knew nothing."

PRECIOUS SEED.

"A New Testament recently sold has been blessed to the conversion of a young man."

A DISTRICT WELL SUPPLIED.

"Bibles and Testaments do not now command such a ready sale; the reason for this I believe is that *I fail to find a house or home scarcely anywhere* without a Bible or New Testament. The cheap penny New Testaments seem to have found their way into most homes of the working class, among whom I labour chiefly."

Another Colporteur writes: "During the twelve months I have sold 3,712 Testaments and 200 Bibles. Many young men and women who never had a Bible have been supplied by me. Hundreds of children also have been supplied with Testaments, and many homes were without a Bible, and did not care for having one until spoken to by me." We leave results, believing the promise, "My word shall not return to me void."

SINGLE TEXT CARDS USEFUL.

Over 223 thousands of Scripture texts cards, in great and beautiful variety, were sold during the year, and not a few instances occur of direct conversion by this means. A few cases may be interesting:—

"Have heard of one man being savingly blessed through reading or looking at a large text, put up in his room during a time of illness."

"Since I last sent I have been told of the conversion of one man through one of the texts which I sold. He had been very much given to drink, and his wife put the text on the wall of the bedroom." Other similar cases are reported.

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF COLPORTAGE.

The following extracts from Colporteurs' reports illustrate the efficacy of the work in counteracting and supplanting the trashy literature of the day:—

"I believe much good is effected by the sale of the many books, magazines, texts, &c., in the way of supplanting bad literature. I keep my eyes open, but rarely ever see any bad paper now in the hands of my customers." This district has been worked for fourteen years.

Other Colporteurs write:—

"A young woman told me that before I went round with books she used to read exciting novels, but since she began to read good books she has no desire for the former class. I persuaded her never to read novels, which had been the ruin of hundreds of young men and women."

"A farmer's wife said to me, 'someone has been lending my daughter ——— (a trashy periodical). When I found it out I forbad her reading such things, but she must have some reading. I remember two years ago you wanted me to take 'The Girls' Own Paper' for her; please bring it next month, and in future.'"

"I find there is a great desire for good books, instead of those trashy novels. One young woman, who had taken ——— for a long time, gave it up by my persuasion, and now takes 'The Girls' Own Paper,' and 'The Christian Herald,' every month."

"A man said, 'Mr. S——, before you came we did very little reading, and that of a very indifferent sort; but now we love to read, and that which is good.'"

WORK AT FAIRS AND MARKETS.

This is carried on whenever practicable, and thousands are thus influenced who are never reached at their homes.

AT A VILLAGE FEAST.

"I stood with my stall in a village feast for three days, and sold £5 4s. 9d. worth. Eighty New Testaments, ten Bibles, twelve 'Peep behind the Scenes,' and many other gospel books. One of the showmen, when passing by the stall, said, 'We shall soon have no feast, for people will all be religious.' A man with his wife came, and he said, 'You sold my little girl a nice book last night, 'Whiter than Snow.' You trusted her a penny, I have come to pay. We all had to hear it last night, and I never heard anything like it.' His wife bought 'Buy your own Cherries,' saying 'This will suit us.' After they had left, a young man said, 'I hope that will do that man good, he has had delirium tremens twice.'"

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION, INCLUDING CARE OF THE AFFLICTED.

While canvassing, the Colporteur finds many opportunities of personal appeal to the unsaved, and is a welcome visitor to the afflicted and aged. A few instances are given below :—

VISIT TO A PROFESSED INFIDEL.

"I was invited to see a man who was very ill. He professed to be an infidel. I had often spoken to him before, but now he was not only subdued, but almost hopeless. After a long conversation, I referred to all the portions of the Word of God I could think of, showing the love of God, and his willingness to forgive the worst of characters, giving instances from Scripture and from observation. He seemed to begin to hope, and I prayed with him ; he followed me in prayer, and said he felt ever so much better. When a fortnight later I went to see the family, he was dead, but his wife said she had the greatest confidence that he died in peace, and that he never seemed to doubt since I called : the passages of Scripture had been so helpful to him."

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

"I called at a house a few days ago where I have called for four years, and could get no one to look at my books. This time the gentleman asked me in, and the whole family came and looked at my books. I sold fourteen magazines and took an order for four monthly. At another village I called at a house which had also been closed against me four years. Sold ten magazines, a Bible, two other books, and took an order for four magazines monthly."

OUT OF THE WAY.

"An aged man upon whom I called was very ill. He was anxious about his soul, and said he was really sorry that he had spent so many years a stranger to God. After reading the Word, I prayed with him, and he said, 'Come again as soon as you can; no minister comes to us here.' This home lies up in a wood."

VISITING THE ORPHANS.

"Very wet to-day. I went up to the woods to see a dear little girl who is consumptive, and her only brother, too, I believe, is going the same way. Six years ago, when the family was all complete, their Christian mother used to take a magazine from me; but the Lord took the mother suddenly to Heaven, and next the father, after a lingering illness. I have reason to believe that I was blessed to his conversion before he died. He used to weep much at the thought of leaving his motherless children. To-day I sat with them, and sang, and read, and prayed. I sang, 'My rest is in Heaven,' from a penny hymn-book purchased by the father before he died. Then I read from the mother's Bible those Scriptures only which she had marked with a cross years ago, and to us all it was very affecting. After prayer, the aged grandmother thanked me with tears. I asked her if she was saved. She replied, 'I pray earnestly every day.' May she soon read her title clear!"

"TOO GREAT A SINNER."

"I called at a little cottage near a lonely farm-house. As I began to speak to the woman about Jesus, heaven, &c., her eyes filled with tears while she said, 'Oh, sir, I feel too great a sinner to be saved.' I read God's Word, and offered prayer. She said, 'I am so unhappy.' I told her that she always would be until she found Christ. Next month I found her trusting in Jesus. She said, 'After you were gone I thought upon what you told me, went upstairs, and knelt down praying to God to give me a 'new heart,' and I feel sure that he has done so. It was quite true, as you told me, that I must experience it to know.'"

CONTINUED USEFULNESS.

"Reaching C——— on Wednesday, I found a young person (to whom my labours had been blessed) very ill. The first time I visited this place 18 years ago her sister was very ill, and I pointed her to Christ, and she died happy. I cannot express in words what I now felt in that same bedroom trying to comfort and pray for the one laid so low."

PREACHING AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Simple Gospel Services are conducted by many of the Colporteurs after their canvassing for sales is over, and it is found that the one kind of work helps the other. These services are rendered to various branches of the Christian Church. A few extracts from Reports on this subject are given.—"I am generally engaged on Sundays to tell out God's truth to the people, a work which (on the testimony of many) has been fraught with great blessing."

"One Sunday I was speaking in a little chapel in one of the villages which I visit with my books. A man was present at the little meeting to whose heart I believed the Word had gone home, but he left before I could speak to him. About six weeks after a man on horseback called me by name. It was this man. He said, 'I have not seen you since I saw you at the chapel. I have been longing to see you; do call upon me; I want a word of help.' I spoke a few words, and passed on, promising to call, as he could not stay longer. The Holy Spirit had preached to his heart instead of me only to his ear. Oh that it were always so!"

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

"After a service on the Village Green it was announced that we should hold a prayer-meeting in a house, and the people were invited to come. In response the house was filled, and some were unable to find room inside, and were content to listen outside. Among those inside was a young woman whom I had noticed on the Green by her earnest attention and occasional tears. I resolved to speak to her, and she told me that she was not trusting Christ, but longed to know that her sins were forgiven. We pointed her to Christ as the Sin Bearer, and read some portions of God's Word to her. Having given her some texts of Scripture we left her, feeling sure that the Good Shepherd was bringing one of his lost sheep home."

In two districts Mission Halls have been erected during the past year through the labours of the Colporteurs, and from each of them encouraging reports of conversions have been received.

OPINIONS OF LOCAL FRIENDS.

Mr. D. Clark, of High Wycombe, said at a local meeting on behalf of the Association—"In reference to the dissemination of pure literature, he knew of no organization which could do this with so much force and effect as the one they were met to assist that evening. As to the expense, the statistics alone proved to them, as business men, what a capital investment the Association offered; for so small an expenditure an immense amount of work was done. Though identified with Mr. Spurgeon, the work was *thoroughly unsectarian in its operation*, the motto of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as he hoped it was of them all, being 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.'"

Rev. Jas. Pugh, Stratford-on-Avon, writes:—"My impressions of the good work of your Association may be put as follows:—(extracted from a letter)

"1. Distinctly useful as an aid to village work *connected with Town Churches.*

"2. Nothing like it for remote hamlets and lone households far from the means of grace.

"3. The sale of Bibles and Testaments has almost equalled that of the local Bible Society, a fact which speaks well for the Colporteur and his work.

4. "Open-air preaching by the Colporteur in villages where even a cottage has been refused has gained an entrance for good books and for the Bible where the living messenger was shut out.

"5. Here and there members of the Clergy and Gentry have begun to see at least the good drift of the work. In fact, the day of your Society has hardly begun. I venture to predict a great future for it."

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1885.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	J. Mohan	1866	Cambs. Association.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Rev. A. Johnson.
Swindon	Wiltshire	B. Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	J. Taylor	1872	J. Southall, Esq.
*Arnold	Nottinghamshire .	D. J. Watkins ...	1872	Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire... ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	W. H. Roberts, Esq.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. T. Davies.
Dorking	Surrey...	G. Bass	1873	J. Todman, Esq.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire...	G. Boydon	1873	R. Cory, Jun., Esq.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Mayboo... ...	1873	Miss Hadfield (the late).
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. W. H. Smith.
Worcester	Worcestershire ...	G. Athay	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	
Droitwich	Worcestershire ...	J. Wharmby ...	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wellow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire ...	J. Hook	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett	1875	Rev. J. Whittaker.
Castleton	Glamorganshire ...	T. Sabin	1876	John Cory, Esq.
River and Ewell...	Kent	A. Penny	1876	Rev. E. J. Edwards.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	D. White, Esq., and S. Maw, Esq.
Powsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Mr. Sharman and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	H. Payne	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy... ...	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington... ...	Hampshire	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. W. M. Mountford.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	Rev. J. F. Lepine.
Halesowen	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	C. H. Clowes, Esq.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards ...	1877	
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
Kingstointon ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Josh. Bolton, Esq.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury	E. G. Lawson ...	1877	Mr. Welch.
Gt. Yarmouth ...	Norfolk	W. McDowell ...	1877	Town Mission, S. W. Page, Esq.
*Accrington	Lancashire	J. Bonnett	1878	Rev. Chas. Williams.
Newbury	Berkshire	H. Grimwood ...	1878	A. Jackson, Esq.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	S. Shaw	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
Cambridge	Cambs.	L. Eyres	1879	Cambs. Association.
Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Board	1880	Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sandown	Isle of Wight ...	W. Coleman ...	1881	A. Nisbet, Esq.
Cowes	Do. ...	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	Mr. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	Thos. Nelmes ...	1882	Rev. A. Graham.
Thornbury	Gloucestershire ...	J. G. Easley ...	1882	E. Cullimore, Esq.
Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Tittleshall	Norfolk	H. J. Barringer ...	1882	Rev. T. A. Wheeler.
Willingham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	H. Bailey and F. H. Marshall	1882	Mr. W. Johnson.
Calne	Wilts	C. Morgan	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker ...	1883	Rev. T. A. Wheeler.
Waterlooville ...	Hampshire	B. Neal	1883	G. S. Lancaster, Esq.
Great Totham ...	Essex	E. Doane	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
*Mitcham	Surrey	J. Parker	1883	Messrs. A. and E. Carter.
Penrikyber	Aberdare	Daniel Davies ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.

Aylesbury	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Moysoyhampton...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
Crosby Garrett ...	Westmoreland ...	J. B. Brown ...	1884	Rev. G. McDonald.
Bristol...	Gloucestershire ...	W. Hutton	1884	"H. M."
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer.
Epping	Essex	G. Wheeler	1884	H. P. Brown, Esq.
Haddenham ...	Bucks	E. Owers	1884	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Melksham	Wilts	J. W. Knee... ...	1884	Rev. G. Webb.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	A. Walker	1884	Rev. James Pugh.
Winchester... ...	Hants	W. J. Singleton ...	1884	Miss L. Perks.
Launceston... ...	Cornwall	George Keene ...	1884	Mr. R. Peter.
Upper Clatford ...	Hants	Samuel Need ...	1885	H. Tasker, Esq.
London	St. Luke's	E. J. Heath ...	1885	Rev. E. J. Farley.
Bromley	Kent	W. Hardiman ...	1885	Rev. R. H. Lovell.
Bulwick Lodges...	Northampton ...	H. Bailey	1886	Rev. J. B. Hart.
Okehampton ...	Devon...	G. J. Whiting ...	1886	Mr. W. V. Bray.
Portsmouth Soldiers' Home ...	Hants	B. Neal	1886	Miss Robinson.
Bath	Somerset	J. G. Easley ...	1886	Mr. Mager.
Slough...	Bucks	J. K. Walker ...	1886	Rev. F. Smith.

No. of Districts occupied during 1885 :—76.

* Those Districts marked with an asterisk have either been suspended or discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

BOOK AGENTS :—

	DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.		DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.
	Braintree	Essex	F. W. Fenton		Presteign	Radnorshire ...	S. Watkins
	Nowington	Kent	L. Thurlow		Oxford	Oxfordshire ...	R. J. Grubb.
	Histon	Cambridgeshire ...	G. Mansfield		Henley	Dorsetshire... ...	L. Yeatman.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year ending December 31st, 1885.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—							By Gross Profit on Sales				2,140	4	0
Wages	4,860	8	10				By Subscriptions—						
Expenses	376	2	8				For Districts	2,788	0	5			
Packs	17	14	0				For General Purposes	1,043	2	3			
				5,254	5	6					3,831	2	8
To Depôt Expenses—							By Interest on Deposit				10	8	4
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants ...	510	9	0										
Printing and Stationery	55	17	9										
Postages, Telegrams, &c.	26	4	10										
Cleaning and Sundries	4	3	8										
Advertising and Travelling	2	19	4										
Annual Conference Meetings	27	13	2										
Tracts for Distribution	3	7	6										
				630	15	3							
To Balance carried to Capital Account				96	14	3							
				£5,981	15	0					£5,981	15	0

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1885.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—							By Stock—						
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	163	16	0				At Depôt	561	17	6			
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,183	5	11				With Colporteurs	1,180	14	7			
				1,347	1	11					1,742	12	1
To Capital Account—							By Debtors—						
Balance, December 31, 1884	2,557	5	11				Colporteurs' Balances (in transit) ...	532	1	7			
,, from General Account ...	96	14	3				Book Agents	32	19	6			
				2,654	0	2	District Subscriptions (due)	457	10	10			
											1,022	11	11
							By Cash—						
							At Bankers	505	18	1			
							Petty Cash	30	0	0			
							On Deposit	700	0	0			
											1,235	18	1
				£4,001	2	1					£4,001	2	1

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

JAMES A. SPURGEON, } Auditors.
BENJN. WILDON CARR, }

W. CORDE N JONES, General Secretary.
April, 1886.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1886.

Alexander on Bucephalus.

AN ADDRESS AT THE COLLEGE ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON.
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN the course of my reading at Mentone I met with this expression, which I laid aside for future use—

"Bucephalus with Alexander in the saddle."

A good deal may be seen in that historic picture. There was once brought into the Macedonian capital a horse of enormous strength and wonderful mettle. It was not very handsome to look at; it had limbs built for force, and a head comparable to that of a bull: hence its name Bucephalus, or *Bull-headed.* The name may also relate to its temper: you could not be so disrespectful to a noble charger as to call it "pig-headed"; but I suppose "bull-headed" may have meant much the same thing. Many horsemen had tried to ride this noble black horse with the white star in his forehead; but he was extremely particular in the choice of those whom he would carry. He meant to be ridden by a king of men and by none besides. Many candidates for the contested seat upon his back had come off very low at the poll, and therefore few cared to contest it. The horse might have been neglected had not the young Alexander said to his servants, "Bring him to me." He vaulted into the saddle, and very speedily the great black horse found out that his predestined master was on his back; he made a few plunges, did his best to throw his rider, and then yielded himself for life to the proud prince who henceforth loved him, and kept him as the companion of all his toils and victories. Till that

horse was thirty years old, he was the favourite of Alexander, and when he died, worn out with toil and old age, the city in which he was buried was named after him.

Alexander on Bucephalus is a very proper conjunction: Alexander to be fitly mounted needs a Bucephalus, and the bull-headed horse with all his strength and mettle needs an Alexander to master him. Bucephalus is a noble creature; Alexander is a still grander creation; but Bucephalus with Alexander on his back is a specially remarkable exemplification of greatness. We see something answering to Bucephalus when we observe a spirit, strong, forceful, self-contained, and determined; a man full of energy, high spirited, with enthusiasm in him, a champion whom none can intimidate, much less subdue. Such men are *men* indeed, and are filled with capacities for great doings,—capacities which in themselves are dangerous unless they come to be under proper control. Such a mind will soon ruin itself, and throw down many others, to the grief of all who are about it, unless a master equal to the occasion shall appear with power to manage it. Let an Alexander be found for this Bucephalus: let a strong moral principle hold the forceful man in check, let a sanctified will control the force of his nature, let grace reign supreme in him; in a word, let the Lord Jesus Christ be to him Master and Lord; and then see what a splendid being you have, a very war-horse of Jehovah: "he mocketh at fear, and is not dismayed; neither turneth he back from the sword."

Whenever I attempt to ride on horseback, which is not often, I feel such intense love for Mother Earth that before long I embrace her. If I am staying with a familiar friend, who anxiously desires me to ride, he takes care to assure me that his animal is very quiet and safe, and he probably adds that he is also old and blind. I do not resent my friend's offer of such a steed; for the qualities which I most desire in a horse lie in that direction; for I am not an Alexander. Alexander perched on an animal which would be suitable to *me* would be exceedingly ill at ease, and he would make the poor animal itself terribly miserable. A great spirit should have corresponding faculties under its control: Alexander needs Bucephalus to carry him. In like manner Bucephalus needs Alexander to ride him: he would go mad with some creatures in the saddle. Sometimes we meet with a man of great force who has at the same time no wisdom wherewith to control his energy; and then what rushes and plunges he makes! Notice that brother with little or no mental capacity, able only to see one thing at a time, and that one thing very imperfectly: what a terror he becomes! With dogged determination he resolves to carry his point; no reasoning has the slightest influence over him, he dashes forward, neck or nothing; and onward he will dash till he either breaks his own neck or breaks everything else. On the other hand, there are Alexanders to be met with who are not riding a Bucephalus, nor anything at all like it. In them we see great spirit and no practical application, or great discretion and no valour, large prudence and no action, wonderful proposals and no accomplishments, abundance of the controlling hand and nothing to control. I think I know as many of these princes walking on the earth, as I do of "servants on horseback"; indeed, I know too many of each kind.

All who are placed in positions of influence may be the better for realizing Alexander on Bucephalus. It is well for an instructor of others to have a measure of *imagination*. This is a Bucephalus, perhaps I ought to say a Pegasus, of a fine breed; but it greatly needs bit, bridle, and master. Certain brethren have singularly vivid imaginations! What wonders they conjure up! Having no Alexander upon their Pegasus, what blunders they make! He who heard the thunder roar "like,—like,—like anything"; and he who "soared from star to star, and from cherubim to cherubeam, and from seraphim to serapheam," has had many successors. In Welsh sermons imagination is made to play a very conspicuous part, and our Irish orators show a considerable share of it also; but the faculty, like a Bucephalus, needs a strong curb or it will run away with you. A very worthy brother in the days gone by, preached for me one Thursday evening, and delivered himself of a very good discourse; but his imagination proved somewhat unmanageable and nearly carried him into the realm of the ridiculous. He had abundant scriptural warrant for likening the Holy Spirit to wind; and I do not think he was out of an allowable line of thought when he pictured our Christian enterprises, missions, and revivals as like to a boy's kite which could not mount without wind. He described that kite as fluttering a little and then falling down. Then he made the boy run with his kite and vigorously try to get it up; but again it fell on the ground for want of wind. At last the blessed breath of heaven came, and then the kite ascended, higher and higher: the lad let out more string, and the kite still ascended "until," shouted the orator, "it floated in the empyrean, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." This was a little too much to be said of a kite.

Often one is reminded of the remark of an old judge to a young lawyer: "Sir, you would do well to pluck a few feathers from the tail of your imagination and place them in the wings of your judgment." A brother of an antique turn of mind once confused my faculties so much with a series of stories from the Talmud that I have never been able to see him since without thinking of old clothes. He certainly left me among musty Hebrew traditions; and the scent thereof remaineth. Imagination, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master. It is by no means our special call from heaven to make full proof of our imagination. Teachers who think it to be their main duty to amuse with stories should remember that they have to teach the Bible, and not the "Arabian Nights." Whatever we invent by our fancy let us never overload the facts, the grand eternal facts of revelation. Let faith in the infinite realities of Scripture hold the fancy in supreme control, and then you will have Alexander upon Bucephalus.

The same thing should happen whenever you venture into *argument*. Give me a good bull-headed defender of the faith: he is a fine creature for this day of battle. A man who can assert, discriminate, and discuss, may do good service in these unbelieving times; but I have known worthies of that kind who have been so perpetually and ferociously argumentative that they have reared, and kicked, and plunged, to the endangering of all around them: they even seemed to bite viciously at those who would have patted their backs. Prepared for fight, they mistook the shepherd's pipe for a trumpet. You could not salute them

with "good morning," but they suspected heresy in the remark, and were ready to prove that the morning was no better than usual. The controversial habit has so grown upon certain champions that they are as dangerous to approach as a mass of dynamite; for nobody knows when and why they may not go off. I have had the pleasure of knowing quite a band of such brethren, and what is more, of admiring them, and generally agreeing with them, and yet I have not been able to shut my eyes to the serious twists of character which have been produced by their love of war.

I have known brethren preach away at a tremendous rate against Arminians when there has not been an Arminian in the chapel; but, on the contrary, there has been a sad amount of dead doctrinalism and unholy living which they never thought of attacking. The brother who so desperately contended against an evil which was not present would have been more useful had he dealt with evils present and pressing. A brother has stormed away against strict communion, or open communion, according as his opinions happened to lie; another has gone in against Brethrenism, or the Salvation Army, or Anglo-Israelism. All this may be well enough in its place; but assuredly its place is not everywhere. There is reason, they say, in roasting eggs, and there should be reason in your arguments, and in the time and way of using them. Probably there is a weighty reason why mad bulls should rush at red rags; but we need not imitate them by allowing anything to be a red rag to us. People are not saved, as a rule, by controversy, and heaven is not taken by force of argument. We are to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; but the Apostle does not say "contend always," nor "contend savagely": we can be earnest without being furious.

I would utilize the expression before us in another direction. It may be of service in earnest revival times, when we are more than ordinarily anxious for the conversion of souls. It is a grand thing to ride Bucephalus then: I mean that it is desirable to be full of spirit, force, vehemence, and enthusiasm. Happy is the church which has in it many brethren who are warm with divine ardour, and are eager in their Lord's service. But I am always glad to see Alexander in the saddle at such times; I like to see sound sense and solid doctrine directing earnest enthusiasm. Where this is not the case you have dangerous forces abroad. I have known brethren tell sinners a great many falsehoods with the view of saving them. They make statements at such times which they would not endure from other people in cool blood. Now truth does not vary according to the temperature of a meeting, or the state of our minds. That which I learned from the Scriptures yesterday in my calm devotions is that which I will teach to-day in the excited assembly. We are not to have one creed for a ministers' meeting and another for the enquiry-room. I do not say that every truth is to be spoken at every time, but I do say that the salvation of souls cannot be furthered by the suppression of important truth, or by the inculcation of error. I can be a revivalist and believe in election, the substitutionary sacrifice, and the work of the Holy Ghost; but it would seem, from the talk of some revivalists, that they have never heard of these doctrines. I am not criticizing brethren who do

not hold our views of truth; but I am dealing with those who do hold them and yet talk in a wild manner. I believe that when a man is red hot with zeal for God and perishing souls he ought to say no more than, and no less than, what he believes to be the truth. Take care that it is so with you, brethren. Let your zeal for conversions be directed by a clear knowledge of the truth of God, for so it will work to the surest purpose.

I fear that in some Sunday-schools there is a great deal taught to the children which is not gospel. The teaching might be summed up in these words,—"My dear child, be good, and love Jesus Christ, and then you will go to heaven." The gospel speaks of believing, and sets forth faith as the way of salvation; but the little ones are full often directed to *love*, which is one of the blessed fruits of the Spirit, but is not the way of salvation. The same gospel that is to save a man of seventy must save the child of seven; and though we are to vary our teaching according to the capacity of our hearers, it must be the self-same gospel. Neither among the young nor amid the excitement of a revival ought we to vary the gospel message. Jonathan Edwards was the soundest of divines, he might have been looked upon as a standard of theology; and yet he was a choice leader in the revivalistic movements of his day. Nobody ever wrought up a congregation to a greater intensity of feeling than he did, and yet he did not quit the old lines for a moment. Brethren, we may not trifle with truth under any circumstances. Suffer not your zeal to run away with you. Be as flames of fire; but let the spirits of the prophets be subject to the prophets.

On the other hand, beware of being of that cold, impassive spirit which will never exhibit energy in the Master's cause. Without zeal a Christian preacher is a sham. Without life and passion you will be like little boys pretending to ride who have no horse under them, or a mere wooden one. It is idle to be all prudence, all correctness and propriety. A person of that sort is like the rustic who sits on a gate, fancies that he is out hunting, and exerts all his strength in preventing his charger's running away with him. How many do this with huge pomposity! I have just heard of a brother who is a man of the smallest possible gifts, and yet I am informed that he has the air and style of the sublimest orator: he rides with all the dignity of Alexander; but he does not ride Bucephalus nor any other horse. Mind that Alexander has his Bucephalus, and that Bucephalus has Alexander on his back. Be all there, and not one half of you. Combine heart and head, zeal and knowledge, faith and prudence; and so the Lord's work will be fitly done.

Once more, if you have got the idea into your head that it is your duty to revise all the abuses of the church, especially if you feel that certain leading persons are abuses, and ought to be got rid of, I hope you will think upon this subject. Those good people worked very well for the church before you entered it, and even now they are doing their best; but you think everything ought to be better managed. You are a man of discernment, and a person of superior mind: things are all wrong, and they must be set right at once. So you have willed it, and so it must needs be. If there is any cracked pottery on the shelves you are determined that there shall be none such remaining any longer;

therefore you enter in with that new broom which is so famed for clean sweeping. What a general smash follows! You have wrought a goodly reformation, and think you are doing God great service. To remove a cobweb, you have destroyed priceless treasures. Brethren, before you go in for riding this sort of Bucephalus, I should advise you to mind that you yourself are Alexander. It is much more easy to raise a storm than to rule it. It is easy to lose good helpers in the attempt to remove questionable adherents. There is great wisdom in our Saviour's advice concerning the wheat and the tares:—"Let both grow together until the harvest; lest haply while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them."

Processes of a sweepingly radical kind need more judgment than is usually possessed by those who are eager to undertake them. A man who really has to work a thorough change in a church ought to know that he is able to do it before he attempts it. "I can cure your child," said the quack doctor; "he has a complaint which must be driven out of him by strong medicines, and I shall drive it out." So he did, and the child died. A man says to himself, "I shall set that church right"; and so he does, but the church is broken up, and much good work is stopped once for all. I knew a minister who was known to a few of us as "the shipbreaker." He used to break up old and decaying churches. He had not been long in a place before he discovered that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Then followed a faithful warning, a burst of indignation, a division, an empty chapel, and a brother "open to supply." In his next place he met with some very blessed people for about six weeks, and then he discovered another source of spiritual evil which it became his duty to expose and suppress. He was one born out of due time; a belated Luther; a reformer who might have had his hands full had he only reformed his own temper; but that he never suspected to be wrong. In the heroic work of church-breaking he continued until he went to his own place. I do not exhort any to repeat his career.

The reforming brother is occasionally a very Elijah, and saves his generation from grievous sin; but he may be mistaken, and then he calls fire from heaven for the gratification of unholy wrath, and, in the name of God, he works abounding mischief. It is possible to cultivate faithfulness till it overgrows itself and becomes contentiousness. No, my brother, our highest ideal is not iconoclast, our loftiest enthusiasm is not the fury of the zealot. Love, after all, is to have some place among Christians, though you would think from the talk of certain of the church militant that it was a poor faint-hearted weakness to which the valiant for the truth should be heartily opposed. Reforms are not accomplished by anger; "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Let determination for righteousness be mastered by paramount love. If you have the bull's head, the strong determination, and the great strength, and feel that you must make a dash at evil, you need not pause for want of objects. Behold the hosts of intemperance, impurity, and infidelity. Turn your chariots of iron upon *these*, but contend not with the people of God. The majority of contentions in churches have not been for God's glory; but have been at bottom personal and family feuds, or ambitious self-seekings. Even

with regard to those contenders for the faith who have been the most sincere and judicious, I very gravely question whether they could not have accomplished more real good had they not quite said farewell to kindness and fairness. He who makes up his mind to rush at a thing like a bull generally shuts his eyes; but if he needed eyes in all his life he needs them in the moment of conflict. Let any man who has the painful vocation of a reformer seek of God strength of character, strength of mind, strength of principle, and then let him further pray for the supremacy of love, which, like another Alexander, shall bit and bridle this powerful Bucephalus.

Finally, he will be the wiser man who does not aim to be Alexander, and does not select Bucephalus as his steed. On the old grey mare through quiet country lanes life's ride is more quiet and safe.

"Not all the Blood of Beasts."

MR. S. W. DUFFIELD, in his interesting work, "English Hymns, their Authors and History," thus writes concerning the well-known hymn of Dr. Watts, commencing "Not all the blood of beasts":—

There are several instances on record of the value of this particular hymn. One of the Bible Society's colporteurs was one day offering Bibles in the Jews' quarter, at the East end of London, when a Jewess informed him, if any of their people bought a Bible, read it, and became converts to Christianity, they would certainly return to their former belief, and die in the faith of Abraham. The Bible-man replied that when he was a city missionary, he had been induced to call upon a dying Jewess. She had been brought from affluence to abject poverty for the faith of Christ; at one time she kept her own carriage. One day her eye rested on the leaf of a hymn-book, which had come into the house covering some butter, and she read upon it these words—

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain."

The verse haunted her; she could not dismiss it or forget it. After a time she went to a box where she remembered she had a copy of the Bible, and, induced by that verse, she began to read it, and she read on till she found Jesus Christ, "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." She became openly a convert to Christianity. This caused her Jewish husband to divorce her. He went to India, where he married again and died. She lived in much poverty with two of her relations, Jewish sisters, who had also become Christians. "All this," said the Bible-man, "I knew; and as I stood by her bedside, she did not renounce her faith in her crucified Lord, but died triumphing in him as her rock, her shield, and her exceeding great reward."

Dr. Wenger.*

THE Baptist Missionaries in India are honourably distinguished as translators of the Bible. Carey, first, and still, take him for all in all, foremost of our missionaries was the pioneer in this work, to which, with keen foresight, he devoted the full strength of his great powers. In 1809, only fourteen years after he had landed in India, Southey was able to say of him that he had "translated the whole Bible into Bengali and printed it, that he was printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persic, Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Sieks, and of the Burmans; and in four of these languages was going on with the Bible." At his death in 1834 he had issued the Bible, or portions thereof, in about 40 Oriental languages. The next illustrious name in this department is that of Dr. Yates, who from 1829 to 1845 devoted his attention to the improvement of the Bengali and Sanscrit Bibles, which were the greatest and best of Carey's versions. Dr. Wenger, the third in this roll of honour, became associated in the work with Yates in 1839, and, after his death, carried it on till by repeated revisions he had brought the Sanscrit and Bengali Scriptures to a high degree of perfection. They now stand unrivalled among the versions of India.

Dr. Wenger was a German-Swiss, and was born in 1811 in a mountain village of the Bernese Alps. His childhood was spent within sight of the Jungfrau, and within hearing of the falling avalanches which awaken the mountain echoes of Switzerland in the early summer. His father, a good man, died when the child was five years old, and the widow with her two boys went to live with an uncle who was a schoolmaster in the Canton of Lucerne. Young Wenger's education, begun at Uncle Samuel's, was carried on afterwards at Berne, where he passed through the Lower and Higher Gymnasium, and reached the Academy, which marked his transition from the schoolboy to the student, at the age of fifteen. He attained great proficiency in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and soon became private tutor in a gentleman's family near Berne, carrying on at the same time his collegiate studies.

His eighteenth year was the year of his conversion to Christ. A great joy broke in on his spirit. The Gospel of John, which he read with a friend, "was literally," he says, "sweeter to me than honey. I never enjoyed such rich and pure, yet calm happiness." But a chill came from the neological speculations of his professor which had a startling effect on his mind. He passed through a long mental conflict, and it might have gone hard with him but for the help he found in prayer and fellowship with a few Christian fellow-students who met at one another's rooms for the purpose.

The question of Dissent from the National Church was at this time exciting much attention, and Wenger's love for spiritual life and truth decided him to secede from the cold and worldly communion of the Establishment, a step which cost him considerable pain in the infliction

* The Life of the Rev. John Wenger, D.D., Missionary in India; and translator of the Scriptures into Bengali and Sanscrit. By E. B. Underhill, LL.D. London: Baptist Missionary Society, and Alexander & Shepheard, 21, Furnival Street.

of disappointment upon friends, and entailed loss in worldly prospects; for the academical distinction he had attained marked him out for a post of importance in the National Church.

The position of tutor in the family of an English clergyman, who was travelling in the region of the Mediterranean and made a prolonged stay in Greece, occupied him profitably for about five years, and in 1838 he came to London, where an introduction to Mr. Dyer, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and to Dr. Steane and Mr. W. B. Gurney, led to his being engaged for mission work in India. He was baptized by Dr. Steane in Denmark Place Chapel, Camberwell, on the 28th February, 1839, delivering an address in which he declared his reasons for seceding from the State Church of his native country, and for being baptized as a believer in Christ; and in June he sailed for Calcutta and entered on the missionary career which was to continue through forty years of beneficent labour. He engaged in evangelizing work amongst the native population, and in the oversight of the native churches; but his main efforts were devoted to Bible translation, at first in company with Dr. Yates, who was a man of solid learning, and one of the very first Sanscrit scholars of the day; and upon Yates's death he was called to assume the direction of the Biblical translations. His description of the method adopted by Dr. Yates and himself reveals the carefulness and thoroughness of their work. "The selection of the references devolves on me exclusively. The share I take in the other parts of this work is the following: When a page has been set up I read it with a view to ensure a correct pointing and orthography; this done, Dr. Yates compares it with the Hebrew, and makes the necessary alterations accordingly. Then it is corrected at the press, after which it returns to me. I compare it with the Hebrew, and write my observations on the margin. In these I propose emendations, and state the reasons which lead me to propose them. Then I write the references at the bottom, after which the proof goes to Dr. Yates. He reads it, weighing my suggestions, and either adopts or rejects them. Then the proof is corrected, and returns to me in the shape of a page regularly set up, with the references, &c., below. This page I compare either with Dr. Carey's version, or else with De Wette's German translation—the best in the world, as far as I know, except the passages which refer to the Atonement and the Divinity of Christ. The margins of the page are again bestudded with suggestions. Dr. Yates next reads four pages (a form), again considering my previous remarks. In this proof he corrects chiefly the style. When he has seen it, it returns to me for correction. Another proof of four pages is usually the last Dr. Yates sees. I read that also, and a subsequent one. The proof then goes to press. This is tedious work, but by no means uninteresting. Occasionally Dr. Yates and I meet personally to discuss some particularly difficult passage. Although our progress in this way is but slow, yet we hope it is sure."

Wenger's estimate of the qualities requisite in a translation is eminently sensible—"*faithfulness*, *perspicuity*, and *acceptableness*." "The first of these requisites," he adds, "might of itself answer the purpose of a scholar; the first and second combined, might satisfy the wants of a student; but, for the people, all three are indispensable."

The Bible Society always made use of Wenger's Bengali translations, purchasing the Old Testament from our press at cost price, and *reprinting* the New Testament with the words for baptism transferred, instead of translated. Wenger's remark upon the statement that his translations of certain Greek words interfered with certain doctrines of the Church of England, is amusingly just. "This is a strange charge to make. What has a Biblical translator to do with the doctrine of the Church of England, or any other church? Nothing at all, except that he is not to be biassed by it, neither one way nor the other."

His other literary labours were great: a theological vocabulary of Bengali words; an annotated Bengali Bible, a work of the highest value; the editing of a Bengali magazine, to provide pure literature for native readers; the translation into Bengali of a History of Bengal, and a Compendium of medicine; and the finishing of a translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He was also Bengali editor to the Tract Society, and issued repeated editions of Dr. Yates's "Introduction to the Bengali Language," which he revised and extended. He also completed Yates's "Sanscrit Dictionary and Sanscrit Grammar," and prepared a "Sanscrit Reader."

In his later years he suffered from partial blindness, brought on by application to his work. Milton, whose blindness was made total by the labour of writing the great "Defence of the People of England," solaced himself in his deprivation by reflecting on the cause in which it had been incurred:

> "Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
> To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot.
>
> • • • • •
>
> What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task."

Wenger had certainly not *less* reason for consolation in his darkness.

His wife, to whom he was married in 1842, died in 1853, leaving him with three children. He, himself, passed away on the 20th August, 1880, at Calcutta, surrounded by his surviving children and friends. They sang "Rock of Ages" as they stood around his bed. "He joined in it," says his daughter-in-law, "and sang clearly from beginning to end, never faltering once, though we all nearly broke down." "So passed away one of the noblest, gentlest, most gifted, and unselfish of men; a burning and a shining light; colossal in mind, but ever gentle and childlike in bearing, and loved by all."

Dr. Underhill's "Life" is admirably written, and though not a bulky volume, will occupy a permanent place among our standard missionary biographies.

C. A. D.

A Tender Thought in Hard Times.

IN these times of depression complaints are common, and in many instances they are not to be wondered at, for many who have lived in comfort, and have had a portion to give to the cause of God, are now brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Yet there are worse sorrows than poverty. Those who are in straits may yet be thankful that sorer woes have not overtaken them. Possibly some may think that there are no sharper trials than those which come out of a large family and a lean larder, and yet a little consideration will correct their judgment.

Suppose the dear children of your care had all been taken from you. That would have been a far heavier blow. Master Greenham tells us an instructive story of a lady. She entered the cottage of a poor labourer, and seeing it filled with children, she exclaimed, "Here are the mouths, but where is the meal?" She thus cast a reflection upon God's providence, by leading it to be inferred that he had created large need, but had sent no supply for it. Not long after her unbelieving expression was returned into her bosom with a bitter alteration; for she was called to weep over the last of her children. The poor mother from the cottage, being called into the richly-provided house to aid at the funeral, was heard to exclaim, "Here is the meat, but where are the mouths?" Better let us have those dear mouths around our scanty table than become possessors of great dainties, and lose those we love. I think I have read of a mother who had been obliged to move from a fair house into a little cottage; she put her children to bed, and as she looked at them in their sleep she lifted up her hands, and cried, "Thank God, my best treasures are left me!"

This reminds us of Bishop Hall's story:—"I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make a rich man poor.' I straightway gave him this answer, 'Nay, my Lord, these are they that make a poor man rich.'" Every parent's heart agrees with this second statement. Even when the struggle for the maintenance of a numerous family is most severe, the father and mother would never desire to see it ended or lightened by the loss of the little ones. Better far are the burdens of poverty than the desolations of death. We may yet recover our property; but who can give us back those who lie beneath the green mounds in the churchyard?

Thus is the point proved, that the hardness of our daily fare is not the very worst of calamities. Since we suffer by the Lord's will we dare not murmur. When faith comes in, contentment is sure to follow. He who seems to give us little enough yet gives us enough in that little. Our care drives us to prayer, and prayer drives away our care; thus even our wants may advance our graces. Little, therefore, does it become us to rebel, since there is so much more reason for thankfulness than for complaining. The ills we bear are light compared with those we deserve. When we lament what we endure, let us think what we might have been suffering, and in patience possess our souls.

C. H. S.

Hymns for Children.

First Paper.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

THIS is a subject of no small importance. It is one, too, about which there may be great diversity of opinion among those interested in the welfare of the young. But there can be no two opinions as to the fitness of hymns and religious verse for the instruction of youth.

If it be true that the ballads of a people influence its political sentiments, mould its opinions on matters social and moral, and give shape to its national character, it is in no degree less true that the hymns and religious poetry, with which the mind may be more or less familiar in youth, aid greatly in giving form and direction to its subsequent tendencies and character. Hymns and religious verse for youth are, therefore, of the highest importance, and their tone, sentiments and character will have much to do with the future of the expanding mind.

But what kinds of hymns are required for the young? it will at once be asked. The answer given by different people will depend on their views of the work requiring to be wrought in the youthful mind. We say without hesitation, and with all that emphasis which the words of our Lord Jesus warrant, children need to be converted; they need to be renewed in the image of God; they need to have created within them, by him who alone can create, a new heart and a right spirit. They are born in sin; sin dwelleth in them; in their unrenewed state they do not love God nor the things of God, and cannot enter his kingdom. But the sinful tendencies of the human heart are weaker, less developed into habits, and the mind more impressible and open to good, in youth than when the great change of conversion has been deferred to subsequent years. Many more persons are converted in youth than in the after stages of life. True it is that—

> "Sinners that grow old in sin
> Are hardened in their crimes."

And also that—

> "'Twill save us from a thousand snares
> To mind religion young."

What is wanted, then, in the hymns for children, are compositions which embody the great truths relating to sin and salvation; the love of God in Christ, the holy life, the redeeming death, the resurrection power, the ascension glory, the reigning might, of him who came into the world to save sinners; together with the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit, and the free and gracious invitations of the Saviour to seek his grace, to turn unto him with all the heart, and yield the whole soul to him, to save and cleanse and sanctify and perfect in his own image. The hymns which embody these and similar truths, are those which God the Holy Spirit has largely used for the conversion of children, and so impressing the mind of youth that, though conversion has not at once taken place, the soul has been prepared to receive the good seed. Testing the majority of the hymns now most

commonly in use in Sunday-schools and among the young by this standard, we venture the assertion that, while gratefully accepting many valuable additions made to hymns for the young in recent years, taken as a whole, the hymns in use fifty years ago were, in many respects, to be preferred.

Many of the recent hymns owe their popularity to their tunes, which have caught the ear of the multitude, not to any well-defined sentiment or clearly-expressed Scripture doctrine. The poetry of some is execrable and the sentiment little better. Placed beside some of Watts's hymns for children, they appear almost worthless.

What we have to say concerning many of these flimsy productions is that—apart even from their lack of all elements of real poetry—they give garbled and distorted views of Scripture doctrine, are lacking in teaching which points to the need of repentance and the new birth, as also in instruction concerning what is morally right and wrong. Some of them are expresssions of the strongest confidence and the fullest assurance of faith, which we have heard sung or *shouted* by children who, the next half-hour, might have been seen spending money at the sweet-shops on God's day, or heard using bad language and manifesting the utmost indifference to all that is right and good.

There is a great deal that is likely to aid in helping the young to shun evil in Watts's hymn on

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

"Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day."

From the judgment throne he passes to the mercy-seat, and to Calvary, and pleads for pardon through him whose blood cleanses from all sin, closing with the salutary prayer, that a watch may be kept over the heart and life and every thought.

His hymn "Against Lying" is full of healthy checks:—

"Oh, 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two."

Whoever carefully studies Watts's Divine and Moral Songs will find in them a complete body of divinity, in language easy to understand and remember, and clothing thoughts full of force, beauty, and simplicity. Every hymn is more or less thoroughly evangelical and practical. Can

anything be conceived of its kind as excelling the opening hymn, entitled

"A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD"?

"How glorious is our heavenly King
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty!

How great his power is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face."

How beautifully simple, natural, and winning the concluding verse—

"My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice."

Space will not allow of very extended references to the Doctor's hymns for children; but there are one or two which we must not omit to notice. Where can we find in all the modern compositions, excellent as many of them are, a finer compendium of the plan and work of redemption by Christ than that in

"PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION"?

"Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore
And save our ruined race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood!
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honoured all his Father's laws
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And the full ransom paid."

The hymn extends to eight verses, tracing the resurrection, the ascension, and sovereign rule of Christ; also his intercession for men, and the application of redemption in setting us free

. . . "from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin."

And after a verse on the final judgment, there is the closing prayer:—

"Oh may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And with the blessed assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace."

Some people might do well to study and teach their children the verses "*Against Pride in Clothes.*" It might do them good to remember that,

> "Let me be dressed fine as I will,
> Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still";

and make the resolve,

> "Then will I set my heart to find
> Inward adornings of the mind;
> Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
> These are the robes of richest dress."

Mr. Christopher in his "Hymns and Hymn-writers" quotes from a minister who thus records his own experience of Watts's hymns:—"I am free to tell you that sometimes in the course of my life I have been powerfully tempted to hardness, when the thought has been insinuated, that my share in life has been wearisome toil and frequent depression, while others have been lapped in ease and plenty, though apparently not a whit more deserving than myself; and I confess that now and then the temptation has been so timed that my soul has gone too far through the process of transformation into something like cold iron or steel. But one gentle corrective has always prevented the hardening process from being complete. When I have been all but shut up to the curse of a stony heart, some stanza from one of the simple hymns or 'Divine Songs,' which used to touch and soften me in childhood, has come up from its home in my memory, and like a divine charm has soothed and melted me into child-like tenderness, simplicity, and love. Verses that seemed to have been lost for years have suddenly sprung into life again, and brought so many good recollections in their train, that my rugged nature has yielded at once, and all within and all without have responded to the music of the hymn, as the face of nature answers to the genial sunbeams of spring." The same minister relates another incident showing how the recurrence of well-known verses may operate to bring about the conversion of a sinner after a long course of profligacy.

"A good man in declining life told me that the first book in which, as a child, he took an interest, was a small edition of Watts's 'Hymns and Divine Songs for Children.' Each hymn was headed by a woodcut, and one especially was his favourite. It represented a little boy, something like himself, as he thought, leaning at an open window, looking with a calm, happy face at the setting sun, which was throwing his parting light over a quiet country scene. Many of the hymns, and that one in particular, had been read often, until they lived in his soul. But as he grew up, the impressions wore off by more exciting and less pure thoughts and pursuits. He fell into a course of dissipation and vice, and seemed for a time to be given up to sin, and devoted to ruin. Worn down at last, and threatened with consumption, he was ordered into the country for change of air; and after some time spent in quietness and retirement, far away from the scenes of old temptations, he wandered out one evening about sunset, and hanging pensively over a gate, he watched the sun as it sank behind the copse, and was throwing its last beams upon the silent and peaceful hill-side. There was a hush upon his spirits, and suddenly, as if sketched by an unseen hand

before his inward eye, the little picture which used to interest his boyish mind lived again, and the hymn which it illustrated seemed to be spoken sweetly to his heart :—

'And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise.'

The tears started. He had seen many of his days go, but as yet his Maker had never heard an even-song from his lips. or from his heart. What an ungrateful life his had been! The remembrance was grievous. But his heart was broken, and there and then the softened man made his vows of return to God, and offered the prayer which was answered in blessings which filled both the mornings and evenings of his mature life with hymns and songs of thanksgiving and praise."

Besides the hymns specially designed for children, many of Watts's hymns have been wonderfully blessed to young people. The intelligence of many young children in past years has been found equal to the understanding of many of his ordinary hymns. And the same may be said of some of the hymns of several other authors. Nor should this be surprising. The mind and heart imbued with the love of Christ, and yielded up to the teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit, would find such hymns as—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;"

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

both easy to understand, and sweet and delightful to contemplate and sing. And if Milton could write, at the age of fifteen,—

"Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:"

and if Joseph Gregg, at the age of ten, could write :—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?"

and the uneducated serving-maid, Mary Masters, a century and a half ago, pen the fine comprehensive hymn,—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid pleasure when we die:
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;"

it need not be a matter of wonder that young people, and even children, should be able to realize the meaning of hymns which tell of pardon bought with blood, and forgiveness and eternal life bestowed, because their simple unquestioning faith could

. . . "Lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like true penitents they stand,
And there confess their sin."

Charles Wesley did not devote his muse, like Watts, to special hymns for children, but some at least of his hymns have been greatly treasured by the young whose hearts have been drawn to seek the Lord. One of his hymns was once repeated at Exeter, in or about 1853, under extraordinary circumstances. It was during a trial for murder. The judge, the jury, and all except the prisoner at the bar, wept as the counsel for the prosecution rehearsed it in his appeal to the jury, as he described the death-scene of the victim of brutal violence.

A young girl, on her way home from her Sunday-school, had been violently assaulted, and treated in a way which need not be described. She was left for dead by the roadside. After a time she was discovered, and restored to consciousness, so far as to identify the ruthless villain who had perpetrated the crime; and then, in a short time, she died, singing one of Charles Wesley's inspiring hymns; it is not a child's hymn, but this dear girl was enlightened and taught by the Holy Spirit to understand and feel it, and make it her own. Thus she sang, as life was ebbing away :—

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I see my place in heaven;
A country, far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

* * *

To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.
What is there here to court my stay,
And hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?

* * *

Oh! would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break;
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity."

Give me a Help by the Way.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON, AUCKLAND.

"Do you not now write any lines which make the eyes dim, and the heart go up to God in prayer? Many a time have I had 'a help by the way' from your sweet thoughts in rhyme."—(Extract from letter.)

GIVE me a help by the way, Poet;
The prose of life grows sad;
Your harp—though you may not know it—
Can make the grievous glad.
Oh touch yet again that sweetest string,
CHRIST! It is rapture rare!
What though the tears to my eyes it bring,
'Twill lift the heart in prayer.

Give me a help by the way, Writer;
For when I've time to read,
Dark furrows of care will grow brighter
If *you* sow sunshine-seed.
Let your heart a good matter indite,
Speak things that touch the King;
The tears are welcome to dim my sight,
My heart with joy shall ring.

Give me a help by the way, Preacher;
I find the work-week long;
While my faith and my love grow weaker,
Flesh and the world grow strong.
Speak again of the all-cleansing blood,
Of Jesu's power to keep:
My heart will go up in prayer to God,
Although my eyes may weep.

* * * * *

Give me a help by the way, MASTER!
For none can aid like thee,
Thy succour comes sweeter and faster
Than earth's best sympathy.
A whisper from thee who art risen,
A touch of thy pierced hand
Will uplift, while the joy-tears glisten,
My heart to glory-land.

Practical Preaching.

"HOW would you have me treat the subject, father?" said a young clergymen, fresh from Cambridge and ordination, who had agreed to preach for his father, a Lincolnshire clergyman, from a *plain* text which the father had named. "Shall I treat it philosophically and logically, or merely rhetorically and discursively?" "My dear lad," said his father, "treat it *practically*."—*Thomas Cooper.*

Proverbs from India.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, BARISAUL.

IN the Bengali Bible the book of Proverbs bears the same name as that of a very popular Sanscrit work. Though inferior to Solomon's, the Hindu proverbs contain some maxims and sayings in a metrical form that are worth reproducing. From a selection of these rendered into English by an able Sanscrit scholar, a few have been chosen to present to the reader.

I.—GIVING.

Hindu sages had no exalted opinion of the niggard. Money was *current* coin to be set in *motion*. The mere possession of wealth was no gain. And a greater than all the sages who ever lived taught, "That a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

"He whose coins are kept for counting, not to barter or to give,
Breathe he like a blacksmith's bellows, yet in truth he doth not live."

Giving is the best barter. It results in the highest gains. Solomon enunciates this more than once. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

"Give, and it shall swell thy getting; give, and thou shalt safer keep;
Pierce the tank wall, or it yieldeth when the water waxeth deep."

Tanks are dug all over India, and most have an earthen mound around them, of various heights. These retain the water during the dry, hot season; and when the annual downpour of rain floods the country, they are quickly filled up to the brim. Unless an outlet is made the wall may yield, and the water then mingles with the one great flood around. Then the impurity and decayed vegetation that float upon the surface contaminate the tank also. Thus the very object of the owner is frustrated.

To natives of India who still adhere to the custom of concealing money in the earth, the following is a pregnant saying:—

"When the miser hides his treasure in the earth he doeth well;
For he openeth up a passage that his soul may sink to hell."

But of the generous-hearted, open-handed, liberal soul, the sages spoke in a higher strain:—

"Death, that must come, comes nobly when we give
Our wealth, and life, and all, to make men live."

A noble life devoted to the welfare of men, especially that they may "live" a holy life here, and a heavenly life hereafter, is usually crowned with a "noble death." Dear reader, shall yours be so?

"Sentences of studied wisdom, nought avail they unapplied;
Though the blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside."

Remember that riches are not reward. The most depraved are often the most wealthy.

"Woman's love rewards the worthless; kings of knaves exalters be;
Wealth attends the selfish niggard, and the cloud rains on the sea."

II.—LIVING.

"All existence is not equal, and all living is not life;
Sick men live; and he who, banished, pines for children, home, and wife;
And the craven-hearted eater of another's leavings lives;
And the wretched captive, waiting for the word of doom, survives;
But they bear an anguished body, and they draw a deadly breath;
And life cometh to them only on the happy day of death."

How, then, can the highest life be reached? How shall this mere existence be ennobled? The best answers Hindu sages can give do not satisfy us who know "the Life."

"Golden gift, serene contentment! have thou that, and all is had;
Thrust thy slipper on, and think thee that the earth is leather-clad."

Again it is urged—

"For thy bread be not o'er thoughtful, heav'n for all hath taken thought;
When the babe is born, the sweet milk to the mother's breast is brought."

Once more—

"He who gave the swan her silver, and the hawk her plumes of pride,
And his purple to the peacock,—he will verily provide."

But to the Hindu philosophers more seemed needed to make life great and desirable. Independence, wisdom, and manliness must be added to contentment and trust in God.

"Hast thou never watched, awaiting till the great man's door unbarred?
Didst thou never linger parting, saying many a sad last word?
Spak'st thou never word of folly, one light thing thou wouldst recall?
Rare and noble hath thy life been! fair thy fortune did befall!"

Another proverb suggests the idea that everything depends upon whom we call Master and Lord. And so it does.

"Serving narrow-minded masters dwarfs high natures to their size;
Seen before a convex mirror elephants do show as mice."

"The servant is not greater than his lord." And truest devotion could not make vicious masters good, or sinful gods holy.

"How, in sooth, should trust and honour change the evil nature's root?
Though one watered them with nectar, poison-trees bear deadly fruit."

Yet the gods many and lords many of India are worshipped with sighs and tears far more precious than nectar. Do they become worthy of adoration thereby? But what are the millions of heathens to do? Sinking beneath the burden of their sins, they cling to anything that presents itself.

"Even as one who grasps a serpent, drowning in the bitter sea,
Death to hold, and death to loosen—such is life's perplexity."

III.—STRIVING.

"Small things wax exceeding mighty, being cunningly combined;
Furious elephants are fastened with a rope of grass-blades twined."

Striving against sin is often hopeless work. It is as easy for a man to break away from bad habits as for an elephant to snap the ropes that attach his feet to the stake. Every power of the man must be concentrated in the effort.

"Let the household hold together, though the house be ne'er so small;
Strip the rice-husk from the rice-grain, and it groweth not at all."

"Unity is strength." Even in striving against anger the union of forces is often needed.

"Anger comes to noble natures, but leaves there no strife or storm;
Plunge a lighted torch beneath it, and the ocean grows not warm."

Everywhere one has to be on the alert. Evil lurks on every hand.

"Where the azure lotus blossoms, there the alligators hide;
In the sandal trees are serpents. Pain and pleasure live allied."

Again—

"Rich the sandal—yet no part is but a vile thing habits there;
Snake and wasp haunt root and blossom, on the bough sit ape and bear."

Once more—

"Simple milk, when serpents drink it, straightway into venom turns;
And a fool who heareth counsel all the wisdom of it spurns."

The call for constant, concentrated, consecrated effort could hardly be better enforced. Indeed, a new nature is required.

"Hard it is to conquer nature; if a dog were made a king,
'Mid the coronation trumpets he would gnaw his sandal string."

Some may think the strife hardly pays, and repeat with despairing thoughts the maxim—

"Rushes down the hill the crag, which upward 'twas so hard to roll;
So to virtue slowly rises—so to vice sinks quick the soul."

Only the grace of God can create and sustain within the soul that principle that shall ever mount upward to the life beyond. Hindus perceive the struggle, but possess not the power to overcome. They need the gospel, with all its promises of power, offers of help, and assurances of salvation, to fully equip them for the battle of life.

Scientific Comfort.

TRY your scientific comfort on those parents who have lost their only child. You come in, and you talk to those parents about "selection," and about the "survival of the fittest," showing, as you will have to, carrying out your theory, that the physical life of that child deceased in the household was not worth so much as the life of some other child that survived. Try that consolation. And here you find a dying man. Come and use transcendental phraseology. Tell him to have confidence in the great "To be," and the "Everlasting now," and the "Eternal what is it?" Come to this woman who has lost her husband, and tell her it was a geological necessity that her husband passed out of being, because the whole race must pass off to give room to a higher race who are to inhabit this earth, just as the megatherium disappeared in order to give room for a higher style of creation; and then go on with your consolation, tell her there is a possibility that ten million years from now we ourselves will have the honour of lying with geological specimens on a geological shelf—petrified specimens of the extinct human race! And, after you have got through with that scientific comfort (if these poor bereft people are not crazy), I will send out of my parish the plainest Christian man, and he will go into that household, and, by a half-hour of prayer and Christian consolation, he will stop the tears, and there will be in that household the calmness of an Indian summer's sunset. It will flood the house from floor to roof. I do not know how it is in other lands, but the American people are finding out that worldly philosophy and human science as a consolation in time of bereavement are an illimitable, outrageous, unmitigated, and appalling humbug; and they are crying out for the Gospel, and they are getting it.—*Dr. Talmage.*

The Minister's Self-Ministry.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR G. K. SMITH, BEXLEY HEATH.

WERE apology or text required for the subject of this paper, either or both might be found in a couple of sentences in the inspiring letter received from our revered President: "But I tremble lest our meeting should be without real profit to our souls. . . . Immeasurable power tarries for the signal to display itself; that signal may be connected with our prayer."

Profit, power, and prayer form the keynote of this Conference, as sounded by its beloved leader. Profit we require for our own souls, power for the souls of our people, prayer, prevailing and successful with God, we need for their bestowal. In seeking such blessings we admit that the effectualness of our prayers will largely depend upon our personal holiness, the purity of our hearts and motives, the consecration and spirituality of our lives. It is the prayer of the righteous man that availeth much. If we are to pray like Elijah, we must live like Elijah. The falling mantle and the double portion of the Spirit are the property of the man whose face is bathed with the splendour of ascension glory, and who retains them, not as the mementos of departed worth, but as signs of acquired power. Professor Blackie, in his work on "Self-Culture," says: "Men may try many things, said the old bard of Weimar, only not live at random; and if you would not live at random it will be necessary for you to fix set times for calling yourself to account. . . . No man, in my opinion, will ever attain to high excellence in what an excellent old divine calls 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' without cultivating stated periods of solitude, and using that solitude for the important purpose of self-knowledge and self-amelioration." This quotation indicates the nature of that self-ministry which experience proves desirable, viz., a wise, a regular, a devout, and constant training of our moral and spiritual natures for the holy service in which we are engaged. Heart-culture calls for special and peculiar attention from the minister of Christ. Naturally there is nothing within him to prompt to the work, and as the fruits of it are neither obtrusive nor showy, there is a danger of its being neglected.

Speaking to his son in the faith, and directing him as to the mode and purpose of his life, Paul says, "Exercise thyself unto godliness." Timothy was to train himself as in a gymnasium, that he might become a spiritual athlete, able to take a foremost place in the race for eternal life. Here is the minister's self-ministry, the nature of which is exercise, suggestive of application, of discipline, of exertion.

The intention of such exercise was to foster endurance, to develop the highest degree of fitness for the life-long struggle in which he was to engage. The apostle supplies the illustration of his own precept: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The end of this exercise is

godliness, holy conformity of heart and life to the demands of truth. Men spend time, submit to toil, and endure self-mortification to gain proficiency in earthly pursuits, and shall not our calling, which is divine, urge us to greater effort, that we may be "vessels unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work"? Our desire for those to whom we minister is, "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus," and the same perfectness we desire for them is needful for ourselves, "That we may be accepted of him."

I. *Self-ministry demands constant watchfulness over the spirit in which our work is done.* The "fine frenzy" of a noble passion may be spoiled through failure in this point. Moses, to his cost and regret, marred one of the greatest miracles God commanded him to perform, by the spirit in which he did it. When the flame of our zeal is not tempered by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, it may scorch, but cannot bless. How little did Jonah's passionate self-assertion accord with the service of "a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger"! He who was angry over a dead gourd, could with tearless eye think of the perishing thousands of Nineveh. What a contrast to the apostle's words, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren"! "Nature," observes Sir Isaac Newton, "is very consonant and conformable to herself." So is grace; and we must cherish that spirit which is consonant and conformable to our work. There is a Christly spirit so essential to our service, that when absent, the service is faulty. We speak of the graciousness of Christ, and we mean by it the pervading charm of a "sweet reasonableness," the holy blending of purity and power. Of an act of Christian thoughtfulness on the part of the Philippians, Paul says it had "an odour of a sweet smell," which lifted it into the region of a "sacrifice acceptable to God." In every act of ours also there must be "the odour of a sweet savour."

Dr. Hamilton, urging the need of a Christly tone, remarks,—"In Christ's word there is both Christ's doctrine and Christ's heart; the fact which he announces, and the feeling with which he proclaims it, or, as we have called it, the Saviour's truth and the Saviour's tone; and in order to be really biblical, in order to be completely Christian, we must unite the two. And just as the heart of Jesus is the true vehicle and proper home of the truth as it is in Jesus, just as Christ's spirit is the only perfect solvent of Christ's doctrine, so I may now remark, that the Saviour's tone is often the safest clue to the Saviour's meaning—the surest interpretation of the Saviour's words."

II. *Self-ministry includes effort after spiritual separateness unto God.* In his prayer for his disciples, Christ said, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." A separated Saviour calls for separated servants. Christ's self-sanctification for the work of atoning sacrifice is the ground of a setting apart—of a full-hearted surrender to God on the part of those who proclaim his truth. Our life and service spring from and rest upon the sacrifice of the cross. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." Before us are possibilities of consecration, which "eye hath not seen"; and every ascending step reveals wider prospects, till we reach the thought of perfect conformity to his death, entire surrender

to the will of God. Heart holiness, and separation from the world, alone meet the design of Jesus with regard to his people.

We do not plead for that false separation which hurries men to the cell of the monk to waste life's opportunities in idleness, nor for the asceticism which skulks to the cave of the recluse, and vainly sobs for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Holy men of God, baptized with the living spirit, will find their truest separateness where the rush of life is fiercest.

Jesus did not shrink from the sin-stricken multitudes, nor refuse to touch the burden of the heavy-laden because he had sanctified himself for death. In the book before alluded to, says Blackie, "Remember that moral contagion, like the infectious power of physical disease, borrows half its strength from the weakness of the subject with which it comes in contact. If you were only half as pure as Christ, you might go about with harlots and be nothing the worse for it." The Burmese, scorning to call Dr. Judson "a Christian," a name so oft defamed, called him, "Jesus Christ's man." Should we not strive for a style of Christian living that will win for us a fame as fair, and make us known as Christ's men—men fitted by their divineness to enter into deeper and closer sympathy with the sinning and sorrowing? This self-surrender and spiritual victory is not attained by wishing, not acquired by the finesse of successful policy. It is won by a self-ministry which has in it something of agony. They who succeed in the endeavour will bear in their souls, if not in their bodies, the marks of the Lord Jesus. In the shades of some Gethsemane the lips are taught to say, with the emphasis of the whole being, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

III. *Self-ministry requires moral self-mastery, as expressed in the words of the apostle,* "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." You know, brethren, how forcible is the figure used by Paul to set forth this self-warfare, and the painful nature of the conflict which it suggests. "There is no discharge in this war," and if our bodies are to be "temples of the Holy Ghost," we must bring them under. It is true we have "this treasure in earthen vessels," but the excellency of the divine glory will be none the less seen because the earthliness is refined. Paul treated his body as an enemy, at which his hardest blows were aimed; a foe to his inner life, bringing his higher nature "into captivity to the law of sin and death." With ourselves we need to wrestle till the earthly tabernacle becomes a source of strength, as the carcase of the slain lion yielded honey to the victorious Sampson. Should we not look more to the fruit of this self-mastery in a high-toned moral character? The minister of Christ ought to be a man of unswerving integrity, whose moral robustness, like the rock, remains unmoved though waves and storms expend their fury upon it. Luke emphasizes this point when in describing Barnabas, he says, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Moral goodness was as manifest in him as spiritual power, and was a practical outshining of Christian nobility.

The old Greeks spoke of such men as "four square" men, who presented a perfect character from every aspect. Where we fail in self-mastery, our ministry loses one of its best commendations and the

minister his best argument. Men receive their impressions of the worth of Christianity, not from logic, but from lives. Speaking of the contribution of science to Christianity, Professor Drummond says, "The evidence for Christianity is not the evidences. The evidence for Christianity is a Christian." Macmillan observes, "We are to clothe the spiritual life of the gospel—the precepts, the example, the atoning death, the justifying righteousness of Christ—with an outward conduct becoming its purity and dignity. We are to embody the spiritualities of the unseen life in forms of daily walk and conversation, such as will worthily represent their glory and grace."

Other points will suggest themselves to your minds as included in a true self-ministry, which we may not linger to discuss. Underlying the whole of our outward service for God, and keeping pace with it, will be the faithful determination to watch over ourselves in all things. This ministry will influence us in reading the Scriptures, and teach us to avoid mere professionalism in that exercise. Brought continually to the critical study of God's Word, we are in danger of viewing it rather as a class-book than the message of God's love to our souls. The Scriptures are something more than an arrangement of texts for barbing arrows of controversy. Reading the Scriptures officially narrows the field of vision, till precepts, and promises, and the whole scheme of revelation present themselves to the mind as stars do to astronomers, points to be mapped, measured, and explained for the good of others, instead of the voice of the Lord God speaking with us.

It preserves us also from sinking the Christian in the minister, from dwarfing the wants of the soul to the desire for a subject. Man is ever greater than his surroundings, and the Christian is greater than the minister. The former is the eternal counterpart of Christ, the work of the sacred Trinity; the latter is the passing phase of an ascension gift to the church.

This ministry will clear our eyes for the vision of God, and strengthen us to behold his glory, not only when the mists of earth melt into the morning without clouds, but now, amidst the dust of conflict.

It will teach us our personal need of Christ, of his Spirit, of his atoning blood, of his righteousness, grace, and fellowship. When we become too saintly to know that we are sinners, it will not be long ere we see ourselves too sinful to know that we are saints.

The press of labour renders this work difficult, and, in some cases, well-nigh impossible. The prophet said to the king, "And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." *Busy*ness may prove our loss. How far we are justified in taking engagements which rob us of opportunities for heart-training is matter for anxious consideration, especially when calls for service are so urgent. It was the sorrowful complaint of one of old, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept," and what can "countervail the king's damage"? Christ, the one pattern to his servants of entire consecration to the work of God and the needs of men, availed himself of snatches of retirement to commune with heaven, and the "servant is not greater than his Lord."

That devotion to Christian service which leaves no time for self-devotion, is a false enthusiasm, spending itself in excitement. Those

who tarried at Jerusalem with one accord in prayer, were baptized with the Holy Ghost, which prepared them for the victories of Pentecost.

The need of self-ministry is evident. Within our own natures lies the great reason for this training. We possess no special charm, by which we are enabled to discard those aids to spiritual growth which we recognize as needful for others. Fruits of holiness requiring prayerful effort in our people will not ripen in us without effort. Ministerial position is neither pledge nor proof of spiritual power. Our new life is not like the fabled flame in the burial chambers of the Pharaohs, which, once kindled, burned undimmed through centuries, trimmed by no mortal, nor immortal, hand.

The nature of our work calls for self-ministry. Can we act faithfully to others when our own hearts are untrained? When dealing with the everlasting destiny of men, and proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ, as his ambassadors, "beseeching men in his stead to be reconciled to God," we require the highest spiritual and moral culture. In his vision, Ezekiel saw the man "clothed with linen" pass in between the wheels and take the fire from the outstretched hand of the cherub. Entrusted with a sacred mission, we must pass where mystery and mercy meet in the radiance of the divine presence, and reverently grasp the sin-consuming fire from the nail-pierced hand, ere we attain our fullest fitness for the work whereunto we are called of the Holy Ghost.

The Scriptural position of the pastor shows the importance of self-ministry: "But be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Many regard ministers as the high-water mark of the spiritual tide, and are willing to be guided by them in the path of purity and faith. This may be a compliment to our weakness, it should be a stimulus to our endeavour. Consider how largely the brightness and profit of the service depend upon the minister, and how fearfully all will suffer if his mind is pressed with care, and his soul dulled with sin. To prepare ourselves for such service is of vaster consequence than to prepare our sermons. The latter is of moment, and may not be neglected, yet it belongs to the perishable, which a pitiless world forgets; while the former contains the seeds of immortality, producing living epistles, known and read of all.

The earnestness with which the apostle urges upon the church leaders of his day the need of self-watchfulness testifies to its importance. To the Ephesian elders he says, "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." Surely, no loftier views of pastoral duty could be given. Watchfulness over the flock! Feeding the church! No grander motive to fidelity can be supplied: "Which he hath purchased with his own blood." If incarnate Deity esteemed the church worth dying for, counting not his own blood too great a price for its redemption, shall men think lightly of the privilege of ministering to it, or deem of little consequence the duties of pastoral oversight?

But let us remember that before pastoral work, with its honours and responsibilities, Paul places self-ministry: "Take heed unto yourselves." He who diligently cultivates his own garden dreads to see weeds growing in that of his neighbour.

Paul puts self-ministry before doctrine: "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine." None will deny the need of sound doctrine but those to whom doctrine is only a sound. We, of course, are all imbued with a sense of the need of correct doctrinal views; but before the doctrine comes the self. A rotten, unseaworthy vessel, well ballasted, has no security in storms; the ballast which steadies will help to sink. I may be reminded that in the Revised Version the word is "*teaching*," not *doctrine*—then the case is stronger, for while we are not all D.D.'s, we are all teachers. Solemnly should we feel the burden which rests upon us as teachers of divine truths which carry with them converting or condemning power—the savour of life or death to our hearers. "Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" Is there no voice from the teaching to the teacher, no impressive tone awakening a sense of the need of that ministry which the apostle places in the forefront of the pastor's work?

The motives of self-ministry are many—I mention but a few. The holiness and glory of Christ. The supreme importance and grandeur of the work. The possibility of more effective service for God. A clearer insight into the truth, a deeper reverence of spirit, and a keener sympathy with men. These, and many more, call us to exercise ourselves unto godliness. Napoleon used to say, "A man may build as high as he likes, for it is all his own freehold above his head; he has but to secure his foundation." We have not to secure a foundation, for "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Resting on that eternal truth, may we by divine grace raise a "Palace Beautiful," a temple of the Holy Ghost, fit habitation for Christ who is in us the hope of glory.

"Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest: live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine."

In Time of Sickness.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have?
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie numbered with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by thy great power,
To spring, though now a withered flower.

Robert Herrick.

"We'll Never Touch it Again all the Days of our Lives."

IT is curious to notice how Christian people long before the Total Abstinence movement became general, or even respectable, were driven to advise it in certain cases. The idea did not occur to the sober folk to abstain themselves, and so cause the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak; but yet they saw the excellence, nay, the necessity of it for their friends whose heads and legs could not stand a dose of ardent spirits. We cull the following truly Irish story from Crookshank's "History of Methodism in Ireland," which we take this occasion to commend to our readers. How often might sad records like the one here given have been written concerning hopeful ones in all our churches! Happy is it if their case has ended as happily as that of the Thompsons. There can hardly be a minister on earth who has not had to mourn over the ravages of strong drink.

At a place near the Giants' Causeway, probably Bushmills, the Society was increased from a few to about one hundred. The members, however, were not ever and all what they ought to have been. Thus one day Mr. Tobias arrived at Croaghmore, where he was entertained by honest James M'Mullen, and after dinner, the host said, "We haven't been doing well since you were here last, Mr. Tobias." "What's gone wrong, Jemmy?" "Ye know thae Toamsons, sir, at the back o' the hill?" "You mean the tinker bodies, do you?" "Yes, sir." "I thought they were getting on well. What has happened?" "Weel, they hae shamed us a' in their behaviour comin' frae Scotland." "Why, what have they done?" "They jist got drunk in Bushmills, an' fell out on the road; and John gi'ed the wife a beatin' wi' a leg o' mutton he was bringin' hame for their Sunday's denner." "Shocking! shocking!" said the preacher. "Were they not members of Society?" "'Deed they were?" "Oh, we must put them away from us." "Wait a wee, sir; dinna be sae fast." "Why, what would you have me do, Jemmy?" "Weel, ye see, sir, they are vera sorry, puir bodies, for what they hae dune, an' we're a' troublet about them. They'll be at the preachin' the night, an' if ye would jist meet the class after preachin', they'll be there, for they're no willin' to part frae us, an' ye can jist hear the story frae themsel's, and ye'll maybe then see better what to dae wi' them." "Very well, Jemmy, so be it. Perhaps you are right."

At preaching the two culprits appeared, and the members of Society being requested to remain after the public service had closed, they did, and the Thompsons with them. In the ordinary course of the class, Mr. Tobias came to the poor offenders, and said, "Well, Thompson, I am sorry to say I have heard some sad stories about you and your wife." "Nae doot, sir, nae doot," said the poor man, slowly rising up in the corner, where, with his wife beside him, he had taken his seat. "Yes, I have heard that you and she got tipsy in Bushmills, that you quarrelled when coming home, and scandalized yourselves on the public road." "It's a' true, sir; it's a' true." "Well, that's very sad. But, come, let me have the story from yourself, before we say what is to be

done with you." "A weel, sir; ye see we have been owre tae Scotland wi' our bits o' tin ware, an' were comin' hame in a wee ship wi' the gudes we bought wi' what we got for what tin ware we selt. The vey'ge was lang, sir, for the wind was again' us, and lang afore we got to Port Ballintrae, our bit o' sea-store was a' dune, an' what wi' the cauld an' the hunger, we were jist amaist famisht when we landed. We tried to buy somethin' tae eat in the town, but not a morsel o' breed could we get to buy. There was naethin' to be had but the whusky, an' we did take a glass, baith o' us. It maun hae got to our heeds, for by the time we got tae Bushmills, we were ready for anither, an' we tuk it, an' that made us willin' to gang farther wrong, an' we tuk anither glass, an' then it was time to set aff for hame. As we walkit alang, Jean here begun to make a jeest o' me. She said a was a bonny Methody, no able to walk straight on the public road afore folk, that a wad hae a nice experience in the cless on the Sabbath morn. She was vera aggravatin', sir, for she was jist as bad as mysel'." "'Deed a was," broke in Jean, as she sat crying in the corner. "A tell't her," continued John, "tae haud her tongue, but she wudna', but keepit jeerin' at me still. An' a tell't her again to haud her tongue, but she wudna', an' at last a gi'ed two or three chaps o' the side o' the heed wi' the leg o' mutton I had bought for our denner on the Sabbath day." "An' weel I deserved it, sir," said Jean. "But oh! sir, we're sorry, sorry for it a' ever since"; and down he sat, weeping bitterly.

"That is a sad, sad story," said Mr. Tobias. "Here were you, your wife, and your children, living without God; these good people pitied you, brought you to their meetings, and, God having touched your hearts, invited you to join them in Christian fellowship. You seemed to improve in every way, when all at once you gave way to temptation, plunged into sin and shame, and brought reproach on your friends. What are we to do with you?" By this time there was hardly a dry eye to be seen. "I am afraid," resumed the preacher, "we'll have to put you away from amongst us." "O, sir, dear, dinna dae that, dinna dae that. If ye put us oot, wha'll tak us in?" exclaimed poor John. "Ay," said Mr. Tobias, "that's true. If we put you away from us, there will not be a soul to care whether you serve God or the devil. You'll probably go from bad to worse, and lose all hope of good. What shall we do?" Then, after a pause, he continued. "On one condition you shall be allowed to remain in the class and meet with your old friends." "What's that, sir?" said John. "It is that you and Jean promise solemnly here that you will have nothing more to do with what has brought all this shame and sorrow on you,—I mean the whisky." "Ah! 'deed, sir, ye needna say anither word aboot that. In our ain bit cabin we have baith promised afore the Lord that we'll never touch it again a' the days o' our lives." "Very well," said the preacher, "on that condition you shall continue to meet with these good people, and they'll counsel you and pray for you; and the Lord himself will be your guide and strength. Come, let us pray, Jemmy M'Mullen, pray for these poor penitents;" and so they prayed, and a right good time they had of it.

Let us also pray that others besides these penitents will say, "We'll never touch it again all the days of our lives."

Remembered in the Hour of Death.

THE late John B. Gough wrote as follows about his father:—"During a retreat of the English army, when closely pursued by Marshal Soult, about the year 1809, my father, then about thirty years of age, was a soldier in the Fifty-second Light Infantry. He had been slightly wounded in the chest, and though his wound was not considered fatal, it was painful and irritating. The army had suffered fearfully from exposure, famine, and the heavy fatigues of an active campaign. I well remember my father saying to me: 'John, you will never know what hunger is till you feel the two sides of your stomach grinding together.' In that campaign, men mad with hunger fought like wolves over the half-decayed hoof of a bullock; and often, when one of these poor animals, overcome with weakness and starvation, was staggering as if about to fall, the ready knife was applied to the throat, and the fainting soldiers, eagerly catching the blood in their hands, and hardly waiting for it to congeal, made it take the place of food. In this retreat the Fifty-second Regiment became—to use the American term—demoralized; and, while they staggered on, my father threw himself out of the ranks, under the shadow of a large rock, to die; he could go no farther. Lying there, he took from his inner pocket a hymn-book (which I have to-day with all the marks of its seventy years upon it), and began to read the hymn in which is the verse—

'When in the solemn hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
O Lord, remember me.'

"He must die—it seemed inevitable—though far from home, in a strange land. He was a Christian, and endeavoured to prepare himself for the change. Suddenly a large bird of prey, with a red neck growing out of a ruffle of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings; and then circling up, it alighted on the point of rock, and turned its blood-red eyes on its intended victim. As my father saw that horrible thing watching and waiting to tear him in pieces, even before life was extinct, it so filled him with horror and disgust that he cried, 'I cannot endure this; it is too terrible. When I am unable to drive that fearful thing away it will be tearing my flesh. I cannot endure it!' He rose to his feet and fell, then crawled and struggled away, till at length he crept into a poor hut, found safety, and soon after joined his regiment. Though he was very, very ill after that frightful episode, he recovered, and died in 1871, at the remarkable age of ninety-four years."

"If Father will Hold my Hand."

TO a friend of the writer, a poor man, prior to the days of chloroform, related how it had been necessary that his little boy should undergo a most painful operation. The father explained this to his child, asking if he could bear it? "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand." The hand was held, the boy was patient, and health was restored. Thus every trial God ordains is necessary; our Father holds our hand; recovery is certain. Shall we not, then, be "patient in tribulation"? Rom. v. 3; Col. i. 11, 12.—*Newman Hall.*

Compulsory Tithes: Enforced by Crushing Pains and Penalties.

[Fifth Article.]

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

WE will now look at a few of the canons alluded to in our last paper. They reveal to us the unwillingness of the people to pay the tithe on the one hand, and the determination of the clergy on the other hand to have their legal due, no matter what else they did not have.

See Selden's "History of Tythes—that is, the practice of payment of them. The positive laws made for them. The opinions touching the right of them." —c. viii. pp. 195—247. Also Sir Henry Spelman's larger work of Tythes, chap. xxvii., where he proves that they are due by the law of the land.

A.D. 1064. "King William, in the fourth year of his reign, after the conquest of England, by the advice of his barons, caused the English noblemen that were men of knowledge, and learned in their law, to be summoned together through all the provinces of England, that he might from themselves hear their own laws, rights, and customs; therefore, twelve men, chosen out of every county of the whole nation, did make oath before the king that they would make known the sanctions of their own laws and customs, proceeding in a direct way, without swerving to the right hand or to the left, without making omissions, additions, or prevaricating variations; therefore, beginning with the laws of the holy mother, the church, because by her the king and kingdom stand upon a solid foundation, they declare her laws, liberties, and protection, saying—

"2. Let every clerk and scholar, and all their estates and possessions, wherever they are, have the protection of God and the holy church. . . . .

"8. The tenth sheaf is due to God of all corn, and therefore to be paid. If any one keep a family of mares, let him pay the tenth colt. Let him that has one or two only pay a penny for every colt. Let him that has many cows pay the tenth calf; he that has but one cow, a half-penny for every calf. Let him that makes cheeses pay to God the tenth cheese; let him that does not, pay the milk of every tenth day; likewise the tenth lamb, the tenth fleece, the tenth cheese, the tenth butter, the tenth pig.

"9. Likewise of bees, the tenth of the profit; likewise the tenth is to be given to God who gives the nine parts, as well as the tenth of wood, meadow, waters, mills, parks, warrens, fisheries, osiers, gardens, and negotiations; let him that detains it be constrained to pay it by the bishop's court, and by the king's, if that be necessary. For the blessed Austin (Augustine) preached and taught this; and it was granted by the king, and barons, and people. But afterwards, many detained them by instinct of the devil, and priests being rich and negligent, did not care to be at the pains to get them, because they had sufficient maintenance: for there are now three or four churches in many places, where then there was but one. And thus [tithes] began to be diminished." —Johnson's "Laws and Canons of the Church of England," vol. i. pp. 522-4. Johnson quotes Dean Prideaux, c. 5. Sir H. Spelman, vol. i. p. 619. Wilkins, vol. i. p. 310. Thorpe, p. 190, &c.

Old Dr. Thomas Fuller says,—"King's arguments, we know, are unanswerable, as *ab authoritate*, carrying power and penalties with them. This charter might seem to give the tenth loaf of all the bread in the land into the hands of the English clergy." Fuller is not far out. As ages roll on, ecclesiastical exactions resemble the revolutions of a huge snow-ball.

A.D. 1070. The heads of a council, celebrated at Winchester. No. 10. "That laymen pay tithes, as it is written."

A.D. 1071. No. 14. "That tithes be paid by all."

A.D. 1230. No. 35. "As to tithes, we command them to be paid of all

things, which are yearly renewed, . . . and so that the churches be not defrauded of the tenth part on account of the wages of servants or harvesters. And we grant that the detainers of tithes, if upon a third admonition, they do not reform their error, be struck with anathema by the chaplains of the places till they make fit satisfaction."

In a canon A.D. 1175, No. 13, "Leave him that is insolvent to be punished at the bishop's discretion." Poor unfortunate wretch! If he had lost his money by bad seasons, or bad prices, and his cattle had died of disease, they took it out of his bones! How very like old Shylock!! "Holy" mother church, indeed! It ought to have succoured him in his sorrows. If he had been a felon, the church would have sheltered him, with the hope of getting fines and penance money from him; but having nothing wherewith to pay, he is to be *punished by the bishop*. It was better to be a felon than to be poor. The church opened its doors to shelter all law-breakers, except those who could not pay. Have we not sufficient here to account for the attitude of the poor towards the State-church?

A.D. 1305. No. 6. "Holy church hath ordained that prelates and ordinaries reclaim heretics, and such as are wavering in the Catholic faith, to ecclesiastical unity, and compel them to continue in the faith to which they are called. We understand that some parishioners are perverted to heresy and distrust; relinquishing the articles of the Christian faith, opposing ecclesiastical liberties, they impudently attempt to rob the church of her right by retaining *tithes due by law* to the churches, and withdrawing other church dues. And he who does not, when he can, revoke another from error, shows that he is not himself free from it; when, therefore, the church, and the rectors of churches, do not *force* such sons to pay their tithes, they destroy both their sons and themselves. Whereas, therefore, by the command of the Holy Scripture, tithes are to be paid of all things, yearly renewing without any diminution, without excepting any time, it is therefore allowed to every parish chaplain to *compel* his parishioners to pay tithes by ecclesiastical censure. . . . If men, out of contempt, do not obey their monitions, let them compel them to the payment of them by the sentences of *suspension, excommunication, and interdict*." It is easy to prove that these are no light sentences.

A.D. 1328. No. 7. "Because some sons of malediction endeavour to restrain the devotions of the people . . . not considering that the Almighty, to whom belongs the earth and its fulness, hath commanded tithes to be paid as a sign of his universal dominion, and hath assigned them to the clergy for his own service, do sometimes maliciously hinder, or cause to be hindered, the ecclesiastical persons to whom they belong, or their servants . . . from collecting, keeping, and carrying away the said tithes . . . unless gloves or shoes be first given, or promised them: we therefore, desiring to put a stop to such damnable devices of perverse men, ordaining *nothing new*, but enforcing the statutes of *ancient canons*, do by authority of this council declare every such instigator, hinderer, and others aforesaid, by whose wicked contrivances damage is done to the churches, or to the rectors or vicars of them . . . be involved in the sentence of the greater excommunication," &c.—Johnson, vol. ii. p. 351.

Chaucer gives some well deserved satire on the greed and worldliness of the clergy in the fourteenth century. Mr. Wright, in some comments on the poems, says, "The sermons of the friars in the fourteenth century were most frequently designed to impress the absolute duty of paying full tithes and offerings."

In Chaucer's Friar's Tale:—

"And smalle* tithers weren foul yshent,†
If any person would upon them plain;
There might astert them no pecunial pain.‡

* People who did not pay their full tithes.
† Troubled, put to shame.
‡ They got off with no more pecuniary punishment.

For smallë tithës and small offering,
He made the people piteously to sing:
For ere the bishop hent* them with his crook,
They weren in the archëdeacon's book;
Then had he, through his jurisdictión,
Power to do on them correctión."

Also (as quoted by Selden) from Chaucer's plowman against the clergy of his age;—

"Their Tithing and their Offering both
They clemeth it by possession,
Thereof *nil* they none forgo,
But robben men by ransome."

And then of parish rectors:—

"For the Tithing of a Ducke,
Or an Apple, or an Aye (egg),
They make men swere upon a Boke.
Thus they foulen Christ's fay" (faith, religion).

And—

"'He woll have Tithing and Offering,
Maugre whosoever it grutch' (grudge)—
In spite of the ill-will caused.'"

The swearing has reference to the oath they had to take respecting the value of their personal property, so as to estimate the amount of the *personal* tithe. That Chaucer did not overdraw the picture is seen from a glance at suits instituted against farmers by the tithe receivers. Space only allows me to quote one now—Dent *v.* Salvin. It was necessary sometimes to clip the dirty locks of wool from sheeps' tails for better preservation from vermin. The ever watchful parson suspected fraud, and demanded his portion of the dirty mess. The farmer, aggravated and annoyed, told him to go somewhere—the exact locality does not matter now. The parson went to the law court, but returned home a "sadder, if not a wiser man." Imagine the trial of such a case! The depth of degradation the plaintiff had reached before he put in his claim!

This kind of annoyance and hindrance went on century after century, until the Tithe Commutation Act of 1837—which was another national assertion of State ownership—converted the payment from kind to a tithe rent-charge in cash, according to the price of corn. I now quote from "An Abstract of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers" (vol. i., sec x., p. 231) for non-payment of tithes in Suffolk. "Taken by distress—

	From	Demanded £ s. d.		Value taken. £ s. d.
A.D. 1656.	Joseph Lawrance	2 14 0	...	10 0 0
	R. White, of Wickhamskith.....	3 5 0	...	12 0 0
1657.	J. Fryer, of Felixton, he being at the same time in prison at the suit of an Impropriator	0 18 0	...	4 0 0
	James Norton, of Flixton	1 5 0	...	3 15 0
1658.	John Fryer, aforesaid	1 12 0	...	14 0 0
	James Norton, aforesaid (for the year's tithe, rent of land £12 13s. 0d.)	5 10 0	...	16 0 0
	Thomas Bond had taken from him £3 10s. 0d. for tithe of land of no more yearly rent.			
	J. Coleman had hay, hemp, and flax taken of an uncertain value.			

* Caught.

	From	Demanded £	s.	d.		Value taken. £	s.	d.
1659.	W. Driver, of Tremlie.....	1	14	0	...	12	0	0
	Thomas Pinson	14	1	0	...	57	0	0
	W. Burrough, G. Finborough	30	8	6	...	40	0	0
	Arthur Goddard, Clopton	3	10	0	...	14	0	0
	Richard White, Mendlesham.....	4	0	0	..	15	0	0
	John Shipman, Crestingham.....	1	10	0	...	6	0	0
1660.	James Norton	12	12	6	...	18	0	0

P. 233, Widow Posford, of Clopton, was sued in the County Court of Ipswich for tithes, and cast in treble damages. P. 234, Lucie Oxe, widow, her son, Christopher, and her daughter, Lucy, were cast into Melton gaol, at the suit of Francis Davis, priest, of Clifford; though the son and daughter had no property in the land, being only servants to their mother." In Vol. I. there are vast numbers of cases described of people called Quakers, who were fined and imprisoned on account of tithes. The amounts demanded were £1409 2s. 9d. The value seized and kept was £4603 14s. 0d. But the whole proceedings described only range from the year 1650 to 1660.

In Vol. II. p. 1. Bedfordshire, for non-payment of tithes, by distress, A.D. 1662. Taken from J. Bennett, of Stratfold, for 10s., a cow worth £2 16s. 8d.; from Anthony Bennett, for 18s., a cow worth £3 8s. 0d.; 1664, taken from widow Rawlings, of Little Bareford, for £5 10s. 0d., 5 cows, 3 beasts, and 3 horses, worth £50. In the year 1664 were prisoners for tithes in this county (Bedfordshire) six persons, of whom some have been confined two years, one, three years, and one widow, three months.

P. 67. In Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely, for non-payment of tithes—by distress—

	From	Demanded £	s.	d.		Value taken. £	s.	d.
1660.	Edward Peach.....	0	6	0	...	5	0	0
1661.	Widow Peachy and S. Blow	0	7	0	...	10	13	0
1662.	S. Fulbigg	0	7	0	...	2	10	0
1663.	Jeremy Rose	0	0	2*	...	2	10	0
1664.	S. Blow	0	12	0	...	2	6	0
	S. Wilson.....	0	10	0	...	2	10	0
	R. Read	1	10	0	...	10	0	0

Compulsory tithes *themselves* are oppressive and crushing. They have always been damaging to the material welfare of the country, and there is no doubt of their evil influence on the spiritual life of the nation. Christ's kingdom has been terribly torn and grievously misrepresented through them. Furthermore, they have been and are a most powerful engine to enslave the people, to instal and sustain wicked men in power, and to hinder God-fearing and Christ-loving people from communicating to their neighbours the "good news of salvation."

To prove all these serious charges would be an easy task indeed, if space were available. First, I quote Archdeacon Paley, whose works are text-books in our universities and colleges. In his "Moral and Political Philosophy," chap. xi., of population and provision; and of agriculture and commerce, as subservient thereto. Under the head of Taxation, Dr. Paley teaches, "A nation which is burdened with taxes, must always be undersold by a nation which is free from them, unless the difference be made up by some singular advantage of climate, soil, skill, or industry. This quality belongs to all taxes which affect the mass of the community, even when imposed upon the properest objects, and applied to the fairest purposes. . . As governments are usually administered, the produce of public taxes is expended upon a train of gentry, in

* For tithe on a parcel of grass, for which the man was to give but eighteen pence he had to pay 300 times the amount demanded

the maintaining of pomp, or in the purchase of influence. The conversion of property which taxes effectuate, when they are employed in this manner, is attended with obvious evils." Here we have a graphic picture of the effects of tithes: unequal competition, maintaining gentry and pomp, and the purchase by them of influence. Are these not felt now to be evils—obvious evils—to any one who will examine them?

Paley says: "Next to the indispensable requisites of internal peace and security, the chief advantage which can be derived to population from the interference of law, appears to me to consist in the encouragement of *agriculture*. This, at least, is the direct way of increasing the number of people; every other mode being effectual only by its influence upon this. Now, the principal expedient by which such a purpose can be promoted, is to adjust the laws of property, as nearly as possible, to the two following rules:—First, 'to give to the occupier all the power over the soil which is necessary for its perfect cultivation'; secondly, 'to assign the whole profit of every improvement to the persons by whose activity it is carried on.' What we call property in land, as hath been observed above, is power over it. . . . The first rule of rational policy requires, 'sufficient power over the soil for its perfect cultivation.' . . But secondly, agriculture is discouraged by every constitution of landed property which lets in those who have no concern in the improvement to a participation of the profit. This objection is applicable to all such customs of manors as subject the proprietor, upon the death of the lord or tenant, or the alienation of the estate, to a fine apportioned to the improved value of the land. But of all institutions which are in this way adverse to cultivation and improvement, none is so noxious as that of *tithes*. A claimant here enters into the produce, who contributed no assistance whatever to the production. When years, perhaps, of care and toil have matured an improvement; when the husbandman sees new crops ripening to his skill and industry; the moment he is ready to put his sickle to the grain, he finds himself compelled to divide his harvest with a stranger. Tithes are a tax, not only upon industry, but upon that industry which feeds mankind—upon that species of exertion which it is the aim of all wise laws to cherish and promote, and to uphold and excite which composes, as we have seen, the main benefit that the community receives from the whole system of trade and the success of commerce." I want the reader now to examine the opening paragraph of this chapter (xi.) "The final view of all rational politics is to produce the greatest quantity of happiness in a given tract of country. The riches, strength, and glory of nations, the topics which history celebrates, and which alone almost engage the praises and possess the admiration of mankind, have no value further than as they contribute to this end. When they interfere with it, they are evils, and not the less real for the splendour that surrounds them."

Unquestionably tithe-payments have interfered and do interfere with the cultivation of the land in England, which is now the only tithe-paying country. All the other nations have put an end to them, or entirely refused to have them at all. They would not hold to the ditty, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end."

Our English farmers sing this over with upward glancings as if they were singing a divinely inspired mandate. Whereas it is simply a band cunningly devised to hold them in perpetual bondage. What an absurd impossibility! How can things remain as they are for ever? If they could, what good would it be? There is no sense in which this song is true. Does any one say it refers to the glory of God? I say the glory of God is ever increasing as new converts are made, and as multitudes of the redeemed gather round his throne. These two processes are continually going on and continually increasing the volume of the glory of God.

Paley is right in saying, "A nation which is burdened with taxes must always be undersold by a nation which is free from them," &c. No one in the

United States, or in Canada, pays tithe-tax. How can the English farmer compete with people who are free?

It is true that Dr. Paley was pleading for what he calls corn-rents before the Commutation Act of 1837. At that time the tithe was paid in kind. But his remarks on the noxious burdensomeness of tithes are now true with respect to tithe rent-charge. Tithe advocates tell us that the question belongs to the landlords, and that *they* ought to pay the "rent-charge." They say it is not a tenant's question at all. Accepting this, I will now put a landowner into the witness box. I quote from no radical or radical organ, but from the *Evening Standard* of January 1st, 1886. "Lady of the Manor," writes:—"As it is the intention of Mr. T. H. Bolton, M.P., to introduce a Bill in the forthcoming Session of Parliament for the abolition of extraordinary tithes, would it not be right to introduce into the same Bill a clause for the readjustment of ordinary tithes? None but they who have to pay them can know the terrible burden tithes are on an estate. The letter of Mr. Osborn Daintree, which appeared in your columns last week, showed how this tithe question affects all classes of the agricultural community. Mr. Daintree also says: 'As yet I have not heard of any instance where any rebate has been made from the sums which may be legally collected.' My experience entirely agrees with that of Mr. Daintree. Some time ago I wrote to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, showing how overburdened we were by the large sum which annually left the estate on account of the Commissioners' tithes. I explained that we were no longer able to live on our own property on account of diminished income, and that in tithes alone we were annually paying more than one-fifth of that income. The only answer I received was that the Commissioners saw no reason why any alteration should be made. I may add that on our small estate are two small villages; therefore, in addition to the large sum—three hundred pounds—which we pay to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and for which we receive no benefit whatever, we have to pay tithes to two clergymen, one of whom is, and has been for over forty years, a non-resident. To the latter tithes I urge no objection; but I submit that the former case deserves the most careful consideration. I have no doubt that my own case, as quoted above, is but one in a thousand, but it is the number of similar cases which is bringing such distress on the agricultural community."

Distress in agriculture causes distress in the sale shop, in the workshop, in the mill, in the mansion, and in the whole community. If the strongest and healthiest man were to be bled every day, he would soon be weak and sickly. Is not this so with the national income? The sum exacted every day, in tithe rent-charge, and the letting value of the land and money taken in lieu of tithes, is above £14,204 sterling; or £5,217,561 6s. 8½d. a year. Agriculture contributes the greater part of this enormous amount. Is not this a distressing burden?

Notices of Books.

Divine and Moral Songs. By the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. With Illustrations by Robert Barnes, Gordon Browne, R. W. Maddox, and James N. Lee. Religious Tract Society.

Friends who have read the article on "Children's Hymns" in this month's *Sword and Trowel* will here find a beautiful edition of Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs." The engravings are first-rate, and some of them are charmingly coloured.

The Psalms Illustrated from Scripture. With Introduction by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

We do not see any great value in this work. Any devout reader might have thought of the parallel texts: they do not strike us.

A Lily Gathered; or, A Girl's Experience of the Love of Christ. Londonderry: Bible and Colportage Society, 13, Ferryquay Street.

We do not usually notice any of the very small fry with which the book-world teems, but we must say a good word for this excellent pennyworth. The early conversion and rapid growth in grace, knowledge, and spiritual experience of a young girl, and her triumphant departure, are related in a simple, ungarnished style, and we are not surprised to learn that "twelve thousand copies were speedily sold, and that it has proved a blessing to many." Parents and teachers would do well to circulate it.

Days of Remembrance: a Memorial Calendar. Compiled by A. L. W. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

We do not think that many will care to keep a *Death-day Memorial.* The idea is good and solemn, but we shrink from it, and we believe that most people will do the same.

More "Messages." By Charlotte Murray. Drummond's Stirling Tract Depôt, and S. W. Partridge and Co.

Holy thoughts expressed in musical words. These "messages" will sing the gospel in many a grateful ear. Our friends of the Stirling Tract enterprise are happy in having the aid of so gifted a daughter of song.

The People's Day: an Appeal against a French Sunday. By William Arthur. Bemrose and Son.

Reprint of Mr. Arthur's letter to Lord Stanley in 1855, and well worthy to reach the sixth edition. The argument for the Day of Rest is here put in masculine style, and should be circulated far and wide.

About our Father. One Hundred and Five Poems, in large type. By William Luff. Drummond's Tract Depôt, and S. W. Partridge and Co.

Tender and gracious verses. Not great trumpets of silver, but holy and melodious, like Aaron's bells. We are always glad to read a stanza by Mr. Luff, for it is sure to do our heart good.

Philistinism: Plain Words concerning Certain Forms of Modern Scepticism. By R. Heber Newton. James Clarke.

We do not know which is most Philistine, the writer or the views he combats. It is a case of Philistine meet Philistine, and if skulls are cracked, and heads cut off, the more the merrier. Israel has nothing to do with this business.

Work-a-Day Thoughts. By Alexander Cargill. Elliot Stock.

This will not do. We tried to read it and our mind underwent partial strangulation. The sentences are too long and involved. It would make a decent book if the style were endurable.

England for Christ. A Record of the Congregational Church Aid and Home Missionary Society. By Andrew Mearns. James Clarke.

A telling account of Home Mission work by the various societies which have sprung up among the Congregationalists. It contains many portraits and drawings of the olden time. Our Independent friends ought to spread this little history widely, and regard it as good seed-corn. The story of what our fathers did is one of the surest and safest forms of stimulus for renewed exertion.

The Forty Days of the Bible and their Teachings. By W. Pakenham Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

The number forty so frequently occurs in Scripture that it is put down among the mystical numbers, and the learned have worked hard to explain its spiritual meaning. We do not feel that we have light upon that question. The work before us deals in a plain and evangelical manner with certain of the Biblical periods of forty days. The subject is sure to interest a number of readers, and the good bishop's remarks will edify them.

Sketches of Scripture Characters. By Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Worthy of a high place in Christian literature. It needs no letter of commendation.

Human Destiny. By Robert Anderson, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. Hodder and Stoughton.

This able work deserves well at the hands of the orthodox. Because it is thoroughly Biblical, and runs upon sound lines, it will be neglected by those Athenian readers whose craving is for the new; and for this very reason those who abide by the eternal verities should give it their attention. Dr. Anderson flutters the vultures of heresy which hover around the gates of death. He spares none of them. Without bitterness he deals heavily with the various theories: that is to say, he indicates their inherent difficulties, and leaves them to fall under their own weight. Inconceivably terrible as the Christian faith of the ages appears to the tender heart, yet it is not the only terrible thing in the world where sin has reigned unto death; and its very terribleness works in some men salvation from the thraldom of evil by the only method which could have reached them. To know of hell may save from hell. Alas! to hear its miseries trifled with may be the surest way for a soul to fall into them. Dr. Anderson is prudent, but he flinches not from the truth as revelation puts it before us.

As we think upon this subject we seem hemmed in by a wall of granite. Most men try to pierce this boundary by some means or other: few are without a private theory which may allow them to go a little further than the bare Scripture. We saw Dr. Anderson stripping to the task, but after he had driven in his crow-bar once or twice, he wisely abandoned the labour. For our own part, when we tremble with Jonathan Edwards at the sight of sinners in the hands of an angry God, we at the same time remember that the God of justice is the Lord of love, and we are sure that the severities of his government must be abundantly justified by reasons consistent with his mercy. In any case our business of proclaiming an immediate salvation is rendered all the more urgent by the belief that if men are not saved now, the goodness of God will require that they be left to prove by their misery the peril of refusing mercy proclaimed in Christ Jesus.

Children's Meetings, and how to conduct them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman, assisted by many well-known writers. With Introduction by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. Morgan and Scott.

We do not remember meeting with any better book than this for help in children's meetings. It is first-rate. There are objects to be drawn on the blackboard, but there are also capital lessons to go with them. Black boards get very black, and the children are very bored, when it is all chalk and no sound sense. Many of these addresses would make sermons of the first water; and what more can we say of addresses? Friends who frequently address children, and yet stick hard to business all the week might find no small relief by following out trains of thought suggested by this excellent volume. After giving it a very careful examination, we are hearty and happy in commending it to those judicious readers who value our opinion. Whatever our differences upon the subject of Home Rule, we are perfectly at one in our desire that the teaching of our youth should be as thorough and as attractive as it can be. A half-crown will be well spent over this book: not by a general reader, but by a worker in the habit of addressing children.

Pædobaptism. By Rev. George Duncan, D.D. Baptist Tract Society, Cursitor Street, E.C.

Dr. Duncan has done his work well. He is the master of a trenchant logic, and therefore, with a good theme, he is most convincing. Yet we hardly dare use the word "convincing;" for it is with most men upon baptism as upon the pressing question of Home Rule, they have made up their minds already, and such a thing as a fair and candid study of the matter is rare. It should not be so. Given a mind free to review the baptismal controversy, and such a treatise as this will be a welcome guide. We count it a high honour to have had such a brother as George Duncan among the students of our College. The world has yet to hear more of him. This book costs fifteenpence.

The Uncrowned Prince in Israel. A Cairn on a Neglected Grave. By Rev. C. W. MACKENZIE. Nisbet and Co.

JONATHAN has been somewhat overlooked till of late, while sour old Jonah has had more than his share of notice. Mr. Mackenzie has done his work exceedingly well, and his book will no doubt be the precursor of others upon the same theme. He has set the egg upon its end, and others will follow him. Price 2s. 6d.

Thoughts for Young Men from many Points of View. By the Right Rev. JOHN CHARLES RYLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool. W. Hunt and Co.

EARNEST, honest, sensible remarks, such as we should expect from J. C. Ryle, but hardly from *the Bishop of Liverpool.* We see our esteemed friend at his best in such a plain-spoken, wise, and fatherly little book as this. God bless him.

The Mystic Voices of Heaven; or, The Supernatural Revealed in the Natural Science of the Heavens. By AN OXFORD GRADUATE. Elliot Stock.

CHOICE reading for those who delight in scientific information, and do so chiefly because it may be made the handmaid of devotion. Our Oxford Graduate is profoundly devout; he believes all the more because of what he knows; therefore we have read his discourses with unalloyed pleasure. The title of his book is the poorest thing about it: who would imagine that it treats of light, the sun, the moon, planets, comets, meteors, and a thousand other "bodies celestial"? Yet so it does; and it treats of them in a way which cannot readily be forgotten. We have yearned to transfer scores of pages bodily to this magazine, where they would be far more likely to be seen than in a bulky book. The volume deserves to be purchased, and we doubt not it will secure for itself a considerable circulation. It breathes no taint of unbelief upon the air. Amid its flowers and fruits the serpent of atheism does not glide; and this is saying a great deal, since in these days it has been accounted folly to adore the All-wise, and proof of lofty intellect to hoot the name of Deity. Thank God, there are a few names even in the rolls of natural science which are true to the traditions of the golden age when learning did homage at the foot of the cross.

Our author pays a hearty and well-deserved tribute to Mr. Guinness, who has made himself a master in the symbology of prophecy, and in the special identifications of historic fact with that which was predicted of old. The author of this work is a man of kindred mind with our esteemed friend, though his subject is very different. No one can hear these "voices" without pleasure and profit. Our own wife was charmed with the book; and when we enquired "What shall we say of it?" she answered, "Say everything that is good of it. It is a lovely book. It has carried my heart up among the stars." Quite true: every word of it.

The Land and the Book. Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is far ahead of all other publications—*the book upon the Holy Land, and its surrounding territories.* Our obligations to Dr. Thomson can never be fully set forth: he has observed carefully, noted wisely, and recorded patiently. You feel at home with him: he never comes the learned professor over you. He does not play upon your credulity by giving you crude conclusions, in language so chequered with Arabic, or Hebrew, that you dare not be so wicked as to question what you feel to be absurd. He is good without being goody, and instructive without making the reader feel childish.

Mr. Nelson's edition, in three handsome volumes, is a prize for which a man of slender means may wisely enter upon a struggle of self-denial, economy, and special industry. The store of suggestion and illustration herein laid up will never be exhausted in any one life-time. We might have regretted that we have never traversed Palestine; but when we lose ourselves in the pages of "The Land and the Book," we give a chuckle, and say, "Three cheers for the travelling which does not require a man of feeble footsteps to rise from his arm-chair!"

A Christian Scrap Book. By X. T. C. Bateman, 26, Paternoster Square. By some oversight this little book has been left out of our notices; larger works have overshadowed it. This we regret, for we find it to be a real treasure. The scraps are not mouldy, but fresh, nourishing, and palatable. This small book contains more suggestions for sermons than scores of huge tomes. It is well worth its weight in silver. It is a pod full of marrow-fats. We do not care much for the poetry; but the short pieces of exposition are surpassingly rich. Ministers of our way of thinking should buy it at once. We suppose it will cost eighteen pence or two shillings, but it will be money well laid out. Personally we have got sermons out of it, and expect to get many more.

Helps to Belief. Creation. By the Bishop of Carlisle. *The Divinity of our Lord.* By the Bishop of Derry. *Prayer.* By T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Cassell and Co.

This promises to be a very useful series. These three are admirable. We could not endorse every word; but we are glad to see such defences of the common faith. Neatly got up, and sold at one shilling. We give these books our warmest word of welcome.

Outlines of Protestant Missions. By Rev. John Ronson, D.D. [Bible-class Primer Series.] Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Condensed missionary information. Sixpennyworth of Christian knowledge such as every worker should possess.

Notes.

Death has borne away many leaders from the Baptist community, but none will be more missed than our beloved brother, Mr. Chown. He was a mass of love: there was nothing harsh about him but his voice. Many a time, in our many illnesses, has he filled our pulpit to the constant edification of the hearers. His passing away is almost enviable, so gently did he fall asleep; but his life is much more to be desired, so amiably and kindly did he live. Many of us have in his loss suffered a personal bereavement.

It is well that we should pray much that the Lord would prolong the lives of useful ministers, who faithfully preach the gospel. So many have fallen lately that those who remain should be doubly dear to us. Our good friend, Dr. Wayland, in his *National Baptist*, wittily says, "I am much in favour of longevity, provided I am allowed to choose the persons. But longevity is not a thing to be dispensed indiscriminately." This is very true; but we would pray for many faithful brothers and sisters that their lives may be prolonged to the uttermost.

The Colonial Exhibition has brought to us quite a company of our fellow-subjects, and among them many choice brethren in Christ. America also has sent quite an army of her ministers. Surely the commingling of gracious men from various regions of the earth must tend to make more vivid the communion of saints. Often in our worship at the Tabernacle there is a singular blending of nationalities and races, and at the communion-table a wide representation of the Christian churches of all lands. As many run to and fro, fraternal intercourse among true believers takes a wider range, and suggests more of common prayer and mutual sympathy.

With special pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of £406, being the legacy mentioned in our June number as left to the Orphanage by Mr. James B. Hay, Newark, New Jersey. May a blessing rest on his bereaved household! It cheered us greatly to be thus aided by a personally unknown American friend, who had been profited by our sermons. To the Lord be praise.

The following story may come in appropriately at this season. Wherever any bitterness is felt on account of political difference upon a great and difficult subject, we hope it will be got over in less time than in the case cited. Followers of the younger Wesley need not copy his father too closely, nor need Baptists or others imitate the example, however much it may display of conscientious consistency:—

"The parents of John Wesley lived apart a year in consequence of a difference of opinion on political subjects. The elder Wesley felt strongly in favour of William of Orange, and openly advocated his succession to James II. But he observed that his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, and with whom he had lived in delightful harmony for eleven years, did not respond when he prayed for the king. 'Why do you not say "Amen" when I pray for his majesty?' he enquired. 'Because,' she calmly replied, 'I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be king!' 'In that case,' replied the unbending Orangeman, 'we must part.' Apparently the conscientious couple did not quarrel; the wife thought her husband sincere, and the husband was not disposed to force his wife to agree with him.

But the reverend gentleman went up to London, and remained a year, leaving several children, and the care of the parish and the parsonage, to his wife. At the end of that time William of Orange died, and, as the lady could respond with a hearty 'Amen' to prayers for Queen Anne, the husband and wife were re-united."

On *Monday evening, June* 28, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. In the absence, through illness, of his brother, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presented to Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Brown an easy chair and a copy of "The Interpreter" each, as tokens of esteem from Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and the ladies of the Societies with which these excellent workers have so long been connected. Mrs. Evans, in acknowledging the presentation, stated that the work of clothing poor ministers could not have been carried on so efficiently if she had not been assisted by many kind friends who had worked or given of their substance for this object. Addresses in advocacy of the work were delivered by Messrs. W. Olney, C. F. Allison, W. L. Lang, Duncan S. Miller, and J. W. Harrald. In response to Mr. Miller's appeal, the balance of £6 11s. due to the Treasurer was raised, and the Society started on the new year free from debt. The total value of the 52 parcels sent out during the year was £317 13s. 1d.; the report containing many touching letters, describing the sad poverty of many of our country pastors, and also expressing the deep gratitude of those who had been assisted by this Society. The need of this useful agency increases rather than diminishes, for many of the village churches grow feebler and poorer through the long-continued depression, and at present we see no sign of any improvement. If our brethren are willing to endure hardships that they may preach among our countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ, the least that we can do is to aid them to the full extent of our power that they may have food and raiment, whatever else they may lack.

Mrs. Evans asks us to say that there is great need of gentlemen's clothes. Partly-worn garments, or materials that can be made up for ministers or their wives and families, will be thankfully received by Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The evening on which this meeting was held was a very busy one at the Tabernacle. At five o'clock the elders met as usual on Mondays; at six there was a church-meeting; at seven, the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, followed by the baptism of a considerable number of believers on profession of their faith in Christ. Simultaneously, the Colportage Committee was transacting the business of that Society, and the evening's work was closed with another church-meeting for the reception of members. This was not at all an unusual season, but we noted at the time the various gatherings that were being held.

On *Tuesday evening, June* 29, the public examination of the TABERNACLE DAY SCHOOLS was held in the lecture-hall. Mr. William Olney presided, as the Pastor was too unwell to be present. The pupils were examined in grammar, mental arithmetic, reading, Scripture, history, geography, and French. Specimens of the boys' writing and drawing, and the girls' needlework, were exhibited, and elicited much praise. At the conclusion the chairman distributed the prizes provided by the Pastor, and expressed himself highly satisfied with the results attained. Mr. T. H. Kemp, head-master of the Talybont British School, Cardiganshire, gives the following report of the examination:—

"Some of the most striking features of this school, as brought out in the public examination, are the cheerful and prompt obedience rendered by the pupils, the close and well-sustained attention with which they triumphantly follow out long and intricate arithmetical problems, and the power of thinking which they evidence in dealing with new matter; all these being 'results' that can be secured only by love, patience, and skill put into the daily work by the teacher. The drawings and needle-work specimens were highly creditable proofs that the cultivation of the hand and the eye has received great care. The singing, which was pleasantly sandwiched in between the examinations in geography, history, &c., thoroughly justified itself. These lads and lasses are evidently receiving excellent training."

On *Tuesday evening, July* 6, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the lecture-hall. As the Pastor was still unable to be out, Mr. W. C. Murrell occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the President, Mr. J. T. Dunn; Pastor E. H. Swem, of Washington, U.S.A.; and Messrs. J. Stiff, Boulter, Thorn, Stocks, and Alderton; and recitations were given by Miss Wheatley and Mr. Beeden. The chairman offered £5 if a similar amount was contributed by the meeting, and the desired sum was raised. The total receipts of the class during the year have been £46, of which £15 has been presented to the Pastor for the College, and £31 for missions in Spain. The report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Hudson. Several of the members have joined the church, and Christian workers have been better fitted for mission and other work by the training they have received. One has started a mission in Scotland, and another has become a missionary in Australia.

On *Sunday, July* 11, the Pastor was again able to preach both times at the Tabernacle, and very special help was vouchsafed to him, so that the word went

with power to many hearts. After the evening service, an unusually large number of anxious enquirers attended the prayer-meeting in the schoolroom, and several of them were brought to immediate decision during the prayers presented on their behalf by the earnest brethren and sisters who are ever on the watch to employ personal entreaty and instruction. The friends who gathered at the prayer-meeting on the following evening were encouraged and aroused by a description of some of the scenes witnessed at the close of the Sabbath services.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Walker has completed his course with us, and settled at Brentwood, where a church has recently been formed.

On *Wednesday, July 7*, the students spent a happy day at "Westwood" with the President and Mrs. Spurgeon. It was a great joy to them not only to have the President sufficiently restored to be able to be with them, but also to have the presence of Professors Rogers and Gracey, who have recovered much of their former health and vigour. Special prayer was presented for Messrs. Graham and Phillips, the missionaries-elect to the Congo; and a profitable season was spent "under the oak" catechizing the President, and listening to his answers to the many and varied questions put to him with regard to different phases of Christian life and work.

On *Friday afternoon, July* 16, Pastor J. W. A. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ontario, paid a visit to the College, and in the course of a stirring address gave a cheering account of several of our brethren whom he had met in Canada.

The students are now away for their summer vacation. They return on September 6, when they will be joined by the new men whom we have selected from the very large number of applicants for admission. Will all candidates who have not yet received replies to their applications kindly take notice that all who can be accepted this year have already had announcements to that effect; and others must wait till we can examine their papers? We have so many cases still to consider that it is useless for other brethren to apply until early in next year.

EVANGELISTS.—By the time our readers get this magazine, *Mr. Fullerton* hopes to be back in England, very much stronger than when he left, and ready to commence work with *Mr. Smith* at Hull at the end of this month. From Switzerland he writes, "Oh, for thousands of souls this winter!" In this longing desire we fervently unite. Will not many believers cry mightily with us that our prayers for a great revival of religion may be answered?

Mr. Burnham asks us to remind those of our friends who are interested in the Hop-pickers' Mission that the time will soon arrive for his annual visit to the hop-gardens. There is as great a need of funds as in previous years, or even greater, for the area of operations is continually being widened. Contributions for this work may be sent to C. H. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Kendon, Bethany House, Goudhurst, Kent; and parcels of clothing or tracts, carriage paid, should be addressed to Mr. Kendon, Marden Station, S. E. R. Particulars of the Mission, balance-sheet, &c., can be obtained of Mr. Burnham, Blenheim Villa, Brentford.

Mr. Harmer has been occupied lately principally with supply work on Sundays. In September he is to go to Alfreton, Derbyshire, and Ipswich.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival was held on *Wednesday, June* 23, and proved most successful in every respect. Nearly 10,000 persons were present, and the total receipts amounted to nearly £2,000, including the contributions of friends who were unable to be at the Orphanage, but who helped to swell the proceeds of the anniversary. In addition to the usual attractions, there were an Old English Market, an exhibition and sale of flowers, lectures by our coloured brother, T. L. Johnson, and an exhibition of musical drill by a number of the boys. All of these, and especially the last, were a source of great interest. At the Old Boys' meeting, addresses were delivered by Pastors C. W. Townsend and T. H. Williams, both of whom were formerly inmates of the institution. At the great open-air meeting, the President presided, expressed the hearty thanks of the trustees to all who had helped to support the orphans through another year, and reminded the audience of the continued need of collectors and donors in order that the work might be maintained with efficiency. Addresses of brotherly sympathy and congratulation were given by the Revs. Allen T. Edwards, B.A., W. Justin Evans, G. Hawker, S. B. Rees, R. Taylor, F. H. White, and C. Spurgeon; and Messrs. Duncan S. Miller, and R. Adcock (of Norwich). To all who in any degree assisted in securing the success of the day's proceedings we again present our grateful thanks. If we began to mention our helpers, where should we end? The trustees were as busy as bees taking care of the honey—no, we mean the money; the elders were for the time doing deacons' work, that is, serving tables, some at the refreshment stalls, and other church-officers aided the ladies in the Old English Market; Dr. Barnardo's band again rendered excellent service; and Mr. J. Plant and his son (from Norwood) superintended the production of 12,000 articles from the Orphanage bakery. We are surrounded by kind friends who are ever ready to rally to the support of the Lord's work under our care; and for all of them we crave the choicest blessings from the Father of the fatherless. The only sad note in connection with the festival arises

from the return of suffering which the President had to endure for a week or two afterwards, as the result of over-exertion and exposure to the cold wind which was blowing during the open-air meeting. At the time of writing he has, through the goodness of God, been sufficiently restored to be able to preach again, and to carry on the various portions of home-work needing his attention.

We have still quite a number of children whose relatives cannot take them for a holiday. Friends who can invite a boy or girl, during the whole or part of August, would be doing a good service by sending an intimation to that effect to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W.

In the recent Scripture examination in connection with the Clapham Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union, the Orphanage children were successful in gaining the prize banner.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend in *Scotland* writes:—"I sent your last book, *All of Grace*, to a dying man whom I visited at ———, and oh, thank God, it has been blessed to him already, and I feel sure his family will share in the blessing. Oh, that God would put it into the hearts of his dear people to scatter it broadcast throughout the land, that our dear, loving Saviour may be glorified in the salvation of poor lost ones!" We hope many friends will take the hint. The book has been written specially with the view of helping those who are seeking salvation by Jesus Christ.

A brother in *Ireland* writes:—"For many years I have been reading your sermons with increasing interest. I have also been sending some weekly to friends in rural districts, who would otherwise have few opportunities of seeing them. I find these are lent to neighbours, and not a few have thus been greatly blessed. In fact, the sermon is the weekly feast. A few weeks ago, my wife began sending a sermon weekly to a young woman, who had long been walking in darkness, though seeking light. Visiting her yesterday, she found that the seeking one had obtained peace i believing, through reading the sermo 'Zealous, but Wrong,' No. 1,899. This a great comfort to some who have lon laboured and prayed for her salvation, and will, I know, be cheering to you, as an additional seal to your ministry."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 21, twenty-three; June 28, eleven; July 1, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Harris...	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. R. Thomson	2	1	4
Miss E. Clark	0	2	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Dora, Isabel, and Grace Walker ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Samuel Dunn	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Pastor E. G. Gange	5	5	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Mrs. Slater	1	0	0
Pastor Harry Wood (including proceeds of lecture by Pastor J. A. Soper, at Longford, Tasmania)	4	0	0
Pastor J. R. Cooper (including £1 17s. from service conducted by Pastor J. A. Soper, at Perth, Tasmania) ...	4	0	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beechiff (monthly)	0	2	6
Postal order from Bampton	1	0	0
A sermon-reader over ninety years of age	0	5	0
E. M. R.	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. George Easson	2	5	8
Mrs. E. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	0	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Men's Bible-class (Mr. Dunn's)	15	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	13	0
Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
June 20 ... ... 32 5 0			
,, 27 ... ... 7 3 6			
July 4 ... ... 20 0 0			
,, 11 ... ... 33 0 0			
	92	8	6
	£174	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss M. A. Burls	36	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Jas. Manley	45	0	0
Mrs. Stewart	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. Fairley	1	0	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. A. Pilcher	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans' Sunday-scholars	0	3	0
Selkirk Baptist Church Sunday Morning Fellowship Association, per Mr. James Scott	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. J. Davis	1	0	0
Collected by No. 3 House girls	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Wykes	0	12	1
"We are Seven"	5	0	0
Mr. James Smith	5	0	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Miln	0	5	0
A thankoffering from Mark Lane ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Ely, and sale of pictures	5	0	0
Mrs. Blunt's Sunday-school scholars ...	2	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	4	0
Collected by Master A. B. McMaster ...	2	18	6
Mr. Frank Johnson	3	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	0	14	9
Mr. W. E. R. Hoskin	0	10	0
Mr. R. Howarth	0	5	0
S. S., Camberwell	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Allder	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Butler (No. 2 Girls)	0	5	0
Miss Walker, per J. T. D.	1	10	0
Collected by Master A. Alford	0	6	4
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2	11	6
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	1	7	6
Collected by Miss M. J. Brain	0	15	0
William, Charles, Alfred, and Emily Jackson	0	7	8
Collected by Miss Boodle	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Mason ...	0	9	0
Miss Little	0	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Green	0	12	7
Mrs. Lennox	1	0	0
Mrs. Watson	0	2	0
Mr. J. A. Watson	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Taylor	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Emily Bubb	0	10	0
Mr. T. B. Granger	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Emily Critch ...	1	2	0
Mr. Alexander Shanks	0	3	0
E. L. Y. (with 10 articles of clothing) ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Parsons	0	5	0
Allan and Percy White	0	5	0
Miss L. Martin	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	14	6
Mrs. Walker's box	3	14	7
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown	0	4	6
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Waterman	2	2	0
Mr. J. Twaites	0	5	0
Miss Bertha Parkes and friends ...	5	0	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. W. Medland	0	9	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	10	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. Cooper	0	14	6
Collected by Miss Roberts (No. 4 Girls)	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Robin	0	13	0
Miss E. Monse	0	10	0
Dorothy and Bertie Ingle	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Laker	0	10	0
"For the Lord's goodness to us another year"	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. S. J. Wardell ...	0	16	0
Mr. William Church, Jun.	0	2	6
Mr. C. Bushby	0	10	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker ...	0	6	0
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	11	10
Miss Sarah Brown	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Medland	0	12	6
Collected by Miss E. Moses	0	8	0
Collected by Master C. Merrick ...	0	8	9
Collected by Mr. Lawrence	0	8	6
Miss M. Hayden	0	4	6
Mrs. Josiah Chapman	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. S. J. Bullock ...	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Jeffery	1	0	0
Miss Carpenter	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. T. Greening	1	18	0
Miss Bessie Houston	0	14	6
Miss M. Barrett	1	15	0
Collected by Mr. Bloomfield	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	8	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Kellie	0	2	6
Mr. H. M'Clelland	0	5	0
Miss Ann Brown, per Morton Styles	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	17	1
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	7
Mrs. C. E. Smithers	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	8	0
Master Joseph Smith	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Day	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Whiter	0	3	0
Old Baptist Sunday-school, Guildford :—			
Girls' box 0 18 5			
Boys' box 0 11 0			
Infants' box 0 8 0			
Mr. P. Pickett's box ... 0 16 4			
	2	8	9
Providence Baptist Sunday-school, Hounslow, per Mr. C. Yeats	1	12	6
Miss Ann Bunting	2	9	0
Mrs. A. Plummer	0	11	0
Miss Lucy England	0	10	6
Mr. John Garrett	0	5	0
Miss Katie Smith	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Hunt (No. 5 Girls) ...	0	18	7
Collected by Miss Maxwell (No. 5 Girls)	1	12	0
Collected by Masters H. and C. Curtis	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Brown	0	10	7
Collected by Mr. Alexander M'Cay ...	1	16	9
Collected by Mrs. A. Jungling	0	10	0
Mr. T. Curtis	0	6	6
Mr. Russell Earp, per B. W. C. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Parson	0	10	0
Mr. George Harris	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. Packman	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Alice Law	0	4	0
"B. H."	0	2	6
Mrs. Scott	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Johnson	1	11	5
Mr. J. F. Howe	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	2
"R. H."	0	4	0
Mrs. A. Cooke	0	1	0
Miss Guns	1	0	0
Miss Chandler	1	0	0
Mr. Prior A. Belding	0	5	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. Waters	1	3	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Mr. James Denham	1	0	0
Mr. W. Withey	10	0	0
Mr. Isaac Watts	2	2	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald" Per L. A. S. :—	0	2	0
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 10 0			
Mr. E. S. Thoday 0 5 0			
Mrs. E. S. Thoday ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Benson 0 5 0			
Mrs. Kelsey 0 10 0			
Miss Kelsey 0 5 0			
Mrs. T. Williams 1 0 0			
Mrs. Blight 0 2 0			
	3	7	6

	£	s.	d.
R. P.	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. James B. Hay, Newark, New Jersey	406	0	0
Mr. James Millar	2	0	0
A. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Thomson	2	0	0
Miss Cox	4	0	0
Mrs. Price	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Pearce	0	5	0
W. B.	0	10	0
Miss Jessie Clark	0	6	0
Mrs. E. Salmon	0	3	6
Miss S. A. Muir	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred Robinson	1	0	0
Mr. F. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dickey	0	10	6
Mrs. Dickey	0	10	6
Mrs. C. Hunt	2	10	0
Mrs. E. Perry	0	10	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	5	0
H. S. C.	0	10	0
In memoriam, E.	0	10	0
Mrs. I. A. Lord	0	2	6
Mr. William Fyson	0	10	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Miss E. Clark	0	3	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	10	0
Mr. A. Alexander	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Marsh	100	0	0
Mr. James Spence	0	3	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Rev. T. G. Mosscrop	0	2	6
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Campbell	0	2	0
Miss Descroix	0	15	0
Mr. W. R. Hewitt, per Miss Jackaman	2	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Miss A. Ferguson	0	10	0
Miss J. H. Morgan	0	4	0
Mr. Thomas Weir and A. Kerr	0	10	0
Miss M. Symington and friend	1	1	0
Mr. William Graham	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
An almanack-reader, Liverpool	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin	0	3	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Baines	1	0	0
I. Y., and A. A.	1	0	0
Collected by Johnnie, Ollie, and Bennie Rossiter	6	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle	11	10	0
Miss Eveline Davies	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Lang	2	11	8
Mrs. H. Clarke	0	10	0
Mrs. Cracknell, sen.	1	1	0
Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	1	1	0
Miss A. M. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
R. Y.	1	0	0
Mrs. Shearman and friend	5	5	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	0	10	6
Bessie and Gertrude Keylock	0	2	0
Mr. Inglis's Bible-class	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Newbold	1	3	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Miss Adams and her Bible-class	0	4	0
Mrs. James	2	0	0
Mrs. Kemp	10	0	0
Miss M. Fryer	0	5	0
The Misses Hay	1	0	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Morrison	1	1	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Lizzie Gee	0	1	0
Mr. N. Leeder	1	0	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Halcrow	0	15	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Miss M. E. Buckle	5	0	0
A servant	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	10	0	0
Collected by Master John Bell	1	0	5
Mrs. Mary Fraser	0	7	6
Mrs. J. A. Beare	0	5	6
Mrs. Samuel Dunn	0	10	6
Mrs. S. Holcombe	0	2	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Miss M. Maynard	0	5	0
Mrs. Annie Tidswell	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Woolley	1	0	0
Mrs. Blake's Claxton box	1	0	0
Mrs. Blake's Peterborough box	1	10	0
Mrs. E. A. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	21	0	0
Mr. George Tingey	20	0	0
S. V.	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
Mr. E. Adam	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Shayer	0	5	0
Mrs. White	0	10	6
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Mrs. Frank Dodwell	0	5	0
Mr. W. Willis	0	7	6
Miss Rose Adams	0	2	6
M. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. Short's collecting-box	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Beakem	0	5	6
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Friends in Llandrindod	0	15	2
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	3	3	0
Miss M. A. Hopkins	0	10	0
Thankoffering, S.	10	0	0
Mrs. G. E. Buckenham	2	2	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	5	0
Mrs. Knapp	10	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Harrison	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. N. Swallow	1	0	7
Mrs. M. M. Callum	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Clews	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	0	15	4
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Norris	1	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class :—			
Mrs. Dee — 0 16 0			
Mrs. Bailey — 0 6 0			
The Misses Tyson — 0 9 0			
	1	11	0
Mrs. M. Curling	20	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	5	5	0
Miss M. E. White	1	10	0
Stamps from Camberwell	0	6	0
Mr. Thomas Catling	1	1	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Wain	9	5	1
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Norris	12	17	0
Sunday Offerings at the dinner-table, per Mrs. K. Lutley	1	5	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Ball	2	2	0
Miss A. Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. C. E. Fletcher	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	7	6
Mrs. M. Lepper	0	7	6
Mr. Joseph Pearce	0	10	0
Miss Stedman	0	5	0
C. P., Brixton	0	5	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mr. William Newton	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Ruddick	0	2	6
Mr. F. Mullis	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe	0	5	0
Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0
Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Porter	0	8	6
Mrs. A. Baker	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill	4	0	0
Children's Sabbath morning service, Moray House, Edinburgh	2	2	0
W. M. S., Glasgow	0	5	0
An aged friend	20	0	0
Proceeds of sale of fancy work :—			
Lizzie Bumstead 0 13 0			
Lillie Bumstead 0 10 0			
Ada Bumstead 0 5 0			
	1	8	0
Collected by Isabell Gardiner	1	2	6
Mr. J. Gwyer, proceeds of sale of "Spring Thoughts"	0	2	6
O. B.	10	10	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	25	0	0
Mr. James Hall	5	0	0
Mrs. M. S. Larlham	2	2	0
Mr. N. A. Koppers	1	0	0
Pastor William Burnett's box 0 15 0			
Mrs. Burnett's box 0 11 2			
Mr. Perry 0 2 6			
Mrs. Record 0 5 0			
	1	13	8
Mr. James Chalk	0	10	0
A friend	0	17	0
Mrs. Couttie, per Mr. Gillies	1	0	0
Mr. T. Stevenson	0	10	0
Mrs. Ashwell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith, firstfruits	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. Nelson Read	0	6	1
Collected by Miss K. Collie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cutler	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. J. T. Knight	0	1	5
Box at Orphanage gate	0	8	6
Shepherd's Bush Gospel Mission, per Mr. F. A. Binder	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Mabel Martin	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Barrah	0	12	0
Mrs. Gavin Brown	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Jordan :—			
Mrs. Cameron 0 2 6			
Mrs. McGaw 0 2 6			
Mr. Gordon 0 2 6			
Mr. Clarke 0 2 0			
Mr. Heaney 0 2 0			
Miss Jordan 0 2 6			
	0	14	0
C. C. M. K. N. B.	1	0	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	9	0
Mrs. Hooper	1	1	0
M. L. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Jane Parsons	5	0	0
Pastor G. B. Richardson's Bible-class, Eynsford	0	18	6
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	2	0	0
Scotch notes from Perth	3	0	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mr. Colin McKenzie	10	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Ann Coward	10	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Grace Dow (for Girls' Orphanage)	10	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. George Esson	4	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
Miss Margaret Jones	0	10	0
Miss Jane Smith	0	5	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Mrs. Lister	1	0	0
A friend in Canada	2	10	0
Miss Godfrey	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
J. W. M.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Harding	0	10	0
A constant reader, M.P.	0	10	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	1	0
M. P., St. Neots	0	5	9
Postal order from Penpont	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Carter	1	0	0
Mrs. Throssell	3	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	3	0
Mrs. Halley, Copenhagen	0	5	0
Jessie, George, and Ellen Halley, and Miss Jamieson	0	4	0
M. B.	1	1	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Messrs. W. Coates and Co., per Mrs. Brees	2	2	0
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gravestock	0	10	0
A tithe	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	2	0	0
Mrs. Mary Mills	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Preston, per Mr. A. J. Wingate	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Vautin	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hatchard	1	0	0

Amounts received at the Annual Meeting at the Orphanage, June 23, 1886—

Collecting Books :—

	£	s.	d.
Allum, Mrs.	6	13	6
Abbott, Mrs.	1	1	0
Bonser, Miss	1	0	0
Brayne, Miss	0	5	0
Boggis, Miss E.	0	8	0
Boggis, Master E. C.	0	12	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	11	0
Brewer, Mrs. A.	0	10	6
Bailey, Mr.	0	10	6
Bantick, Mrs.	1	10	0
Baker, Mr.	0	8	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	16	0
Butler, Mrs.	1	0	0
Brown, Miss	2	4	3
Cunningham, Mrs.	1	10	0
Cockshaw, Miss	0	11	0
Cockshaw, Miss J.	2	10	0
Miss Cockshaw's pupils :—			
Elizabeth Roach 0 5 0			
Lily Ritchie 0 5 0			
Annie Clark 0 4 7			
	0	14	7
Cornell, Miss	0	10	0
Cann, Mrs.	0	18	6
Cuming, Mrs. S. D. Gay, per H. B. S.	0	4	6
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	8	8
Corsan, Miss E.	0	10	6
Dickins, Pastor W.	0	6	0
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Evans, Mrs.	3	0	0
Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	18	3
Ewen, Mrs.	2	7	6
Evans, Mrs.	1	10	6
Fisher, the late Mrs.	0	9	6
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Frost, Miss	0	5	0
Freeman, Mr.	3	15	0
Figg, Miss E.	0	12	6
Good, Miss	0	5	2
Goslin, Mrs.	0	7	6
Hallett, Miss	0	10	0
Hinton, Miss E.	1	2	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	3	0
Hubbard, Mrs.	0	18	5
Hobbs, Miss	1	10	0
Jephs, Miss	2	0	0
Jordan, Mrs.	0	9	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jordan, Miss	0	2	3			
Knight, Mr. J. E.	0	12	0			
Lawson, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Leeworthy, Miss	0	15	0			
McDonald, Mrs.	1	10	0			
Mott, Mrs.	0	16	6			
Miller, Miss H.	0	15	0			
McKinley, Mrs.	0	7	1			
Mann, Miss	5	14	6			
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Orridge, Mrs.	1	1	6			
Pellatt, Mrs.	0	5	3			
Powell, Miss	0	3	0			
Shayes, Mr. E.	1	14	2			
Stevens, Mrs.	3	3	0			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0			
Smith, Miss	0	12	1			
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	2	6			
Unwin, Mrs.	0	3	4			
Willis, Mrs.	1	15	0			
Wheeler, Miss	1	1	0			
				75	12	6
Donations:—						
Robert and Ann Gallant ..	0	18	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Newman ...	0	12	0			
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0			
Mrs. Healey	2	0	0			
Mrs. Spratt	1	0	0			
Mr. Fordham	0	5	0			
Mr. H. Buckingham ...	1	0	0			
Penny Subscriptions at Sunday morning breakfast, Trinity-road, Upper Tooting, per Mr. G. B—— ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Jenkins	2	2	0			
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0			
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0			
Mrs. Simmonds	0	6	0			
Miss J. Hunt	0	10	0			
A. friend, A. Z.	1	0	0			
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0			
Miss Hagger	1	0	0			
E. A. S.	1	1	0			
Miss Perrett	1	15	0			
Mrs. M. J. Lewis	0	10	0			
Mr. H. Slater	0	10	0			
Mr. George Palmer, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	10	10	0			
G. F. J.	1	0	0			
M. D.	0	7	6			
Mr. J. Leiper	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Briers	2	2	0			
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0			
E. M. S.	1	1	0			
Lizzie	0	2	6			
Mrs. Hulland	1	1	0			
No name	0	4	6			
An anonymous lady ...	5	0	0			
Mrs. Hillen	1	1	0			
Master Lymbury	0	5	0			
Mr. Hillier	1	1	0			
Mr. C. Taylor	0	10	0			
Anon.	0	1	0			
A. P., farthings	0	6	9			
Mr. R. Evans	20	0	0			
Mr. Buckmaster	1	1	0			
Mrs. Buckmaster	0	10	6			
F.	0	10	0			
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0			
Mrs. Critchett	7	10	0			
A friend, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0			
Mr. Boston	0	3	0			
Mrs. Boston	0	2	6			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6			
Mrs. Lawrence	0	2	0			
Mary Wilmot	0	1	0			
Ann Lewis	0	1	0			
G. M.	0	2	0			
B. W. C.	1	0	0			
A. H.	0	1	0			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
H. T.	0	10	0			
Miss Hudson	0	7	0			
W. E. C.	0	10	0			
S. B.	0	5	0			
C. B.	0	5	0			
Ernie Hoddy's Sunday dinner collection	0	15	0			
S. B., Blackfriars	0	5	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Gammage ...	2	2	0			
M. N., Clapham	0	5	0			
Mr. Turley	1	0	0			
Per Mrs. Tiddy	1	16	0			
Edward and Edgar Latimer	2	0	0			
Mrs. B. B. Hore	0	5	0			
Mr. J. C. Wadland ...	1	0	0			
Mr. Mather	0	10	0			
A. H.	0	0	9			
A friend	0	3	0			
A friend	0	1	0			
Philos.	7	18	0			
Miss Jones	0	5	6			
Mr. R. Miller	1	0	0			
Mr. Joseph Clark	2	0	0			
Christiana Sum	0	5	0			
Mr. J. Barrett	1	1	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Biddle ...	5	0	0			
H. N.	1	0	0			
Miss Springett	0	3	0			
Mr. Cullingham	1	0	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre ...	2	2	0			
Miss Wayre	0	10	6			
Master Wayre	0	10	6			
Two friends	1	0	0			
Box with farthings ...	0	10	0			
No. 1	0	10	0			
Mr. W. J., and Miss Baxter	1	0	0			
M. A. Wizor	0	2	6			
Miss Slater	0	5	0			
Reserved seats at musical drill	3	13	3			
Mr. W. Hoare (annual) ...	0	10	6			
Exhibition of microscope by Mr. Anderson ...	2	2	0			
				129	7	3
Collecting Boxes:						
Apted, Mrs.	0	10	10			
Atkins, Miss B.	0	4	4			
Aldridge, Miss E. B. ...	0	5	6			
Allen, Mrs.	1	1	6			
Austin, Miss	0	16	3			
Atkins, Miss A.	0	4	4			
Bowsher, Mrs. (No. 2 Girls)	0	2	11			
Bennett, Mrs. R.	0	2	3			
Blandford, Mrs.	0	6	2			
Bowsher, Mrs. (No. 2 Girls)	1	0	5			
Bowes, Mrs.	2	2	6			
Beaven, Mrs.	0	7	3			
Ballands, Miss	0	6	3			
Barnard, Master W. ...	0	6	0			
Baker, Master F.	0	0	6			
Brewer, Alice and Lily ...	0	9	2			
Bartholomew, Mrs. ...	0	9	0			
Boswell, Mrs.	0	2	10			
Baber, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	12	0			
Beale, Miss	0	2	10			
Box, Mr.	0	4	0			
Barnes, Mr.	0	15	10			
Baxter, Miss E.	0	12	2			
Brook, Miss	0	6	8			
Ballands, Miss A.	0	3	1			
Blake, Miss	0	4	4			
Baulf, Miss L.	0	17	0			
Buswell, Mrs.	1	12	8			
Barnden, Mrs.	0	15	5			
Barton, Master A. ...	0	4	10			
Boultwood, Misses A. J. and E. S.	0	5	10			
Bedwin, Mrs. M.	3	16	5			
Burton, Mrs. W.	1	19	6			
Bramley, Mrs.	1	2	6			
Butler, Mrs.	0	11	8			

	£	s.	d.
Butler, Mrs.	0	5	8
Butler, Miss (No. 2 Girls)	0	12	3
Brice, Florrie and Willie	0	2	6
Bygrave, Master C. H. ...	0	4	11
Box, Miss	0	1	11
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	0	18	0
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	5	0
Bailey, Master H.	0	7	6
Bruin, Miss	1	7	0
Bull, Mrs (Bible-class) ...	0	6	9
Best, Miss M.	0	3	0
Brewer, Mrs. (No. 11 Boys)	0	12	2
Bailey, Mr. F.	0	1	1
Bragg, Mr. W. A. ...	1	15	2
Bennett, Miss E.	0	5	8
Bilby, Miss	0	12	0
Bucknole, Miss	0	12	3
Black, Miss	0	4	0
Bloomfield, Mrs.	0	2	7
Bowden, Miss	0	5	10
Baker, Mrs.	0	15	10
Collins, Miss (Kennington)	0	14	0
Clark, Mr. A.	0	9	9
Chapman, Mrs.	0	6	2
Chapman, Mrs.	0	4	1
Cockshaw, Miss, pupils of	0	5	10
Cockshaw, Miss J., pupils of	1	2	11
Cairns, Lily and Jessie ...	0	13	0
Cooke, Miss	0	17	1
Crow, Miss L.	0	1	3
Clay, Mrs.	0	6	2
Cornwell, Mrs.	0	3	7
Carter, Miss E.	0	1	3
Chisholm, Master W. ...	0	15	2
Cook, Miss A.	0	1	0
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	6	2
Call, Mrs.	0	2	7
Cropley, Mrs.	0	4	0
Cranch, Master H. ...	0	0	3
Child, Master D.	0	0	9
Child, Master S.	0	0	7
Christmas, Mrs.	0	0	11
Chamberlain, Master ...	0	13	10
Cross, Mr.	0	2	4
Crisp, A. and G.	0	6	5
Clark, Mr.	0	2	9
Culver, Mrs.	1	5	6
Cotton, Miss	0	0	8
Cooper, Mrs.	0	14	6
Cave, Mr. W. H.	0	5	7
Cooper, Mrs. (No. 6 Girls)	0	15	0
Collier, Mrs.	0	8	0
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	5	10
Cranch, Master H. ...	0	2	10
Clinker, Miss	0	2	0
Cross, Master J. W. ...	0	0	7
Coker, Miss A.	2	4	1
Charlton, Miss F.	0	2	3
Cannon, Mrs.	0	3	9
Casey's children, Mrs. ...	1	14	6
Cowell, Mr. S.	0	11	1
Caffin, Miss	0	7	4
Child, Miss E.	0	0	5
Cawston, Miss E.	1	3	1
Conquest, Mrs.	0	9	6
Collins, Miss F.	0	4	5
Crane, Master W.	0	4	6
Curtis, Master P. W. ...	0	1	3
Cranch, Master R. ...	0	2	7
Charles, Miss R.	0	3	8
Crawford, Miss	0	2	9
Deakin, Miss	0	11	3
Davis, Miss	0	3	5
Day, Miss H.	0	1	1
Derrick, Mrs. E.	0	4	3
Drew, Miss	0	5	0
Davie, Mr. H.	0	5	10
Dolling, Master A. ...	1	1	0
Druce, Miss	0	10	11
Debenham, Mr. A. W. ...	0	4	2
Dunbar, Miss	0	2	1

	£	s.	d.
Davis, Master H.	0	5	0
Durwin, Miss E.	0	3	2
Davies, Mrs.	0	2	3
Dalton, Mr.	1	4	0
Dewry, Miss	0	6	9
Dice, Effie and Sidney ...	3	1	8
Darby, Miss L.	0	1	4
Elford, Miss	0	14	5
Everett, Miss E.	0	6	6
Emery, Mrs.	0	3	9
Eyles, Miss L.	0	2	3
Edwards, Miss E.	0	11	2
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	3	6
Earl, Miss E.	0	6	9
Everett, Misses	0	5	3
Edgington, Miss Louisa ...	0	19	1
Evans, Master S. H. ...	0	2	3
Essex, Mrs.	0	5	6
Edmonds, Mrs.	0	5	8
Edwards', Miss, Sunday-school class at Denmark Place chapel	0	14	0
Field, Misses G. and K. ...	1	1	10
Fellowes, Mrs.	1	0	6
Fairman, Mrs.	0	5	7
Fletcher, Mr. J.	0	8	1
Franklin, Mr.	0	0	9
Franklin, Mr. J. E. ...	0	9	11
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	2	1
Fowler, Miss E.	0	5	1
Fuller, Miss	0	4	2
Farrelly, Miss	1	3	3
Fitness, Master A. ...	0	1	3
Frisby, Master	0	4	11
Fuller, Master	0	8	3
Fraser, Miss	0	6	11
Farmer, Miss	0	14	5
Fremlin, Miss	1	10	11
Frost, Miss	0	2	9
Frisby, The Misses ...	0	8	9
Fern, Mr. Charles ...	0	3	3
Goslin, Miss A. E. ...	0	4	8
Goodwin, Miss	0	9	9
Gant, Mrs.	0	8	1
Gowers, Mrs.	0	11	5
Greenop, Miss F. E. ...	1	5	8
Gilbert, Mrs.	0	10	7
Green, Mrs. R.	0	9	5
Godsland, Miss	0	2	0
Grant, Miss	0	5	11
Gray, Mr. A.	0	4	4
Groves, Miss F.	0	2	9
Gray, Mrs.	0	7	1
Grose, Miss G.	1	4	0
Gillett, Miss	0	11	0
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	11	7
Hodby, Mr. J.	0	5	4
Hammerton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Hayward, Miss	0	0	5
Heesom, Master E. ...	0	0	3
Heeson, Miss	0	2	10
Hall, Miss	0	2	11
Howieson, Miss	0	2	11
Hay, Miss J.	0	5	0
Harvey, Master Sidney, per H. B. S.	0	3	6
Hawgood, Miss A.	2	19	0
Heesom, Miss A.	0	4	4
Hoyles, Master A., Sunday penny collection at dinner	0	11	7
Higham, Master	0	6	10
Howl, Miss E.	0	0	8
Henderson, Mr. J.	0	3	0
Hewitt, Miss L.	0	6	3
Hudson, Miss	1	19	9
Hopkins, Mrs.	1	11	1
Howieson, Mrs.	0	3	4
Haydon, Miss	0	6	10
Hall, Miss E.	0	12	3
Humphrey, Mrs.	1	2	1

	£	s.	d.
Hart, Miss	1	9	5
Houlgate, Mrs.	0	12	9
Hutchinson, Master ...	0	0	7
Heesom, Master C. ...	0	1	8
Herrmann, Mrs.	0	2	6
Hardy, Mr. G.	0	7	4
Hawkins, Miss A.	0	8	3
Henson, Master	0	4	11
Harris, Miss...	0	5	4
Holland, Mr. P.	0	2	3
Higgs, Miss	7	18	1
Howlett, Miss A.	0	5	6
Higham, Master J. ...	0	3	11
Hillier, Mrs.	0	7	11
Hunt, Miss (No. 5 girls) ...	0	18	7
Hare, Miss	1	7	5
Hubbard, Mr. W. ...	0	6	11
Hollobone, Mr. H. E. ...	0	16	2
James, Mrs....	0	2	10
Johnson, Miss S. J. ...	0	13	8
Jumpsen, Mr.	0	3	9
Jones, Miss E. E.	2	6	1
Jackson, Mrs.	0	1	6
Jones, Miss	0	7	11
Jager, Mrs.	1	12	7
Johnson, Miss	0	7	11
Jordan, Mrs.	0	2	4
Johnson, Master E. ...	0	3	9
Kerridge, Misses K. & N.	0	15	1
Kerry, Mr.	0	12	2
Knight, Mr....	0	17	8
Keevil, Miss K.	0	6	4
Larkham, Mrs.	0	2	1
Lansdale, Master A. ...	0	3	0
Lewis, Master S. & Miss L.	0	0	8
Lock, Miss E.	0	11	4
Lewis, Misses E. and R. ...	0	2	10
Lovegrove, Mr.	0	1	2
Larkman, Miss	0	12	8
Lance, Master W. ...	0	6	1
Luxford, Miss	0	5	6
Lucas, Mrs.	0	1	2
Lambourne, Mrs.	0	3	11
Lott, Miss	0	4	4
Luckhurst, Miss	0	2	7
Little, Miss	0	14	3
Lampard, Master H. ...	0	2	1
Lennard, Miss	0	6	9
Lardner, Tom and Harry	0	4	8
Matthews, Mr.	0	3	8
Martin, Master H. ...	0	0	8
Mycroft, Miss	0	5	11
Mackey, Mrs.	0	11	0
Mills, Mr. F.	0	2	4
Messent, Master H. ...	0	1	8
Messent, Master W. C. ...	0	1	7
Maynard, Mrs. W. ...	0	11	1
Mitchell, Master A. ...	0	6	0
Murrell, Miss E.	0	14	8
Mason, Miss A.	0	9	0
Mann, Miss	1	0	9
Milner, Miss G.	0	6	1
Mills, Mr. H.	0	2	1
McCombie, Mrs.	0	12	1
Mortimer, Mrs.	1	0	0
Morgan, Mr.	0	12	8
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	3
Morris, Miss M.	0	7	5
Miller, Miss M.	0	4	0
Morgan, Miss A.	0	6	1
Morris, Miss	0	1	10
Mills, Miss	0	5	0
Milson, Miss...	0	3	10
McNeil Misses L. and M.	0	1	6
Mellar, Mrs....	0	3	5
Murrell, Miss M.	0	13	5
Mallison, Mrs.	0	1	8
Monk, Mrs.	1	5	6
Minter, Master	1	4	3
Morgan, Mr., Messrs. Marshall and Sons ...	0	12	0
Merritt, Miss	0	14	9
Marsh, Mr. A. E.	0	9	8
Mills, Master H.	1	0	2
May, Miss	0	11	0
Maxwell, Miss	1	12	0
Mothers' meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Ivimey	1	0	0
New, Master C.	0	8	9
Nicholas, Miss A.	0	3	3
Noble, Miss M.	0	5	1
Nutt, Miss S. A.	0	5	5
Narraway, Miss	0	3	0
Narraway, Master... ...	0	8	0
Northcroft, Miss M. ...	0	10	10
Nicholls, Miss C.	0	1	2
Oxford, Master E.... ...	0	12	2
Oliver, Master A.	0	2	6
Offer, Miss E.	0	3	6
Oxley, Mrs.	0	14	6
Oliver, Miss E.	0	7	1
Perry, Miss	0	2	9
Pankhurst, Master B. ...	0	9	0
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	4	0
Palmer, Miss	0	3	5
Peabody, Miss	0	2	1
Poole, Mrs.	0	3	7
Pyner, Mr. F. W.	0	14	11
Perkins, Miss W.	0	2	3
Pavey, Miss	0	6	4
Pumfrey, Mrs.	0	10	6
Pickett, Mr.	0	8	5
Pearce, Miss J. L.	1	12	2
Prebble, Mrs.	1	5	1
Price, Miss M.	0	1	5
Payne, Master J.	0	4	2
Presland, Mr. H.	0	2	10
Palmer, Mrs.	0	11	6
Pearce, Misses C. and E. ...	0	10	6
Powell, Miss L.	0	16	4
Palmer, Miss G.	0	1	5
Plant, Mr. H.	0	4	9
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	5	5
Powell, Miss G.	0	17	6
Ridley, Mrs.	0	1	7
Rogers, Mrs.	0	13	5
Ranford, Mrs.	0	5	4
Rugg, Mrs. L.	0	5	6
Ranford, Mrs.	0	1	7
Russell, Miss	0	3	6
Richardson, Mrs.	0	6	0
Robson, Master W. ...	0	5	1
Roberts, Miss	0	2	11
Raiman, Miss	0	8	9
Ransom, Mr. H.	0	2	3
Reading, Mr. W. H. ...	0	6	4
Roberts, Mrs.	1	14	5
Roberts, Miss	0	9	10
Reveley, Mrs.	1	2	7
Rayner, Mr. J.	0	5	4
Robert Street Ragged-school, per Mr. J. Everett	0	7	4
Sparey, Miss	0	4	3
Sullivan, Miss	0	1	6
Swain, Miss	1	9	0
Smee, Miss C.	0	4	3
Smith, Mrs.	0	18	4
Smyth, Mr. Owen (two boxes)	0	8	6
Sullivan, Master T. ...	0	7	7
Sortwell, Miss A.	0	12	8
Sage, Miss	0	2	7
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	4	2
Simmons, Miss L.... ...	0	1	9
Syrett, Mr. A.	0	1	10
Summerhayes, Mrs. A. ...	0	3	8
Sedcole, Master A. ...	0	1	4
Swain, Miss	0	4	4
Sargent, Master G. ...	0	2	10
Saffell, Mr. A.	0	2	8
Scudder, Mrs.	0	3	1

	£	s.	d.
Smith, Miss	0	1	8
Snell, Miss	0	8	1
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	8	8
Savage, Miss M. A. ...	0	0	5
Symmonds, Miss	0	3	6
Smith, Mrs.	0	2	1
Smith, Mrs.	0	4	3
Soper, Mrs.	0	4	0
Shepherd, Miss	2	6	6
Smith, Master E. L. ...	0	11	3
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	6	8
Stocks, Miss	2	6	5
Saunders, Miss K.	0	3	3
Snape, Mrs.	0	7	0
Saunders, Mr.	2	5	3
Sidery, Mrs.	0	19	0
Starr, Miss (No. 12 boys)	0	5	0
Smale, Miss M.	0	6	6
Spencer, Miss E.	0	12	4
Sims, Miss E. A.	0	5	0
Tucker, Mrs.	0	3	0
Teverson, Mr. H.	0	13	0
Tipton, Master E.	0	3	2
Tucker, Miss	0	2	4
Tucker, Miss	0	16	2
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	9	6
Terrell, Mrs. E.	0	3	9
Turner, Miss	0	7	10
Thomas, Mrs.	0	1	10
Turner, Miss	0	2	10
Thomas, Miss A.	1	1	3
Thomas, Miss	0	3	11
Toms, Miss L.	1	3	10
Turner, Miss C.	0	5	5
Tarlton, Master	0	0	8
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. Rose	0	6	0
Unwin, Mr. E.	0	6	5
Upton, Mr.	1	3	5
Unwin, Mrs.	0	6	3
Vero, Miss Maud	0	16	6
Vears, Mrs.	0	14	1
Weeks, Miss...	0	5	0
Weare, Mrs.	0	12	0
Wickham, Mrs. H. ...	0	11	4
Webster, Master P. ...	0	17	2
Walker, Miss D.	0	18	8
Wills, Masters A. and F....	0	6	6
Wessell, Miss	0	8	10
Warner, Mr. C.	0	4	0
Warren, Mrs.	0	7	0
Weekes, Master F.... ...	0	2	2
White, Mrs....	0	1	5
Watkins, Miss A.	0	4	2
White, Miss	0	2	4
Wheeler, Miss E.	0	1	8
Whiting, Master	0	2	6
Willis, Mrs.	0	4	10
Walker, Mrs.	0	15	0
White, Mrs....	3	15	0
Waite, Mrs.	0	5	8
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	11	5
Wingate, Miss N.	0	5	5
White, Miss E.	0	1	7
Watson, Master	0	5	9
Williams, Mrs.	0	8	6
Womersley, Mrs.	0	8	6
Wallis, Miss F.	0	5	11
Watson, Mrs.	0	19	3
Warrington, Miss	0	0	5
Ward, Miss A.	0	7	7
Waud, Miss F.	0	1	0
Weeks, Misses F. and J....	0	7	10
Wooltorton, Mrs.	2	11	7
Waddell, Mrs.	0	6	6
White, Master G.	0	2	4
Watkins, Mrs.	0	7	9
Young, Mr.	0	1	10
Young, Mr.	0	5	1
Younghusband, Mr. J. ...	0	0	7
Young women employed at Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard, per Miss Marshall (2 boxes)	1	11	0
B. W.	0	18	4
Junior Young Ladies' Bible-class, South-street Chapel, Greenwich...	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Staines	0	12	6
Pupils of Hamilton College, Sidcup, per Miss Spurgeon	0	13	4
Odd halfpence and farthings	0	10	1
			215 6 11
Special Cards, per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Pastor H. A. Fletcher ...	3	4	1
Pastor C. A. Flack... ...	2	10	0
Pastor E. Henderson ...	1	2	0
Miss Hillman, per Pastor J. Hillman	0	4	0
Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	3	18	7
Miss Panter, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	2	5	0
Miss Harris, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	0	10	0
May Turner, per Pastor G. Turner	0	12	6
Mr. J. L. Keys	0	10	0
Miss E. White, per Pastor G. W. White	2	8	0
Pastor F. H. White ...	0	12	6
Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	1	10	0
Pastor C. E. Stone... ...	0	16	0
Edith and Lucy Page, per Pastor W. H. J. Page ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. Davis	1	7	6
Pastor D. Honour	0	12	0
Pastor W. Sullivan ...	0	7	0
Miss Halo, per Pastor R. Chettleborough	3	10	0
Pastor W. Haynes and friends	1	0	0
Pastor G. Whittet... ...	1	13	0
Pastor R. E. Glendening...	2	6	0
Pastor R. P. Javan ...	2	0	0
Pastor T. Hancocks ...	1	5	0
Miss Hatton, per Pastor W. Hackney	2	5	6
Pastor G. Smith	1	0	0
Pastor J. Kemp	0	16	6
Pastor A. Piggot	2	0	0
Pastor E. George	5	13	6
Pastor James McNab ...	0	5	6
Pastor E. S. Neale ...	4	2	6
Miss Liddiard, per Pastor J. O. Stalberg	0	10	6
Pastor William Coombs ...	1	2	6
Pastor W. Seaman ...	0	15	0
Pastor T. H. Sparham ...	0	5	0
Lily and Elsie, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone... ...	1	1	6
Pastor W. H. Smith ...	0	3	6
Miss Alice E. Dyer, per Pastor E. Dyer	0	14	0
Pastor R. J. Layzell ...	1	18	0
Pastor J. W. Campbell ...	0	9	0
Pastor Isaac A. Ward ...	1	11	6
Pastor E. J. Edwards ..	0	8	3
Pastor J. Mitchell Cox. ...	1	1	6
Chrissie and Agnes, per Pastor D. Bruce... ...	0	10	0
Pastor W. Usher	0	5	0
Pastor H. Tarrant ...	1	0	0
Pastor W. B. Haynes ...	0	5	0
Pastor Alfred Bax ...	1	4	6
Pastor J. O'Neill Campbell	0	10	0
Pastor Albert Smith ...	0	10	0
Pastor J. Aubrey	1	1	0
Pastor J. Young	1	4	0
Pastor G. J. Knight ...	0	13	0
Pastor E. G. Sones ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. J. Inglis ...	1	10	0			
Friends at Victoria Place Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch ...	3	10	0			
Pastor F. W. Walker ...	0	10	0			
Pastor A. H. Collins ...	1	15	2			
Pastor W. Sexton	0	7	6			
Pastor C. A. Ingram ...	1	7	6			
Nelly Rankine, per Pastor J. Rankine	1	0	0			
Pastor J. W. Ewing ...	1	13	6			
Collected at Hornsey Rise Baptist Chapel prayer-meeting	0	8	0			
Pastor F. M. Smith's children	0	5	0			
Pastor A. McCaig	2	10	0			
Pastor H. B. Bardwell ..	4	0	0			
Pastor W. Hetherington ...	2	1	0			
Communion Collection at Redhill Baptist Chapel ...	2	9	0			
Collected by Miss Margaret Tebbutt	3	12	6			
Miss Bessie Hamilton ...	1	5	0			
Baptist congregation, Arundel	0	10	0			
Master Harry Spufford ...	1	7	0			
Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	3	0	0			
Mr. Mennoiden, per Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	1	0			
Miss Clark and friend, per Pastor W. H. Smith ...	0	10	6			
Pastor W. Jackson ...	0	11	6			
Sunday-school, Werter-road, Putney, per Pastor W. Thomas	1	0	0			
Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	0	12	0			
Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	1	1	0			
Pastor C. Bloy	0	7	6			
Pastor A. C. Chambers ...	2	5	0			
Pastor A. Parker	2	2	0			
Per Pastor B. Marshall:—						
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class	1	3	0			
Mrs. Huggett	0	1	1			
Miss Shedwich	0	1	10			
Miss Blundell	0	3	5			
Miss Wheeler	0	2	6			
Miss Shedwich's infants ...	0	0	10			
Mr. Wood ...	0	2	4			
Mr. Jennings	0	0	10			
Mr. Huggett...	0	1	0			
Mr. Edwards	0	1	4			
	1	18	2			
				112	5	3
Contributions received at the Orphanage by Mr. Spurgeon, June 23, 1886—						
Mr. J. Alabaster	5	0	0			
G. T.	1	0	0			
Miss Tilley	5	0	0			
S. E. Jennings	1	1	0			
Miss Geikie	1	0	0			
Mr. T. Finlayson	1	0	0			
A commercial traveller ...	20	0	0			
Mansfield-street Sunday-evening school, No. 2 Girls'-class	0	6	0			
A friend from Cottingham	1	0	0			
A friend	0	2	6			
A friend	0	10	0			
Miss Newman	10	0	0			
Misses A. and E. Newman	5	0	0			
Rev. A. Sturge	1	1	0			
G. J. R.	2	2	0			
Mr. James Jackson ...	1	1	0			
Miss K. Wheatley	1	0	0			
G. F. P.	1	0	0			
Miss Marie Whitford ...	1	1	0			
Hampstead	0	15	0			
				58	19	6
Annual Subscriptions:—						
E. B.				52	0	0
Mr. Cooper...				1	1	0
M. E.				2	0	0
Mrs. Harding				1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for a year				20	0	0
Mr. J. Cutler				1	0	0
Mrs. Medwin				1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, July				2	2	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor				2	10	0
Per F. R. T.:—						
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	10	0			
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	10	0			
Mr., Mrs., Master and Miss Benson	1	0	0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson... ...	0	5	0			
				2	5	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P....				50	0	0
The Misses Murray				2	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—						
Mrs. I. Wornell				0	5	0
Mrs. Yates				0	10	6
Miss E. Hall				0	12	0
Miss Ellis				0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson				0	10	0
Lucy Spencer and Mrs. S.				0	10	6
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—						
Mr. J. Macintosh (two quarters)	0	10	0			
J. B. K. (two quarters) ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Drew (quarterly) ...	0	10	6			
Mr. J. Jones (annual) ...	1	0	0			
				2	5	6
Monthly Subscription:—						
Mr. H. Reynolds				0	5	0
				£1,934	2	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Cabbages, Mr. Mead; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Pringle; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 60 quarterns Bread, Mr. Russell; 18 gallons Milk, Mr. Richard Higgs; 1 bag Gooseberries, Mr. E. Abbott; a quantity of bread, Mr. Bonner.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—62½ yards Oxford Shirting, Miss St. Clair Trotter; 8 Night Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mr. H. J. E. Brake; a parcel Worn Clothing, Anon.; 2 Remnants and 1 Night Shirt, "S. H. L."; 1 dozen Shirts, Mrs. E. Brown's Bible-class.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—76 articles and 4 Penwipers, Fleet Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. Aylett; a parcel of Worn Clothing, &c., S. and A. R.; 97 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 10 articles, E. L. Y.; 35 articles for No. 1 Girls, Arthur-street Bible-class, per Miss Crane; 12 articles, Miss L. Edginton: 14 articles, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends; 59 articles and 24 yards Dress Material, Mrs. G. Thompson; 18 articles for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss; several articles of Clothing for two girls, Miss Dawson; 92 yards brown Calico, 67 yards white ditto, Mrs. Wainwright.

GENERAL:—50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood; a quantity of Toys and Sweets, Miss Dawson; 1 box Flowers for the orphans, "with heartfelt love"; 1 basket Ferns, Mr. C. Munday; 1 hamper of Flowers, Friends at the Baptist Chapel, Bridgwater, per Mr. W. T. Daw: 2 Aprons and 2 Dolls, Anon.; some Toys for the little Boys of No. 9 House, Miss Knight, per Miss Spurgeon; 52 India Rubber Balls, Mr.

J. Cooper; 600 feet Rods for Flagstaffs, Mr. Jonas Smith; 30 knots of Cord, Mr. J. Cooper; 1 set Cup and Saucer, Mrs. L. Belough.

Received Goods for Bazaar held at Annual Festival, June 23rd, from the following:—Mr. J. C. Eno; The Murdock Liquid Food Company; Messrs. Cadbury Bros.; Messrs. Brand and Co.; Messrs. Branson and Co.; Messrs. Peak, Frean, and Co.; Messrs. Morgan and Scott; Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.; Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.; an anonymous friend; Messrs. John Walker and Company; a domestic servant; Mr. W. Longhurst; friends at Harrogate; Mrs. John Foster; Mrs. J. Workman; Mrs. Ann King; The Misses Milner; Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell; Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Company; Mrs. M. Ellis; Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co.; Miss Mead; Mr. William Thompson; Mrs. L. Crickmer; Mr. J. Cooper; Messrs. Graves and Bygraves; Messrs. Hayward Bros.; Mr. D. Dougharty; Mrs. Mathewson; Mrs. C. H. Smith; Messrs. Bourne, Johnson, and Latimer; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster; Mrs. Aylett; Mr. T. H. Olney; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith; and West Croydon Baptist Church, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Proceeds of Bazaar:—West Croydon Stall, per Miss Whiteman, £16 19s.; Misses Higgs and Murrell, £30 5s.; Mrs. H. Smith, £17 8s. 3d.; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £21 6s. 4d.; Messrs. Johnson, Bourne and Latimer, £10 11s. 7d.; Mr. Pascall (less expenses), £8 0s. 10d.; Tickets of admission to Bazaar, &c., £9 10s. 9d.—Total, £114 1s. 9d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
"H. M.," for Bristol	20	0	0
Berks Congregational Association, per Mr. Worsley	10	0	0
Worcestershire Association	40	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham ...	10	0	0
Mr. A. Jackson, for Newbury	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Mr. A. Maw, for Ironbridge	7	10	0
Mr. R. Peter, for Launceston	10	0	0
Mr. W. R. Crask, for Borstall	30	0	0
Mr. Daniels, for Halesowen	15	7	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrikyber	20	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Col. Birney, for Sandown and Ventnor	20	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox, for Bethnal Green ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox, for Bethnal Green ...	5	0	0
Mr. R. H. Cook, for Hadleigh	10	0	0
	£252	17	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
H. M.	10	0	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Miss E. Clark	0	1	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mr. Arthur Long	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dermish	0	10	0
A friend who enjoys Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
Mrs. Jane Simpson	1	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P.	20	0	0
	£87	3	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1886.

			£	s.	d.
R. P.			10	0	0
East Rose			0	4	0
Miss A. Lloyd			0	10	0
Mrs. C. Hunt			2	10	0
Miss E. Clark			0	1	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's services at Great Grimsby	16	0	0		
Pastor E. Lauderdale ...	1	0	0		
			17	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Widow Smith	0	2	6
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
A friend who enjoys Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
R. O., Lancaster	0	10	0
	£48	12	6

£5 received, with thanks, from a Church of England man, has been placed to Church Poor 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.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1885-6.

Trustees and Committee of Management.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.
THOMAS H. OLNEY.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
B. WILDON CARR.
HENRY SMITH.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES STIFF.
CHARLES SPURGEON.

Hon. Consulting Physicians.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

ARTHUR E. DURHAM, Esq., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

E. NETTLESHIP, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

THOMAS C. PAGE.

Head Master.
VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.
FREDERICK G. LADDS.

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The Stockwell Orphanage,

FOR 500 FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

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 should be given. As the number of candidates is far in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form of application. If a form should 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 of application should be returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Children whose fathers are alive cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted. Whatever the plea may be, no exceptions can be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of satisfactory candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal enquiries. 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 accepted 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 proves to be less necessitous than others; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability; for the Institution is neither Hospital, Reformatory, nor Idiot Asylum. 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; hence many needy ones must be refused because there are others in still more deplorable circumstances.

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 applicants 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 at the Orphanage.

Subscriptions 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. Gifts of Food, Stores, Clothes, Books, Toys, and useful articles, are always welcome, and should be sent to the Head Master.

Postal address—STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

LONDON, S.W.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped directed envelope.

REPORT.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DURING another year the Stockwell Orphange has remained a fountain of blessing to the widow and the fatherless. It could not have been such if there had not been unseen springs at work to fill its streams and make them overflow. To the Lord our God, the Provider for His people, be glory evermore. During the long and sad depression of trade, anxiety might have foreseen a decrease of our funds, but faith left them in the hands of God, and she has lived to see that the depression does not reach to Him, since He is without variableness or shadow of turning. God's family has fared as well as in former years, and possibly if there be any difference it is upon the right side; for by a large legacy which has been partly paid this year, our foundation fund has been considerably increased. Of course, if we had a long list of constant subscribers, or sold our votes to the friends of candidates, we should seem to have a more solid wall at our back; but it would only be in seeming; for the Lord is more real than men, and His lone name has more support in it than a list of subscribers a mile long. "*My God will supply all your need*" is better than a gold mine. With Jehovah to provide, our bread shall be given us and our waters shall be sure.

It is proper to mention that we should be glad if more friends would of their own free will send help to the orphans with regularity. We owe very much to legacies, but these prove that our friends are dying: there would be much comfort given to all concerned if more *living* helpers would come to our aid. If this be a good work our friends should not need urging. We shall never unduly press them even in the mild form of a Report, for we feel this work to be too sacred to be carried on by forced labour. Such a holy enterprise deserves to be regarded as a pleasure, and not as a task; and only those should join in it who, for love of the Lord Jesus and His poor children, count it a joy to minister of their substance to the needy little ones. We doubt not that the necessary amounts will come in, but it is our duty to suggest that our institution is hardly receiving its due share of assistance from "the living in Zion." In many cases sums have come to us from distant lands; often they are thank-offerings for mercies received, and frequently they express a generous sense of gratitude for blessing obtained from years of the reading of our sermons. Gifts for the orphans come very sweetly to us when thus sent. Still, we wish we had a band of friends who contributed to the expenses of our orphan family once a quarter, or, at least, on some one set day of the year. We do but express the wish because it seems a sensible one: we leave it with the Lord to fulfil our desire if so it pleaseth Him.

During the year our friends who take collecting-boxes and books

brought in the sum of £1,010 19s. 0d. 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. Many more of our young people might help us in this way. Friends residing at a distance, who are not able to attend the meetings, correspond with the President personally, and send in substantial assistance. This is a very pleasant way of helping us, and we like thus to be brought into contact with loving friends, whose hearts and hands are devoted to this good work.

The children in the Orphanage were supplied with cards, and their friends collected £235 4s. 6d. This we look upon as a very precious offering, for it was for the most part collected in pennies, and was in almost every case a hearty expression of true gratitude. The parents of our children are a thankful company. God bless them!

Some of the ministers trained in the Pastors' College issued Collecting Books, which realized £65 5s. 1d., which sum was gratefully received by the President at his birthday celebration. This also is a very cheering beginning, and is another instance of one good work helping another. The brethren of the College are never slow to aid their President in this or any other good thing.

Altogether the amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books, and boxes, reached the noble sum of £1,311 8s. 7d., for which we are truly grateful.

Through the kindness of Dr. Parker a choir of the orphan children sang at the City Temple, to the great delight of the friends present. After a sermon by the Doctor, a collection was taken for the Orphanage. We shall be glad to find this example copied, as the gain to the Institution far exceeds the amount of the collection, and the collection itself is by no means a small matter.

Earnest thanks are due to Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon and kind helpers in Croydon, for holding a Sale of Work at Croydon which produced £100. Enough goods remained to furnish a stall at our June Fête.

The Young Ladies' Working Associations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Brixton, and Reading, have rendered considerable help by their loving labours, and their services are greatly appreciated.

Many friends who cannot combine with others in such a work have also rendered us good service by making articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 15. Could not others imitate these examples?

During the year Mr. Charlesworth has gone to many places with a Choir of Boys, and he has met with enthusiastic receptions. The addition of £448 6s. 0d. to the funds of the Institution from this source, after deducting all expenses, and the cost of the musical training of the boys, moves us to say very earnestly—"Thank you heartily, beloved friends, for thus helping me."

The Annual Festival was held on the 18th of June under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen. About ten thousand of our friends and helpers were present, and were greatly delighted with the day's proceedings.

From the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, under the excellent 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 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. Much more help could be rendered in kind if donors would only think of it. We need not mention things which an orphanage cannot consume; it would take space to mention things which we could not use, such as alcoholic liquors, rattle-snakes, gunpowder, dynamite, or books of modern theology.

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.

Let those who have aided us in any manner only look in upon the institution at Stockwell, and the sight will well repay them. What a beautiful square of buildings! What a noble open space in the centre! Then see the boys and girls. Nobody ever said that they looked miserable: it would be too transparent a falsehood. Did you ever see more happy faces in all the world? * These bear no brand of pauperdom, and wear no trace of being crushed down by hard workhouse discipline. Many a father has felt that if he were suddenly taken away he could desire no better shelter for his children. One minister expressed that sentiment at one of our meetings, and within two years he had fallen asleep, and two of his boys were with us. These dear children, often the descendants of sickly fathers, are as a rule in splendid condition; in fact, the average of health is far above that which is common in the best families. While they are with us they receive a good solid education, and are surrounded with gracious influences; and when they go from us, as a rule, they succeed in life, and become useful and honourable members of society. We have received the highest testimony from practical men as to the result produced by the Stockwell Orphanage training. Thus, instead of pining in poverty, and either dying of want, or growing up in ignorance, the children are carefully housed, and prayerfully trained, and rise into manhood to be an honour to their homes, and a benefit to society. Meanwhile, their widowed mothers have been succoured, delivered from hopeless want, and encouraged to bring up the rest of their charge. Friends, we are partners in a very blessed enterprise. Our Lord approves of it, His people delight in it, and even men of the world have nothing to say against it. This work for orphans is one of the best aids to the gospel: it stops the mouth of adversaries. It is fit that the preacher of free grace should be able to point to his 500 fatherless ones, and say, "See the fruit of the doctrines of grace." Those who are saved by faith alone are yet zealous to maintain good works. To them also, "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

* See page 457.

Our experience confirms us in the practice of THE SEPARATE HOME SYSTEM. We have not huge wards, nor vast barracks, but houses and families, after the fashion of ordinary society. The loss of home and parental influence is a calamity to a child, and the wisest course is to minimise the loss as far as possible by keeping up the family form. 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 quadrangle, with the schools over the centre block, is designed for 250 boys, and the terrace on the right for an equal number of girls. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in countless ways the excellence of the home system shows itself to those who observe its working.

Under our system careful supervision of each child is possible, and the best sanitary, moral, and religious conditions are secured. Though we cannot change human nature, nor make even good children perfect, we can do better for them in family groups than if we had them in great masses, and packed them away in grosses, like steel pens. Individual character comes out better in small groups than in large regiments.

The Institution is UNSECTARIAN: the question of the denominational connection of the parents has no influence with the Committee in considering an application. No child is prejudiced as a candidate by the creed of his parents. Why should he be? In a matter of pure philanthropy, sectarian preferences should have no weight; although the characters 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, yet if Christian principles were lacking in the father the child should not be punished on that account; on the contrary, there may be all the greater need that the little one should come under religious training.

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 brought up 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.

No question has ever arisen upon this matter, nor do we fear that any will arise. Ours is a work for Jesus, carried on in a purely evangelical spirit, and in it we have the hearty confidence and co-operation of Christians of all denominations. Upon the ground of our common faith in the cross, and our possession of the one life whose very breath is love, we meet to help the widow and the orphan, and feel that our union of heart is increased thereby. It has never occurred to us to use this charity as an instrument for increasing the number of our own community, nor should we know how to go to work to do so: truth will command belief without being supported by bribes, while we fear that

those who can be purchased for a church by gifts of charity can hardly be worth the price paid for them, however little it may be.

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 of classes that, while almost every grade of society has been represented, by far the greater proportion of children belonged to the 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, the whole of their support ceases at his death, and the savings will scarcely suffice to meet the funeral expenses. When the income has been larger, a long illness, which often attends consumption, has eaten up all the savings, and left nothing in store. But for the ministry of an orphanage, a widow with many helpless little ones would despair. The relief afforded by our taking one child has often inspired a poor woman with hope, has given her a little breathing-space, and enabled her to accomplish her difficult task with the rest of her numerous tribe. Often have our hearts overflowed with sorrow and 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. Oh, that our friends could see the widows, they would be ready to give all that they have! We should have to hold them back. Frequently have we to see the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our Institution, and then we have been exceeding glad. Are there not thousands who will share our burden and our blessing? Will not our reader continue to do so? Our subscribers may rejoice with us that the Institution has sheltered no less than 1,099 fatherless children up to the present date.

To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child, NO PATRONAGE IS REQUIRED, AND NO PURCHASE OF VOTES. The most helpless and deserving are *selected* by a Committee, who give the first place to the greatest need. This is our rule, and we desire ever to abide by it. 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 necessary certificates. It is better that the admission of a child should be an answer to the bitter cry of need rather than a reward for diligence or a repayment for postage spent in worrying 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 they have failed to buy sufficient votes. The Committee appointed to consider the claims of the applicants devote considerable time and anxious thought to this department, and they endeavour to select the most worthy cases. 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 five or six applicants, some must be left out in the cold. It may so happen that a still more destitute child and a still more needy widow knock at our

door, and in that case, however earnest our friends may be, their chosen ones will have to wait, and perhaps to be declined. We are compelled to set aside scores whom we would right gladly admit, and this would be the case if the Orphanage were twice its present size. We do not propose to increase our space, for we think five hundred children quite enough for one institution,—certainly quite enough for us. Friends must be patient with us and believe that we do our best.

The children are NOT DRESSED IN A UNIFORM to mark them as the recipients of charity. We cannot endure this common piece of folly.

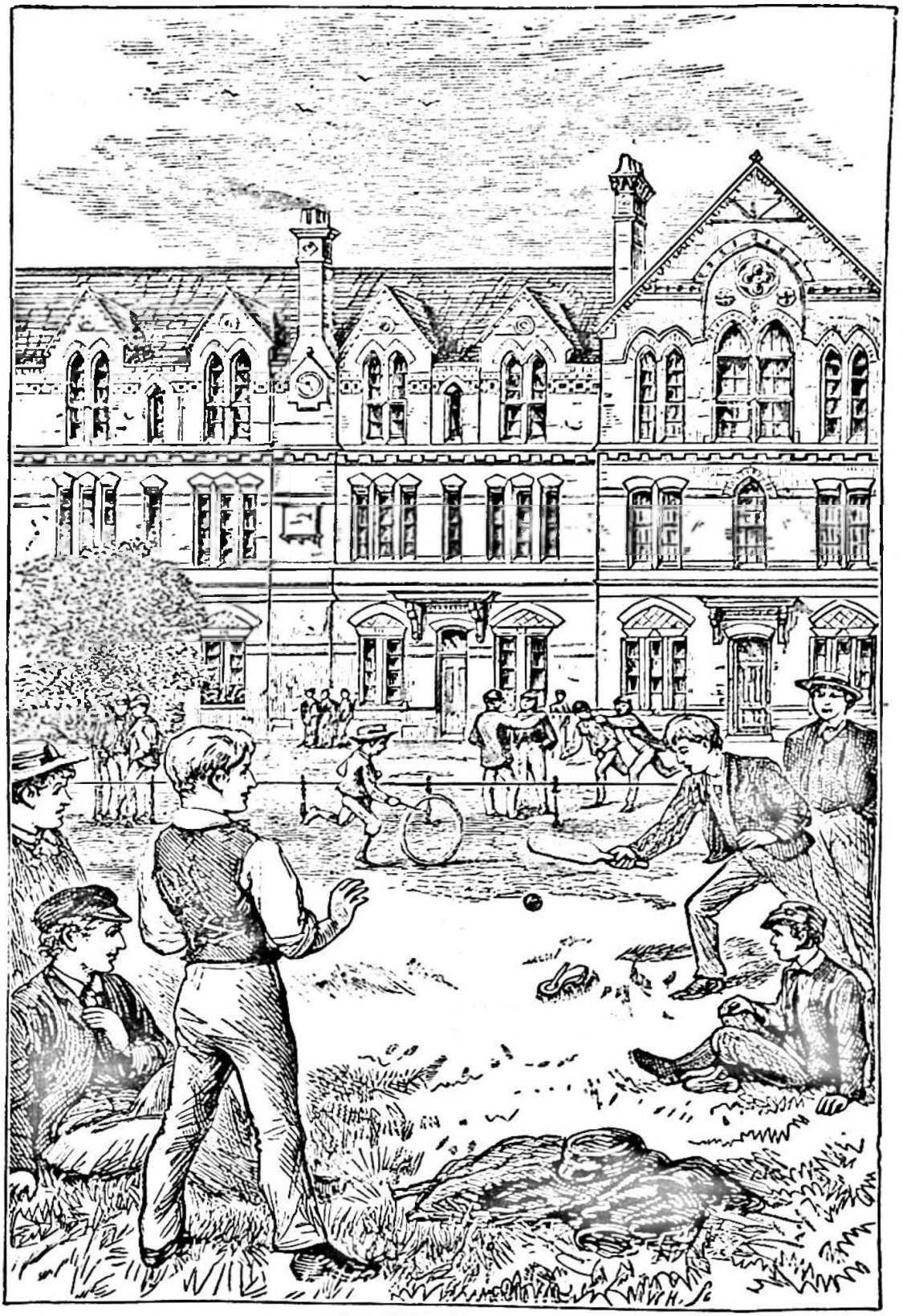
Orphanhood is a child's misfortune, and he should not be treated as though it were his fault. In a garb which marks him out as poor,—a garb which is often grotesque and ridiculous, it is not easy for a child to acquire a feeling of self-respect. We wish the older institutions were free to break through the traditions which have so little to be said in their favour; we do not intend to come under the yoke at all.

In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart *a plain but thorough* ENGLISH *education*, in order to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. As the boys attain the age for leaving, little or no difficulty is experienced in finding employers who are willing to receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, three of them are Pastors of churches, and two have resigned first-rate appointments to labour in connection with the Salvation Army. It is a joy to us to know that many others are engaged in works of usefulness, while a far larger number are members of the Christian Church.

For the girls a plain solid education is attempted in the Schools, and thorough domestic training in the homes. The Trustees will be glad to give special training where there are special capacities, and as openings occur for female talent they will be glad to have girls able to enter them. The special vocation of the girls must be left to their friends to determine on leaving: our usual plan is to ensure that, as far as possible, they shall be thoroughly fitted for domestic service in good families; but we are anxious to be guided by the providence of God, and the opportunities which offer themselves. No doubt the better the education, if it be of a really practical kind, the better is the child's chance in life.

The moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern; and the earnest efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a staff of gracious Sunday School teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and the neighbouring chapels on Lord's-day mornings, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. Mr. Daniels, Mr. Bartlett, and other friends, give much attention and prayer to this department of the work. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear a special address. The Revs. Canon Hussey, W. Barker (Chaplain to the Queen), Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Arthur Pease, Esq., M.P., and others have rendered important help in this matter.

A Young Christians' Band holds a monthly meeting, and the Members of the Band of Hope meet every week.



OUR BOYS AT PLAY.

ONE THOUSAND AND NINETY-NINE ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1886. What an amount of substantial benefit this represents! It is a constant joy to the Committee that they are able to mitigate, to such a large extent, the misery and need which are brought under their notice; and it must be an equal joy to the subscribers to know that their loving contributions are put to this blessed use.

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
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	43	792	37	549	243
17	April, 1885, to March, 1886	40	832	44	593	239

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
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	45	220	4	13	207
17	April, 1885, to March, 1886	47	267	17	30	237

Total number received—1,099. In residence—476.

As the buildings are in London, it is natural that the main body of our children should come from the Home Counties. The expense of travelling must always limit the sphere of an Orphanage, or at least render it most useful in its own locality.

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

LONDON.

Balham	7	Haverstock Hill ...	3	Paddington	5
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	1	Peckham	35
Battersea	14	Holborn	9	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	13	Pimlico	6
Bermondsey	73	Homerton	3	Poplar	5
Bethnal Green ...	5	Hornsey	4	Rotherhithe	7
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown... ...	6	Shadwell	1
Borough	7	Hoxton	10	Shoreditch	4
Bow	14	Islington	27	Soho	2
Brixton	29	Kennington	10	Southwark	27
Bromley	1	Kensington	5	Spitalfields	1
Camberwell	35	Kentish Town ...	8	Stepney	5
Camden Town ...	5	Kilburn	8	Strand	2
Chelsea	7	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Clapham	9	Lambeth	60	Stockwell	3
Clapton	5	Lewisham	5	Stoke Newington ...	7
Clerkenwell	11	Limehouse	6	St. John's Wood ...	1
Dalston	2	Marylebone	18	St. Luke's	2
Deptford	8	Mile End	8	St. Pancras	4
Dulwich	5	Newington	12	Sydenham	1
Finsbury	4	New Cross	12	Vauxhall	4
Hackney	14	Norwood	7	Walworth	40
Haggerston	1	Notting Hill	8	Wandsworth	15
Hammersmith ...	5	Nunhead	1	Westminster	10
Hampstead	4	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3

COUNTRY.

Bedfordshire, Bedford	4	*Devonshire*, Torquay	3	*Gloucestershire*,	
„ Luton ...	1	*Dorsetshire*, Poole ...	2	„ Weirstone' ...	1
Berkshire, Maidenhead	1	„ Swanage ...	1	„ Wotton ...	1
„ Newbury ...	2	„ Weymouth ...	2	*Hampshire*,	
„ Reading ...	17	*Durham*, Stockton ...	2	„ Bournemouth...	1
„ Slough ...	1	*Essex*, Barking ...	1	„ Christchurch...	1
„ Uffington ...	1	„ Boxted ...	1	„ Hayling Island	1
„ Wantage ...	1	„ Braintree ...	1	„ Landport ...	1
„ Wokingham ...	1	„ Brentwood ...	1	„ Lymington ...	1
„ Wargrave ...	1	„ Chelmsford ...	1	„ Pokesdown ...	1
Buckinghamshire,		„ Chingford ...	1	„ Portsmouth ...	1
„ High Wycombe	1	„ Colchester ...	2	„ Portsea ...	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1	„ Coggeshall ...	1	„ Romsey ...	1
„ Winslow ...	2	„ Dunmow ...	1	„ Southampton	4
Cambridgeshire,		„ Halstead ...	1	„ Southsea ...	2
„ Cambridge ...	3	„ Hatfield Heath	1	„ Winchester ...	1
„ Histon ...	1	„ Ilford... ...	1	*Herefordshire*,	
„ Soham ...	1	„ Leyton ...	3	„ Ledbury ...	1
„ Wisbech ...	1	„ Leytonstone ...	4	*Hertfordshire*,	
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1	„ Loughton ...	1	„ Berkhampstead	1
„ Chester ...	1	„ Maldon ...	6	„ Dunstable ...	1
Cornwall, Falmouth	2	„ North Woolwich	2	„ Hoddesdon ...	1
„ Penzance ...	2	„ Paglesham ...	1	„ Redbourne ...	1
„ Porthleven ...	1	„ Rayleigh ...	1	„ St. Albans ...	1
„ Truro ...	1	„ Romford ...	3	„ Ware	1
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1	„ Stratford ...	1	*Huntingdonshire*,	
„ Derby ...	4	„ Walthamstow	4	„ Fonstanton ...	1
Devonshire, Appledore	1	„ Witham ...	2	*Kent*, Ashford ...	2
„ Bideford ...	1	*Gloucestershire*, Bristol	4	„ Bexley Heath	1
„ Brixham ...	1	„ Cirencester ...	2	„ Bromley ...	1
„ Devonport ...	3	„ Gloucester ...	1	„ Charlton ...	2
„ Exeter ...	1	„ Nailsworth ...	1	„ Chatham ...	3
„ Plymouth ...	1	„ Painswick ...	1	„ Cranbrook ...	1
„ Stoke... ...	1	„ Stroud ...	2	„ Crayford ...	1

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Kent, Deal	1	*Middlesex*, Hounslow	2	*Suffolk*, Stowmarket	3
,, Dover	2	,, Isleworth ...	1	,, Tressingfield	1
,, Eltham ...	1	,, Tottenham ...	4	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1
,, Eynsford ...	2	,, Walham Green	1	,, Bletchingley	1
,, Folkestone ...	2	,, Whetstone ...	1	,, Catford ...	1
,, Goudhurst ...	1	*Norfolk*, Dereham ...	1	,, Croydon ...	10
,, Gravesend ...	3	,, Holt ...	1	,, East Moulsey	1
,, Greenwich ...	10	,, Norwich ...	1	,, Godalming ...	1
,, Maidstone ...	3	,, Yarmouth ...	1	,, Godstone ...	1
,, Margate ...	5	*Northamptonshire*,		,, Horley ...	1
,, New Brompton	1	,, Brackley ...	1	,, Kingston ...	3
,, Northfleet ...	2	,, Kettering ...	1	,, Leatherhead	1
,, Orpington ...	1	,, Northampton	1	,, Rod Hill ...	1
,, Plumstead ...	3	,, Oundle ...	3	,, Reigate ...	1
,, Ramsgate ...	1	,, Peterborough	1	,, Richmond ...	1
,, Rochester ...	1	,, Thrapstone	1	,, Sutton ...	2
,, Sittingbourne	2	,, Walgrave	1	,, Tooting ...	2
,, Tonbridge ...	1	*Northumberland*,		,, Wimbledon ...	1
,, Tunbridge Wells	1	,, Newcastle ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	2
,, West Wickham	1	*Monmouthshire*,		,, Chichester ...	1
,, Woolwich ...	5	,, Blaenavon ...	1	,, Hailsham ...	1
,, Wrotham ...	1	,, Newport ...	1	,, Hastings ...	3
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2	*Nottingham*,		,, Lewes ...	1
,, Blackpool ...	1	,, Nottingham ...	1	,, Seaford ...	1
,, Bolton... ...	1	,, Retford ...	1	*Warwickshire*,	
,, Liverpool ...	5	,, Sutton ...	1	,, Birmingham	2
,, Manchester ...	2	,, Worksop ...	1	,, Coventry ...	1
,, Morecambe ...	1	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1	,, Leamington	1
Leicestershire,		,, Chipping Nor.	3	,, Oxhill ...	1
,, Lutterworth ...	1	,, Kidlington ..	1	,, Quinton ...	1
Lincolnshire, Boston...	1	,, New Headington	1	,, Wolverhampton	1
,, Grimsby ...	1	,, Oxford ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
,, Lincoln ...	1	,, Thame ...	1	,, Chippenham	1
Middlesex, Acton ...	1	,, Witney ...	1	,, Pinton Stoke	1
,, Arlington ...	1	*Rutlandshire*, Uppingham	1	,, Salisbury ...	1
,, Barnet ...	1	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1	,, Summerford Magna	1
,, Chiswick ...	1	,, West Felton ...	1	,, Swindon ...	1
,, Ealing ...	1	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2	,, Warminster	1
,, Edmonton ...	1	,, Taunton ...	3	,, Westbury Leigh ...	1
,, Finchley ...	1	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1	,, Wroughton ...	1
,, Fulham ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	2	*Yorkshire*, Bedale ...	1
,, Hampton-Wick	1	,, Halesworth...	1	,, Burley ...	1
,, Harrow ...	2	,, Ipswich ...	5	,, Leeds ...	1
,, Hendon ...	1	,, Southwold ...	1		
		,, Stanstead ...	1		

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Haverfordwest	2	*Wales*, Rhyl ...	1
,, Bridgend ...	1	,, Hay	1	,, Swansea ...	3
,, Builth ...	1	,, Llanelly ...	1		
,, Cardiff ...	5	,, Llandudno ...	1		

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Isle of Wight*, Newport ...	1
Ireland	2	,, ,, Sandown ...	2
		,, ,, West Cowes ...	1

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	717	Scotland	1
Country	358	Ireland	2
Wales	17	Isle of Wight...	4
TOTAL	1,099.		

Parentage of the Children :—

Mechanics	261	Policemen & Custom House Officers	13
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	171	Commission Agents	11
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	161	Accountants	11
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	159	Postmen and Sorters	8
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	117	Surgeons and Dentists	6
Mariners and Watermen ...	38	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries ...	33	Solicitors	4
Commercial Travellers	21	Soldiers	2
Farmers and Florists	21	Fireman	1
Railway Employés	19	Architect	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen...	18	Gentleman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	17		

Total ... ... 1,099.

Religious Profession of Parents :—

Church of England	429	Brethren	4
Baptist	264	Moravian	1
Congregational	121	Bible Christian	2
Wesleyan	101	Society of Friends	1
Presbyterian	22	Not specified	151
Roman Catholic	3		

Total ... ... 1,099.

Medical Officer's Report, 1885-6.

"307, Clapham Road, S.W.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I beg to submit my Annual Report for the year ending March 31st, 1886.

"Our cases of sickness, I am thankful to say, have been much below the average. There have been only six cases of scarlet-fever, and the children have been quite exempt from measles and small-pox. We have had the usual number of minor ailments incidental to childhood, and only one or two cases which have caused me grave anxiety. It is a cause for profound thankfulness that no death has taken place in the Institution for upwards of three years. I am more than ever grateful for the generous assistance of our Honorary Consulting Staff. The death of my colleague and valued friend, Mr. Cooper Forster, will, I am sure, be deeply deplored by all.

"To the laundry, which is the most perfect of its kind, I attribute our great immunity from infectious diseases. Of the excellent quality of the bread from our own bakery, I cannot speak too highly: it is a most important factor in the development of a robust and healthy constitution. I still look forward to the establishment of a Convalescent Home for our own children, as the successful treatment of strumous cases is seriously retarded by the delay incidental to their admission to existing Seaside Homes.

"The excellent system of drill for the boys is much to be commended, from an hygienic and moral point of view.

"I beg to express my grateful thanks to the Committee for their uniform courtesy, and to the Staff, for the cordial assistance at all times rendered me during the seventeen years I have had the honour of holding my appointment.

"Your obedient Servant,

"William Soper."

In Memoriam.

In the present Report we embalm the memory of John Maynard, whose name is enrolled with the missionary heroes and martyrs of the Congo. From his youth he knew the Lord, and found his highest joy in such ministries as were possible to him as a scholar and a servant, until he realized a life-long desire and was accepted by the Missionary Society for service in Africa. In one of his earliest letters from his chosen sphere of service he wrote:—

"The Congo Mission is indeed a noble enterprise. I thank God for the honour he has put upon me in permitting me to engage in it. I would not exchange my present work for any other in the world." Within a month of penning these words, which breathe the spirit of true consecration, Mr. Comber wrote from the station these few hurried lines:—

"It is with the deepest sorrow I send you the news of the death of our dear brother, John Maynard. After six days of obstinate fever he was called home on Thursday last, the 28th of January." This was indeed a painful shock to those who had watched his career, the news was so unexpected, and the event so enshrouded in mystery. Verily, "his sun went down while it was yet day."

By the next mail the following touching story was received from Mr. Comber, who, with Messrs. Darling and Moolenaar, lovingly tended him to the last, and rendered such help as was suggested by knowledge and experience of African fever:—"We had great hope of his recovery until the sixth day, when he became very feeble, and his stomach irritable. On the evening of this day his temperature seemed inclined to rise higher than usual. The night watch was to be divided between the three of us, Moolenaar taking the first, Darling the second, and I the third. At two o'clock Darling called us both, saying, he feared Maynard was going. We went in and found his pulse weaker than usual, but he was awake and quite conscious. I, too, thought that he was dying.

"I said to him: 'Maynard, my dear fellow, I think you are going home.' He said calmly: 'It is well.' I asked him if there were any special messages he would like to leave, and he left several such as: 'Tell Miss Pitt that all is well; she will meet me soon. Tell the boys and girls of the Orphanage (Mr. Spurgeon's) to seek Jesus. Dr. Swallow and his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, I do love them, how I do love them! Tell the students to preach Christ, and Christ only. Oh, precious Jesus! Oh, so happy! May the Congo speedily be filled with the love of God.' We asked him: 'Maynard, are you sorry you came to the Congo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'very thankful. My work's soon done, isn't it? There are many more of our men who will soon come—for Jesus' sake! I'll soon be home! I'll soon be home! Work on, brethren, don't let the loss of your men hinder you. Never give up; hope always. O Jesus! soon be at home. This is the valley; I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. 'Twill soon be over! Tell all our boys to seek the Saviour. Good-bye! I'll look for you! I'll wait for you! Faith can firmly trust him, come what may. Brethren, brethren! be of good cheer! Rock of Ages cleft for me!'

"After a pause, he said: 'Jesus is keeping me waiting.' And presently, 'I feel better.' We said, 'You may yet rally; it is not too late.' He replied: 'Well, Jesus knows best!' 'You are willing to go or stay?' we asked. 'As He will; all is well,' was the reply. At four o'clock we took his temperature, and found it 104°. It was our duty to use means to the very last. Hope, however, was almost gone; and as occasionally we went out into the cool air of the dawn as it grew into day, we felt that another daybreak was at hand for our brother; the 'fair, sweet morn' of heaven was awaking for him. And so it was.

"A few hours' unconsciousness, a few painless convulsions, and at 9·30 a.m. on the 28th of January, John Maynard went into the presence of the King."

Miss Pitt, to whom Maynard was engaged to be married, had started for Africa, and arrived, only to find herself a widow before she had become a bride.

Proceeding to the Station at Underhill, with a true woman's heroism, she set everything in order, and planted a few flowers on the four graves in the little cemetery; and then, acting upon the advice of the missionaries, she returned home, and now holds an appointment in the Orphanage.

Dr. Swallow, in whose service Maynard was placed on leaving the Orphanage, has erected a marble tablet in the boys' department, bearing the following inscription:—

In Memory of

JOHN INGLES MAYNARD,

OF THIS ORPHANAGE, AND OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

FROM HIS YOUTH HE FEARED THE LORD.

HE WENT AS A MISSIONARY TO AFRICA, AND LABOURED FOR A SHORT TIME AT UNDERHILL STATION, CONGO RIVER;

BUT FELL ASLEEP JAN. 28TH, 1886,

IN HIS 25TH YEAR.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.
"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John xv. 14.

John Maynard has left behind him the sweet savour of an unassuming character, a gentle disposition, and an ardent piety. His grave by the solemn Congo is an eloquent sermon, and will tell, through the following years, of the love of Jesus, and the heroism of one to whom that love was an inspiration in bearing the gospel of salvation to the regions beyond.

To Intending Benefactors.

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.*

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,586	17	6
Provisions	4,078	1	3
Clothing	1,706	12	10
Laundry	470	1	11
Fuel, Gas, and Water	723	3	1
Books and School Requisites	145	4	9
Medical Expenses	124	5	1
Excursions and Travelling	78	2	4
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	26	2	11
Gardening and Sundries	39	6	10
	8,977	18	6
,, Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	614	19	1
,, Repairs, Alterations and Insurance	932	13	10
,, Poor and General Rates	182	2	9
	10,707	14	2
,, New Buildings, and Furniture and Fittings, including Steam Laundry, Bakery, Boys' Covered Playground, Tar Paving, &c.	4,995	13	4
	15,703	7	6
,, Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1886	2,530	4	0
	£18,233	11	6

	£	s.	d.
By Donations:—			
General	5,757	6	10
Boxes and Books	1,311	8	7
Services of Song (less expenses)	448	6	0
	7,517	1	5
,, Legacies	7,362	4	1
,, Annual Subscriptions	279	17	0
,, Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs and Insurance)	958	10	4
	16,117	12	10
,, Donations—Girls' Orphanage Building Fund	643	11	5
	16,761	4	3
,, Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1885	1,472	7	3
	£18,233	11	6

Audited and found correct, this 11th day of June, 1886.

W. IZARD, 61, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES, 32, Moorgate Street, E.C. } *Auditors.*

JOSEPH PASSMORE,
HENRY SMITH,
JAMES A. SPURGEON, *Acting Treasurer,* } *Trustees.*

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

God's Willingness to Bless Saints and Sinners.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have been pleading with God. Prayer after prayer has knocked at heaven's gate, entreating for the conversion of souls, and the upbuilding of the church. I have no doubt that our prayer has been, in itself, acceptable with God, through Jesus Christ. It is in itself a form of worship to which our gracious God hath much respect. The golden vials of the elders before the throne are said to be full of odours, which are the prayers of saints. Prayer is typified by sweet incense, because God delights in it. He loves to see our desires for the accomplishment of his purposes. It is very pleasing to a father, as you who are parents can testify, to see his child in full sympathy with him, and anxious to help him in his work. Though he can do but little, and that little feebly and faultily, yet his eagerness to work with his father, and for his father, gives his father joy. Even thus does our heavenly Father take pleasure in us, and in our desires for his glory. "Thou didst well in that it was in thine heart," said the Lord to David, even when he did not accept what David proposed to do; and I believe there may be glory brought to God, not only by those prayers which are manifestly answered, but by those which for wise reasons the good Lord is pleased to lay on one side. We are nothing better than children even in prayer, and therefore it is not every request that is wise; but yet we are children, and therefore the cries which come from our hearts touch the heart of our great Father in heaven. Our desires that souls may be saved, and that the church may prosper, are so much in accordance with the mind of God that they must be a sweet savour unto him. Therefore, brethren, let us pray on as long as breath remains. If prayer pleaseth God, it should always please us.

There are two things, however, which sometimes puzzle us. One is, *to see a child of God anxious to bring others to Christ, and perseveringly using the ordained means, and yet success is not given him,* and men

are not brought to Jesus; at least, they are not brought in such numbers as the eager worker desired and expected. Strange sight! Are we really more anxious to save souls than God himself is? It would be a marvellous spectacle if it were actually the case! It certainly looks so. This is the appearance upon the surface. Our earnest spirits long for the salvation of men. If we could save them, we would save them at once. If it were possible for us, when we speak, to convince and convert every sinner within hearing, it should be done. It looks for the moment as though we were more merciful than the All-merciful, more compassionate than he of whom it is written, "God is love"! Ah, my brethren, it only seems to be so: we humbly ask pardon for yielding to the illusion even for an instant! It is our ignorance of our own hearts which makes us think ourselves so supremely kind and loving. Somewhat of pride mingles with this fond conceit of our own goodness. I fear that, if we were weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, it would be found that we do not possess all that agonizing pity which we suppose ourselves to possess. Too often our compassion shows itself in spasms, and is not a matter of fixed principle. Our zeal comes and goes: but if we felt it as intensely as we think we do, or as intensely always as we do sometimes, then we might have more reason for our complaining and wondering. For the present, we may rather blush for ourselves than complain of our God. We have not yet done all that lies in our power, and therefore we have no ground upon which to complain of our God.

If we are disappointed about our success in Christ's work, what shall we say? Shall we not first look for the cause within ourselves? From observation and experience, I have learned to look very hopefully upon dissatisfaction and anguish when they are seen in Christian workers. It gives me no sorrow to see my brethren unhappy and miserable because others are not saved. It would be a far sadder thing to see them useless and yet contented. If ever I have been satisfied with what I have done for the Lord, I have invariably found my service to prove barren. Pangs go with birth, and anguish precedes success. So far as I am able to judge, it does not seem that the Lord can wisely bless people who are satisfied with themselves, and with their own efforts. It would not be safe to trust the conceited with any large measure of success: they might be injured for life by such honour. Certainly God himself would have small honour, for the individual would steal every bit of it, and wear it himself. When you get to feel, "I am not satisfied, for God is not blessing me as I long to be blessed, and therefore I fear something must be hindering the blessing"; then you are advancing towards a right condition—a condition favourable to success. The Lord is always willing to bless us up to the measure of our fitness to be blessed; and sometimes it is absolutely necessary that we should be distressed, broken-hearted, and brought to an agony of prayer, before we can hold the choice gift of the God of grace. I am sure it is so. We are straitened in ourselves. Our own unfitness turns aside the divine benediction. The Lord will have us know the value of the blessing before he gives it to us; and he will also have us know our own inability, apart from his Holy Spirit, to perform any good work, or bring forth any holy fruit. Our God takes care always to have

security that, if he works a great work by us, we shall not appropriate the glory of it to ourselves. He brings us down lower and lower in our own esteem, until we feel that we are nothing at all, and then he condescends to use us. Some trumpets are so stuffed with self that God cannot blow through them. Some pitchers are too full of their own muddy water for God to pour the water of life into them. However much we may wish for a blessing, God will not set the seal of his blessing to work which is begun and carried on in the power of self.

Besides this, the Lord wants us to be more thoroughly in sympathy with himself. He has two designs in making use of us in his service, not only to save souls, but also to bless us as the instruments of such salvation. There are always two edges to God's sword; so that, while he kills sin in the hearer, he strikes a blow at sin in the preacher also. God has a way of killing two birds with one stone; or, if I may use such an expression, of making two birds alive with one quickening word. He has a way of blessing the very channel through which the blessing comes, as well as the people who receive the blessing. It was grace to the Gentiles to be preached to; but Paul called it "grace" to be permitted to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. The Lord intends to educate us by non-success as well as by success, and therefore he causes us to sigh and cry until his Spirit puts forth his power.

It is a natural law in the spiritual world that joy is not born without sorrow. We must travail in birth before Christ will be formed in men's hearts. There is no reaping in joy without a previous sowing in tears. As Christ himself suffered to make us blest, so, in our measure, must we endure pain of heart in order to give men peace of mind. We must die that others may live. We must agonize that the tempted may rest. We must mourn that mourners may rejoice. It is a noble thing for a Christian man to act as a priest before the Lord, and, in a certain manner, to take upon himself the sins of the people, confessing them as though they were his own, and mourning over men's hardness of heart as though it were his own hardness of heart. We do well to take the sinner's place in prayer even as our Lord took that place in sacrifice. It is ours to lay ourselves before God, and cry out of the depths of our souls, as Moses did, "If thou wilt forgive their sin ——; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." Moses was now in a prepared state to see the nation saved. Some try to make out that Moses did not mean what he said, but he did mean it, and the Lord did not rebuke him for excess of zeal or unguardedness of speech. Remember that, for speaking unadvisedly with his lips on another occasion, Moses was shut out of the land of promise, yet for this language he received no check whatever, but prevailed with the Lord to turn away his anger from Israel. He felt in the compassion of his soul much more than could be justified by reasoning in cool blood, even as Paul did when he wrote, "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." If you ever reach such a state of compassion, you will feel ready, if it were possible, as it were, to put your own soul in pawn for the souls of others; and you will express yourself in words which others may call fanatical. When it comes to that pass with you, the Lord will hear you. If you cannot live without a blessing, you shall not live without

it. He who weeps for souls shall before long weep for joy. When we live men will live; when we are quickened to fulness of life the living waters shall flow out of us. Perhaps we have to reach a higher point of grace and love before we shall receive the fulness of the blessing. At any rate, I put the case very strongly, on purpose that you may see the wrongfulness of the supposition that the fault of our non-success lies with the Lord. It cannot be that God is less willing for men to be saved than we are; it cannot be that we have outrun love itself on its own ground. We cry, "Arm of the Lord, awake!" and he replies, "Awake, awake, O Zion!" The slumber is with us, and not with him. We must not think that the Lord has set a barrier in the way of our efforts, but we must be encouraged to feel that, if we love the souls of men, the Lord must love them more; and that, if we would do anything and everything in our power to secure their salvation, we may depend upon it that the Lord is not slack in grace.

A second matter equally causes a difficulty in people's minds, and that is, *to see sinners more willing to be saved than God is to save them.* I have often seen this to be the case *apparently.* Apparently, I say, for it could never be really so. According to the statement of the anxious, it is the case; but their statements are born of confusion, and not of the truth. It cannot be that a sinner should be eager for reconciliation, and the Lord be hard to bring to terms. Did you ever hear of a flock of sheep in the Highlands travelling all over the hills, and roaming down the glens, trying to find their shepherd? Have you seen reports in the newspapers of the efforts made by lost sheep to discover their shepherd, when he has been buried in the snow, and needed to be dug out? You smile, but the parable is to the point. I have observed several singular facts in natural history, but I have never heard of anything so remarkable as sheep seeking out their shepherd, and tracking his wandering footsteps in the cloudy and dark day. Yet that is what we might expect if it be true that sinners seek after the Lord Jesus, and cannot find him. They say, "I have sought the Lord, and he has not been found of me; I have cried to him in prayer, and he has not regarded me. Alas, I have hungered and thirsted for Christ, but he is not willing that I should enjoy him!" What singular spectacles! A sheep seeking its straying shepherd! A piece of money searching for its mistress! A prodigal son rejoicing over his lost father! The supposition is altogether too absurd. Is it not? Can it be that, in this race of love, you, a poor, dead sinner, have outstripped the living Saviour? We sometimes sing—

> "No sinner can be beforehand with thee,
> Thy grace is most sovereign, most rich, and most free";

and I believe it. If I were to see a needle running across a table all by itself, I should know that under the table a magnet was at work out of sight. When I see a sinner running after Christ, I feel certain that divine love is drawing him: the cords may be invisible, but we are quite sure that they are there. If you are seeking Christ, it is because he is seeking you. The desire for grace is caused by the very grace which we desire. You must not dare to charge the Lord Jesus with unwillingness to save, seeing he has laid down his life to prove his

eagerness to redeem. No, it is not possible that there can be any backwardness with the Saviour: the backwardness lies with you. Get rid of the unbelieving and dishonouring notion that Jesus is unwilling to forgive, and at once throw yourself into his arms. He thirsts to bless men: it is his meat and his drink in this respect to do the will of him that sent him. You are being drawn by his loving hands, those warm desires for salvation are created in you by his Holy Spirit: believe this, and thus recognise the bond which unites you to the Lord; by faith that bond will become consciously stronger from day to day. Trust wholly in Jesus, and the work is done. Trust him simply; trust him solely; trust him without hesitation, and you are saved.

It is remarkable that very often the most common-place things that we say in our preaching strike attention and convey blessing. An evangelist, some time ago, while he was explaining faith, took up a book, and handed it to a friend. "Now," said he to his friend, "suppose this to be salvation: I freely present it to you. Have you got it?" "Yes, I have it." "How did you get it? Did you buy it? Did you work for it? Did you make it?" "No, you gave it to me, and I took it." "I gave it to you, and you took it"; and that is how we receive salvation from the Lord. He gives it to us freely, and we take it by faith: that is all. Did the friend wash his hands, or put on kid-gloves, before he took the book? No. If he had done so, he would not more surely have received the book: his hand did very well just as it was. It is just so with the gift of God. If a very poor man asks you to help him, and you offer him a shilling, he does not say, "Please, sir, I cannot accept your money, for I am not dressed in good enough clothes." He is not so foolish: he asks no questions, but gladly takes what is freely given. Even so, let us accept Christ as the gift of God. The worse we are, the more we need Jesus; and the more unprepared for Christ we seem, the more prepared we are for him, in the unquestionable sense that need is the best preparation for receiving charity. When the housewife looks out the linen for the laundry, she does not say, "This garment is too dirty to be washed." No, no. As she looks over the household linen, there may be a piece or two so little soiled that she questions whether she shall send them to be washed; but if one piece is worse than the rest, she is quite sure that it is fit to go, and she puts it without a question into the bag. Oh, my sinful friend, your sinfulness is the reason why you should go to Christ for cleansing! Did you ever know a man stop away from dinner because he was hungry? Did you ever say, "I must not drink because I am thirsty"? Do men say, "When I am not quite so thirsty, then I will drink; when I am not quite so faint, then I will eat"? Does any sick man say, "I am so ill that I shall not send for a doctor till I am better"? We do not talk in this fashion about other matters; then why do we talk so about our souls? Jesus Christ asks nothing of us except that we will receive him; and he presents himself to us freely. We say, "There is nothing freer than a gift," so there is nothing freer than the grace of God. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Jesus and his salvation are matters of pure gift; then why will you not have them? Do you say, "Oh, that we might receive them"? Do you still say that you are more willing to receive than God is to give, when God has already given, and you have not received? You know the message of the king who had invited many guests to his son's wedding-feast,—"Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage." It was pitiful that everything should be prepared, and yet the guests should not come. My good sister, how would you feel if you had invited your friends to see you, and then, when everything was ready, you found that nobody came to partake of your feast? Would you not cry, "What am I to do? Here is everything ready, but no one to eat it!" One thing, however, would be clear, nobody could say that you were unwilling that they should come. All things are ready, and everything will be spoiled if there are no guests: the hostess longs to see every seat at the table filled. Jesus himself, that great provision of God, will be of no use if sinners do not come to him to be saved: the substitutionary sacrifice will be an eternal waste if men are not redeemed thereby: the provisions of atoning love will be a superfluity if the guilty do not come and partake of them. "My oxen and my fatlings are killed. Then, if nobody comes to the wedding, all my preparations will be in vain." The king must have guests for his feast, and therefore he said to his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." When this was done, and there was still room, he said to his servant, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." A mingled company sat down to the feast. You fancy that they appeared very odd and out of place. Poor people, picked from the streets, how would they appear at a royal table feasting upon dainties? Ah, you make a great mistake if you imagine that they looked to be a motley crew! The spectacle was magnificent: they were all dressed as ladies and gentlemen, for they had put on wedding-garments furnished by the giver of the banquet. As they sat at table they looked like courtiers, for they were all dressed in robes worthy of the great occasion. They hardly knew themselves, or one another. One of them would look across the table to a man who used to be his companion in poverty, and he would say, "Is that you?" And the other would reply, "It is and it is not. I have undergone a great change. I have put off my rags, and I am covered with beauty." If you come to Christ, the poorest of you shall be made to sit among princes. You, who are covered with leprosy and pollution, may come just as you are, and the Lord will welcome you, will heal you, and bid you be at home at his table, where fat things full of marrow prove the splendour of his love. Come to Jesus, and see if it be not so.

Some of you seem to me like the poor dogs that go about muzzled; if there is a bone you cannot get at it. It seems as if the devil had muzzled some of you, so that you dare not take the good things of the gospel to yourselves. O Lord, be pleased to take the muzzles off these poor dogs! Oh, that they could but get a taste of what the Lord has prepared for them that love him! You may have any and every gospel

blessing if you dare to take it. Make a dash for it. Believe that Jesus Christ is able to save you. Trust him, and he has saved you

Do you say that you will not now believe, but will wait till your own heart is better, and you feel more inward encouragement? How foolish! You will wait in vain. Did you ever hear of the deaf man who waited to hear the ticking of a sun-dial? He was as wise a man as you are. Cease to look within, and begin to look up. Jesus saves all those who trust him to save them. End all questions and delays, and *be saved at once.*

Lord's Supper Hymn.

ONCE more within thy house, O Lord,
Our willing feet are found;
And at this solemn, quiet hour,
Thy table we surround.

We come, unworthy as we are,
Attentive to thy voice;
For thee we love, and, loving thee,
Obedience is our choice.

Can we forget those words of thine—
"Do this, and think of me"?
Words spoken on the mournful night
Of thy sore agony?

Can we forget the upper room
Where thou thine own didst meet?
The singing of the vesper hymn?
The washing of the feet?

Can we forget the mighty love
That led to Calvary,
Where thou didst suffer, bleed and die
For sinners such as we?

No! with these symbols of thy love
Before our very eyes,
We must remember thee, dear Lord,
And thy great sacrifice.

And, as we thus remember thee,
Our hearts within us burn
To give some token of our love
In grateful, glad return.

We would our warmest praises bring,
And here we would renew
Our vow to be for ever thine,
And in thy service true.

Oh! grant us grace our vow to keep
Until we come to die,
And show thy precious death until
Thou comest from on high!

Berkhampsted. J. FRANCIS SMYTHE.

The Primitive Methodist Preacher in Court.

IN the early days of Primitive Methodism, under the labours of one of our veteran missionaries, a notoriously bad character was converted. Quite in harmony with the custom of those times, he soon began preaching. On one occasion, he had a large crowd of people gathered by the wayside, and to these he preached Jesus. An officious constable came up, and took our friend into custody. The news spread like wildfire that old Tom was locked up for preaching. Had it been said that it was for poaching no one would have doubted it, but his preaching gave quite a different character to the affair. On the following morning the court was crowded to hear the trial. The charge was read over, and the prisoner was asked what he had to say in reply. Now this man had been in that dock so often that he did not feel at all concerned; he seemed quite at home. Very quietly folding his arms, he addressed the magistrates to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen, do you mean business?"

"Business! Business! Of course we do."

"Well, gentlemen, please excuse me; but if you mean business, allow me to say that of late a great change has come over me, and I never now commence any business without first praying about it: if you please, we'll pray."

He did not wait to know whether they pleased or not, but with all the fervour of a new convert poured out his soul in prayer. All in the court and on the magistrates' bench were deeply moved, and some to tears. But he prayed rather long, and good as it was, they thought he might now close; so the presiding magistrate said, in an undertone:

"That will do; just stop him."

The constable, shaking our friend's sleeve, said, "Stop"; but he prayed away. Pulling his sleeve yet more vigorously, he said, "Stop, man, stop!" but he prayed with increasing fervour.

One of the magistrates saw one of our preachers in the body of the court, and calling to him, said, "Mr. ——, you come and stop him." But our dear old brother enjoyed this novel prayer-meeting too much to be induced to stop it; so he replied, loudly enough for all to hear:

"Nay, nay, you've started him; I can't stop him."

However, our friend in the dock drew his devotions to a close, stood upon his feet, and again folding his arms, said, with becoming meekness:

"Now, gentlemen, if you please, I am quite ready for business."

The prisoner was ordered into the ante-room while the case was considered. One of the magistrates, moved to tears, said:

"We have often had this man before us, but never under such circumstances. If this is a sample of the work achieved by the Primitive Methodists, I wish them success wherever they go."

It did not take them long to decide that he had broken no law, and therefore they would very gladly acquit him.

"Well, gentlemen," said an officer of the court, "shall we call him in, and say he is acquitted?"

"What! What! Call him in? No, never, or you'll have him on his knees, returning thanks. Let him go out at a side door; but tell him he is fully at liberty to carry on his good work."

Hymns for Children.

Second Paper.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

SOME people have supposed that it is only during the last century, or thereabouts, that Christians have recognized the claims of the young upon them for religious instruction; but that is a great mistake. English Puritans were, as the Scotch Presbyterians are still, careful and systematic catechizers. But in the case of the former, the catechizing extended only to the households and to the families of the congregation. There was no promiscuous assembly of children and youth as in our Sunday-schools. As for hymns, singing was not sufficiently recognized as an important part of public worship, and in the case of some congregations it was entirely omitted; so that hymns for children were not likely to be written.

It was not so in Germany. From the beginning of the Reformation the voice of Christian life in song had its full utterance in Germany; and if we do not find among the compositions of that early date any hymns of the style of

"Here we suffer grief and pain,"

and

"There is a happy land,"

there were not a few which were adapted to the young, as was proved by the extent to which the children appropriated and sang them.

Luther, who may be justly described as the restorer of congregational psalmody, wrote the first hymn for children in the Reformation period. It was written for his son Hans, then five years old. As Hans was born in 1526, the hymn must have been written in 1531, though it was not published until 1535. Luther annually observed the custom, which still prevails in Germany, of setting apart Christmas Eve for pleasant intercourse with his family. There was a Christmas tree with its various gifts and lighted candles. The gifts were distributed, much in the same way as is done now, and the time filled up, as we fear it is not very often now, with the singing of hymns and conversation concerning the Incarnation. It was for this purpose, as Miss Winkworth tells us, in the preface to Lyra Germanica, that Luther composed this first hymn of the Reformation for the young. It was drawn from Luke ii. Those who wish to see it at length, and to use the melody to which it was set in 1543, may find both hymn and music in "The Hymns of Martin Luther, with Music."* We can give only two or three verses:—

"From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.

To you, this night is born a child,
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This tender child of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

*Hodder and Stoughton, 1884.

'Tis Christ our God, who far on high
Had heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free."

The hymn extends to fifteen verses, and is well sustained all through. The following verse is full of sweet and tender thought :—

"Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Here in my poor heart's inmost shrine,
That I may evermore be thine."

There is a glad and joyous ending :—

"My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle song :—

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given,
While angels sing, with pious mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth."

It is said that, in these family rejoicings in Luther's happy home, he would make a man, dressed like an angel, sing the first seven verses, and then the children would respond with the eighth and remaining verses :—

"Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!"

Many instances are recorded of the aged as well as the young loving to sing this simple and beautiful hymn, and of some singing it in their dying hours.

Paul Gerhardt's beautiful hymn on the Crucifixion, though not written specially for the young, has been a great favourite with many of the young people in Germany :—

"Oh, world! behold upon the tree
Thy life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields his dying breath;
The mighty Prince of Glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death."

It was of this hymn the celebrated Dr. Bengel, author of the Gnomon of the New Testament, wrote in his diary, 11th March, 1742 :—"To-day, when we sang 'Oh, world! behold upon the tree,' I thought to myself this is for you, for you belong to the world; you also may behold, and whoever beholds Christ on the cross, at once belongs no more to the world, for he cannot be earthly and worldly-minded any more.'"

The teacher of an infant-school, having told the little ones very affectionately of the history of Christ's sufferings, and having taught them some verses of this hymn, one little boy, five years old, was especially impressed thereby. His father was a wicked and reckless man, but there was a little of the father left in him after all. The little fellow so laid to heart the lessons and facts of the hymn, that for several nights he lay crying in his bed. When at length the father asked him why he cried so, he replied by repeating the fourth verse of the hymn :—

"I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony;
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by thee."

The father was deeply moved, and it led to a beneficial change in his life and character.

There is a very touching and simple hymn in Lyra Germanica.

"FOR A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

"Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And his lamb by name doth call,
For he knows and loves us all."

The hymn lets us into the inner life of the author, and may be adduced as a proof of the remark that some of the most beautiful and touching of our hymns for children have been written by women. The writer of the above, Henrietta Louisa von Hayn, was herself a subject of divine grace when very young. When quite a child the Holy Spirit began his good work in her soul. She delighted much in secret prayer and communion with the Saviour. At the age of twenty she joined the Moravians, and for twenty years she fed the lambs of Christ's flock as governess to the girls' schools at Herrnhaag and Herrnhut. She led many to the Saviour; and it was for these she composed this hymn. From 1766, until her death, 27th August, 1782, she was matron of the institution for unmarried sisters at Herrnhut. Many of her hymns are in the Moravian Hymn Book. Her death was peaceful and happy. She frequently said, "Oh, how happy I am, through the hope of eternal life! This helps me through all troubles and fears."

Nothing in the shape of a hymn can be more simple, more beautiful, and more sweet than the second verse of the above hymn:—

"Guided by his gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need;
When I thirst, my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs."

It is recorded of many godly children, some very young, that they frequently sang and prayed in the words of this hymn, not only when sick and near to death, but when in health. One dear child died at Eisenach, early in this century, who was visited on her dying bed by several of her young friends. She was only five years of age, but she had become a lamb of the flock of Jesus. The child visitors sang this hymn around the cot of their little friend, amid many tears. They came to the third verse:—

"Must I not rejoice in this?
He is mine, and I am his;
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven;
Ah, what joy has Jesus given!"

when the dying child joined in the singing, being full of joy and peace, and wishing soon to depart to her Saviour, for which she had not long to wait.

Mention may be made here of one, who in very early life was converted to God, and who, after suffering imprisonment and many hardships, attained her desire by joining the Moravians at Herrnhut. This was Anna Schindler, the youngest daughter of Thomas Schindler, a farmer in Moravia. Anna died young, having been a short time the wife of John Leonard Dober, who occupied an important office as general elder of the Moravian Church, at home and abroad. Her hymn, contained in the New Congregational Hymn Book, and in several other English collections:—

"Holy Lamb, who thee receive,"

was written to be sung at a children's school feast, and was rendered into English by John Wesley. She died 12th December, 1739.

But we must not pass over more recent writers, especially in our own land.

One of the earliest—the very first that the writer remembers to have learned—of the modern style of hymns for children, is the one hymn written by Thomas Bilby, who, fifty years ago, was so closely associated with the modern system of infant-school teaching. Everybody has heard and sung:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

He died at the age of seventy-eight, in 1872. We remember meeting him in the old city of Norwich, about thirty years before.

Another ever-popular hymn, which, once heard with the fine tune with which it has ever been associated, can never be forgotten, is,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

Its author was Mr. Young, then master of Niddry School. Some composer had set to English words a song which the Hindu palanquin-bearers sing as they go on their way with their burden. The burden of the song was, "There is a happy land, where care's unknown," and it became very popular. This song was sung by a lady in Edinburgh, in the hearing of Mr. Young. He was much touched by the beauty of the music, and by the opening words of the song, and he composed the well-known hymn to suit the music. The influence under which he wrote must have been more than an ordinary inspiration, for the hymn combines, to a degree unsurpassable, simplicity and sweetness, truth and fervour. It has doubtless won, and cheered, and helped heavenward, hundreds if not thousands. Before the hymn was a quarter of a century old, it had been translated into almost every known language. Who has not been cheered by its glowing and heart-inspiring words—and tune? Who, of all the followers of Jesus, young or old, has not felt the burden grow lighter, and the heart stronger, as the sweet words have fallen on the ear, or welled up from the heart?—

"Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

On, then, to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye."

Many a dear child in the rude back-chamber of a country cottage, and many a poor forlorn and wasted form in the dirty garret of some dwelling in a London court or alley, have doubtless sung themselves into the kingdom by means of this beautiful hymn. More honoured is the man or woman who writes such a hymn than those whose nobility is in a name, their riches in gold, and their glory in a sparkling coronet.

In any work, or even in the smallest paper, on hymns for children, the names of Ann and Jane Taylor ought ever to be found. Ann became Mrs. Gilbert, and passed away only twenty years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-four. Jane has been dead about sixty-two years, ending her valuable life, and closing her wonderfully successful labours, at the somewhat early age of forty-one. The sisters were associated in their earlier productions, while they yet laboured with their father, who was a celebrated engraver, as well as an acceptable Congregational minister. Perhaps Jane's productions in verse have become the more popular, because the more simple.

"Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod ;
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God,"

has, no doubt, helped some to a right decision.

We sometimes hear, in Sunday-school and other addresses to the young, and some children's hymns are not free from it, the Pharisaic sentiment of the exhortation, "Be a good child, and then God will love you" ; but we find nothing of this in Jane Taylor. She meets the difficulties of an anxious child, who feels how hard it is to turn from sin when sin besets him round about, and how hard it is to do that which is right, when within him is so much that is wrong. Take this hymn, not so well-known as some :—

"What is there, Lord, a child can do
That feels with guilt oppressed ?
There's evil that I never knew
Before within my breast.

My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise ;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

* * * * *

I feel there is no strength in me
To do that work* alone ;
But, Lord, I come, and look to thee,
To change this heart of stone."

Never, perhaps, has the child's need of a Saviour, and God's provision for his salvation in the life and death of Christ as the sinner's

* The melting of the hard heart.

substitute, been more clearly, and simply, and scripturally set forth, than in her

"Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die," &c.

It was Miss Taylor's practice, in writing a child's hymn, to close her eyes, and, imagining some little immortal before her, to write as to the imaginary little one. When she could keep up this imagination, she always succeeded with the hymn she was writing.

A very excellent hymn for children was written by Dr. Ryland, then of Northampton, for the little daughter of the great Andrew Fuller. The reader will find the story of the hymn and the child in a tract entitled "Little Sarah," in the "Seek Me Early Series" of the Religious Tract Society. The hymn is full of gospel truth simply set forth :—

"Lord, teach a little child to pray," &c.

The writer always associates the beautiful hymn :—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,"

with a genteel residence, embowered in trees, in the parish where he commenced his public ministry, because its author, Mrs. Luke, when a little girl, lived there with her father, Mr. Thomson. She is still living, but he has gone home. The hymn was composed in a stage-coach, in 1841, for the village-school near her father's seat in Somersetshire. She says, "I never wrote another hymn that appeared worth preserving."

A writer of beautiful hymns for children has lately passed away to join in the songs of the ransomed above. We allude to Mr. Paxton Hood, whose "Sing a Hymn to Jesus" has awakened sweet melody in many a heart.

But our paper must end, though there are very many whose hymns we had marked for notice.

"Hymns for Children" ought always to suggest the name of the late Rev. John Curwen. We owe him a large debt. Let us try at least to pay it by aiming ever to associate the songs of the Sunday-school with the psalmody of the church. That was one of his aims; and one of very great importance, too often overlooked in the unreasonable zeal of those who clamour for such productions as :—

"Hold the fort,"

"Sweeping through the gates," and

"There is a gate which stands *ajar*,'

which last *jars* with good taste, right sentiment, sound sense, and correct English. Mr. G. T. Congreve, in his "Gems of Song," has deserved well; so has the Sunday School Union, in some of its Sunday-school hymn-books: but we must accord the palm of excellence, among all we have seen, to "Psalms and Hymns for School and Home," edited by J. T. Wigner. God teach us all to sing with the heart, and with the understanding; and, so singing, as the ransomed of the Lord, may we reach the heavenly Zion, there to sing unto him who hath loved us, for ever and ever!

"Physician, Heal thyself!"

THE Maori, like every other aboriginal people with whom we have come in contact, learn our vices faster than our virtues. They have been ruined physically, they have been demoralized in character, by drink. They love their poison, and their grateful remembrance of the missionaries has taken the form of attributing the precious acquisition to them. "Missionaries good men," they say, "brought three excellent things with them—gunpowder, rum, and tobacco." One need not defend the missionaries against having brought either the one or the other; but it is true that, both in New Zealand and elsewhere, the drink has followed them, as their shadow. They have opened the road, and the speculative traders have come in behind them, and they have fought in vain against the appetite when it has been once created. The Maori do not distinguish between the use and the abuse, and they have humour in them, as a story shows which Mr. F—— told me. A missionary and a chief, whose name I think was Tekoi—it will do, at any rate—were intimate friends. The chief had great virtues: he was brave, he was true, he was honest—but he could not resist rum. Many times the missionary found him drunk, and at last said to him, "Tekoi, good man, I love you much. Do not drink fire water. If you do, Tekoi, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health, and in the end your life. Nay, Tekoi, worse than that, you will lose your immortal soul." Tekoi listened with stony features. He went away. Days passed, and weeks and months, and the missionary saw no more of him. It seemed, however, that he was not far off, and was biding his time. About a year after, one stormy night, the missionary, who had been out upon his rounds, came home drenched and shivering. The fire burnt bright, the room was warm; the missionary put on dry clothes, had his supper, and felt comfortable. He bethought himself that, if he was to make sure of escaping cold, a glass of hot whisky-punch before he went to bed would not be inexpedient. His Maori servant brought in the kettle. The whisky bottle came out of the cupboard, with the sugar and lemons. The fragrant mixture was compounded, and just at his lips, when the door opened, a tattooed face looked in, a body followed, and there stood Tekoi. "Little father," he said, "do not drink fire water. If you drink fire water, little father, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health. Perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose—but that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul, I will drink it myself."—*From "Oceana; or, England and her Colonies." By James Anthony Froude.*

A Soft Answer turneth away Wrath.

WHEN Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury, because he was convinced that it had been illegally chosen, to favour the Protector, the latter was highly displeased with him; and when Sir Matthew returned from the circuit, Cromwell told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge; to which all the answer that he made was, *that it was very true.*

Chrysostom.*

I.—HIS LIFE AT ANTIOCH.

THE career of the great Christian orator, John Chrysostom, extended from the middle of the fourth to the beginning of the fifth century. It was a stormy period. Eight emperors strode across the stage of government, and vanished, most of them by violent deaths. Christianity, established by Constantine a quarter of a century before Chrysostom was born, lived a life of doubtful advantage in the sickly warmth of imperial favour, alternated with the shade of neglect or persecution, when the emperor for the time being chanced to be an apostate or a Pagan. But it had long emerged from its privacy. It had made its power felt throughout the empire, and had touched the wild and remote regions of Armenia and Iberia, had penetrated to the land of the Magi, to Arabia, Ethiopia, Abyssinia, and India, and had even thrown its influence over the barbarous Goths. Its worship was carried on no longer in the secrecy of night, and in dismal catacombs, but in rich basilicas and in metropolitan churches; and broad day shone on its stately bishops and archbishops, to whom even emperors paid respect, and sometimes penance.

Antioch, the place of Chrysostom's birth, was the third city in the Roman world. It was wealthy and prosperous, and had a population of 200,000. Great roads connected it with Constantinople in the west, Alexandria in the south, and the richest cities of the Euphrates in the east. Its beautiful river Orontes, which, like our own babbling Wye, flowed and plunged between precipitous wooded banks on its way to the sea, partially encircled the city with its loveliness and freshness. Its luxury and gaiety, and its magnificent colonnade of four miles running the whole length of the city, made it the Paris of the ancient world.

It was in this gay and beautiful city, the Queen of the East, where the disciples of Christ had first received the name of Christians, that John, afterwards surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouthed, was born in or about the year 347. We propose to trace here the story of his life at Antioch, reserving for a second paper the period in which he filled the archiepiscopal throne at Constantinople, and the sad, yet glorious close of his life. The materials of our sketch are derived from Mr. Bush's "Life and Times of Chrysostom," which is in every way an admirable book. Chrysostom's father, who was a general in the imperial army, died soon after his birth, and his gifted young mother, Anthusa, who was scarcely more than twenty when she was left a widow, resolved not to marry again, but to devote her whole energies to the training of her son. Like Monica, the mother of Augustine, she was a Christian, and was deeply anxious that her son should devote himself to the Saviour. He studied under Libanius, the greatest rhetorician of the day, who, on his death-bed, said he would have desired Chrysostom to be his successor if the Christians had not stolen him. He was thus

* The Life and Times of Chrysostom. By the Rev. R. Wheler Bush, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

prepared in a school of heathen eloquence to become a preacher of the gospel.

Leaving the school he entered the courts of law as an advocate. He was only eighteen, but his speeches were listened to with admiration, and his oratorical powers and brilliant abilities soon procured him a high reputation. A prospect of fame and wealth opened out before him, but becoming pained and disquieted at the low tone of morality that prevailed in the law courts, he renounced that which seemed gain to him to devote himself to some quiet career more favourable to holiness of life.

In this course he was encouraged by his dearly-loved friend Basil, who had already taken the still more pronounced step of self-dedication to monastic life, a state of existence peculiarly attractive in that vicious age to men who longed after purity and devotion. The cells of the hermits on the hills outside the city, where young men gave themselves to prayer, study, and self-denial, formed a strong and winning contrast to the luxury and dissoluteness of the city; and, although the monastic idea was a weak and mistaken view of the great career to which Christ had called his followers, and was rather a fleeing from than a grappling with the evil of the world, we cannot withhold our sympathy from the earnest spiritual aspiration that lay at the bottom of it.

Chrysostom now gave himself to the reading of the Scriptures and to prayer, and after three years' study of the doctrines of Christianity under Meletius, the Bishop of Antioch, he was baptized by him in 369 or 370, and was appointed "reader" in the church. He was now twenty-three years of age.

His inclination to follow Basil in the monastic life was very strong; and for a time he seemed bent on leaving the city for a hermit's cell, but his mother's pleadings prevailed to keep him. "When she perceived that this was my intention," he says, "she took me by the right hand, and led me into her own private chamber. She made me sit down beside her, and unlocked the fountain of tears, adding thereto words more piteous far than tears; and such was the burden of woe that she poured forth to me:—'It was for no long time, my son, that I was permitted to enjoy thy father's excellent nobility of soul. God willed it so, for his death followed hard upon thy birth, and brought down untimely orphanhood on thee, untimely widowhood on me. . . . I beg of thee one sign of gratitude, that thou wouldest not involve me in a second widowhood, nor stir up again the grief that begins already to be lulled in sleep; only wait for the time of my departure; and when thou hast given my body to the earth, and mingled my bones with the bones of thy father, then set forth. But until I have breathed my last breath, suffer the abiding with me; and rush not blindly on an offence against God, by involving in such miseries thy mother who hath never done thee wrong.'"

He yielded to her entreaties so far as to consent to remain at home, but he turned the home practically into a monastery, practising rigid asceticism, sleeping on the ground, rising frequently for prayer, and keeping almost unbroken silence. A story of his influence over his friend Theodore, shows the strong bias for monasticism which possessed him at that time, and indeed throughout his life. Theodore was his

fellow-pupil under Libanius, and had forsaken a career of worldly distinction for a "religious," *i.e.* an ascetic, life. But another attraction drew him in a contrary direction. He was engaged to a young lady, Hermione, and his love for her made his resolution to waver. Chrysostom wrote to him with fervent remonstrances, and denounced his instability in burning words; finally, Theodore yielded, tore himself from Hermione, and left her to weep, while he gave himself to the "superior sanctity" of the monastery. He afterwards became the Bishop of Mopsuestia. This is only one instance out of multitudes in which this false theory of religion lacerated tender hearts, broke sacred engagements, and wrecked human happiness, which was dearer to the God of love than any amount of high-strung and artificial devotion.

Nor did this winding up of the life too high prevent grave error in conduct. To do evil that good might come was a practice that obtained in the Eastern church of that day in the form of deceit, in order to achieve a desirable end. Chrysostom accordingly perpetrated a fraud on his friend Basil, with a view to secure his acceptance of a bishopric. Some vacant bishopries in Syria needed to be filled, and the two friends, who were become famous for learning and piety, heard that they were likely to be selected for the vacancies, and they agreed to act in concert, and either accept or decline the honour when it was offered. Chrysostom, however, had a higher opinion of Basil's fitness than of his own, and secretly resolved that Basil should accept the office which he himself intended to decline. At the critical moment he caused him to be deceived into the belief that he had accepted it. Basil, therefore, reluctantly allowed himself to be appointed. When it was too late to withdraw he discovered the fraud that had been practised upon him, and severely censured his friend. But Chrysostom laughed at his complaints, and defended himself on the ground that he had deceived with a good motive, and with a sure prospect of benefit to the church and the world. This painful episode was the occasion, however, of Chrysostom's work on the Priesthood, which Bishop Burnet pronounced "one of the best pieces of antiquity."

About this time Chrysostom escaped what might have been a serious peril. A severe decree against magic had rendered liable to torture, exile, or death, all persons found in possession of magical books. Soldiers were employed to search for suspected persons, and informers abounded on every hand. Chrysostom was one day walking with a friend in the gardens by the banks of the Orontes, when they saw some leaves of a book floating down the stream. They secured them, and found to their consternation that they were filled with magical symbols. At this critical moment a soldier was seen approaching them. They threw the dangerous leaves back into the river, fortunately without being observed, and so with great thankfulness escaped what might have been a grave danger. But the incident made a deep impression on Chrysostom's mind; and shortly afterwards he carried out the desire that had long smouldered within him, and devoted himself to a monastic life. Four years of this experience left him unrelieved of certain faults which he perceived in himself, and he adopted a still more rigid mode of life. He became an anchorite; inhabited a cave far up the mountain side; practised more rigorous self-denial; lived on a still more sparing

diet; and gave himself less sleep and rest than before. There in his rocky cell, with no companionship, no voice to break the intense silence, he passed two years in mortification, prayer, and meditation. The natural result followed. His health failed, and in his broken constitution were sown the seeds of the irritable temper which afterwards became the occasion of some of his misfortunes; though it is fair to add that the time uninterruptedly devoted to the study of the Scriptures, and of the workings of the human heart, yielded rich fruit in his subsequent labours as a preacher.

Upon his return in shattered health to the city in 381 he was ordained deacon. Meletius died soon afterwards, and his successor, Flavian, ordained Chrysostom in 386 to the office of presbyter, and appointed him to preach twice a week in the principal church. He had now arrived at his peculiar life-work. The church became crowded; the congregation audibly applauded the burning words of the preacher; and so closely were the people packed together that pickpockets (alas! there is nothing new under the sun) found it a favourable field for plying their craft, and the orator warned his hearers to leave their purses at home. Thus began the twelve years of wonderful power in which the greatest preacher of the age swayed and enthralled the people of Antioch. What sermons they were! As we read them, the daily life of those times is made to pass before us as in a panorama. There is the court with its splendours of costume and cavalcade, and the Emperor in his golden car; there are the princely palaces of the wealthy, with their slaves, their banquets, their musical concerts; there is the hippodrome of the multitude, with the frenzied excitement of the race-course, and the thousands of spectators on the roofs of the houses; there are the games of the arena, the allurements of the theatre, the rope-dancers, jugglers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, buffoons, mountebanks of the streets; there are the grave, long-bearded philosophers; and all are made to give occasion for solemn lesson, and searching home-thrust, and pathetic appeal, and stern rebuke, which often changes the rapturous applause of the hearers into tears of penitence and shame. With all this colour brought from the life around him, few preachers have been richer and more copious in illustration from Scripture. He seemed to know the Bible by heart, and made it ever the foundation rock on which to build up the temple of truth. The vices of the people he held up before them with withering sarcasm, biting irony, and caustic ridicule; he unmasked their secret sins, and lashed them for their offences against the law and against God. And the aim of all was to impress truth deeply in their hearts and consciences, so that the fruits of their faith might be seen in their Christian walk and conversation. Many of his "homilies" which have come down to us—the homilies on Genesis, on Matthew, and John, and the Epistles of Paul, on the obscurity of the Prophets, against the Manicheans, on the incomprehensible nature of God, on the nativity of Christ—date from this period, and show his wonderful versatility and richness of resource.

The most memorable event that occurred during Chrysostom's ministry at Antioch took place in its second year. The Emperor Theodosius levied a subsidy upon the cities of the East to defray certain extra expenses of government, and to meet the cost of the war with Maximus

in the West. This taxation gave rise to a sedition at Antioch. The populace broke loose in riot, attacked the public buildings, and tore down the statues of the Emperor and Empress. The sedition was promptly crushed and its leaders executed. Then occurred the inevitable recoil. The populace fell from the frenzy of tumult to gloomy apprehensions of the Emperor's vengeance. Tidings came that he had resolved to punish the city by taking away its franchise, and razing it to the ground. A panic ensued. The places of amusement were closed, and the people flocked to the churches. Flavian, the bishop, travelled to Constantinople to intercede with the Emperor, and the monks came down from the mountains to remonstrate with the imperial commissioners. In the end, the Emperor remitted his vengeance, and pardoned the city; but while the suspense lasted, the anxiety of the people knew no bounds, and the genius and oratorical power of Chrysostom shone forth with conspicuous lustre. He turned the thoughts of his crowded and anxious audiences from the fear of the wrath of the Emperor to the just and righteous indignation of a holy God, and urged them to repentance, and to prayer for the mercy which awaited broken and contrite hearts. As a result of his preaching great numbers were added to the church, and he found abundant labour in building up the converts in the true faith. When the call to Constantinople reached him he was the most conspicuous figure in Antioch. His fame as a preacher eclipsed that of all his contemporaries. No governor or commander possessed the reputation he enjoyed. His sincerity, his nobleness of character, his straightforward simplicity, his vast energy and high personal piety were universally acknowledged, and he was the idol of the people. He had done more for the well-being of Antioch than any other of its citizens. But this man of slight and attenuated frame, deep-set eyes, wrinkled though ample forehead, hollow cheeks, short grey beard, and eloquent voice, was now to be removed to another scene of labour; the story of that second period of his life must be reserved for another paper. C. A. D.

Idlers Hindering Workers.

SOME visitors to Mentone were passing the stone-quarries just over the Italian frontier, and they paused to look back at the magnificent natural panorama visible from the Pont St. Louis, the noble bridge which forms the boundary between France and Italy. A lad came running to them, bidding them either hurry on or else retire for some distance; for, while they stood where they were, the workmen were unable to proceed with their blasting and boring. Thus are the Lord's quarry-men often hindered by loiterers who are more blameworthy than the Mentone idlers, who were probably doing the right thing in quietly sauntering along beneath the bright blue sky, and stopping to admire the charming views on land and sea. How often have we wanted a policeman to tell these lazy-bones to "move on!" They are doing nothing themselves, which is bad; but their idleness prevents others from working, which is worse.—J. W. H.

Her Cruise Ended.

THE following is taken from the Journal of Providence, Rhode Island:—

"She has disappeared at last. Somewhere in the Bay of Biscay, probably, the ocean-battered hulk of the schooner *Twenty-one Friends* has been swallowed up by the waters, and has found a resting-place at the bottom. Hers has been a long and lonely cruise. Early on the morning of March 23rd, 1885, a year ago, in the dark hour before the dawn, she was struck by a Philadelphia schooner when about 200 miles to the eastward of the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. Her main and mizzen masts were carried away, her foremast and bowsprit were left standing; her crew was rescued, and, waterlogged and abandoned, she lay helpless, to sink when her time should come. The next day a passing vessel made her out still on top of the water. A month later she was 1,200 miles to the north and east of the spot where she was abandoned, having drifted in an almost direct course parallel to the route of the trans-Atlantic steamers. Four months later, having pursued a more erratic course, she crossed and recrossed the track of the steamers, 2,500 miles from her starting-point, and cruised four or five hundred miles or so in a course to the south of the route, heading towards the British Isles, her nearest land, Cape Clear, on the Irish coast some four hundred miles distance and straight ahead. All this time she had followed the prevailing currents; but now one day in September she headed suddenly in a south-easterly direction, and on December 2nd, when sighted, she was some seventy miles off shore making straight to destruction on Cape Ortegal, the northernmost point of the Spanish coast. But she again altered her course, came about and headed across the Bay of Biscay toward the English Channel, and on December 4th she was last reported in this position. Since then she has not been reported, and her track and symbol have been omitted from the pilot chart, which has month after month warned the mariner of this shifting obstruction.

"There is something pathetic about this long cruise of the *Twenty-one Friends*. 'Waterlogged and abandoned,' in the terse nomenclature of the maritime reports, at the mercy of wind and wave, without a living thing aboard except the rats and the 'roaches, 'cleared' from nowhere and bound for no port, she cruised for nine months, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and made a voyage some four thousand miles long. She was, indeed, a terrible menace to navigation. Drifting right in the tracks of shipping, for weeks in the very path of the great ocean steamships, shifting her position from day to day, so that the charts could give only her approximate location, low sunk in the water and without lights, such as she have been responsible too many times for the disappearance of good ships that have gone down and left nothing to tell how, or where, or when. But she is gone now; her cruising is done, and we can think of her without the feelings engendered by thought of the possible tragedy that she might have unwittingly caused. She was a sad and lonely cruiser, that drifted on and through the days and nights, her decks untrodden, and with neither mate nor master to answer the friendly hail. The life of the good ship was gone out of her; and with no friendly hand to guide her into port, the fate of her worn hulk was

sure before her—to be battered to pieces on some lee shore, or gulped down into the waters that had been waiting so long for their victim."

The moral of this incident is so plain that we need not point it out. Alas, there are such wrecks still floating about upon the sea of society! They are not only in the merchant service, but in what we may call the royal navy: we mean that there are in the ministry those who answer to this description. With power to do evil, and nothing else, men float about the world, hopeless as to themselves, and dangerous to all about them. How sad the spectacle! Oh, that rescue were possible! What will the end be? We hide our face with our hands, and dare not contemplate the final descent into the abyss!—C. H. S.

The Fish and the Fly.

DONALD had long perplexed himself with questions arising out of the operations of grace, and the exercise of personal faith. We must believe in the Lord Jesus, and yet faith is wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. Where does man's acceptance dove-tail into the divine working? *We* are to believe, and yet it is God that worketh in us. How is this? Where do these two things meet?

Such theological and metaphysical puzzles have perplexed thousands of minds, and Donald was among them. He longed for salvation, but he did not dare to believe in the Lord Jesus, because he could not quite see how his believing was possible—surely he must wait until faith dropped into his bosom as by miracle. He stated his puzzle, but those who tried to explain it only made his confusion of mind still greater.

An anxious friend had tried to help Donald, but his efforts had not met with signal success: he therefore prayed for him, and fought shy of the question. One day they went together to the loch to fish, and Donald, good man, cast his fly upon the water, and in an instant he had hooked a fish. It was a rare piece of good fortune, some would say: but to Donald it was a deal more: it was the thing which, in the hand of God, set him free from his bewilderment. "See," said his friend, "here is a lesson for you. Did you fish take that bait, or did the bait take the fish? When a soul takes Jesus, Jesus takes that soul. I would advise you to catch at grace just as the fish caught at the bait, and then grace will catch *you*." It was a word in season. Donald saw the matter at once, and in an instant entered into peace. He left the difficult enquiry, and gave himself to Jesus, for Jesus had given himself to him.

Reader, what is hard to explain may be easy enough in actual practice. "Believe and live" is simple enough as a matter of teaching; it is even simpler as a matter of experience. The Lord give thee to see it at once, and enable thee immediately to obey the divine command!

C. H. S.

Medical Missions.*

THE superintendent of the Training Institute of the Edinburgh Medical Mission has written, *con amore*, a book which will advance the cause he has at heart by contributing to popular enlightenment.

Some years ago, Mr. Lowe, who is a preacher as well as a medical practitioner, was stationed in India; but having been compelled to relinquish the foreign field, because the climate of India threatened his wife's life, he has since found a congenial sphere in the Scotch capital, and one in which he has successfully equipped a number of young men for active service at home and abroad. He is, therefore, of all men, the one best fitted to instruct the public on this subject, and to plead for the extension of this truly Christian enterprise. An author is to be commended when such a theme inspires his enthusiasm, and, as it were, carries him away. Sir W. Muir thinks that Mr. Lowe's view, that medical work is "a necessary branch of all missionary and evangelistic agencies, may have been pressed somewhat far"; but, at the same time, he does not think that, "one word too much in praise of it," has been said. "On every ground, therefore," he adds, "these medical missions are worthy of the support of all who have at heart the success of missions amongst our own poor, and in foreign lands." We do not think that Mr. Lowe has overstated his case, his plea simply is for the exercise of that thoroughly practical Christianity which helps people in this world while directing them to a better. He, and those who act with him, are fulfilling to the letter our Lord's commission to preach the gospel and heal the sick.

Medical missions have long found favour in the United States; but as regards the British Isles, their growth has been chiefly stimulated by the Society at Edinburgh, which dates from the year 1841, having had Dr. Abercrombie for its principal founder and first president. This Christian physician was president until his death, in 1844, and associated with him in various ways were many whose names are famous in history, or fragrant in the church. The operations were extremely limited for several years; but, the influence of the agents who go forth from the Training Institute is now felt in many of our home centres of population, as well as in foreign countries. At first the directors merely endeavoured to encourage students by contributing a share of their expenses at the university; but, in proportion as the scheme grew in favour, their thoughts were directed towards a training institution of their own, which was ultimately established. The miseries of the poor in all crowded districts of great towns appeal irresistibly to our Christian sympathy. Here is a specimen,—

"A minister, while visiting in his parish, in one of the most destitute and degraded districts of a great city, after ascending a long, dark, winding stair, opened a door leading into a cheerless garret room. There, on a pallet of straw, with no covering, save her dirty, tattered garments, lay an aged woman, to all appearance dying. Forgetting for

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* Medical Missions: Their Place and Power. By John Lowe, F.R.C.S. With an Introduction by Sir W. Muir, LL.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886. Price 5s.

the moment her outward circumstances, in his anxiety for the welfare of her soul, the minister enquired earnestly whether she had any hope for the world to come. 'Oh, sir,' she said, as she stretched out her naked, withered arm, 'if you were as cold and as hungry as I am, you would think of nothing but this world.' That servant of God was taught the lesson that, to succeed in the highest aim of Christian love, our ministry must contemplate man in the whole extent of his being; that the disciple of Christ, in so far as he imbibes the Master's spirit, will walk in the steps of his holy and comprehensive benevolence."

For generations there appear to have been a large number of Irish in Edinburgh, and among these the medical missionaries, from the earliest days of the work until the present time, have found plenty of scope for their enterprise. The curse of their lives is the whisky which is sold at the many spirit-shops of that wretched neighbourhood. Even when they are looked after by the priests of their own communion, Romanism seems to have no power to raise its votaries from the lowest squalor. These poor people were the first to suggest to the local philanthropists of thirty years ago the desirability of combining medicine with religious teaching. The Rev. P. McMenamy, who laboured as a missionary in the city in 1848, asked a Christian physician, Dr. Handyside, to visit certain families who needed medical attention, and the precedent having been established, the practice has been continued to the present time; for, as Mr. Lowe remarks, "Dr. Handyside discovered that the kind and successful treatment of the wounded and diseased body, opened a way for the application of the balm of Gilead to the sin-stricken soul." The boon was so greatly appreciated by the poor, and the results were so gratifying, that in the fall of 1853 a dispensary was opened on the principles which have ever since been characteristic of medical missions. It was the first of our home institutions of the kind, and was thus the mustard-seed from which a wide-spreading and very fruitful tree has arisen. We find that at first "some objected to the physician undertaking duties which, in their opinion, belonged only to the minister of religion or to the missionary"; but others, "fully recognising the value of the agency, and impressed with the force of the divine precept and example, rallied round Dr. Handyside, and cordially co-operated with him; and the hopes of those early friends of the cause were not disappointed."

The medical part of the work soon increased; for effort of this kind, which tends to heal their physical suffering, becomes growingly popular among the poor. The Main Point Dispensary became too straitened for the purpose in view, and at length the way was providentially opened for more extended enterprise.

"One day, in the spring of 1858, as Dr. Handyside passed along the Cowgate on one of his errands of mercy, he observed a board with *To Let* upon it above the door of No. 39, which till then was one of the numerous whisky-shops in that long, narrow street. This, he thought, is like the place we are looking out for, and it is certainly in the right locality. He went in, looked round the premises, and saw at once that with a little outlay they could be made most suitable. He found that the spirit-dealer had a lease of the shop for a considerable time, but that he was willing to accept a reasonable offer for the remainder of the

lease, and at once to give over the premises. Within a few days satisfactory terms were agreed upon, and on Whit-Sunday, 1858, 'the old whisky-shop,' 39, Cowgate, was transformed into a Medical Mission Dispensary."

Soon afterwards, in accordance with a petition of the students, the Dispensary thus opened in one of the most ancient historical thoroughfares of Edinburgh, became the recognised Training Institute of the Medical Mission in the city; and under the capable, sympathetic superintendence of Mr. Burns Thompson, F.R.C.S., from 1860 to 1870, the work continued to extend its empire. No better training-ground could have been selected. Well do we remember, in January, 1873, seeing the surgeons and students at work in the old building which has since given place to the Livingstone Memorial Institute. On a Sunday night, more especially, the general outlook in the Cowgate was a sorry contrast indeed to what we had been enabled to observe of the more respectable part of the city in the earlier part of the day. Rain was falling; the air was heavily charged with odours peculiar to the place; and although the whisky-shops were closed because it was the Sabbath, many small chandlers' stores were still open. What could be seen of the population inhabiting the crowded tenements on either side of the way showed only too plainly that they generally belonged to those fallen classes for which home missions are designed.

To a stranger visiting the city for the first time, the surroundings were somewhat different from anything ever seen in other densely populated centres; at every point there was a novelty which excited interest, although it saddened the heart. On the one hand, the abounding squalor and the degradation of the people were typical of the Edinburgh slums, where whisky is the daily beverage of the poor; and, on the other hand, there were marks and inscriptions to remind us of what the Cowgate had been in other days. In the stirring times of the past, the proud occupants of some of the houses played a leading part in Scottish history. Was it not in that locality that the ill-fated Queen Mary had been entertained by her citizen subjects; and in the next century, when Puritanism was gaining force, was it not there that the Covenant was drawn up, and signed by the sturdy patriots who resisted the encroachments of the Stuarts? Almost of a piece with the Dispensary, was the ancient pre-Reformation chapel, in which the Sabbath services of the Medical Mission are still held —a building which is undoubtedly one of the most interesting relics of the old city. Formerly the chapel of the Guild of Hammermen, the arms of Mary of Guise still keep company with those of the founder in a coloured window. It was there that John Craig, the assistant of Knox, preached after his wonderful escape from persecutors abroad; and there also the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held. On the 30th of June, 1685, the remains of Argyll, after execution, were carried from the Grass-market, and laid on the very table which is still preserved in the quaint little chapel. Visitors to Edinburgh, who make a call at the present Livingstone Memorial Institute, will thus have memories of the past awakened while studying the operations of the present. The memorial-

stone of the new building was laid by Dr. Moffat, in the presence of a distinguished company, in June, 1877.

There are many encouraging features associated with the work carried on in the Cowgate; but it has to be remembered that persons who become reformed in their lives through embracing the gospel usually remove to a better locality; so that, notwithstanding the amount of labour expended upon it, the Cowgate still remains what it was. The following affords a good notion of what the medical students and their volunteer helpers are doing :—

"Besides the daily service with the patients in the waiting-room, two regular evangelistic meetings are held weekly, one on Thursday evening, the other on Sunday evening. The attendance fluctuates, but often the Magdalen Chapel is crowded by a very poor, though most attentive audience. An after-meeting is held at the close, and frequently nearly all who are present at the first meeting remain for prayer, and not a few for personal conversation. . . . . A Bible-class for adults is conducted by one of the senior students on the Sunday afternoon. . . . The Sunday forenoon Children's Church, held in the Magdalen Chapel, and the Cowgate Arabs Sunday-school, which meets in the waiting-room in the evening, are two of the most hopeful and interesting departments of the work. Every Sunday, between four and five hundred children, living in the Cowgate and neighbourhood, receive Christian instruction at these services. Many of them, when first laid hold of, are as utterly ignorant of divine truth as the children in Central Africa, but they have been tamed, and taught, till now the Cowgate Children's Services will compare favourably with those held in connection with many of our city churches in more favoured localities. Last year the children attending the Sunday forenoon services contributed no less than £12 to help their former teachers in carrying on their medical mission work in Persia and Kashmir."

The Edinburgh Medical Mission is doing more for the Cowgate than any other reformatory agency. Mr. Lowe and his active band of helpers appear to be ardent teetotalers; and perhaps it is necessary for them to be so while labouring among a class whose degradation is of the lowest type. In the Cowgate alone, a "short, narrow street," there are twenty-six spirit-shops licensed by the authorities, and hence the dark picture which is drawn of the condition of the poor in the Scottish capital :—

"Edinburgh, for beauty of situation, for intellectual, moral, and social advantages, for general refinement and high Christian privileges, is second to no city in the kingdom; yet alongside of all this, and in the very heart of this fair metropolis of Scotland, there is a seething mass of wretchedness, pollution, crime, disease, pauperism, and sin, from which, were the veil to be uplifted, and the ghastly spectacle revealed, the exclamation of the prophet of old, concerning guilty Jerusalem, would rise spontaneously to many a lip, 'Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?'"

We have not space to take account of what Mr. Lowe says about medical missions in the foreign field; but if the reader discovers that medicine is valuable in the hands of Christian practitioners at home, he will infer that it is not less so abroad. As a pioneer agency it is

perhaps more effective than any other. In India generally, in China, and in other climes, the successes already achieved are in themselves the best auguries for the future, while the Zenana mission, in India, is opening a new field to properly qualified medical women. Young persons of competent acquirements will thus find in Mr. Lowe's book some things which will suggest to them how they may best prepare themselves for a life of Christian usefulness. "In this service," he says in his concluding chapter, "no great earthly rewards are promised, no alluring prospects of professional distinction, no tempting retiring allowances; but most inviting fields are offered for the exercise of the highest professional accomplishments, and when life's labour is ended the 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'" The book should command readers on its own account as a work of interest, and its general effect should be to stimulate a work which is thoroughly Christ-like in all of its departments.

Day by Day.

IN studying the account of the manna, the scholars of Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai once asked him, "Why did not the Lord give to Israel enough manna for a year at one time?" Then the Rabbi said, "I will answer you with a parable: Once there was a king who had a son to whom he gave a yearly allowance, paying him the entire sum on a fixed day. It soon happened that the day on which the allowance was due was the only day in the year when the father saw his son. So the king changed his plan, and gave his son, day by day, that which sufficed for the day. And *now* the son visited his father every morning. Thus did God deal with Israel."

Wherein Arminian and Calvinist agree.

AN *Arminian and a Calvinist may agree.*—The following conversation between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Simeon is related by Dr. Dealtry in his sermon on the occasion of the death of the latter. "Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved that you would never have thought of turning to God, if God had not first put it into your heart?" "Yes," said the veteran Wesley, "I do, indeed." "And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by anything that you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?" "Yes, solely through Christ." "But, sir, supposing you were first saved by Christ, are you not, somehow or other, to save yourself afterwards by your own works?" "No, I must be saved by Christ from first to last." "Allowing, then, that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not, in some way or other, to keep yourself by your own power?" "No." "What, then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother's arms?" "Yes, altogether." "And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom?" "Yes, I have no hope but in him." "Then, sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again; *for this is all my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification by faith; my final perseverance; it is, in substance, all that I hold, and as I hold it.*"—*Hamilton Review.*

The Gospel in Ireland.*

IN the time of Oliver Cromwell the population of Ireland was put down at little more than half a million; but after the potato became the chief article of national diet, the people multiplied in an almost unparalleled manner. In the space of a century, or from the Restoration to the commencement of the reign of George III. the increase was nearly fivefold. In 1788 the total stood at about four millions; and then, in the succeeding half century, as shown by the census of 1841, the numbers actually rose to 8,196,597. The number is now about five millions, which is a fair population for such a country. Nearly four millions, or seventy-five per cent. of the people, are Romanists; between six and seven hundred thousand are Episcopalians; there are nearly half a million of Presbyterians; and not far short of 90,000 of other denominations. In 1841 more than half of the people could neither read nor write; but since an organized system of education has been introduced into the island, a striking improvement has taken place, and the proportion of those who are altogether illiterate is continually growing smaller.

The religious history of the country shows that a great opportunity was lost at the Reformation, when, by the employment of preachers who spoke the native tongue, the people might have been won to the evangelical faith. Evangelists, able to preach effectively in Irish, still represent the chief want of the country. Good people have been too ready to despair of Ireland, forgetting the power of the simple gospel in the hands of those who preach it lovingly and faithfully. Earnest readers will find plenty to encourage them in Mr. Crookshank's ample and instructive volumes; for they will there see what grand results followed the heroic labours of a small number of faithful preachers in the last century, when the general outlook was far more threatening, and the work far more difficult than now. The influence of the priests must necessarily be on the wane when education is extending; for priestcraft and knowledge have never agreed together.

When the second reformation, or the evangelical revival, broke out in the last century, the common people of Ireland were enveloped in Romish darkness. Instead of being a missionary church, as many of her defenders have represented, the Episcopal Establishment was sunk in spiritual lethargy. One bishop was chiefly remarkable for his skill as a farmer; another was a politician, who well understood the "English interest"; the wife of a third frequented balls and races. When he had entered the vale of years, Dr. Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel, remarked:—"I conclude that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow." When the bishops were of this character, the common clergy were no better; for eligible openings in the Establishment represented but one part of the "English interest." In the greater number of parishes one service on the Sabbath sufficed. The maintenance of the Protestant ascendancy

* History of Methodism in Ireland, vol. i. Wesley and His Times, vol. ii. The Middle Age. By C. H. Crookshank, M.A. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

meant something quite different from a diffusion of the gospel. Even the Presbyterians of Ulster were hardly in any better plight. "The number of vacant charges was considerable, and some of these had been long unsettled, while most of those supplied were filled in a very indifferent manner. The ministry was rapidly degenerating, and many, by an insincere subscription to an orthodox creed, gained access to the pulpits, and deluded the congregations."

The awakening voice of Whitefield was heard in the country as early as 1738, when the great field-preacher was not more than twenty-three years of age. Several bishops appear to have received him with great kindness; and he preached not only in the Cathedral of Limerick, but at Dublin also, with great power. When the wild, uncivilized state of the country at that period is taken into account, the readiness of the peasantry to hear, and the effects which followed, were a wonderful testimony to the fact that the gospel represents the sum of Ireland's need.

Soon after the middle of the century, John Wesley, then at the height of his influence, was so sanguine of being able to establish the Reformation in Ireland, that he wrote: "Time only is wanted. If my brother could take care of England, and give me but one year for Ireland, I think every corner of this nation would receive the truth as it is in Jesus. They want only to hear it; and they will hear me, high and low, rich and poor. What a mystery of Providence is this! In England they can hear, but will not. In Ireland they fain would hear, but cannot. So in both, thousands perish for lack of knowledge." Some years later he said of the natives in and about Kilmoriaty, they have "in general the finest natural tempers I ever knew; they have the softness and courtesy of the Irish, with the seriousness of the Scotch, and the openness of the English." Again, in 1769, Wesley said: "I have not seen in all the world a people so easy to be convinced or persuaded as the Irish. What a pity that these excellent propensities are not always applied to the most excellent purposes." It is not likely that the national character has in any way altered since these words were uttered.

At the date in question, there was not only an English but a German interest in Ireland; for on account of the troubles and persecutions which they had to endure in the Palatinate, on the Rhine, large numbers of refugees from the continent settled in Ireland, especially in Limerick. Wanting religious teachers, these poor people became utterly irreligious. When, however, in 1749, one of the itinerants, Mr. Williams, preached the gospel to them, a great crowd eagerly listened, and they said, when the preacher had done, "This is like the preaching we used to hear in Germany." Good results also speedily followed; the master of their school became a convert, and so successful an evangelist among his compatriots, that people used to say of him as he rode up and down the district, "There goes Philip Guier, who drove the devil out of Ballingarrane." The memory of this man still lives in the locality where he laboured.

When Thomas Waugh passed by one of these Palatine settlements, in 1810, he was asked to preach; but being weary with his journey, he would have declined, if it had not been urged that a refusal was against all precedent. Another reason for not preaching was, that there

was no congregation. "'Well,' said the Burgomaster, 'you shall see; please come with me.' The young itinerant proceeded to where the little chapel stood in the centre of a green, skirted by cottages, into one of which he was requested to enter, to visit a sick sister, and then all would be ready. Meanwhile his guide opened the door of the preaching-house, brought out a cow's horn, and putting it to his mouth, made the valleys ring with a blast. On hearing it, every man dropped his spade, or other implement, suspended his work, and obeying the well-known signal, hastened to the place of worship, which was thus promptly furnished with a serious, praying congregation, to whom the message of mercy was delivered."

The early preachers of the Revival in Ireland had many perils to encounter from mobs, and from the opposition of those in authority, such as magistrates, the Anglican clergy, and others. Probably damp beds, with corresponding poor accommodation on the road, occasioned them the most suffering. Thus, Thomas Taylor, who preached on the Athlone circuit, in 1764, is said to "have suffered seriously, as many others of the early preachers did, from damp beds, so that his speech and hearing were well-nigh taken from him." Of Mr. Dillon, who travelled on the Augher circuit, in 1768, it is remarked: "The field was most laborious, the houses in which he stopped, in general, but ill-protected from either cold or rain, the beds damp, and the fare of the humblest description." Under these circumstances he writes: "I am given to see clearly that the business of a preacher of the gospel is not to mind (though he cannot do without them) what he shall eat, or drink, or how he shall lie, &c., but how he shall save souls, and for that end become all things to all men, so he may gain some. I find a great desire to go to new places, where the gospel has not been preached; but am almost continually in danger of having my brains beat out." When William Hamilton and Gideon Ouseley were travelling about Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, in 1807, their trials under this head must have been severe. "The population was thin, the Protestants few, and the towns lay far apart"; it is said, "Many of the stopping-places were most uncomfortable. The little kitchen, with a damp earthen floor, over which the steps had to be carefully chosen, was frequently at once the cow-house, preaching-place, dining-room, and sleeping apartment." Hamilton's own confession conveys a still more vivid impression of the kind of lodging with which an itinerant had to be content. "Often at night," he says, "the dog would come through a hole in the wall, and lie down beyond me; and madam sow, with her family, under the bed."

The opposition came from all classes, and many strange incidents are recorded. When Thomas Walsh was in Clonmel, in 1751, some officers hired a bull with which to scatter the open-air congregations; "but the terrified animal, instead of rushing among the peaceable people, who had no way to defend themselves, turned round on his pursuers, and dashing through them ran violently down a narrow lane to the river, was carried away, and drowned. The consequence was, the officers had to pay the full value of the bull, while the congregation thankfully acknowledged the divine mercy and protection so signally extended to them."

A man named Butler, who had made himself conspicuous by his opposition to the preachers, at length lost one of his arms in a street affray; and in his last miserable days was saved from want by the charity of the Methodists he had persecuted. When Wesley was at Enniscorthy, in 1769, he experienced "an uncommon time, particularly with regard to those who had opposed the truth." One is said to have dropped down, while others either wept or otherwise showed that they were subjects to supernatural influences. There was a certain clergyman who encouraged the mob in their violence, and preached against the evangelists in the church; "but the following morning he was struck in a strange manner; he imagined his room was full of evil spirits, and could not bear to be a moment alone." Hardly less remarkable were many other judgments which overtook some others of the persecutors. When John Smith was in the neighbourhood of Killashandra, in 1773, he met with many rough adventures, one magistrate more especially having made himself singular by the violence of his conduct. "On one occasion he (John Smith) was locked up in a house in Swanlinbar by this magistrate, who, pistol in hand, threatened death to any one who should come near the prisoner. Yet these threats did not prevent the people from gathering at the window of the room, where the servant of God was confined, to converse with and cheer their friend. Some time after this the magistrate passed through a series of terrible calamities. He was forsaken by his wife; one of his sons, a promising young man, was torn to pieces by a wild beast; his estate was frittered away; and, having lost his social position, and been superseded in the magistracy, he wandered about as a vagabond, and died blaspheming God." A general account of the judgments which in Ireland alone have fallen upon those who have persecuted faithful preachers of the gospel would prove a terrible story.

Many of those who opposed the preachers, were converted when brought within hearing of the Word. At a place in Wexford, a man concealed himself in a sack at one of the meetings; "but he happened to have a taste for music, and liked the singing so well, that he thought, as he afterwards said, it would be a thousand pities to disturb it. When the hymn was sung, and prayer began, in spite of all the vociferations of his friends outside, he thought that as he had been so well pleased with the singing he would see how he liked the prayer; but in answer to the earnest pleadings of these believing souls, the power of God descended, and so confounded him that he roared out with might and main, and unable to get out of the sack, lay there, to the astonishment and dismay of the congregation, who probably supposed that Satan himself was present."

Another man, in 1780, while under conviction went to a Romish priest, and the latter confessed that he had once experienced something similar himself, but had since been in darkness. When accused of leaving the church, the convert replied, "I have found the church"; and a most extraordinary power seemed to accompany the words he spoke when he addressed the people.

There were many tragic occurrences and wonderful escapes from death in connection with the preaching, which were striking proofs of the interposition of the providence of God. Thus, in 1795, Mr. Bowes, of

Drumalure, in the county of Cavan, was attacked in his house by a number of armed men, who instead of murdering members of the family, as they had intended to do, in the most unheard of manner killed one another. One of the gang was shot dead by young Mr. Bowes; and in firing at the youth one of the assassins shot one of his companions dead. They had left several men some distance away on the road, and these mistaking their comrades for fugitives escaping from the house, fired a murderous volley into them, in strict accordance with their orders, and did terrible execution. The retreating party were burdened with their dead; and when the disguises were taken from them they were found to be neighbours who had adopted this method of showing their hatred to the gospel.

When he was on the Drogheda circuit, in 1799, Thomas Barber was lodged at the house of a gardener at Collon, who worked for Mr. Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. While walking in his grounds with the Lord-Lieutenant, this official one day came upon his gardener and the preacher, who were at prayer together in the open air; and Barber was heard to ask God that they "might be delivered from the devil and Mr. Ruxton." The Lord-Lieutenant asked concerning "Mr. Ruxton," and he was found to be a member of Parliament and a persecutor of religious people. "What does this prayer mean?" further asked his Excellency, to which Mr. Foster replied, "Oh, this gardener of mine is one of those Methodist fellows, and I must dismiss him." "You will do no such thing," said the other; "did you hear how he prayed for me, the council, and the king? Indeed, these Methodists must be a loyal people. And as for Mr. Ruxton, take my compliments, and tell him I think the Methodists very good people, and that he must leave them alone." The incident was in all respects a striking one; for the man was praying for deliverance from persecution; and his prayer put an end to one of the most notable persecutions ever endured in that district.

The terrible insurrection of 1798 was followed by famine in 1801; and in the days of sorest need the Methodists proved themselves equal to the occasion. It is said that "when the dearth of provisions was at its height, potatoes were sold at two shillings and fourpence per stone, and everything else in proportion, and thousands of the poor died of starvation; while Mr. Ferguson, then in the extreme north, knew a pious man who travelled a whole day in search of food, with a guinea in his pocket, and was unable to obtain any." In consequence of the rapid increase of population, and the disposition of the poor people to depend too much on the potato patch as a provision for a family, the country became more and more exposed to the dangers of famine. Some go so far as to think that the potato has been a main cause of the demoralization of Ireland: we seek that cause elsewhere.

Considering the obstacles against which it had to contend, the progress made by the evangelical faith was very encouraging; and it would have been still greater had it not been for profitless controversies. This shows us that Ireland is not to be regarded as hopeless, but the reverse. The revival in its progress through the country not only gathered converts from Romanism, but quickened the life of Protestant churches, thus saving them from the blight of Arianism which might otherwise have settled upon them. G. H. P.

"This is the Lord's Doing."

A Recent Illustration of Psalm cxviii. 23.

BY PASTOR G. WAINWRIGHT, MANCHESTER.

THE providence of God seems to have no more remarkable illustrations to me than are furnished by my own life's history. It would be easy to fill many pages with interesting incidents which most clearly prove the special interposition of God. I should be guilty of most ungrateful neglect if I failed to observe these things, and to see in them all the lovingkindness of the Lord. One such experience which, perhaps because it is most recent, impresses me most powerfully, I am constrained to record, that others may join me in grateful praise.

In February last, circumstances which need not be detailed led me to resign my position as pastor of Grosvenor-street Baptist Church. Many others whose sympathies were strongly with me felt it their duty also to withdraw. But our action threatened at once to plunge us into difficulty. What were we to do? To me, personally, the way was dark; yet my conscience approved the step I had taken, and I had every confidence that God would open some door for me. But what of the hundred or more who were acting with me? Were they to scatter abroad among other churches, to lose the joy of continued fellowship one with another, and many of them to be lost to our denomination? Such were the gloomy fears that haunted us; but God had some better thing reserved for us. Early in the previous year the United Presbyterians had vacated a very excellent, commodious, and well-furnished building, situated most conveniently for our friends, and in the centre of a largely-populated district. Communications were at once opened with the view of renting the place; the trustees were exceedingly favourable to our application, and in less than a fortnight we found ourselves again united, and in a building very greatly superior in all respects to that in which we had formerly worshipped. Our feelings, as we were permitted thus to reassemble after an experience which threatened to scatter us abroad, could not be controlled, and made the gathering one of the most memorable in the lives of us all.

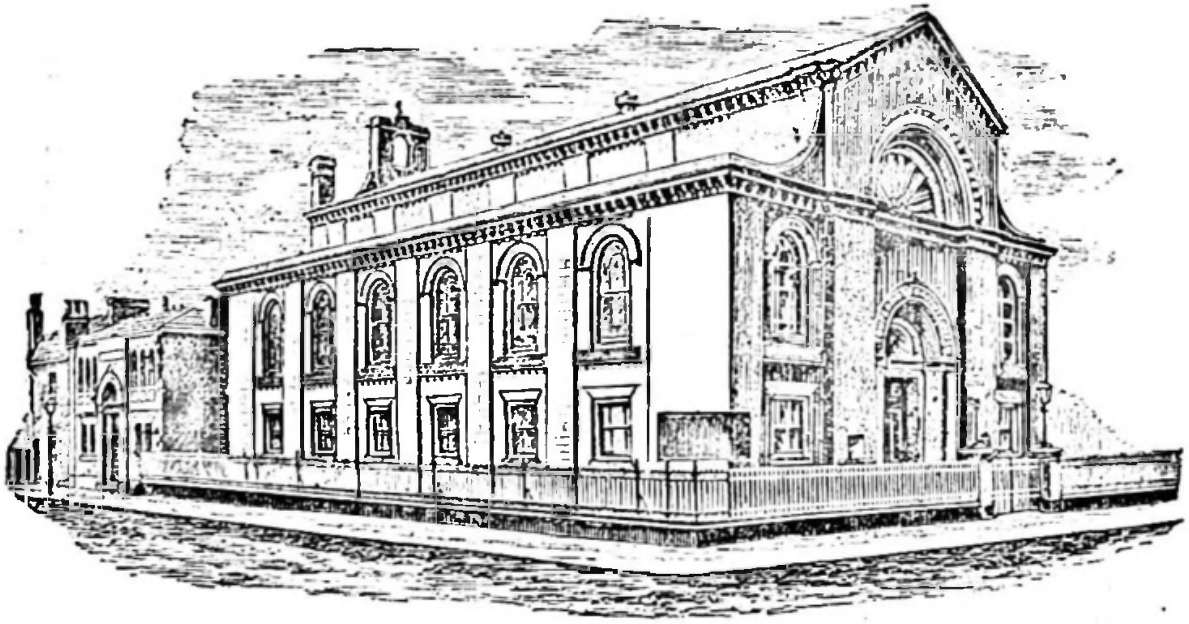
A not less important and impressive meeting was held about a fortnight later. The friends, numbering 105, gathered together to constitute themselves a Church of Christ; a declaration was read, and assented to by all; with linked hands we sang the two verses beginning, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done," and "High heaven that heard that solemn vow"; the motto text for the church was given from John xv. 16; then a season of "holy communion" followed as we gathered around the table of our Lord; after which, with hearty unanimity, I was invited to the pastorate of the newly-formed church. Never can I forget so memorable an occasion. A union, commenced under circumstances so impressive and solemn, promises to be of lifelong duration, and has in it the assurance of much blessing, of which not a little has been already received.

But wherein does the special providence of God appear? If I had nothing further to relate, there are not a few of us who see in these circumstances sufficient indication of the working of the hand of God to occasion our heartfelt praise. But there is more to tell than this. Until nearly sixteen years old my boyhood life was spent entirely in the very street in which this building is situated, and hardly more than two hundred yards distant from it. With this district all my boyhood memories are associated; here my early companionships were formed, and here some of my old companions still live. For nearly twenty years past I have looked back with interest to this district, and have often been carried back to it in my dreams. When I was converted, my first thoughts and desires were to the companions with whom here I had played and sinned, and whose salvation I earnestly desired. When I began to preach, often did I long to make known in this district the unsearchable riches of Christ. But though I desired it, I never sought it by prayer or effort, deeming it exceedingly improbable that such a desire would be granted. And now, after

nearly twenty years of absence, I find myself, as the result of a strange series of circumstances which God has overruled, located in the very heart of this district—so familiar, so memorable, and so often desired. In 1867 I left it an unsaved and wayward lad; in 1886 I return to it as a servant of Christ, myself a monument of saving grace, and permitted to preach that grace to others. Could there be a more striking illustration of the wonderful working of God?

Yet that is not all. When quite a boy I distinctly remember my *first* religious impressions. My readers will be amused, as I am, at the strange method in which I indicated my concern. When my brother and I had retired to rest, with a thoughtfulness not at all usual to me then, I eagerly put the question, "Would it be right for me to wish to die that night if I felt sure I should go to heaven?" My strange idea was that, if I was fit for heaven then, the sooner I got safely landed the better; for my knowledge of my own sin led me to feel that the longer I stayed out of heaven the less likely I was to be fit to enter. Many others since then, though older in years, have cherished the same mistaken thought. But if my concern was strangely expressed, and if it proved fleeting "as the morning cloud and the early dew," it was yet so real to me that I have never forgotten it to this day. But how and where were these impressions produced? Some young people of my own age were at that time getting blessing through some special meetings for children being held in the schoolroom of the Presbyterian Church. I attended one of the meetings. Of the speaker, and of the address, I remember nothing; but the effect left on my mind can never be forgotten. *In that very building in which these impressions were received God has called me now to labour!* As a child I entered it once, and for the first time heard God's voice calling me as he called Samuel, though, like Samuel, I understood it not; twenty-five years after I enter again, to be, I trust, as the voice of God, calling many others, both young and old, into the fellowship of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am innocent of any intention to bring about this remarkable result, and have no hesitation in saying, very devoutly and very gratefully, "It is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in my eyes."

Would the reader like to see the building with which this (to me) wonderful history is connected? Here is a picture of the outside.



Does God bless the work? Let the following facts speak. Congregations steadily increase; prayer-meetings are well attended, and often become meetings for praise for answers to prayer previously offered; enquirers and cases of

decision are frequent on Sunday evenings, and some of the scenes already witnessed have melted the congregation to tears of joy, and constrained the spontaneous singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." To the 105 who formed the church about 50 have been added, of whom 20 have been by baptism. Need I say more to prove that God has already set his seal to the work?

What are we going to do with the building? We pay £120 for rent up to May, 1887, at which time we want to purchase. The cost originally was £6,000; we buy it for £1,750. Towards this amount we have already in cash over £300, and promises of over another £200. We want the whole amount either paid, or promised, by the time the purchase must be completed. Our own friends are doing nobly; others, without having been appealed to for help, have already sent us generous gifts, accompanied by most encouraging letters. Will not some of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* follow their noble example? As there is a chief rent of nearly £50, we want to escape a debt. If many friends were to send us each a small donation this purpose might be accomplished.

Notices of Books.

Our Creed and Our Conduct. Address to the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches. By Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A. Leeds: Walker and Laycock.

It did our very soul good to read this able address. There is hope for the churches while such a man as Mr. Rooke is at the head of one of our colleges: his deliverance is sound, judicious, and in every way invaluable.

Child-Converts: how to win them to Christ, and how to Train them as Christians. Circular Letter to the Churches in the Kent and Sussex Baptist Association. By Rev. T. Hancocks. Margate: R. Robinson.

One of the best circular letters ever written. It is first-rate, and deserves a circulation far beyond what the Kent and Sussex Association can procure for it. Mr. Hancocks here shows ability of the highest order.

Helps to Belief. The Morality of the Old Testament. By Newman Smyth. Cassell and Co.

We have praised other books of this series, and therefore we are sorry to see such a mischievous work introduced among them. One rotten apple affects a whole shelf. This is no "help to belief"; but a packet of doubt seed. It is the way of modern thought to introduce its poisons among useful drugs. Under pretence of defending the faith, Newman Smyth really undermines it.

The Resurrection of the Dead. By Rev. J. C. Bass. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co.

A little essay of forty pages read before a meeting of Christian ministers. The writer discusses an old question formulated by the philosophical Greeks, and quoted by the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. xv. 35): "How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come?" He accepts and attempts to interpret the Apostle's answer. His theory is that the germ of the resurrection body is within us, and that the essence of the resurrection is the restoration of the vital principle; but that its present organic form will not be restored. The bare grain of wheat or of some other cereal thus supplies the hypothesis. Sixpence is quite enough to pay for this savoury morsel; a mere pamphlet in paper covers.

A Defence of the Baptists; or, the Baptism of Believers by Immersion the only Baptism of the Christian Dispensation By George Gibbs, of Norwich. Bristol: J. A. Vicary.

An excellent treatise, which should not be allowed to die out. It first appeared some sixty years ago, and we are right glad to see a reprint of it. It ought to have a London publisher's name on the title-page.

Songs of the Pilgrim Land. By C. Pennefather. Edited by E. St. B.H. Shaw and Co.

Poems, not to be criticised, but accepted for their goodness. We feel a reverence for all that has to do with Mildmay and the name of Pennefather. This is a handsome volume, and the songs are such as are enjoyed in the form of leaflets, and have a special charm when newly issued in connection with some form of hallowed service.

The Poet in May. By Evelyn Pyne. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

We are conscious that these poems contain a good deal of poetry of a high order; but, somehow, we cannot get on with them. When we are puzzled it is hard to be delighted. We have spelled out the meaning, and when we have found it, we have wondered whether it was worth our while to have hunted it out. Song of this kind will charm its own select company; but minstrelsy is not alike musical to all ears, and this is not of the kind to which we yield our soul captive. We may meet this author again on themes more pleasing to our heart, and feel ourselves enamoured of his strains; for there is much in him, and he is not of your weaker sort.

Ecclesiastical English. A series of criticisms, showing the Old Testament Revisers' Violations of the Laws of the Language. Illustrated by more than one thousand quotations. By G. Washington Moon. Hatchards.

What a terrible man is this Washington Moon! We should not like him to criticise anything we have written; for he has the eye of an eagle to detect the smallest speck. We have often said that it was a great pity that there was not placed upon the Revision Committee one man who was strong in pure English. We said this in reference to the New Testament, for which nobody has much to say; but we are sorry that the same observation applies to the Old Testament. Mr. Moon exhibits the slips and blunders of the Revision with an unsparing hand. There was good reason for so doing; such errors ought not to have been tolerated in so important a volume, produced under the highest sanctions. Did these learned men think it beneath them to be correct in English? Did they all suffer from the neglect of the mother tongue which was so general in schools and universities in their younger days? We did not need a *Blunder Bible* to complete the series of eccentric Scriptures.

While there is a good deal of fun in this severe criticism, there is also much to arouse regret that the grandest opportunity for revision which could ever occur has been so sadly thrown away. However, good has come out of evil: the old Authorized Version sits secure upon its throne. There is none like it; nor is there likely to be.

The Church and the Franchise. By Andrew Simon Lamb, Scotch Advocate of the Inner Temple. Nisbet.

The ideas of an eminently evangelical brother in the Church of England. We are glad to know his views; but if he could once see with our eyes for half a twinkling, he would no longer plead for an establishment. Our own belief is that the end does not justify the means; and we would no more perpetrate the injustice of establishing a favoured sect for the sake of truth than on behalf of error. In fact, it is because we love pure and undefiled religion that we would speedily disestablish and disendow every form of religion. Let not tenderness about Nonconformist endowments stay any man's hand: if they stand upon the same footing as tithes, let them go. But are they thus to be considered? The able articles by Mr. Hawkins which have from month to month enriched *The Sword and the Trowel* prove the contrary.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy for Schools and General Readers. By J. D. Everett, D.C.L. Blackie.

Such a manual as this makes us devoutly grateful for the educational advantages possessed by the young to-day, and half regretful that such were unknown by an earlier generation. Here is the latest research upon Light, Heat, Sound, Electricity, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, put in clear, fascinating form, and amply illustrated, for a few shillings. These outlines will sell quickly, and be read by all who delight in peering into nature's secrets.

Belaying-Pin Gospel; or, Cruelties Inflicted on Seamen upon the High Seas and in many Ports. By EDWARD W. MATTHEWS. S. W. Partridge and Co. Price 1s.

ACCORDING to its ample sub-title, this *brochure* is one "exhibiting terrible facts gathered from personal knowledge and unquestionable sources, which may demand the abrogation of laws that are incentives to vice or impotent to protect, with such legislation as may be necessary."

Certainly, seamen have no more warm-hearted advocate than our friend Mr. Matthews, the secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society; and in bringing out this terrible account of the wrongs and abuses which are still rampant, he has shown courage and ability which deserve to be recognised. Many might be disposed to think that such crimes and cruelties as Mr. Matthews writes about could not characterize such times as ours; but now their eyes may be opened to see the actual perils and sufferings which beset a sailor's life. The public will read the details with amazement; but public sympathy will be awakened, and reform ought surely to follow. The author is fortunate in having at his side such a friend as Sir Thomas (now Lord) Brassey, so that we may hope to see great good come of this fearless exposure.

How to be Happy, though Married. Being a Handbook to Marriage. By A GRADUATE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MATRIMONY. T. Fisher Unwin.

"THE Murray of Matrimony, and the Baedeker of Bliss." We do not wonder that this work is in its third edition. *Punch* has praised it, its title has salt in it, and there is real life in the book itself. We have met with most of this good advice before, but it is put in a novel and sparkling style, and therefore compels a reading. No literature is more attractive to certain minds than that which unveils domestic life, and makes mirth out of its occasional miseries. In this instance the scales are held very evenly: nothing is said in partisanship of marriage or celibacy: nothing which would drive a girl to the irrevocable deed, nothing which would restrain the judiciously resolved.

We feel sure that, as it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be: men and women will marry, and be given in marriage. The Shakers will never be the dominant denomination, nor celibacy the universal custom. Nature teaches that this must be the rule of the road, so long as the race is to exist. Only let marriage be properly used, and it is a fountain of untold happiness: because it is so often entered upon with frivolity, and followed up with selfishness, its good is evil spoken of. The fault, dear Benedicts, is in ourselves, and not in matrimony.

"What, Jack, are you married? I am right glad of it." The speaker walked on a few yards, and then he stopped, and soliloquized—"I don't know why I should be glad either, the poor man never did me any harm." Then he walked on. This book manifests somewhat of this man's humour, and humour of a good-natured kind always commands an audience. We will hear a man if he will smile, and make us smile; and we are not wrong, for while sorrows are plentiful, merry words are by no means to be despised.

This book is rather dear at three half-crowns.

Morley: Ancient and Modern. By WILLIAM SMITH, F.S.A.S. With one hundred and thirty illustrations. Longmans, Green, and Co.

IT is worth while to be an inhabitant of Morley to be thus immortalized. Mr. W. Smith has a genius for topographical writing: he has omitted nothing, and made the most of everything. He has done for Morley in one direction what Gilbert White did for Selborne in another. What with its engravings, histories, anecdotes, and records, this work must interest a Yorkshireman, especially if he also belongs to Morley. We remember preaching long ago in that growing town, but we did not know the classic ground on which we stood. Thanks, Mr. Smith, for your patient collection of facts, which your townsmen ought to value. We hope they will see that your noble volume is in all their houses. Topographical works have a singular value, and are never without purchasers: this is one of the best of them.

Salvation from Self. By the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A. Partridge and Co. Brighton: D. B. Friend.

Thoroughly lively as well as holy. The more of such preaching and writing as this the better for our times, and for all coming times. Practical godliness is here enforced by arguments fetched from sound doctrine. We have seldom met with a little book more completely to our mind.

Heavenly Relationships. By Mary E. Beck. Nisbet and Co.

Gracious, but not very striking or suggestive. Sound, wholesome reading for godly persons.

My Bible Study for the Sundays of the Year. By Frances Ridley Havergal. "Home Words" Publishing Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

A new and cheap edition of notes which appeared some time ago in *fac-simile* in a beautiful volume. It is a wise thing to issue these rich portions in a popular form: they are too choice to be reserved for the few.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their Son, John S. Moffat. T. Fisher Unwin.

This is a new edition at 7s. 6d. of a work which should be in every missionary library. Our former notices render it unnecessary to say more.

The Earthly History of the Church of the Lord Jesus; as foretold by himself in Revelation ii. *and* iii. By Joseph Durden, Minister of the Gospel. C. Bateman, 26, Paternoster Square. Price Sixpence.

If it be true that the letters to the seven churches set forth the history of the Church of Christ from his ascension to his second advent, this little treatise is invaluable. We do not endorse this theory, but we are, nevertheless, pleased with the careful exposition which our author has given. Reverent study of the Word is, in itself, most precious. Even when the student works under the influence of an idea which we cannot accept, we feel sure that his researches in the mines of Scripture cannot fail to unearth many a priceless gem. In this case we have here met with thoughts which we value, for which we feel grateful to the esteemed writer.

Wayside Songs of the Inner and Outer Life. By Rev. Henry Burton, B.A. T. Woolmer.

Much music and more grace. Happy is the wayside which hears such songs!

The Pulpit Commentary. Ephesians Philippians, and Colossians. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

Another instalment of what will be a library in itself. This huge volume is three large books in one; and it would have been more likely to sell, and more portable for use, if it had been issued as three separate commentaries. The able authors and compilers here present us with a mass of useful matter. It is not all of equal value; some of it we should not accept at all, but utterly reject; yet, as a whole, the bulky book is of fair quality. No preacher can consult such a work without finding material for thought and discourse. Well worth a guinea, but *where is the guinea?*

Ling-Nam; or, Interior Views of Southern China, including Explorations in the hitherto untraversed Island of Hainan. By B. C. Henry, A.M. Partridge and Co.

Quite a new book on what is really a new subject. China is so vast a theme that it would be a very slight exaggeration if we said that we knew next to nothing of it. Mr. Henry is a born traveller, and makes us long to go with him to the land of wonders which he describes. His journeys in the island of Hainan have introduced us to a country which is well-nigh as unknown as the heart of Africa. The drawings are mainly from Mr. Henry's own hand, and add interest to the narrative. What a country China must be! Will it not yet be won for Jesus? The land is full of temples of one sort or another; will it not yet know the true God? This is a grand book for appearance, and cheap at 6s.

Inward Holiness; or, Remarks on the Guidance and Control of the Holy Spirit. By L. F. Selwyn. Nisbet.

Will not do at any price. That holiness, which is based upon the assumption that we received the Holy Ghost in infant baptism, is founded upon a fiction, and is likely to fall, like the house of the foolish builder.

Bread of Life Picture Leaflets. By C. H. Spurgeon. Packets of 2 dozen at 4d. each. Passmore and Alabaster.

The coloured title-pages of these leaflets are well executed, and must prove attractive. We hope our friends will scatter them by millions.

The leaflets and tracts issued by *Penman and Co.*, 33, *Furnival Street*, have about them a freshness of form which makes them quite a change from the usual run of tracts. The price is exceedingly low; but some of them are such little flimsy affairs that it can hardly pay to give them away.

The Earlham Temperance Series. Compiled by J. B. S. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

The tracts are matchless. They are the pattern of what temperance tracts should be. In six really beautiful volumes at one shilling each they make up quite an elegant library. We know of no nicer present than these volumes in white cloth, gilt edges. We don't know how they can be produced at the price.

The Christian's own Calendar of Personal and Family Events. With an Introduction by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A. Seeley and Co.

A good form of album: daily texts, with spaces for entries. We have almost wished that these things had never been invented, for we are continually called upon to write in them. By the way, do our friends know "*The Spurgeon Birthday Book*"? We prepared it with care, and we ought to have a continuous sale for it, as some solatium for the many times that our autograph has been required of us for albums compiled by others.

Proverb Will: His Sayings and Doings. With Pen and Ink Sketch of Primitive Methodist Camp Meeting. By George W. McCree. Hurd, 4, Wine Office Court.

Very good indeed. We doubt not that this homely talk will please many, and do them a power of good. Primitive Methodists will shout as they read.

Biographical and Literary Notices of William Carey, D.D. With Portrait and Illustrations. Northampton: The Dryden Press, 9, College Street. London: Alexander and Shepheard.

We ought to have a Baptist Historical Society; and when this is the case, documents of this sort will be held in high esteem. Brought out in the best style, this is a valuable memorial of Dr. Carey. Possibly the general reader may not care for it, but the book-collector will prize it.

The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook. Edited by the Rev. R. S. Ashton, B.A. Elliot Stock.

Every tourist who desires to visit the churches of Christ while viewing the beauties of nature, should take this sixpenny handbook in his hand. Many a pleasant hour may be spent to the mutual advantage of the Christian traveller and the native pastor now that they know where to find each other.

Wanderings Eastward. A diary of travels in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, and Greece. By Theodore Walker, F.R.G.S. Partridge.

Mr. Walker has jotted down the story of his travels without attempting flourishes and word-painting. The result is a common-sense journal, giving a clear idea of what a plain man would see, think of, and remember if he had the privilege of journeying through Egypt and the Holy Land. Such books tempt men to travel. The get-up of this book is uncomely, but then the price is only 2*s.*

Hymn Writers and their Hymns. By Rev. S. W. Christophers. Partridge.

The public have acted wisely in buying this book, and demanding even a third edition. The subject is attractive, and the author has collected a mass of valuable information. Mr. Christophers' style is gushing—too gushing for our taste; but possibly, by this very excess, he manages to secure a reading where a less effervescent writer might fail. Always gracious and graceful, these pages deserve our warmest praise, not for their own sakes alone, but because they tend to endear our hymn-books to our heart, and even to explain them to our understanding.

Songs of Rest. Second Series. Edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are sure that Mr. Nicoll meant no harm, but if he had intended slyly to introduce Romanism into our families, he could not have gone more cunningly to work. What do our friends think of the dying going into Mary's bosom?

"Mary, mother of all mothers,
First in love as pain on earth,
Having known above all others
Mysteries of death and birth:
Take, from travail sore released,
One more mother to thy breast."

Are we to lay out our dead after the manner of little Christel—

"Three at the right, and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn"?

We point out these passages because there can be no need to introduce them into such excellent and attractive little books. It is an oversight. Mr. Nicoll is a man of such resources that he could have found better material than what we have quoted: the rest of the little book is so good as to prove this fact.

Prayers compiled by a Father for the use of his Children. With some Advice on Praying. Nisbet and Co.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe in written prayers. The plan proposed is to give our young people forms, and encourage them to grow out of them. We prefer to show them what prayer is, and lead them to speak with God in their own words from the very first. Those who learn to walk by the use of stilts are apt to require them throughout life; better far to make many a stumble but learn to use your own legs.

Lights and Shadows of Human Life. By the Rev. John Philip, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

These sermons are greatly to edification: congregations getting the like every Sabbath are made to lie down in green pastures. Mr. Philip has a flowing style, and intersperses his teaching with happy illustrations, and flashes of poesy, and hence his discourses are pleasant reading. We personally prefer something a little more vigorous and striking; but peaceful Philip has his place as well as solid Peter.

Christ and the Bible. By Stanley Leathes. D.D. S. W. Partridge and Co. 1s. 6d.

We highly appreciate this little book. A church-mission had been held in one of the suburbs of London. Who the missioner was it matters not. The more sensational his addresses the more satisfactory they would be to the promoters of that mission. To men and women of emotional constitution, ("men only," "women only,") the appeals would be made with thrilling effect. The pulpit stimulant fires their breasts, but takes no cognizance of their brains. They immediately join the crusade. So it often happens in these days. Salvation army, Church army, Blue Ribbon, Green Ribbon, White Cross, and many more, with their processions, decorations, fife and drum, waving of handkerchiefs, solo shouting, and chorus singing, avail to provoke a feverish excitement, and to make many persons believe that they are on the Lord's side. All goes on swimmingly, and the vauntings are as loud as they are premature. Evil times come, and the fair scene dissolves, like a vision. A reaction was from the first to be feared; for the converts, who have been so eagerly counted, are children without knowledge, and consequently without steadfastness.

Our author comes to the front at an opportune hour. He, as a teacher, follows the earnest missioner in that suburban church with a calm and dispassionate review of "Christian evidences" in a short course of lectures. Lectures on that subject are often as dry as dust. We suppose that they are so because Dr. Dryasdust delivered them. But Dr. Stanley Leathes is a clergyman of another type. When we read his simple but scholarly discourses we feel as if we should like to have heard them. He has a way of so putting a fact that it becomes obvious at once. There is convincing, and, we hope, converting power in his arguments. Evangelists will do well to digest these sound, sensible, savoury expositions; and if our Colporteurs get into a district where revival services have been held, we recommend them to push this book.

Glimpses of Maori Land. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER of those attractive books of travel which have been lately issued by the Religious Tract Society. Our authoress writes pleasingly, and with the gracious tone of one alive unto God. We wish she had cared to see more, or having seen it, had made a record of what is now missing. As it is, the glimpses are rather more churchy than we should have expected from a lady who is so decidedly in harmony with all living work for God.

We are glad that friends at home should know all about the Maories, so that they may defend their rights the next time they are threatened, and may at this present assist in missionary efforts among them. This noble race must not die out, but must be saved from the ills of a Christless civilization, and lifted into the liberty of grace. We are sure our readers will be interested with this volume.

Christ and the Jewish Law. By ROBERT MACKINTOSH, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR literary friends, who follow the methods of scientific criticism, will be familiar with the modern practice of dividing the study of Scripture into *sections*. The old-fashioned way was to detail out the Bible into a summary of doctrines. As for this volume, its title tells accurately "the class" to which it belongs. The Mosaic Law, as it was revealed—in part ethical, in part ceremonial, in part statutory—reflected in the life and teaching of our Lord: that is the subject. Incidentally, however, it necessarily touches on the interpretations of that law, current at the close of the Jewish dispensation. In pursuing this study, Mr. Mackintosh owns his obligation to a German school of authors, without adopting the subtle conjectures which he freely examines. This is all very good in its way. But for popular and practical purposes, would it not have been better to allow time enough to elapse between reading their works and writing his own, for him to forget the obligation, and produce something *ex animo*, free from such technicalities as only advanced scholars can appreciate? As it is, our author does little honour to Dr. Ritschl, or Dr. Weisse; and still less justice to himself; while to us, who scan his pages, he appears rather to take the part of a reviewer than a commentator. And yet he furnishes materials enough for a treatise of interest to all the churches.

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. xiv. Nisbet and Co.

THIS volume is not inferior to its predecessors. It is not exactly to our mind, but we fear it will be long before we see anything better. On the whole, it may be regarded as second to none of our homiletical magazines, and it is as sound as the almost universal declension of the period will allow.

Why I would Disestablish. A representative book, by representative men. Edited by ANDREW REID. Longmans, Green, and Co.

THESE opinions of various personages who are opposed to a State-church are interesting reading, showing as they do the various stand-points from which the matter is viewed by different minds. We do not think that these extracts in any measure support the charge that Liberationists agitate for Disestablishment out of enmity to the Church of England. In our own case, we have never concealed our disapprobation of many things connected with the Anglican body, its Prayer-book, &c.; but, at the same time, we should rejoice to see a vigorous evangelical church of the Episcopal order, free from state fetters, and separated from the mixed multitude of semi-papists who now have so much sway in her midst. We differ most conscientiously, or we would conform: our Nonconformity is deep and thorough, but of ill-will we are not conscious. Neither, if we had an ill-will, should we adopt Liberationist views in order to effect a malevolent purpose. It might be a loss of gold, but it would be a sure gain of grace, for the Church of England to become a voluntary community after the manner of the apostolic churches. Meanwhile, "until the day break, and the shadows flee away," we must each one be faithful to his conscience, and to his Lord. There will come a time when everything that offends shall cease from the kingdom of Christ, and then there shall be no more fountains of strife among brethren.

Gospel Difficulties: or the displaced section of Luke. By J. J. Balcombe. M.A. London: C. J. Clay and Son, Cambridge University Press, 1886.

The four evangelists furnish us with a theme of never-failing interest. We are wont to approach the study of their narratives from many different points. Sometimes we take them up one by one as several witnesses, each writing with a distinct purpose; for this avenue you may take *Jukes* as your guide. At other times we have culled the various parables and miracles they record, and have endeavoured to learn the moral and spiritual lesson of each one; then we often resort to *Trench* as a companion. Far more frequently we have pondered the sayings and the sufferings of our adorable Lord; and here we cannot name our numerous comrades, but we may mention *Isaac Ambrose* of early, and *Stier* of more recent writers.

As a simple matter of historical record, wherein each sacred author is presumed to verify his fellows, we, standing amidst a sceptical generation, set the highest value upon their concurrent testimony. Since the keen eye of modern criticism has searched out so many doubts and difficulties, it is not without a thrill of pleasure that we listen to a competent witness who can thread his way through the maze. Be it observed that there is nothing particularly new in the endeavour to form a *diatessaron*, or harmony of the narratives furnished by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, arranged for consecutive reading, as a complete biography, gathered from four sources. But it is equally obvious that there are complications which the student finds it anything but easy to unravel. Some cavillers take a pleasure in pointing out seeming discrepancies. Others invent explanations of such doubtful accuracy that they make confusion more confounded than before they intermeddled. We are in better society among counsellors who, without any taste for controversy, are clear-sighted enough to detect riddles, or interpret ciphers. This kind of shrewdness has helped us many a time in Biblical literature. Well it might; since the original manuscripts are not to be found.

Here we have a reverent and learned attempt to adjust the several statements of the four evangelists on unequivocal lines. The goal to be reached according to our guide is this—"that in accordance with the implied statement of the parable of the barren fig-tree, our Lord's ministry lasted for a period of four years, every portion of which is duly accounted for, and that in a manner which the exact order observed renders it impossible to misunderstand." The suggestion is that the passage, Luke xi. 14 to xiii. 21 has been displaced with a motive based entirely on a misconception; and if relegated to an earlier portion of the record, viz., to follow chapter viii. 21, it would bring the four narratives into perfect accord. Let it be understood (1) that our author holds an orthodox view of plenary inspiration—(2) that he takes full cognizance of the labours of previous scholars who have traversed the same field of enquiry—(3) that he accounts the real order of events to be not a matter of opinion, but capable of absolute demonstration—(4) that he therefore attributes any obvious difficulty to a corruption of the text, rather than to a failure in the unity of design and execution—(5) that while the third Gospel (that of Luke) lays the most specific claim to *order*, and was written to confirm, not to contradict, the testimony of Matthew and Mark (chapter i. 4) we must look the more curiously into his gospel for any displacement of events which seems to mar the evident sequence—(6) that only one method of re-adjustment can be absolutely just and true; it must be other than a paltry hypothesis, such a positive demonstration as commends itself to the clear judgment of every thoughtful unbiassed student—finally, that our author (7) claims to have possessed great advantages from getting behind the Revision Committee of 1881.

These premises commend themselves to our approval, though they do not suffice to carry full conviction. In fact, we do not intend to sum up, or direct a verdict. Suffice it that we draw attention to a study so full of subtilty that any man must make it his own before he offers an opinion. The volume is very full, but confessedly incomplete, the herald of at least two other volumes to follow.

Notes.

We have lost a dear and enthusiastic friend in the death of Admiral Sir William King-Hall. His affection for us was of no ordinary kind, and he never missed an opportunity of showing it. When in town, at the last Orphanage *Fête*, his salutations were so hearty and special that they almost served as a premonition of his speedy departure to be with Christ. He greatly rejoiced in the building of a new chapel for our friend Mr. Bradford, at Northampton, viewing it as a protest against the election of an Atheist to Parliament. The Protestant and Temperance causes have each lost a champion, and we have lost a brother beloved. May the consolations of God abound towards his bereaved companion!

Prayer has been made without ceasing by the church at the Tabernacle for its invaluable deacon, Mr. William Olney; and to the joy of all he is spared to us. When he has recovered strength, we expect to see him again among us in the fulness of the divine blessing. Long may a servant of God so dear to thousands be spared to aid the pastor, feed the church, and glorify God!

Friends from the country will have no trouble in getting seats in the Tabernacle on Thursday evenings, when Mr. Spurgeon preaches at seven. They would encourage the Pastor's heart if they would try to be at the previous prayer-meeting, in the lecture-hall, at six. For Lord's-days they had better get tickets of admission, which will be sent by the secretary at the Tabernacle, if a stamped envelope is enclosed. There is no charge, but it is hoped that those who are thus favoured with early admission will cheerfully contribute to the work which is conducted by Mr. Spurgeon.

We have a vigorous little community of working people meeting in a hovel in Surrey Grove—we call it a hovel, for it is so low in pitch, and unventilated, that it is far fitter to be a stable than a place of worship. A piece of ground has been taken, and we need funds to build a mission-room—say £600. We made this the subject of prayer, for we did not see our way to the money. A friend, hitherto unknown to us, called in, and altogether unasked gave £100 to start with, and promised another £100 to close with provided the rest was given. How greatly did we rejoice! We also said—the Lord, who thus provides £200, will send the rest without any urgent appeals or bazaars. We have £62 out of it, and thus we are now in need of £338. To provide a room wherein the poor people may meet is a needful and worthy design, and we ask the Lord's stewards to forward the money according as their hearts may be disposed. The little hall will be the product of the providence of God and the willinghood of his people, and as such it will strengthen our faith and rejoice our heart. We have many cares, and therefore expect abounding help.

We have been applied to by Baptist friends in Thornton Heath, near our own residence, to provide them with a meeting-house. Our concern for the place wherein we dwell is, and ought to be, very hearty; and therefore we have purchased a site for a chapel. Right glad shall we be to be enabled to proceed with a suitable school-chapel, in which a church may be gathered, which can afterwards build a larger house upon the ground which we have provided.

The second edition of Mrs. Spurgeon's "Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund." is steadily selling. Dr. Wayland, of Philadelphia, has promised a hearty review in his paper, which we mean to give to our friends in *The Sword and the Trowel*.

We are preparing for the press another shilling book, entitled, "According to the Promise." These cheap issues will, we trust, reach many who cannot afford to buy larger books.

Our readers will remember the notice that we inserted in the magazine last year, with reference to the translation of Norcott's "Baptism Discovered Plainly and Faithfully according to the Word of God" into various Eastern languages. We have paid over to Dr. Haygooni, of Constantinople, the £45 required for the publication of the Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, and Greco-Turkish versions. The first two were issued some months ago, and the third is now being printed. We are glad also to find that the little book has been translated and published in the Bulgarian language. This is the result, we are informed by the pastor of the Baptist church in Roustchouck, of having amongst his twenty-two members one who is a very good printer. It appears that Scriptural teaching upon the subject of believers' baptism is spreading very widely in Bulgaria, and the surrounding districts; and the circulation of Norcott's trenchant treatise has helped to instruct many who previously knew not their Lord's will. It would be a great blessing if Christians at home would read this book, and conscientiously follow out the convictions produced by studying it side by side with the New Testament. It is published in paper covers at 6d., cloth 1s., by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

We call attention to the following sad incident, because we fear it is one of many. The daughter of one of our people was engaged in a West-end house of business, and

while lifting a box of ribbons from a shelf, she over-reached herself, and sustained an internal rupture. She died in a few days in consequence thereof. Similar accidents have occurred at this establishment before, but the proprietors continue to employ only young women, and require them to lift boxes which none but men should attempt to carry, in spite of protests from their *employés*. Such wilful disregard of the well-being of their servants is quite shocking, and deserves exposure. We say no more at present: we do not wish to publish names. When will men in business think of their fellow-creatures? If Christianity will not move them to kindness, surely common humanity ought to do so.

MISS WESTON, with whose work we heartily sympathize, sends us the following letter:—

"From 'Shilling Shots' to 'Shilling Bricks.'

"Dear Sir,

"I feel that it is only due to your readers to chronicle the result of a battle fought, by their help, with King Alcohol, in the shape of two public-houses adjoining the Sailors' Rest at Devonport. I asked for 'Shilling Shots,' and had your readers belonged to the 'King's Royal Rifles' they could not have poured in a sharper or a better fire, and I here thank every one of the smart marksmen that have helped me to bring down the '*Royal Naval Rendezvous*' and the '*Napier Inn*.' Those ancient hostelries are now closed, and the keys are in my possession, the deeds also duly signed, sealed, and delivered.

"If your readers have not exhausted themselves in the work of demolition, I shall ask them to lay down the 'Sword' and to take up the 'Trowel'; in other words, to change 'Shilling Shots' into 'Shilling Bricks.' The public-houses are a waggon-load of old rubbish, only fit to be pulled down, and the site used for rebuilding; and I hope, in a few months, that a substantial building will arise, with Seamen's Reading and Recreation Rooms, Sailor Boys' Rooms, and tiers of Cabins, where Jack can sleep safe from the wiles of the tempter. The buildings will form a part of the Sailors' Rest, and are held on trust. Any further information will gladly be given by,

"Yours very truly,

"AGNES E. WESTON."

"Sailors' Rest, Devonport."

COLLEGE.—Mr. R. H. C. Graham and Mr. H. R. Phillips, who have been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for mission-work on the Congo, will (D.V.) be on their way to Africa when the present magazine is in the hands of our readers. Will all Christians join with us in prayer that these brave young brethren's lives may be spared, if it be the Lord's will, and that they may be greatly useful in that dark continent?

Mr. J. W. Campbell has removed, from Arbroath, to Hill Street, Wisbech; and Mr. W. Pettman will soon leave Herne Bay, to become pastor at Hay-hill Chapel, Bath.

Another member of our College Association, Pastor W. Norris, late of John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, has passed away during the past month. At the Conference it was noticed by those who saw him that he was very ill; and he was quite confined to his bed for some weeks before he was called hence. He leaves a widow and four young children, with whom we deeply sympathize.

Pastor G. D. Cox, of Melton Mowbray, asks us to intimate to brethren in Australia that he hopes to leave England early in October by the P. & O. steamer *Shannon*. He is obliged to seek a warmer climate both for himself and his wife. They will go to Melbourne first, and he will be glad to hear there from any of the brethren who can tell him of a vacant pastorate. Mr. Cox has done good work for the Lord in each of the places where he has been settled since he left the College in 1874, viz., Market Harboro', Sittingbourne, and Melton Mowbray. We cordially commend him and his family to the sympathy of Christian friends in the Colonies.

Pastor W. M. Compton, of Gosport, expects shortly to sail for New Zealand, as the state of his health will not permit him to remain in England; he is a specially consecrated brother, to whom many souls have been given as the fruit of heroic labours. Pastor J. J. Irving, of Maidenhead, is about to visit the United States. Any kindness that can be shown to these esteemed brethren will be well bestowed.

Our brethren Wigstone and Blamire send cheering accounts of the Lord's work under their care in Spain; and Pastor J. M. G. dos Santos reports encouraging progress in the new chapel which he has been enabled to erect in Rio Janeiro.

We have been somewhat saddened by the news from India that the health of our Brother H. J. Martin, of Allahabad, had so completely broken down that he had been obliged to go for a while to the hills, preparatory to returning to England; and also that our Brother A. W. Wood, of Agra, fears that he cannot remain in India to devote himself to purely mission-work among the heathen, on which his heart has been set ever since he went abroad. On the other hand, we have cheering tidings of the labours of Brethren J. G. Potter, of Agra; G. J. Dann, of Allahabad; H. R. Brown, of Darjeeling; G. H. Hook, of Calcutta; and J. Stubbs, of Patna: and *The Missionary Herald* has recently given full particulars of the large and important field occupied by Brother R. Spurgeon at Madaripore, Bengal.

EVANGELISTS.—During the past month *Mr. Smith* has been conducting special services at Ventnor and Newport, Isle-of-Wight, with very encouraging results. He

expected to remain in the island until the 23rd ult., when it was arranged to hold in the Tabernacle a meeting for thanksgiving for the restoration of *Mr. Fullerton*, and prayer for a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the future labours of all the brethren connected with the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have now re-commenced their united work at Hull, where they are looking for a great blessing.

Mr. Burnham spent the end of July and the beginning of August at Rendham and the surrounding Suffolk villages. He is now at work among the hop-pickers in Kent. A few contributions have been sent in response to his appeal for funds, but more help is needed.

Mr. Harmer is about to commence his winter campaign at Alfreton, Derbyshire; and afterwards, with the assistance of Mr. Chamberlain, he will conduct a mission at and around Ipswich.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Tuesday, July 20th*, the annual excursion to Brighton took place, under the superintendence of Mr. Murrell and Mr. Charlesworth. The day was beautifully fine, and everything passed off most successfully.

On *Thursday, July 22nd*, the annual Strawberry Tea, provided by Mr. Ross and his friends, gave the orphans a second treat in one week, for which they were extremely grateful to their generous benefactors.

We desire to present our heartiest thanks to all the kind friends, in town and country, who entertained the children who had no relatives to receive them during their holidays. There were so many applications for girls that the supply was not equal to the demand, and some would-be hosts and hostesses were necessarily disappointed. To all who were willing to have the children, or who actually cared for them, we send the assurance of our gratitude; and we pray that they may all be richly rewarded for their kindness to the fatherless lads and lasses under our charge.

We are bound also specially to praise God for averting all serious infectious diseases from our great family. We were greatly distressed when one dear child sickened with fever, but to our great relief the malady went no further. The whole establishment was overhauled by the doctor, and by the sanitary inspector, but we could find nothing amiss. Little alterations were made, and it is a great comfort to feel that nothing is left undone which lies within our power for the prevention of disease. After this, we may honestly leave all in the Lord's hands, praying that good health may be continued.

Our friends do not forget us: small sums are always coming in, though not by any means up to the amount of daily expenditure. We ask also their prayers.

Special Notice to Collectors.—Our next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held in October; the exact date will be announced next month. The President hopes to be present, and an interesting programme will be arranged for the meeting after tea. We always have room on our list of collectors for friends, far and near, who can thus help to maintain the orphans. Collecting-boxes and books can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road; or any well-wishers, desiring to join the President's special band of All-the-year-round Collectors, will be supplied with books if they write to C. H. Spurgeon, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

COLPORTAGE.—Enquiries are often made as to the cost of a Colporteur, probably, in some cases, because the sum required, £40 a year, appears too small to obtain the entire services of so useful a Christian agent. For this sum, however, the Association is prepared to send a man to any suitable district, to find the necessary stock and outfit, and to bear all further expense in his work. Any church or locality can thus, for less than the wages of a labourer, secure a godly visitor, who will seek to introduce the Word of God, and the best kind of literature, into the homes of the people, and so foster purity of thought and conduct instead of the vicious and unholy sensationalism aroused by the trashy publications so widely read, especially by the young, nowadays. Besides this, the afflicted and aged are looked after, and innumerable opportunities constantly occur for pressing home upon individuals the importance and necessity of religion, while most of the Colporteurs can in a simple manner preach the gospel. The success which, with the Lord's blessing, attends their labours is very encouraging, and makes the Association increasingly anxious to send forth more labourers into the vineyard. We long to see the whole country, especially in its darker corners, visited by this valuable agency. Will friends remember that a large general fund is required to supplement the subscriptions for districts? We are thankful for liberal aid received from many, but this is needed continually if the staff of 80 is to be continued and increased. All information will be gladly and promptly sent by the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A *Baptist minister* in the country, writing to us concerning the conversion of his son, for whom he had asked us to pray, says:—"Knowing that the Lord is a God of means as well as a God of grace, I sent him your new book, *All of Grace*, which has proved a great blessing to him. He writes:—'*Yes, thousands will bless God for that book, and I shall be one.*' It will prove a field in which many sheaves will be reaped when the sower has long been resting from his labours. Perhaps, of all your many books, full of grace and truth as they all are, this one is likely to live the longest, circulate the widest, and yield the most fruit."

A friend in *Natal* writes:—"We send to you, over the sea, our warmest Christian love, and also our hearty thanks for your sermons, which, during the past seventeen years of our married life, have cheered and comforted our hearts every Sunday morning, and have been a feast to our souls over and over again. We live far up country, and miles from a place of worship, and far, far away from Christian society; so your sermons, *The Sword and the Trowel*, and last, but not least, your 'Morning by Morning' and 'Evening by Evening,' have been a source of great pleasure and profit to us. We have sent to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition a case of our own preserves, desiring that, at the close of the Exhibition, it should be sent on to you for the use of the children at the Orphanage."

A brother minister in *Bahia*, Brazil, is translating our sermons into Portuguese, and publishing them monthly in a separate form. He is also printing, in the same language, various extracts from our writings in the *Echo da Verdare*, a Brazilian Evangelical magazine.

From a village in *England* a friend writes:—"For many years I have taken your weekly sermons, and the reading of them has been greatly blessed to my soul, and the more so at the present time; for, since the death of our beloved vicar—a truly blessed evangelical preacher, one who preached the truth as it is in Jesus—we have one over us who gives us poor food for hungry souls; and were it not for the rich feasts I enjoy in reading your sermons, the Sabbath day would often be a fast day. The Master, who plucked me as a brand from the fire, put it into my heart to assist in the work which is carried on in our Sailors' Bethel, and for several years I have now read one of your sermons on a week-night. I believe the Lord has blessed and is blessing the work."

A friend, who has before described what she calls her "Spurgeonite Mission," writes concerning its progress:—"It is most encouraging. The Lord has given me of late the untold joy of being used to many precious souls, young men particularly; and I always get them to take your sermons weekly, and when I can, also to get your 'Morning by Morning.' These young men just delight in them, and they have induced their fellow-workmen and friends to take them. I cannot tell you my joy when I succeed in getting these dear young converts to feed on such food, as it is all-round truth, and good, substantial, strengthening, joyous food. One expects them to grow up into fine, manly Christians. I have got quite a number of Church of England people to take the sermons; also a clergyman and his wife, and some officers in India."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—July 22, nine; July 29, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Miss L. Haward	0	5	0
In memory of Helen Best	5	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Per Pastor H. H. Driver:—			
Pastor H. H. Driver 2 10 0			
Deacon A. Hoby 1 0 0			
Mrs. Robb 0 10 0			
	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Cory	50	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Nunn (sale of diamond pin)	2	0	0
Mr. Davis, per Miss A. M. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. Henry B. Frearson	5	0	0
Rev. B. Senior	2	2	0
Rev. C. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	5	5	0
Nameless	0	10	0
Mr. D. McKercher	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
An outside friend	5	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
A thankoffering	10	0	0
G.	10	0	0
An old salt's widow	5	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 18 25 0 6			
,, 25 5 14 3			
Aug. 1 37 18 3			
,, 8 35 13 0			
	104	6	0
	£214	16	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Sigmur	0	5	0
From a lover of Jesus (with box of flowers)	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. tracts	0	2	6
Mr. G. W. Cater	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Usher	2	0	0
Mr. P. Hallett	0	5	0
A widow, Aberdeen	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Sanders	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	4	3	6
Mr. B. Eddy	1	1	0
An anonymous lady	0	2	6
Mr. J. Brown	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. P. Jacobs, South Carolina ...	0	2	6
M. J. B.	1	0	0
"Ruapeher"	1	0	0
Mrs. Elliot's box	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Shekleton	0	10	0
Mrs. William Piper	0	10	0
Per J. T. D.:—			
Mrs. Ward, Slawston ... 5 0 0			
A widow, per Mrs. Ward... 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Puttock	0	5	0
From an old sailor, R. H., Northfleet ..	0	3	0
Young women's Bible-class, Streatham, per Miss Grimes	1	10	1
A friend, G. B.	0	3	0
Mr. W. Norton	1	0	0
Postal order, Litchurch, Derby... ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	9	6
Infant-class, Chipping Norton Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Burbidge	0	10	0
A friend in Stockton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	1	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
P. H., Birmingham	0	15	0
Mrs. M. Hyatt	0	10	0
A friend in Edinburgh	1	0	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Mr. J. C. Axtens	1	1	0
Mrs. Quilty	0	10	0
Miss S. A. Muir	0	5	0
Teachers and scholars at Richmond-street Sunday-school	23	0	0
E. H. J., Oxford	1	0	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
Scholars at Charles-street Sunday-school, Camberwell-new-road ...	2	11	5
W. S., Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Sole	0	5	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Collected by the children of the Hon. Mrs. West	1	1	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A poor afflicted old woman	0	2	6
Mr. C. E. Smith	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	16	1
Mr. W. T. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Scoles	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"—			
"Inasmuch" 5 0 0			
Two £5 notes 10 0 0			
Smaller amounts 2 11 6			
	17	11	6
In memory of Helen Best	5	0	0
Miss Mary Best	1	0	0
Mr. John Reid	2	0	0
Mrs. England	1	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs H. Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. A. Alston	1	0	0
H. Y.	0	10	0
Mr. Dixon, per Pastor T. Hancocks ...	0	10	0
Rookery children's box	1	0	0
I. M. P.	0	5	0
Miss M. Harnden	0	10	0
Mrs. Samuel Foster	1	0	0
Proceeds of sale of "Spring Thoughts," per Mr. J. Gwyer	0	2	6
M. E. H.	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
Firstfruits	5	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	6
Miss Harriet Heap	1	0	0
Miss Elizabeth Heap	1	0	0
Miss Ann Heap	0	10	0
Miss Emma Heap	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Young	1	0	0
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Collected by Pastor T. Whiteside, Ballymena	4	5	0
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
J. S.	15	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor C. D. Gooding:—			
Burnham Baptist Sunday-school box 0 7 0			
Mrs. J. Taylor's box ... 0 3 6			
	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. William Collin	1	0	0
Miss Ann Ferguson	0	2	6
Mr. D. McKercher	3	0	0
The Birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Mr. R. P. Hicks	1	1	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Helen Check	0	10	0
Mr. Charles Jones	0	3	0
Mr. A. Sutherland	1	0	0
Mrs. Holcombe	5	0	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss Ramage	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Small ...	0	9	0
Maggie	0	2	0
Hawick Juvenile Mission	2	8	9
Mabel and Percy	0	2	0
Mrs. Kinnersly	2	10	0
Stamps from a sermon-reader	0	2	8
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
Miss A. Peltzer	0	5	0
Stamps	0	2	6
A. D.	0	10	6
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Miss E. M. Prior	0	1	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	10	0
Mr. William Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
A lady at Workington, per Mr. G. Greenwood	0	5	0
Mrs. Norton	1	0	0
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Henry Doorbar, jun.	0	6	6
A friend, per Mr. A. George Edgerton	0	10	0
A reader of the Almanack, L.M. ...	0	5	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0
Miss M. E. Thorpe...	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	0
A mother and daughter, Hawera ...	2	0	0
G.	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
S. Z.	0	2	0
Mrs. Scivwright	0	2	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
An old salt's widow	5	0	0
Mr. John Parkinson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mrs. Enrish, per J. T. D.	4	0	0
A. L. S.	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
High Wycombe:—			
Proceeds of meeting ... 7 10 9			
Tracts sold 0 8 8			
Donations:—			
Mr. T. B. Ford 1 0 0			
Mr. G. Wheeler 0 10 0			
Mr. D. Clarke 1 1 0			
	10	10	5
The Dome, Brighton	18	5	1
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. A. M. Hallett's children	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. John Parry	1	0	0
Mrs. E. E. Adams	1	1	0
Miss E. Kennaby	0	5	0
	£353	9	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—18 gallons of Milk, Mr. R. Higgs; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 40 quarterns of Bread, Mr. C. Russell; a quantity of Bread, Mr. W. B. Pringle; 52 baskets of Strawberries, 2 baskets of Cherries, and 4 baskets of Gooseberries, Mr. W. Ross; 9 quarterns of Bread, Mr. Harvey; a quantity of Gooseberries, Mr. W. Tebbutt; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; a quantity of Pork Pies, Messrs. Carter and Son; a quantity of Bread, Mr. H. Judkins; 1 box of Vegetables, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; a hamper of Fruit, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—23 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. J. Withers; a quantity of Cloth Remnants, Messrs. P. J. and E. E. Evans.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—115 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. J. Withers; 9 articles, Mrs. Wilkins; 6 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 10 articles, Mrs. Muir; 14 articles, Miss Descroix.

GENERAL.—44 pairs of Shoes, Mr. G. H. Kerridge; a box of Flowers, A Lover of Jesus; 1 bag of Calcarine, Mr. W. Ross; 1 Doll, Anon.; a quantity of School Books, Anon.; 112 lbs. Yellow Soap, Mr. T. P. Chard.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evans	10	0	0
Aylesbury and Wendover, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	20	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, Kingsteignton	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	7	2	6
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks...	10	0	0
St. Luke's, per Pastor E. J. Farley ...	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thomas White ..	6	5	0
Orpington, per Mrs. Allison's class ...	10	0	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	10	0	0
Okehampton, per Mr. R. V. Bray ...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	15	0	0
	£178	7	6

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
In memory of Helen Best	3	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Firstfruits	18	0	0
Mr. Potier	2	10	0
Mrs. Price, per Mr. J. K. Walker ...	0	5	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. D. McKercher	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Martin	0	4	0
G.	10	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£55	19	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Robert Wilson	3	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"...	23	1	3
Dr. Beilby	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Dawson	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	5	0
In memory of Helen Best	5	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. Potier	2	10	0
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
J. S.	10	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Thankful, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. James Baker	1	0	0
Baptist Union British and Irish Home Mission, for Mr. Harmer's services in Ireland	10	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	5	0	0
G.	10	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£92	6	3

Postal order for 10s., received from Ulceby, was duly forwarded to the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Received for Hop-pickers' Mission:—Mr. E. C. Wade, £1; Mrs. Kowley, 5s.; Mr. E. Goodman, 10s.; M. D., 5s.; Mr. R. Hellier, 10s.; a well-wisher, 2s. 6d.

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, 1886.

Unity and how not to promote it.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ALL Christians desire the unity of the church. No one justifies the divisions of Christendom, or wishes to perpetuate them. The evil results of division are seen at home, and felt abroad in the mission-field; and anything practicable which would bring the churches together, and make them truly one, would command the attention and the favour of all good men. Oh that once again we all rallied to the cry of "One Lord, one faith, one baptism"!

Out of this most laudable desire grows many an idle attempt, and foisted upon it there may come many a device of the enemy which will work serious mischief. The bait of unity may cover the hook of heresy. Division itself may be deepened and increased by methods which are proposed in the name of Christian love. Whenever an object is much upon the mind of masses of good men, the state of desire and expectancy engendered by it creates an opportunity for fanaticism on the one hand, and for diplomacy on the other. Availing themselves of a prevailing sentiment, men of policy have pushed forward their own designs under its cover. In this case, in the name of union, certain parties have striven for supremacy, and have again and again grasped at universal dominion in the name of Christian love. We shall have taken a step in advance, if from the history of the church we perceive the failure of one at least of the favourite remedies for division.

It has occurred to many minds of different orders, that the shortest

method for setting forth the unity of the church of Christ is to believe your own church to be *the* church of Christ; and to call upon all other churches to quit their separation, and come over to you at once. So very simple has this appeared to be, that it has commended itself to several parties, and it has seemed to them to be unquestionably the royal road to unity. It is being tried to-day, and those who are trying it have a childlike, not to say a childish, faith in it. The projectors of the method are all the day wondering why a stiff-necked generation has not been obedient to their call. Is it not self-evident that this is the readiest way out of all the entanglements of sectarianism, and the surest end to all the fends which arise out of the existence of denominations? Let *our church* be at once acknowledged to be *the church of Christ*, and let all sects and parties be merged therein once for all. To disobey a mandate so plainly right is a grievous sin, which can only be accounted for by sectarian prejudice, or the obstinacy of inveterate stupidity. Oh that men were wise, and without further controversy would join this one and only church, which has such a clear vision for the faults of other churches, and is itself so free from all defects!

But in all humility we venture to ask, Whence comes this authoritative voice? Our ears hear the sound of it from all points of the compass, and we are therefore puzzled. We have a difficulty even upon the infallible system now proposed: unto which of the saints shall we turn? Whence comes the supreme voice which we are bound to obey? Is it from *the Romish hierarchy*, hoary with age, and venerable with prestige? Certainly, if length of years can establish its claim to be *the church*, it holds its own against all comers as a separate institution. It is far younger than the church of Christ, but it is one of the oldest of the claimants of that title. Yet we venture to assert that no number of years can make falsehood to be true. A community which is defiled with idolatry in the worship of images, saints, angels, and so forth, is not the church of Jesus Christ. In innumerable ways the Romish church has departed from the words of the Lord Jesus; and if any man reading the New Testament will attend its worship, and enquire into its teachings, he will decide that it is not the church of the Lord Jesus, neither is it anything like it. Its claims are most imperious, its condemnations of all questioners are many and decisive, and its efforts to obtain universal dominion are zealous and far-reaching; yet we are persuaded that the rent robe of Christ will never be repaired by the Papal needle, nor will union come through all churches paying obeisance to the Bishop of Rome. The truth is, that it would be death for the church of Christ if the Papacy ruled over it.

A voice nearer home speaks the same word, and ever imitates the Italian tone. From the Roman to *the Anglican establishment* is a considerable step, for this last can never vie in historical evidence with the older claimant. How a church, which owes its separate existence to the Protestant Reformation, can set up an unprotestant claim to be *the church* we cannot tell. Indeed, it is not all the Episcopalian community which endorses this pretence, but only a portion of it. This section of the episcopalian body is very bold in its profession, and arrogant in its language. It is *the church*, and all who dissent from it are schismatics and heretics. It is sinful to hear a

preacher, however good he may be, if he does not belong to *the church*. All other so-called churches are mere sectarian societies, and are to be avoided by good churchmen. Even the evangelicals within the pale are set down as little better than disguised dissenters: the light which is in them is darkness. Join the High-church, and persuade everybody to do the same, and the unity of the church is secured; and all the more so since prayer is daily offered that the Anglican church may be visibly united with the Greek and Roman communions.

To this overture we reply that, if we did not see the church of Rome to be the fit centre for the faithful, we have equal difficulty in finding such a centre at Canterbury. Are we all to submit to a Prelacy, to use a stereotyped form of prayer, and to accept errors similar to the grand falsehood of Baptismal Regeneration? The church of Christ has never taught that doctrine. We find the teachings of the primitive church in the New Testament, and we perceive among those teachings truths which are diametrically opposed to this and other superstitions of Anglican priests. The arrogant claim put forth by this community to be *the church* is not worthy of a moment's consideration. By the same reasoning which it employs to prove its own point, and to condemn all Nonconformity, it proves fatally too much, for it vindicates the Papacy, and condemns itself.

Taking Holy Scripture as our guide, we are amused at the effrontery which is shown by these two bodies of ecclesiastics when they boast of being *the church of Christ;* they might as well profess to be a company of angels, or a herd of buffaloes. There is no relationship between these pretentious confederacies and the church of Christ if we view them in a spiritual light: as organized bodies they are about as far removed from the apostolic church as darkness from light, or death from life. We are not judging the many individuals within their bounds who may be godly and gracious men; we only refer to these ecclesiastical societies in their corporate form. There can be no union in the body of Christ by means of these confederacies, since they are themselves in many ways antagonistic to the true church of Christ, if it be still what it was in our Lord's days.

These two specimens of exclusiveness might have sufficed throughout all time to illustrate the way by which unity never can be reached. These are two instances of the *reductio ad absurdum;* two experiments resulting in disastrous failure; two specimens of the way in which the claim to be *the church* does *not* mend the torn vesture of the Lord, but makes the rent worse. The fact is, that this exclusive claim is of the essence of schism, and is the soul of sectarianism, by whomsoever it is put forward. No course of conduct is more sure to create division than for any church superciliously to exalt itself and claim to be *the church of Christ.* Yet the idea has a bewitching influence, and continues to mislead. If men were wise, they would see that the endeavour to set up your own party as a centre has been worked out in its inevitable consequences so many times already, that henceforth it is worthier of a kindly ridicule than of serious thought.

Among later incidents which illustrate our point, we may quote the story of *Plymouth Brotherism.* Here again was *the church;* not this time in cathedrals and palaces, but in upper rooms and hired houses;

yet quite as exclusive and infallible as old Rome. The brethren gathered to "the name," and all other believers were in Babylon, or some other city of confusion. Churches which had kept the faith, and suffered, and laboured for the Lord's sake centuries before the new brotherhood was born or thought of, were all less than nothing and vanity; but the half-dozen who broke bread in the "assembly," these were *the church of Jesus Christ.* By this means sects were to be ended, for "the brethren" were not a sect; denominations were to be annihilated, for "the brethren" were not a denomination. Few as they were compared with the great bulk of Christians, they were the wheat, and all the rest were the chaff. After creating no end of heart-burning in churches, and unnatural hatred in families; after warring among themselves, and splitting and splitting again, these brethren have left us as the net result of their exertions a sect which exceeds all others in party spirit and bitter exclusiveness. To hope for the unity of Christendom by this means would be to expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. "The brethren," as individuals, are among the best of men, and we love and honour them; but in their collective capacity, as arrogating themselves to be *the church of Christ,* they are a transparent imposition. We repeat the remark, that not a word have we to say against "brethren" one by one; among them have been teachers at whose feet we would willingly sit; yet the community in its organic action commands from us no commendation, but very much the reverse. The eyes of astonishment are opened to the utmost when it is reported that little coteries of conscientious but unbrotherly brothers are in some way or other the core of Christendom, the *élite* of the elect—if not the whole of the chosen. There is no need seriously to argue against a claim so childish.

In this instance also it is seen that the leaven of exclusive pretence ferments to strife. Call yourselves nothing at all, but insinuate that you are the only ones who are really *the church of God,* and you have scattered seed which will produce a harvest of strife. The pretence of non-sectarianism will serve as a blind, so that you may the better attack the churches of our Lord Jesus, but there will be no other use for it: it will entrap the unwary, but it will answer no other purpose. To become a Plymouth Brother in order to escape the evils of sectarianism is to leap into the sea for fear of being wetted by its spray. In most localities this is so well known that what was once a potent weapon of offence has now lost its power. Observant persons no longer listen to the Siren song which once enticed so many upon dangerous shores.

There are signs that the plan is now to be tried over again by another band of professors. *The Campbellite denomination of Christians* has as much right to make proselytes in England as any other body of religionists, and we should not think of going out of our way to oppose it. All sorts of workers will find ample scope in London and other great cities, and all may work together for good. But all denominational extension should be done openly and above-board; there should be no pretence of unsectarianism when a sect is endeavouring to convert others to its peculiarities. If the Campbellites wish us to believe that they are *the church of Christ,* they should also let us know what they are as to their distinctive views. That they are Christians we never doubted: that they are Christians more than any other baptized

believers we greatly question. Their advocates, it seems, are pleading for *the church of Christ*, and they themselves are *Christians*, while others are only Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Methodists. We are as truly Christians as they are, and possibly all the more truly Christian in spirit because we lay no invidious claim to the title. Yet it is hinted that if we join the Campbellites, we shall join the church of Christ, and put an end to schism. We are all invited to unite ourselves with this American community. We like it neither the more nor the less because of its Transatlantic origin; but we do not see the propriety of subsiding into it. We esteem our brethren, but we do not subscribe to their teachings, and we repudiate their claims. Is it so, that they are Christians, and we are sectarians? Let them prove it by their greater likeness to their Lord, and their clearer manifestation of the spirit which vaunteth not itself.

The climax of sectarianism is to call your own body *the church of Christ*, and look down upon other believers as sectarians. Those churches which hold the head, Christ Jesus, and are quickened by the Holy Ghost, are all parts or members of Christ's body: or, in other words, they are sections or sects of the one great church. Hence we ourselves, in using the word "sect," do not imply the least censure; but when that word falls from certain lips it has a meaning full of contumely and condemnation. If the various churches dwell together in peace and love, they act according to the spirit of union; but if any one of these portions claims to be the whole, and begins to monopolize for itself the title of *the church of Christ*, it breathes the spirit of discord, and is not working towards unity, but towards division. The tendency on the part of those who listen to arrogant claims is to answer indignantly—Who are these that they should give themselves such airs? What is there about them that they should push us on one side, and say —Stand by, for I am more Christian than thou? It needs a great deal of grace to keep one's spirit calm when persons are pushing you down in the name of brotherly love. The offensive claim is greatly to be regretted, for the raising of even self-defensive questions is not helpful to love and concord. It may serve the ends of those who are introducing another denomination where there are enough already; but to talk of creating unity by it is vanity of vanity.

The most sectarian of all the sects are those which boast that they are not sects: this witness is true, and every candid observer will confirm it. These are not the men to foster unity, these whose hands are against all who do not agree with them. We are not now referring specifically to Campbellites, or Plymouthites, or Ritualists, or Romanists, but to any and all of those who proudly venture to urge peculiar claims to be *the church*. One of the first steps to unity will be for these exclusives to become decently humble, take their own places, and cast away once for all the delusion that they are anything in particular. When men are content to be on a level with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are able to see Christ in every part of his mystical body as well as in their own limb of it, they will be further advanced upon the way to unity than they are now in exalting themselves into a papal position. Each church will have enough to do to fulfil its own obligations to the Lord; it need not be ambitious to school its fellows into a sense of inferiority.

Even in controversy against pretensions which must be opposed, we must avoid falling into the error which we assail. Those who call us sectarians must not be allowed to conquer us so far as to make us retaliate. So far as there is anything opprobrious in the term "sect," let us not use it even towards the very sect of sects. These good people even in their vexatious claims are aiming at an ideal which is commendable. It is true they are destroying what they desire to build up; yet it is well that they wish to build it. Their failures serve to show us how perplexing is the problem of Christian union, and how great the difficulty of working it out. Possibly it may be better worked out incidentally than by any distinct effort. It is evident that other questions also demand attention, and perhaps some of them must first be answered, before we can touch that of unity. Let us seek after unity in its proper relation to other desirable objects of pursuit. Let us be first pure, then peaceable. Let us seek truth, and be ready to die for it; yet let us seek peace, and aim to live in it. How far we can be loyal both to love and truth is the question which only the Spirit of God can help us to answer. To be loyal to both should be our endeavour; but the path is one of such extreme difficulty that we must wait upon the Lord for daily guidance, or we shall soon miss our way. We must not sacrifice conscience to run with a denomination, neither must we forsake our erring brethren out of personal pique or private ambition. Above all, we must not aim at unity by setting ourselves up as *the church*, and styling all others "sectaries." This is to cement our walls with dynamite, and lay the foundations of peace upon barrels of gunpowder.

Paltry Battles of Small Natures.

THE common stickleback, or tittlebat, as it is sometimes called, is a most irritable and pugnacious creature. Sometimes a rival male comes by with all his swords drawn ready for battle, and his colours of red and green flying. Then there is a fight that would require the pen of Homer to describe. These valiant warriors dart at each other, they bite, they manœuvre, they strike with their spines, and sometimes a well-aimed cut will rip up the body of the adversary, and send him to the bottom dead. When one of the combatants prefers ignominious flight to a glorious death, he is pursued by the victor with relentless fury, and may think himself fortunate if he escapes. Then comes a curious result. The conqueror assumes brighter colour and a more insolent demeanour; his green is tinged with gold, his scarlet is of a triple dye, and he charges more furiously than ever at intruders, or those whom he is pleased to consider as such. But the vanquished warrior is disgraced; he retires humbly to some obscure retreat, he loses his red and green and gold uniform, and becomes a plain civilian in drab.—*From "Scientific Illustrations and Symbols."*

How Thieves are Reclaimed.

THE thieves of London are not one class, but many, ranging from the professional swell-mobsman, who represents the aristocracy of the fraternity, to the juvenile depredator who steals because he has been taught no better mode of gaining a livelihood. Any observer of London life is aware of the irreparable disaster which dishonesty is working every day in all directions. These seriously perplex railway authorities at every turn; they add a cross to the lot of many a merchant whose success is jeopardized by unprincipled assistants; and they represent a weak point in the management of co-operative stores, which are probably more exposed than private firms to loss from pilfering. Honesty is no doubt at a premium in the commercial world, and many persons in responsible situations little think what they lose by falling under suspicion through doubtful acts. They are watched in a manner they have little idea of, and their flaws of character are detected when they think them perfectly concealed. A London trader assured us that a certain young man among his assistants would be worth £3 a week, instead of the small allowance he then received, if he were but honest. He had never learned to make any satisfactory distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and he suffered accordingly.

The characteristics of the ordinary professional London thief are well-known to such as have given the subject attention. In spite of any disguise he may assume, he lies open to detection in one vulnerable point—he cannot control his eyes. Cast a searching glance at the face of any man who has given way to habits of dishonesty, and, even though a lie may be on his tongue, his eyes will reveal the truth. We believe, with Mrs. Meredith, that this simple test will be found to be infallible. Some time ago, while standing at a suburban station, a train on its way to Newmarket races came alongside the platform, and, standing at the door of a first-class compartment, and looking out with an air of nonchalance, was a man dressed in the height of fashion, daintily holding a cigar in his gloved hand. He was said to be a swell-mobsman; and one who would attempt no "work" save that of the most remunerative kind. We approached the compartment and looked the man full in the face, when, with an expression of confusion, he at once retreated into the carriage. Conscience made a coward of him. We do not know what his thoughts were. He may have taken us for a detective.

A man like this represents a class, the members of which would not deign to fraternize with the more ragged herd who carry on their operations with less art. They are depredators of whom all should beware in any crowd, especially such as carry well-filled purses, or who wear gold watches. If they are ever detected and arrested, justice knows well enough what discipline to give them; but otherwise they are a tribe hard to deal with, because they have been cleverly trained in nefarious arts, and because they have also contracted a rooted dislike of work. They are to be encountered in all kinds of likely and unlikely places; and we suspect that religious assemblies furnish no small share of their ill-gotten gains. Not long ago a large number of philanthropic persons met by special invitation at a well-known place of meeting in London, but the door-keepers did not examine the tickets

very rigidly. Soon after the proceedings commenced, a well-dressed young man rose, as one might do when weary of a prosy speaker, and hastily left the room: a few minutes later a lady who sat on the next seat discovered the loss of her purse. There is always a risk in taking valuables into meetings of this kind, especially if they are crowded. Persons think that they can take care of their own; but they fail to consider that certain thieves have learned to use their fingers in a way which might win a prize in a conjuring competition.

The manufacturer of flash coins is even more to be dreaded than the thief who simply appropriates a purse or a watch, and then disappears. The "smasher," as he is conventionally called, is an adventurer against whom shopkeepers in the suburbs have ever to be on the alert; and the worst aspect of the business is, that he draws the young and unsuspecting aside from ways of rectitude, and frequently compasses their ruin. A case in point came before the magistrate at Worship-street police-court on the 19th of January, when a man, thirty-five years of age, was charged with passing counterfeit coin. Five boys, whose ages ranged from six to fourteen years, had been met with by the prisoner in different parts of the town, and asked by him to make small purchases with "a half-sovereign." In several instances, the children brought the change; but if the fraud was detected, or if they were seen to come out of a shop accompanied by any one, the coiner precipitately decamped, and escaped arrest. The sham pieces were described as being somewhat light, but otherwise "very much resembling the true coins." Practices of this kind occasion considerable inconvenience to small shopkeepers, especially to widows and to young women who are not gifted in the art of detecting spurious money: the trick is usually carried out by sending into the shop children with honest faces.

Mr. Hatton, of the St. Giles's Mission, and his able and sympathetic lieutenant, Mr. Wheatley, could tell a good deal about this; and their testimony is, that coiners are the most troublesome class of any to deal with, and they occasion more mischief among the young than any others. In former times there used to be academies for pickpockets, where boys and girls could be perfected in thievish arts; but although these institutions may have passed away, the young are still taught to make spurious money, and youthful adventurers from the country are enlisted in the service of the utterers even before they are aware of what they are doing.

The wider diffusion of education does not ensure a more extended range of Christian principle. If they choose to turn Board School advantages to their own account, the dishonest classes have more formidable weapons in their hands than they had before. Educated criminals are more to be dreaded by society than illiterate ones, and they are more difficult to reclaim. Schools and political privileges must be accompanied by special efforts for the extinction of crime, or no good will come of them. How shall this be done if not by Christian means? The punishment prescribed by the law does not always lessen wrong-doing; for in other days, when the gaols were full, and the hangman was ever busy, crime abounded to an extent which perplexed the judges and alarmed the public. Neither schoolhouse nor prison can prevent crime; but at his stations, in St. Giles's, and in Brook-street, Holborn,

Mr. Hatton has proved that criminals may be arrested in their downward course, and may yet become Christian citizens. At the breakfasts which are given every morning outside of several prison-gates, the discharged learn for the first time that there are friends ready to give them assistance, and that if crime is forsaken position may yet be retrieved. The work in progress is a wonderful one, and it is beneficial to the public as well as to the discharged prisoners. The workers in this mission have proved that the gospel, and the gospel alone, is the only antidote to crime.

Here is a striking confession of a born thief:—"My father was a thief, sir; I know'd nothing else but thieving. I began when I was about ten years old, picking little things earlier than that. I'd never seen a Bible, never in all my life; churches I knew only from the outside, though I was but a lad when I heard as some on 'em had something inside—plate of some kind—worth nabbing. I was in prison when I were just turned fourteen; and no sooner out than in again. I believe in the next twenty years I spent well-nigh eighteen in quod—doing two long terms. At Dartmoor I heard tell of the Mission, and how there was some chance for a fellow like me. The fact is, I'd got tired of it, and lots of 'em are, but I'd been trained to it, and didn't think there was anything else for me. However, I thought I'd give them a try, and sent in my name to the governor as wanting to be discharged to the Mission. Very well; when I come to the Home, Mr Wheatley, he makes me stare. Why? 'cause he spoke about pardon Now I'd never dreamed of such a thing. I thought I might do better and live honestly, but I'd never thought about sins being pardoned. He took me into the Home till I could pick up a trade, and get a job somewhere. All the time I was working I kept turning over in my mind what he could mean about a Saviour for me. One of the fellows there—as I know'd had turned religious—came, and he says to me, 'Look here, turning over a new leaf won't do; you've got to cry to God for pardon, to take Christ as your Saviour.' Says I, 'Take him; why, how can I take Christ?' So he spoke plain to me, and showed how Christ saved the thief on the cross, and how he died for me. I'd never heard the like before; for, more shame to me, I'd paid little attention to what the chaplain said. Well, from that day I began to see things different, and 'tweren't long after till he saved my soul. He did, and now I don't want to steal, I don't really, sir. I believe he's made a new man of me."

Another, who came down from a position in which he had £200 a-year to penal servitude, wrote thus:—"You will, I am sure, be pleased to learn I am still keeping my situation, and giving satisfaction. I get 25s. a week. I have two rooms nicely furnished of my own. I just manage to live respectably, and keep myself and wife out of debt. Shall be delighted to see you any evening after seven. I am still an abstainer, and my wife has never in her life tasted drink."

During the year ending April 30, 1886, 4,547 criminal cases were dealt with. The larger proportion were assisted with money, clothes, tools, &c.; but others were sent abroad, some had work found for them on land, a number were returned to their friends, and some took to a seafaring life. In addition, 772 convicts received their gratuities from the prison authorities, to the amount of £3,739, through the Mission.

Chrysostom.

(*Continued from page* 484.)

II.—HIS LIFE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE left Chrysostom in the height of his popularity and usefulness at Antioch, and on the eve of transference to another scene of arduous labour.

The death of Nectarius, the indolent Archbishop of Constantinople, in 397, left not only a vacant dignity for which there were many eager aspirants, but many abuses which his ease-loving nature had left unredressed, and which would furnish ample work for his successor. The appointment rested with the Emperor Arcadius, a feeble-minded creature, who was wholly in the hands of his licentious favourite Eutropius. To Eutropius, therefore, and to the people, a crowd of aspiring presbyters addressed their claims, and even went down on their knees begging for the vacant office. But Eutropius, on one of his visits to Antioch, had chanced to hear Chrysostom, and the eloquence of the preacher had left a deep impression on his mind. Desiring to have the enjoyment of so much eloquence within reach at Constantinople, he pitched on him for the vacant office: and so it came to pass that one of the most worthless of men made choice of one of the best for this high position. The emperor consented, and the bishops who were summoned to the capital to dignify the consecration ceremony, unanimously approved the choice.

Two anticipated difficulties—the reluctance of the people of Antioch to part with their favourite preacher, and the reluctance of the preacher himself to be promoted to so high a place—were met by a scheme to convey Chrysostom by stealth to Constantinople. He was invited by the military commandant of Antioch to go to the Martyrs' church, outside the city. There, beyond the apprehension of popular tumult, he was seized by soldiers and hurried to Constantinople, where, finding resistance useless, he acquiesced with a good grace, and was consecrated and enthroned as archbishop.

Constantinople, the new Rome, the capital of the Eastern empire, was the creation of Constantine the Great. It was surrounded by massive stone walls, ten miles in circumference; and its magnificent school, theatres, granaries, aqueducts, senate halls, churches, and palaces overlooked the noble harbour of the Golden Horn. The famous works of Phidias and Praxiteles adorned its streets and squares, and the statue of Constantine himself, on a pillar of marble and porphyry 120 feet high, towered in the midst of the city. It occupied a matchless position, alike for defence, commercial enterprise, and beauty. It was to this city, where the Christians alone numbered 100,000, that Chrysostom came to exercise the responsibilities of an archbishop, and to make enthusiastic friends and implacable foes. For here, had he known it, in the very centre of the pageantry that attended his enthronement, was the enemy, who, within less than ten years, was to accomplish his downfall and death. Theophilus, the patriarch of Alexandria, had left no stone unturned to secure the appointment for a presbyter of his

* The Life and Times of Chrysostom. By the Rev. R. Wheler Bush, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

own, who had been his secret agent in more than one discreditable affair, and whom he therefore wished to gag, by putting him under increasing obligation to himself. To Theophilus fell the task of consecrating the new archbishop, a task excessively unwelcome to him, for he knew enough of Chrysostom to be aware that he would prove no tool of his. He complied, indeed, being left no choice in the matter, but resolved in his dark mind to have his revenge in the future.

Here was one powerful enemy to begin with: Chrysostom's zeal soon created more. To him the archbishop's chair was no easy chair. Nectarius had lived in state and magnificence, had kept a costly table, and had allowed the clergy to fall into apathetic indifference to their duties. Chrysostom's plain living formed an unwelcome contrast to his predecessor's profusion; and the tremendous energy with which he worked himself, and summoned the clergy to work, excited their active dislike. His fervour was a censure on their worldliness, and his frugality a reproach to their luxury. When Chrysostom saw that neither appeals, expostulations, nor threats availed to reform his clergy, he adopted harsher measures, suspending some from communion, and deposing others from their offices. It is possible that these measures were not carried out very gently. Where a little suavity and longsuffering might have won obedience, his impatient and imperious energy roused opposition; for, with the glory of God and the good of the people in view, he was like a mountain torrent, which bore down all resistance. He was unfortunate, moreover, in his archdeacon Serapion, a self-willed and arrogant man, in whose hands he left too much to be done in his dealings with the clergy; and the faults of the subordinate naturally excited odium against the principal.

But while the clergy were almost in mutiny, the people felt the sway of his eloquence. They went in crowds to hear him, and listened with especial delight to his denunciations of the vices of the higher classes, and of the faults of the indolent clergy; preaching which was perhaps more honest than judicious: but he declared to them the word of God with fidelity, and to counteract the rapidly spreading Arianism of the city, instituted popular evening services in the churches, and midnight processions and meetings in the open air.

In the second year of his residence a violent earthquake spread consternation throughout Constantinople, and the Empress Eudoxia, moved by the startling event, invited the archbishop to join her in a solemn processional service. With great pomp the bones of some martyrs were carried at night by torch-light to a martyrs' chapel, nine miles from the city, where Chrysostom preached a sermon in extravagant praise of the empress. The emperor himself visited the chapel on the following day, and, laying aside his crown, reverently viewed the remains of the martyrs, an act which was followed by another eulogistic sermon from the archbishop.

A very different scene occurred the next year on the occasion of the fall of Eutropius. This favourite had earned for himself the execration of all men. A victory of Tribigild the Ostrogoth over the Imperial forces enabled the barbarian to dictate terms of peace. He demanded from the emperor the head of Eutropius. The demand was conceded, and Eutropius fled for sanctuary into the church, pursued by the people

clamouring for his execution. At this supreme moment, while Eutropius crouched in servile fear at the foot of the altar, Chrysostom rose and confronted the furious multitude. "Vanity of vanities!" exclaimed he, "all is vanity. Where now are the pride of state, the pomp of office, the luxury of him who was lately lord of all? All, all are gone! A sudden blast has swept off the leaves of the tree, which is bare and stricken to the roots. All that earthly grandeur has vanished like a dream. The shadow has flitted away: the bubble has burst." Then, reminding Eutropius of his former exhortations which he had scornfully rejected, he added:—"Thy friends who flattered thee have forsaken thee, but the church, whom thou treatedst as an enemy, opens wide her arms to receive thee into her bosom." "Do not think I would reproach him or exult over him," he continued, addressing the people, "God forbid. I look on him with compassion, and I invoke your sympathy for him, and would persuade you by his example to cast away your own love of earthly things, and to learn a lesson of forgiveness of injuries from God, and to act in the spirit of Christ, who prayed for his murderers, 'Father forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

"The powers of humanity, of devotional feeling, and of consummate eloquence prevailed," says Gibbon. Eutropius was saved from immediate violence, and his sentence of death was commuted to banishment; from which, however, he was subsequently recalled and put to death.

Chrysostom's great diocese afforded many channels for his evangelistic zeal. For the numerous Goths who resided in Constantinople he procured translations of the Scriptures, and engaged a Gothic presbyter to read the word of God to them in their own tongue, addressing them occasionally himself by means of an interpreter. To the Gothic and Scythian tribes on the Danube, and even to the British Isles, he sent out missionaries; and he procured an edict from the Emperor for the destruction of heathen temples in Phœnicia. He aimed also to consolidate the work of God at home, stimulating the wealthy to build churches in the outlying villages, and appointing preachers to them. He carried on at the same time his own work of preaching to the congregations that assembled in the great church, and wielded the same mastery over the minds and hearts of men that he had exercised at Antioch. The homilies on the Acts of the Apostles, and on the Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians, to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon were preached in Constantinople.

But now, when the influence of Chrysostom was at its zenith, when he was the idol of the people, when his power was felt in the palace, submitted to by the clergy, and acknowledged even by the political rulers of Constantinople, indications of the coming storm began to appear. The empress, who had formerly assisted at his popular services, and lavished praise upon him, began to tire of his high standard of holiness and of his uncompromising rebukes of luxury. His missionary efforts gave rise to jealous complaints that he was trespassing beyond the proper limits of his diocese; and a visitation which he was invited to make at Ephesus, to examine into certain malpractices of bishops who had sold episcopal ordination, and in which he deposed six of their number, and punished with rigour the dissolute clergy, excited the animosity of the sufferers and inflamed their desire for revenge upon this stern ecclesiastic.

During his absence from Constantinople on this visitation, Severian, Bishop of Gabala, whom he had left in his place, made a dishonourable use of his opportunity, and poisoned the minds of the emperor and empress against him. A league of court ladies, whose luxuries he had denounced, was formed, with the empress at its head; and two other bishops, jealous of his power, came to Constantinople to join the hostile movement, one of whom, in allusion to Chrysostom's plain table, said, he would "season his soup for him."

Chrysostom heard of these plots, and hastened home to confront his enemies. He inveighed against Severian and the bishops in the church. "Gather together to me those base priests," cried he, "that eat at Jezebel's table, that I may say to them as Elijah of old, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?'" The rash utterances of the fiery orator brought the storm upon his head. The allusion to the empress could not be misunderstood. He had called her Jezebel, and she never pardoned it.

And now his old enemy, Theophilus of Alexandria, saw his opportunity. He skilfully organised and commanded these different forces against Chrysostom. He summoned at Chalcedon, across the Bosphorus, a packed synod of thirty-six bishops, all of whom were either his own creatures or bishops aggrieved by Chrysostom's recent vigorous action at Ephesus, and cited Chrysostom to appear and reply to twenty-nine charges which had been drawn up against him. The charges were, all of them, trifling, exaggerated, or false. He had, said his accusers, been guilty of maladministration of the church funds, had treated the clergy imperiously, had said they were "not worth three obols," had beaten a monk, had struck a man in church, had gluttonously eaten his dinners all alone (in allusion to his plain solitary meals, to which they were not invited), had violated the rule of fasting communions, had compared the empress to Jezebel. Before this synod Chrysostom refused to appear, and convened a counter synod of forty bishops, which addressed to Theophilus a letter of remonstrance, but without result. He was condemned as contumacious, and deposed; and the emperor ratified the judgment of the synod, and pronounced sentence of banishment.

Chrysostom bowed to the storm, and took leave of the friendly bishops assembled in his house. But the news of his sentence spread consternation in Constantinople. The people assembled in thousands, and kept guard for three days and nights around his house and the church, to prevent the exile of their beloved archbishop. A hint from him would have kindled rebellion, but he allayed their passion and preached acquiescence in the decrees of Providence. On the third day he left the church secretly by a side door, escaping the notice of his audience, and surrendered himself to the imperial guard, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He was conducted under cover of darkness to the harbour, and conveyed to Bithynia.

The people were at first stunned, but recovering themselves they clamoured indignantly at the emperor's doors for their bishop's return. On the following night a still more potent disturbance took place; the city was convulsed by an earthquake. The couch of the empress rocked to and fro beneath her, and shuddering at the wrath of heaven, she, who had procured the decree of banishment, besought her royal husband to

recall Chrysostom from exile. The edict of recall was published. The news diffused the utmost joy. The Bosphorus was alive with boats. Torches blazed on every side. The whole population went out to meet him. His enemies retired into obscurity. "What shall I say?" he exclaimed. "Blessed be God! These were my last words on my departure, these the first on my return. Blessed be God because he permitted the storm to rage! Blessed be God because he has allayed it."

But the calm was not of long duration. A statue of the empress had been erected in front of the church, and it was inaugurated with great pomp and ceremony, accompanied with a good deal of pagan revelry. The noise of the wild dancing was heard in the church during service, and Chrysostom denounced in unmeasured language all persons concerned in the business, from the empress downwards: and when her indignation was reported to him, he exclaimed at a festival in commemoration of John the Baptist, "Herodias is again raging; Herodias is again dancing; once more she demands the head of John in a charger."

The empress would bear no more. She resolved on revenge. A council was convened in 403 which condemned him to deposition and exile; and at the following Easter, while he was engaged in administering baptism to 3000 catechumens, the soldiers entered the crowded church, drove the candidates from the baptistery with their swords, crimsoning the waters with blood, scattered the congregation, and pursued the worshippers along the dark streets: and when the clergy and catechumens reassembled at the Baths of Constantine to complete the baptismal service, attacked them again, wounding some, and carrying others off to prison, where they sang hymns and celebrated the Lord's Supper. Violence prevailed through the whole Easter week: houses were ransacked in search of secret meetings, and Chrysostom's followers were scourged and imprisoned. For two months he himself was confined to his own house guarded by relays of his followers, and narrowly escaping assassination. At length the emperor signed the decree for his banishment; and he suffered himself to be led away secretly, repeating the words of Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." In the darkness of night he was placed on board a vessel, and conveyed to the coast of Asia.

Scarcely had he quitted the city when a fire broke out in the church, which was almost entirely destroyed. Many of his adherents were put to the torture on suspicion of having kindled it, but the origin of the fire was never discovered.

Cucusus, the place of his exile, was a secluded village in a valley of the Taurus Mountains, on the border-land of Cilicia. The climate was rigorous, and the place was subject to the attacks of Isaurian marauders. Thither he was hurried through the heat of summer, suffering from ague and fever, his escort being ordered to avoid cities and towns, and to put up at wretched villages where black bread and bituminous water were all that could be obtained. From his place of exile he wrote letters to his friends, and a treatise on the subject, "No one can be hurt by any one but himself"; and another, "To those who are scandalized by persecution." His influence was immense. Never even as Archbishop of Constantinople had he wielded a greater power than in his lonely retreat. Letters asking for his advice reached him from all parts. The affairs of the Eastern church were regulated from his lonely cell. Gibbon

himself says, "the three years which Chrysostom spent at Cucusus, and the neighbouring town of Arabissus were the last and most glorious of his life. His character was consecrated by abuse and persecution; the faults of his administration were no longer remembered, but every tongue repeated the praises of his genius and virtue; and the respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed on a desert spot among the mountains of the Taurus. From that solitude the Archbishop, whose active mind was invigorated by misfortunes, maintained a regular and frequent correspondence with the most distant provinces, exhorted the separate congregations of his faithful adherents to persevere in their allegiance, urged the destruction of the temples of Phœnicia, and the extirpation of heresy in the isle of Cyprus, extended his pastoral care to the missions of Persia and Scythia, negotiated by his ambassadors with the Roman Pontiff and the Emperor Honorius, and boldly appealed from a partial synod to the supreme tribunal of a free and general council. The mind of the illustrious exile was still independent, but his captive body was exposed to the revenge of the oppressors, who continued to abuse the name and authority of Arcadius."

At length his enemies, vexed at his prolonged life and increasing influence in spite of hardship, obtained an order from the emperor to change his place of banishment to the wind-swept, inhospitable region of Pityus, on the bleak north-eastern shore of the Euxine, in the hope that his life might be extinguished by the three months' fatiguing journey, or by the cold climate of the place, should he reach it. The journey was to be performed on foot, the nights were to be spent in unsheltered places in the open country, his letters were to be stopped, and his guards were promised promotion should he die on the journey. Their amiable desires were accomplished. Chrysostom never reached Pityus. At Comana he was so weak that progress was almost impossible, but his unrelenting escort pushed on for six miles further to a wayside chapel, where a halt was made for the night. In the morning Chrysostom pleaded in vain for a short rest: he was dragged onward, but after four miles' travel fever increased upon him, and his inhuman guards were obliged to bring him back to the little chapel. Arrived there, he was supported to the Communion table, and, attired at his own request in the white robe of baptism, he gave away the clothes he had worn to those standing around him. He then received the Holy Communion, uttered a last prayer, and with the words, "Glory be to God for all events," peacefully died. It was the 14th September, 407, the 60th year (probably) of his age. He was buried in the little martyr chapel where he died, in the presence of a large number of monks and nuns who came from the neighbouring provinces to celebrate his burial. Thirty-one years afterwards the tide of feeling had changed and his remains were conveyed with pomp to Constantinople.

Thus died one of the greatest of the early leaders of the church. Faultless, indeed, he was not. He had his weaknesses of judgment and temper. But he was a noble man, whom we cannot but love, admire, and reverence. He stamped the whole age in which he lived with the broad seal of his genius, piety, eloquence, and moral grandeur, and he has spoken to men by his writings for 1500 years. The Church of Christ is the richer for such men as John Chrysostom. C. A. D.

The Cure of Cares.

BY HENRY MASON.

WHEN immoderate cares and distrustful thoughts arise in our minds, we must not give way to ill feelings; much less may we get ourselves into a solitary room, that we may muse on our misery. Natural distempers which spring up so easily of themselves, will soon become doubly strong, if they be not either denied entrance, or quickly turned out of doors. For that purpose we may do four things.

1. We must *divert our thoughts some other way, and turn them to some better object.* For as husbandmen, when their land is flooded, make ditches and water-furrows to carry the water away; so if our minds be flooded with cares of the world, there is no better way to drain them than by making another passage for them, and by diverting them to some other matter fitter to be thought upon. For which purpose, we may teach our hearts to meditate on the vanity of worldly things, or on the comforts and peace of a good conscience, or on the shortness of this life, or on whatsoever other good matter our mind will most willingly receive and entertain. Such themes will find the easiest entrance, and are likely to abide the longest with us. If our former cares do interrupt us against our wills, and so hinder our meditations, we must call home our wandering thoughts, and drive out these fancies, as Abraham drove away the birds that lighted on his sacrifice.

2. We may, for the same purpose, *betake ourselves to good company,* choosing out those whose words may "minister grace" to us; and whose savoury talk may possess our minds with a love and liking for the best things. By how much we give our minds to mark such men's discourses, by so much we shall diminish our distracting thoughts.

3. We may also *set ourselves about the reading of the Scriptures,* and other wise and sober writings, which may both take up our thoughts, and inform our minds. So it seemeth David did in the times of his distress. "Princes," saith he, "did sit and speak against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes." And again: "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction." David did not sit down and bemoan himself with discontented thoughts; but he ran to God's word, and drew comfort from it in all his troubles. So should we do: if any fears afflict our minds, we should go to the Book of God, and busy ourselves with thinking on the sweet sayings which are there recorded.

4. We should *set ourselves with as much cheerfulness as we may about the businesses and works of our honest callings.* These are employments that we are well acquainted with, and therefore it will be easy to occupy our minds about the ordering of them. Thus painful thoughts will have the less room. If we set our heads and hearts to work, we shall fill our minds with good thoughts and keep out fretful cares. But if when cares and fears seize upon us, we avoid action, and shun company, and leave our callings, and get into a corner, it is no marvel if our unquiet thoughts get head against us, for we ourselves do cherish them.

"In Perils in the Sea."

PART I.

AUTUMNAL sunshine never smiled more bright,
Nor blessed a fairer scene with warmth and light,
Than when it shed, in Apostolic days,
Its lustre on the blue of Lycian bays,
Burnished the mirror of fair Myra's port,
And flashed its sheen her quays and piers athwart.
Upon those wharves a crowd of people stared,
Guessed whence that vessel came, and how it fared,
Which, unexpected and unknown, was seen
To sail ere long their sheltering "heads" between.
The sea breeze fails, but powerful paddles plied,
The stranger craft soon ploughs their haven's tide.
Mark how her prow the ebbing current stems,
Dashes the mirror into myriad gems,
Furrows the fallow field with golden bars,
While sunshine sows it with ten thousand stars.

Soon as the ship is fastened to the quay
The men of Myra solve the mystery;
For it transpires that she from Cæsarea,
First touched at Sidon; then they had to steer
Past Cyprus, underneath that island's lee,
Because the western winds were contrary;
Till in Cilician and Pamphylian seas
The current favoured, and the off-shore breeze.
Thus waved and wafted soon the trav'llers stood,
As we have seen, by *Andriaki's flood.

The greetings past, the latest tidings told,
The bustle over, on the wharf there strolled
Centurion Julius of the Augustan band;
He, and the soldiers under his command,
All bound for Italy, their own dear home,
With Eastern prisoners (also bound) for Rome.
Nor long nor vain the search, he soon espied
A vessel waiting for the next full tide,
Like pinions plumed for flight her sails unfurled,
Rome was her port—Rome, Mistress of the world;
While Alexandrian corn her hold well fills,
Nile's harvest homage to the Seven Hills.

But she has yet more precious freight to bear
Than goods and passengers already there:
Paul in an Adramyttian ship has come,
And this must take him on his way to Rome.

* A small river on which Myra was situate.

Hark! how the chains of those in bondage led
Make dismal chorus to the measured tread
Of well-trained warriors, who with short broadswords
Hedge each escape the crowded wharf affords.
Down the steep stage the sad procession wends,
The clank of shackles and of tackling blends,
While the bright armour of the hundred braves
Reflects the twinklings of the tiny waves.

But who is Paul? How comes it, too, that he,
Although a prisoner, walks at liberty—
Quite fetterless, while at his either side,
Beloved Luke and Aristarchus stride?
No murderous outlaw he whose deeds of blood
Have drenched a city with a crimson flood;
No Cain-like mark disfigures his fair face,
His eyes beam kindly light, his lips speak grace;
Nor yet, methinks, a base intriguer he
Against the Emperor's supremacy,
Nor one who for seditious book or speech
The wide world's Mistress wants within her reach.
Is he some Orient ruler, from whose hand
Rapacious Rome has snatched the royal wand—
Whose subjects now their monarch's mercy miss,
And groan beneath their conquerors' cruelties;
While he they well-nigh worshipped shortly must
At Cæsar's footstool lick the very dust?
Nay! Scarce looks he a king, the pomp and pride
Which royalty, though captive, cannot hide
Is imperceptible, though all can see
What kings oft lack—a sweet serenity;
He wears, though home is left long leagues behind,
The choicest coronet—a quiet mind!

Whence comes this wondrous man? and what his crime?
Who are his gods? and what the creed sublime
That bids him lift his head, and flash his eye
While other prisoners pine most miserably?

Once Saul of Tarsus, and a Pharisee,
The fiercest foe of Christianity,
By Grace Omnipotent at length subdued,
In ceaseless service shows his gratitude:—
Paul to the Gentiles takes the living word,
And wins the thousands to his risen Lord!
What fearful crime, you ask, lies at his door?
He preached Christ crucified!—'twas nothing more.
His sacred talisman was *Faith in God*,
He feared nor Jewish rage nor Roman rod:
When he was weak he found himself most strong,
He made the dungeon's darkness bright with song;

Perils as varied as they were severe
He bravely passed, nor thought his life was dear ;
"That Christ's own power may on me rest," quoth he,
"I'll gladly glory in infirmity" !

Another test that boast must stand. The Jews
First seek to slay, then shamefully accuse ;
With falsehoods strive his arbiters to move
To sentence him for crimes they could not prove ;
While Felix, Festus, and Agrippa last,
Too much like Pilate, play both loose and fast ;
Hold with the hare while running with the hound,
And punish him in whom no fault was found.
What wonder he a higher court demands,
Flies into Nero's out of Jewish hands,
And hopes from Cæsar's self he may receive
The justice procurators fear to give !

Thus have we found him and his faithful friends,
Where Myra's river with her haven blends.
By now the passengers are all transhipped,
The tide has risen high, the cable's slipped ;
The harbour laughs with ripples to each shore,
Yet soon grows solemn as it was before :
While "Westward Ho !" its second stage begun,
The craft looms black against the setting sun.
Oh, venturous barque, didst know what waits for thee,
Thy pennons would not wave so cheerily !
Fierce storms are lurking in their windy lair,
Their spring is fatal ! Oh, beware ! Beware !

PART II.

The omen's sure ! Alas ! that fated crew,
Though not at once, must prove the presage true.
For many weary days, with close-hauled sails,
They make slow progress 'gainst the baffling gales,
Till, Cnidus breasted, in the Ægean sea
Th' Etesian breezes win the victory.
Against the North-west wind they cannot beat,
So 'bout the ship, South-west by South, towards Crete.
Salmonè's headland passed, the sheltering shore
Enables them to try their course once more.
Again the gusts go whistling through the shrouds,
Again the spray flies past in blinding clouds ;
Yet bravely they th' unequal contest wage,
And make, at last, Fair Havens' anchorage.
Here, within sight of Lasea's stately towers,
Again they wait, and grudge the wasted hours,
Till all, grown fretful at the long delay,
Resolve, at the first chance, to sail away.

Though Paul foretells the imprudent haste will be
With much loss fraught, and serious injury.
("'Twas dangerous," he said, "because the Fast,
The Expiation-day, was past.")
But what cared sailors for a landsman's whim?
And the centurion, though he honoured him,
Hearkened to owner and to pilot more;
Nor dreamed that when a dozen days were o'er
(Each plainly proving the prediction true),
Paul would be pilot and commaudant too!

So it was settled, numbers won the day,
To sail for Phœnix, forty miles away:
To winter there would, doubtless, answer best,
For, looking East, 'twas sheltered on the West.
Just then, as if to prove them right, the sky
Gave indications that a change drew nigh;
And soon, oh, joy! a soft South wind arose,
(Their purpose is obtained, so they suppose).
Hark to the rattling chains! the gladsome cries!
Joy lights the captain's and the captives' eyes:
The anchor, rising from the dark deep blue
In sparkling diamonds, pays the harbour's due;
The sleeping ship awakes, out spreads her arms,
With swelling sails admits the zephyr's charms;
And shyly bending from the sweet caress,
Flies from the breeze, yet loves it none the less.
How glad the scene! To all aboard that ship,
Except the captives, 'tis a pleasure trip!
Soft blow the breezes warmed in Libya's land,
Bright dash the breakers on the Cretan strand;
The breeze is incense, and the waves a choir,
Glad hearts the sacrifice, their joy the fire;
While snow-clad Ida stands, with charms untold,
A vestal virgin in an age of gold!
"How now for prophecies of storm?" say all,
"Mere crazy croakings of the prisoner Paul!
Sweet Summer, loath to end her sunny reign,
Assumes her sceptre and her crown again;
Nor will relinquish her benignant sway
Till we are snugly moored in Phœnix bay!"
Alas! fond souls; who little dream how soon
Their craft must wrestle with the fierce typhoon.

The fatal moment come, the bolt withdrawn,
The famished leopard leaps upon the fawn!

Hark to the creaking mast, the straining ropes!
Behold the tattered flags, the shattered hopes!
The wind called Euraquilo strikes the ship,
And holds and shakes her in its mighty grip.

Ah ! now the tempest takes the steersman's place,
And drives her with the wind she cannot face ;
While monster storm-clouds muster to the fray,
Waves, mountains high, pursue their trembling prey.
Chased thus by howling winds and raging floods,
At headlong speed before the gale she scuds,
Till, under Clauda's lee, her skilful crew
Secure the boat, the ship herself hove to
Upon the starboard tack : here, too, they strap
The vessel's wounds—her starting timbers "frap,"
And, lest on Syrtè's shoals they should be cast,
Lower the gear from off the bending mast.
Thus drifts the labouring bark, while, rising still,
The tempest taxes all the seamen's skill :
They, hoping to appease their cruel fate,
Fling overboard both furniture and freight ;
Yet day succeedeth day without the sun,
Each night is starless when each day is done,
And Hope herself, than sun or stars more bright,
First pales her cheerful ray, then dies outright.
Oh ! what that crowd of hapless souls can save
From hunger's death-pangs and a watery grave ?
That leaking ship their coffin must become !
The weeds their cerements, and the caves their tomb !

Dark was the night, the gloomiest of all,
When worn and hungry, lo ! the prisoner Paul,
With eyes uplifted and the voice of prayer,
Besought his God to pity and to spare ;
Midst midnight war to let the peace-day dawn,
To slay the leopard, and release the fawn.

Dost see in yonder cloud that mystic beam ?
Not lightning flash, nor meteoric gleam.
Mark how it trembles through the driving sleet ;
Sure 'tis a spirit form, so fair, so fleet !
Breasting the storm-gusts as the sea-birds glide,
Alighting now the kneeling saint beside !

"Hail, spirit blest, whom God the Father spares
To minister unto salvation's heirs !
With thee the storm grows calm, the midnight day.
Dost always hover where the righteous pray ?
Hast thou a message from the throne divine ?
What is the will of thy great Lord, and mine ?"

So spake the man whose prayer of faith had brought
The bright-winged angel from the shining court.
"Oh, fear not, Paul," the heavenly herald said,
"Before the Emperor thou must be led ;

Thy life is safe, and God hath granted thee
The lives of all who share thy jeopardy!"
Then soaring, sylph-like, through the entangled shrouds,
The angel vanished in the inky clouds,
Seeking Jehovah, as a spark the sun,
To pay his homage, and to hear, "Well done."

PART III.

Another morn breaks on that surging main,
Still swathed in clouds returning after rain;
And Paul stands boldly forth amid the crowd,
Faint with long abstinence, and cries aloud:—
"O, sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me,
And not have sailed from Crete; this injury
And loss you had not gotten then; and now,
Be cheered; the God before whose throne I bow
Has sent me tidings by an angel's lip,
There'll be no loss of life, but of the ship;
Though on a certain isle we must be cast.
Be cheered! We're saved! The word of God stands fast!"

The fourteenth night of driving to and fro
In Adria's stormy sea is come, when, lo!
At dead of night the sailors all surmise
Some land is near, their practised ears and eyes
Can tell. The lead, to verify their guess,
Finds twenty fathoms first, and soon five less.
Fearful of driving on the rocks, they lay
Four anchors from the stern, and wish for day.
The miscreant sailors then attempt the shore,
Pretend the ship needs anch'ring from the fore,
Lower the boat, about to leave to fate
The luckless vessel and her living freight;
When every soldier hears their prisoner say,
"Ye cannot all be saved except these stay!"
So firm the voice—'twas Paul's—so brave his mien,
The one calm man amid that fearful scene.
His guards obey, their swords the ropes divide,
Down drops the boat into the foaming tide;
'Tis seen a moment on a wave's white crest,
Then drives ashore—the herald of the rest.

So wore the night; but ere its gloom was past,
Paul bade his comrades break their fortnight's fast,
"For not a hair shall fall from any head!"
He bravely spake, and having taken bread,
He gave God thanks—a Eucharist indeed—
Then ate. Cheered thus, all followed at his lead:

Refreshed, they threw the wheat into the wave,
Content to lose the freight themselves to save.
At length the dawn arrived, with keen survey
The sailors scanned the shore—perceived a bay,
On whose soft beach they hoped their ship to thrust,
So left the anchors in the brine to rust;
Loosened the rudder bands, the foresail set,
And made towards shore. Alas! where two seas met
She took the ground, and while her fore stuck fast,
Her stern to pieces went as each surge passed.
Faint with the chase the fawn was brought to bay,
The leopard then had naught to do but slay;
With foaming jaws it roared and ravaged round,
It broke its victim's bones with every bound,
Mangled its ribs, and tore each quivering side,
And strewed the shapeless fragments far and wide.

Then spake the soldiery, "The prisoners slay,
Or some may swim ashore and get away!"
For sake of Paul their chief this purpose stayed,
And all the swimmers on the ship he bade
Leap overboard, and getting first to land
Assist their comrades up the sloping strand.
Obedient, they leap into the main,
Strike boldly out, and soon the margin gain,
And looking back across the snow-white sea
Beheld it dotted with the dark *débris*
To which their shipmates cling. One has to thank
A spar for help, another grasps a plank.
Frail life-boats these, yet each one safely bore
A soul immortal to the wreck-strewn shore.

But what of Paul? Methinks I saw him leap
Among the first to swim, for in the deep
He'd spent a night and day, and thrice before
Had suffered shipwreck on a storm-beat shore.
Upborne by faith as well as strength and skill,
He battles with the surging surf, until
A kindly billow takes him in its reach,
And casts him pale and panting on the beach.
With scarce a moment's rest, behold he strives—
His own life saved—to rescue other lives;
Anon he shouts a word of cheerfulness
To yonder sufferer in dire distress;
Anon he bends to chafe some ice-cold form,
Or snatches other trophies from the storm.
Breast-high he ventures in, and bravely saves
Exhausted strugglers from the refluent waves.
All things to all these men he has become,
If he by all means may deliver some.

Nay, nay; not *some* alone, but ALL, for so
Jehovah's angel pledged a week ago!
No sailor lost, and not one soldier drowned,
The passengers all saved, the prisoners found.
Close on three hundred souls—a hapless host—
Stand safe but shiv'ring on Melita's coast!

What holy gladness fills the eyes of Paul;
As answers to his prayer he views them all;
His joy—though stained with blood, or salt with sea,
His crown—or Jew or Gentile, bond or free!

Thrice happy servant of the blessed Lord,
He heard thy pleading; he has kept his word.
Despised, like Christ, thou dost thy foes forgive:
E'en those who sought to slay thee through thee live!

Oh that our common perils thus became
A means for magnifying God's great name!
Help us, good Lord, in storm and dark to plead
For others as ourselves, who succour need!
Grant us Paul's faith in God, his love to men.
Oh, make us mediators, Lord. Amen!

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Hymns for Children.

(CORRECTIONS OF SECOND PAPER.)

MR. YOUNG, the author of the hymn, "There is a happy land," has written to correct one or two inaccuracies in relation to his hymn. The writer's information was derived from an eminently trustworthy source; but even the most careful writers may be misled sometimes.

1. The hymn, Mr. Young says, was suggested, not by the *singing* of the palanquin-bearers' *song*, but by the *playing* of the *tune*. Mr. Young did not hear the song until several years after the hymn was written.

2. The last line of the third verse should be, "Reign, reign for aye," in conformity with the ending of the other verses, "Praise, praise," &c., and "Blest, blest," &c.

The present writer is of opinion, however, that, uniformity notwithstanding, the almost universally accepted reading, "*We* reign for aye," is better, because more personal.

3. Mr. Young adds, though that has reference to hymn-book compilers, and not to the author of the above paper, that the hymn was written in 1838, and not in 1843.

A Death-bed Repentance (?)

"DO you believe in a death-bed repentance?" This is the question that often comes up in a minister's experience. My answer is this—I have not much faith in what is sometimes called a death-bed repentance; and, as for myself, I do not intend to run the risk which is incurred by putting off repentance until my dying hour. If *you*, dear reader, have not yet sought the Lord, may he bless the reading of the following incident to you!

I remember, when I was a village pastor, it was very late one Saturday night before I had finished my preparation for Sunday's work; and while I was in a sound sleep, I was suddenly startled by a loud knocking at the street door. In a moment I was out and looked down upon the pale face of a young woman, who exclaimed, "Please, sir, will you come and see mother? Her's cruel bad, in a dying state." As soon as possible I was ready, and we made our way to one of a row of poor, broken-down cottages which had the repute of being "haunted", or "ill-wished." In the winter time, the children who passed the place on their way home from school would get very near to each other, and peer with pale faces through the broken windows, and then with a shout, more in fear than fun, "run for it." To this hovel of wretchedness we came; my guide led me up the broken stairs into the upper room, a sort of loft under the roof, and there, upon a miserable bed, lay the mother of the girl who had called me, surrounded by her sons and daughters who had com from far to "see mother die."

The moment I entered, the poor creature sprang up in her bed, and seizing my hand, cried in agony, "Oh, sir, do pray for me, do pray for me! I'm dying, I'm a poor lost soul, pray, pray!" Just then the day began to dawn, and the rays of light fell upon her pale face. In that solemn moment we all knelt by the bedside, she held my arm, and in a hoarse whisper kept crying, "Pray for me, *do* pray for me!" Those were awful moments, for she had to look back upon a bad life; and a bad life and a death-bed are sorry company. I prayed, I read the passage—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and I preached from that text to the poor creature; and still she held my arm, and still she cried, "Oh, sir, pray for me; I'm dying!" We prayed on through the early morning, the sun rose, the Sabbath day began, and still she cried, "Pray for me!" As the service time was approaching, I sent a hurried request to a friend to preach for me, and continued in prayer with the poor woman, pointing her to Christ as her only hope of salvation. About mid-day the light began to dawn upon her dark mind, the burden of sin seemed to roll away, and joy lit up the pale face of the sufferer. Suddenly starting up, she clapped her hands, and began to sing aloud,

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me.
Jesus loves even me."

We joined in singing, and praised God for his love and his grace through Jesus Christ. It seemed as if heaven had begun in that poor chamber.

I wish I could stop here, but I must tell the rest. The excitement and strain of singing caused a gathering in her throat to break, and

ultimately she recovered. What did she do? How did she live? Did she show her gratitude to God, who had saved her? No, she rose from her bed to seek again the public-house, and to return to the mire and filth of a sinful and unholy life; her hatred to God's people was intense, and her bitterness of spirit was terrible to behold.

This is one reason why I have very little faith in what is called a death-bed repentance. Dear reader, do not you postpone repentance till your last moments. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near"; lest that fearful word be true in your case—"Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."—A. A. H.

The Great Talker "Fairly Done."

"A GOOD story is told of ex-governor Magottin, of Kentucky, who is a good talker, and likes to do most of the talking himself. Recently, in making the journey from Cincinnati to Lexington, he shared his seat in the car with a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman. The Governor, after a few common-place remarks, to which his companion smiled and nodded assent, branched into a description of the scenes that he had witnessed in different parts of the country, grew eloquent over the war, described with glowing speech the numerous horse-races he had witnessed, talked learnedly of breeding, and told thrilling stories of his battles with the Indians in the North-West. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when the train was nearing Lexington the two exchanged cards, and parted with a cordial shake of the hands. The Governor drove to an inn, and to a number of friends he remarked that the ride had never seemed so short before. 'Then you must have had pleasant company aboard.' 'You are right. I met a gentleman of unusual intelligence. We conversed all the way over. I never was brought in contact with a more agreeable man.' 'Indeed! Who was he?' asked his friends. 'Wait a minute, I have his card'; and the Governor felt in his pockets, and produced the bit of pasteboard. 'His name is King.' 'Not Bob King?' shouted a dozen in one breath. 'Yes, gentlemen, Robert King—that is the way the card reads,' was the proud reply. A roar of laughter followed. 'Why Governor, Bob King is as deaf as a post; he was born deaf and dumb!'"

[Does not this story remind the reader of many who talk so fast that they never give other people a chance of putting in a word edgeways? Let us beware that we do not fall into such folly, as we easily may by indulging a natural readiness of speech. It is well to remember that it may be pleasant for the deaf and dumb to be thus jabbered at, but persons who can hear are apt to grow weary with incessant chatter, and persons who can speak like to have a turn themselves. When people speak to edification, they never talk too fast; a horse which carries a good load will travel at a moderate pace.—C. H. S.]

The tale is taken from Mr. Roe's "Anecdotes of the Deaf and Dumb." See Review.

The Man who could not Agree with Himself.

GENERAL GRANT in his Autobiography mentions an officer who could never agree with anybody. He was made up of objections: a man who was all angles.

"Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. As a subordinate he was always on the look-out to catch his commanding officer infringing his prerogatives; as a post commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest neglect, even of the most trivial order.

"I have heard in the old army an anecdote very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies commanded by a field-officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies, and at the same time acting as post quartermaster and commissary. He was first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company, he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and endorsed on the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed, 'Mr. Bragg, you have quarrelled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarrelling with yourself.'"

Is the reader inclined that way? Let him remember this story, and bring his disputations to an end. Life is too short to spend it all in falling out with all our fellow-workers. C. H. S.

Beware of Rome.

DO not be deluded by soft dalliance; do not be cajoled by caresses. Puss touches me with velvet paw, but I have seen her pounce upon a mouse; and I would rather be pussy's master than pussy's mouse. Rome can purr, and she can play, but remember she can bite. Crossing Falmouth Harbour one dark night, much did I admire the fair phosphoric gleams that played over the waves as they rippled beneath the keel. Wonderful and beautiful was the glow as of fire which flashed on the face of the waters. Ah, it was all outward gloss! Beneath that fantastic semblance of light and heat, cold gulfs of death were yawning—true type of Rome's specious charities and inward heart.—*Samuel Coley.*

Compulsory Tithes: not founded on Jewish Tithes.

[Sixth Article.]

BY PASTOR W. M. HAWKINS, HUNDON, CLARE, SUFFOLK.

THAT the Jews in the Holy Land paid tithes by God's command is indisputable. That God complained when they neglected to make the payments good is also certain. He pronounced severe censures and denunciations on the Israelites when they neglected to pay their tithes. He also promised to bless them abundantly if they would obey him in this. In Malachi iii. 10 to 12, we read: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts." In this chapter withholding the tithes is called "*robbing God.*"

Numbers xxxv. 2—8: "Command the children of Israel, that they give unto the Levites of the inheritance of their possession cities to dwell in; and ye shall give also unto the Levites suburbs for the cities round about them. And the cities shall they have to dwell in; and the suburbs of them shall be for their cattle, and for their goods, and for all their beasts. And the suburbs of the cities, which ye shall give unto the Levites, shall reach from the wall of the city and outward a thousand cubits round about. And ye shall measure from without the city on the east side two thousand cubits, and on the south side two thousand cubits, and on the west side two thousand cubits, and on the north side two thousand cubits; and the city shall be in the midst: this shall be to them the suburbs of the cities. And among the cities which ye shall give unto the Levites there shall be six cities for refuge, which ye shall appoint for the manslayer, that he may flee thither: and to them ye shall add forty and two cities. So all the cities which ye shall give to the Levites shall be forty and eight cities: them shall ye give with their suburbs. And the cities which ye shall give shall be of the possession of the children of Israel: from them that have many ye shall give many; but from them that have few ye shall give few: every one shall give of his cities unto the Levites according to his inheritance which he inheriteth."

To understand the subject it is necessary to examine these particulars.

1. The number of the cities appointed for the Levites was forty-eight. Six of them were for cities of refuge. "They could not enlarge the bounds prescribed to their cities, but they might increase the number of the cities, as the number of the Levites increased, and necessity required. The reason is, they might not add house to house, and field to field, lest, growing great in earthly possessions, they should forget God, who had otherwise provided for them than by manuring the earth; but if they wanted habitations, they might then seek for new cities, and the care of the people was to provide them for them. One Levite might not have more than sufficient for his habitation, but if the cities appointed were not sufficient to yield a habitation for every Levite, then might they assign new cities to that purpose."—Sir H. Spelman's larger work on "Tythes," c. III.

Each city, with its suburbs, appears to have been less than three miles in area. I confess that there is some difficulty in ascertaining the *exact* amount of land the Levites had.

The whole of the Promised Land was given to the lay tribes, with the exception of land for forty-eight cities and glebes. From the fourth and fifth verses in Numbers xxxv., I am of opinion that the entire amount of land allotted to the priestly tribe was less than 144 miles. According to W. Murphy's "Bible Atlas," p. 15, on "Palestine, or the Holy Land," "its extent is variously stated,

but according to the most accurate computation it may be said to be upwards of 210 miles in length, and probably 100 in breadth." This gives an area of 21,000 miles that was divided amongst thirteen tribes, reckoning the house of Joseph as two tribes, according to Joshua xiv. 4. Out of 21,000 miles of land the priestly tribe appears to have had only 144 miles, or less. That is only about a 145th part of the land. Each of the other tribes had on an average 1738 miles. Whatever amount the tribe of Levi had, it was so small that the tribe had "no inheritance." Their share of the country was a mere speck.

2. The lay tribes received nearly all the land, and therefore they received nearly all the *wealth* of the country. Probably each family received from fifty to one hundred acres of freehold. They had "no rent" to pay, and could well afford to pay tithes, even if they got nothing in return. But they received a great deal in return, as we shall see.

3. The whole of the time, talents, and energies of the tribe of Levi were devoted, by the command of God, to promote the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the whole nation. This the Levites did whilst the other Israelites were acquiring wealth. The Levites were set apart from every kind of trade, commerce, or profession, so that they might devote all their energies to the well-being of the tribes who had received from God nearly all the wealth of the country. It is necessary now closely to examine the duties divinely laid on the tribe of Levi, and the remuneration appointed, viz., tithes and offerings. The Levites were the descendants of Levi, but principally those who were employed in the lowest services of the temple, by which they were distinguished from the priests, who being descended from Aaron, were consecrated to higher offices. The Levites were descendants of Levi by Gershom, Kohath, and Merari, excepting the family of Aaron; the children of Moses having no part in the priesthood, and being only common Levites. Aaron's family was chosen out of the tribe of Levi to be priests. God chose the Levites instead of the firstborn of all Israel for the service of his tabernacle and temple: Numbers iii. 6, &c. They obeyed the priests in the ministrations of the temple, and brought to them wood, water, and other things needful for sacrifices. They sang, and played on the musical instruments in the temple, &c.; they studied the law, and were the ordinary judges of the country, but subordinate to the priests. The tribe of Levi had to take charge of all the holy things of the sacred places, with all their utensils, ornaments, and furniture; the fire on the altar, the lighting and trimming of the lamp, the replacing of the shew-bread, the offering of the victims, and the burning of incense. They had to be the physicians and ordinary judges of the nation. They led the singing and played the musical instruments in the places of worship. They studied the law, and were the ordinary lawyers of the country. They had charge of the cities of refuge. They were the mediators between God and his people. Besides all these works of mercy, they had to minister to the wants of the stranger, the widow, the fatherless, the aged, the infirm, and the needy. All these offices they had by law to perform. The Levites and priests, in fact, were the temporal and spiritual instructors, and physicians, and common friends, and helpers of the Jews. If a person had any complaint on him, he went to the priest to be examined. If the priest on examination was not satisfied, he would shut him up for seven days, and of course feed him. If a man unfortunately, by accident, caused any one to die, where was he to go for shelter except to one of the cities of refuge kept by the priestly tribe? He had no other refuge.

All these offices the Levites had to perform, and they had no wealth to draw upon. They could not acquire wealth, nor any income at all, except in the way that God had appointed, namely, by tithes and offerings. But, before proceeding further, it is well to *prove* what has been advanced.

1. That the priests and Levites could not have property other than their official income. Numbers xviii. 20, 24: "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, Thou shalt have *no inheritance* in their land, neither shalt thou have any part among them: I am thy part and thine inheritance among the children of Israel.

. . . But the tithes of the children of Israel, which they offer as an heave offering unto the Lord, I have given to the Levites to inherit: therefore I have said unto them, Among the children of Israel they shall have no inheritance."

2. They were to stand as atoning priests and mediators between God and the Israelites.

We very frequently read, as in Lev. iv. 20: "And the priest shall make an atonement for them, and it shall be forgiven them." Lev. ix. 7: "And Moses said unto Aaron, Go unto the altar and offer thy sin offering and thy burnt offering, and make an atonement for thyself, and for the people: and offer the offering of the people, and make an atonement for them; as the Lord commanded." There are many such passages. The Israelite was not allowed to do it himself.

3. They were physicians and plague examiners.

Lev. xiii., xiv., and xv. are devoted to the description of the priests' duties respecting uncleanness of all kinds, including leprosy in human beings, in dwellings, in garments, &c. In Deut. xxiv. 8: "Take heed in the plague of leprosy, that thou observe diligently, and do according to all that the priests the Levites shall teach you: as I commanded them, so ye shall observe to do."

In our Lord's time, when lepers appealed to him for healing, he sent them to the priests. This was done according to the law of Moses.

4. The tribe of Levi had to study the law, and to instruct the people. This is proved in Deut. xxxi. 9, 11, 12, and 13: "And Moses wrote this law, and delivered it unto the priests the sons of Levi, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and unto all the elders of Israel. . . . When all Israel is come to appear before the Lord thy God in the place which he shall choose, thou shalt read this law before all Israel in their hearing. Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law: and that their children, which have not known anything, may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God, as long as ye live in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it." Also in Deut. xxxiii. Moses, in giving his parting blessing to all the tribes, said of the tribe of Levi, in verse 10: "They shall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Israel thy law," &c. They were the nation's lawyers.

5. The six cities of refuge were amongst the cities allotted to the Levites. Numbers xxxv. 6: "And among the cities which ye shall give unto the Levites there shall be six cities for refuge, which ye shall appoint for the manslayer, that he may flee thither: and to them ye shall add forty and two cities."

6. The widow, the fatherless and the stranger were to be fed from the tithe along with the Levites. Deut. xiv. 28, 29: "At the end of three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year, and shalt lay it up within thy gates: and the Levite, (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee,) and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest."

7. The *whole* of their time had to be devoted to advance the temporal and eternal interests of Israel, and of all who flocked to that nation. They had all the above described offices to fulfil; and some of them were costly, and they had no wealth to fall back on, as they could not acquire property.

The other tribes having received all the land, were commanded to give tithes to the tribe of Levi, who devoted all their time and talents for their good, and at the same time had no inheritance.

This, surely, was a fair and reasonable arrangement. No tribe of Israel could say that he was wronged of so much as a grain of wheat by this arrangement. It could not be said that the Israelites were not gainers by this divinely appointed plan. They had the land, and of course the *wealth* that the land produced.

8. The Jewish tithes were *not* compulsory. If they had been compulsory, there would have been penalties attached to their non-payment. We find no record of any such penalties. The payment of tithes was a subject of *conscience.* It was a matter *between the Israelite and his God.* For proof, "To the law and to the testimony." In commanding Moses respecting trespass offerings for sacrilege, etc., in Leviticus v. 14—16: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, If a soul commit a trespass, and sin through ignorance, in the holy things of the Lord; then he shall bring for his trespass unto the Lord a ram without blemish out of the flocks, with thy estimation by shekels of silver, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for a trespass offering: and he shall make amends for the harm that he hath done in the holy thing, and shall add the fifth part thereto, and give it unto the priest: and the priest shall make an atonement for him with the ram of the trespass offering, and it shall be forgiven him."

The Rev. G. Wall, in his "Domestic Dictionary of the Bible," on tithes writes: "If a person had committed a trespass against the sanctuary, that is, had not paid the tithe of any particular things, and, if at any time afterwards, his conscience was awakened to a sense of his guilt, he had it still in his power to make atonement without incurring any civil disgrace. He had only to pay an additional fifth along with it, and to make a trespass offering." (Leviticus v. 14—16). Michaelis' "Commentary on the Laws of Moses," vol. iii. art. 192.

Matthew Henry, Dr. Adam Clarke, and other learned commentators agree with the above, and are of opinion that the penalties attached to the non-payment of tithes were ecclesiastical *only.* There is nothing to indicate civil penalties of any kind either in the Bible, Josephus, or in Benny's "Criminal Code of the Jews." There is in Benny a passage that proves my point. On page 128, in writing of Miscellaneous Laws, he informs us, "Confiscation of property was unknown to the Hebrew law, a malefactor's possessions always descending to the natural heritors." The soul that sinned presumptuously was cut off from among the people (Numbers xv. 30). The Jewish tithe-system furnishes no basis for the English tithe-system.

Consider also the following:—

1. There is now no separate and distinct tribe set apart for the Christian Ministry.

2. Ministers are not necessarily without an earthly inheritance. Some of them possess houses and lands. Sometimes they are the most wealthy of any in the parish.

3. Tithe-paid ministers are not physicians, lawyers, or general friends of the people. There are honourable exceptions: but the vast majority of them have little sympathy with the masses of the people, and little faith in them. It cannot be said that they are, or have been, the friends of the people.

4. God himself appointed the Priests and Levites to their offices; but it cannot be proved that he appointed the tithe-paid clergy. When God appointed the tribe of Levi to their sacred offices, he laid down rules and restrictions. No priest who had any blemish could minister before the Lord. In Leviticus xxi. 16—24: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto Aaron, saying, Whosoever he be of thy seed in their generations that hath any blemish, let him not approach to offer the bread of his God. For whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish, he shall not approach: a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose, or anything superfluous, or a man that is brokenfooted, or brokenhanded, or crookbackt, or a dwarf, or that hath a blemish in his eye, or be scurvy, or scabbed. . . . No man that hath a blemish of the seed of Aaron the priest shall come nigh to offer the offerings of the Lord made by fire: he hath a blemish; he shall not come nigh to offer the bread of his God. He shall eat the bread of his God, both of the most holy, and of the holy," etc.

All this refers to *ceremonial* service. *That* service must be rendered by *people without a blemish.* The *Christian* service is *spiritual,* and should at least be rendered by *spiritually-minded* men. How can a man who is not spiritual

discern that which is spiritual? What is a man but blind if he is not converted? If spiritually blind, he is as incapable of serving God as the Jewish priest who was physically blind, or lame, or in any way defective.

The priests and Levites devoted all their time to the duties belonging to their callings. There is no guarantee that this is so with the tithe-paid clergy. Many canons of the church, and acts of parliament, prove that thousands of the tithe-paid clergy never attended to their duties at all. It would take some considerable time to count up the canons and acts against non-residence and plurality of benefices. In a lecture by Sir John Conroy, on "Church Endowments," recently delivered, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, I find on page 19, "It is difficult to picture to ourselves the state of things when pluralist rectors, who held several livings of which they performed the duty by *deputy*, were common (it is on record that at one time in the Diocese of Norwich there were three brothers who held fifteen livings between them): when bishops lived, not in their own dioceses, but at Kew, as was the case at the end of the last century with the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Worcester and Exeter, and people did not seem to think it at all odd that they should do so: and when a sort of lethargy had overspread the church." This paragraph is by no means *singular* although it is very *significant*.

There is no need to make laws to compel earnest spiritual shepherds who wish to feed the flock of God to live amongst them. The canons and acts that were passed to compel clergymen to reside in their parishes, or give up the livings, are so many crying disgraces, and living monuments of the unfitness of multitudes of the tithe-paid clergy, and of the failure of the system that creates and supports them. Such men are not in earnest. Their hearts are not in their work.

5. The *apportionment* of the tithe in Canaan has no analogy in the English tithe-system. The Levites received the tithes, and paid one tenth of them to the priests. The Levites did all the secular work of the temple, etc., and received nine-tenths of the tithe, and one-tenth only went to the priests. Our State clergy would not like this part of the Jewish arrangement. The Rector takes *all* the tithe as his official property—his legal due, and keeps it as long as the chancel of his church is in good repair. In the Jewish system nine tenths of the tithes went to meet incidental expenses, relief of the poor, the aged, the afflicted, and the support of the six cities of refuge.

6. When tithes were established, the church and the nation were convertible terms. The Almighty himself was the Head of the church, and the King of Israel. This is not so in England, and never was. It is certain that the Church and the State are not and never were convertible terms in England. The tithe supported church is not national in any sense, except that everybody has to support it, either directly or indirectly. The Jewish church was designed to benefit the whole nation. The English church is intended only to benefit those who are able to put men's words before God's—the Prayer-book before the Bible. Every Israelite could claim a benefit from the tithes, but this is not so in England. In Canaan the poor had a share. In England the poor *used to have a third*, but they are now thrust out, and the whole nation is taxed with a poor-rate.

7. There was no *personal* tithe in Canaan. In the time of Charles I. an award was made to the clergy of the city of Norwich, that 2s. in the pound should be paid to them on the rents of all houses, shops, etc., etc., in the city in lieu of personal tithes. Personal tithes had been demanded from business men, labourers, artisans, soldiers, and even from prostitutes! Dean Prideaux tells us that in the Holy Land personal tithes were unknown. 1. Because there were none to pay. 2. Because, if there had been any, there was *no need* of them.

8. When the Jews left the Land of Promise, they *ceased* to pay tithes. This proves that they regarded the arrangement as local and peculiar to them and

to their possessions in Canaan. The Jews support their religion now on the grand and efficient voluntary system. Lastly, God appointed that his people should learn his law and wisdom from the priests. Mal. ii. 7.: "For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts." Is there an honest response to this to-day by our "parish priests"? From these considerations, it is manifest that there is no foundation whatever for the English tithe-system in the laws of Moses.

[The writer of these articles has been repeatedly requested to publish them with others in book form. He would be glad if any reader would kindly furnish him with facts or incidents, that would be interesting as illustrations.]

Notices of Books.

Rock Brothers, of 11, *Walbrook*, send us specimens of their new *Hypatia Note-paper and Envelopes*. We do not think we can commence judging articles other than literary; but as these are letter-ary, we will for once give an opinion. We can find no fault either with price or quality: the paper has a rosy tint. Stationers are requested not to follow the example of this Rock Company, for we cannot set up to be *connoisseurs* in paper.

Anecdotes and Incidents of the Deaf and Dumb. By W. R. Roe, M.C.T.D. and D. Derby: Francis Carter.

Stories about deaf and dumb people gathered from all sources, not all equally worthy of preservation, but as a whole possessing special interest. We hope the little book will be of service to this afflicted portion of humanity. It is well done of Mr. Roe to have collected these notes, and we trust the sale of his little book will be so large as to encourage him to continue his memoranda. We shall transfer a story or two to our pages. Here is one:—

"Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room, and the lady, believing him to be Lord Seaforth, began to spell on her fingers quickly. Lord Guildford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend said, 'Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man.' 'Dumb!' exclaimed Lord Guildford, 'Bless me! I thought you were dumb.'"

"Ecce Homo." By the Right Hon W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Charle Higham, 27a, Farringdon Street.

We shall never forget the day in which we fell in with "Ecce Homo." We were starting for York, and we opened the book as we left the London terminus. How the train proceeded, and at what stations it stopped, we never knew: having taken one plunge into the deeps of the book we only rose out of them to consciousness when the northern city was reached. The memory is sweet to us. Hence it is refreshing to read what Mr. Gladstone said upon the remarkable volume which so many condemned. Personally we did not join in the fierce censures which were uttered by many of the orthodox: the moral character of the book seemed to us to depend upon the author: it would be specially good if written by a candid unbeliever, and singularly traitorous if composed by a professed Christian. Its mental character is confessedly of the highest order; it is a fascinating volume to a thoughtful mind. Whatever Mr. Gladstone has to say is always worthy of respectful consideration, even if we do not agree with it. In this case his remarks upon the book are much to our mind; but their republication seems rather late in the day.

The Vocation of the Preacher. By E. Paxton Hood. Hodder and Stoughton.

The preface is touching: Mrs. Paxton Hood herein acts as mother to this fatherless book. The pages are brilliant, for Mr. Hood was always full of fire and light. The work, as a whole, is probably more complete than any other of its author's productions. Those who do not possess his previous writings should invest three half-crowns at once in the purchase of this volume, and they will never regret it. Those who are already well up in Paxton Hood will recognize a good deal of what they have seen before, but yet much that is quite new. We do not quite agree with Mr. Hood's estimate of William Huntington and James Wells; and we wonder why he again and again calls Joseph Irons *William*. Some of the stories to the detriment of these good men are mere distortions of fact: not that Mr. Hood has distorted, but he has retailed statements which were inaccurate when they came to him. Perhaps we may yet give our readers an interesting paper of corrections; and if so, this will prove how capital the book itself must be, since its very *errata* are suggestive. Mr. Hood was within an inch of being one of our greatest writers, and we often wonder where it was that he missed the centre of the target: as it is, he was beyond all question one of the most piquant, amusing, and instructive of authors. Sometimes he appeared to be in a great hurry, and then he produced writing which was not up to the mark; but in the present instance he was at his best, and that best was very superior. We fear he killed himself with excessive labour. Peace to his ashes! It will be long before we meet with a man whom we more heartily esteemed.

Two West-End Chapels; or, Sketches of London Methodism from Wesley's Day. By Rev. J. Telford, B.A. T. Woolmer.

A remarkable bit of Methodist history. We suppose it is published as a pioneer to the enterprise in the West-End which is proposed by Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. All London Wesleyans will like to read it.

Livingstone Anecdotes. A Sketch of the Career, and Illustrations of the Character, of David Livingstone. By Dr. Macaulay. Religious Tract Society.

Another of Dr. Macaulay's Anecdote Series. He makes capital extracts from biographies, and puts them together well: he has a genius for making books of this sort. *Livingstone* is an admirable subject. The book costs 1s. 6d.

Stories for the Band of Hope. Compiled and edited by J. L. Nye. Sunday School Union.

Are you going to address a Band of Hope, and do you want a few anecdotes? Examine this collection. It is not so good as it ought to be, but it may help you. We select a bit from Canon Wilberforce.

An old sailor from Hong Kong has met with an accident, and the doctor says to him, "You must take some port wine." "No," said the old salt, "I am a tectotaler." "But," said the doctor, "you need it to strengthen you." "Doctor," said the old man, "do you think I shall die if I don't take the wine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then," answered Jack, "when you get into the St. Katherine's Docks, go round to the little room, and tell them that the old man died sober." But he did not die.

Australian Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Howard Willoughby, of the "Melbourne Argus." Religious Tract Society.

We half wondered what land the Society would describe for us this year. We are right glad to journey through the Australian colonies under the guidance of Mr. Willoughby. The engravings and letter-press are up to the high level of former volumes: we do not see how they could be better. This is not only a drawing-room book of a high class, but it is so solidly instructive that it might be used as a guide to these vast regions. The 8s. which it costs is a small sum for such a banquet as we have enjoyed in merely looking it through: we expect much more entertainment when we can secure a deliberate study of it. We prophesy that this will be the most popular work of the series; for it is so seasonable.

How Readest Thou? or Christian Baptism as contained in the Word of God. By FRANK H. WHITE. Partridge and Co. Paper, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

VERY gracious and convincing. Our brother is free from all party prejudices, but none the less faithful to the teaching of our Lord. Those who are perplexed about baptism should read this excellent treatise.

Christian Unity: what is it? The Church of England Book Society. Price one penny.

VERY good so far as it goes. We would go a great deal further. If we do not exchange pulpits with evangelical clergymen it is no fault of ours. The difficulty, so far as we are concerned, is not on our side; and we will be fair, and add that in many instances it is not the fault of the brethren on the other side, but of that unbrotherly system which holds them beneath its iron sway. Lately a neighbouring clergyman promised to attend a meeting at a Baptist chapel, but the incumbent of the parish prohibited it. He now invites the Baptist brother to read prayers in his church as a protest against this exclusiveness. We do not quite see how the Baptist is to do it, but we like the brother's offer. Shall we never see the end of this disunion?

This tractate coming from the Episcopal side is to be commended. It is rather watery, but it is as welcome as a drop of dew.

The City Youth. By J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ADMIRABLE, most excellent brother, J. Thain Davidson, D.D.! Your instructions are sound, sensible, and scriptural; and you have a telling way of setting them forth. Your printer and bookbinder have done their work well, and now we wish you multitudes of readers among "the City Youth." The book costs 3s. 6d.

A Subject dear to the Saviour's Heart. By WALTER J. MAYERS. Bristol: Rose and Harris.

THE subject is Christian union. The neat little tractate contains notes of an address read by the author before the Bristol and Clifton branch of the Evangelical Alliance. Those who requested the publication were well advised, for the treatise is excellent.

The Period of the Reformation—1517 to 1648. By LUDWIG HÄUSSER. Edited by WILHELM ONCKEN; translated by Mrs. G. STURGE. Charles Higham, 27a, Farringdon Street.

THIS history is so well written that when we began to read it, we found ourselves fairly bound to keep on. The story of the Reformation movement in England is tersely told with commendable impartiality. The volume is composed of lectures delivered at the university of Heidelberg by Dr. Häusser, and we all feel much obliged to Professor Oncken for having taken shorthand notes of such able productions.

The Comfortable Words. Being meditations on the Sentences of Holy Scripture following the absolution in the Communion service. By THOMAS THOMASON PEROWNE. Elliot Stock.

CHURCHIFIED in tone; so much so that the High Church clergy can accept it. The "comfortable words" used in the office of Holy Communion in the Anglican church have suggested Mr. Perowne's addresses, and therefore it was natural that a sort of liturgical spirit should pervade them; but yet they are sweet evangelical utterances. We call the attention of our Episcopal readers to this little devotional book; for it may be helpful to them.

Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer: containing an Examination of "the Light of Asia," for its Literature and for its Buddhism. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

A SLASHING review of Arnold's Pagan poems. We have no desire to gaze upon "the Light of Asia," which Mr. Wilkinson shows to be darkness of the densest kind—fit sphere for Arnold's glow-worm poetry. This essay makes No. 131 in Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Library, which contains some of the cheapest literature ever published. Many of the editions in this series can only be sold in America, as the works are copyright here.

Can the Old Faith Live with the New? or, the Problem of Evolution and Revelation. By Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D. Second edition. William Blackwood and Sons.

We answer the title of this book in the negative, with all the emphasis of our soul. Either true religion must die, or else the new theology: they are as opposed as light and darkness. Our excellent author makes a vain attempt to show that they are compatible, and in this he is likely to do more harm than good. His design is to sustain the orthodox faith, but the result is rather to weaken than to strengthen it. We do not care for the book at all.

New Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament. By Eminent Preachers. Hodder and Stoughton.

These new outlines appear to us to be far better than the majority of such things. They have a freshness and a vivacity about them which are specially taking. We have not thought "The Clerical Library" to be quite as good as it might have been; but this volume is up to the mark, and will make its way. Price 6s.

Blessings for the Little Ones. Illustrated. Religious Tract Society.

A pretty story, showing how children can partake of the blessings of the Beatitudes. A good idea.

The Biblical Treasury. Proverbs to Solomon's Song. Sunday School Union.

Everyone who has begun to take in this admirable collection of Scriptural illustrations will be sure to wish for the completion of the series. The work is as valuable as it is unpretentious.

The Divine Institution of David's Psalms, and the Unlawfulness of using Uninspired Hymns in Divine Worship. By A Lover of Purity in Religious Worship. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

It is pleasant to read what can be said upon such a question. We cannot say that we are convinced, but very much the reverse; yet we like to know what can be written. The Psalms are too much neglected among English Non-conformists: if they were better known, and oftener sung, they would soon be preferred to numbers of the poor, meaningless hymns which are now current. If one wishes to sing a hymn upon electing love, or upon others of the deeper truths, where will he look for one in the denominational hymn-books? To suit the many, the more precious doctrines are pushed into a corner. Were the Psalms of David more frequently sung, it would evidence a deeper spiritual life: but the exclusive singing of them would be impossible when that life rose into full fellowship with Christ.

In our more elevated fellowship we pine to "sing unto the Lord a new song," and like holy Mary and Zacharias we speak in other language than that which the older forms supply to us. There must be room left for hearts that glow with love to express themselves in rapt devotion; the free Spirit can no more have tied us down to sing in fixed language than to pray with a liturgy.

The Acts of the Apostles: divided into Short Sections, with a Simple Commentary for Family Reading. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A. Elliot Stock.

We are always pleased when we come across a work by our well-beloved brother, Francis Bourdillon, for a rich dew from the Lord rests upon all his writings. As a gracious, popular commentary on *The Acts*, we commend this work to Christian readers. It is not wishy-washy because it is intended for families; but it will repay the careful reading of any devout person. Mr. Bourdillon aims at the culture of the graces, and the salvation of souls; and his labour is not in vain in the Lord.

A Missionary Band: A Record and an Appeal. By B. Broomhall, Secretary of the China Inland Mission. Morgan and Scott.

This should be in the hands of every lover of China. It is a noteworthy book in many ways. As a memorial of the going forth of Cambridge graduates to mission-work, it is deeply interesting; but, besides this, it is rich in holy utterances and inspiring information. It is a beautiful work in its best binding, and cheap at 3s. 6d.; in paper it is only 1s. 6d.

A Century of Protestant Missions, and the Increase of the Heathen during the Hundred Years. By Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Johnston is doing great service to missions by issuing this sixpenny pamphlet. It contains many startling facts. How few persons are aware that there are two hundred millions more of heathen in the world now than when modern missions began! Nor is it generally known that Buddhism and Mahometanism are making converts by millions. We do not share Mr. Johnston's fear about food for the growing myriads, but we heartily join with him in his zealous desire that the bread of life should be handed to them. Twenty-five shillings will buy a hundred of these tractates, and their distribution would greatly increase the missionary spirit.

Shaftesbury: His Life and Work. Second edition. By G. Holden Pike. Partridge and Co.

Another edition of the most popular life of our venerated friend which has yet appeared. It is first-rate change for a shilling.

Up the Rhine and over the Alps. By Silas K. Hocking, F.R.H.S. Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, E.C.

Nothing very brilliant. A simple, chatty book, which might almost serve as a guide-book to friends who are about to do the Rhine and a part of Switzerland. The engravings are first-rate. Good change for half-a-crown.

Wayside Lyrics. By George Newman. Gravesend: T. Hall, 4a, Windmill-street. London: Whittaker and Co.

Yes, pleasant verses, always written with good intent. Gravesend need not be ashamed of its songster, any more than of its hero who ranked among the bravest of the brave.

The Morning Song, a Ninefold Praise of Love. By John Watkins Pitchford. Elliot Stock.

We have had to traverse morasses of poetry, as flat as pancakes, and as monotonous as desert sands; but in reading this work we are in another country—a land full of beauty, a land of hills, and valleys, and brooks of water. We had not read a page before we felt refreshed and exhilarated. If we have not here a poet of the first class, we have certainly one of no mean order. We shall be greatly surprised if the world does not yet ring with such minstrelsy as this. The song of nature is blended with the hymn of redemption, and the double theme is worthily expressed. Our author is an observant naturalist, and he is evermore devout, as a true poet must be. We must be content with this brief notice now, and return to the volume when we can set apart an hour or two for deliberate reading.

A Royal Service, and other Poems. By Jean Sophia Pigott. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Contains many sweet verses. Devout and musical; these sonnets will please and edify.

Plain Talk for Plain People. By John Vaughan. J. Toulson, 6, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, E.

Answers to its title. Rather too full of stories of the manufactured order, but entertaining and bracing.

Out of Step. By C. M. Clarke. Partridge and Co.

To our mind this story is quite "in step" with the great regiment of similar writings. There is nothing above the common average, and while we pity the little boy of whom the tale tells, who is misunderstood by everybody, we are much afraid the book will share his fate.

Loyally Loved; and *Lost and Found.* By Mrs. Charles Garnett. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

Two really good tales. The former tells, in a touching manner, the sad havoc caused in a happy home by drunkenness; and at the same time the heroic love of a wife in winning back a dissolute husband. "Lost and Found" is a story of want, bravely borne, during the severe winter of 1879, when the sorrowful song of "We've got no work to do" filled many a street with its doleful notes. It shows in a very interesting way how lovingly the poor help each other. The authoress is founder of the "Navvy Mission Society." God bless both worker and work!

Help on the Way. By Rev. John S. Sheilds, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Sermons worthy of their title, real helps to faith and hope. Orthodox and able, devout and forcible, these discourses must have ministered grace to the hearers, and we hope they will be still more useful to a numerous company of readers. The Irish Church is happy in having such a preacher within its borders.

Anecdotes Illustrative of Old Testament Texts. Hodder and Stoughton.

Very good. We have here a very fair admixture of new anecdotes together with certain old ones which are inevitable. Good money's worth at six shillings. This would be a very acceptable present to a minister or teacher. We wish every poor parson had one given him. It is one of the best of the books which make up "The Clerical Library." Get it.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. V. Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.

This magazine for ministers preserves its high character. The five volumes now completed give a full and fair reflection of the pulpit of the period. We like this periodical much.

Fruits of Solitude in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life. By William Penn. James Clarke and Co.

Our estimate of these maxims is moderate: they are good, but not of the very finest metal. Our judgment may possibly be wrong, for the work has passed through many editions, and feeble books do not usually live and flourish at such a rate. The fact that the book is by one of the most eminent of the Quakers has secured it a circulation among that excellent body of Christians, and so has kept it alive. It contains much sound sense and practical wisdom. This shilling edition is a reproduction from the folio of 1726.

Under the Shadow of his Wings: or, Comforting Words for the Weary. Religious Tract Society.

Scripture, hymn, and word of a holy man: a select reading for each day of eight weeks. Very good, of course, but nothing very remarkable. With a little care any Christian man, with a few books, could make as good a selection for himself; but then he may not have the time or the books, and in such a case this volume will be of much service to him. The readings have an eye to the sick and sorrowing; the type is large and clear, and the price is half-a-crown.

Sermons. By Joseph Leckie, D.D., Ibrox, Glasgow. Second edition. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.

Sermons full of poetic feeling. They do not so much belong to the old-fashioned weighty school of Scotch divinity as to the more polished order of later days. By this criticism we would by no means insinuate that there is anything questionable or deficient in the theology, for such is not the case. It is a great refreshment to read such graceful and gracious discourses, and we doubt not that they will have a high place in sermon literature. Personally we prefer discourses which go deeper, and contain more doctrine; but these in their own order are masterly and profitable. A friend calls these sermons "enjoyable and stimulating," and they deserve the description.

Is Life worth Living? An Eightfold Answer. By John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc., F.G.S., D.D. Fifth edition, with a new Preface on the Ideal of Life and Agnosticism. E. Marlborough and Co.

We do not wonder that this book is in a fifth edition; it is so concise and forcible.

Lines and Links in the New Testament. By Caleb C. Brown. Part I. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We can believe that placing texts in juxtaposition, as we have them here, is often highly suggestive to readers. This book is very elementary, and for that reason would be all the more useful to many if we could induce them to give their minds to it. The distinctive features of the four gospels are brought out, and many hints are given. We wish the work were better; but we are right glad that it is so good that we can commend it, not to general readers, but to gracious students whose object is real profit, and not passing pleasure.

A Handbook of the Church of Scotland. By JAMES RANKIN, D.D. W. Blackwood and Sons.

FULL information is here given on all points of interest connected with the Scotch Establishment, and herein lies the value of the "Handbook." It attempts to defend the principle of establishments, and the particular instance of it which is seen in the Old Kirk. Certainly the crumbling walls of Church-and-State organizations need defence very badly, and those who are eager for such protective service should get at it at once, for the days of establishments are numbered. Dr. Rankin does his best, but there is not much in it. But we forbear; for when we alluded to the Scotch National Church the other day, a friend who had read *The Sword and the Trowel* for many years with delight wrote us a boiling-over epistle, assuring us that the magazine should never enter his house again. What is to become of us? Shall we break our sword, and sell our trowel? No, we shall not, for we feel a sort of inward assurance that our boiling-over friend has cooled down by this time, is now taking the magazine, will read these very lines, and will smile over them. Give us your hand, most valiant State-Church brother. No, we don't mean mark us under the eye with your fist. But just believe, as we do, that it will be for the public weal that there be no gagging of tongues upon important questions, and at the same time no lack of hearty faith in one another's honesty. A State Church is to us a gross injustice, and a terrible blunder, and so we war against it: and those who think differently must take the opposite side.

Peril and Adventure in Central Africa. Being Illustrated Letters to the Youngsters at Home. By the late Bishop HANNINGTON. Religious Tract Society.

WE all lament the good Bishop Hannington, for he belonged to all humanity. This little children's book, with woodcuts drawn by himself, is merrily written, and reveals the great, simple, earnest heart of the man. It only costs one shilling, but it is a remarkable little missionary work, and will do more for Africa than the big volumes of travellers. Commend us to such fresh talk as this. It makes us mourn the dear servant of God more than ever.

A Letter to the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D., in Answer to his Essay against the Johannine Authorship of the Fourth Gospel. By KENTISH BACHE. Parker and Co.

WE cannot conceive of anything more crushing to the dubious Doctor's assertions. Many are so credulous that they believe any rubbish which bears the name of "Modern Criticism"; yet this pamphlet makes it clear that if there be blundering and barefaced assertion anywhere, it is to be found with the new school. To doubt that John wrote the fourth gospel reveals a want of sense rather than a plenitude of learning. To all really candid doubters this demolition of a D.D. will be truly helpful.

The Steps of a Good Man; and other Poems. By H. S. ENGSTROM. Wm. Hunt and Co.

PLEASANT enough, and musical. Not to be put down as mere rhyme, nor even to be cast into the limbo of respectable mediocrity, where lie the multitudes who are doomed to be forgotten. The tone and teaching are excellent, and gleams of poetic light gild the gracious thought.

Four Essays on the Sabbath, to which were awarded Prizes of £100, £50, £30, *and* £20, *by the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland.* Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

WE have aforetime commended Mr. Hamilton's paper, which is the first and best of the four. The others are strikingly good, and the four make up a huge volume, which stands very little chance of being read. It is a laudable work to lead thoughtful men to produce such dissertations, and there is special need for them at this period, when the Sabbath seems to be gradually slipping away from under us.

Rest on the Way. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BEAUTIFUL present for a shilling. Something between Christmas cards and a book: after the manner of "*Sunrise*" and "*Sunset*," which were such a success last year.

Dissertations on the Creation. By WILLIAM GALLOWAY, M.A., M.D., Ph.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS work is both learned and luminous, and those desirous of studying what the oriental nations thought on the subject of the creation of the world, and of the condition of its first inhabitants, cannot do better than accept the guidance of Dr. Galloway. He is most familiar with the literature of his great theme, and hence his volume, which is well got up, is quite a storehouse of interesting and important facts and arguments. The volume is quite unique in its method of dealing with the relationship of God's word to God's work. Mythology and science alike are made to illustrate the author's argument, and he is equally at home in his knowledge of both; and though we do not accept all the conclusions of the learned author, we cannot but admire the wide research, rich scholarship, and reverent thought which the volume reveals. The work deserves a wide circulation. It is massive, weighty, forceful, and suggestive.

A History of the Jewish People in the time of Jesus Christ. By EMIL SCHÜRER, D.D., M.A. Second division. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR and Rev. PETER CHRISTIE. (3 vols.) Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

As a splendid help to the realization of the times in which the New Testament was written, these volumes are of great value. A scholar will find in them much more pleasant reading than Continental writers usually offer us; but those of our readers who are not scholars will possibly think them heavy. He who wishes to know upon the best authority all about the language, the religion, the morals, &c., of the Jewish people in the days of our Lord, cannot have a better instructor. This work, under another title, has been unanimously voted to a high place in religious literature: it is here presented in an enlarged form, and its value is greatly enhanced by the additions. Possibly nobody but a German divine would have issued the second part of his work before the first, as in this case: but let it come how it may, each part is welcome. For singular learning and deep research, these volumes cannot be excelled. We suggest that many a weary mind might refresh itself by entering upon a fresh and special field of study, and we further suggest that these volumes offer just such an inviting subject. Possibly some ministerial brother may be glad of the hint. If notes for Bible-classes, and lectures for young men's meetings, came out of such study, so much the better.

Creation and its Records. A Brief Statement of Christian Belief with reference to Modern Facts and Ancient Scripture. By B. H. BADEN-POWELL, C.I.E., F.R.S.E. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE are not prepared to accept evolution as a proven, nor even to regard it as a probable, theory. Hence we have no liking for attempts to reconcile it with the Bible, or the Bible with it. There is no need for such reconciliation. It will be time enough to do this when the fanciful hypothesis becomes associated in some remote degree with facts. At present this madness is best left to its own ravings.

Agnosticism and Herbert Spencer. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey, and Derby.

THOUGH, to ordinary readers, common sense and daily observation and experience may suffice to refute the subtle errors which, under the title of Agnosticism, have been taught by men who assume to be the most learned of the present day, yet it may be needful to refute them upon their own ground, and to show how far they are opposed to the wisdom of this world, as well as to that which cometh from above. Mr. Arthur, who has written well in direct explanation and defence of Scripture truths, must have felt strongly the necessity of entering upon such an arena, and of qualifying himself for it, to have produced such an elaborate and exhaustive treatise upon the subject. It is well that Herbert Spencer and his admirers should know that there are those amongst the most fervent believers in all Scripture given by inspiration of God, who are as qualified for metaphysical discussion as themselves, who could follow them if they would, but would not if they could, who know all that they know, and infinitely more which to them is unknown.

Notes.

THOSE friends who do not often drop into poetry must please to bear with a large dose of it this month. The poem from Thomas Spurgeon could not be divided without spoiling it, and it seemed in the judgment of several impartial judges to be too good to lose. The editor feels that he has been very sparing in the poetical department, having scarcely kept up even a respectable Poet's Corner, and therefore he must indulge himself on this occasion. It is a perilous thing to have a poetical son: even the virtuous critic who has been righteously rough on versifiers is tempted to relax. In truth, the poem here inserted is so clearly the fruit of earnest study, and is so aglow with the poetic fire, that we do not hesitate to accept it, in the belief that it will be a great treat to many of our loving friends. They will read it for the author's sake, and admire it for its own.

The death of Mr. Samuel Morley is a loss to us as well as to the rest of Christendom. He has ever been our true friend, and he has presided both at the Supper of the College and at the Annual Meeting of the Orphanage. Every charitable institution connected with Dissenters will miss this good man's generosity, and many among Conformists also. His heart was ever with the old, old gospel. He was more nearly an all-round man than any other man of his class. Not his gifts only, but himself also, will be missed by thousands. We were once upon an arbitration case with him, and were struck with the clearness of his perceptions, the accuracy of his judgment, and the largeness of his heart. Shall we ever look upon his like again? Yes, certainly; for the Lord who sanctified him still moulds men to the likeness of Christ.

Good cheer will come to any believer's heart who reads the account in *The Christian* of the last meeting of the British Association. Mr. William Guest is well able to form an opinion, and he declares that "the ascendant sentiment has been the presence of Christian thought and conviction. The sneering unbeliever has not had it all his own way; on the contrary, devout Christians have been to the front, and have proved that those who believe in God are not all ignorant, neither are they inclined to conceal their convictions. Perhaps the tide has turned, and unbelief will no longer be able to talk so exceeding proudly. We shall anxiously hope to see a re-appearance of faith in certain religious gatherings in which the wrong side has been far too conspicuous."

With great joy we notice the uprise of Baptist churches in Bulgaria. We lately received a visit from a Bulgarian pastor and deacon, who told us of the work of the Lord in their town and in other places. Help for the support of evangelists in that land is greatly needed. There is a fine field, and cheering promise of a harvest. Our edition of Norcott's "Baptism Discovered" is working powerfully in various parts of Roumania and Turkey.

Our own portion of "The Treasury of David" is being translated into Arabic. God bless the brother who is at work upon it!

"All of Grace," our last published shilling book, has been translated into German, and printed at Bonn. We hope that this clear statement of gospel truth will enlighten many who have been befogged by the unsound teaching of so many of the theologians of the Fatherland. Another book of the same series, entitled "According to the Promise," is on the stocks.

Our two Almanacks are completed, so far as we are concerned. The texts in the Book Almanack have been carefully selected by Mrs. Spurgeon, and we believe the little annual will please all our great constituency. "John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack" is not worse than his previous productions: but rather better. He hopes that working-people will read it because of its fun, and will profit by its homely counsels. It is a big pennyworth.

We regret that we cannot oblige friends who ask us to print Sunday evening and Thursday night sermons. To revise one sermon a week is as much as we can manage, and we do pretty well to accomplish that. One sermon a week is about as much as we can hope the public would largely purchase. We hope we shall be able in a measure to grant these many requests by using many of these sermons in the little shilling books which will appear occasionally.

At a recent church-meeting at the Tabernacle, we noticed that number 10,000 was written upon the card issued by the elder recommending the candidate. This circumstance led us to refer to the elders' books, in which particulars concerning those who apply for church-membership are written; and we found that, prior to the opening of the Tabernacle, in March, 1861, about 1,250 candidates had been seen by the elders during our pastorate. At least, there is a record of this number in the elders' books, which were not commenced until the second or third year of our ministry in London. The actual number of applicants was considerably larger, but the Pastor had not then the staff of elders which now surrounds him, and memoranda were not preserved. Since 1861, about 9,600 candidates have been seen by the elders, making a total of 10,850, of whose conversion records have been preserved. Surely as a church, we ought to render hearty thanksgiving to our gracious God, who has so long honoured the preaching of the gospel, and the

labours of the various agencies, to the salvation of so many precious souls.

The seventh anniversary of the SURREY GROVE MISSION has been held during the past month. The report presented was a very encouraging one. Ten to twelve meetings are held every week, in addition to the gatherings at the Sunday-school, which contains 18 teachers and over 200 scholars. It is quite a marvel how so many individuals manage to exist, even for an hour, in such a building as the one at present in use; and it is absolutely necessary that, as soon as possible, our friends should have the new hall to which we referred last month. We have now £175 towards the amount required, and the promise of the last £100 when the rest is raised. We half hoped that help would have come in at once towards the £600 required.

Mr. S. Johnson, the master of the TABERNACLE DAY-SCHOOLS, writes:—

"You will be glad to learn that, at an open competition for sixty female clerkships in the General Post Office, held recently, when there were 290 candidates, from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, Miss E. C. Hassell, the junior pupil-teacher in the girls' school, had the distinction of securing the second place on the list in order of merit. She obtained only seven marks less than the candidate who was first. You will rejoice also to know that Mr. William Toogood, late pupil with me, has been selected from among forty applicants as Special Artist to Guy's Hospital."

These successes are the best possible recommendation of the school, and of those who have the charge of it.

An aged friend in the country, a smith, who has worked at the anvil for over sixty years, has sent us a *sword and a trowel* in miniature, as an expression of his thanks for good received from reading *The Sword and the Trowel*. They are beautifully fashioned out of a couple of horse-nails, and are evident proofs that the maker's hand has not lost its cunning. His memory retains vivid and happy impressions of a visit to the Tabernacle nearly a quarter of a century ago. May it please God, by the power of his Word, to convert many a rough horse-nail into an instrument for his work!

During the winter evenings, friends in large towns might make use of our collection of PROTESTANT PICTURES for the purpose of conveying instruction as to the reformation of religion in various countries. Funds might be aided by the exhibition, especially if the pastor gave a lecture in connection therewith. It is necessary to have a large and well-lighted room available for several evenings, otherwise the cost of transit, advertising, etc., would be too great. All particulars can be obtained of Mr. Hibbert, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

On *Monday evening, August* 23, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was made the occasion for presenting special thanksgiving for Mr. Fullerton's recovery; and as all the College Evangelists were about to begin their winter's work, earnest supplications were offered for a copious outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon their labours. There was a large congregation, the area and first gallery being nearly filled, and a spirit of gratitude and hopefulness pervaded the whole assembly. Mr. Fullerton gave a brief account of his visit to Palestine, Mr. Burnham described the work he was about to undertake among the hop-pickers in Kent, and brethren Smith and Harmer led the assembly in singing. Altogether, the meeting was an appropriate commencement of the Evangelists' campaign. We must summon a similar gathering annually.

Another special feature of the evening was the presence of Messrs. Graham and Phillips, who were dressed in the costume in which they hope to labour on the banks of the Congo. They both spoke briefly, and in response to their requests, heart-felt petitions on their behalf were presented by the Pastor and several brethren. We ask all the Lord's people to join us in prayer that the lives of these brave young missionaries may be spared, and that they may be greatly blessed to the poor heathen of Africa.

Before the meeting was closed, a brief address was delivered by Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of New York. He explained that he had been riding through England on his tricycle, and it was a singular circumstance, but it was true, that wherever he happened to be during the week, his machine was certain to return to London every Saturday, so that he might spend his Sabbaths at the Tabernacle. In the course of his speech, he said that many a dying saint's pillow had been smoothed by the words that Mr. Spurgeon had spoken and written; and described his visit to a dear friend, who had undergone a painful operation, but who pointed to a copy of *Morning by Morning* lying by his bedside, and exclaimed, "That book has been a great comfort to me. I cannot tell you how much it has helped me in the terrible trial through which I have passed."

On *Monday evening, August* 30, foreign mission work was again brought prominently before the friends gathered for prayer at the Tabernacle, by an address from Mr. Baldwin, who gave an account of the progress of the mission to the Kabyles in North Africa, and pleaded for more labourers, especially Christian women, for this important and easily accessible field of service for the Lord. As a representative of one of our colonies, Pastor J. Clark, of Nova Scotia, described the character of the region in which he and other brethren from the College have been at work for years, and told of several instances of the triumphs of

divine grace in the conversion of their hearers. Brother Clark is in England for his health's sake, but he hopes shortly to return to Nova Scotia, and he would like to hear from any brethren who are willing to go with him to reinforce the workers in that district. Prayer and praise filled up a good part of the evening, and the meeting was closed with a short but cheering address by Pastor J. C. Allen, of Brooklyn.

On *Monday evening, September* 6, about 150 of the Orphanage children, who had returned from their holidays during the previous week, were present at the Tabernacle, and assisted in the service of praise, both by singing with the congregation and also by themselves. A considerable number of the students of the College, who had arrived in readiness for their meeting the next day, attended the prayer-meeting; and many of them pleaded very earnestly for a blessing to rest upon the Orphanage, as well as upon the College.

On *Lord's-day, Sept.* 12, collections were made at the Tabernacle in aid of the fund that is being raised by the Baptist Missionary Society, to meet the loss incurred by the disastrous fire at one of the Congo Mission Stations. We do not know why Mr. Comber should wish the Metropolitan churches alone to have the honour of giving the £3,000 required, for many provincial Baptists must be just as able and anxious to contribute in this time of need; but we decided at once to do what we could, and as the result of our appeals have had the joy of forwarding to Mr. Baynes £277 3s. 6d. Will not every London church follow this example? Let us hope so.

Many members of our regular congregation had not returned from their holidays, but their places were more than filled by the strangers from all parts of the world, who continue to come in such numbers that we scarcely know how to accommodate them. Many have to sit in class-rooms where they cannot see the preacher, and can only hear a portion of what he says. It would be better if some of these would come on Thursday evenings, when we could find them comfortable seats in any part of the Tabernacle that they prefer.

On *Monday evening, Sept.* 13, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was so weary, through the previous day's services, that he was unable to preside at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, but his place was occupied by his brother, who gave an instructive address upon Enoch's walk with God. There was, as usual, a large audience, and many brethren led the assembly in prayer. We often notice friends from the country on Monday nights, as well as on Thursday evenings and Sundays, and they frequently express their surprise and delight at the numbers present, the spirit of supplication manifested, and the influence of the meetings upon their own souls. Whatever is allowed to flag, the prayer-meeting must be kept up, for in proportion to the power of our personal and united supplications will be the measure of our success in the work of the Lord.

On *Monday evening, Sept.* 20, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was made the occasion for offering special supplications for a blessing upon the Gospel Temperance Mission commenced on that evening. Many petitions were presented with reference to the great evil of intemperance, and addresses in advocacy of Gospel Temperance were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. J. W. Harrald. The Blue Ribbon Choir sang several hymns during the evening, and at the close of the meeting a number of persons signed the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon. The mission is to be continued while the magazine is being printed, so we cannot this month report the result of the meetings; but the spirit manifested at the beginning augured well for the whole of the gatherings. This work of Gospel Temperance is one which deserves the sympathy and help of all Christian people to a far greater extent than it has ever yet received.

On *Tuesday afternoon, Sept.* 21, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, in connection with the seventh anniversary of the pastorate of his son Charles. The collection, amounting to £26 17s. 6d., was generously given to the College as a thankoffering for the reception of two students from the Greenwich church.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Horne has completed his course with us, and has gone to Ayr, N.B., where we hope he will be able to establish a strong Baptist church.

Mr. T. Skelly has removed from Gretton, to Raunds, Northamptonshire. Our brother has been long afflicted, but we trust he will be benefited by the change, and be made a great blessing to the people under his charge.

Mr. Billington, our former student, who is connected with the American Baptist Congo Mission, was too unwell to be present at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, when we bade farewell to Messrs. Graham and Phillips, but he was able to sail with them on August 28th, and we hope that, by this time, our brethren, and the other missionaries who accompanied them, are not far from their destination.

Dr. Papengouth has had to return from Hayti, greatly enfeebled by his sufferings from sunstroke, and the terrible trials he has had to endure during the oft-recurring revolutions in that island. We trust that change of scene and rest will at least partially restore him to health.

We mentioned last month that Pastor W. M. Compton, of Gosport, was likely to go to New Zealand. On further consideration of the matter, it has been decided that it is best for him to go to Tasmania, at least for a time; and he will, therefore, (D.V.) sail

with Pastor G. D. Cox, in the P. and O. steamer *Shannon*, on the 8th instant. We trust that this arrangement will be helpful to both our brethren, and that the voyage will so strengthen them that, on their arrival, they will be able to undertake whatever work the Lord may provide for them.

Pastor R. Marshall, of Hayle, Cornwall, is about to sail for Canada. He is one of our own converts, and an old Tabernacle member; and, since he left the College, in 1879, has done exceedingly useful work in various places. Some of his sons believe that Canada offers a wider field for their energies than England does; and their father wishes to go with them, to guide and help them. We cordially commend him to our brethren and the churches in the Dominion. His brother ministers in Cornwall fully approve of the step he is taking, and are helping to find the funds that will be needed.

Another cyclone, almost equal to the one which did such damage six years ago, has visited Jamaica, and caused sad havoc to the chapels as well as other buildings on the island. Pastor J. J. Kendon reports that both the Jericho and Mount Hermon chapels have been seriously injured, and adds:—

"We should not mind the repairing of the damage were it not for one or two things. We have so much extra special building work on hand (we are pledged to erect four new chapels, besides school-rooms,) that any addition is a serious matter, and our means are so scanty that it is all we can manage to do to exist; and any addition to our expenses is almost an impossible thing to meet. I have made myself responsible for the building materials for the different places to the amount of £115, depending on the amounts being brought in to clear it off by now; but for months we have not been able to do anything in this way. Our people have not got the money, else they would give it; and now the storm has levelled their corn, and suckers, and fruit-trees, thus depriving them of the only little dependence they had. It is a problem I cannot solve, how to meet the claims for building. I am thankful we are not in debt personally; but being responsible for this myself it is a cause of anxiety. We are able to maintain the ordinary claims upon us as churches, and should be able, under general circumstances, to repair easily such cyclone damages as we have this time suffered; but coming at a time when our hands are full of other buildings, and when our means are unusually scanty from bad seasons, etc., it compels us to look abroad for help."

"One by one," our brethren are "gathering homeward." During the past month our brother, *M. Mather*, has been called away. He was obliged, through ill-health, to give up his pastorate at Holbeach early in the year, and he had removed to St. Leonards in the hope of lengthening his life. He was with us at the Conference; but as the summer advanced he gradually faded away, and now he has gone to his reward. He laboured with much devotion and zeal while he could, and many in Lincolnshire and elsewhere bless the Lord for his earnest ministry. All the brotherhood will sympathize with his sorrowing widow and three fatherless children.

About a week later another member of the Pastors' College Association, *Pastor J. Wright*, of Brandon, Suffolk, also received the summons, "Come up higher." This dear brother was present with us at the Conference, but only while he was in London did he become aware that he was suffering from an incurable disease. He went to a hospital, where our brother, Pastor F. H. White, visited him, and found him perfectly restful and happy. All that could be done for him was done, and he returned to his home to await his Master's call. May the Lord, whom he served while he could, graciously comfort the widow and child whom he has left behind him!

Arrangements have been made for supplying from the College the pulpit at Burnt Ash Chapel, Lee; and already there are encouraging signs of progress. On *Friday evening, August* 27, the President delivered an address to the members of the church and congregation, who had been invited in just sufficient numbers to fill the building. A delightful spirit was manifested. Our brother Levinsohn, who resides near, throws his heart into the work, and the deacons are good men and true, and so we look for success by the Lord's own power.

On *Tuesday, September* 7, the tutors and students met at "Westwood," to inaugurate the autumn session of the College. In the morning, twenty newly-elected brethren were introduced by the President, who then addressed the assembly upon the work they were expected to do, and the qualifications for doing that work well. The day was happily spent in rest, recreation, and refreshment; and in the afternoon, at a meeting on the lawn, short speeches were delivered by the President and Vice-President, Professors Rogers and Fergusson, and Pastor J. Clark (of Nova Scotia). We all greatly rejoiced to have our venerable friend, Mr. Rogers, with us, apparently as vigorous and youthful as ever; and we were very thankful to see our beloved brother, Professor Gracey, in our midst, but it was a source of great grief to us to find that he was not sufficiently restored to be able to resume his College duties at present. Mr. Douglas has kindly consented again to lend us his valuable services; and, meanwhile, we fervently pray for the complete recovery of Mr. Gracey, whom we can ill spare from his post. It was an evil day for him and us when the railway collision occurred, from the effects of which he is still suffering.

Here may be the place to whisper in the

ear of our dearest friends that very little is coming in for the College, and we have 84 men to support. To send out men who love the despised gospel is our one end and aim, and all who delight in God's truth will, we trust, help us in it. This burden is laid upon us of the Lord, and we feel sure he will supply all our needs; but it will be through his own people.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been at Hull during the greater part of the past month, and their services there have been attended by many thousands of people, and have resulted in spiritual blessing to large numbers. It was a great joy to the evangelists to meet with several persons who were converted during their previous mission in 1883, and who proved very helpful at the recent meetings. Mr. Fullerton reports that he has been well able to bear the strain of returning to work, and he hopes to continue his happy labours without interruption from sickness for a long time to come. A local paper thus describes our brethren:—"Mr. Smith is a great favourite with the people, and Mr. Fullerton is by no means an ordinary evangelist. An eminent minister said of him that he was the best evangelist he had ever heard next to Mr. Aitken, the famous Church of England missioner. He has wonderful preaching powers, and is no less a favourite than Mr. Smith, though he is totally different in manner and matter. Although he cannot suppress his Irish wit, there lies behind it a deep and sometimes terrible earnestness, which solemnizes the great audiences into a deep silence, and many are visibly affected."

This month is to be spent at Manchester, where the services are to be under the management of a committee, of which Pastor G. Wainwright is the secretary. On Nov. 13, a three weeks' mission is to be commenced at Cheltenham.

Mr. Burnham has been fully occupied during the past month among the hop-pickers in Kent. In one respect he has had a new experience, which he has no wish to have repeated. Late one night, when returning from a district which had been visited for the first time, he and his companions were fired at by some one who was behind a hedge. Through the preserving care of the Lord, no one was hurt; and as it was a lonely road, and rather dark, our friends drove on without finding any clue to their unknown foe. We cannot understand why any one should have done such a deed, for the brethren were only seeking the good of all whom they could reach. With this exception, the mission has been an exceptionally cheering one, and many poor toilers have heard of him who alone can give them rest.

Mr. Carter has been helping in the Yalding district, where one of our students is labouring under much difficulty for want of a suitable place of worship. He asks us to mention that he is free for evangelistic services at any time commencing with the last week in this month. His address is 9, Garfield Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

Several of the students have been visiting the hop-gardens at the invitation of the Christian Mission to Hop-pickers, and the services have been much appreciated, while they have thus had an insight into practical work of a character which they would not be likely to see elsewhere.

From Sept. 5 to 20, *Mr. Harmer* conducted a mission at Stonebroom, Derbyshire. Many miners and railway-men attended the services, and the blessing resting upon the work was so manifest that the Primitive and Free Methodists united with their Baptist brethren, and placed their chapels at the evangelist's disposal. It is believed that many have found the Saviour through our brother's earnest efforts. Mr. Harmer is now paying a second visit to Washbrook, near Ipswich; and at the close of the work there, *Mr. Chamberlain* is to join him for a fortnight's special services at Burlington Chapel, Ipswich.

ORPHANAGE.—In consequence of the dates that have been fixed for the Orphanage Choir's Northern tour, we have been obliged to postpone the *Collectors' meeting* until *Tuesday, Nov.* 2. This will enable our friends to obtain additional contributions in their boxes or on their books, and will, we trust, swell the total of receipts at the meeting. The President hopes to preside if he can keep well till November, and an interesting programme will be arranged for the evening.

The following are the proposed engagements for the North of England tour:—Oct. 2—5, Burnley and district; Oct. 6, Accrington; Oct. 7, Colne; Oct. 9—11, Preston; Oct. 12, Leamington; Oct. 13, Coventry; Oct. 14, Rugby. On their return, Mr. Charlesworth and the choir are to hold meetings at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross; Eastbourne; Brixton Hall; Stoke Newington; Castle Yard Schools; Holloway; and Peckham Park Road. In November they are invited to Norfolk, and in December to Hampshire.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary writes:—"There is nothing special to report this month except the smallness of the contributions to the General Fund." This remark applies to all the institutions as well as to the Colportage Association. While friends are away at the sea-side, or in the country, they forget that the expenses of students, evangelists, orphans, colporteurs, &c., go on all the year round; but, doubtless, all that is wanted is to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance, and the gifts of love will again pour in till the high-water mark is reached. The water-mark on Bank of England notes and cheques and postal orders is the one we mean.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—Aug. 26, eleven; Sept. 2, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Wilson	0	10	0
Pastor J. A. and Mrs. Spurgeon ...	5	5	0
Master J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Collected by A. P....	2	10	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Mr. William Angus	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. George Ranson	2	1	1
Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	5	0
Mr. William Dorward	1	0	0
Mr. James Constance, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	15	0
A pair of sermon-readers, near Turriff	2	0	0
Miss Sprot	5	0	0
Miss Simpson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cameron	1	0	0
Miss L. Wheatley	0	5	0
Miss H. Jeggo	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hassall	1	10	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Miss B. A. Williams	0	3	0
Mr. James Martin...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor T. Graham Tarn :—						
Mr. C. F. Foster	1	1	0			
Mr. G. E. Foster	1	1	0			
Mr. E. Foster	1	1	0			
Mr. F. G. Gifford	1	1	0			
Mr. J. Nutter	1	1	0			
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0			
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1	1	0			
				7	7	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.				2	0	0
Mr. L. Shepherd				0	5	0
Scotch notes from Barrhead				2	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—						
Mr. R. J. Beecliff				0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Seard				0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—						
Mr. J. Billing				1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—						
Aug. 15	100	0	0			
„ 22	34	13	3			
„ 29	38	8	9			
Sept. 5	40	0	0			
„ 12	8	5	6			
				221	7	6
				£277	7	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by L. A.	0	6	0
Mrs. Oakley	0	3	0
Mr. J. M. Stedman	1	1	0
Collected by Edward Hookway, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	12	0
Mr. Normabell	0	2	6
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
A prayer for the giver and his family, one in sickness	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Mimpress	0	2	10
Collected at a cottage meeting at High Barn, Burpham, Arundel, by Mrs. Nicholls	0	6	0
Messrs. Waltham Bros.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Thurgood	0	17	6
Collected by Miss Atley	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Basket	0	5	6
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. S. Durrant	5	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	5	9
Mr. W. A. Weightman	5	0	0
Collected by a little boy of nine, at Axminster	0	1	6
Collected by Lilla Eva Jackson ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss B. Davies	0	14	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	0	7	6
Mr. Theodor A. Miuftieff, Bulgaria ...	0	18	0
Mr. K. G. Palamidoff, Bulgaria ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Sercombe	4	0	0
Mrs. Essex	1	0	0
A friend	0	16	3
X., Norwich...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Jenner	2	2	0
Mr. W. Worth	0	2	6
Miss Harrison	0	4	0
Mrs. Hunter	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
A well-wisher, Dunfermline	0	2	6
Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0
Miss E. Tiley	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Gwyer, proceeds of sale of "Spring Thoughts"	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Evangeline	0	5	0
A friend in Jesus	0	10	0
L. N.	0	10	0
M. B., in memory of a loved sister ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Kay	1	0	0
Agnostos	1	0	6
Miss S. Jarman	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mrs. Protheroe	1	0	0
Mr. William Hare	0	5	0
A servant-girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Mrs. Morley	1	0	0
Miss Fanny Cook	0	2	0
Collected at Highbury-hill Baptist Chapel Sunday-schools, after addresses by Messrs. Chamberlain and Carpenter	1	15	0
Miss Maggie Shearer	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Dales	1	0	0
Mr. John Brash's Young Women's-class	0	5	0
A pair of sermon-readers, near Turriff	2	0	0
Mr. U. E. Cooper	1	10	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Payne	0	3	6
Mrs. Wright	5	0	0
Mrs. Moubray	1	0	0
Mrs. Hall	3	3	0
Mr. William Potter	2	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. Pateman	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	3	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. S. E. Parnell	12	10	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Collected by Ernest	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. Seymour	2	0	0
Miss S. Thompson and friends	0	12	0
Mrs. Duly	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A. T.	0	10	0
J. E. C. W.	5	5	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	2	0
Miss J. Todd	0	5	2
Mr. A. Allan	0	5	0
Mr. S. Bown	0	10	0
Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Chrystal, and the family at the Manse	0	16	9
Mrs. Martin...	0	5	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Mr. William Mingins	1	0	0
Miss Bartlett, per Mr. Parker	1	0	0
Miss B. A. Williams	0	4	0
Mrs. Stevens' collecting-box	0	10	4
A friend	0	2	6
Strawberry money...	0	7	6
Rev. W. Jones	0	10	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	2
B. S., Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
Friends at Risby, per Mr. G. W. Frost	0	10	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Ruddick	0	2	0
Miss L. Morris	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunlop	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth...	0	2	6
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Ebsworth	0	4	0
A lady visiting the Orphanage (No. 9)	0	1	0
Per V. J. C.:—			
Mr. Snellgrove 1 0 0			
Mrs. Renshaw 1 0 0			
Y. M. C. A. 1 1 0			
	3	1	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, per list	72	1	9
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, per list	84	15	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Ventnor	7	0	0
Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth (including weekly offering)	37	0	0
Mr. Charrington's Mission	5	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Henry Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. J. Billing	5	0	0
	£331	14	6

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Andrews, F. J., 16s; Angell, A., 4s; Allison, S., 7s 3d; Beattie, S., 12s 10d; Bishop, F. G., 2s 7d; Burrows, L., 12s 3d; Bowles, E., 5s; Beadle, J., 4s 11d; Burnham, F., 7s; Bristow, J., 6s 6d; Bishop, H., 10s 2d; Belcher, S., 3s; Buck, C., 2s; Bowles, W., 7s 9d; Banyard, H., 11s 4d; Brooks, G., 4s 5d; Brooker, E. G., 12s 1d; Barson, E. J., 14s 10d; Barrett, J., 6s 1d; Bell, H. O., 7s 2d; Bright, T., 11s 1d; Barnard, D. J., 5s 6d; Birch, W., 5s 3d; Banyard, S., 7s 6d; Brown, E., 4s 5d; Clarke, H., 12s 10d; Copsey, C., 5s 8d; Cleaverley, J., 4s; Cassel, E., 3s 2d; Cook, C., 4s; Chamberlain, W., 10s 6d; Crouch, W. H., 11s 6d; Cann, Jno., 12s; Crean, J. D., 4s; Cambridge, H., 9s 9d; Carter, P., 3s 6d; Cousins, H., 6s 1d; Coman, E., 14s; Cartland, S., 2s; Callam, F., 2s; Clark, H. W., 7s 6d; Dancey, C., 6s 8d; Docwra, A., 10s; Dorr, C., 2s 7d; Davis, A., 11s 9d; Dimond, W. 4s; Dean, A., £1 1s; Deverell, G., £1 1s; Edwards, G., £1; Edgley, W., 5s 6d; Fairchild, A., 14s 8d; Fitch, E., 5s 6d; Flowers, H., 16s 10d; Ford, W. J., 10s; Fox, T., 2s 8d; Farr, E., 1s; Gant, F., 10s 6d; Gammon, A., 6s 2d; Green, C., 1s; Hewitt, L., 1s 5d; Hockley, W., 10s; Hart, A., 7s; Harris, J., 16s; Hodgson, W., £1 9s; Hill, G., 18s 6d; Horan, E., 10s 1d; Hamment, E. G., 2s; Hamlet, A., 8s 6d; Hill, Charles, 1s 3d; Hawkens, L., £1 11s; Howard, F., 2s 2d; Hinchley, J. W., 8s 11d; Hurst, Arthur, 3s 1d; Ireson, E., 3s 9d; Ingram, W., 10s; Joy, A., 10s 5d; Jennings, A., 3s 9d; Jarvis, H., 8s 6d; Kibble, G., 3s; Kelland, S., 10s; King, Alf., 4s; Kemp, G. A., 6s; Kemp, G., 6s; Kemp, G., 1s 8d; Lenson, P., 9s 9d; Lenderyou, A. V., 6s; Ling, W., 10s 6d; Lowne, J., 2s; Moppett, F., 7s; McDouall, R., 1s; Morrell, H. J., 14s; Mannell, W., 6s; McLean, C., 3s 6d; Mitchell, W., 14s 8d; Mead, H., 5s; Maxted, G., 9s 1d; Moore, A., 8s; Moore, A., 2s; Morris, R., £1 1s; Miller, C., 5s; Metcalfe, T., £1 1s; Moore, W., 10s; Norton, R., 8s 1d; Newman, A., £1 3s; Pitney, F., £1 1s; Pritchard, G. C., 5s; Park, F., 3s 7d; Prust, J., 9s; Phillips, R. J., 4s; Roberts, H., 8s 6d; Riehmann, L., 14s 6d; Read, F., 2s 6d; Roberts, H., 11s; Rodgers, W., £1 1s; Roff, P., £1 2s; Sambel, F., 9s 6d; Smith, E., 10s; Sayer, H. A., 9s; Stoner, W., 11s 1d; Sunderland, A. D., £1; Sarel, J. B., £1 1s; Serjeant, E., 6s 11d; Spurgeon, C. H., £2 4s 2d; Spurgeon, W., £2 4s 2d; Steed, S., 7s 3d; Tressider, W. J., £1 1s; Tanner, J. H., 1s; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Talbot, E., 7s; Tant, J., 7s; Tanner, J., £1 1s; Taylor, P., 4s 10d; Unwin, E., 13s 6d; Valler, A. E., 14s 3d; Walker, A., 10s 6d; Walker, G., 7s; Wardell, T., 8s; Westhrop, C., 6s 6d; Winnen, J., 3s 7d; Wratten, E., £1 3s; Walter, P., 4s 6d; Warner, G., £1 1s; Westbrooke, H., 14s 3d; Worker, S., 1s 2d; White, A., 2s; White, J., 5s; Ward, R., 10s; Wallis, F. G., £1 1s 3d; Game, J., 15s 6d; Hughes, R., 3s 2d; Peachey, A., 6s 7d; Perry, G., 1s 8d.—Total, £72 1s 9d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Ayling, E., 9s 1d; Attikin, E., 11s 7d; Agate, M., 1s 7d; Anderson, R., £1 1s; Adams, N., 13s; Andrews, E., 1s 6d; Barlow, M., 9s; Blatchford, H., £1 11s 3d; Butler, K., 9s; Botham, L., 11s 6d; Beck, M., 1s; Buddle, A., 10s 2d; Birkett, F., 5s; Broadhouse, W., 1s; Boorman, V., 3s; Buck, B., 4s; Burrows, F., 6s 3d; Bridgman, A., 13s; Bond, N., 15s 6d; Bissett, M., 10d; Bullock, L., £1 16s 3d; Brice, L., 7s; Bridgford, A., 14s; Birtwistle, E., 11s; Blake, L., 12s 2d; Bennett, L., 17s 6d; Bettam, A., 4s 1d; Buckland, A., 8s.; Bunting, P., £1 1s; Buckland, A., 8s; Caple, A., 10s; Cooper, F., 5s 1d; Clymer, A., 5s; Cox, E., 10s; Cox, E., 5s 6d; Chamberlain, M., £1 4s 4d; Caister, E., £1 1s; Collier, E., 6s 2d; Crugg, A., 6s; Cheshire, B., 7s 6d; Conyard, E., £1; Colliss, H., 10s 3d; Cluse, F., 5s; Cooper, K., 8s; Crowther, N., 16s 6d; Cousins, L., 8s; Dickerson, E., £1 1s; Dance, F., 14s 3d; Drew, F., 10s; Davis, E., 5s; Donnelley, G., 10s; Eagleton, H., 5s 6d; Edwards, H., 4s 2d; Epps, F., £1 2s 6d; Epps, F., 5s; Emmett, E., 1s 6d; Francis, J., 2s 8d; Fenn, A., 2s 8d; Forrest, S., 8s; Fairbank, A., 5s; Gray, M., 9s; Green, Gertie, 16s 6d; Gilmour, C., 4s; Glover, E., 3s 2d; Gregory, M., 12s 6d; Gort, G., 5s; Hobbs, M., 9s 10d; Hill, A., 4s 9d; Howell, R., 3s; Hinchley, L., 6s 1d; Howell, L., 5s 3d; Hickey, M., 6s 3d; Hewitt, H., 17s 6d; Haisell, J., £1 2s; Hall, F., 8s; Ingle, F., 6s 6d; Jaques, K., 6s; Johnson, K., 1s 11d; Johnson, M., 11s 5d; Johnson, L., 10s 6d; Jackson, A., 10s; Jessop, K., 11s; Knowles, L., 3s 6d; Kelland, J., 4s; Lyons, E., 6s; Lovell, E., 4s 6d; Logan, K., £1 1s 9d; Lawson, A., 5s; Leary, J., 6s; Luxcombe, P., 11s 6d; Long, M., 7s 6d; Martin, A., 7s 6d; Moore, E., 6s 6d; Mims, A., £1 1s; McKinley, F., 12s 7d; Morton, E., 11s; McLauchlan, M., 1s 1d; Maycock, W., 8s; Mayles, S., 7d; Neve, L., £1 1s; Newton, K., 2s 6d; Nash, M., 4s 6d; Nutt, C., 8s 3d; Nobbs, T., 5s; Newton, A., 8s 5d; Newman, E., 5s 1d; Orridge, A., 14s; Oakey, F., £1 1s; Olden, P., 8s 4d; Owen, D., 5s 6d; Paul, M., 12s; Pickering, M., £1 1s 4d; Peepall, G., 9s 3d; Pentecost, E., 4s; Pearce, M., 9s; Parker, A., 5s; Powney, A., 5s 7d; Page, M., 10s 6d; Parmenter, M., 8s 11d; Pope, A., 2s 10d; Poole, A., 8d; Perry, R., 1s 4d; Pope, F., 11s 2d; Pennington, F., 13s 4d; Richards, K., 7s; Rampling, S., 3s; Rushman, H., 6s; Rowsell, J.,

18s 6d; Rowell, E., 2s 6d; Robottom, G., £1 1s; Richmond, B., £1 3s; Salt, E., 1s 11d; Spaughton, M., 1s 6d; Simons, C., 9s 1d; Staines, C., 10s 6d; Smith, A., £1 5s 9d; Shorter, E., 8s; Smith, J., 6s 6d; Stone, C. E., 3s; Slipper, F., 3s; Sabine, A., 11s 8d; Scott, L., 6s 6d; Smith, P., 12s; Shipway, G., £1 9s 3d; Smith, A., 2s; Spender, K., 11s; Sloan, K., 6s 6d; Smith, L., 1s 1d; Seymour, J., 18s 4d; Thomas, N., 3s 4d; Tilly, G., 16s 3d; Trill, N., 7s 3d; Thompson, L., £1 2s 9d; Thirkell, R., £1 1s; Thorpe, E., 17s; Tollworthy, E., £1 1s; Veryard, R., 2s; Valler, C., 5s 1d; Wren, M., 10s; Willis, A., 10s; Witham, P., 14s; Wigzell, E., 4s 1d; Wilmore, N., £1; White, H., 6s 7d; Winder, B., 5s 3d; Williams, N., 3s; Woodcock, J., £1 7s 7d; Willison, D., 5s 8d; Wellington, M., 2s 8d; White, J., 5s; Williams L., £1 1s; Wright, L., 5s 6d; Wood, J., 7s 8d; Westwood, F., 8s 3d; Webley, E., 2s; Warwick, L., 1s 1d; Bishop, L., 1s 6d.—Total, £84 15s.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 16th to September 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—600 Pears, Mr. C. Goddard Clarke; 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. J. Branes; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 26 pecks of Plums, Mr. C. F. Allison; 180 lbs. of Plums, Rev. C. L. Gordon; 1 hamper of Plums, Dr. Swallow; 1 box Greengages, Mr. F. F. Norman; 6 sieves of Beans, Messrs. C. and A. Parker; 1 box of Plums, Mrs. Walker; a quantity of Fruit, part Harvest Thanksgiving, Abbey-street Chapel, per Rev. J. C. Carlile.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 Shirts, Miss Conth; 1 pair Boy's Boots, "But the Lord is mindful of his own"; 7 pairs Stockings and 7 Collars, Mrs. Mannington; 9 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 3 pairs Stockings, C. C., Dundee; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 9 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, per Mrs. Pearce.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—41 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 articles, Mrs. Mannington; 65 articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 8 articles, C. C., Dundee; 25 articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, Brixton, per Mrs. Pearce; 26 articles, Cottage Green Chapel Sunday-school Christian Band, per Mrs. E. Aldridge.

GENERAL.—A parcel of Illustrated Magazines, Mr. A. J. Bride; 1 box of Croquet, Anon.; 2 Geographical Globes and 8 volumes Illustrated Papers, Miss Beddome.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. William Beer, Treasurer	50	0	0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—— ...	10	0	0
Bath, Argyle Home Mission	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
For Stratford-on-Avon, per Secretary, W. Corden Jones	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	40	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	5	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff, Penrhikyber, and Castletown ...	30	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. W. Morton ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. T. Bantock	10	0	0
Northern Association and Crosby Garrett	10	0	0
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston ...	7	10	0
Launceston, per Mr. Richard Peter ...	5	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£272	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
	£59	5	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
E. J.	3	0	0
Mr. W. Maxwell	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hunt	3	0	0
Mr. George Rose	2	0	0
Lieut. Flanagan	2	3	8
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's services at Ventnor	2	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£69	3	8

Received for Hop-pickers' Mission:—M. A., 5s.; A. L. (expended for Testaments, &c.), 5s.; S. A. B., 10s.; M. Parker, 3s.

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.



Yours most heartily

C. H. Spurgeon

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

The Portrait.

WHEN my portrait appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* eighteen years ago, a very kind and judicious friend wrote to upbraid me for showing so much of self. I was pleased with his interest in me; but I did not feel that the faithful wounds of my friend were at all deserved. If I ever felt any sort of pride in my own portraits it would by this time have been satisfied, not to say nauseated, by the excessive number which have appeared. In these I have had no hand, except that I have yielded to the requests of friends who have been served in their good work by my compliance. Even when I have not sat for a portrait, some sort of likeness has come out all the same, and there has never been a possibility of preventing it.

When we are interested in a person, we desire to see him, or, at least, to know what he is like. When reading a book, it is natural to wish to see the portrait of the author: it must be natural, for it is almost universal. Did not John in the Apocalypse turn to see the voice which spake with him? What there can be wrong in gratifying so natural a desire I am sure I cannot tell. I am writing these lines merely to spare some good brother the painful necessity of sending me a candid letter, carefully made as caustic as possible. I have had so many of these upon various subjects that they have somewhat lost their influence, and may therefore be dispensed with.

My motive is rather different from that which my reprover imputed to me. The portrait now given was taken at Mentone, and I desire by it to remind friends to pray for me while I am there, seeking to gather

fresh seed for future sowing. Time spent in reading, meditation, and prayer can be made very fruitful if the divine blessing be given upon it. I value the supplications of saints beyond all other treasure, and therefore beg to be remembered when I am far away. Let my church and all other objects of care be mentioned at the mercy-seat.

Also I would continue in the remembrance of friends as the conductor of so many Christian enterprises in which they have so heartily helped me. By the good hand of the Lord with me many helpers have been raised up all over the world; and their kindly deeds have created friendships between us which in many instances have grown into very hearty intimacies. I do not feel towards the large number of my readers as an editor to readers, but as a friend to friends. Brethren, you have helped me grandly and faithfully, and you were never more generous and kind than at this present. I, therefore, salute you most gratefully, and beg you to receive the portrait on the opening page as a visit to your houses, and a grip of your hands.

If ever any man was bound to be grateful I am. I suppose I cannot even say this without being thought egotistical. Well, then, I am egotistical enough to be sincerely thankful. When I think of the Tabernacle, the Almshouses, the College, the Orphanage, the Colportage, the Evangelists, Haddon Hall, and many other things, not forgetting Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, I must bless the Lord for troops of helpers, without whom none of these things could have been continued so long. Year after year, by the spontaneous gifts of friends, have these various and costly agencies been kept in active operation; and if ever a pinch has come, some generous spirit has seized upon the occasion to show special kindness. Hitherto, in my enforced absences, no fund has suffered, for loving thoughtfulness has, at such seasons, been doubly manifested. In the great day of account, not I, but those who have worked under my lead, shall have the reward of what has been done for our Lord Jesus.

Pressed down with many burdens and labours, I pine for a period of rest. Only by a few weeks of retirement each year can I keep brain and heart in working order. I should be glad to keep right on; but as this cannot be, I am rejoiced at the prospect of getting away in fair health, not to recover from disease, but to escape it. I shall be glad if it should be so; but even while I am writing these lines I feel grave doubts whether the Philistines will not be upon me before I can quit this land of fogs. In taking my departure for a season, and nearing the end of another year's *Sword and Trowel*, I would say heartily, dear friends, accept my thanks, and continue to bless me with your heart's love, your prayers, and your aid.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Anne Jones; or, Put the Kettle On.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

ANSWERS to prayer in connection with Christian work is a subject full of deepest interest, and one the experience of which is greatly strengthening to the faith of the believer. A series of papers appeared in the *Quiver* under a similar heading only a few years since, the preparing of which was a special means of grace to the writer. There are many such examples that might be added; but the intention in this paper is rather to deal with cases which relate to private Christians, and those of the very poor, to the end that they may be encouraged to put implicit confidence in him whose name is Jehovah Jireh—"*The Lord will see, the Lord will provide.*"

The case of Thomas Hownham, a poor man, living on a Yorkshire moor, has been often told, and by many pens. There are, too, many remarkable cases in a work published nearly a century ago, by William Huntington, entitled, "God the Guardian of the Poor, and the Bank of Faith." The instances all relate to the author, and, notwithstanding his eccentricities, his egotism, and his one-sided theology, they are calculated to encourage the poor to commit themselves to God, and to trust in him for the supply of all their needs. Good John Newton sings in the same strain:—

> "The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
> The good that is wanting shall ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'"

The first case to be named is that of Anne Jones, who for twenty-seven years was bedridden, and for nearly half that time was unable to turn herself in bed. The facts are gathered from a daughter's memoir of "A Beloved Mother,"* that beloved mother being the late Mrs. Hannah S. Allen, a member of the Society of Friends, who, after a long, and honourable, and useful life, passed to her rest in 1880.

Anne Jones lived in a garret, up five storeys, in a house in one of the alleys of Drury Lane. She was one of the Lord's chosen ones, chosen in the furnace of affliction; but in her pain and trouble she had sought the Lord, and he had been found of her. He was to her the mighty Healer, for he had healed all her spiritual diseases, and had filled her with joy and peace in believing. She was a bright and rejoicing Christian, and her visitor often found that the invalid was to her a comforter and a help heavenwards. A like-minded relative accompanied her one day to Anne Jones's room, and as she descended the narrow stairs she remarked, "Oh, that little room seemed to me as the very ante-room of heaven!"

One bright morning in February, Mrs. Allen found her thoughts turned in an unusual degree towards Anne, and as she had not seen her for some weeks, she determined to go that morning; so, putting some tea, butter, and ham into a basket, she left the house. Soon after a thick London fog came on, and as she had intended to walk part of the

* Harris and Co., Bishopsgate Street.

way, she feared that she would be unable to proceed, as her deafness would make it dangerous for her to travel alone in the streets. The feeling of her mind, however, was to proceed. The horses could go only at a walking pace, and the conductor had lit his lamps. She had intended to go to Islington by omnibus; but somehow she must have taken a wrong vehicle, as she found out when the driver pulled up near Drury Lane. The conductor kindly guided her to the pavement, and she groped her way along to find the entrance to the court where Anne lived. Just at this moment the fog unexpectedly cleared, and she readily found the alley, and was soon at the top of the stairs knocking at number five. A little girl opened the door. "How is grandmother?" she asked.

"Oh, come in, Mrs. Allen!" was the speedy reply of the invalid herself, for she had heard her knock and her voice; "how did you get here? We have been in thick darkness all day."

The visitor's attention was arrested by the extreme neatness of the room, and the brightness of the tea-kettle which was standing with water boiling on the fire. Everything was in perfect order, and on the table was the little tea-tray set ready for use. In one corner sat Anne's daughter sewing, and the poor invalid, in bed as usual, and as helpless as ever, wore her usual calm, resigned expression of countenance.

"I see you are just ready for tea," said Mrs. Allen. "I have brought something to place on your table; I shall not stay long to prevent you enjoying your meal."

With clasped hands and uplifted eyes the poor invalid expressed her thanks to God, and lifted her heart in prayer. Then, turning to her visitor, she said, "God has surely sent you here to bring us food to-day, for we have not tasted any yet. I felt sure he would care for us."

Mrs. Allen turned to the daughter inquiringly—"But you have the kettle ready for tea?"

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "it is so. Mother wished me to put it on. And when I said, 'What is the use, you know we have nothing in the house?' she still urged me to do it, saying, 'My child, God has provided for me all through the years of my helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not yet see how.' In this expectation," added the daughter, "mother has been waiting all day; but we did not think of the possibility of your coming such a distance on such a day. It must indeed be God who has sent you, and who has taken care of you also."

Mrs. Allen then knew why she had been so strongly impressed to pay this visit and to proceed through all the difficulties of the journey. Amply was she repaid for her effort, and joyfully did she unite in thanksgiving and prayer to God with the dear woman for the supply of whose pressing wants God had used her as a humble and willing instrument, learning herself, as the incident should teach us, to confide more entirely, as his dependent children, in the all-providing care of the Father in heaven.

The cause of the utter destitution of the little household was the illness of the daughter, who had been thus unable to follow her usual occupation as a dressmaker.

It was two or three years after this that Anne Jones passed peacefully

away to that land where there is no pain, no weakness, no weariness, no want, and where the Lamb shall lead his redeemed ones to living fountains of waters.

One lesson to be learned from the above is, that those who have health and strength and also means of doing good, should seek out objects, and embrace every opportunity of doing it, not being deterred by seeming difficulties, nor even by real obstacles. Another lesson is for those who are poor and dependent, and whom God keeps in a needy condition. We would say, not only make your requests known to God, telling him all your trouble, all your needs, but have confidence in his answering your prayers; expect that he will answer and help you, or, in other words, "Put the Kettle on."

The other case we will give may be entitled,

"DOES CALEB LIVE HERE?"

The story bears all the marks of authenticity, and reminds us of the fine old hymn of Dr. Paul Eber, written more than three centuries ago:—

"When in the hour of deepest need,
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought,
Nor help, nor counsel yet have brought,
Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee
For rescue from our misery."

A minister of the Established Church, residing near Bath, in 1847, awoke one night during the deep distress of that winter with an impression on his mind, "Send provisions to Caleb." Not knowing any one of that name, he endeavoured to get off to sleep again. Very soon, however, he awoke, with the words sounding in his ears, "Send provisions to Caleb." Uneasy in his mind, he addressed his wife. "Do you know any one named Caleb?" She being ignorant of any such person, and he, not knowing how to help himself in the darkness of the night, once more endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. Sleep, however, was out of the question, for "Send provisions to Caleb" followed him constantly. Unable to rest, he rose, called up his coachman, and, descending to the larder, filled a hamper with bread, meat, and other food, telling the man he must go out and find out where Caleb lived; for he could not withhold the thought that some one with that name must be in great need. "I will go with all my heart, sir," said the coachman, "if you will tell me where; but how in the name of goodness am I to find out a stranger in the darkness of the night, with no one about who can help or direct me?"

"Well, no matter," said the minister, "saddle the horse and start. Take the basket, and lay the bridle across the horse's neck; my impression of duty is so strong that I believe that, in our ignorance, the horse will be guided aright."

Though it was a pitiless night, and snowing fast, the kind-hearted coachman made no further objections, but sallied forth on his seemingly hopeless errand. "A mad freak!" some would say; and others, "An

enthusiastical proceeding!" But it did not turn out so. On went the horse, unguided, turning neither to the right nor the left for some miles. Presently coming to a barren heath, he turned out of the road, and through the deep snow went across the common where there was no road, and not even a path. At length he stopped suddenly, and through the darkness of the night the coachman discerned a poor, mean cottage.

"Does any one named Caleb live here?" shouted the man. A voice was soon heard in reply. "Yes, you are quite right; come in." The man dismounted and entered with his basket and told his errand.

"Well," said the man from whom the voice proceeded, "Indeed you are quite right—God has answered our prayers, God has answered our prayers."

It was then found that this poor and aged man, living in this humble and lonely abode, was the Caleb who had so much needed the help so seasonably sent. Sickness, added to poverty, had rendered the whole family unable to work, or even seek help in any of the usual channels. In their utterly destitute condition there was no way to make their case known to man, and they had just been praying to their heavenly Father either to send relief or enable them to submit to his will and die. "Their extremity was his opportunity." He impressed the mind of the minister; he guided the poor dumb horse; and he thus answered the prayers and supplied the needs of his poor distressed children.

The incident was related at a meeting some time afterwards, when a gentleman arose and said, "That is quite true, for I know Caleb, and I have often heard him speak of this fact as a proof that God is the hearer of prayer."

Remember, dear tried child of God, that your Father knows all about you. He knows all your wants; he knows where you live, and your name and person are as distinctly before him and beneath his eye as the sun that shineth in the heavens. We may not be known even to our neighbours, but God never has to ask, "Does Caleb live here?"

Tell no Untruth.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY thus wrote to his son, the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney:—"Above all things, tell no untruth; no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty; and let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. . . . Take heed that thou be not found a liar; for a lying spirit is hateful both to God and man. A liar is commonly a coward, for he dares not avow the truth. A liar is trusted of no man, he can have no credit either in public or private; and if there were no more arguments than this, know that our Lord, in St. John, saith that it is *a vice proper to Satan*, lying being opposite to the nature of God, which consisteth in truth; and the gain of lying is nothing else, but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth. It is said in the Proverbs, that 'God hateth false lips; and he that speaketh lies shall perish.'"

"All of Grace."

(Tune 55 in "The Christian Choir.")

"ALL of grace"—from base to summit,
Grace on every course and stone;
Grace in planning, rearing, crowning,
Sovereign grace, and grace alone!

CHORUS—"All of grace," oh, "all of grace,"
"Not of works, lest man should boast,"
Frank forgiveness suits the vilest!
Largest debtors love the most!

"All of grace"—from keel to topmast,
Grace the hull and spars has wrought,
Grace designing, building, launching,
Grace unaided, grace unsought!

Grace primeval! grace eternal!
Grace foreknows, and grace elects,
Grace provides a full salvation,
Grace the rebel heart affects.

"All of grace"!—for useless strivings
Perfect pardon's sweet content!
Life and light for death and darkness!
"All of grace" omnipotent!

Grace bids Christian quit Destruction,
Leads him to the Crucified,
Brings to Beulah, helps o'er Jordan,
Welcomes on the other side!

"Grace for grace," and "grace sufficient,"
"Grace abounding," "grace that reigns,"
Grace the guarantee of glory!
Grace! grace! grace! How sweet the strains!

Auckland. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Did Not Succeed.

IT takes two to make a slander—one to listen, the other to report. If mankind would act as a Russian general once did, the race of scandal-mongers would die of enforced idleness. A Russian once tried to tell Skobeleff of certain scandalous reports about him. "One of your officers," he began, "is spreading lies about you. May I give you his name?" "No, no; not a word," answered the general sharply. "My officers fought like heroes. I love them. One word of mine was sufficient for their going willingly to death." When the Russian, thus silenced, had left the room, Skobeleff called his servant, and asked—"Did you notice well that face?" "Yes, general." "If so, then remember that for that man I am never at home, never! Do not forget my order!"

Calvinism.

BY PASTOR GEORGE DUNCAN, D.D., HUDDERSFIELD.

VERY few of the objections that are urged against Calvinism belong to Calvinism at all; they are great moral problems that belong to all religious systems alike, or to the domain of philosophy; yet this system of truth is vigorously plied with questions, and is expected to explain the inexplicable, and to solve the insolvable.

A complete system of religious truth is sure to involve the discussion of the most abstruse questions. Calvinism is the profoundest philosophy of theology, and the weightiest theology of philosophy; it shows the philosophy, divine and human, underlying all theology; and the theology —the divine teaching, involved in all true philosophy. It is the philosophy of religion. It explains the great and lasting principles pervading all religious life, and it unfolds their harmony and purpose. It is the religion of philosophy, revealing and applying that high life which ought to throb, and does throb, in all true philosophy.

Men have seen in all ages that nature is achieving a purpose, that she is pursuing ceaselessly an ideal; and the old Greek philosophies called it "fate" and "necessity." Calvinism lays hold of this "guess," and explains to us that what these men with but the light of nature called "fate," is a personal God, carrying out through all the moral and material agencies everywhere a great and gracious purpose. It gives power to a poor, powerless guess that chilled and crushed the nascent thought of man.

Philosophers and scientists of this age, as well as many philosophers of a former age in both Scotland and England, hold the necessitarian doctrine of the universe, though they give it a new name; it is not now "fate," it is "force"—force does all things; and judging from some recent utterances of the Physicists, we may exclaim, "Great is the force of the Scientists!" We lay hold of this modern doctrine of the universe, believe it, as far as it is true, and supplement it, and at once beautify and correct it. Where they say "force," we say "God"; where they say "contrivance of nature," we say "purpose of God"; where they say "evolution, and necessary sequence," we say "the unfolding, the revelation, the carrying on, of the government of God." What to them is but impersonal and necessary, is to us personal, certain, free.

Now, many of the objections raised against our system of truth would obtain if the system had never been heard of, and, in many cases, would obtain if we were all Atheists. Facts remain, and each system ought to be ready with an explanation of these facts so far as it requires them; but these problems ought not to be supposed to belong to one system only.

We have been too ready to allow infidels on the one hand, and Arminians on the other, to put questions to us as if the questions belonged to our system as such; whereas we could have turned round, and, with equal justice, have demanded the same questions of them, taking the same objections, and altering a little the phraseology, without in the least altering its substance, and urging it against Arminianism.

It is well for us, now and again, to do so, just to show our friends

that their heritage of objections to Calvinism (and they are little else, for few Arminians have given the system personal examination and study) are simply moral problems, that subsist independently of all religions, for they belong to the constitution and course of nature; and it is as much the duty of the Scientist, the Philosopher (of whatever school), the Deist, and the Atheist to explain it, as it is ours. Even Agnosticism is no refuge; for to say we "do not know," explains nothing, removes nothing, helps nothing; it complicates the difficulty, and is itself a sad fact requiring explanation.

What if I cannot explain the objections urged against my system of truth? Who can remove all the difficulties that belong to his creed, or to his speciality? Can the oculist tell all about the eye, and all its relationships? Can the physiologist, physicist, psychologist, geologist, tell us about their respective sciences? These specialists know they cannot; for many facts seem to be quite inexplicable to them.

The Arminian system is open to most grave objections, which, in the opinion of some of the great thinkers of this and past ages, cannot be met, and so have not been met; and yet the Arminians cling to their system: even so, if *we* could not explain all the deep things of God involved in our system, that is no reason why we should forsake it, or why others should refuse to accept it.

We preach in Calvinism what we believe to be the true doctrine of the universe, the true doctrine of God, the true doctrine of man, the true doctrine of life, and the true doctrine of eternity.

That some men, looking exclusively on the mysteries of this system, and confounding the system with the mysteries that belong to all systems, reject Calvinism, does not weaken our faith in it; it only illustrates what we see in other departments of thought, viz., that few men seem capable of taking a comprehensive view of things: most men have narrow horizons, and these they often make still more contracted through prejudice and early training.

We do not profess to have formulated a system of Christian doctrine that cannot be objected to, but simply one that offers the most complete and correct explanation of the Word of God.

Let us now examine a few of the philosophical objections that are urged against Calvinism.

I. THEY SAY IT IS ARBITRARY, PARTIAL, AND UNJUST. Our answer to this startling statement is very simple:

1. *We reply that it is not unjust.* This objection against our view of divine truth is as old as the apostle Paul, and it was urged in much the same terms in his day. This fact ought to seriously impress all Arminians. In Romans ix. we see how God claims supreme sovereignty over man, and two illustrative cases are given; first, the cases of Esau and Jacob, and then that of Pharaoh. The claim itself is made in so many words: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," &c. The Arminians then, as now, objected, "Is there unrighteousness with God?" (verse 14); "Why doth he still find fault?" (verse 19).

In express terms we have the Arminian objection, and we have also the Calvinistic reply: God claims the right to do as he will with his own, and he demands, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" We find both objection and answer in the inspired Book.

The first question with all Bible students should be, "Is Calvinism scriptural?" and if it is in the Book—and surely this doctrine is in the Book—at least such is the first feeling and impression of all that read it, and it requires much explaining away and many mental struggles before our first impressions are rubbed out by Arminianism,—then our duty is to receive it. If it is scriptural, and we still think it to be unjust, then we must either confess that we know only in part, and await further and fuller light, or else we must revise our idea of divine justice. We must not try God by our poor, limited notions of justice or mercy. It is not so much what we think of justice, as what justice thinks of us; not so much what we think of God, as what God thinks of us. Of this we may be sure, that the revelation of the scriptural doctrine of election is much clearer than our poor sense of justice.

Let us clearly know that God is under no obligation to extend his grace to all men, or even to any man; he extended none to angels, but he has done so to us—is he therefore unjust? If not—and none contends that he is—no more is he unjust in extending his grace to some men, and not to all men. If it be a question of extending his grace to all or none, he claims and exercises the right to extend it just to whomsoever he pleases—to none, or to some; to this one, or to that.

Grace is not a debt owing to all, all therefore having a reasonable and just right to expect it; it is a free favour bestowed on some men, and not a just debt paid to all. As Paul says, "If it is of debt, it is no more of grace; and if it is of grace, it is no more debt"; it is the one or the other, it cannot be both; and Paul says, and we say, on his authority, and on the authority of all the other writers of the Book, that salvation is all of grace, and not in any sense of debt.

Justice holds that all men alike are destitute of God's favour, and hence salvation can be ours only through the sovereign grace of God. Our attitude towards God is not that of a loyal subject, but of a traitor and a rebel. Our relationship is not that of parent and child, but of judge and criminal. Our position is not the sinless one of Adam in Paradise; if it were, it would alter the complexion of the whole case; but we are sinful and sinning rebels, and the great moral Governor must treat us accordingly; and if he thinks proper to arrange for the salvation of whomsoever he pleases, surely justice cannot demand that, because some are saved, all must be. God and man alike claim to bestow their favours on whom they please. Justice is for all; grace is for few, none, or all, just as the gracious Sovereign pleases.

The finally impenitent, the vessels of wrath, are condemned for their own personal sins; they are not condemned because they are non-elect, they are punished only for the deeds done in the body.

2. *We reply that it is not partial in any unworthy sense.* I say, "unworthy" sense. Take the realm of nature, and do we not see partiality here? See how grand and symmetrical some trees are, how gnarled and stunted others are, and by no action of their own. See how some bear precious fruits, while others bring forth nothing but leaves, and never can bear anything else. We have weeds and tares as well as flowers and grain; vessels of worth, and vessels of worthlessness. So in the animated kingdom; and so throughout nature.

You see the same partiality in men, in the various ethnic types, their

opportunities, privileges, difficulties. Everywhere man also claims to be partial with his favours; if he were bound to be otherwise, there could be no favours, no grace, no gifts; all things would be reduced to debt. We are partial in the bestowment of favours, and impartial in the observance of rights: God claims the same right.

This same objection obtains in Arminianism. It is surely partiality to give some the opportunities of hearing the gospel which are denied to others: to favour some, as we are favoured, with a flood of gospel light, while others are still in darkness, and ultimately to receive some into heaven, and reject all the rest.

While God or man has anything that he can call his own he will assert his sovereign right over it; he must be at liberty to bestow his favours on whom he will. God's exercise of this power has infallibly secured the salvation of a countless number, and therein we ought to rejoice, and do rejoice.

3. *We reply that it is not arbitrary.* Of old, men were daring enough to say that "the ways of the Lord are not equal"; but God indignantly repelled the charge, saying, "Your ways are not equal."

If by arbitrary we mean that God is the arbiter of his own favours, that he has as much freedom here as we ourselves both claim and exercise, then the doctrine is arbitrary: God has done what he in his own great wisdom knew to be best. If by arbitrary we mean that the act is without sufficient reason, that it is wilful, and not the outcome of wisdom or love, then the doctrine is not arbitrary.

The position was one of utter hopelessness for man; and God, out of his own good pleasure, according to his riches in grace, and out of his boundless love, resolved that all men should not perish, as the fallen angels did before them, that provision for their salvation should be made, and placed within their reach; and it is no more unjust of God to *decree* that a vast number shall be saved, than to *save* a vast number; the decree to save some is as just as the act of saving some. What God does to the saved in the final issue of things is just what God designed to do, and the "design" and the "doing" are equally just, generous, divine.

II. THEY SAY IT IS SIMPLY FATE.

1. *We reply, fate supposes no free agent, whereas this doctrine does.* The great religions of Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed are fatalistic: sovereignty has degenerated into force, purposeless procession, meaningless movement, heartless homogeneity. The vast majority of mankind are fatalists: not orientalists merely, but the western intellect has succumbed to it. Positivism, Materialism, Agnosticism, Secularism, are fatalistic.

There must be something to induce these men of such different casts of mind and different training to receive this fascinating yet fatal dogma. Fate is not the truth, it is a cruel caricature of it, and is as different from Calvinism as darkness is from light.

Fate is the concurrent and continued action of all material forces acting blindly and necessarily without purpose on the one hand, or the free co-operation of man on the other; the end is effected without choice or intention in any one; all is remorseless necessity.

Calvinism, on the other hand, teaches that all the forces of nature

are wielded by a loving, wise and powerful personal God, who co-operates in all things, and makes all things work together for good. A gracious purpose runs through all nature, all providence, all revelation, and notwithstanding the sin of man, this sublime, sovereign, saving purpose is being realized.

Calvinism teaches that man is free, and acts according to his own choice, wish, will, humour, as the case may be; that he freely acts along his line of operations, and God freely acts along his: while we do what we determine to do, God does what he determines to do, and thus while we fulfil our wills, he fulfils his.

God determines the act, but he also determines that that act shall be the free act of man. Calvinism teaches that we are free, and our consciousness sanctions the teaching.

2. *We reply that fate supposes no wise purpose, whereas this doctrine does.* Calvinism and fate teach antagonistic doctrines concerning the source, the action, the purpose, and the issue of all things. Fatalists have to personify nature, and speak as if she had purpose, contrivance and forethought; and this is but an undesigned confirmation of our contention, that there is design, purpose, plan everywhere, and that everywhere that purpose is the best, and is being realized in the best way by God in nature, in providence, and in redemption.

All forms of false philosophy have to use our terms, else their meaning could scarcely be conveyed at all, and all this is but paying court undesignedly to the truth for which we contend.

Ours is a sublime affirmation, it gives the grandest conception of God, the truest philosophy of the universe, and the noblest theology of man.

We hold every man's life to be a plan of God; a plan embracing body, soul, history, and, if men will co-operate along the gracious lines of the plan, holiness and heaven are theirs. If they prefer to walk along the punitive lines, if they prefer to pervert the plan and blur it, then misery and hell must be theirs.

Every world is a plan of God, the universe is a plan of God, and everywhere is purpose, and all the purposes are modes of expressing the one sublime purpose which he purposed in himself.

Calvinism asserts the personality and the purpose of the divine sovereign, and the personalities and purposes of the human subjects, and thus differs entirely from what is called fate.

III. THEY SAY THAT IT DESTROYS MAN'S FREE AGENCY.

1. *We reply that it does not do so in theory.* The objection is that while foreknowledge, admitted by the Arminian, implies the certainty of the future event, Calvinism implies a fixed purpose to cause the event to take place, thus leaving man no choice in the matter.

The objection arises from a misapprehension; for our theory involves the freedom of man; he has all the freedom that is possible to a rational being; that is, he can act as upon the whole he wishes to act: weighing the several motives, he acts according to the prevailing disposition of his heart; that disposition is evil, and so his acts are evil; not because he is not free, but because he is not good.

God determines what shall take place, but he determines that all that takes place shall also in the fullest sense be the act of men themselves.

God places before us good and evil, and we are to make our choice. Being evil, we choose evil, and thus the world is flooded with iniquity.

Calvinism secures freedom to God and freedom to man; God's purpose is not tossed about by every whim of man, and man is not an automaton in the hands of God.

It is possible so to enforce the freedom of God to the destruction of human freedom as to become Antinomian; and it is possible so to push human freedom as to rob God of his sovereignty, and so become Arminian. The Calvinist comes between these two systems, and with equal emphasis asserts the freedom of God and the freedom of man.

2. *We reply that it does not do so in fact.* We know that we do what upon the whole we choose to do; every sane man does this. We often act against strong and searching motives, we often act against desire, and even against principle; but reduce our act to its last analysis, and we shall find that we act as upon the whole we thought it best to act. We did what we willed to do; so we know that we have freedom, and we equally know that God has a purpose that is being carried out in all its details. It is as clear that God has a purpose and is carrying it out as that we have a purpose and are carrying it out. Peter combines the two in Acts ii. 23: "Him, being delivered up by the determinate counsel of God, ye by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay." It is said here that *God* determined that this act should take place—that was his purpose; "ye by lawless men did crucify"; you determined that that act should take place—that was your purpose: both purposes were realized, and all the agents, divine and human, had fullest freedom. So that in fact as well as in theory Calvinism does not destroy our freedom.

Let us take a case from a higher state of life. Paul says, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure." God works, you work; God wills, you will; God's pleasure is fulfilled, your pleasure is fulfilled. Here the apostle preserves the right of God to act as he will towards and in his saints, and also preserves the right of saints to act as they will.

In other parts of Scripture we are taught that the supreme freedom is to *do the will of God.* The grandest freedom is to be in harmony with God. Angels are supremely free; demons are supremely fettered; the one do their own will, the other the will of God; and man is free in proportion as he co-operates with God in the realization of the divine purpose. We teach that man's freedom is part of the very purpose of God.

IV. THEY SAY THAT IT MAKES GOD THE AUTHOR OF SIN.

1. *We reply that the origin of evil is a difficulty that presses all systems alike.* If we were all Materialists this difficulty would still confront us, and nearly all the difficulties which infidelity delights in denouncing are difficulties that do not belong to religion at all, or to the Bible, or to Christianity: they are facts that demand an explanation, and it is to the interest of man, as man, to discover, or get in some way to know that explanation. Materialism after denying the existence of God, is still confronted with the problem of moral evil, and seeks its explanation in denying the manhood of man, for it reduces him to the level of a brute. With them all evil is but good in evolution, except when

it is a personal injury to themselves: then it is evil; and ought to be punished. Theoretically only is evil the birth-pangs of good. Dr. Tyndall is driven to say that men cannot help doing evil, and other men cannot help punishing them for it. So helpless is Materialism in the presence of this problem.

Arminianism is no better off. It admits—(1) That God clearly foresaw all things, clearly foresaw all the sins of man. (2) That though God clearly foresaw all this, yet he placed men in the very position wherein he foresaw they would sin. (3) That though he foresaw all this he did not alter his course, but created men that certainly would sin. It is most unwise therefore on the part of our opponents of whatever school to urge this problem of the origin of evil on us as if it belonged to our system of truth: it is no more my duty, and it is no more to my interest, to explain this difficulty than it is the duty of Materialism and Arminianism. Let this be distinctly understood, and it will save much confusion.

2. *We reply that it does not make God the author of sin.*

(1) *How do we describe God?* We describe him as perfect in knowledge, and in moral nature—that he is infinitely holy, just and good, he is the author of all holiness in the universe, and is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. We hold and teach that it is morally impossible for God to originate sin. We take our stand here on the evidence that God is infinitely pure.

(2) *How do we describe sin?* It is lawlessness. It is a state alien to all our true relations. It is violation of God's law. It is a perverted and perverse state of our whole being and proper line of conduct. God describes sin in most appalling words; he both denounces it and exposes it. He forbids it, and he punishes it. The fact of sin is a stupendous mystery; but there is no mystery with regard to the guilty parties. God lays the entire blame on man.

(3) *How do we describe man?* He is a free moral agent, a rational being who is influenced by the prevailing disposition of his will; one who originates his own acts, and who consciously does what on the whole he wills to do. Sin is therefore our own deliberate or thoughtless choice. The first sin was simply the perversion and the abuse of the powers which God gave to us for good purposes; we changed the centre of moral life from the will of God to the will of man: thus self and not God became and now is our moral centre.

(4) *How do we describe God's purpose?* God's purpose was such that though he clearly foresaw that man would sin a sin which could not be prevented by God without degrading man to an automaton or a beast, he made him a free agent; and if we are to be free we must be free indeed, and if free we may or may not sin. This is the highest order of a moral being in a state of probation, and thus God made us. God resolved that the sin should be our own free act, which it was, and thus guilt lies at our door. He resolved that this sin should occasion the fullest, grandest, sublimest display of his own glory, and that his grace should be at least commensurate with our guilt; "Where sin abounded, grace more abounded."

God neither decreed the sin, nor tempted man to sin. All our good thoughts, feelings, and acts are inspired by him and distinctly traced to

him in the Book. All our sins are as distinctly traced to our own evil heart of unbelief.

God permitted man, in the exercise of his own free will, to sin, and he decreed, in his overwhelming grace, to make the very sin of man to praise him. The sin is ours and ours only; all the grace is the outcome of God's eternal decree.

Water Sails.

BENGAL is a land of rivers. They are the highways and byways of the country. Missionaries often spend more time upon the water than they do in their bungalows; and almost every householder has some kind of canoe or boat.

In the rainy season the whole country is under water, and the rivers become more rapid and muddy. Large tracts of land are constantly swept away, houses, trees and cattle borne down by the immense volume of water. On the Khasia Hills, to the north east of Calcutta, occurs the heaviest rainfall in the world. In seven months some 500 inches are poured down upon the adjacent country. This is a great contrast to the short, but frequent showers that fill the streets of London with umbrellas, mud, and noise; for there the annual fall is said not to exceed 24 inches!

When the current towards the sea is strongest the inflowing tide is met and hurled back towards the ocean, and boats speed rapidly in that direction, however heavily laden, provided the wind is not contrary. The unmanageable native craft soon refuses to obey oars or rudder if the wind is strong from the south; and though below a swift current is flowing that would bear the vessel rapidly on its course, the wind utterly nullifies it, so that the craft is tossed upon the waves in a most helpless manner. What can be done at such a time? Is progress impossible? Shall attempts to proceed be given up, and the boat be allowed to drift till the wind abates?

No; for one means of progress yet remains! Let that be tried. The current is in the boatmen's favour. Let them avail themselves of this by spreading the sail; and instead of running it up the mast, let it be dropped in the stream. If it is useless in the wind it may be useful in the water. Let the two ropes that are attached to the ends of the sail pole now be tied to the boat, and progress will be made. The current beneath is stronger than the current of wind above. Though slow, the movement forward is real, and the difficulties of the way are overcome.

And such is often the experience of God's people in their homeward voyage to the Father's house. Contrary influences impede their progress; and it is only when their thoughts, so accustomed to soar, drop beneath the surface of life that they find the needed impetus to propel them forward. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him"; and though unseen, the power that helps believers onward is not unreal. While others are borne back by the contrary influences of a changing world, the followers of Jesus move ever forward, impelled by secret but abiding forces. The current of life once set in a right direction, nothing can successfully impede the heavenly pilgrims in their course.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

William Prynne and the "Histrio-Mastix."

WILLIAM PRYNNE is one of the representative Puritans of the Old England under Charles I., when the great storm of the Civil War was gathering; and, as a conscientious hero, who could not be cowed by the cruel and illegal action of the Star-Chamber, he is one of the worthy figures of English history. Born in the year 1600, in the West of England, he was educated first at the Grammar School of Bath, and subsequently at the University of Oxford. Prynne took up his residence at Lincoln's Inn, where the Puritan Dr. John Preston was lecturer, and he became a follower of that divine. He seems to have commenced his career of authorship by writing against Arminianism and Prelacy; and by this and other actions he won the undying hatred of Laud and his school. Prynne was a writer of such industry that his works fill nearly two hundred volumes, the best remembered of which is probably his "Histrio-Mastix; or, a Scourge for Stage Players." When we consider the enormous labour which the preparation of this book of considerably more than a thousand pages must have entailed, we feel justified in styling it the most wonderful indictment of the stage ever written. The Christian Fathers, the ancient classic authors, and apparently all who down to that time had mentioned the subject, are laid under tribute, so that if the book was really written in seven years, we can understand that the writer must have worked hard during the greater part of that time. The sentence of the Star-Chamber pronounced on Prynne as a punishment for his work, including, as it did, the loss of his ears, branding in the face, imprisonment, and ruinous fines, was worthy of the Inquisition in its worst days. By this action, however, the court overshot the mark, turned Prynne into a popular favourite, and thus hastened the catastrophe of civil war. Although the book was regarded as a libel on the Queen, the affair was really a duel between Laud and Prynne, the Archbishop hating the barrister on account of his writings against Arminianism.

As Prynne's book is usually described as coarse and scurrilous by historians, and as it is so extremely scarce that few of our readers are likely ever to have an opportunity of looking into its time-stained pages for themselves, we have gathered a few flowers and fruits, just to show what Prynne could do when in his happier moods. While reading such utterances we shall not wonder that patriots took up the sword to put down tyranny, when a man of this character was tortured, imprisoned, and ruined for the offence of writing against theatres as things destructive of religion and morality.

Concerning evil things that seem to be good, he says: "Though the devil may sometimes commend some seeming good unto us, yet there is always poison in his best and sweetest potions: there is a soul-entangling snare in all his intentions, a dangerous and inevitable hook in all his baits. All his works, contrivances, and delights, whatever glittering outside, or honey-tastes they seem to have, are but so many traps and poisons to captivate and endanger souls."

Then, again: "Where the fountain is polluted, the streams are always filthy; where the root is bitter and corrupt, the fruit and branches are so too; where the foundation is decayed, the building must be ruinous."

But some say that plays and the stage may exercise a great moral influence; who will become the reformers? "Good men will not," answers Prynne; "they rather wish their ruin than their hopeless, useless welfare. Bad men will not, because they approve them not but for their pleasing corruptions, which feed their carnal lusts."

In one place Prynne remarks: "He that sins thus in jest [*i.e.*, on the stage] and merriment, sins more wittingly, wilfully, contemptuously, and presumptuously than he that sins in earnest."

Describing the stage as he found it, he says: "Sin is the mistress, virtue but the handmaid which occasionally attends it. Vice hath the whole, at least the greatest share in all our stage plays; poor virtue hardly finds a part in any, most parts in none. The virtues, therefore, that are acted in our theatres, as they do not balance, so they cannot justify nor excuse, the vices." And again: "The supremest virtues of the most renowned Pagans are too inferior precedents for the meanest Christians." Hence, "suppose there are some real virtues acted in our interludes, yet who can be so grossly stupid as to think to learn any grace or virtue from a playhouse? Who ever sought for gold, for pearls in dirt? for a crystal spring in filthy mire? for wholesome water in a noisome kennel? Who ever resorted to a pesthouse to look for health, or drunk down poison to preserve his life?"

Then, it would appear, that the line separating the church and the world was very plainly seen in those Puritan days; for instance—"But among any others that go to the theatres, when shall you see an ancient citizen, a chaste matron, a modest maid, a grave senator, a wise magistrate, a just judge, a godly preacher, a religious man not blinded in ignorance, but making conscience of his ways? You shall never see any of these at plays, for they count it shameful and ignominious, even an act of reproach that may redound unto them."

But what if some good people do find entertainment in stage plays? "When good and bad men join together in religious duties, the goodness of the lesser part denominates the whole," answers Prynne, "and makes it good in God's, in men's account, because the end, the cause of this convention, is God's glory. But when good and bad confederate themselves together in any delights of sin, God looks not on the goodness of the good, but upon the wickedness of good and bad, condemning all for a congregation of evil-doers, because the object, the end of their conventicles, is unlawful."

Concerning dancing, the Puritan barrister says, that "the way to heaven is too steep, too narrow for men to dance in." In another place he adds, "they that work hard all day, had more need to rest, than dance, all night."

Another argument against frivolous recreation is thus expressed: "That which doth always unavoidably produce an intolerable misspence of much peerless time, which should be carefully improved and redeemed, must certainly be sinful, and so unlawful, unto Christians." Another argument is the great expense which theatres involve—money which might well be employed for better purposes.

What will the patrons of the drama say to this? "Solon . . . beheld Thespis acting a tragedy, wherein there were many lies and cheats. He demanded of him, after the tragedy ended, whether he were

not ashamed to lie and cheat so egregiously before so great a multitude? To which Thespis replied, that there was no hurt in it; for all he had uttered or acted was but a play, it was all in sport, nothing in earnest: which answer Solon hearing, struck his staff upon the ground with indignation, making this reply: 'If we commend this play of yours, we shall shortly find it in our bargains.'"

It seems to have been Chrysostom who first called the theatre the Devil's Conventicle; and Prynne maintains that nothing more effectively counteracts the influence of the house of God than stage-plays. Doubtless many illustrations proving the truth of this might be given. "He is too audacious who strives to pass over these when he hath seen another to have fallen. He is outrageously unruly who is not struck with fear when he sees another perish in that course which he is running. He only is a lover of his own safety who takes warning by another's death; and he only is a provident man who is made solicitous by the ruin of other men."

Elsewhere he says, "The truth, then, is this: most play haunters learn no good at all at sermons, not because sermons have no goodness for to teach them, but because they are unapt to learn it."

Prynne did not repine at being called a precisian; for he maintained that if Christ, the patriarchs, the prophets, and the holy men who had lived in the past were back on the earth, "they would all be pointed at, hissed, reviled, hated, scorned, if not persecuted, as the very archest Puritans." Again: "Let a man make conscience of drunkenness, of drinking and pledging healths, of frequenting ale-houses, taverns, and tobacco-shops, and presently he is cried out upon and censured for a Puritan by all the pot-companions." Still, he is fully confident that the despised sect are masters of the situation; for, as soon as ever their opponents are prostrated by sickness, and see what a sinful course entails in the coming world, "they will then turn Puritans in very good earnest, desiring to die such as they would never live."

He thinks the objection that people must have recreation a frivolous one, because God has in creation plentifully provided for the rational pleasure of intelligent creatures. "They have the several prospects of the sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the water, the earth, with all the infinite variety of creatures, of fishes, birds, fowls, beasts, creeping things, trees, herbs, plants, roots, stones, and metals, that are in them, to delight their eyes."

Such are some of the flowers from Prynne's garden, which are not unworthy of attention in the present day. The Puritan combatants of two centuries and a half ago seem hardly to have been aware that a small book could be effectively written on a great subject, and hence the *Histrio-Mastix* has become neglected, on account of the wearisome wordiness concealing the flowers and fruits which are still there for those who will only look for them. The old author is also interesting as one of the martyrs who suffered in the cause of liberty. It is some consolation to know that the infamous sentences passed upon him were declared illegal by the Long Parliament; and that after his release from prison, the most extraordinary demonstrations in his favour were made by those who eventually put down tyranny by the sword.

Huntington and his "Bank of Faith."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

LAST month, in reviewing Mr. Paxton Hood's "Vocation of the Preacher," we took some slight objection to the manner in which our friend snuffed out the famous William Huntington. We are by no means admirers of all that Huntington preached, wrote, or did; but he ought not to be summarily disposed of as "an amazing piece of spiritual ribaldry." Southey abused him very heartily, and yet he said of him that "he wrote and spoke in a very plain, straightforward, idiomatic style, with a vigour and manliness which can never be attained by any artifices of composition." We venture to suggest that it would be a singular phenomenon if a man whose natural style was "plain and straightforward," should really deserve to be called, as Mr. Hood does call him, "a religious man, or one who regarded himself as such, without moral sense." A man's style usually illustrates his character. We may be prepared to accept the author's dictum that Huntington's life was "a queer one, a curious compound of romance and ribaldry"; but common honesty requires us to go a great deal further than that, and to believe that at the bottom of what men in their severity call "romance and ribaldry" there was a robust and genuine faith in God. As in the instance of Samson, the man was very faulty, though his faith was potent, so was it in the coalheaver's case. We are not his apologists: he has long ago passed to a higher tribunal than that of man. He was no more perfect than the rest of us, perhaps not so much so as the writers who ferociously condemn him; but God forbid that we should condemn this evangelical Cobbett, or speak of him as a mere charlatan. Let a man read his works as we have done, and he will not readily set him on one side as a nobody. There was genius in the coalheaver of an extraordinary kind, an amazing knowledge of Scripture, a deep experience, and a strong faith; and these keep him alive in the hearts of many, despite his bitterness, his Antinomianism, and arrogance.

Mr. Hood comes down with special energy upon Huntington's "Bank of Faith," a book which we have heard another person call a "Bank of Nonsense." To Mr. Hood it appears to be "as detestable as it is queer and curious"; to us it appears to be nothing of the kind. The work is made up of stories of providential interpositions on Huntington's behalf, and these are both numerous and striking. When placed together in one book, without the intervening events of his life, they try the reader's faith, unless he happens himself to have been a man of many trials and of simple faith in the promises of God. If we were to narrate our own experience it would be even more remarkable than that of the coalheaver, who at last rode in his coach. Our stories would concern the work of the Lord in the College and Orphanage, and they could be attested by many eye-witnesses; but it might be casting pearls before swine to make a collection of them, and therefore we have no mind to do so. They would not be believed, and therefore we are content to leave them in the safe custody of those who know them to be true, and therefore glorify God in them. Huntington's

providences were mostly on behalf of himself and family; bnt then the man lived before the missionary age, he did not enter upon the direction of any great public charity, he was profusely and even thoughtlessly generous to the poor persons around him, and we do not quite see why his faith should not exercise itself about his suffering wife and numerous family.

We suspect that it is his faith as to temporals which reads like romance to many, and it is just this which is to us the gem of the book—a very rough gem, no doubt, but precious for all that. The Lord does hear prayer as to daily need, and does grant to his children money, bread, garments, &c., if there is a necessity for them, and they have faith enough to ask for them. It is the common-place character of the accounts in "The Bank of Faith" which offends superfine professors; but having had to deal with our heavenly Father about bread and clothes for the little ones at Stockwell, we have come to regard prayer and faith as real, daily-life forces, and we do not feel the objections which occur to more ethereal minds. We do not believe that Mr. Huntington has written falsehoods, nor that he was accustomed to make his prayers fulfil themselves by broad hints: these are unworthy insinuations, which should come rather from infidels than from Christians. Superfine critics no doubt shudder at the good man's praying for a pair of leather breeches, and getting them too. They will not believe that they could have fitted him without his being measured for them; but we believe it all, for we have known dozens of cases in which garments sent out by the Tabernacle Poor Ministers' Clothing Society have come to a poor preacher as if they dropped from the clouds in answer to prayer, and yet they have been as good a fit as if he had gone to a West-end tailor. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of very genteel people. Miracles are by no means confined to Scripture; we live in an atmosphere which is charged with them,—wonders we mean of a sort which unbelievers will not believe, though they see them with their own eyes—wonders which cannot be accounted for apart from the immediate and personal working of God, in the fulfilment of his promises. However, we are not going into personal details, we are only vindicating Huntington. We confess we are not willing to condemn a book wholesale which contains matter of this sort, odd as it may seem to be. Here are a few extracts:—

"At this time I had many doors opened to me for preaching the gospel, very wide apart. I preached at Margaret Street, in London; at Richmond, at Ditton, at Cobham, at Woking, at Worplesdon, and at Farnham, in Surrey. This I found too much for my strength. However, I continued for a considerable time, till at last I was generally laid up sick about once a month. I found I had great need of a horse; but feared I should not be able to keep it, if I had one. However, it happened that I had a very severe week's work to do; I was to go to Woking and preach on the Lord's-day morning, to Worplesdon in the afternoon, and from thence to Farnham in the evening; to preach at Petworth, in Sussex, on the Monday; at Horsham on the Tuesday; at Margaret Street Chapel on the Wednesday, and at Ditton on the Thursday evening; but before I could reach Ditton on the Wednesday I was so far spent, that I thought I must have lain down on the road; yet with much difficulty I reached home, and then I had to go to London. Finding myself wholly unable to perform all this labour, I went

to prayer, and besought God to give me more strength, less work, or a horse. I used my prayers as gunners use their swivels—turning them every way, as the various cases required. I then hired a horse to ride to town; and when I came there went to put him up at Mr. Jackson's livery-stables, near the chapel in Margaret Street; but the ostler told me they had not room to take him in. I asked if his master was in the yard. He said, 'Yes.' I desired to see him, and he told me he could not take the horse in. I was then going out of the yard, when he stepped after me, and asked if I was the person that preached at Margaret Street Chapel. I told him I was. He burst into tears, saying he would send one of his own horses out, and take mine in; and informed me of his coming one night to hear me out of curiosity, because he had been informed that I had been a coalheaver. He then told me that, under the first sermon, God showed him the insufficiency of his own wretched righteousness, the carnality and hypocrisy of his religion, the true state of his soul, and the necessity of the Spirit and grace of Christ Jesus the Lord to change his heart if ever he was saved; and he blessed God for sending me there. This was good news to me. He also said that some of my friends had been gathering money to buy me a horse, and that he gave something towards him. Directly after, I found the horse was bought and paid for; and one person gave me a guinea to buy a bridle, another gave me two whips, a third gave me some things necessary for the stable, another trusted me for a saddle; and here was a full answer to my prayer. So I mounted my horse, and rode home; and he turned out as good an animal as ever was ridden. I believe this horse was the gift of God, because he tells me in his Word that all the beasts of the forest are his, and so are the cattle on a thousand hills. I have often thought, that if my horse could have spoken he would have had more to say than Balaam's ass; as he might have said, 'I am an answer to my master's prayers, I live by my master's faith, travel with mysteries, and suffer persecution, but I do not know for what;' for many a stone has been thrown at him.

"On my road home, while meditating on the manifold blessings I had received from God, both in a way of grace and providence, how unworthy I was of them, and how unthankful I had been for them, I told God that I had more work for my faith now than heretofore; for the horse would cost half as much to keep him as my whole family. In answer to which this Scripture came to my mind with power and comfort, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' This was a bank-note put into the hand of my faith, which, when I got poor, I pleaded before God, and he answered it; so that I lived and cleared my way just as well when I had my horse to keep as I did before; for I could not then get anything to eat."

"Another kind providence I experienced while I resided at Thames Ditton. My surtout coat was got very thin and bad, and the weather at that time was very cold. It happened that I was invited to preach at a little place near London. As I went thither I felt the cold very severely; and, as soon as I had delivered my discourse, I desired a young man to fetch my old great coat, in order to put it on before I went out of the warm meeting-house. When he came back, lo, he brought me a new one! I told him that was not mine. He said it was. And, though I insisted upon it, that it was not, he persisted in saying it was. So I put it on, and it fitted me very well. In one of the pockets there was a letter, which informed me that my blessed Lord and Master had sent it me to wrap my poor worthless carcase in during that very severe winter. Oh, the tender care of our most gracious Lord and Master! Solomon says, 'The favour of a king is as a cloud of the latter rain.' I think he must mean the cloud of God's divine favour, which blotted out our transgressions as a cloud, and appears as a cloud by day to screen us from the storm of wrath: and, if my reader watches the bountiful hand of God, he will see this blessed cloud daily discharging itself in the genial showers of grace and providence; as it is written, 'And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.' (Ezek. xxxiv. 26.)

"They have a common saying in the Weald of Kent when the daughter of an old farmer is married. If it be inquired what portion the old man gave, the answer is, 'He gave not much money; but the old people are always sending them something; there is always something sent from the farm-house.' Then the observation usually is, 'Ay, hers is a hand-basket portion, which is generally the best; for there is no end to that.' Even so our everlasting Father gives to his poor children a hand-basket portion; a basket being that which we generally fetch our daily provisions in: and God sometimes puts his blessing even in the basket, and then it seldom comes home empty; as it is written, 'Blessed shall be thy basket.' (Deut. xxviii. 5.) Our blessed Saviour eyed this promise on the mount. When he was going to feed five thousand men, beside women and children, with five barley loaves and two small fishes, it is said, he looked up to heaven, and blessed and brake, &c. And that blessing was enough; for they were all filled; and there were twelve baskets full of fragments. Thus the blessing appeared in the basket; and that made the Saviour so fond of the fragments as to give this strict charge to his disciples, 'Let nothing be lost.' Thus, too, the proverb of the hand-basket portion appears true; and our blessed Saviour himself lived on it while he dwelt below; yea, the whole Levitical tribe lived on the hand-basket portion; for the shewbread, that was set hot before God on the golden table, was brought in a basket. So that God himself has highly honoured the basket."

"Happy is that soul that credits God's promise, places his confidence in him for the fulfilment of it, makes use of the means God has appointed, daily pleads his promise in the humble prayer of faith, patiently waits his time; daily watches his hand, lives in a holy expectation of a daily supply of spiritual and temporal mercies from the God of his salvation, and who is humbly thankful to God for every favour that flows through the atoning blood and prevalent intercession of a dear Redeemer! I say, let not such envy the crowned head nor sceptred hand; for, if there be any virtue, or if there be any praise, if there be any serenity of mind, if any peace of conscience, if any honour to God, if any fruit brought forth to the glory of the Most High, it is to be found in such a soul; and he, with the greatest propriety, may be said to think on these things.

"At another time, when Providence had been exercising my faith and patience till the cupboard was quite empty, in answer to simple prayer he sent me one of the largest hams that ever I saw. Indeed, I saw clearly that I had nothing to do but to pray, to study, and to preach; for God took care for me and my family also, agreeably to his own promise, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' And I have often thought the reason why our dear Lord and Master gave no inheritance to the Levitical tribe, who performed the sanctuary service, was that they might learn to live by faith; and likewise to exercise and try the liberality of the worshipping tribes. And this appears to be the reason why the apostles were sent out to preach without purse or scrip. Certainly God could have sent them out as rich as the sanhedrim, had he thought proper. But no; he left the blind priests to live on the offerings and tithes of their blind followers, as their portion; and it is to be feared that was the only portion that some of them ever had from God. But the poor apostles were to go out with only a portion of grace in their hearts; and where they sowed those spiritual things, God opened the hearts of the converts to bring forth temporal things to them."

We are not going to extol "the Bank of Faith" as altogether unexceptionable, for we greatly regret the stern way in which its author sees the judgments of God falling on all who disagree with him; but even in this we had rather a man should see too much than too little of the hand of God in terrible events. Of course the times were rougher and more plain-spoken than ours, and many expressions are used by

Huntington which are not melodious to ears polite; but then he did not conceal the fact that he was a coal-heaver, and he never aspired to a higher degree than S.S., a sinner saved. When it is remembered that he knew the Bible by heart, and was accustomed to quote texts, and give chapter and verse many times in a sermon; and that, too, of passages almost unknown to common readers—it will never do to sneer at his preaching. One aged man told a friend of ours that he heard W. Huntington preach for two full hours, and nobody in the place seemed to have noticed the lapse of time. Many of his people were deeply experienced Christians, and it has been my privilege to have known their descendants, and to have heard loving testimonies to the piety of their forefathers. Singular, eccentric, and faulty as Huntington may have been, he might have met his critics in almost any field but that of science, and have disdained to set them among the dogs of his flock.

We can see good in men of many sorts, and good always where we see faith in the living God. Faith is always precious, whatever its degree, or mode of operation. It is the want of faith which is the greatest cause for sorrow. We fail to see either strength or virtue in certain preaching unbelievers, who deny the very things which they are bound to preach, and desecrate the pulpits of Puritans by pouring out their "modern thought," which is but the alias for the wisdom of men in opposition to the word of the Lord.

Never "Negro" your Brethren.

MANY would-be philosophers have shown a disposition to deny the title, and with it the rights of humanity, to the less favoured of the children of men. Negroes have been shut out of the pale. Bigots have played a like part in reference to Christ's Church. They have set themselves up as pattern men, and deviations from their type have been mercilessly *negroed*. They have drawn lines where God has not drawn any. They have put a limit to spiritual life at shades of character, where no such limit has been divinely set up. Their creeds and forms have been esteemed fountains of life, rather than their Saviour, who has been, and who is where their creeds and forms are not. Wherever I find Christ worshipped, believed, honoured and served; wherever I see a humble reliance on him for salvation; wherever I discern traces of his pure, gentle, meek, loving spirit; there I recognize a partaker of life through him—a child of God. There may be a good deal of discoloration in certain forms of Christianity, a complexion I do not admire, any more than I do the black skin of the African; but if a Christ-like heart kindles the eye, moves the lips, and thrills in the hand of my less privileged and instructed brother, I should deny the Christ in him, if I denied he was a Christian.—*Dr. Stoughton.*

Our Spiritual Life—its Influence upon our Preaching.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR T. I. STOCKLEY, SHEFFIELD.

SOME of us will remember the description given by our President, one Friday afternoon, of an address he once heard from the lips of George Müller. It was so simple, said our President, that any intelligent Sunday-school boy might have spoken it, and yet the message was full of heavenly power, and produced a gracious effect upon the audience. The secret of the power was explained to us thus—"*There was the man behind it all.*"

This explanation suggests that the spiritual life of the man influences in a great degree the power and effect of his message; and the experience of every earnest preacher says, "The suggested thought is a momentous truth." Our experience teaches us that the influence of our spiritual life upon our preaching is as real and great as the action of the heart upon our physical frame. When the heart beats feebly we suffer the miseries of a sluggish circulation and a languid frame, simply because within the heart there reside the life of our being, the spring of our energies, the seat of our impulse, and the source of our power. We believe that our spiritual life is the fountain of our preaching power: hence as J. A. James remarks, "When we are weak as preachers it is because we are weak as Christians, and when we are feeble in the pulpit it is because we are feeble in prayer." And just as truly as the action of the heart influences our *whole* body, so does our spiritual life influence our entire pulpit work—the sermon, the delivery, and its effect upon the audience.

We do not stop to enquire as to the influence of an *unholy* life upon the solemn work of preaching; for all the vials of Divine wrath could not pour out a more damning curse than the giving up of a people to an unholy ministry.

Our business is to try and stir our lukewarm piety till the coals of our heart's life have a most vehement flame, the heat of which shall kindle all our words. For what we crave is, that our message as preachers may become a chariot of fire in which the King of kings shall ride victorious to the throne of the human heart.

Our spiritual life influences the sermon, or the matter of our preaching.

When we are in a healthy condition of soul, that is, abiding in Jesus in the consciously joyful and trustful surrender of the whole being to his influence, we shall have an aim in every sermon, and that will always be the highest. Our purpose is not to dazzle, or to amuse, or to appear clever, but to be eminently *useful*. That word "usefulness" has the same meaning in our ear, and the same power over our soul as the word "victory" has over the mind of the warrior. There is no wasting of energy over trivial things, but we strike every blow for eternity. "And surely," as Dr. Chalmers exclaims, "it were a sight to make angels weep when a weak and vapouring mortal, surrounded by his fellow sinners, and

hastening to the grave and the judgment along with them, finds it a dearer object to his bosom to regale his hearers by an exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master and urge on the business of repentance and faith by the impressive simplicities of the gospel!"

How well chosen is our theme when we dwell near to God! No matter of curious speculation satisfies us, but we are anxious to build with gold, silver, and precious stones; we are impatient to spend all the energy of our soul upon some solemn verity which concerns the instant faith and obedience of every hearer, and which every hearer must accept, or if he reject he shall do so at his peril.

We dwell much upon the great *design* of Divine love in the redemption of men, viz., that they "should be conformed to the image of his Son." We long to see them holy: everything, whether it be doctrine, experience or anything else, seems worthless unless we see that God's holy will is done. We also preach much to the unconverted, and we groan before God for words which shall arouse the careless, and bring the procrastinating to decision.

Beyond the fact that the man of profoundest piety is he who sees most clearly the deep needs of souls, it is equally certain that when a man dwells in the secret place of the Most High, the Holy Spirit will often put into his hands subjects which he could not entrust to other men.

Our spiritual life influences also the strength and originality of the thought of our sermons far more than we dream. Probably the reason why so few of us ever say anything but what others have said is because we do not yield ourselves up completely to the leading of the Holy Spirit in our study. Besides, spiritual truth is "spiritually discerned," and hence the myriad beauties which lie open in the landscape of Revelation appear in their widest sweep and most bewitching loveliness to him who is highest up and has the strongest spiritual eye. That strength of vision depends upon our purity. We see only what we are like.

Moreover, a healthy state of soul produces a complete submission to Scripture, and a yearning to speak only the words of God. It becomes a matter of supreme care to allow no thought originating in self to rule the intellect; but to keep that faculty, as indeed all others, in a state of absolute dependence upon the Divine Mind. If it was so, that the great Teacher "before speaking listened with the inward ear, and did not open his lips to give expression to his thoughts, till he had received the answer of the Father to the silent questioning which his heart had addressed to him"; the more we become like Jesus the more will God be allowed to speak first before we give any hearing to man. And when we learn to perfectly surrender our will to the Divine, our human speech will reach its highest glory—that of serving as an organ through which God will speak his thoughts to men.

Weak and imperfect as we all are, I hope our spiritual life will never allow us to be in *any* degree satisfied with a sermon until Christ is not only the diamond which flashes upon its breast, but its very soul—its life, its beauty, and its captivating power.

The act, spirit, and style of our preaching are also greatly influenced by our spiritual life. Our experiences in the pulpit depend very largely

upon the state of our spiritual life; far more so, indeed, upon this than upon any outside power. A "good time," in its deepest meaning, is not an unusual experience to a good man.

When we are right with God, and dwell near his throne, our first care is that *we* may not be seen. We would serve as seraphs do, who, lest they should put themselves forth unduly in the presence of the King, with four wings hide themselves, and fly with two. Then we must not only receive our word from God's mouth, but we must behold God as we rise to speak. We must be like Isaiah, and *see* the Lord's glory while we speak of him; and, like the Baptist, *look* upon Jesus while we cry, "Behold the Lamb of God!" It becomes a matter of earnest prayer that every thought shall pass from the understanding to the lips by way of the heart, and that we may enjoy the heavenly savour of the word while we speak.

Then, too, we seek to know the liberty and rest of being lifted above ourselves. We would weigh every anchor, cut every cable, and, parting company with earth, would swing off loose upon the mighty ocean of God. When we thus know by living experience the power and preciousness of the gospel, and all our heart and life enters into fellowship with God, what *nativeness* marks our speech! How free from the formal and the mechanical we become! There comes to us no unhappy feeling that our words are forced or strained. We have the ease of power. We speak our native language; we know no other tongue.

Along with this there goes a holy fearlessness; for a man of lofty piety lives above the censure or the praise of men. He knows his message is true, and the spirit which God has given him is "not the spirit of fear, but of power." He has been with Jesus, and therefore he is bold; and he is as divinely dogmatic as the Word of God. Besides, as Leighton observes, "the rhetoric of the life gives to the instructions of the pulpit an *energy* far beyond the reach of the loftiest strains of unhallowed oratory." But let the preacher's piety become feeble, and the preacher's speech will lose its force: his hands be nerveless, and his weapons pointless. Let the consecration vow be broken, and Samson is as weak as other men. It is when the heart is pure within that the arm will be mighty through God without. A faithful ministry is so much a bringing forth of truths that have first sanctified the preacher's own soul, that the healthiness of his own life is absolutely needful to the vigour and power of his words.

Again, how *our spiritual life influences our earnestness, tenderness, and love!* We can be intensely earnest about the souls of others when we are more intensely earnest about our own, *and not till then.* With low spiritual life there may be lung power, mental excitement, and violent agitation; but all this is but "strange fire" instead of altar coals—the glare of a painted flame instead of living heat—moonbeams, which may play upon a sinner's face, and yet he may be frozen to death beneath them, instead of the warm and vivifying rays of the sun. But when our life is vigorous we sigh and cry for *heavenly* flame—the flame of our *Master's* love. We would be bathed in that love e'er we begin to speak; we would have a weeping Saviour's heart, especially when we have to say that awful word, "the wrath of God." We think of him who washed the feet of Judas, warned him, grieved over him;

and we yearn to catch the infection of that love, that tenderness, so wonderful, so unfathomable. We see a yawning hell, an opened heaven, a Saviour crucified, and to the worst of men, with pleading mien and longing heart we say, "God doth beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." We become solemn, tender, and affectionate. We lose the conventional, and breaking off from the formal address, we draw near to the hearer and speak with him face to face.

And how *the comfort and joy of preaching are influenced by our spiritual state!* Preaching is dreary work to the preacher when he is feeble in piety and prayer. But when we are delighting in God, and living in the heaven of a full and joyful consecration to him, what bliss it is to preach! Then with Henry Martyn we say, "I do not wish for any heaven upon earth beside that of preaching the precious gospel of Jesus to immortal souls." Sometimes our spirit reaches rapture height, and it seems to us as though Gabriel himself could take no higher flight of joy. Sometimes our heart is all tremulous with delight, like the shimmering sea beneath the radiant sun. Sometimes the joy is deep and still, like the waveless lake, into whose bosom all heaven pours down its steady light.

The results of preaching are also much influenced by our spiritual life. In Acts xi. 24, we read that Barnabas "was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." In our Bible those two facts are parted by a colon: but are they ever parted in history? Have we here two statements thrown near to each other by chance, or have we Divine order—two links in one chain? I think Divine order; for it is the invariable testimony of men of God, that the higher they rise in the life of God, the more abundant and enduring are the results of their ministry.

Though every word I say is like a sword piercing my own heart and making it bleed with shame and sorrow, yet I believe that the simple reason why we do not see more added to the Lord under *our* ministry, and God's people more prayerful and holy, is because we are not more prayerful and consecrated ourselves. Because the vessel is not cleansed, it is so often left upon the shelf unused. It is quite true that God is absolutely sovereign in his bestowal of blessing; but, speaking personally, the sovereignty of God condemns rather than excuses me if I am unblessed; because I believe that God has sovereignly promised to hear prayer, and chosen to bless the work of holy men. Hence, when my work seems to be unfruitful, I am covered with shame and confusion of face, and prostrate in the dust I cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And what man among us will deny that had *he* been a more spiritual Christian, *he* would probably have been a more useful minister? May we not *expect* that he who is most fervent and abundant in secret prayer, most diligent in his studies, most imbued with his Master's spirit, will be most honoured in his work? I believe we may.

There is about such a man as I have tried to portray everything that tends to success. He preaches eternal realities. His earnest manner engages the attention of men. He seeks to attract the eyes of sinners, not to himself, but to Jesus. He desires and looks for blessing. He

believes that he is not likely to see fruit unless he expects it. Therefore, like Eliezer, he must see how his Master's business speeds before he can be at ease, and he cannot be satisfied with anything short of the heart won for Immanuel. If he is fruitless, it matters little to him who commends; but if he is fruitful, he cares not who condemns. He believes for souls. He believes for them alike at the throne of grace and in the pulpit; and God is sure to reward that faith in preaching which he has already honoured in prayer. And so it comes to pass that though Jacob cannot conquer Esau, Israel can and does.

All we have said may be summed up in a few words. When we abide in Jesus in absolute dependence and loving communion, the Holy Ghost is within us a mighty, quickening power. He inspires the sermon; he inspires the preacher; he inspires the hearers too, and so there comes a Pentecost; for true success in the ministry is given according to the measure in which the Holy Spirit is really trusted. Let a man grieve the Holy Spirit of God, and the most elaborate sermon becomes a heathen temple, gorgeous, perhaps, but having no shekinah within. The delivery of the word may seem to be earnest, but it has lost its unction and its power.

O solemn truth! the springs of pulpit power lie in the ardour of our devotion, and every man is *guilty* who is weak. O blessed truth! every man among us may be filled with the Holy Ghost and with faith, and so possess immeasurable influence over the hearts and lives of men.

Homes for Working Girls in London.

A SHORT time ago a gentleman happened to get into a railway carriage, on one of the suburban lines, with a number of workmen, who were on their way home after their day's work. One of them, a clear-eyed, cheerful-looking little man, of fatherly age, and whose clothes betokened him to be in the building line, was giving his views to the rest on the subject of temperance, and domestic economy generally.

He seemed to be a very shrewd, practical sort of man, and held the attention of his comrades as though their ears had been nailed to the measuring rod which he held in his hand. One remark of this little "Solomon" particularly struck the gentleman, and he made a note of it, as indeed he did of much else the old man said.

The remark in question was this: "What a working man needs above everything else is a steady, thrifty, dutiful wife, and then, if he's anything like a man, he'll thrive." "And," added he after a pause, "the more cheerful she is the better; for the look of a cheerful woman, when a man comes home from his work, is better than a feast." One of the other workmen said, "I quite agree with you, mate; but the thing is, where are you to get 'em?" "You must seek them where they are reared," promptly answered the other, "and that's not in the streets, and it's not in the music-halls and such-like places; nor, as a rule, do you find them in factories and workshops, although I do not mean to say that there are not good girls there, but their health is too often ruined in such places, and a sick woman is not as cheerful a companion as she might be." "No," said the other, "the place in which to find a young woman capable of making a careful, duteous, and cheerful wife, is in the home where the virtues of thrift, duteousness, and good-nature, are practised; and a working man is not wise to go elsewhere to look for one."

The old man went on to say that he did not "believe" in workshop and factory labour for girls. Perhaps it was necessary that some should do such work, he said, but, for his part, if he had a dozen girls, they should all go into domestic service. That was the place for a girl that expected some day to become a working man's wife.

"I have four daughters," he added, "and I put all of them into service; one is there still, and the others are married." One of the men remarked that domestic service was a dog's life. "You may say that of any kind of work a woman may do, if the folks she gets with are of the wrong sort; but with my girls I took more care to find out the character of the people they went to than they took to hunt up their references."

Nothing could be more true than this sensible working man's views. The girls who are to become wives, and to keep homes, should never lose touch of home life. One of the great evils of this terrible London life of ours is, that so many thousands of girls are doomed to pass their days deprived of the comforts and associations of home, deprived of its blessings and its sanctities. Thousands of girls and young women annually come up to London from the country to get work, and thus add to the number of those who are thrown upon their own resources because of their parents' inability or unwillingness to keep them. With wages barely sufficient to buy the necessaries of life, they are compelled to seek the poorest, and too often the lowest, class of lodgings, with, necessarily, surroundings not of the purest or most wholesome description. But what else can they do? They cannot afford better, and there is no one to help them.

It was to help this great want that the "Homes for Working Girls in London" were established, which have, thus far, been so successful; for the seven "Homes" already opened have proved a blessing to thousands of homeless girls, who, otherwise, left adrift in the vortex of London life, might have been whirled into that fearsome dark pool wherein for a season piteous human souls float, and then sink from sight, forgotten and lost for ever. It is a fearful thing to think of; the numbers of hapless victims that yearly fall a prey to the hideous ghoul of London streets; the thousands of girls and young women that are ruined, that by gradual steps (for it is a process of sinking) fall into a life of sin and shame, because of the want of a kindly hand to stay and support, and a gentle voice to counsel and direct.

The lives of the children of the very poor in London are sad to think of; the lives of neglected and homeless boys are terrible; but think how fearful in this London life of ours is the life of the genteel working girl, and the temptations she is forced to endure! The children, at the worst, die in their helplessness and their innocence; the boy, subjected to improper influences and to temptations as he is, has yet chances of retrievement opened to him. He may fall, and fall again, and yet return to the broad and honoured highway of life. But the homeless girl—poor, hapless wayfarer on life's rough and thorny path,—what help is there for her when once off the track? Who can help her back to the honoured way? Who return to her her lost self-respect? None! Every man's hand is against her; and for her, how few! Truly she has only one constant Friend, and that the One who said of another, "She hath done what she could."

Mr. Ruskin has said, in one of his charming books, that a nation is in a bad way when its girls and young women are sad; and he describes how they should be always cheerful and gay, brightening the world with their merry and innocent laughter and smiles. A beautiful picture! But how different is the reality in all large towns, and in the largest of all, London, how specially so! As one travels by train, or by omnibus, or even as one walks the streets, it is impossible to help noticing the careworn, and too often woeworn, faces of young girls—young in years, that is, but oh, how old in experience, in their experience of a hard, friendless world, that the loving hands and tender hearts that cluster above the altar of home should have shielded them from!

The "Homes" have done much to supply this want: they have cheered

many, saved many, blessed many for time and for eternity. But what are seven (accommodating 345) when so many are needed? They only touch the fringe of the great evil. The units, if multiplied by tens—nay, by hundreds—would still fall short of the actual need. "Homes" are required in every district—indeed, in every large thoroughfare, if we would bear in mind the implied command of Christ, "The poor ye have always with you."

But this kind of work is necessarily gradual. It is, however, already proposed to open the eighth "Home" by founding one in the necessitous district of Marylebone. A nucleus of the needful funds has also been subscribed. A thousand pounds are already in hand, and the lease of a large suitable house has been secured; but two thousand pounds more are required to carry out the necessary repairs and alterations, and to complete the purchase of the long and valuable lease; so that there is a present, urgent need of the assistance of the friends of forlorn and homeless girls to the extent of two thousand pounds. Surely it needs, however, only to be asked for to be forthcoming; and it is to be hoped that in due course the needful funds will be completed, that Lincoln House, 12, York Place, Baker Street, W., may be opened with accommodation for seventy-one more working girls, and then will ascend the hymn of grateful girlish hearts.

The great aim in these "Homes" is to supply the want of the real home: not merely to give lodging and board, but love and kindly counsel, together with as much of the serenity and sanctity of a true Christian home as is possible. The superintendent of each "Home" is a large-hearted Christian woman, with a mother's sympathy for the girls that come under her charge, and a Christian care for their spiritual as well as for their temporal welfare. The "Homes" are unsectarian; and, although there are daily religious exercises, the residents are not obliged to take part in them. It is left entirely to their choice to join or stay away; but, as a matter of fact, most of them take part in them, and thus there grow up the spirit and unity of a kindly Christian home, into the ways of which the new-comers gradually fall. How blessed such a home is to many who have long been deprived of their natural home (too often through the vice or selfishness of parents) it need hardly be said.

Of the spirit of affection and Christian devotion that frequently grows up in these "Homes" an instance may be given. The superintendent of one of them had long suffered from a painful complaint, and was about to undergo an operation, the result of which was doubtful. The night previous to the fateful ordeal the residents assembled together to pray for their friend, and many a fervent word was spoken, and many a heart was moved, in obedience to that mysterious sympathy that works in hearts attuned to Christian love. The good matron would gladly have died for them, if it might have been for their profit. What love could have been deeper than this? What better evidence of the kindly, human, and religious influences at work in these "Homes for Working Girls in London?"

We look forward to the day when this great, sinful London—sinful, and yet full of Christian light and Christian devotion—shall be sown thick with them, so that it shall be able to be said of none, "She fell because there was no place for her to go to, and no one to reach out a helping hand."

Here is a field for Christian men and women to help their humbler sisters, and one, we may be sure, that will not appeal to them in vain.

List of the Homes:—Victoria House, 135, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.; Morley House, 14, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W.; Woodford House, 28 and 29, Duncan Terrace, Islington, N.; Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; Garfield House, 361, Brixton Road, S.W.; Norfolk House, 50, Well Street, Hackney, E.; Hyde House, 37, Somerset Street, W. All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Director, John Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Obligations of Church Members.

A PRACTICAL DIRECTORY. BY PASTOR J. KEMP, PORTSEA.

TO unite in fellowship with the visible church of Christ on earth is the duty and privilege of all believers on our Lord Jesus Christ. They should join that portion of his One Church which, in their judgment, most resembles in faith and order the churches founded by the apostles. But wherever privileges are enjoyed, there are corresponding duties to be performed. While the Holy Scriptures are the sole *authority* in spiritual matters, a plain summary of the obligations of church members to God and to each other cannot but be helpful.

In the hope of assisting more especially those newly come to the faith, the following has been prepared:—

1. We are, as church members, under obligation to love all sincere Christians, but especially to love the church to which we belong. We have elected to join that particular church, and resolved to make it our spiritual home. We have recognized the members as brothers and sisters, and we ought to love them as such. John xiii. 35; Heb. xiii. 1.

2. We are under obligation to promote the strength and unity of the church. We ought to use no disparaging remarks concerning one another, but to be kind and courteous to each other; we should neither unjustly give offence, nor take such offence as would keep us or others from the house of God. 1 Peter iii. 8, 9.

3. We are under obligation to submit to the discipline of the church. We should not expect all to be ruled by us, or to submit to us. We must submit to the decision of the majority, not in petulance or anger, but willingly, believing the majority are as likely to be right as we ourselves are. We may still retain our own opinion, but we should loyally accept the decision of the church. Eph. v. 21; 1 Peter v. 5. If the church should have just occasion to admonish us, or to suspend our membership, we should submit ourselves in meekness; and instead of showing resentment, we should endeavour to prove, by repentance, humility, and purity of life, that we are indeed true followers of Christ. 2 Cor. vii. 9. Except to our fellow-members, we should never make known, or converse about, matters which have been transacted in church-meetings, unless special circumstances make it permissible, as when the church has been compelled to withdraw wholly from a member on account of sin. Prov. xi. 13.

4. We are under obligation to exercise watchfulness over the spiritual interests of our fellow-members; not in the spirit of ill-will or suspicion, but with a pure desire to aid them in a godly life, and to preserve the honour of the church. Lev. xix. 17; 1 Tim. v. 22.

5. We are under obligation to live peaceably, as far as possible, with all men. Rom. xii. 18. Also to make prayerful and earnest efforts to settle *privately* all personal misunderstandings and grievances; only as a last resource should they be brought before the church. Matt. xviii. 15—17.

6. We are under obligation to undertake, or seek out, some suitable Christian work in connection with the church; we all have at least "one talent" for use, and we should so use it as to contribute thereby, not only to the furtherance of the gospel generally, but to the prosperity of the church to which we belong. Matt. xxv. 15.

7. We are under obligation to attend, as far as possible, the public services on the Lord's-day; also the prayer-meetings and church-meetings. Our absence through neglect may do incalculable injury to ourselves, to the church, and to the world. Acts ii. 42; Heb. x. 25. If by sickness or trouble we are detained at home we should send word to the pastor or church officers, that we may share in the benefits of Christian visitation and united prayer. Jas. v. 14.

8. We are under obligation to support, according to our means, the public worship of God. Believing that the church should not be governed by the

State, nor be dependent on the State for support, we maintain that Christ alone is the Head of the church, that his will as revealed in the Scriptures is its only authority, and the free-will offerings of the people are the proper means of support. 1 Cor. ix. 14; Gal. vi. 6. We should "honour the Lord with our substance," devoting a definite portion of all our income to his service. Prov. iii. 9. Except where parents take sittings for their families, and in cases of absolute inability, all members should contribute for sittings regularly, according to their means and sense of right.

9. We are also under obligation to remember the appointed collections for schools, missions, the poor, &c. We should know when they are to be made, and "lay by in store" for them, so as to contribute willingly an honest share, and not give what we think we can spare on that particular week only. 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2. If unable to be present when the collections are made, we should send our contributions, and not deprive ourselves of the privilege of uniting with our brethren in presenting this "well-pleasing sacrifice." 2 Cor. viii. 2; Heb. xiii. 16.

10. We are under obligation to obey Christ in all the duties and relationships of life. We must be honest and truthful; pay our debts honourably, and live within our income. Rom. xiii. 8. We must be good citizens. Rom. xiii. 7. In the home we must be affectionate and dutiful; in the church, reverent and brotherly; kind alike to friends and strangers in the sanctuary, giving them such a cheerful welcome as shall constrain them gladly to say, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." 1 Cor. x. 31; Heb. xiii. 2.

Notices of Books.

All of Grace: An Earnest Word with those who are seeking Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price One Shilling.

We are thankful that our printers have upon the press a second edition of ten thousand. A minister writes us—"I am happy in the full assurance that it will be blest to multitudes. It will prove a swift torpedo boat among the enemies of our King, and a lifeboat to many shipwrecked souls. I do hope Christian people will scatter copies broadcast."

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1887. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

Mrs. Spurgeon has carefully selected the texts for each day, as she has now done for several years past. Many a time have we heard of the heart-cheer ministered to the Lord's tried ones by this little annual. It brings us thousands of friends, and enables us to exchange kindly greetings.

John Ploughman's Almanack, 1887. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

John has by no means fallen off in the quality of his annual broadside. Several editors have called this the King of Sheet Almanacks. Honest John thinks that the sale ought to be ten times as large as it is, for it is as lively as a cricket, and as fresh as new milk. Fellows will read it; yes, fellows who will read nothing else; for there is a spice of fun in it, and the fun catches them like salt on the little birds' tails. John wants somebody to introduce him to working-people; and perhaps one of his working friends will do him this favour. Many a man who has nothing to do might pick up a living by selling this all-alive Almanack.

Madagascar of To-day. By George A. Shaw, F.Z.S. Religious Tract Society.

The Tract Society continues its wonderful threepenny series, bound 6d. This is one of the best of the works. A marvel of a book! Who will be without a library?

Christ and the Heroes of Heathendom. By Rev. James Wells, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

We have met with Mr. Wells in quite another line of things, and have never failed to admire his "Bible Echoes," "Bible Images," etc. On this occasion his audience is composed of the older folks, but to them he displays the same skill in charming minds into attention, and then instructing them most solidly. In this book the reader unfamiliar with Æschylus, Socrates, Plato, and Epictetus will make their acquaintance most pleasantly, and will note how near they approach our Lord Jesus, or rather how far they fall short of him. Those who are familiar with the four who are here described—the great theologian, the famous reformer, the profound philosopher, and the almost saint, will all the more, because of their knowledge, peruse these pages with satisfaction. For once we have become tolerant of the science of "comparative religion": the term is radically wrong, but the use here made of it is most admirable. Those who talk of our divine Lord as one among many teachers may here learn how far the best of those many are removed from him. They are at their brightest so many glow-worms, and he is the sun, shining in its strength.

The Background of Sacred Story. Life Lessons from the less-known Characters of the Bible. By Frederick Hastings. Religious Tract Society.

Several writers have preceded Mr. Hastings in the useful endeavour to bring forward the less known Scripture characters, but we do not think that any one has gone quite so far back as he has done. He has brought to the front those who are most in the rear,—such as Omri, Jezrahiah, Meshullam, Herodias and Archippus. The themes are well handled. Where there is not much fact to work upon, imagination is very apt to take license to disport itself; but we have seen no trace of that mistake in this volume. We have been pleased and profited as we have read the sound and spiritual lessons derived from these obscure lives. Mr. Hastings has a thoughtful mind, and knows how to express his own thoughts in such a way that he sets others thinking. While reading we marked two or three passages which may be useful to speakers:

"Many are living to no purpose; they give promise of no results that will last. We are reminded by their doings of the command given by Pietro de Medici to Michael Angelo to fashion a statue in snow. Think of Michael Angelo spending his splendid talents in fashioning snow! Many with splendid talents are only fashioning a statue in snow; and their life-work will melt in the heat and light of eternity."

"'Do your gods love you?' asked a missionary of some Indians. 'The gods never think of loving,' was the cheerless answer. The missionary repeated the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel: 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Read it again,' said the arrested Pagan, and the missionary complied. 'Read it again; that is large light,' was the further request of the astonished man. A third time, slowly and solemnly, the missionary read the words. A silence, fraught with intense interest, followed. The missionary was too wise to interpose any remark that might check the working of the Holy Spirit. At length the silence was broken by the tremulous but emphatic tones of the Gospel-softened Indian, saying, 'That is true: I feel it.'"

"Ambassadors for Christ, who are often criticized and mocked at or blamed, should learn to bear all in Christ's strength. The good Dr. Todd acted thus, and found it an easy way of getting over the roughness of the pastoral path. A number of years ago, when there was much excitement on questions of reform, a prominent member made a fierce and harsh attack upon the minister. The excitement was intense. All expected an explosion. At the close of the tirade the Doctor asked in the most *nonchalant* way, 'Any other friend any remarks to make?' The electricity was withdrawn, and no more was heard of the subject. It is hard to so act always; but if we can leave things to God, he will bring them right."

To-day and Other Poems, Original and Selected. R. Masters, 327, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

CONTAINS many well-worn and much appreciated pieces, and a few original verses of scarcely equal quality. Price varies according to binding : the shilling form will have largest sale. This little collection of poetry does not call for criticism.

The Laws concerning Religious Worship: also Mortmain and Charitable Uses. By JOHN JENKINS. Waterlow Brothers and Layton.

BY some oversight we have forgotten this very useful book. Dissenters who wish to know the law of the land concerning themselves and their religious properties cannot do better than purchase this treatise. It was greatly needed, and it must be of service in the hands of sensible people. Alas! these are not everywhere to be found.

Loving Thoughts for Lonely Hours. By M. G. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THESE verses breathe a very gracious spirit, and though we can hardly call them "poems," we doubt not they will comfort some humble, tried believers. We hope the little book will find purchasers, for the writer "has been driven to depend upon what her pen can do for six tenderly-reared children." She has also written several booklets for children, two of which we have read, and can commend for their simple Christian teaching, namely, "Guy's Fishing Rod," and "The Bog Myrtle." We suppose they are twopence or threepence each.

My Mission Garden. By the Rev. S. LANGDON. T. Woolmer.

CEYLON and its products most pleasantly described in a manner which will seize juvenile attention and hold it fast. One's mouth waters while reading of some of the Cingalese fruits. Why are they not imported? Vegetarians are glad to hear of any addition to the fruity foods, and they would do good service if they formed a society for introducing unknown fruits to the British public. As a missionary book this is an admirable publication, and it should be placed in every Sunday-school library.

Nature-Musings; or, Holy-days and Holidays. By the Rev. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK. Illustrated by Mr. F. T. Law. T. Woolmer.

LET books of this kind be multiplied. To call the attention of young people to the works of God is infinitely more beneficial than to bewitch them with novels. Mr. Curnock is a careful observer, full of the true spirit of the naturalist, and at the same time charged with that higher spirit which is looked for in the minister of Christ. He follows very much in the wake of our honoured friend, Mr. Gosse, although not as yet with equal steps. We cannot help observing that Mr. Curnock is so full of information, and so eager to give it, that he says rather too much for clearness; but this is better than being tiresomely diffuse. A book so bountifully illustrated, so full of information, and so gracious, is a remarkably good exchange for half-a-crown. Our Wesleyan friends are happy in having a man in their ministry who can produce such a book.

Outlines of the Life of Christ. By EUSTACE R. CONDER. *The Crooked Sixpence.* By G. E. SARGENT. [New Volumes of the Religious Tract Society's Library.]

THE Society has now issued ten of these excessively cheap books. Sixpence for the book in covers, or threepence in papers, is just no price at all: it is like giving them away. Remember that these publications are no trumpery, but good solid reading. The Tract Society deserves hearty encouragement.

Letters from a Cottage. A True Story. Reprinted from "Woman's Work." By a Girtonian. Nisbet and Co.

THE esteemed Girtonian who compiled this little publication has no doubt her own circle of friends whom her brochure will interest, but we should hardly have advised her to print it. Very good, and likely to do good if given away; but we do not anticipate a sale for it. It is full of the gospel and of gracious words and records, but the story in itself has nothing about it to win attention. Surgically, the case of the invalid was special, but in other respects it was common-place.

The Congregational Psalmist Hymnal. Edited by HENRY ALLON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ASSISTED by the late Dr. Gauntlett, Dr. Allon produced the "Congregational Psalmist," in the year 1858, and, subsequently, published a "Selection of Hymns." The present book embodies both, and, we presume, is intended to supersede them. Being a growth, and not a hurried compilation, it ought to approach perfection; but we fear the editor will discover that his critics are by no means ready to pronounce such a favourable judgment.

With regard to the hymns, we do not think it necessary to question the editor's choice. Although, of the 921 hymns, nearly one half are by recent writers, and some old favourites are excluded, he has given due prominence to hymns of evangelical doctrine and spiritual devotion and praise. Many of the modern compositions are very beautiful, and will be fully appreciated. We are pleased to note that hymns on the person and work of Christ, and the rise and progress of the Christian life, occupy nearly half the book, and are very carefully classified. As there is one book already in the field, and another is being prepared by the Congregational Union, the worthy doctor must await the issue of the battle of the books.

The tunes have been revised by Dr. Monk, and many new ones have driven out the old. Revision is justified when it removes errors, or effects desirable improvements: it can only be condemned when the alterations made must be set down to editorial caprice. To alter the air of a familiar tune, or to recast the harmonies, may be a very good exercise for a student of music, but it is a questionable service to impose the results upon a congregation. People who have been accustomed to sing a given arrangement of a tune cannot readily adopt another, and, unless the entire congregation are singing by the book, the result is distressing. Would Dr. Allon like to hear a mixed congregation sing his two versions of the tune Martyrdom? In our judgment, too many of the tunes in the book require an instrument to render them, and when such is the case, they cease to be congregational. A book compiled from the standpoint of an organist, and not from that of a precentor, may contain very good music, but it will not, therefore, be a people's book. Time was when tunes were tested as vocal quartettes before being accepted as congregational; nowadays anything which can be played is foisted upon a congregation, with the result that many must remain silent during the service of praise. Editors who are organists and not singers, are not the men who ought to be entrusted with the compilation of worship-song.

We may be deemed old-fashioned, but we must confess our love for tunes which the people can sing and remember when the service is over. Our modern musicians may affect a contempt for what they call the eccentricities of the old fugues and repeat tunes, but they must admit that they were musical, and that they did more to inflame the passion of devotion than those which can only be interpreted by a keyed-instrument.

We can bear the loss of glee singing now that pianos are regarded as a necessity of the house, but not without a deep feeling of regret: it is with something more than a feeling of regret we witness the decline of congregational singing, because the organ is deemed a *sine quâ non* of the sanctuary. The table pew may be considered a barbarous relic, but it was based upon a sound principle—the leaders of song were in the midst of the people. What if the singing lacked finish? Was it not devout? Can we say as much for what we suppose we must call the congregational singing of to-day? Many a service is commenced with the anthem, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion"; but not till the Doxology has been announced have the congregation been able to give the first expression of praise, the intermediate tunes being such that they could not sing. Congregational music is music for the congregation to sing, not listen to; and the sooner this simple definition is regarded by our tune writers, the better. With all his love for congregational singing, we regret that Dr. Allon has not given us such a book. It remains to be seen what the Congregational Union will do in the book now in

preparation; but, if they are guided by wise counsels, they will only admit tunes with taking melodies and simple harmonies: this is the class of music the people want, and must have, if they are to sing at all. "Let the people praise thee, O God," was the passionate prayer of the Psalmist; and lest he should be mistaken to mean a trained choir, he added, "Let all the people praise thee!" If congregational singing is to be revived, and become the power it ought to be—and once was—editors must retrace their steps, and, while producing nothing which is not musically correct, give the people something they can sing.

Sermons. By the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. Chiefly reprinted from the "Preacher's Analyst." F. E. Longley.

Sound, sweet, short. Mr. Bird's sermons are so scriptural that certain gentlemen of the new school have objected to them. He has no need to take note of the objections. The "modern thought" men have enjoyed a time of crowing, but they will have to adopt a humbler utterance before long, since a truer and deeper thought has cast them out as mere pretenders. We doubt not that these discourses will be often preached by divines, who will make them their own by purchase: they are of the right length for Episcopal pulpits, and they will do good wherever they may be read. We do not suppose that Mr. Bird has issued them with that view, but we have no doubt that this will be their chief use. If men will *read* sermons instead of preaching, we are glad that they should read the best they can get.

Systematic Theology: a Compendium and Common-place Book Designed for the Use of Theological Students. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D. Rochester [U.S.A.]: D. R. Andrews.

A remarkable body of divinity which may serve for Baptists as Hodge does for Presbyterians. We do not like it better than Hodge, but the one suggests the other. *Strong* is strongly for strict communion, and thinks us very weak; but this is a small matter. We feel so secure in our own view that we can afford to read all that can be said against it, and smile when we have done. On the explanation of the atonement we prefer the Princeton school to the Rochester school. We might take other exceptions, and especially a weighty one as to the Second Advent; but when we have said all, we still feel that this is a great work, and that men who study it will be men indeed, if the Lord blesses them. The silly outcry against "theology," which is so common nowadays, reminds us of the babble of illiterate bumpkins against all *larnin.* If our young ministers knew more of theology—that is to say, of *the word of God*—they would not be so easily duped by pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to protect their own ignorance by crying down a thorough and systematic study of revealed truth. We hope that Dr. Strong will enable the English reader to procure his invaluable Cyclopædia, for it is nothing less.

The Daily Fountain for the Young: a Text and Meditation for Every Day of the Year. By John Mitchell. Partridge and Co.

Some time ago the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* projected a work of this kind, and he has proceeded some way with it. He feels, therefore, all the more sympathy with this excellent attempt at daily portions for the young, and he wishes it a large success. It is a combination of daily readings and a Birthday Book. The readings are very well done: not our *ideal* of what they might be, nor by any means perfect; but still very good and useful. We wish the binding of the book had been better. Yet after making every honest criticism we like the "Daily Fountain," and think it one of the best things for young folk that we have seen for many a day.

Gospel Sermons for Children. By the Rev. Robert Brewin. Jarrold and Sons.

Exceedingly good. Contains a constellation of bright stories. In this respect it will prove abundantly useful to those who preach or teach. It is an unusually good book for children, and for that very reason it will be helpful to teachers. Get it.

The New Head-Master. By MARGARET HAYCROFT. T. Woolmer.

A VERY good temperance story: but why have such a shocking wood-cut for a frontispiece?

The Martyr's Victory. By EMMA LESLIE. Religious Tract Society.

WE hardly think this is equal to other works by this authoress. The tale deals with missionary life in the ninth century, and a monk is the hero of the story. The historical data are authentic, while one or two legends are mixed up with them. The book is well bound, and well illustrated.

Rob's Broken Leg, and his Friend in the Hospital. By Mrs. W. FORD-BENNET. *No Royal Road.* A Story for Girls. By FLORENCE E. BURGH. Sunday School Union.

THESE are exceedingly good for ninepence each. A series of such stories will be a great gain to Sunday-schools. Unless the Union begins to give their works away we don't see how they can surpass these books for cheapness.

Light from Above. By B. SWAN. Glasgow: J. J. Rae.

A VERY readable, life-like story of suffering and trial bravely borne, and of "Light from Above" shining on those "many dark and bending lines" which "meet in the centre of his love." It is a pity that such ugly woodcuts were introduced, for they mar a book which was worthy of better treatment.

Andrew Golding: a Story of the Great Plague. By ANNIE E. KEELING. T. Woolmer, Castle Street, City Road.

A STORY not only of "*the* Great Plague," but of several great plagues; for the chief interest of the book centres in the descriptions of the cruelties perpetrated on godly ministers and the early Friends by the myrmidons of the "merrie monarch," the creatures of the chameleon-like State Church of the period. Young folks may here learn somewhat of the true meaning of "Nonconformity," while they are fascinated with the love stories of the two Puritan maidens who are the heroines of the tale. This is one of the prettiest stories we ever read.

Ursula's Beginnings. By HOWE BENNING. Religious Tract Society.

A MOST interesting tale for girls, written in true American style. While the reading is very attractive, it is also helpful; for it contains many useful hints to young Christians. Those who have read "Quiet Corners," by the same writer, will try to find such places to read this in; and we feel sure they will enjoy its perusal.

Dunalton. By LOUISA M. GRAY. Nelson and Sons.

THOSE who have read "Mine own People," by the same author, will find this to be an interesting sequel to that story. What the practical good may be in either writing or reading these tales it is hard to say: perhaps time might be killed in a worse way.

Side by Side, and other tales. By PANSY.
A Little Candle. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE Nelsons show great taste in their books. These are cheap stories for children, but in binding, letter-press, and engravings, they are as good as they can be. Write against them: HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Her two Sons: a Story for Young Men and Maidens. By Mrs. CHARLI GARNETT. Partridge and Co.

A SOBER, serious, interesting story setting forth the dangers to which young men are exposed in large cities, through the evil example of those of their fellow employés who are addicted to betting and other vices. The dastardly wickedness of the godless, in seeking to overthrow and supplant the upright, is also well illustrated, together with the consolatory fact that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." As a matter of course, a young clergyman figures prominently in the story. If books of this order are widely read, they must be a potent means of promoting admiration and respect for the officials of the favoured sect. Is it not just possible that among the many writers of this class of literature some may now and then have heard of Christian ministers of other sects whose example and influence might at least be worth alluding to?

Twilight Verses. By Mrs. Daniel Tomkins. Jarrold and Sons.

Spiritual delicacies. Mrs. Tomkins is a worthy fellow-chorister with Miss Havergal, and deserves to be as widely known. She indites things, "touching the King," and she warms our heart. These verses are printed in large type: we suppose they are intended to be read by *twilight*. The Scriptures are set out on one page and the versifications on the opposite. We do not know when we have been more pleased with poems of an unpretentious character than upon this occasion. The book is only one and sixpence, and it is well worth the money.

Echoes of the Night, and other Poems. By Francis Henry Wood, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

These poems are of a higher poetical reach than those just noticed, though they are not of a like devotional character. They suggest the belief that we have in Mr. Wood a true minstrel. His verses are good in themselves, but better still as prophecies of something better to come. Dainty morsels of thought and memorable expressions are to be found here; and, best of all, the writer desires to consecrate his powers to his Lord alone. The price is 3s. 6d.

Songs after Sunset. By William Staniland. Elliot Stock.

Are all these poets nightingales, who shun the garish day to sing amid the shades? This third singer pours forth his music only "*after sunset.*" We like the teaching of his poem entitled, "The Betrayal," but we cannot say that we heartily enjoy his general style. There is merit, no doubt, but it does not win us. A limp comes in the motion, and a jar in the music, and our ear is not pleased nor our mind quite satisfied, although much of the verse is beyond the average. Perhaps the influence of Tennyson, to whom the book is dedicated, has not contributed to the clearness of the thought.

John B. Gough, the great Temperance Orator. Morgan and Scott.

This is a wonderful pennyworth, prepared with the hope of an immense circulation. It is most attractively got up, and ought to be scattered far and wide, like the leaves in this autumn time. Truth embodied in a life has a force about it which the best abstract teaching can never exert; hence the value of such a biography.

The Church of England and its Endowments. A short Historical Sketch and Popular Statement of Facts. By Christopher Page Deane. Elliot Stock.

A little book, almost too little for so large a theme. It may be serviceable. It states facts, and leaves the reader to draw his own inferences. We fear it will be found to be too meagre to satisfy anybody; its best use will lie in leading on the enquirer to ask for more.

General Gordon, Hero and Saint. By Annie E. Keeling. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

A well-written life of Gordon for two-and-sixpence. Sure to be popular. We reverence faith wherever we find it, but think it a lily among thorns when it grows amid scenes of bloodshed. We hope that readers will be able to distinguish between the warlike spirit which is of the flesh, and the childlike spirit which is of God. Strange blending it will one day seem to be which enables a man to be slaughterer and saint.

The Horses of the Sun: their Mystery and their Mission. By James Crowther, author of "The Five-barred Gate," &c. Sunday School Union.

A glorious book about the sun and his doings. It is fair to look upon, and charming to look into. Mr. Crowther writes with a magic pen. He brings together all that relates to his subject, and lays it before you with clearness of diction and tastefulness of style. We like such works as this: we can keep awake while reviewing them, and we feel when we have fairly got through with our task, that we should like personally to know a writer who can tell us so much in so delightful a way. Since we sat on his "Five-barred Gate," some years ago, we have entertained a high opinion of Mr. Crowther's book-making powers. He is scientific and yet simple, a plum without a stone, an instructor to whom we can introduce the merriest of our youth.

The Better Life, and how to Find it. Gathered Lambs. By Rev. E. Payson Hammond, M.A. Morgan and Scott. *How to be Happy. Jesus and the Little Lambs.* By the same author. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Soul-winning little books. We have no heart to criticize in cold blood that which is so warm with true love for souls. God has blessed these addresses and he will. They cannot be too widely scattered. May the Lord gather flocks of lambs to himself by the gentle voice which here speaks to them!

How Readest Thou? or, the First Two Chapters of Genesis Considered in Regard to the Direct Text. By Edward Dingle. Partridge and Co.

In answer to the question which forms the title, we beg to say, on our own account, that we do not read at all when we find that we cannot understand what is written. This work is far too deep for us. We quote a sentence at random, and hope that our friends will profit by it:—"When the solar body became the superior draft recipient of the universal power, light from God, its action had not only to rotate time also, but as a disintegrating operator on all substances, and as a partial extractor of them and user thereof, mingled with his gases by light to carry it off into ether, but subject to the earth's attraction also; and the silicates and metals his body must be made of for the state of consanguinity involved, so that crystallization and fossilization would be harder to heat. Is it not so in the palæontological table of the geologist?" It is a pity that such a mass of profound learning and sound thought should be chaotic to our minds because the author's style is dark or our intellect is dense. Sad fact in either case.

The Wide World and our Work in it; or, the Story of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. By Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. Hodder and Stoughton.

A work with world-wide bearing has been done by our honoured friends Mr. and Mrs. Guinness. It was not difficult to compile a first-rate record out of the adventures and labours of the men who were once students at Harley House. This has been done with much judgment, and the details have been made more vivid by the copious use of illustrations. The book is a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, and the work is one of the most wonderful in modern times.

Rays of Messiah's Glory; or, Christ in the Old Testament. By David Baron. Hodder and Stoughton.

Testimonies to our Lord Jesus gathered from the sacred Scriptures by one who is an Israelite indeed. Very gracious and convincing; but we entertain the fear that the readers will not be very numerous. We have not among us a numerous body of persons who will dig deep, and study a book for the study's own sake. The many need a liveliness of style which our friend has not yet attained. Still, we hope he will gain a constituency among those who take a living and practical interest in the ancient people of God, and therefore welcome the writings of any of them who have found in our Lord Jesus Christ the Messiah promised to their fathers. The book costs 6s.

A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament; being Grimm's Wilke's Clavis Novi Testamenti, translated, revised and enlarged by Joseph Henry Thayer, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This Lexicon occupied seven years of the life of the learned Professor Grimm of Jena. It received the universal praise of German scholars of all schools of thought, and when a translation was published in England the best judges spoke of it as "invaluable," and "unequalled." It is a work of the highest intrinsic value, and in the judgment of many teachers it is of special use as being admirably adapted to initiate a learner into acquaintance with New Testament Greek. Once bought it will last a lifetime, and it is not likely to be superseded by anything better. The publishing price is 36s.; but most students can find a bookseller who will allow a discount. One of the absolute necessaries for a thorough study of the New Testament in the original is such a work as this. It is generally best to buy the best; and we have it here.

Notes.

WITHIN five weeks of his time of vacation the Editor has had a wretched break-down, which makes him feel that the sooner he goes the better. The strain of his work is incessant. Not only has fresh matter to be prepared for pulpit and press, but a host of societies must be looked after, and cases looked into. Who is sufficient for these things? It is a joyous thing to work on for the Lord Jesus and his people; but poor flesh and blood at last give way, and pain and sickness render service impossible. When this magazine reaches the reader, their friend C. H. S. hopes to be packing up for a journey to the land of the sun, where he may gather strength with which to bear the winter's winds and fogs.

The preachers at the Tabernacle, on Sundays and Thursday evenings, during the senior Pastor's absence, are to be as follows:—Nov. 18, E. H. Ellis, of Devonshire Square Chapel; Nov. 21, C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich; Nov. 25, Thornley Smith, Wesleyan Minister, Crouch Hill; Nov. 28, morning, J. Monro Gibson, D.D., Presbyterian Minister, St. John's Wood; evening, W. Stott, of Abbey Road, St. John's Wood; Dec. 2, J. S. Geale, of Brighton; Dec. 5, morning, David Davies, of Regent's Park Chapel; evening, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon; Dec. 9, J. Baillie, of Bloomsbury Chapel; Dec. 12, Mark Guy Pearse, Wesleyan Minister, Bristol; Dec. 16, F. H. White, of Talbot Tabernacle; Dec. 19, morning, J. Jackson Wray, of Tottenham-court Road Tabernacle; evening, C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich; Dec. 23, W. Williams, of Upton Chapel; Dec. 26 and 30, W. Y. Fullerton, Pastors' College Evangelist; Dec. 31 (watch-night service), Messrs. Fullerton and Smith; Jan. 2, 1887 (if the Pastor is not home), morning, W. Y. Fullerton; evening, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon.

On *Monday evening, Sept.* 27, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, special thanksgiving was presented for the restoration to health of Mr. William Olney. A very wet night prevented several friends from being present, but those who were there rejoiced most heartily that the valuable and useful life of our beloved deacon and co-worker had been spared to us and to the church. He has been with us from the beginning, always active, always bright, always ready. We trust it will be long before we shall have to face the question, What could we do without him? We had a singular blending of sadness and gladness at this meeting; for during the evening our Brother Hewson, the travelling secretary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, gave a very touching account of the illness and death of his daughter. She was a bright gem in the casket of the church, and she now shines in her Redeemer's crown. We take a deep interest in Mr. Hewson's gracious work, and rejoice to have him in our membership, and his family with him. All the churches which he has visited can bear testimony to his hearty, holy zeal for the Lord Jesus. May the blessing of the Lord rest on the Gospel Temperance work!

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 4, there was a very large gathering at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Special petitions were offered on behalf of Pastors W. Compton and G. D. Cox, who were present for the last time before sailing for Australia. They were both very weak, and it was evident that they needed to go to a far warmer climate; but they spoke with much fervour and earnestness, gratefully acknowledging their indebtedness to the College and to all connected with it. Mr. Compton aroused much sympathy by his description of a brother in Christ (himself), who had not had a day free from illness for ten years, but who had enjoyed so much of the presence and lovingkindness of his Lord that he would gladly endure thirty years more of such affliction if he might have the same consolation. Throughout the whole meeting the spirit of intense prayerfulness was conspicuous. Strangers look on with wonder at so great a throng present at what is often described as "only a prayer-meeting."

On *Tuesday evening, Oct.* 5, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and the proceedings throughout gave evidence of the hearty, earnest spirit in which the work of the Association is done. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Branscombe, F. E. Elvin, Evans, Marshall, and Phillips; and sacred solos and anthems were sung by members of the Association, and the choirs from some of the mission-stations. The report was presented by the untiring secretary, Mr. G. E. Elvin. From this it appeared that 1,684 Sunday services, and 902 week-night evangelistic meetings had been conducted during the past year by the 117 brethren and sisters who speak or sing for Jesus under the auspices of the Association. The cost of all this good work has been about £330, which has been expended for rent, gas, travelling expenses, printing, postage, and advertising. Of this amount C. H. S., as usual, has provided £100, and the balance has been given by various friends, or by the churches visited, or by the mission-stations. This is one of the best works of the Tabernacle church, and deserves to be still more generously supported. Mr. Elvin always needs funds for the extension of his operations; and he can usually find employment for suitable men

and women who desire to help in the evangelization of this great city. His address is 121, Camberwell New Road, S.E.

On *Wednesday evening, October* 6, a meeting was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall for the purpose of gathering up the results of the recent GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSION. The 317 persons, who had signed the pledge during the Mission, were invited to tea, and a large number of them accepted the invitation. Mr. Stubbs presided at the thanksgiving meeting, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Dunn and Hill. Several testimonies were given by those who had given up drinking, and trusted in Christ for salvation. During the progress of the meeting quite a remarkable scene was witnessed. One woman was very visibly affected by the Holy Spirit, and cried aloud for mercy; and on friends going with her to another room, to point her to the Saviour, many other persons in different parts of the hall rose to ask for prayer that they might be saved. Our brothers and sisters had a busy but happy night's work, and several professed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. At the weekly meetings of the Gospel Temperance Society a very gracious work is proceeding, and it is hoped that many through these gatherings will be rescued not only from drink but also from sin of every kind.

On *Friday evening, October* 8, the Tabernacle lecture-hall was fairly filled by a company of friends who had been invited by Mrs. Allison to see the large and valuable collection of dresses, and objects of interest, which she had brought back from the Holy Land. The proceedings of the evening commenced with a procession of ladies and gentlemen arrayed in bright Oriental costumes, and singing "Sound the loud timbrel." At its close, Mrs. Allison and her assistants took their places in the harem, and on the threshing-floor, which had been reproduced as nearly as possible, and in the Bedouin's tent bought in Palestine. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon assisted in explaining the passages of Scripture illustrated by the different articles, and a collection was made in aid of the Tabernacle Zenana Mission Auxiliary. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mrs. Allison on the proposition of Messrs. J. Stiff and B. W. Carr.

On *Monday evening, October* 11, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided in the absence of his brother, who was too unwell to be present. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. W. Olney, B. W. Carr, J. W. Harrald, and J. T. Dunn, and the Society's visitor spoke of the gratitude expressed to her by those to whom help had been rendered. During the year 244 boxes have been lent out, and the expenditure has amounted to £80 9s. 3d. Additional workers and subscribers are wanted for this needful and beneficent mission, of which the treasurer is Mrs. Olney, 145, Clapham Road; and the collector, Mrs. Dring, 65, Aytoun Road, Brixton. It is impossible to tell what many of the poor women in the districts around the Tabernacle would do if it were not for the assistance they receive from this and the kindred societies carried on by our Christian sisters.

The prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle was largely attended, and earnest supplications were presented for the recovery of the Pastor, and also for Dr. Churcher, medical missionary to the Kabyles, who is suffering from fever in the hospital at Gibraltar. Mr. Burnham and Mr. Chamberlain spoke and sang, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an address upon the encouragements to prayer that may be derived from the incarnation, life, and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. On the previous Monday evening there had been presented a very sad request for prayer from a much-afflicted child of God who was unable to yield submissively to the Lord's will; but on this occasion a letter of joyful thanksgiving was received from the same individual, telling of liberty and peace obtained while the petitions were being offered. Thus do we often prove that there is a God who hears and answers prayer.

The honorary secretary of THE LONDON TRAM CAR AND 'BUS SCRIPTURE TEXT MISSION asks us to note that Scripture texts are now prominently placed in 80 different cars, and thus the Word of the Lord is constantly brought before a very large number of persons. Mrs. Wood, 279, Clapham Road, S.W., will be happy to receive contributions towards the extension of the work. The cost of advertising one text for a year is 8s. 6d. It is impossible to tell how much of holy thought may be created by a single well-chosen text thus publicly placed. Among the minor forms of service we consider this to be one of the most profitable.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. — Complaints have reached us from various quarters with respect to the misuse of our name by certain advertisers. It may prevent disappointment and trouble if we again inform our readers that we have given no recommendation to the articles offered for sale by a "Fine Art Association." Years ago we received a packet of *illuminated texts*, &c., which we pronounced good and cheap, but they were altogether of a different character from the parcels now sent to those who write for them under the impression that they are ordering what we have seen and approved.

An advertisement of professedly unfermented wine is another instance of misleading the public. We have never used it at the Tabernacle. It was tried for a time at one or two branch stations, but these have abandoned it, and have certified the advertiser to that effect.

COLLEGE.—Pastor R. J. Middleton, of Great Torrington, North Devon, asks us to intimate to brethren in Australia that he hopes to sail early in the new year for the Antipodes. During his twelve years' ministry in England he has done much useful work, but for the sake of his numerous family he thinks it will be well to seek a sphere of labour in the Colonies. He is a worthy brother, and we heartily commend him to the sympathy and help of any of our friends who can guide him where he can serve his Lord and the church.

While making up these "Notes," we have received tidings of the death of our Brother, W. H. Tubb. Since the last Conference he has been labouring as a missionary in the East of London, in connection with our dear friend, Pastor A. G. Brown, who speaks very highly of him and his work. He served his Lord with all his heart.

On Friday afternoon, September 24, the annual meeting of the Students' Missionary Association was held in the College, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon occupying the chair. Mr. Hay, of Cameroons, West Africa, in an eloquent and earnest address, which was listened to with intense interest, after referring to his early ideas of the arid sands and barren wastes of Africa, spoke of his experiences on the dark continent. He referred to the horrors of the slave-trade, the degradation of African women, and the superstitions and cruelties of the natives, and showed the gospel to be the only power which could raise the benighted heathen. From the results of missionary enterprise he said that Christians ought to be impelled to carry the gospel message to the dark places of the earth. Pastor H. O. Mackey, of Peckham Park Road, followed with an earnest and stirring address on "Accepting and carrying into effect the consequences of our creed." An evangelical creed compels us to evangelize.

From the interesting report presented, we learn that all the students of the College are members of the Association, and during the year many of them have given addresses on missions in London and the country, also in Ireland and Scotland.

Three brethren have left the College during the year to engage in mission work on the Congo; and one, much beloved by all, has been removed by death, before he had well commenced his work on the Congo river.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Hull were brought to a most successful close. On the last Friday the meetings lasted from three till nine o'clock; on the last Sabbath five services were held, and large as the place of meeting was, hundreds were unable to gain admission. Large numbers of enquirers remained for conversation after the various gatherings, and many have professed to be converted. The church under the care of Pastor F. Russell will receive large accessions, and other churches in the town will be benefited by the mission. The thank-offering is necessarily small, as so large an amount had to be paid for the hire of a suitable building. We greatly need the generous help of wealthy Yorkshire Baptists, so that a chapel may be speedily erected for Mr. Russell and his band of earnest workers.

Pastor G. Wainwright reports a glorious commencement of the mission in Manchester, where our brethren have been for the greater part of the past month. This month Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are to visit Cheltenham. Negotiations are in progress for our brethren to conduct a series of services in Canada, under the auspices of the Baptist Home Missionary Society of Ontario; but it would be premature to prophesy whether these negotiations will end favourably or otherwise.

Mr. Burnham had a brief rest after his work among the hop-pickers; and he has since been holding a mission at Bromsgrove. During this month and next he is to be at Clockheaton, Northampton, Great Broughton, Workington, and Maryport.

Mr. Harmer's second visit to Washbrook, near Ipswich, was much blessed. The secretary writes:—"We had crowded meetings each evening, and many professed to find the Saviour. I am expecting to see a rich harvest." At the close of the services Mr. Harmer was joined by *Mr. Chamberlain*, and together they conducted evangelistic meetings at the Town Hall and Burlington Chapel, Ipswich. The church secretary says:—"Our brethren won their way into the hearts of many, and their visit will be long remembered. We have experienced much blessing, and believe that many hearts have been influenced for God. It was a time of reaping and also of sowing, for which we thank God, and take courage."

Mr. Harmer has since held special services at Belstead, near Ipswich; and at Faringdon, Berks. This month he is to be at Newbury, and West Croydon.

A member of the Tabernacle church, *Mr. Thomas Eyres*, is the honorary secretary of THE CHILDREN'S EVANGELISTIC MISSION. He has had many testimonies to the usefulness of his services, both to children and adults. We hope to give next month some account of his life and work; but, meanwhile, we note that he has some dates free, either for missions to the young, or to those of riper years. Applications may be addressed to Mr. Hibbert, Metropolitan Tabernacle, or to Mr. Eyres, 253, Southampton Street, Camberwell, S.E. We recommend our friends, who would like to hold a Children's Mission, to send for this brother. Even among the most stately of Presbyterians he has won golden opinions.

ORPHANAGE.—*Tuesday, November* 2, is the day fixed for our *Collectors' Meeting.*

We hope to see a large muster of friends, and to receive a good sum towards the amount required for the maintenance of the orphans at Stockwell. There is constant need to gather up the fragments: we cannot afford to lose the subscriber of a weekly penny.

Friends who write to us regarding applicants for admission are sometimes disappointed if those they recommend are not received. If they knew how many eligible children have to be refused, they would be less surprised. We recently asked our secretary, Mr. Ladds, to give us an estimate of the numbers of candidates: here are his figures. About 20 apply by letter or personally every day, making at least 6,000 in a year. Forms are only issued to about 500 specially needy and deserving cases, which are registered, and examined by the Trustees. In the course of a year there are vacancies for about 50 boys and 50 girls, so that 400 of the 500 registered cases must be declined, as well as the 5,500 to whom forms are not issued because of the utter hopelessness of their applications being successful.

During the past month we have had a number of gifts from harvest thanksgiving services, but the contributions from two country churches deserve special mention. Pastor J. Stanley, of *Semley, Wilts*, sent to the Orphanage, carriage paid, 20 sacks and 3 barrels containing potatoes, carrots, marrows, onions, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, apples, pears, nuts, and bread, besides a bag of flour, and 10 pots of jam. The articles weighed about a ton and a half; and were contributed by Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists. This is as it should be, for children belonging to all denominations are cared for at Stockwell. Mr. Spurgeon looked at this great present with astonishment, and prayed God to bless the givers.

At *Bugbrooke*, Pastor F. J. Flatt, another of our former students, solicited contributions in kind for the Orphanage, and as the result he was able to forward turnips, carrots, cabbages, marrows, potatoes, apples, plums, pears, bread, biscuits, sweets, and flowers. We are very grateful to both our brethren, and to all the friends who have remembered the widow and the fatherless at the time of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth. May they all be abundantly rewarded for their generosity and love! We do not enter into the question of Harvest Festivals, but assuredly nothing better can be done with the exhibits than to give them to the poor and needy.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have had a very successful tour in Lancashire, &c. We are unable to give details this month, but we heartily thank all who have, in any degree, assisted us in our work of providing for the orphans.

A lady from Adelaide, South Australia, recently visited the Orphanage. She brought a parcel of clothing for the girls, which she had made *on the voyage*. She thought that if a note were put in *The Sword and the Trowel* other ladies travelling might "do likewise."

COLPORTAGE.—The past month has been very encouraging in the amount of sales effected by the colporteurs, which have been for several months below the average. This, of course, means that less loss is incurred in maintaining the work and that the main object of the Association is more adequately attained by a larger distribution of good literature. The need for this was never greater than now, because of the prevalence of mischievous publications. In these vice is veiled in attractive clothing, criminals elude the vigilance of the police, and success in life is attributed to "good luck", to the disparagement of honest industry. Thus life is misrepresented, and habits of thought created and fostered which work ruin in many minds.

Besides this, infidelity and unscriptural teaching are largely inculcated by the press, so that the colporteur is just the man for the times, carrying with him the Word of God, and the publications of all the best publishers, the sale of which he urges upon people wherever he can gain a hearing. Best of all, constant testimony is received of actual results from the work. Even when conversion is not achieved, a taste is infused for purer and better reading, which is often followed by moral improvement. The drunkard forsakes the public-house, the Sunday newspaper gives way to the Christian magazine, and the neglected place of worship is attended. A true colporteur "goes about doing good": he visits from house to house, speaks personally, as opportunity occurs, about spiritual things, and conducts simple services in cottages or the open-air.

Two new districts are being worked in which, at present, no local support is given, while two additional ones, for which the usual guaranteed subscription of £40 per annum is promised, are about to be opened. One is at Uxbridge, Middlesex, and the other at Norwood and Thornton Heath. Applications from districts where £40 can be guaranteed, or from friends willing to devote that sum for a colporteur in any new district, will be gladly considered, and will receive prompt attention from the Secretary. Communications about colportage should be addressed to W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 27, seventeen; 30, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James A. Tawell	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Cory	50	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	10	0	0
Collection after sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, by Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	26	17	6
A. C. R.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Williams	1	1	0
Collection at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	5	0	0
Part collection at harvest thanksgiving service, Gravesend, per Pastor F. Tuck	1	16	0
A. E. M.	2	6	0
Mr. W. Spickett	10	0	0
Mr. George Stephens	0	10	0
Part collection at New North-road Chapel, Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	5	0	0
The Hon. Thomas Holt	20	0	0
Collection at Toowoomba, by Pastor W. Higlett	1	6	6
Mr. Robert Morgan	1	1	0
Postal order from Cheshire	1	0	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
A poor widow	0	10	0
Mr. Samson Lucas	0	10	0
Collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton ...	6	6	0
Mr. E. P. Davy	0	5	0
Miss Dawson	2	0	0
Miss Dawson, for Burnt Ash Chapel ...	1	0	0
A. B.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss Emma Jane Friend				4	10	0
Baptist Church, Nelson, per Pastor G. C. Croome...				2	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts				0	5	0
J. G. D.				1	0	0
Mr. A. Rushworth...				3	0	0
Miss Poole				1	1	0
Mr. W. Rainbow				0	5	0
Per Pastor W. Whale:—						
Mr. F. E. White	1	0	0			
Mr. R. Gailey	1	0	0			
Mr. McLæod...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Bale	0	10	0			
Mr. Holdstock	0	7	0			
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor W. Whale	8	13	0			
				12	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson				1	14	0
Quarterly Subscription:—						
"Adelphi"				1	10	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—						
Mr. R. J. Beecliff				0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard				0	5	0
Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—						
September 19	40	0	0			
,, 26	30	1	6			
October 3	34	0	0			
,, 10	10	0	0			
				114	1	6
				£392	3	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Maggie Fisher ...	1	1	0
A member of the Church of England...	0	5	0
Pastor W. G. Clow	0	5	0
Mrs. M. D. MacLeay	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Annie Bunting ...	1	10	6
Mrs. C. Norton	0	4	0
Mr. W. Walker	0	15	0
Porter's offering	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	0	10	0
Dr. Shaw	0	5	0
Miss S. Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. J. Gifford	0	5	0
Stamps	0	1	0
Little Nellie's pear-tree	0	1	0
Proceeds of sale of "Lines upon the Queen's Jubilee," by Mr. J. Gwyer	0	10	0
Mr. W. Spickett	10	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Thos. Ross ...	46	17	6
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0
Sale of fruit, per Mr. R. B. Belcher ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Birrell	1	0	0
P. H.	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	10	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
W. and S. M.	1	0	0
Harvest thanksgiving collection at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Mottisfant	2	0	7
M., E., and A. P. H.	5	0	0
Miss Clover	0	5	0
The Hon. Thomas Holt	100	0	0
Mr. E. Lister	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Grace Bartlett ...				0	13	6
Miss C. Maxwell				1	1	0
Miss J. Wornell				0	5	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins				0	10	0
Mr. Robert Morgan				2	2	0
Miss Watts				1	1	0
Mr. F. Ansell				0	2	6
W. S.				1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—						
Mr. W. L. Palmer	3	0	0			
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	2	0			
Mr. S. J. Collier	1	1	0			
Mr. R. J. Grubb	1	1	0			
Mr. Joseph Long	1	1	0			
Mr. Andrew Richardson...	1	0	0			
Mr. E. G. Oakshott ...	0	10	0			
Mr. Hill	0	5	0			
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0			
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0			
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6			
Mr. Holmes	0	2	0			
				10	17	0
Mrs. Watt				0	2	6
Mr. John Vince				0	10	0
Mrs. Williamson				1	0	0
Mrs. McKenzie				0	10	6
Mr. T. C. Clark				0	5	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.				1	0	0
Collected by Miss Wade				0	8	7
Mr. W. Smith				0	2	6
Mr. Oaks				0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Stopford				3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Postal order, Mansfield	0	5	0
E. B.	20	0	0
Collected by Pastor J. E. Walton ...	0	5	6
Miss Jones and friends, per Mr. Everett	0	6	0
Master Harold Murrell	0	4	2
Mrs. W. Tarring	0	10	0
Mr. T. Luckens	0	4	0
Collected by children of Stow Hill Board School, Newport, per Miss Turner ...	2	1	2
Mr. and Mrs. E. Mann	0	10	0
Dr. H. L. Wayland	1	0	0
Miss H. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss White	0	10	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Jas. Stiff ...	1	5	4
A thankoffering, R.B.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. J. Hebditch ...	0	4	0
Mr. Peter Finlayson	2	0	0
Bible-class at Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mr. H. J. Grant	0	10	0
I. O. J. T., Guide of Youth, Temple Magor, per Mrs. M. H. Allen ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
E. H. B., Canonbie, per Dr. Barnardo	0	2	6
T. A. F., Ashwell	1	10	0
Mrs. G. B. Anderson, per J. G. Brown	1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"...	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Y.	1	1	0
M. A. Joyce...	0	10	0
Collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Fauleoner	50	0	0
Mrs. G. Wendon	2	10	0
Mr. T. Wallis	2	2	0
A friend, per Mr. J. Thompson ...	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas McDonald	0	8	2
Miss Dawson	2	0	0
Psalm cvii. 42, 43....	1	0	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :—			
Mr. R. Cleaver 1 0 0			
Mr. Miller (22 weeks) ... 1 2 0			
Smaller sums 1 8 0			
	3	10	0
Mr. E. H. Cooling	1	10	0
Mr. John Mee	0	7	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Miss M. Jones	0	10	0
Maggie	0	2	0
Executors of the late Miss Emma Jane Friend	4	10	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	5	0
College-street Chapel Sunday-school, Chelsea	1	6	6
Mrs. Baldock's dying bequest	6	6	0
Miss Monbray	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	7	0
J. G. D.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Rushworth	3	0	0
I. E. S.	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Harvest thankoffering at Newton, Craven Arms, per Pastor M. Matthews	0	16	6
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood ...	2	15	0
Miss Whitfield	5	0	0
A country minister	0	3	0
M. R.	2	0	0
S. W.	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
Mr. C. Adlem, produce of pear-tree ...	0	6	0
Mr. John Lamont	2	0	0
Orphanage boxes at the Tabernacle gates, per Mr. Murrell	7	0	10
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Emma Appleby ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
X. S.	10	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
S. R. P.	1	0	0
Rev. George Edgeome	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, per list	3	17	1
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, per list	4	9	1
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Accrington	28	7	0
John Street, Edgware Road	3	3	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	1	1	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Michie	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions :—			
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
J. B. K. 0 2 6			
Mr. J. Macintosh 0 5 0			
Mrs. Drew... ... ... 0 10 6			
J. G. (annual) 0 10 6			
	1	8	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Miss S. A. Muir (two months' subs.)...	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
	£444	10	6

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list).—Green, W. S., £1 1s; Smith, H., 3s; Morrish, J., 10s; Goatley, Charles, 5s 2d; Runnacus, H., 16s 9d; Wills, F. G., £1 1s 2d.—Total, £3 17s 1d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list).—Unwin, M., 7s; Runnacus, A., 16s 9d; Adams, Nellie (second amount), 7s; Cowlin, E., £1; Sharland, A., 1s; Hunt, E., £1 1s; Player, E., 6s 4d; Haydon, E., 10s.—Total, £4 9s 1d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—Hamper of Nuts, Mr. L. Johnson; a quantity of Fruit and Flowers, Harvest Thanksgiving, New Baptist Tabernacle, Wimborne, per Pastor J. Hooper; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; hamper of Apples, Mr. W. Hawley; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, and Jam, Harvest Thanksgiving, Baptist Church, Semley, per Pastor J. Stanley; basket of Pears, Mr. James Stiff; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread and Sweets, Pastor F. J. Flatt and friends at Bugbrooke; a quantity of Plums, Damsons, etc., Pastor G. B. Richardson; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; hamper containing Apples, Pears, Grapes, Carrots, and Marrows, and 1 sack Potatoes, Friends at Baptist Church, Sandown, Isle of Wight, per Mr. Lindley; a few Sweets, Mrs. Charles Everett.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 pairs Socks, and 16 dozen Metal Shirt Buttons, Mrs. Spencer; 1 pair Boots, "He remembers his children"; 24 pairs Knitted Wool Stockings, Mrs. E. Allan; 2 pairs Knitted Stockings, from Ely; 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Mellington; 2 pairs Socks, Mrs. Rolfe and Miss Taylor.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—4 Articles, Miss Clara Oakley; 16 Wool Skirts, Mrs. Charles Everett; 12 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 20 Articles, Junior Dorcas Meeting, Gosport Tabernacle, per Miss Hoare; 42 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. S. Cox; 48 Articles, from "Grandmother and Daughters"; 27 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 24

pairs Knitted Wool Stockings, Mrs. E. Allan; a Costume Dress, Mrs. Stokes; 8 Articles, Mrs. F. Feltham; 6 Articles, Mrs. Rolfe and Miss Taylor.

GENERAL:—600 Illuminated Cards, Miss E. St. B. Holland; 7 Books for Infirmary, Mr. John Daniells; 1 Scrap-book, Miss Bertha Prinz.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sandown and Ventnor, per Colonel Birney	10	0	0
Bucks. Congregational Association for Slough	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon, per Mrs. Belsey	20	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
East Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. Richard Peter	5	0	0
Oxford Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston District	7	10	0
Norfolk Association:—			
Tittleshall 11 5 0			
Neatishead 10 0 0			
	21	5	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham	20	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, Thurlow	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. T. White	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
	£163	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Smallridge	0	10	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
The Hon. Thomas Holt	5	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	0	10	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	1	0	0
A friend, Kent	5	0	0
Miss Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. John Mee	0	2	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Appledore, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. William King	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Miss Penston	0	10	6
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	0
Mrs. B. P. Bilborough	1	1	0
Mr. William Izard	2	2	0
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mrs. E. H. Tucker	0	10	0
Mr. James Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. William Payne	1	1	0
Mr. E. Brayne, 1885-6	1	1	0
Mrs. John Olney	2	2	0
Miss Francies	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Evans	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£76	19	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
A church-member	5	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	1	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Stonebroom	2	0	0
Adelphi	2	2	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	1	0	0
East Ross	0	3	0
The widow's mite	0	7	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	3	0
E. V.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Hull	25	5	6
M. R.	1	0	0
Thankoffering, per Mr. Harmer	3	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£46	6	6

Five £1 Scotch notes, received from Elgin, have been placed to the Surrey Grove Mission Hall Fund, with heartiest thanks to the unknown donor.

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, 1886.

Mysterious Visits.

AN ADDRESS TO A LITTLE COMPANY AT THE COMMUNION TABLE AT MENTONE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou hast visited me in the night."—Psalm xvii. 3.

IT is a theme for wonder that the glorious God should visit sinful man. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" A divine visit is a joy to be treasured whenever we are favoured with it: David speaks of it with great solemnity. The Psalmist was not content barely to *speak* of it; but he wrote it down in plain terms, that it might be known throughout all generations: "*Thou hast visited me in the night.*" Beloved, if God has ever visited you, you also will marvel at it, will carry it in your memory, will speak of it to your friends, and will record it in your diary as one of the notable events of your life. Above all, you will speak of it to God himself, and say with adoring gratitude, "Thou hast visited me in the night." It should be a solemn part of worship to remember and make known the condescension of the Lord, and say, both in lowly prayer and in joyful psalm, "Thou hast visited me."

To you, beloved friends, who gather with me about this communion table, I will speak of my own experience, nothing doubting that it is also yours. If our God has ever visited any of us, personally, by his Spirit, two results have attended the visit: *it has been sharply searching*, and *it has been sweetly solacing*.

When first of all the Lord draws nigh to the heart, the trembling soul perceives clearly the searching character of his visit. Remember

how Job answered the Lord: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." We can read of God, and hear of God, and be little moved; but when we feel his presence it is another matter. I thought my house was good enough for kings; but when the King of kings came to it, I saw that it was a hovel quite unfit for his abode. I had never known sin to be so exceeding sinful if I had not known God to be so perfectly holy. I had never understood the depravity of my own nature if I had not known the holiness of God's nature. When we see Jesus we fall at his feet as dead; till then, we are alive with vainglorious life. If letters of light traced by a mysterious hand upon the wall caused the joints of Belshazzar's loins to be loosed, what awe overcomes our spirits when we see the Lord himself! In the presence of so much light our spots and wrinkles are revealed, and we are utterly ashamed. We are like Daniel, who said, "I was left alone, and saw this great vision, and there remained no strength in me: for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption." It is when the Lord visits us that we see our nothingness, and ask, "Lord, what is man?"

I do remember well when God first visited me; and assuredly it was the night of nature, of ignorance, of sin. His visit had the same effect upon me that it had upon Saul of Tarsus when the Lord spake to him out of heaven. He brought me down from the high horse and caused me to fall to the ground; by the brightness of the light of his Spirit he made me grope in conscious blindness; and in the brokenness of my heart I cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I felt that I had been rebelling against the Lord, kicking against the pricks, and doing evil even as I could; and my soul was filled with anguish at the discovery. Very searching was the glance of the eye of Jesus, for it revealed my sin, and caused me to go out and weep bitterly. As when the Lord visited Adam and called him to stand naked before him, so was I stripped of all my righteousness before the face of the Most High. Yet the visit ended not there; for as the Lord God clothed our first parents in coats of skins, so did he cover me with the righteousness of the great sacrifice, and he gave me songs in the night. It was night, but the visit was no dream: in fact, I there and then ceased to dream, and began to deal with the reality of things.

I think you will remember that, when the Lord first visited you in the night, it was with you as with Peter when Jesus came to him. He had been toiling with his net all the night, and nothing had come of it; but when the Lord Jesus came into his boat, and bade him launch out into the deep, and let down his nets for a draught, he caught such a great multitude of fishes that the boat began to sink. See! the boat goes down, down, till the water threatens to engulf it, and Peter, and the fish, and all. Then Peter fell down at Jesus' knees, and cried, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" The presence of Jesus was too much for him: his sense of unworthiness made him sink like his boat, and shrink away from the divine Lord. I remember that sensation well; for I was half inclined to cry with the demoniac of Gadara, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of God most high?" That first discovery of his injured love was overpowering;

its very hopefulness increased my anguish; for then I saw that I had slain the Lord who had come to save me. I saw that mine was the hand which made the hammer fall, and drove the nails that fastened the Redeemer's hands and feet to the cruel tree.

"My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there."

This is the sight which breeds repentance: "they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn for him." When the Lord visits he humbles us, removes all hardness from our hearts, and leads us to the Saviour's feet.

When the Lord first visited us in the night, it was very much with us as with John, when the Lord visited him in the isle that is called Patmos. He tells us, "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." Yes, even when we begin to see that he has put away our sin, and removed our guilt by his death, we feel as if we could never look up again, because we have been so cruel to our best friend. It is no wonder if we then say, "It is true that he has forgiven me; but I never can forgive myself. He makes me live, and I live in him; but at the thought of his goodness I fall at his feet as dead. Boasting is dead, self is dead, and all desire for anything beyond my Lord is dead also." Well does Cowper sing of—

"That dear hour, that brought me to his foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root."

The process of destroying follies is more hopefully performed at Jesus' feet than anywhere else. Oh that the Lord would come again to us as at the first, and like a consuming fire discover and destroy the dross which now alloys our gold! The word *visit* brings to us who travel the remembrance of the government officer who searches our baggage; thus doth the Lord seek out our secret things. But it also reminds us of the visits of the physician, who not only finds out our maladies, but also removes them. Thus did the Lord Jesus visit us at the first.

Since those early days, I hope that you and I have had many visits from our Lord. Some of us have had them, especially in the night, when we have been compelled to count the sleepless hours. "Heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut." The night is still; everybody is away; work is done; care is forgotten, and then the Lord himself draws near. Possibly there may be pain to be endured, the head may be aching, and the heart may be throbbing; but if Jesus comes to visit us, our bed of languishing becomes a throne of glory. Though it is true "he giveth his beloved sleep," yet at such times he gives them something better than sleep, namely, his own presence, and the fulness of joy which comes with it. By night upon our bed we have seen the unseen. I have tried sometimes not to sleep under an excess of joy, when the company of Christ has been sweetly mine.

"Thou hast visited me in the night." Believe me, there are such things as personal visits from Jesus to his people. He has not left us utterly. Though he be not seen with the bodily eye by bush or brook, nor on the mount, nor by the sea, yet doth he come and go, observed

only by the spirit, felt only by the heart. Still he standeth behind our wall, he showeth himself through the lattices.

"I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me,
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

"Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul."

Do you ask me to describe these manifestations of the Lord? It were hard to tell you in words: you must know them for yourselves. If you had never tasted sweetness, no man living could give you an idea of honey. Yet if the honey be there you can "taste and see." To a man born blind sight must be a thing past imagination; and to one who has never known the Lord, his visits are quite as much beyond conception.

For our Lord to visit us is something more than for us to have the assurance of our salvation, though that is very delightful, and none of us should rest satisfied unless we possess it. To know that Jesus loves me is one thing, but to be visited by him in love is more.

Nor is it simply a close contemplation of Christ; for we can picture him as exceedingly fair and majestic, and yet not have him consciously near us. Delightful and instructive as it is to behold the likeness of Christ by meditation, yet the enjoyment of his actual presence is something more. I may wear my friend's portrait about my person, and yet may not be able to say, "Thou hast visited me."

It is the actual, though spiritual, coming of Christ which we so much desire. The Romish church says much about the *real* presence; meaning thereby, the corporeal presence of the Lord Jesus. The priest who celebrates mass tells us that he believes in the *real* presence, but we reply, "Nay, you believe in knowing Christ after the flesh, and in that sense the only real presence is in heaven; but we firmly believe in the real presence of Christ which is spiritual, and yet certain." By spiritual we do not mean unreal; in fact, the spiritual takes the lead in real-ness to spiritual men. I believe in the true and real presence of Jesus with his people: such presence has been real to my spirit. Lord Jesus, thou thyself hast visited me. As surely as the Lord Jesus came really as to his flesh to Bethlehem and Calvary, so surely does he come really by his Spirit to his people in the hours of their communion with him. We are as conscious of that presence as of our own existence.

When the Lord visits us in the night, what is the effect upon us? When hearts meet hearts in fellowship of love, communion brings first peace, then rest, and then joy of soul. I am speaking of no emotional excitement rising into fanatical rapture; but I speak of sober fact, when I say that the Lord's great heart touches ours, and our heart rises into sympathy with him.

At such a time there is a delightful sense of *rest*; we have no ambitions, no desires. A divine serenity and security envelop us. We have no thought of foes, or fears, or afflictions, or doubts. There is a joyous

laying aside of our own will. We *are* nothing, and we *will* nothing: Christ is everything, and his will is the pulse of our soul. We are perfectly content either to be ill or to be well, to be rich or to be poor, to be slandered or to be honoured, so that we may but abide in the love of Christ. Jesus fills the horizon of our being.

At such a time a flood of great *joy* will fill our minds. We shall half wish that the morning may never break again, for fear its light should banish the superior light of Christ's presence. We shall wish that we could glide away with our Beloved to the place where he feedeth among the lilies. We long to hear the voices of the white-robed armies, that we may follow their glorious Leader whithersoever he goeth. I am persuaded that there is no great actual distance between earth and heaven: the distance lies in our dull minds. When the Beloved visits us in the night, he makes our chamber to be the vestibule of his palace-halls. Earth rises to heaven when heaven comes down to earth.

Now, beloved friends, you may be saying to yourselves, "*We* have not enjoyed such visits as these." You may do so. If the Father loves you even as he loves his Son, then you are on visiting terms with him. If, then, he has not called upon you, you will be wise to call on him. Breathe a sigh to him, and say—

"When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
Oh come, my Lord most dear!
Come near, come nearer, nearer still,
I'm blest when thou art near.

"When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
Until thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year."

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" If you long for him, he much more longs for you. Never was there a sinner that was half so eager for Christ as Christ is eager for the sinner; nor a saint one-tenth so anxious to behold his Lord, as his Lord is to behold him. If thou art running to Christ, he is already near thee. If thou dost sigh for his presence, that sigh is the evidence that he is with thee. He is with thee now: therefore be calmly glad.

Go forth, beloved, and talk with Jesus on the beach, for he oft resorted to the sea-shore. Commune with him amid the olive-groves so dear to him in many a night of wrestling prayer. If ever there was a country in which men should see traces of Jesus, next to the Holy Land, this Riviera is the favoured spot. It is a land of vines, and figs, and olives, and palms: I have called it "Thy land, O Immanuel." While in this Mentone I often fancy that I am looking out upon the lake of Gennesaret, or walking at the foot of the Mount of Olives, or peering into the mysterious gloom of the Garden of Gethsemane. The narrow streets of the old town are such as Jesus traversed, these villages are such as he inhabited. Have your hearts right with him, and he will visit you often, until every day you shall walk with God, as Enoch did, and so turn week-days into Sabbaths, meals into sacraments, homes into temples, and earth into heaven. So be it with us. Amen.

Lessons from the Loom.

HAD Job been a spectator while others were employed at the loom? or did he speak from personal acquaintance with that useful piece of machinery, when he drew the comparison of the seventh chapter and sixth verse—"*My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle*"?

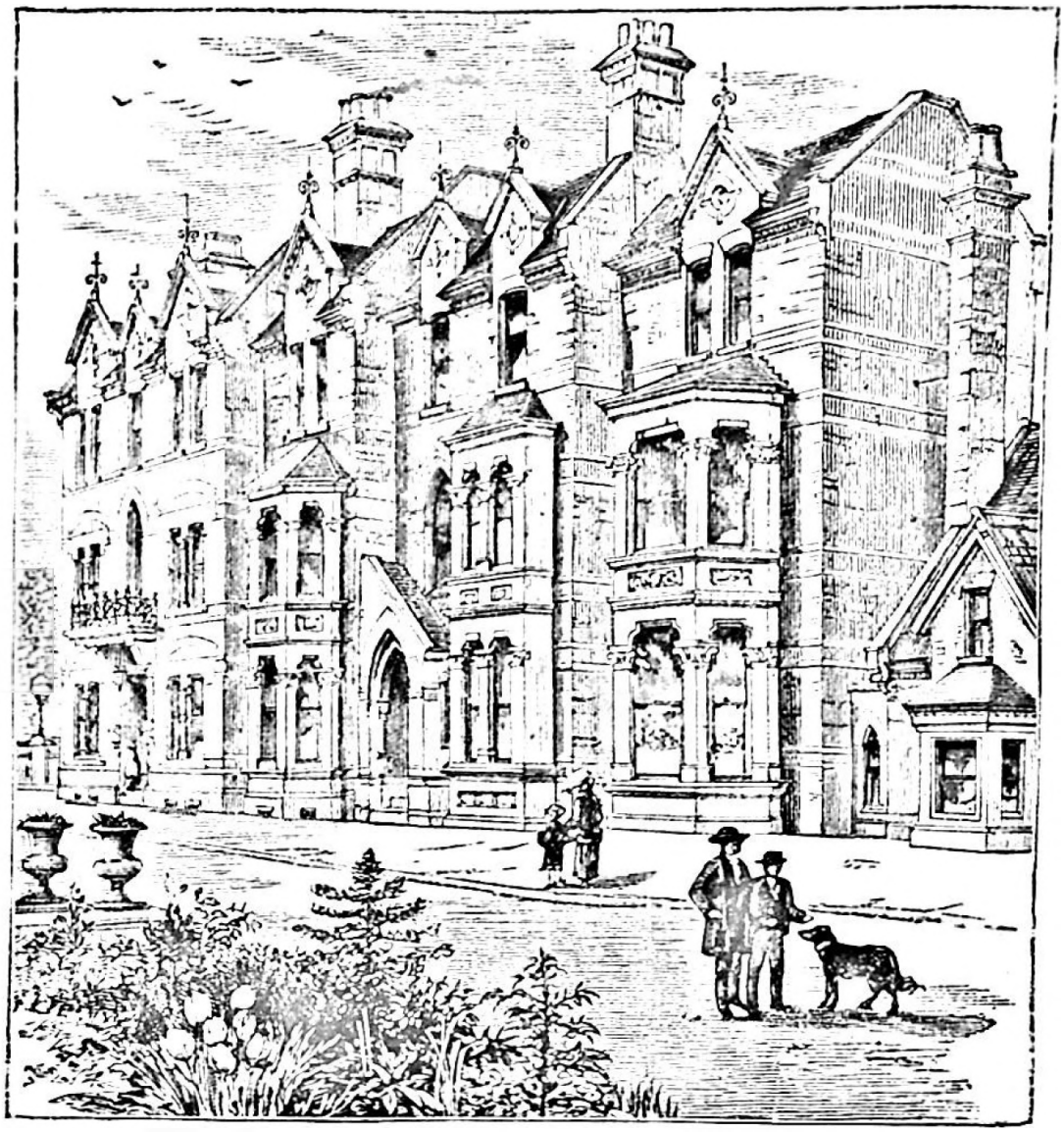
It is not unlikely that he had thrown a few "shots" in his day, as a weaver would phrase it, and had riveted the texture by vigorous blows of the "slays," thus blending together indissolubly the warp and the woof in accordance with the pattern designed. The rapid motions of the shuttle had created such an impression upon his imagination, that when writhing in torture he remembered it, and compared his earthly course to the speedy movements of the shaft through the open "shed."

Hezekiah also speaks, at a similar period in his life, of the weaver's conduct when the shuttle has for a time ceased its capricious movements. The royal patient, ere he consulted his prophetic physician, spoke in a petulant manner of the "cutting off of my days." He said, "*I have cut off like a weaver my life: he will cut me off with pining sickness*"; or rather, he will cut me off from the thrum or fag-end of the warp. Not torn from the loom after the ruthless fashion in which Samson plucked out the pin of the beam and the web—emblem of the sudden and reckless nature of the Nazarite's own death—but a clean, complete cut, which the weaver made on the completion of his work when he ran his shears across the remaining part of the "chain." I remember, some years ago, when hand-loom weaving was the staple business of the country folk in Down, that when the red mark which indicated the specified end of the "cut," came up from the beam and was woven partly into the cloth, some one was playfully told to go for a basin to catch the life-blood of the web, as the weaver cut off the cloth at the red line. I am not sure whether the weaver thought of that passage in the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah; but it is clear that this lent power to the figurative meaning of the words—"I have cut off like a weaver my life: he will cut me off with pining sickness." How quickly time flies! Our life is indeed more flighty and fleeting than the shuttle of the weaver. How it is thrown backwards and forwards between the great providences of God, working out with divine certainty his great designs, though to human observation it is but the endless succession of chance!

Oh that we would see to it that our warp and woof are from the Father of our spirits, and that our pattern is the Lord Jesus Christ. God has only one pattern to be wrought out in the great factory of this world, and that pattern is Jesus. All cloth not bearing that design will be refused at the hands of the great Judge on that important "passing-day."

How speedily we are cut off! Some webs are longer than others; but, as Job says in the beginning of this seventh chapter, we see that there is an appointed termination to every web: "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?" We are engaged here for a certain time to do a certain work, and at the Master's discretion we are retained or dismissed.

R. J. PEDEN, *Student in the Pastors' College.*



Wishing you a Merry Christmas.

THE above picture, representing the houses at the Stockwell Orphanage occupied by the offices and the officers, is inserted as a gentle reminder to our friends that the boys and girls at the Orphanage know that CHRISTMAS is coming. The little room at the right is a bit of the original premises, and stands as a landmark by which to measure how we have grown; and we have grown, and no mistake. The bigger the child the more it eats; we need double the income we did when we had only boys.

Next comes the Board Room, with its large bay window; here the Trustees assemble, and here they see the widowed mothers and their boys and girls. May the trustees never have to report a failure of funds! Hitherto it has been all the other way: we have had to praise the goodness of our faithful God, and go on our way rejoicing.

Then comes the Head Master's House, and the House which accommodates most of the teaching staff, and certain of the stores. We

are well officered, and have great cause for gratitude that all our workers, male and female, serve the Lord heartily, and feel a delight in the sacred work of charity in which they bear a part. This is as it should be, but it saves a world of care and heart-ache.

We have long had marvellously good health in all parts of the establishment, and, better still, a fine moral and gracious tone. The vases seen in the woodcut are an index of the brightness and beauty which abound: ours is not a Workhouse, but a Home. The Lord is a good housekeeper, and can as easily do a thing liberally as meanly. Certain large-hearted friends give us these luxuries as a sort of extra touch to the picture: they like to see the place look handsome. We agree with them. We could hang up a lot more engravings and coloured prints in the rooms. We trust the hint will be taken. Things of beauty are a joy for ever, and we are not overjoyed yet. It does little eyes good to look at good, instructive, artistic pictures.

THE ORPHANAGE SENDS A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO ITS TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FRIENDS. Every boy and every girl must have a voice in it. The President and the Trustees say, *God bless our helpers*, and all the five hundred shout aloud—

AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

A Thursday Evening Address.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON, AUCKLAND.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—Romans xii. 15.

THEN THERE ARE JOYS AS WELL AS GRIEFS IN THIS LIFE, and tuneful songs as well as mournful sighs! Oh, yes, thank God! Happy they who have an eye for each, and ears for both. Yet some perceive only the gloomy side of life. They read the death list, but skip the births and marriages. They tell of the waste, howling wilderness, forgetful of Horeb's granite drinking fountain, the cloudy awning of each day, and the brandished torch of God at night. They are overwhelmed in seas of sorrows, "wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," and they have become so used to seeing the bottoms of the mountains that they refuse to believe that sun-lit summits still exist.

Alas! poor souls: so morbid and melancholy have they become that they not only refuse to be comforted, but do their best to inoculate others with their perverted notions and poisonous ideas.

To them this world is chiefly remarkable for fire-belching volcanoes, roaring cataracts, crushing avalanches, ravenous beasts, deadly serpents, tornadoes, fires, floods, earthquakes, hypocrites, tears, and winding-sheets.

O ye of sorrowful countenance, are there no placid lakes, no green fields besprent with daisies, no sparkling cascades and twinkling stars? Have you forgotten the dancing diamond waves and the golden sands on which they break? Have you never heard the bird sing, the bee murmur, the insect chirrup? Did you never taste the luscious fruit, or inhale the garden's scent? Is the sweet breath of odorous spring

unknown to you ?—the summer zephyrs and the yellow harvests—are these forgot? Have ye never seen a parent's joy, nor met a happy, holy Christian? Reckon up your gladnesses. They are more numerous and more weighty than your griefs. Look not back on the past nor forward to the future through the dark, erring glasses of present doubt. Every tree is not a weeping-willow, though you sit beneath one now. Every tune is not a dirge, nor every sound a sigh. There are other fruits than the apples of Sodom. There's weal as well as woe. Every drop of water is not a briny tear; perhaps the next you see will be a dew-drop straight from heaven.

This fair world of ours, despite its sin, still throbs with life, and light, and love. Joy is not dead, nor dying! Paul puts the command, "rejoice" before the order to "weep." In a previous verse he speaks of "rejoicing in hope" before being "patient in tribulation." Well, then, "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." We have no reason to believe that Jesus, "Man of Sorrows" though he was, never smiled. This we know, that at a certain hour "Jesus rejoiced in spirit."

Fellow-Christians, *we* have good cause for gladness. Can we not still leap because of what we may truly call our *Red Sea* joys?

"Oh! welcome came the morn when Israel stood,
In trustful wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh, welcome came the cheerful morn to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below.
Then soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell."

Do *you* not remember that glad hour when first you saw your sins all drowned in Jesu's precious blood? When, just as with Israel,

"The whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore"?

So all you knew and heard of your corruptions and transgressions were their dying struggles and expiring cries. Herein we will still be glad:

"Have *they* not reason to rejoice
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?"

Have we no *Jordan* joys as well,—the bliss of consecration and separation, the pleasures of progress, though not of perfection,—the present enjoyment of Eshcol grapes, and prospective possession of the milk-and-honey-flowing land? Are ye quite strangers to the joys of service and sacrifice, of warfare and victory? Sing, ye sanctified, and shout, ye upright in heart.

And what shall I say of joys that grow hard by "the river of the water of life"? True, the tree is in the "land that is very far off"; but as its leaves are for the healing of the nations, so also its fruits are tasted even now.

The joys of *communion*—akin to those of heaven—the pleasures of fellowship, perhaps not so far inferior as we imagine to those at God's right hand; are these unknown to you?

Truly our hearts should bubble up with bliss, and overflow with happiness. "Why should the children of a King go mourning all their

days?" "Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early." Earth stands 'twixt hell and heaven. If I cannot yet possess all the joys of glory, I'll not allow the weeping and wailing of the former to mar my pilgrimage. My hallelujahs shall drown my misericordias. Go and do likewise, ye sons of sorrow. If you have flung aside the garments that are stained by sin, cast off as well the ashes from your heads, and let your countenances be no more sad.

Might I not also speak of social joys, which lubricate our heart wheels; of intellectual joys, which ring in the belfry of the mind? Ay, of physical joys—the charm of landscape to the eye, of music to the ear, of action to the muscles and the blood. They only who know deep spiritual joy can truly estimate the worth of earthly joys and use them aright. There is reason to rejoice even in a sin-stained world. Shut not your eyes to the fact, lest your hearts be closed to your fellows; for they who refuse to see cause for joy cannot rejoice with those who do rejoice. Rejoice evermore, and again I say, "Rejoice."

II. REJOICING AND WEEPING ARE WONDERFULLY CLOSELY CONNECTED. *Rejoice with them that do rejoice.* Why could not the apostle let that happy music tremble on without introducing a minor, not to say a discordant, note? Why not? You surely know. Was there ever a sunlight that was not followed by a cloud? Have you ever known a rest quite unbroken, a cup all sweet, a day all bright? Sadness and gladness are as essentially opposite as oil and water, and yet they mix and mingle. Like a day in spring, the showers and sunshine alternate. Many a private as well as public speech is made with "mingled feelings." The frogs come even into the king's palace; even in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa there is a sepulchre. Doré never painted brighter flowers than those at whose roots the glittering scythe is lying. So sorrow comes in spite of joy—like Satan amongst the sons of God, or the serpent in the glades of Eden. Oftentimes, the sweeter the rose the sharper the thorn.

Stranger still is it that sorrow often comes in *consequence* of joy! Poor frail flesh can bear only a measure of gladness. Too great a harvest breaks the barns, too generous a wine bursts the skins. How many a child has been warned in the morning that its excess of spirits would end in trouble! "You'll be crying ere night, if you're so frolicsome now," they used to say. And sure enough it came to pass. Too venturesome, too frolicsome, there came a sad tumble, or worse still, an angry quarrel, or sheer exhaustion at last found vent in a flood of tears which drowned the morning's mirth. So was it in our nursery days, and we are children still. Even now, experience is teaching us that the stronger the light the deeper the shadow, the higher the tide the greater the ebb. Too sunny a day will likely brew a storm. Calm seas have their dangers; mariners, beware!

> "Not less the treacherous calm we dread
> Than tempests breaking over-head."

But, thank God, it is equally true that joys often come by way of, or in the lap of, sorrow. If the thorn is on the rose-stem, it is equally true that the rose is on the thorny bough! If there is a tomb in the garden, there is a garden round the grave. The scythe looks not

quite so hideous by reason of the flowers! There is gold in the quartz, a pearl in the shell, an opal in the rock. As in our childhood's tales, the fair-faced fairies sat upon the poisonous fungi, so in our later years our sorrows have been as thrones for our pleasures. Let us praise God, the God who makes our years of several seasons, and of days and nights, so that the monotony of grief is broken by strains of joy, while joy itself is the more musical because of its accompaniment of regret. He doeth all things well! Who but he could yoke so ill-matched a pair to the chariot of life? But HE can and does. While HE drives the car, my soul leap in and ride with him; so shalt thou learn to sympathize alike with the sisters of sorrow and the children of joy.

III. WE MUST BE READY, THEN, FOR EITHER. Ready to rejoice when the woman finds the long lost coin—not to envy her possession, nor to sneer at her delight. Ready to rejoice when the shepherd's shoulders bear home the wandered lamb—not to murmur that the keeper left the flock, nor to grudge the wounds he gained in searching.

Fellow Christian, thou art happy, thy face bewrayeth thee. I know not the channel through which thy gladness comes, nor the source from which it springs. But, if thy joy be hallowed, I congratulate thee. Let me share thy joy if I may not share thy experience. If I have tarried at the brook, and thou hast gone to the battle, give me a portion of the spoil. David our chief would have it so. Hast thou been near the Lord, or conquered a foe? Hast thou discovered a truth, or fulfilled a vow? Hast thou grasped a promise, or done a service? Tell me, tell me, tell thy fellow Christians; for we want to rejoice with those that do rejoice.

Be ready to weep; do not give forth forced tears, squeezed out to order, as some lachrymose hypocrites supply them, but tears like your Lord's, which, falling on the ground, seemed to write these words thereon—"Behold how he loved him." Only they whose *hearts* weep can truly say,

> "We share our mutual woes,
> Our mutual burdens bear;
> And often for each other flows
> The sympathizing tear."

As in order to a convergence of the rays of joy, so also to a meeting of the waters of grief, there must be on the part of others a willingness to accept our sympathy. You who complain that you receive no kindness and get no love, have perhaps to thank yourselves. If you keep the shutters up, you keep the sunshine out. Will you share neither your honey nor your wormwood with your fellows? The honey, like Samson's, would be no less sweet if you took a portion to your parents and friends, and your gall would be all the more drinkable if you would let your companions dilute it with their sympathetic tears. The days of moated castles and battlemented homes are gone: throw open your gates, let the walls fall down, though it be before the rams' horns of rough and honest friendship. He who is always grumbling "Nobody cares for me" has the secret in the preceding line, "I care for nobody." Brethren, these things ought not so to be.

If joy and grief are so often found side by side, we must be ready for a sudden change in the matter and manner of our sympathy. The train

that whirls across the viaduct now—the vale all bathed in sunshine—will presently be threading a darksome tunnel. *You had better have the lamps burning all the time then.* It is well to be so nicely balanced as to be able to swing at a moment's notice this way or that—to rejoice or weep as occasion demands, and that without delay. If the ferry boats had to turn round at every trip, what a deal of time would be lost! They are so constructed and so engined that they can go with the tide or against it without turning. Be ye also ready

To stem the tide,
Or with it glide.

It is only a Christly heart that can do this successfully. Only God can fit us with these reversible engines, or teach us how to change the key in the very middle of a song.

It has been my lot on more than one occasion to hurry from the open grave, with its black border of weeping friends, to the wedding feast with its glad festivity. The white flowers at the tomb had not had time to fade ere their white companions graced the bridal scene; yet it was not easy at the grave to forget the coming feast, nor at the nuptials to forget the tomb. Harder still, but for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in daily life, to rejoice with the glad when we ourselves are heart-broken, or to weep with weepers when we have only joy.

But as with every temptation our Lord provides a way of escape, so for every duty he supplies the grace sufficient. We cannot but rejoice, however, to find sorrow and joy so joined, that when a heart is withered like a sun-dried flower it revives with words of sympathy. Your gardens, I suppose, are redolent just now with their second crop of violets. At the scent of water they will bud—not so fine perhaps, but just as welcome as their brethren who have come and gone. What savour, sweeter than the violet's breath, rewards you as you find the anxious enquirer believing that she need only believe! Once she wept because her sin seemed to be unpardonable, next she rejoiced to find a God willing to pardon, and last she wept—but they were tears of joy—as she claimed the promise, and said—

"O joy, my sins are pardoned."

What sweeter pleasure than, when speaking to a stricken conscience "burdened with the load of sin," to find the load lightening as you tell of Jesus and his love? Go forth on this good work, I pray you. Weep with those especially who weep for sin. Tell them, if you can, how vile you were, and weep, if needs be, at the very remembrance of the past. Then tell them of the cleansing fount, full and fresh and free, till, God helping them, they rejoice with you, and you with them. Then if, like Bunyan's pilgrim, you stand a while at the cross-foot wondering and weeping, what matter the tears? Your eyes are gemmed with joy, your tears are diamonds of delight! Rejoice together! weep in company! and sing in unison,—

"With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed."

Scepticism among Working Men.

IT may be pleasantly consolatory to take pleasant views of the present condition of our industrial population, and their attitude towards the gospel; but the most profitable thing in the end will be to face the question bravely, and use all legitimate means for arriving at the truth. Adopting this course, we cannot but see that there is a disease to be cured—a disease more widely spread, and committing more ravages, than many suppose. While, however, we admit this, we have still abundant faith in the remedy. The gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation; so that, after all, the disease is not so great as the remedy provided.

It is a very easy thing to draw comparisons between our industrial classes at home and the artisans of the Continent, and to arrive at conclusions favourable to ourselves; but while indulging in this vein we may unwittingly mislead. It is possibly true that when compared with the peasantry of the Continent our own cottagers of the rural districts show a favourable contrast. Having accepted the Reformation, we are in large measure free from the degradation which is the natural outcome of Romanism. We cannot tell of mediæval darkness such as now reigns in Spain, where savage prejudice against the gospel still lingers in town and country. We are not aware that we ever were so low down as France, where before the Revolution, an ass and a woman were repeatedly seen yoked together to a plough, the man behind carrying a whip which he applied indifferently to either. We do not find tourists hastening away from London, as a nobleman actually did on one occasion from Rome, because he could not bear the sight of the peasantry, who seemed even to have lost the human countenance. But although we may appear to greater advantage outwardly, there is more destructive unbelief among our working people in the towns than ever before; and it is more aggressive and more thoroughly organized than was formerly the case. In all our great centres of population the infidel propaganda is systematically carrying on its crusade against the truth by means of preachers and tracts. To say emphatically, as one leading minister has lately done, that the English working classes are *not* infidel, is to show surprising want of acquaintance with known facts, especially as regards the towns. Ask any City Missionary in London whether this is the case, and he will soon show that secularist and atheistical teachers are the greatest hindrances he meets with in his work.

One of the City Missionary band, who is well acquainted with this subject, and who as a Christian teacher has repeatedly visited many of the so-called "halls of science" in London, is Mr. J. W. Morden, a friend from whom we have received information and illustration for the present paper.

On the south side of London there are several Secularist institutions, one being at Walworth and another at Camberwell. The attendants at these places are for the most part artisans, or ordinary working people; and the speakers employed are usually members of the National Secularist Society. A proportion of these teachers are literary men of some culture, and others are ambitious mechanics. They lecture on a variety of subjects, all of which are not necessarily on religious topics;

but an effort is invariably made to make the lectures tell against religion, and the passages specially prepared with that object are the parts which are most heartily cheered. It is evident that the lecturers exercise a great influence over their audiences; and if their sophistries are opposed in a feeble manner by Christians present, no counteractive impression is likely to be produced. It appears that the lecturers are usually paid for their services, although such is their native modesty that they do not desire this fact to be too widely known.

When we ask who these lecturers are, we hear of one who was originally trained for a Unitarian minister, and this painfully suggests that the dark border-land between the Socinian pulpit and the infidel platform is so narrow that it may be readily traversed. The seceder just referred to is an educated man, he has some acquaintance with ancient manuscripts and kindred subjects; but with characteristic bitterness he says many things which are intended to pander to the lowest tastes of the poor deluded people. There are other lecturers who confess that they have been through our Sunday-schools, while others have been chorister boys in fashionable churches. One or two have been even heard to boast of having gone through all the phases or processes of Christian conversion, only to find that there is nothing in it. Not knowing that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, and that their confident teachers have never had their hearts touched by the truth, the artisan audience readily rush to the conclusion that Christianity is a hoax. It is evident that it must be so, when uneducated persons are continually hearing lectures on one side only. It is thought by some well-wishers of the working classes that more ought to be done in the way of counteraction. Scientific lectures are given which are made to tell against Christianity; why should not science be made to tell in an opposite direction?

Mr. Morden assures us that it is a curious characteristic of the class to whom we are referring, that numbers of them are remarkably fond of studying hard facts, physical science, and mechanics, with which they have to do as operatives. They contemptuously reject very much of the history contained in the Bible; and will not believe in miracles; so that it is of no use presenting to them any arguments founded on the latter. It is thought, therefore, that if, humanly speaking, such are to be brought back to faith, appeals must in the first place be based upon what they know and care about. Lectures and articles on science, social and political matters, followed by a Christian application, need to be provided to supersede, as far as possible, the lectures with an anti-Christian application, in which the people now take such delight. Very much of the working man's unbelief is founded on nothing better than misrepresentation, prejudice, and bigotry: it is even said that sentiments which would be hissed if they came from a Christian will be cheered when they come from an unbeliever.

It is interesting to notice the way in which the lecturers and the lectured regard each other. "Talk of idolizing a popular preacher," remarks Mr. Morden, "these people literally worship their leaders; these are indeed infallible. The result is an inflated self-assertion and dogmatism. Yet it is amusing to see how different they are, how much more careful to weigh their words when a Christian critic is present taking

notes. I have frequently heard Mr. Bradlaugh lecture on 'Jesus Christ, His Life and Teaching'; and on each occasion it struck me that while his blustering self-assertion is unequalled, yet he was personally conscious of the hollowness of his arguments, but was forced to repeat them at the bidding of his followers, and that he was pleased when all was over, and he could revert to politics again. Certainly his gauge of the mental capacities of his hearers on these occasions was not at all flattering to us; a Sir Henry Peek's prize-boy could have refuted his fair arguments easily."*

If the people think too highly of their teachers, the teachers themselves have no very exalted opinion of those who sit under them, or of those with whom they co-operate. It is felt by others than believers, that when men abandon the idea of a personal God presiding over creation, they are anything but desirable neighbours. "When men abandon this ground," says Dr. Thain Davidson, "and, carried away by the teachings of modern materialism, think of the Deity only as the great presiding force in nature, there is no longer any sound basis of morality or virtue. When that singular man, Joseph Barker, was lecturing against Christianity, he found this to be true. He says, 'Often when I came to be acquainted with the men who had invited me to lecture, I was ashamed to be seen standing with them in the streets, and I shrank from the touch of their hand as from pollution. When I saw their character,' he goes on to say, 'it went far towards convincing me that, whether religion was founded in truth or not, it was necessary to the virtue and happiness of mankind. It prepared me still further to return to Christ, and brought me a step or two nearer to his side.'" †

In conversing with Mr. Morden upon the general characteristics and difficulties of his work as a public-house missionary, he gave several illustrations which helped us to realize more vividly the sorrows of the great city wherein some ten thousand youths are said to go to the bad every year. Though not directly associated with scepticism, the first example is a very suggestive one.

A tall and very genteel-looking man was encountered at a house in Vere Street, Strand, and when addressed in a kindly tone, he put a newspaper before his face to conceal the emotion which caused him to burst into tears. "Excuse me," he said at length, ashamed of his weakness, "I was a preacher once"; and then with emphasis, in a more confidential tone, he added, "Always teach teetotalism with religion. When I was a student they always told me that if I did not drink I should never pass my examination." The missionary said, "Christ can give you a new heart"; but the mournful answer was, "Too late; I am over sixty." He then seized his umbrella to support him, as he added with more intense emotion, "All is going." Who can tell whither he will go when he once begins to go on the downward road as the slave of a bad habit?

* This extract is from Mr. Morden's pamphlet, "The Christ of the Gospels Self-evidently Divine; comprising Arguments used against Lecturers in Free Thought Hall, in South London." E. Stock, 1886. Price 6d.

† "The City Youth." By J. Thain Davidson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d. A capital book to place in the hands of a young man embarking on London life.

The agents of infidelity seem to be ever on the alert, lest believers in Christ should gain an advantage unobserved. Thus, on one occasion, in a house at the West-end, the missionary entered into conversation with a young Scotchman, whose attitude was that of an enquirer. A Secularist stepped forward to take what he considered as the prey out of the missionary's hands. When he saw that his efforts were vain, he used very bad language, but this recoiled on his own head.

On another day, about a dozen workmen were encountered in a public-house. Six of the party were bitterly opposed to the gospel; they were representatives of their class, and proved how mistaken those persons are who affirm that artisans are not disposed to infidelity. The time has come when scholars in our Sunday-schools ought to be more thoroughly drilled in Scripture evidences. The leaders in our churches do not understand the situation. Working people are shrewd observers of what is done in the world. They point to the Established Church, into the ministry of which so many have entered without proper qualifications, only seeking a lucrative profession. They also notice the ways of Christian people, and some stoutly aver that professors of religion are the worst class of men with whom they have to deal. This is manifestly untrue; but it should, nevertheless, be a warning to Christians to be circumspect.

But, while the outlook is thus, in some degree, discouraging, it must not be thought that the messengers of truth work without results and without reward. Mr. Morden once talked for forty minutes in a public-house, in Long Acre, with a Secularist, whose dictatorial manner at last gave place to deference. The man's mates declared at parting, "You have done good; you have the best of the argument; but we have almost lost our dinner-hour, for our time is almost up." The arguments are frequently of the most flimsy kind; but the truth appears to be that many men have a desire to be animals, and nothing more.

The tendency to declared unbelief may not be characteristic of some of the lower parts of the town; but its place is occupied by something quite as bad. In certain quarters of Westminster, for example, the low Irish have learned to become persistent beggars; and the serious question arises, who is responsible for thus pauperizing the people in the name of charity? Talk to these people about their highest interests, and you will not be insulted with infidel replies, but you will soon perceive that they cannot meet a missionary, or speak about the gospel without asking for a ticket for something or other. It is quite as difficult to raise these mendicants from their degradation as it is to convince and win over the unbelievers.

Those who come in contact with these various classes complain that they are neglected by the Press. There are plenty of tracts, and an abundance of high-class magazines and journals, but *there is not a general newspaper such as working people care to read, conducted on Christian lines.* Mrs. Garnett, of the Navvy Mission, has spoken about the need of such a paper; and city missionaries express a similar opinion. For a well-conducted paper, containing a full selection of the week's news, with well-written articles, there is, undoubtedly, a fine opening; and the wonder is that in an age of universal philanthropic effort such an enterprise should have been overlooked. G. H. P.



Whitefield in America.—His Last Sermon.*

THE accomplished historian of the Evangelical Revival in Great Britain, during the eighteenth century, now gives the English reading public this supplemental work dealing with the spread of religion in what are, to us, more remote regions. As in the former case, the narrative is one of commanding interest. When the great

* A Compendious History of American Methodism, &c. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row. Price 5s.

awakening took place in our favoured islands, the leaders traversed the land; and, on every side, their efforts were seconded by those of self-denying labourers. In the New World, as well as in the Old, heroic itinerants were raised up in a providential manner as they were needed. The service they went through shows that, for bravery and patient endurance, no soldiers on the march, or on the tented field, have surpassed volunteer preachers of the gospel who have gone forth as pioneers in newly-opened countries. Bishop Asbury set an example of toilsome self-sacrifice which was truly apostolic; and he drew around him a band, who, at any cost or risk, took care that no outlying settlements should be left without the gospel. Stevens's history abounds with anecdotes, many of a romantic character, which may be made to tell in a striking way by those who choose to use them as illustrations. The following is the historian's description of Whitefield's last sermon, and of his last hours :—

"Arriving at his Orphan Home, in Georgia, his seraphic soul seemed to receive a presentiment of his approaching end, and to anticipate the joys of heaven. 'I am happier,' he wrote, 'than words can express,—my happiness is inconceivable.' He started northward to preach, and on the evening of his departure recorded the prophetic words, 'This will prove a sacred year for me at the day of judgment. Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!' 'Hallelujah! hallelujah!' he wrote to England; 'let chapel, tabernacle, heaven, and earth resound with hallelujah! I can no more; my heart is too big to speak or add more!'

"Arriving at Philadelphia, he hailed Wesley's itinerants, and gave them his blessing; it has never failed them. From the day of his conversion his soul had always glowed with a divine fire; but it now seemed to burst into a flame. No edifice could contain his congregations; he preached every day. He made a tour of five hundred miles up the Hudson, proclaiming his message at Albany, Schenectady, and Great Barrington. 'Oh, what new scenes of usefulness are opening in various parts of this world!' he wrote as he returned. 'I heard afterwards that the word ran and was glorified. Grace! grace!' He had penetrated nearly to the north-western frontiers. He saw the gates of the North-west opening, those great gates through which the nations have since been passing, as in grand procession; but he was not to enter these; the everlasting gates were opening for him, and he was hastening towards them. He passed to Boston, to Newburyport, to Portsmouth, still preaching daily. Seized with illness, he turned back; at Exeter he mounted a hogshead, and preached his final sermon to an immense assembly. His emotions carried him away, and he prolonged his discourse through two hours. It was an effort of stupendous eloquence—his last field triumph—the last of that series of mighty sermons which had been resounding like trumpet-blasts for thirty years over England and America. He hastened, exhausted, to Newburyport; the people gathered about his lodgings in throngs to see and hear him once more; they pressed into the entry of the house. Taking a candle, he attempted to ascend to his chamber, but, pausing on the stairs, he addressed them. He had preached his last sermon: this was to be his last exhortation. It would seem that some pensive misgiving, some vague presentiment, touched his soul with the apprehension that the

moments were too precious to be lost in rest. He lingered on the stairway, while the crowd gazed up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice, never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos, flowed on until the candle, which he held in his hand, burned away and went out in its socket. The next morning he was not, for God had taken him."

Having thus delivered his message up and down the British Isles, as well as in the already rapidly-growing English Colonies in America, Whitefield passed away from earth on the last day of September, 1770. The Old World seemed to be too straitened for the divine message with which his soul was burdened; and hence he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, still to find eager listening crowds. The portrait we give of the great preacher does not appear in the volume from which our extract is taken; but although it belongs rather to the English History of Methodism, it appropriately accompanies the present sketch.

Grumblers.

A SOMERSETSHIRE Labourer dedicates this to no one in particular, but to all whom it may concern.

Grumblers have a mission in life, but it is a very humble one. If they are not the salt of the earth, they are the pepper; if not roses, at least they are nettles.

Like all the insect tribe, they are very numerous. If we could summon them all together what an army they would make! Their number would exceed even the frogs, lice and flies of Egypt. And, like these, they are to be found in all classes of society: in the city and in the village, in the palace and in the cottage, among the rich and the poor, among the old and the young.

Grumblers are usually very lazy. Having no disposition to work themselves, they have plenty of time to find fault with other people. They are too talented for the humbler spheres of service: the Sunday-school, back-street missions, and district visitation are far beneath them. They are always in opposition, but never in power. Like the monkey, nature seems to have given them a double dose of destructiveness. According to them, cabinets and councils, diaconates and committees, are all composed of either fools or idiots. If for one month they had the reins of power, what wonders wouldn't they perform! Meanwhile, however, they can neither rule their own temper nor govern their own household.

Grumblers are also very precise—at least, in reference to other people. The mote in another's eye gives them more pain than the beam in their own. They are not unlike Sterne, who, whilst treating his own mother with cruelty, was upbraiding others for not weeping over a dead ass.

They seldom suffer from forgetfulness—except it be at quarter-day. They have a book of remembrance for all their enemies, and a psalm of complaints for all their friends. If for a moment repining should give place to rejoicing, yet, like a barrel-organ, they take up the old tune exactly where they left off.

They are generally victorious in their contests, and are as proud as the little dog that wags its tail because it has driven the moon behind the cloud.

They are very independent, too. "They care nothing for nobody." "They like the thing that is right, although they would do no harm to their bitterest enemy." They are staunch believers in the doctrine of infallibility, provided they themselves are the Pope.

Grumblers are never in danger of a famine of complaints. They can gather material for their murmurings from all parts of the universe. The earth and the sky, angels and men, sun, moon, and stars, fire and hail, snow and vapours, mountains and hills, trees and plants, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the earth, both young men and maidens, old men and children—all contribute to satisfy their voracious appetites. Like amphibious animals, they can live in all societies, and like ignoble insects, can feed on the fragrant rose as well as on the deadly nightshade. The virtues of a Paul and the vices of a Nero are, to them, much the same.

Thank God, they have but little power to stop the progress of his kingdom. During the night, vegetation grows even whilst dogs howl, and in the daytime the sun pursues his course even when donkeys bray.

"God's kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice."

Henceforth, this shall be the prayer of a Somersetshire labourer:—"O Lord, use me as thou wilt—make me a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, let me loose the latchet of thy shoe, or minister to thy meanest disciple; but save, oh save me from the spirit that actuates every grumbler."

LEVI PALMER, *Taunton.*

The Capacity for Mischief Possessed by Small Beings.

THE feeble aphis, with limbs indescribably slender, is so fragile that it may be overturned by a puff of breath. But smallness of bulk is no criterion of inferiority of power; an apple-tree, several feet, perhaps, in its circumference, spreading its branches over a rood of land, sickens and dies from the puncture of the aphis lanata, a creature so small as to be imperceptible on the branch. Among men we often see a grand and noble character brought to a premature grave owing to the capacity which some of the most contemptible of the human species possess to blast reputations and break hearts.—*From "Scientific Illustrations and Symbols."*

Some Special Preservations Experienced.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A PRESERVING Providence guards the lives of the Lord's people until they have finished their course. This may be ridiculed by modern sophists, who believe nothing but their own fancies; but those who behold the Lord everywhere present are not moved by their jests. Those to whom preserving providences are frequently occurring, having facts before their eyes, hardly take the trouble to cast a smile of contempt upon deniers of the Lord's workings. It may encourage the hearts of some faithful but trembling ones if I record one or two instances of the Lord's care towards myself.

On Tuesday, October 26, of this year, I preached at Bromley, in Kent, and travelled there and back in a hired carriage. While coming up one of our hills we came into sharp collision with a cab. It was a great shaking, but we went on our way. I noticed that a wheel rattled; but there was no other apparent sign of mischief. The carriage stopped at the lodge, and I dismounted with my secretary. The coachman turned the horses round to go back to his livery stables, and there and then the carriage experienced a remarkable collapse. A wheel came off, another wheel seemed to be under the carriage, the springs snapped, and the forepart of the vehicle parted from the body of it. Why had not this happened before? We had turned two sharp corners safely; why were we not wrecked? A looker-on gave it as his reason—that *it was not to be, and so it wasn't.* Indisputably correct, but not all the truth. Our impression was that a divine hand had been fulfilling the word, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Full of gratitude at an escape which was all the more memorable because of certain minute circumstances which I need not here repeat. I was led to recall two or three other special preservations experienced within a short time. A man is immortal till his work is done, and when he reaches that point it little matters by what method he is taken home. We may travel with a holy fearlessness when we have prayed the Lord to preserve our going out and our coming in; for he will surely keep us till the hour comes when we shall return to the Father's house.

Some years ago I stayed with my wife for a few days at a beautiful spot in the Isle of Wight. The inn was a rustic habitation, roofed with thatch, and on the lawn before it were several magnificent elms. We left at the end of the week, that I might be at home for the Sunday's preaching. The tears stood in my eyes when I read in a newspaper that a terrible hurricane on the Saturday night had blown down one of the elms, and that it had fallen across the roof of the hotel, and destroyed one of the rooms, "in which," said the report, "Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon had slept on the previous night." I ought to have been grateful each morning that I had reposed in safety, but an unusual rush of thankfulness swept over my heart when I considered how near upon this occasion I had been to death. Had the holiday been a little extended, so as to include a Sabbath, I might never again have been permitted to speak in the name of the Lord.

It is not so very long ago since my esteemed friend, Mr. Duncan, took me in his yacht to the harbour of Rothesay. It was arranged that I should preach there on the Sabbath, and on the Saturday we went for a ride, four of us. In descending a long hill, some part of the harness broke, the carriage ran upon the horse, and the horse ran away. It rushed down the hill like a thunder-bolt, and became altogether unmanageable. I have a distinct sense of the lamp-posts, which seemed to stand in the road, flying by one after another. All hands were occupied with the reins, our friends inside standing on the seat, and helping as best they could. The trouble was, that at the foot of the hill if the animal turned to the left we should find a very ugly descent, which would involve the turning over of the machine, and the probable death of us all. If the creature could be made to face to the right, there would be a rising ground, and this would stop his mad career. Which would it be? To my unspeakable relief, I found myself cool in the moment of peril, but my heart beat fast as we came to a standstill a little way up the hill on the right. Was there no overruling hand in this? We all felt so at the time by a sort of natural instinct. Had we travelled without a mishap we should have been bound to adore the guardian care of God; but we were all compelled to do so as we quitted the carriage and looked at the ugly place down which we might so readily have fallen.

A few years ago I set out on my annual journey to the South of France. I had at former times travelled by the first train; but upon this occasion I chose to start by the 11 o'clock train. I knew not why the choice was made; but some time before we reached Boulogne, we were detained on account of an accident on the road. An accident indeed it was, for we passed the wreck of the early train, and learned that many had been injured by a collision. One bares his head in reverent gratitude, and worships the Lord, in whose hand are all the ways of his servants. Unbelievers may say what they please, but he who is the immediate object of such deliverances is compelled to say, "Surely, God was in this place."

Our preservations seen and observed are nothing compared with those which we do not notice: the care of the Lord never ceases. Beza, in the civil wars of France, recorded six hundred deliverances from danger in less than two years. The Puritans, many of them, experienced singular escapes during the great troubles in our own country, and hence they wrote much concerning Providence. If certain of our luxurious sceptics could be tossed about a little, as those men were, they might begin to wish that they had a God to look to. At any rate, those who are able to live at ease in this world without God, have never yet excited in my mind the slightest desire to emulate them; for, whatever they may do, I cannot be happy except as I am conscious of the divine presence. I do not wish to be able to be an Atheist. A world without God may charm those beings who have been evolved from apes; but none of those to whom the Lord has given power to become the sons of God will ever desire to dwell in a dreary waste, from which their Father is banished.

The Broadmead Records.

THE ancient church at Broadmead has been brought into prominence in the minds of many by the recent meeting of the Baptist Union at Bristol. It happens to possess in the "Broadmead Records," which were published in 1847 by the Hanserd Knollys Society, a singularly interesting and unique picture of its formation, growth, and persecutions. The narrative is the work of one of its ruling elders, Mr. Edward Terrill, a schoolmaster, who was baptized and united to the church at the age of twenty-four, and from that time became identified with its labours and troubles, and wrought assiduously for its prosperity. By his marriage, in 1668, Mr. Terrill became possessed of considerable property, which he generously devoted to the defence of his suffering brethren, and at his death left it to be applied to the education of young men for the ministry, the seed-germ of Bristol College.

The narrative takes us through that fascinating period of English history—the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, a sufficiently unquiet period for the church whose ministers and members were continually being molested and thrown into prison, but all the more picturesque for the comfortable easy-chair reader of the present day. The Baptists were in advance of the times in their views concerning political and religious liberty. Hooker thus expresses in his own stately words their opinions, which he regards as "loose and licentious." "They held," he says, "that a Christian man's liberty is lost, and the soul which Christ hath redeemed unto himself injuriously drawn into servitude under the yoke of human power, if any law be now imposed besides the gospel of Christ, in obedience whereunto the Spirit of God, and not the constraint of men, is to lead us; according to that of the blessed apostle, '*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,*' and not such as live in thraldom to men. Their judgment is, therefore, that the church of Christ should admit of no lawmakers but the evangelists, no courts but presbyteries, no punishments but ecclesiastical censures." Could any praise be greater? And yet the words are spoken in blame, and the Baptists who cherished these noble ideas of religious liberty were subjected, in common with other "separatists," to constant pains and penalties for following the dictates of their own consciences in the worship of God.

The "first woman member in the congregation" of Baptists in Bristol was Mrs. Kelly, a widow "famous for piety and reformation." She kept a grocer's shop in High Street, "where she would keep open her shop on the time they call Christmas-day, and sit sewing in the shop as a witness for God in the midst of the city, in the face of the sun, and in the sight of all men." She was afterwards married to Mr. Hazzard, a Puritan minister, and continued her straightforward testimony for spiritual religion, incurring the wrath of the parish parson by "openly, in the presence of the congregation, going forth in the midst of his sermon, when she heard him assert that pictures and images might be used." This Bristol Jenny Geddes, after passing through much spiritual conflict on the subject of the duty of "separation from Babylon," at length made up her mind, and in 1640 "five persons, namely, Goodman Atkins, of Stapleton; Goodman Cole, a butcher, of Lawford's Gate;

Richard Moore, a farrier, in Wine Street; and Mr. Bacon, a young minister; with Mrs. Hazzard, at Mrs. Hazzard's house at the upper end of Broad Street, in Bristol, they met together and came to a holy resolution to separate from the worship of the world and times they lived in, and that they would go no more to it." Not long afterwards they received further light through the ministry of Mr. Canne, "a *baptized* man," who taught them the way of the Lord more perfectly, and showed them "the truth of believers' baptism, which had been for a long time buried, and their popish sprinkling brought in the room thereof;" and so the little company grew, and in two years numbered one hundred and sixty persons in membership.

In 1651 the church chose Mr. Ewins as pastor, who remained with them until his death in 1670. During "all the time of Oliver's reign," they had liberty to be in "the public places called churches," and Ewins preached at St. Nicolas and Christchurch; but at the Restoration in 1660, they were turned out of the churches, and took a hall towards the end of Broadmead, called the Friars, the site of the present Broadmead Chapel.

Then began a series of vexatious persecutions, vividly pictured by Mr. Terrill. Ewins was repeatedly imprisoned for preaching, and one of these incarcerations lasted a year. "Which long and tedious imprisonment so decayed our pastor, and his straining his voice in prison to preach, which he would every Lord's-day that the people that gathered together under the prison walls might hear, he being about four pair of stairs high from them, that when he came out of prison, after the first sermon he preached abroad, he fainted away, and declined continually, that it hastened his days."

The principle they adopted, and manfully carried out in those troublous times, was that their testimony for God could not be too active, nor their suffering for that testimony too passive. This was Christlike and irresistible, and of course they triumphed; but the steady daily heroism of such men, which has won for us the freedom we possess, is beyond all praise. They were harassed and molested continually; and we can scarcely credit that such a state of things as is vividly represented in the following quotation, could have existed no longer ago than the length of two long lives. "At our own meeting, to prevent spies that might come into our room as hearers—and yet that no strangers might be hindered from coming into our meeting, whether good or bad, to hear the gospel—we contrived a curtain to be hung in the meeting place, that did enclose as much room as above fifty might sit within it; and among those men he that preached should stand; that so, if any informer was privately in the room as a hearer, he might hear him that spake, but could not see him, and thereby not know him. And there were brethren without the curtain that would hinder any from going within the curtain that they did not know to be friends; and so let whoso would come into our meeting to hear, without the curtain. And when our company and time were come to begin the meeting we drew the curtain, and filled up the stairs with women and maids that sat in it, that the informers could not quickly run up. And when we had notice that the informers or officers were coming, we caused the minister to forbear and sit down. Then we drew back the

curtain laying the whole room open, that they might see us all. And so all the people began to sing a psalm, that at the beginning of the meeting we did always name what psalm we would sing, if the informers or the officers came in. Thus still when they came in we were singing, that they could not find any one preaching, but all singing, which means the Lord blessed, that many times when the mayor came they were all singing, that he knew not whom to take more than another. And so when the mayor, Hellier, or the other informers had taken our names, and done what they would, and carried away whom they pleased, and when they were gone down out of our rooms, then we ceased singing and drew the curtain again, and the minister would go on with the rest of his sermon until they came again—which sometimes they would thrice in one meeting disturb us—or until our time was expired."

There was a pleasing variety in the precautions adopted by the non-conformists meeting in the town. Thus we read, "Brother Gifford's people took this course. A company of tall brethren stand about him that speaks, and having near his feet made a trap door in the floor, when the informers come they let down the speaker into a room under."

The following scene of violence is full of unconscious humour, and shows us what metal brother Terrill was made of. "Upon the 14th day of March, being the Lord's-day following, the informers and officers were very rude, and used much violence. In the morning, before the meeting's exercise began, Hellier and his hair-lipped man, Thomas Eyre, came up into our meeting and sat down in a chair for a while, then departs to a constable, a barber that lived over against our meeting house, and brought the said constable with him; by which time we having began, and understanding of his again coming, we were singing when they came in. This Hellier commands us all, in the king's name, and by a warrant from the mayor, to depart: which the people not obeying, Hellier comes to brother Terrill, sitting within the inside of the table, and commands him, in the king's name, to depart, saying he was a ringleader. But brother Terrill sitting still, and singing with the rest, Hellier lays violent hands on him, taking him by the arm, and plucked very hard; but not being able to stir him from the place, he commands the constable to take him and bring him away: who, more gently, put his hand upon brother Terrill, being by Hellier commanded, and by him menaced. But brother Terrill not stirring, Hellier bids the constable to command any one at the table to assist him; but the constable said, 'Do you bring him, and I will assist you.' So they stood for a while, and the people kept singing. Then, by-and-by, three or four sergeants came to assist him. Hellier therefore commands one of them to bring away brother Terrill: so a third came and plucked him by the hand, and then by the clothes of his arm, but could not move him from his seat. Then the sergeant prayed and entreated him to depart and come with him, and took brother Terrill's hat off the table and put it on his head. But brother Terrill plucked it off again because they were still singing: and so the sergeant would put it on again, and brother Terrill would pluck it off. So three or four times they did. Thus having pretty well tired themselves, and not prevailing, being loth in themselves to use too much violence towards him, they left him, and took some names, and so departed." Satisfactory so far: but the

calm is not to continue long; and we shall see sister Ekly as difficult to deal with as brother Terrill. "In the afternoon of said day, Hellier, with his man, and four or five of the mayor's sergeants, and three or more from the bishop, came up into our meeting; which being thronged, though large, they with much ado got towards the midst of the people, where some grave women sat in chairs, whom Hellier and the sergeants pushed and hauled very rudely; especially sister Ekly, an ancient gentlewoman, they hauled to have her out of her chair, that they might go farther; but she keeping her seat, they stepped on a bench, and strode over a rail. First, Robert Edwards the sergeant, then Whiting, the bishop's man, a desperate fellow, who, as soon as he had got behind her, plucked old Mrs. Ekly's chair by the back; but she keeping her seat, he, striving much, heaved the chair, and so threw the gentlewoman out of it; and then, in much rage and great vehemency, threw the chair about three yards from him, and had there not been a rail, might have spoiled some of the women behind." It is gratifying to find at the close of the story of this day's work, that the assailants found the suppression of the Baptists a laborious business—"the bishop's sexton did sweat again, that he wiped his face with his handkerchief."

Towards the close of these intensely interesting records, we read—"On the 29th of November, 1685, *our pastor, brother Fownes, died in Gloucester Jail*, having been kept there for *two years and about nine months*, a prisoner, unjustly and maliciously, for the testimony of Jesus and preaching the gospel. He was a man of great learning, of a sound judgment, an able preacher, having great knowledge in divinity, law, physic, &c.; a bold, patient sufferer for the Lord Jesus and the gospel he preached."

And a little further on we read—"July 25th, 1686. We had a church meeting at sister Terrill's. We were in peace. A good day for the church after three years and five months' interruption of full assemblies; [referring to the continuance of this last persecution] partly occasioned by our violent persecutors, and partly by our own fears and backwardness. [Pathetic.] At this meeting the members were desired to bring in their contributions for the poor to the deacons, who complained of great neglect on that account. Some brethren that had not made good their places of late were sent to; and the church were desired to consider of some person to be chosen as ruling elder, in the place of brother Terrill, deceased." This is the only reference to Mr. Terrill's death. Latterly the faithful band had been driven out of their meeting-house, and obliged to meet in a wood, where brother Terrill had "caused a workman to make banks on the side of the hill to sit down on." In this wood or in the lanes they would yet meet to worship God sometimes to the number of a thousand, standing in the snow, and thankful if only they were left in peace.

We owe an enormous debt to those heroes. They have left us the great heritage of religious liberty. It would be a boon to the younger members of the denomination if the "Broadmeads Records," with Dr. Underhill's valuable introduction, could be republished in a cheap form. We thank God that the church which thus laboured, and did not faint, still lives and flourishes, and, under the faithful and powerful ministry of our brother Mr. Gange, is exercising a greater influence in Bristol than ever.

A Word for Ritualists.

IN the wonderful symbolical Temple at Jerusalem, every arrangement, each detail and ornament, even the dresses and colours used, had all distinctive and significant names, all leading up to and teaching the one great truth. Mediæval and modern sacerdotalists, in their invented travesties of symbolism, have made the most ludicrous mistakes, transparent to every antiquary, in drawing priestly inferences from objects which are so many protests against priestly pretensions.

After the invention of transubstantiation, the Church of Rome decreed that the spare wine, which the priest assumed to have converted into blood, should, after mass had been performed, be poured into the earth, and a little household utensil, called a *piscina*, a bowl with a pipe for waste *water*, was copied, and the name retained for a *blood*-receiver. It was also deemed necessary to make a distinction between the unconsecrated and the consecrated bread converted into "flesh," and a new article was introduced, and styled the "credence-table," the original of which was a butler's buffet, the Italian name for which was *credenza*.

The sacerdotal wardrobe does not contain a single article of sacerdotal significance. The Church officers for several centuries always appeared in church in the dresses they wore in common with their brethren outside of it; and such primitive costumes have only become distinctive to ministers by the people adopting newer fashions. Many of the first ministers followed rural occupations, and dressed in smock-frocks, to which the pet name was given of *casula mia*, "my little house," which in modern parlance is *chasuble;* the *pallium* was a woollen comforter, the "*surplice*" was an overcoat, the "*alb*" was a white shirt, often the only outward vest in Italy; and the "*dalmatica*" was a shirt with long sleeves, invented in Dalmatia. The black gown is an academical distinction; and it thus happens that ancient precedents condemn pretenders to sacerdotal power to appear in garments which label them as shams, and oblige them to play the sacerdotal game with the wrong toys.

Dean Stanley remarks that the Pope, in his dresses and acts, is a museum of protestations against papal pretensions. One of such cruel precedents obliges the Pope, on certain public occasions, to celebrate the communion on a board, which tradition declares to be the very one used by St. Peter. The question may be asked, why, if Peter was infallible, and thought a wooden table to be the right thing, his infallible successor should require all his priests to use copies of stone tombs and call them altars.

The strongest conceivable protest against the doctrine of transubstantiation is in the application of the term *mass* to the celebration of its rites. After the cessation of the periods of persecution, the church authorities admitted learners into the basilica to hear the services, and to remain until the time when the Lord's supper was to be partaken by the brethren; and then the presiding elder or bishop told the learners or pagans present to leave, ending the injunction with the word *missa*, the Latin for dismissal. The Roman plebeians, notorious for their propensity to slang, connected the word employed to send them away, before the communion service commenced, with the rite, and called it

the *missa*, or the "go" ceremony. It is difficult to imagine any other cause than a judicial blindness which could have led to designating such a rite as transubstantiation by the slang name of the *mass*, or dismissal rite.—*From "The Testimony of the Temple."*

Notices of Books.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, 41, Jewin Street, City, send us a parcel containing cards in great variety, suitable to all tastes. As works of art these are by far the best cards submitted to us this year. How can they possibly be excelled? If the Royal Academy itself should compete, would it do better? We have no retail prices sent, but the quotations seem to be very low for such first-class goods. *The Private or Autograph Cards*, upon which you can write your name, are delightful novelties, and strike us most. The Half-crown *Prize Competition Box of Christmas and New Year Cards* is a wonderful treasure for the money. *Cards by B. D. Sigmund* are simply perfect. The greatest masters of landscape cannot excel these sparkling bits of scenery. *Frederick Hines* produces certain trees and winter pieces, well worthy to be framed. We should have thought them worth a large sum of money, if we had not known that they are merely cards to be given away. *Designs by R. W. Fraser* are equally delightful. *Jean Dealy* excels in pictures of children: they are beautiful indeed. *Miss Maguire's* catties and doggies will win everybody's votes. *Ernest Wilson* produces some exquisite things: but his greatest novelty consists of views of London, North Wales, and the Lakes; these cards contain within them a little book of views. We cannot give more details, but friends who want thoroughly artistic works should ask to see the cards of Hildesheimer and Faulkner. Many stationers keep a cabinet of them on view.

T. Nelson and Sons. Chromo View Christmas Cards. These packets, illustrating Edinburgh, the Clyde, the West Highlands, and the English Lakes, are dainty mementos of happy visits. Admirably designed and excellently executed. Can chromo-lithography further go? Their delightful little book, entitled *Glad Tidings*, is another specimen of their art, and is altogether beyond criticism: we simply sit down and enjoy it, and wish every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* could do the same. Just the best of Christmas cards made into a book, by the help of well-selected poetry.

Castell Brothers, 6, *Paternoster Square*, go heartily into the card business, producing articles entirely of a religious character. Some of these we do not admire, but certain others are very excellent. We rejoice in the manifest desire to do good which appears in all the specimens sent to us. Their little book entitled *Heavenward*, printed in fifteen colours, and containing texts and poems for every day for a month, is worthy of special note. The sets of cards entitled *Snowdrift*, *Songs of Bethlehem*, *Wishes for Children*, *Joy Bells*, and *Cathedral Chimes*, are superior in taste and execution. Notable authors have contributed verses to these publications.

Mr. Mack, 28, *Paternoster Row*, sends us *Scroll Texts* at one shilling each, which we greatly admire; their size is 41 in. by 10 in., and they will be fine adornments for school-rooms and for Christmas-tide. The *Home-Truths* packet of much smaller scrolls is cheap, for it contains five for a shilling. From *Morn till Eve, by Cecilia Havergal*, is prettily got up, but the rhymes will not pass muster at all. They are after *the* Miss Havergal, and a dreadfully long way after. In *Motto Cards for the Year* Mr. Mack distinguishes himself. Churches and societies would do well to apply to him. *Cards to be written upon* are good. Ladies should send for specimens. *The Birthday Scripture Text-Book*, which originated with this house, is supplied by them in many varieties. In German cloth, at

is, it is very attractive. *King's Service Sunday-school Reward Tickets.* These are exceedingly beautiful, and at forty-eight for 6d. they will break nobody's bank. *Forget-me-Not* is a neat floral album, with spaces for autographs. We wish success to the *Book Society*, which we suppose is embodied in Mr. Mack. There is a measure of "go" in these publications which should secure them large acceptance with the public, especially at this season.

The Little Ones' Own Prize: being the Yearly Volume of the Little Ones' Own Coloured Picture Paper. Edited By Mrs. Elizabeth Day. Dean and Son.

What a volume for three shillings! This is for the tinies, and it is all bright with colour, and alight with fun. Mrs. Day, your work is charmingly done. Your volume should be in every nursery in Great Britain and America. We wonder how you can write so much and so deliciously.

The Quiver: an Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and General Reading. Vol. XXI. Cassell and Company.

This magazine supplies its constituency with the best literary fare. In art, in composition, and in religious tone it is superior to most periodicals, and second to few, if any. We always read it with extreme satisfaction.

Scripture Calendar (1887). *Daily Calendar. Proverbial Calendar.* Bemrose and Sons.

For many years one or other of these diaries has been hanging up in our study, and we have found it extremely handy. Cheap at a shilling.

The Herald of Mercy. Morgan and Scott.

Very good. Cannot be better. The very thing for distribution in its monthly form; and not less suitable for a present when bound up. Price one shilling.

The Queen: a Jubilee Narrative of Personal Incidents and Scenes in the Life of Queen Victoria. Partridge. 1d.

The forerunner of royal literature without end which is coming upon us like a flood. We shall feel the atmosphere charged with loyalty, and men will be Queen-struck through the summer heat of British sentiment. Our only hope is that the poor will have a festival, and the rich make the tables groan beneath the weight of their hospitality to their needy neighbours. A flow of liberality will be the best way of celebrating the jubilee of "the good Queen."

Thrilling Tales of Enterprise and Peril, Adventure and Heroism. By Dr. Macaulay. With Sixteen Illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

Rightly named. Dr. Macaulay knows right well what will thrill a fellow. "The Fate of Glenveih," or the story of an Irish landlord's driving out hundreds of tenants, is one of the most horrible things we have ever read; and the worst of it is, it is true. "Railway Trains seen in Collision," is another of those true tales which make one lie awake at night. Dr. Macaulay, what is to become of you if you go on at this rate? Your book is quite a big affair, and well worth the six shillings asked for it.

A Pocket Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge on a Thousand Subjects. By Henry Grey. Griffith & Farran.

Very well for what it is. Too small to be of any great use. An Encyclopædia for the pocket, price one shilling, reminds us of Goliath of Gath going through the eye of a needle, or a Cyclops dancing in a thimble. The idea is not to be entertained.

Short Biographies for the People. By various writers. Volume III. Religious Tract Society.

A third series of lives, well chosen, and well condensed. The memoirs of good men are lines of light by which we trace our own way through the darkness of our age. To hang out a lamp from his doorway was the duty of a London citizen in the olden time: in a godly life a man lights a lamp for his own and every succeeding age. The Society does service to us all by the issue of such histories. Wesley and Whitefield, Chrysostom and Alfred, Wilberforce and Howard, Morrison and Judson, Sidney and Lords Bacon and Shaftesbury are portrayed in these pages.

The Religious Tract Society's Cards for Christmas and the New Year are good and various. The Society does not go in for the very highest art and the most luxurious productions; and in this it is wise, for it can be no part of its business to compete in art. It supplies attractive Scriptural cards, good enough for anybody. *Gospel Signals* will be found admirable for all who dwell by the sea or have to do with ships, for the signal flags are here made to teach important lessons. Twelve for 6d. is cheap. *Christmas Bells* are first-rate, and so are the *New Year's Bells:* these are six in a packet for one shilling. The fashion of sending out cards has so many advantages about it that we trust it will never die out. We have too few of these cheerful prettinesses in English life. Opportunities for showing little courtesies are privileges to be valued. Like everything else, the custom can be used for foolishness; but as yet we have seen nothing which could call for censure. We even believe that a holy text, printed with artistic surroundings may commend itself to the careless heart and lead it to the fount of life.

St. Giles' Lectures. Sixth Series. The Church and the People. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

These lecturers in defending the Scotch Establishment say the best that can be said for their cause, but in our judgment it does not amount to much. Of course favoured persons will always argue for their privileges, and will feel their wits sharpened by the thought of losing them. We are a little amused at the picture of those wicked voluntaries persecuting the good established folk. It is horrible to contemplate! O dreadful Free Church radicals, what are you at? The poor dear establishment oppressed by brother Presbyterians! Let all humane persons hasten to the rescue! The piteous appeals of these lecturers ought to melt a heart of stone. Ours is not of stone, and therefore it is not affected.

We wish the ancient church of Scotland, by which we mean all the Presbyterian bodies, a visitation of grace enriching it with all covenant blessings: we do not consider union with the State to be one of these.

Songs of Earth and Heaven. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Hodder and Stoughton.

We must apologize for leaving these songs unnoticed so long; but somehow they escaped us. Mr. Newman Hall, "faithful among the faithless found," remains true to the gospel of our Lord Jesus. One may be always sure of him that he is keeping near the cross, and labouring to bring souls to Jesus. He has long been known as a writer of hymns and poems, and this volume will increase his reputation. His versified "Memories of a Palestine Journey" are exceedingly good. Many of the hymns for public and private worship will get into the selections, and increase the praise treasury of the church universal. Long may our friend and neighbour yet be spared to pour out his heart unto the Lord in the midst of his brethren!

The Offering of Christ finished upon the Cross. By C. H. Waller, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A forcible argument against the Ritualistic notion of a continual offering. Our author is strong, but gentle. Oh that all high-church clergymen would read this treatise: it would only cost sixpence, and might be worth to such readers a mountain of gold. As for the Ritualists, we bear them witness that they have a zeal of God; and if knowledge went with it they would be the hope of England.

Saint Augustine, Melancthon, Neander. Three Biographies. By Philip Schaff, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

Dr. Schaff is at home with each one of his three subjects. Upon Augustine he writes with appreciative discretion: he is a great subject, a thousand men in one. With Melancthon, whom he styles *Præceptor Germaniæ*, Dr. Schaff has evident sympathy; and as for Neander, he seems quite at home with him. It is odd to find these three sketched in one book: we wonder whether Dr. Schaff had any motive in joining together three worthies in three distant ages born. We have had much pleasure in looking through the three lives, and we believe that our pleasure will be increased by a second perusal. The price is 4s. 6d.

The Liturgy of John Knox, received by the Church of Scotland in 1564. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We value this as a curiosity, but we cannot say that in any other respect we set much store by it. It belongs to the infancy of the Protestant Church in Scotland, and has passed away as that church has outgrown the swaddling bands of its babyhood.

The "Book of Common Order" has often been called "John Knox's Liturgy," and within due limitations it is not inaccurately so denominated; but the term is apt to be misleading, and it needs to be added that the forms contained in it were not prescribed for constant and exclusive use, but were given in the way of a directory to ministers as to the conduct of the service. Though Knox had, undoubtedly, a hand in the preparation and sanction of this so-called Liturgy, Dr. Laing has unqualifiedly affirmed, "that in no instance do we find Knox himself using set forms of prayer." One can hardly imagine him praying by a book. The crass ignorance of his age probably compelled the preparation of this Directory to give hints to the illiterate. The book contains much else of weighty import.

William Tyndale. A Biography. By R. Demaus. Religious Tract Society.

This volume has obtained a very high repute, and, therefore, it is re-issued in an improved form. The portrait and facsimiles largely add to its value, and the exhaustive index is also a great gain. Great pains have been taken to produce the best possible edition. Tyndale is rising from the sepulchre of oblivion: truly there is a resurrection of characters as well as of bodies.

The Ignatian Epistles entirely Spurious. A Reply to the Right Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. By W. D. Killen, D.D. T. and T. Clark. Price 2s. 6d.

Controversy conducted in a fair and kind spirit. We do not care much about the question. No doubt much that has been attributed to Ignatius is upon the surface of it a clear imposture; and Dr. Killen is upon sure ground when he says that these epistles reveal a spirit of which no enlightened Christian can approve. If the tone and matter are not according to the mind of Christ, it is cruel to father such writings upon Ignatius.

Straight Paths for your Feet. By the Rev. Marcus Rainsford. Hodder and Stoughton.

Neat binding enclosing much sound theology. In brief papers Mr. Rainsford discusses the great articles of the faith, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. We do not think the style is so lively as to make the book widely popular; but those who can appreciate solid scriptural teaching will read with pleasure and profit.

The Testimony of the Temple to the Truth and Nature of Christianity. By "A Workman." Elliot Stock.

This *workman* needeth not to be ashamed. He is no mean artist in words and arguments. The pamphlet at 1s. 6d. contains much deep, original thought, and beats heavily, as with a battering ram, against the walls of Rome. We have made from this treatise an extract for our pages.

Scripture Readings for High and Public Schools. Education Department, Toronto.

Our Ontario friends have selected these readings from Scripture for use in the schools of the State, and the selection has been judiciously made. Without violation of religious liberty the Bible is thus read in the public schools; and why not? What is education without religion and morality? Where can those be so well learned as from the sacred Word?

A Handbook of Bible Difficulties; or, Reasonable Solutions of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scripture. Edited by Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. London: Elliot Stock.

Very well done. Those who have a complete apparatus for study will not require this Handbook, but to men whose shelves are almost bare it will supply a great lack. It is not possible that all these explanations should seem to us to be such as we should have given; but they are always helpful and instructive. Not at all a bad present for a minister. We recommend it as a capital New Year's gift to a needy pastor.

Little Miss Matty: a Tale of the Sea. By Mrs. George Cupples. Hodder and Stoughton.

If we were to judge by the frequent recurrence of stories on these lines—a dear, good little girl, motherless, Anglo-Indian, shipped to rich relatives in England, wrecked, rescued, unknown, adopted by an old sailor or fisherman on the coast of Devon or Cornwall—then we should be greatly distressed by the thought that very many dear little lambs are actually lost in this fashion every year. But we control our feelings; for if we may believe the story-tellers, each dear child becomes a messenger of mercy both afloat and ashore, and is rewarded by succeeding to wealth and the big house on the hill.

Bertha Pemberthy; or, the Gift that is in thee. By H. S. Groser. S. S. Union.

This precious child was not wrecked at sea, but cast away on shore at a fisherman's door, at Appledore. With this as a foundation, a very readable story is constructed, exhibiting much knowledge of the heart, good descriptive powers, and ability to interest and profit young people.

Wahefordbridge. A Story of Christian Service. By Benjamin Clarke. Sunday School Union.

Graceless novelists—and now and then a renegade or "candid friend"—have gloried in magnifying and thus caricaturing the weakness of the pastors and deacons of our "Little Bethels," as they derisively call our country chapels; but it is seldom that we meet with a book, in story form, which

> 'Speaks of them as they are, nothing extenuates,
> Nor sets down aught in malice.'

Here, however, we have a faithful portraiture of a country "cause" and its leading spirits, especially its wise and zealous pastor. With the art which conceals art, Mr. Clarke gives in every chapter of his story valuable hints, stimulus and encouragement to Christian workers, especially in the Sabbath-school; and seeks to provoke his readers to love and to good works. As a story, it is all that could be wished, and may help to remove the prejudices that some good "Church" folk have inherited as to their less favoured fellow-Christians.

The King's Army. By Annie Gray. Sunday School Union.

The same worthy object that the author of the previous story evidently had before him, namely, the quickening of interest in the spiritual welfare of the young, is present all through "The King's Army," to which we award equal commendation. Not a few spiritual difficulties and troubles of young converts are ably dealt with, as the story proceeds to its very unexpected and rather romantic termination.

Eyes to the Blind. By C. Birley. Hodder and Stoughton.

The title is illustrated by the ways and means adopted by the children of an Irish curate to alleviate the affliction of their protégé, a chorister boy who has lost his sight, and to help him to become the church organist. The book may please the children of dear old Mother Church; but much of it is too improbable for our less inventive minds.

Villegagnon: a Tale of the Huguenot Persecution. By W. H. G. Kingston. Sunday School Union.

With such a theme as the Huguenot persecution for such a pen as that of W. H. G. Kingston, it is no wonder that, when once we opened this book, we did not close it till we had read it through. To every boy or girl who has the opportunity, we say, "Go, and do thou likewise."

Young Sir Richard. By H. Frederick Charles. Religious Tract Society.

A well-told tale of a spoiled child, the only son of a baronet, who was so occupied with the affairs of the State that he neglected to look after his heir. Bereavement and trials bring out the true manhood of the "Young Sir Richard," and the story ends with the promise of a godly and useful career. There is much real gospel in the book, and although there are 464 pages in it, there is not a love story or a bit of match-making in it. Perhaps some people will not think this is a recommendation, but wiser people will.

Through the United States and Canada. By Rev. J. K. Campbell, D.D. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Those who have read Dr. Campbell's tour through Egypt and Palestine will be prepared to find this account of his Holiday Ramble through the States equally lively and instructive. The descriptions are graphic and true, while the record of his various experiences *en route* is written in a bright way. It is a handy little volume for anyone about to visit the Western continent.

The Child's Own Magazine. New Series. Sunday School Union.

The numbers of *The Child's Own Magazine* make up a pretty book, for the binding is most delightful. We do not know where *Mater-familias*, on the look-out for a Christmas-box for little Harry, or Amy, could get more for eighteenpence.

The United Methodist Free Churches Magazine. Edited by R. Abercrombie, M.A. Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square.

A magazine conducted with remarkable energy: a credit to the body which it represents.

The British and Colonial Temperance Congress. London, July, 1886. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

Wisely did the National League utilize the great gathering convened by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Many seed-thoughts fell from the various speakers which will, we doubt not, fructify in various ways. Fetch men from where you may, and with one voice they denounce strong drink as the enemy of their people. It is evil, only evil, and that continually. The sorrows caused by it are immeasurable. *And yet many Christian people countenance drinking customs.*

The Handy Natural History. By J. G. Wood. Religious Tract Society.

It will be no small advantage to the young naturalist to have such a book as this to begin upon. It will give him an outline of the animal world in all its departments, and then he can at leisure fill in the details from larger works. To stimulate the desire to know about God's living creatures is a good design, and Mr. Wood is above most men successful in this direction. This volume would make a fine Christmas present. With its wealth of illustrations, and general attractiveness, it will yield great pleasure to any person who becomes its possessor. Our readers who are not naturalists will bear with us if we say that they neglect one of the most fertile fields of study. We have a thousand times found our surest recreation in going to the ant or the bee, or in reading stories of lions or dogs. We prefer an hour of zoology to all the novels that were ever inflicted upon this much-enduring age. Fiction is the alcohol of the mind, but natural history yields draughts of pure water from fresh and sparkling fountains.

Young England. An Illustrated Magazine for Recreation and Instruction. *Young England* Office, 56 and 60, Old Bailey.

This juvenile serial is so largely made up of stories, that we cannot consider it the best kind of literature for youth. We do not quite see why the Sunday School Union should issue it. From ordinary publishers we should accept the book with thanks for its moral and religious tone; but from a Christian society we take it with less gratitude. It is not up to our ideal.

Our Four-Footed Friends. By Mary Howitt.

Stories and Pictures of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. By James Weston.

Our Picture-Book. By D. J. D. Partridge and Co.

Beautiful! Beautiful, without and within. Only two shillings each. We should not know which to choose if we were Master Tommy, and we should hope that papa would feel in the same difficulty, and would get out of it by buying all three. By such books children are taught kindness to all living things, and this lesson needs constant repetition. What cruel creatures boys are! We see them hunting cats in the street as if it were a sacred duty. As for a frog or a newt, what eagerness to crush it! There is an improvement, but there is yet sad need to rebuke the brutality of many men, and to prevent similar savagery being perpetrated by their sons.

Ingleside; or, Without Christ, and with him. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Hodder and Stoughton.

The author says that her object is "to prove from a series of scenes drawn from real life, the misery of those, whether rich or poor, who live without Christ, and the peace and comfort of those in whom the spirit of Christ dwells as the actuating principle of duty. The scenes were selected by the author from a number, either falling under her own observation, or narrated by friends who vouched for their truthfulness." Very remarkable and romantic some of these "scenes" are; and wrought into what we may term a "unified" story, the result is a delightful book. When we say that the writer is an American, the reader will "guess" that it is a live story. The get-up of the book bespeaks for it a welcome.

The Prince of the House of David. By the Rev. Professor J. H. Ingraham.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Strawberry Hill. By Clara Vance.

The Talbury Girls. By Clara Vance. [Four volumes of "The Ivy Series."] Hodder and Stoughton.

Cheap at two shillings each—perhaps the cheapest in the market. "The Prince of the House of David" has been very popular; but we question the propriety of turning the holiest of holy facts into fiction. The other three books need no remark, for they are old friends.

Frank Fielding; or, Debts and Difficulties. By Agnes Veitch. Hodder and Stoughton.

A well-intentioned story for young men: there are no boys nowadays, at least, so we have heard, or we should have said "for boys." The narrative lacks the style which would make it acceptable to the average male youth.

A Final Reckoning: a Tale of Bush Life in Australia. By G. A. Henty. Blackie and Son.

Mr. Henty is the king of story-tellers for boys. Here he is among blacks and bush-rangers, with his blood up, and all his wits at work. We suppose that there are fathers who will spend five shillings in giving Jack and Tom a real sensation of a book; but we certainly should not be among them. The boys would like the tale no doubt, and would want to sit up all night, and read every word of it upon the spot; but we do not feel so very sure that such reading would do them much good.

Two Little Rooks. By Louisa Silke. Religious Tract Society.

One of the prettiest of little story-books. It deserves to be the favourite of the season.

Gideon Hoole's Secret. A Story of Trial and Truth. By William J. Lacey. Sunday School Union.

To lads just leaving home to begin the battle of life this "Young England Prize Tale" may prove a blessing, by putting them on their guard against the wiles of vicious fellow employés, or by dispelling the illusions of those who are contemplating running away to sea to end a sea of troubles—jumping into the sea to escape from a shower.

Down the Snow Stairs; or, from Good-Night to Good-Morning. By Alice Corkran. Blackie and Son.

At first sight one is tempted to say, "Here is another of those wild fairy tales"; but, indeed, there is much more in this elegant volume. A girl is on the cover in gold, with a little black demon near her face: what can the book be about? It is filled with allegories setting forth the temptations of life as they come to children. We have a very pretty framework in the story of a sister and her sickly brother Johnny. The little lady's dreams form the bulk of the volume, and bring before us vivid pictures of a soul in its struggles after the true way of happiness. It is a singular book: its philosophy is deep and its imagination remarkable. We have read it with much interest. It would not have been easy to work in the spiritual facts which lie at the base of all high morality, and act as the stimulus of all struggling after better things; but as far as morals go, the teaching of Miss Corkran's book is first rate, and the tale which enshrines it is a notable one.

Phases of Christian Truth: Sermons. By A. J. Parry. Third Edition. London: John Barton, 11, St. George's Road, S.E.

We praised these sermons when we received the first edition, and we see no reason for altering our judgment. We like the vivacity of Mr. Parry. He burns and blazes with Welsh fire. Success to the third edition. The publisher's name will be new to most readers, but he is well known to us, and to many of our students. We hope his first venture will prove a happy one.

Preludes to the Reformation; or, From Dark to Day in Europe. Church History Series. By the Rev. Arthur Robert Pennington, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Many agencies were preparing the world for Luther's Reformation: he was as much the child of the reformation as he was the father of it. Canon Pennington traces the causes of the grand event, noting the decline of the power of the Pope, and the real results produced by what seemed to be unsuccessful attempts at reforming the church. The influence of the revival of learning is also mentioned, and the increased brightness of religious knowledge is dwelt upon. We do not think the book is as lively as it might be, but it is solidly good.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by Canon Spence and Joseph Exell. Hebrews. By Dr. Barmby, and others. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

We feel satisfied with Owen. Perhaps a commentary on the Hebrews is less required than on any other book of the Bible. We suppose it was necessary to issue an exposition of Hebrews to complete the Pulpit Commentary; but we do not think it was needful for any other reason.

The great fault of saying a thing over several times occurs in this, as in the previous volumes. The work is tolerably well done: nothing very remarkable, but fairly good. We do not vouch for all the doctrine, even in this case; but in some other of the New Testament volumes we see teaching to protest against. On the whole, this large commentary threatens to be buried under its own colossal bulk. The portly expositions will be useful to those who can get them; but guineas are scarce with ministers, and when they have one to spare they do not buy volumes which are in any measure padded with repetitions. We are sorry to have to say as much as this, for we heartily welcomed many of the earlier volumes; and even these, about which we feel no enthusiasm, are works of considerable ability, by no means to be dismissed with cold censure. The present comment is a gain to exegetical literature; but we do not think it takes the very highest rank. The price is 15s.

The Homes, Haunts, and Battlefields of the Covenanters. By A. B. Todd. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

Our author is not brilliant, but he is chatty, and knows how to make a good deal out of small incidents. We do not blame him for this, for in the stream of covenanting history every tiny pebble looks like a jewel. He looks up old houses and old stones, and dotes upon them. He is, moreover, a great lover of Church and State, and, as we judge, holds to the old-fashioned letter of covenanting as well as to the spirit of it. In this we have no union with him. The principle which maintains a national church led to the persecution of the Covenanters. The Lord Jesus is King of Scotland, and of every other nation; and we feel assured from all we know of his righteous rule that he would not exact forced support for a favoured sect, but would issue his mandate that his cause should be supported by the free gifts of his willing people. It is not Christ, but Cæsar, that establishes national churches. However, we do not quarrel with Mr. Todd for his peculiarities, for we like to see any man holding fast to that which he believes to be the word of the Lord. In these ill days we can do with a few more Covenanters, even of the oldest school. We heartily unite in doing honour to Scotland's heroic martyrs, and we thank our author for preserving their memories.

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears;
But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause.
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."

Notes.

THE *Sword and the Trowel* volume for 1886 will be ready in a few days. It makes a splendid book, and costs 5s. Friends who have preserved the monthly numbers can procure covers for 1s. 4d. each.

Our energetic advertising agents, Messrs. Hollings and Brock, of 22, Paternoster Row, wish us to call the special attention of our readers to the unusually large number of publishers' advertisements printed in the present issue of the magazine. There are many pages of announcements of new books, magazines, Christmas and New Year's Cards, &c., suitable for presents at the approaching festive season. We hope that these lists will be useful to our subscribers.

We give great labour and care to our review department, and we are glad that our pains are appreciated. One publisher, who recently sent a parcel of works for review, writes:—"Your kind notice last Christmas brought us many enquiries." The principals of another firm say:—"We value your reviews much, and are always sorry when we cannot earn your good word, as we know it is only given when in your judgment it is deserved; and we cannot say the same of all reviewers." This is the fact. We show neither favour nor prejudice, but give an unbiassed opinion of every book; and in the long run this ensures confidence.

In the October number of the magazine we mentioned that Dr. Wayland, of Philadelphia, had promised to write a notice of Mrs. Spurgeon's book for his paper, *The National Baptist*. We have only space for the closing paragraphs:—

"Mrs. Spurgeon has brought together in a beautiful volume a summary of her work in the Book Fund, under the title, 'Ten Years of my Life.' The title is fitly chosen; it is and has been *her life:* she has put her very soul into it. Mr. Spurgeon, in his brief preface, says: 'The work has cost her more pain than it would be fitting to reveal.' It has drawn on her sympathies, and nerves, and heart. But she joyfully records that it has been a source of comfort and happiness.

"No one can read 'Ten Years of my Life' without having a quickened sense of the blessing God is ready to bestow upon the believing, self-sacrificing efforts of one of his children, who, in bodily feebleness, not awaiting to form a vast organization, just sets out to do what God wants done.

"It is a beautiful, touching, moving, inspiring story. We wish it might be read by thousands in this land."

Mrs. Spurgeon's book can still be had.

In the census of public worship in London, the numbers at the Tabernacle, on Sunday, October 24, are reported as 4,519 in the morning, and 6,070 in the evening. The difference between the attendances is accounted for by the fact that, Mr. Spurgeon having been ill, it was not expected that he would preach, and the notice of his doing so was omitted from leading daily papers. Those who came supposed that the usual preacher would be absent. As soon as the public knew that he was preaching, they filled the house. The congregations during the past year have been crowded as much in the morning as in the evening, perhaps more so. The number given for the evening in the late census may serve as the correct estimate for each service as a rule.

The census has been taken for the first number of *The British Weekly*. We welcome the advent of this new penny paper, and wish it large success.

When these "Notes" are printed, the Editor hopes to be in the sunny South, resting, and gathering strength and material for future service. Mentone will be veiled in sorrowful shade for us this season, for, in common with all Christian visitors, we shall greatly miss the warm welcome which Mrs. DUDGEON has so often shown at the Villa les Grottes. Towards the end of October, after a few days' illness, her spirit took flight to the land which is more than sunny. She leaves us here to mourn a great loss, which can scarcely be repaired. Many times have we shared her generous hospitality, and often have we met at her house ecclesiastical dignitaries, and ministers and members of other Christian communities, with whom we have held sweet counsel. The poor as well as the rich will sadly miss the gentle hand that so often ministered to their necessities. Many a poor pastor and collector for philanthropic objects will mourn her loss; though, doubtless, her beloved daughter, when she has had time to recover from the shock of her sudden and severe bereavement, will do all that she can to fill her mother's place.

The death of Mr. R. C. SERPELL, o Plymouth, who died suddenly while advocating peace in the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, is another heavy blow for us and our work. He arranged to meet us at the Pastors' College, on the Friday, but felt too unwell to travel, and on the Monday he passed away. He seems to have aided every good cause which came in his way. Everybody will miss him, not only for his gifts, but for his counsel and his hearty word. We are losing invaluable helpers; who will fill their places?

Friends are requested *not* to write to Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone; and if they do so, and receive no answer, they must not consider him to be discourteous. The great burden of life to a public man lies mainly in correspondence; and if this must be

continued, rest is impossible. A certain order of begging-letter writers count it a fine notion to write to a man when he is supposed to be resting; they may as well save themselves their labour in this instance.

We hope to write a few lines week by week to our friends, and these will be found at the end of the weekly sermon, which at the close of the year will have reached No. 1,936.

AGGRESSIVE WORK.—To provide for the needs of our ever-growing London I am building a mission-hall in *Surrey Square*, Old Kent Road; and also another at *Thornton Heath*, near Croydon. For these two places I have already asked aid of the Lord's stewards, but I shall soon be pressingly in want of money to pay the builders. About £300 would clear one of them, and £400 the other. I have no shadow of personal interest to serve, but only desire to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. This is one of the best means of providing employment for people out of work; but, better still, it is opening wells from which the gospel will flow forth when we are dead and gone. Will friends mark this paragraph, and gladden us by their aid?

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 25, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in conjunction with the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, at which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided. Mr. Millican reported cases of the usefulness of the Pastor's sermons left from house to house during the past year, and appealed for an increased number of distributors, as 30 out of the 104 districts were unvisited. Mr. Harrald reported the expenditure of about £21 for 5,800 sermons, tract-covers, &c., which had all been met by donations, collecting-cards, &c. After prayers for a blessing upon the work had been offered, the Pastor pressed home upon all present the responsibility of filling the gaps in the distributors' ranks at once; and his words were so effectual that 20 volunteers enrolled themselves at the close of the meeting, and the full number needed has since been secured. This useful Society deserves to be well supported, for it not only supplies 4,000 families weekly with the Pastor's sermons, but it also gives occasional financial help in cases of dire poverty and sickness. Up to the doors of the Tabernacle the flood of black poverty and sin is rolling, and we shall be glad of every possible aid in the work of relieving distress, and removing ignorance. Our church is not able single-handed to cope with the evil.

At the same meeting, Miss Compston, who was about to sail for India, asked the prayers of the church for Zenana work. The Tabernacle Sunday-school collects £25 a year for this branch of foreign missions, and Miss Compston is the representative of the school in that important field of service. Let us pray for her.

On *Monday evening, Nov.* 1, among the special requests for prayer was one by Mr. A. G. Barley, who is leaving the College to become pastor of the church at Gosport, in the place of Mr. Compton. Pastor A. A. Saville, of Carlisle, excited much interest and sympathy by his account of the difficulties that had been overcome in seeking to establish a Baptist church in that northern city. This earnest brother deserves to be encouraged by generous help for the school-chapel which he hopes to erect. Never has any young man displayed greater perseverance under difficulty.

Sunday, Nov. 7. The number to be received into church fellowship on this day was no less than seventy. Praise the Lord!

On *Monday evening, Nov.* 8, the ministers and members of the neighbouring Baptist churches met at the Tabernacle for the annual UNITED PRAYER MEETING AND COMMUNION SERVICE in connection with the LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. This being the last Monday evening on which the senior Pastor would be present before his departure for Mentone, arrangements were made for the attendance of the students and orphans. It was a grand gathering, and, best of all, the Lord was there.

Sunday, Nov. 14.—The Pastor having observed that the Weekly Offering was some £250 in arrears, he requested the friends to consider whether it would not be wise to make up the lost ground by taking two collections. The friends not only considered the work, but did it; and the doxology was sung in the deacons' room when the whole sum had been brought in. Thanks to a loving and liberal people, nothing goes back.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. A. G. Barley, at Gosport; Mr. G. Davies, at Romney-street, Westminster; Mr. D. J. Hiley, at Merthyr Tydvil; and Mr. R. J. Williamson, at Studley, Warwickshire. Mr. J. Davies has also taken charge of the church at Burnt Ash Chapel, Lee, but he will still continue in the College.

Mr. J. D. Gilmore, who came to us from New Zealand, about a year ago, has been obliged to return to the more genial climate on the other side of the globe. We have been very sorry to part with him, for he is a brother concerning whom we have bright hopes; but our fogs and frosts would soon have killed him, so we judged that he had better go where he could live and labour for his Lord. We cordially commend him to the churches at the Antipodes.

Mr. J. Easter has removed from East Dereham to Ashton-on-Ribble; Mr. R. Ensoll, from Attorcliffe to Burnley; Mr. J. Smith, late of Cloughfold, is going to Henley-on-Thames; Mr. J. Hollinshead is leaving Ringstead for Macclesfield; and Mr. F. G. Kemp is removing from Bovingdon to Scarisbrick Street Chapel, Wigan.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor G. Wainwright has sent us the following interesting report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Manchester:—

"The two Evangelists came here on October 2, and continued until the end of the month. For the first week they were in Mr. O'Hanlon's Ragged School, in Ancoats, one of the low parts of Manchester.

"Large congregations gathered every night, composed of a different class of persons from those the Evangelists usually address; but Mr. Smith's happy face, his silver cornet, his sacred solos, and his well-told stories, illustrative of gospel truth, gained their attention, and prepared them to listen to Mr. Fullerton's earnest and effective appeals. As the result of the week's work, many sought and found the Saviour, and the friends who worked in the school have been much cheered. Mr. O'Hanlon has since expressed his delight with the two brethren, and his high appreciation of their work.

"On October 9, they began a week's services in Coupland Street Baptist Chapel. The building surprised and delighted both Evangelists. Though they had read my article in *The Sword and the Trowel*, they were not prepared to find premises so handsome, so capacious, so well-furnished, and, withal, so admirably situated for work. Surely, the same God who mysteriously prepared us for the building, had provided the building for us. The congregations were large, and increased the whole week through. A number of efficient and earnest workers were busy every night pointing anxious souls to the Saviour. During the five nights, from Sunday to Thursday, 109 names were taken; and of these we are the more hopeful, because their decision is not the result of mere feeling. Mr. Fullerton's addresses are not aimed so much at the emotions as at the judgment and the conscience; hence the results are likely to be more abiding. Among the enquirers are some of the children of our own deacons, many scholars in the school, and others well known in the congregation.

"'These meetings are doing as much for the church as they are for the unconverted'; so said one of our members the other day; and we all feel the same.

"Through Mr. Smith's admirable addresses the young people have had their portion, and not a few of them are now trusting the Saviour. The people of the neighbourhood have been aroused, and many of them are likely to remain as permanent members of the congregation. As for ourselves, we can only repeat *our* text, 'This is the Lord's doing.' Little did we think that so much was in store for us when, at the beginning of the year, we painfully contended against that worldliness which the Baptist Union at Bristol has so vigorously denounced. 'The good hand of our God,' which was upon us then, sustaining us in a season of sore trouble, and opening for us a way in our difficulty, has now guided our two brethren here, and through them has given us cause for deeper gratitude and heartier praise.

"Of the larger work in the city, which began on Oct. 16, it is too soon yet to speak. With the help of my friend, Mr. MacGill, I have got together a large and influential committee of Christian gentlemen. At *every* service so far God has given us a number of souls. 'There is the sound of abundance of rain.' I will write you again when the blessing *promised* and *expected* has come."

During the latter part of November the Evangelists have been at Cheltenham. They will spend a short time in that neighbourhood after their mission is finished. Friends who wish for their services should meet them at Cheltenham.

Pastor I. O. Stalberg writes concerning *Mr. Harmer's* visit to Faringdon:—"The eight days Mr. Harmer was with us were times of real blessing; the memory of his visit will ever be fragrant. I hope he will come again. The shower that has fallen upon us has also refreshed the Congregational church in this town."

Mr. Harmer has since conducted missions at Newbury and at West Croydon, where the services were under the auspices of the Young Christians' Association in connection with Pastor J. A. Spurgeon's church. This month Mr. Harmer is to be at Sloane Square Chapel, Chelsea, and at Orpington.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Tuesday evening, Nov.* 2, the collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage, under the presidency of the President. Our friends mustered in good numbers, and after tea were entertained by an exhibition of the boys' athletic exercises. The evening was mainly occupied by the singing, bell-ringing, recitations, and speeches of the orphans, interspersed with short addresses by the President, and Messrs. Charlesworth and Harrald. The total brought in on the day, or sent by post by collectors unable to be present, was over £250. Very good.

To all helpers, donors, and collectors we send our heartiest thanks, and our gratitude is increased by a lively sense of favours to come. It is a joy to us to meet, year after year, many of the same earnest workers on behalf of the Orphanage. Their consecrated perseverance greatly encourages us. Who will join the happy band? Collecting-books and boxes will be gladly sent by the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

The Northern tour of Mr. Charlesworth and his choir realized over £200, of which Burnley contributed nearly one-half. May every donor have a hundred-fold return from the Father of the fatherless! During the past month the Eastern counties have again been visited, and meetings have also been held in a number of London and suburban chapels and halls. Early in December the singers and ringers start for the South of England, where they are to visit

Winchester, Salisbury, Southampton, Portsmouth, Southsea, Gosport, Romsey, Lymington, Bournemouth, Poole, Wimborne, and Weymouth. All kindness shown to the orphans will be heartily appreciated by the President, who invokes the best of blessings upon the thousands of friends in various parts of the country who have helped him to care for the large family at Stockwell.

☞ PLEASE NOTE. *Christmas is coming.* The orphans at Stockwell want him to come their way. Kind hearts will please recollect that plum-puddings and all sorts of good things are enjoyed by boys and girls; and that there will be no great difficulty in consuming quite a lot where there are 500 mouths of children, besides matrons and teachers. Send moneys at once to Mr. Spurgeon, or goods to Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following touching letter has been received from a brother minister:— "November 5, 1886.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Yesterday week, there was a collision between two steamships, off Gravesend, and six lives were lost. One of those who perished was the son of worthy members of my congregation. The last Sunday night he spent on earth (October 24), he was at the Tabernacle, and your word greatly affected him. His parents are anxious you should be made acquainted with the facts, and permit me to quote from their son's letter, which reached them only a few hours before his death.

"'I went at night to hear Spurgeon. An excellent sermon; I thought specially for me. He took his text from 2 Peter iii. 15, "And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation." If it is published, read it, and keep it for me, and notice where he speaks directly to me as the young man brought up by a God-fearing father and mother, and yet going astray, and yet from a bed of sickness spared, showing that God is longsuffering, and THAT from a desire for my salvation.

"'While he was preaching I felt as if I was the only one in that great audience he was speaking to; and was driven to pray that I might yet see this longsuffering of his to be my salvation. I never was so touched with a sermon in my life. There in that audience of over 6,000, you could hear a pin drop, and see wet eyes. In fact, I could not restrain my tears, so exactly did he specify me.'

"You can imagine how thankful the parents are for the kind Providence which guided their son, and prompted your message."

Mr. Hübert, of Kristiania, has just issued the first volume of our sermons in the *Norwegian* language. This undertaking has involved considerable outlay, but it is hoped that the circulation of the books in Norway, Denmark, and other parts where they can be read, will bring spiritual profit to many, and so repay the translator. Perhaps some of our friends may know of sailors or travellers who would be glad to possess these foreign versions for their own use, or for distribution.

A member of the Tabernacle church, who adopts a very ingenious method of distributing tracts, thus describes his work:—

"In the month of March, last year, the co-pastor, in a Thursday-evening's sermon, urged his hearers to increased diligence in the Lord's work, and remarked—'Some of you distribute *tracts*—cannot you distribute *more tracts?*' I thought to myself, '*I* distribute a few tracts occasionally, but I certainly *could* distribute *more* of them,' and on the following day I began to be more diligent, the result being that from March to the end of December, 1885, I carefully distributed 3,300 tracts, of which 2,400 were 'Extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons,' published by the Religious Tract Society, and the distribution was accompanied with many prayers and earnest efforts to benefit the souls of the recipients.

"During the past nine months of the present year I have carefully distributed, one by one, 20,832 tracts, of which 15,000 were the 'Extracts from Sermons' above referred to; 5,300 of 'Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts,' published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and a few hundreds of 'Extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons,' published at Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, and by Partridge, Paternoster Row.

"On Sabbath mornings, from eight to eleven o'clock, on my way to the Tabernacle—a walk of three miles—I distribute from 300 to 600 tracts, and hold conversations, according as the weather is favourable or otherwise. About one-half of the tracts are deposited in letter-boxes. On week-days, my busiest time for tract-distribution in letter-boxes, and to workmen on their way to their employment, is from 5 to 7 a.m. in summer, and 6 to 7 a.m. in winter, every week-day of the year. Not more than about 2 to 3 per cent. of the persons to whom I address the question, 'Will you accept an extract from one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and read it *very* carefully?' refuse compliance; often, indeed, I observe the countenance to brighten up, and the eyes to glisten at the offer, and I believe that God will bless the tracts to many households."

The widow of a late commander in the Royal Navy writes:—"My dear husband loved the doctrines of grace, and re-preached your sermons every Sunday on board during his last commission. Any quantity that I sent were eagerly received by the sailors."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 28, twenty-two; November 4, twenty-seven; November 11, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. G. Hailstone	0	10	6
Mr. W. Fowler	50	0	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	5	0	0
Mr S. R. Turner	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	0	15	0
Miss Woods	1	1	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	4	4	0
Mr. J. Campbell	2	0	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	1	0	0
A servant, Hoddesdon	1	0	0
Collection at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth-road, per Pastor E. Henderson	4	10	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. Thomson Renton	100	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Miss Harrison	0	5	0
A friend, per Miss Harrison	0	5	0
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	6
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
A friend	75	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Sheldrake	1	1	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
October 17	40	0	0
,, 24	40	0	0
,, 31	33	0	0
November 7	52	2	3
	165	2	3
	£481	1	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hargreaves	0	5	0
Miss O. Buckingham	0	3	6
Mr. C. J. Payne	0	1	6
Miss Jones	0	2	0
Orphan boys' card, R. H. Trolley	0	17	0
Collected by Mrs. Butler	1	7	0
Collected by Miss H. Eustace	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore, per H. B. S.	0	13	6
Mr. Edwin Reynolds	0	2	6
Cash in box at Orphanage gates	1	8	8
Mr. William Mannington, per Mr. Charlesworth	10	0	0
Mrs. Crawley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Barker	0	10	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	6	6
Mr. William Livingstone	20	0	0
Mr. Charles Goodyear	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Wilkinson	0	7	7
Collected by Miss Cressell	0	2	11
Collected by Miss Alice L. Boyd	0	7	7
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone	1	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Martin	0	5	6
Postal order, Camberwell Green, H.	0	10	0
Per Mr. James Dougall:—			
Miss Turnbull — 0 10 0			
Mr. Willis — 0 10 0			
Mr. James Dougall — 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Cornell	0	5	0
"X"	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff	0	17	0
Collected by Miss E. Moses	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. Holmes	1	7	4
Collected by Miss E. Botting	1	11	3
Collected by Miss Battam	0	18	11
Collected by Miss E. Bubb	0	11	0
Collected by Miss A. Green	0	9	0
Collected by Miss Robinson	0	15	0
Collected by Master C. Merrick	0	9	4
Collected by Miss A. Jeffrey	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Felgate	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	14	6
Collected by Mrs. A. Keeble	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Brake	0	7	1
Collected by Miss A. M. Ekins	0	12	7
Collected by Mrs. Robin	0	12	0
Collected by Master A. E. Palmer	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	3
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. C. M. Stevenson	0	5	0
Collected by Miss F. Mutlow	0	14	6
Collected by Miss A. M. Wheeler	1	0	0
Miss Clara Oakley	0	2	6
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	11	5
Collected by Miss M. J. Cox	0	7	6
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	11	6
Collected by Miss E. Edwards	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. Henry Teverson	0	18	0
Collected by Miss Little	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. W. F. Masters	5	5	0
Collected by Miss N. Wratten	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Kellie	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Brister, Port Elizabeth, per H. B. S.	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. E. Mitchell	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Spencer	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	3	0
Collected by Mr. Richard Kendall	0	7	4
Collected by Mr. J. Lewis	0	5	3
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher	0	6	0
Collected by Miss A. A. Lennard	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. D. Miller	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Day	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Hayden	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Beckett	0	13	3
Collected by Mr. Jas. Dougall	0	2	2
Collected by Mrs. Spender	0	12	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
J. L.	3	0	0
Mr. A. Wright	0	5	0
Miss J. Todd	0	2	8
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Miss Farley	1	0	0
Grangemouth Y. M. F. meeting	0	5	0
Mr. J. Braithwaite	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Mrs. Andrews	20	0	0
Proceeds of "Lines upon the Queen's Jubilee," by Mr. Joseph Gwyer	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss L. R. Phillips	1	0	0
Postal order from Coventry	0	10	0
Stamps	0	2	6
G. S.	0	1	6
Mr. S. R. Turner	2	0	0
S. C.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	1	1	1
Mr. F. Holden	0	10	0
Mr. W. Salmond	10	0	0
Mr. R. Salmond	5	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. Mills	0	10	3
Mrs. Pentelow	0	5	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
E. E.	1	4	0
Mr. A. Shaw and friends	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson	10	10	0
Mr. J. Hole	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Sale of rings, per Mr. Dunning	5	0	0
T. S.	0	2	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Yeatman:—			
Mr. Mounsey 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Allmond 0 2 6			
Mrs. Davis 0 5 0			
Mrs. Marsden 0 5 0			
Miss Mercer 0 1 6			
Mr. Mercer 0 2 6			
Mrs. Elphick 0 2 6			
Miss Cruikshank 0 5 0			
Mrs. Strawbridge 0 5 0			
Miss Horsnell 0 10 6			
Mr. Horsnell 0 10 0			
Mrs. and Miss Horton 1 5 0			
Mrs. Watkins 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bishop 0 5 0			
Mrs. Patterson 0 4 0			
Mr. Waddy 0 2 0			
Mr. W. Bungay 0 2 0			
Mrs. Kerr 0 3 0			
Mr. T. Barnes 0 2 6			
Mr. J. Gillard 1 0 0			
Mr. Y. and family 0 12 0			
	7	0	0
A thankoffering from a friend	2	0	0
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
M. S., a tenth	0	7	0
Miss Pakeman	0	10	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Jas. Simpson	1	0	0
Collected by Miss K. Pearce	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. John Pelton, J.P. 5 0 0			
Mr. J. W. Hobbs 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. W. Hobbs 1 1 0			
The Hon. Mrs. Trotter (the late) 2 0 0			
Mr. Alderman Haggis 1 1 0			
Mrs. A. H. Haggis 1 1 0			
Mr. Graves 0 2 6			
	12	7	6
Collected by Mrs. F. Norris	6	13	0
Collected by Miss Mead	6	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. S. Puttock	1	13	6
L. E. P.	1	0	0
Rev. Chas. Williams	0	10	0
A widow and her daughter, Huntly, less 8d. paid for registration	0	9	4
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mrs. Gaily, per Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0
E. B.	1	0	0
S. V.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
J. J. and E. S., in gratitude	10	0	0
Mr. John Aldington	0	4	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	5	0
A friend in Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Vergette	1	0	0
Dr. George Saunders	1	0	0
Mrs. Hickman	1	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
Rev. T. G. Mosscrop	0	2	6
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Latham	0	10	6
Mrs. Downs	5	0	0
Miss M. Walters	2	0	0
Agricola	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Newbold	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Halsey, St. Albans 0 10 6			
Mr. W. W. Thompson 1 1 0			
Messrs. Fitch and Son 1 1 0			
Messrs. Pocock Brothers 2 2 0			
Mr. Smith, Torquay 1 1 0			
Mrs. John Aukland 1 1 0			
Donations:—			
Mr. J. Babister 0 1 0			
E. M. 1 0 0			
Mrs. Raine 0 2 6			
Mrs. Wiseman 0 10 6			
F. C. 0 5 0			
	8	15	6
Collected by Mr. O. Friston	1	18	0
Collected by Miss E. Moore	0	5	2
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Livett	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Charles D. Judd	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Lockwood	1	10	0
Found in the toe of a sock, per Mr. Charlesworth	0	10	0
"Ebenezer"	5	0	0
An aged orphan	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, The Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	16	6
Collected by Mr. Morgan	0	14	3
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	1	0	0
Miss Loight	0	5	0
Mrs. W. R. Best	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. A. Aekland	0	7	6
Mr. J. Smith	0	2	6
H. R., Colchester	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Price	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cowan	1	1	0
Mr. William Smith	5	0	0
Florrie Woods	1	1	6
Joey Woods	1	0	0
Louie Woods	0	19	0
Gertrude A. Woods	0	12	0
Norman C. Woods	0	10	0
Mrs. Chinery	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Nelson	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. van Riin	4	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
A saved sinner	0	1	3
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
Miss Butterworth	5	0	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Mrs. Kinghorne	5	0	0
Mr. J. Morrison	1	0	0
Mr. R. Purser	1	1	0
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible-class	5	0	0
West Calder Free Church Sabbath scholars	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. J. Ramsay	0	7	6
J. G. J.	5	0	0
Mrs. Field and a friend, per Mr. J. Gwyer	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. C. Cornell :—			
Mr. W. Anderson 7 5 0			
Three microscopes 0 3 0			
	7	8	0
Mrs. W. A. Forbes, per Miss Newman	2	0	0
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0
Stamps from Manchester	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Watson	0	10	0
Mrs. Arres-Mather	1	10	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0
Collected by Master Arkley	0	7	8
A friend	75	0	0
Collected by Miss F. A. Pickworth ...	1	17	9
A servant	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Pool	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	2	6
A friend	0	10	0
Miss E. C. Clutterbuck	0	5	0
Mrs. Clarke	0	15	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Caleb Angus Windeatt	100	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
East Dereham	8	17	6
Brixton Hall :—			
Tickets and programmes... 10 9 6			
Mr. J. Stiff 5 0 0			
Mr. J. Passmore, jun. ... 1 0 0			
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce 2 2 0			
Mr. J. Sturme 0 2 0			
Mr. C. A. Stein 1 1 0			
Miss Webber-Smith ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. S. Humphrey ... 1 1 0			
Mr. W. Thompson ... 0 1 0			
Anon 1 0 0			
Per Pastor J. T. Swift:—			
Mr. J. Passmore 1 1 0			
Mr. Higgs 1 1 0			
Miss Webber Smith ... 1 1 0			
Miss Webber 1 1 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Harris ... 1 1 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Wade ... 1 1 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Swift ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Bradley... ... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Bishop 0 5 0			
A lady 0 2 0			
	31	0	6
Colne	12	6	8
Preston 21 18 6			
Donation, per Barter ... 0 10 0			
	22	8	6
Leamington	22	5	0
Coventry 25 14 3			
Mr. J. Maycock 1 1 0			
Miss Barber... ... ... 0 10 0			
	27	5	3
Stoke Newington, programmes	1	6	4
Collection at Blackpool, per Mr. John Taylor	3	9	9
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild ...	2	2	0
Miss M. Guns	1	0	0
Mrs. Browne	0	5	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Master Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Charlier 0 5 0			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	7	6
Mr. Jas. Ward, Jun.	0	5	0
Mr. F. Howard	2	2	0
Mr. G. Gray	1	1	0
Mrs. Wild	0	10	0
Mrs. Barry	1	1	0
Mrs. Jackman	0	15	0
Mrs. Tutt	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Quarterly Subscriptions :—			
Miss Hall	0	10	0
Miss A. S. Muir	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. H. L. Reynolds	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Received at Collectors' Meeting, Nov. 2, 1886—			
Given to Mr. Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. Hewkley 10 0 0			
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon ... 5 0 0			
Mr. T. H. Olney 5 0 0			
Mr. Jas. Hall 5 0 0			
The Misses Wigney, Walker and Burton 3 0 0			
Mrs. F—— 1 0 0			
A friend 1 0 0			
Mr. Griffith 0 10 0			
Mr. Aukland 0 10 0			
	31	0	0
Collecting Boxes :—			
Allen, Miss 1 6 2			
Austin, Miss L. 0 12 9			
Allison's, Mrs., Bible-class 0 12 4			
Armstrong, Miss Edith ... 0 3 0			
Attikin, Mrs. 0 2 6			
Akast, Masters F. & W. ... 0 2 2			
Buswell, Mrs. 2 4 6			
Burton, Mrs. W. 1 1 9			
Bruin, Miss 1 1 6			
Barnden, Mrs. 0 17 3			
Butler, Mrs.... ... ... 0 13 11			
Barber, Miss 0 11 2			
Brewer, Misses A. and L. 0 10 9			
Baber, Mr. and Mrs. ... 0 10 0			
Brice, Misses F. and G. ... 0 8 6			
Brice, Master W. R. ... 0 6 8			
Brook, Miss 0 6 5			
Brice, Master G. 0 6 0			
Beavis, Master G. 0 5 9			
Booth, Mr. W. J. 0 5 6			
Biddell, Miss 0 2 2			
Biddell, Miss D. 0 1 3			
Cooke, Miss A. 0 17 9			
Conquest, Mrs. 0 10 6			
Cane, Mr. 0 10 2			
Combs, Mr. 0 10 0			
Cook, Mrs. A. M. 0 9 7			
Carpenter, Miss 0 5 0			
Curtis, Master P. W. ... 0 2 7			
Chard, Mr. T. P. 0 2 6			
Cox, Master J. 0 2 2			
Cranch, Master B.... ... 0 1 11			
Cranch, Master R.... ... 0 1 9			
Cox, Miss A. 0 1 9			
Child, Master D. 0 1 6			
Charlton, Miss F. 0 1 3			
Child, Miss E. 0 1 1			
Child, Miss S. 0 1 1			
Davis, Miss 0 15 2			
Descroix, Miss 0 15 0			
Dalton, Mr. 0 8 6			
Dorin, Miss Daisy 0 6 6			
Dale, Misses S. and E. ... 0 5 9			
Druce, Mrs. 0 4 9			
Davis, Miss K. 0 3 1			
Debenham, Master ... 0 1 0			
Everett, Misses 0 10 3			
Eyles, Misses L. and A. ... 0 4 5			
Emery, Miss 0 3 6			
Ellerington, Mrs. 0 2 0			
Evans, Miss Lucy 0 1 4			
Farmer, Miss 0 12 0			
Frisby, Misses 0 8 3			
Finnis, Miss D. 0 7 2			
Frisby, Master T. 0 4 10			
Fuller, Miss... ... ... 0 4 0			

	£	s.	d.
Field, Mrs.	0	3	10
Fern, Master C.	0	3	3
Fairhead, Master Harry ...	0	2	8
Fowler, Miss E.	0	2	7
Fitness, Miss M. A. ...	0	1	6
Fitness, Miss A.	0	0	11
Greenop, Miss	1	2	5
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	14	9
Grant, Miss	0	10	2
Gray, Mrs.	0	7	2
Higgs, Miss	8	9	7
Hawgood, Miss	1	6	0
Hoyles, Master (Penny Collection at Sunday Dinner Table)	0	13	0
Hayler, Mrs.	0	8	3
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	7	10
Hutchings, Mrs.	0	3	6
Holland, Master P. ...	0	3	2
Ivimey, Miss (Mothers' Meeting)	0	15	0
Johns, Miss E.	0	1	8
Knight, Mr.	0	12	11
Kennedy, Master L. ...	0	2	2
Lance, Master W.	0	10	3
Love, Mrs.	0	8	0
Limebeer, Miss	0	7	3
Larkman, Miss B. ...	0	5	10
Lymberry, Mr. H.	0	5	0
Lardner, Masters T. & H.	0	4	8
Lynes, Master A.	0	1	4
Lucas, Miss F.	0	1	8
Lowne, Mrs.	0	1	1
Merritt, Miss	1	6	2
Mackay, Mrs.	0	10	2
May, Miss	0	6	10
Midson, Miss L.	0	4	8
Maber, Master W. ...	0	4	2
Moore, Miss	0	3	11
Messent, Miss and Master	0	3	1
Miller, Mrs. M.	0	2	10
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	2	5
Mills, Master F.	0	2	1
Mills, Mr. C.	0	2	0
Middleton, Mrs.	0	1	6
Nutt, Miss	0	10	10
Noble, Miss M.	0	7	4
Oliver, Miss E.	1	0	3
Oliver, Miss F.	0	8	10
Podmore, Mrs.	0	11	1
Pearce, Misses Ciassie and Poppy	0	10	2
Pavey, Miss J.	0	10	0
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	9	3
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	7	0
Pain, Miss C.	0	6	5
Powell, Mrs.	0	4	8
Plant, Master H.	0	4	7
Palmer, Mrs.	0	1	4
Patrick, Master E. ...	0	0	9
Priestly, Master B. ...	0	0	4
Pulmer, Mrs.	0	0	4
Ranford, Mrs.	0	5	0
Ransom, Master H. ...	0	4	0
Rayner, Mr. S.	0	2	8
Rawlinson, Fannie and Nellie	0	2	7
Rawlinson, Florrie and Winnie	0	0	10
Sandes, Misses Norah and Milly	1	6	0
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	2	10
Sidery, Mrs....	0	13	10
Selth, Miss	0	12	3
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	11	6
Spencer, Mrs. E.	0	10	6
Smith, Mrs. Gale	0	7	10
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	7	6
Sullivan, Lillie and Tommie	0	7	0
Stevens, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	6	11
Scudder, Miss	0	5	5
Swain, Miss...	0	4	4
Smith, Mrs. F.	0	4	0
Smee, Miss C.	0	4	1
Stocks, Miss...	0	3	11
Soper, Mrs.	0	3	7
Simmonds, Miss	0	3	0
Syrett, Master G.	0	3	0
Smith, Miss S.	0	2	3
Smith, Miss	0	1	1
Smyth, Master O.	0	0	10
Tomkins, Mr. R.	0	17	0
Thomas, Miss	0	15	8
Turner, Miss	0	8	2
Thomason, Miss	0	7	1
Tyrrell, Miss	0	5	4
Thomas, Mrs.	0	1	10
Unwin, Mrs.	0	3	1
Walter, Miss	1	15	11
Willmot, Mrs.	0	10	5
Warren, Miss	0	9	4
Watts, Mrs....	0	9	2
Wingate, Miss N.	0	6	10
Weeks, Miss	0	6	9
Wardell, Mrs. S.	0	6	0
Watkins, Miss A.	0	4	9
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	4	4
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	3	4
Wells, Miss	0	3	0
Wheeler, Miss E.	0	2	6
Wynne, Mr. A. O.... ...	0	1	10
Young, Mr.	0	3	0
Odd farthings, halfpence, and 2 French coins ...	0	1	9
			67 14 5
Collecting Books :—			
Alderton, Miss	1	2	0
Andrews, Mr. H.	0	15	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	5	0
Bowles, Mrs.	1	7	0
Brown, Miss	0	11	6
Broughton, Mrs.	0	9	0
Bonser, Miss	0	7	8
Charles, Miss F. B... ...	0	10	6
Chenoweth, Miss	0	8	6
Douglas, Miss L. A. ...	1	0	0
Dee, Mrs.	0	9	0
Evans, Mrs....	4	0	0
Figg, Miss Helen	0	17	0
Ferguson, Miss Annie ...	0	15	1
Fryer, Miss S.	0	12	0
Fowler, Miss Nellie ...	0	8	6
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Goslin, Mrs....	0	7	0
Good, Miss	0	6	6
Hodby, Master E.	0	2	6
Jephs, Miss	1	13	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	11	3
Lawson, Mrs.	1	3	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
McDonald, Mrs.	0	10	0
Miller, Miss H.	0	10	0
Males, Mrs. Sophia ...	0	5	9
Orridge, Mrs.	0	11	4
Richmond, Mrs.	0	16	8
Ryan, Mrs.	0	5	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0
Willis, Mr.	1	5	0
			27 19 9
Donations :—			
F. H.	0	3	0
Miss Franklin Smith ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bailey	0	3	6
Tea tickets sold	2	8	0
			2 17 0
Orphanage Christmas Festival :—			
Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Williams	3	0	0
			4 0 0
			£823 1 0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 12th, 1886.—PROVISIONS:—2 bushels Pears, Mrs. Ellwood; 10 lbs. Butter, "J. D. K."; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Goddard; 2 bags Haricot Beans, 1 sack Oatmeal, Mr. James Hall; 1 sack Split Peas, Mr. H. Smith; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; 6 Stilton Cheeses and 4 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 barrel Potatoes, J. and E. Cocks.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 96 Bows, "Anon."; 191 yards Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.; 7 pairs Boys' Stockings, Miss Dickson; 12 pairs Socks, Mrs. S. Barlow; 5 pairs Knitted Cuffs, and 5 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Warriner; 9 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Stockwell; 12 Ties, "Anon."

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—5 articles, "T. H. L."; 12 Wool Petticoats, Mrs. Cook; 12 articles, Miss Dawson; 3 articles, "A friend"; 100 Girls' Hats, "Anon."; 69 articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 pair Corsets and Remnants of Cloth, "A Dorset friend"; 10 articles, Miss E. Leeder; 13 Flannel Petticoats, Miss E. J. Burton; 21 garments, The Young Women's Bible-class, Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mrs. J. Harding; 46 articles, Miss Stockwell; 9½ yards Dress Material, Mr. F. Holden.

GENERAL:—1 Polyglot Bible, from Oldbury; 1 Doll's House, The Teddington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. Spencer; 4 vols. "The Leisure Hour," "Anon."; 4 Fancy Boxes, "Anon."; 10 yards Drugget, The Misses J. and A. Little.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	10	0	0
Mr. Daniel White, for Uxbridge	40	0	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	10	0	0
Minchinhampton, per the late Mr. P. C. Evans	10	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	40	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	5	0	0
Meyseyhampton District, per Captain Milbourne	10	0	0
Rev. Spencer Murch	40	0	0
Bower Chalk, per Mr. Martin	0	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Thornbury District	7	10	0
Argyle Home Mission, Bath	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Okehampton, per Mr. Bray	10	0	0
	£203	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Hall	5	0	0
Mr. J. Dodson	40	0	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
Mr. John J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£79	1	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Washbrook and Burlington Chapels, Ipswich	5	8	8
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Belstead	4	17	9
Mr. S. Harwood, thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Belstead	3	0	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	1	0	0
Mrs. Parmenter	0	10	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Faringdon	3	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	5	0	0
Mr. James Simpson	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Sunday-school, Appledore	0	10	0
M. H., a thankoffering	0	10	0
A friend	5	0	0
Balance of collection after Mr. Burnham's services at Bromsgrove	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Cleckheaton	3	3	2
Mrs. Lines	1	0	0
Lieutenant Flannagan	1	10	4
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£37	0	11

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 12th 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.